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TORONTO OF OLD.

BY DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.

THE olden times of our Ontario capital must be measured by the scale of the New World to which it belongs, and the Young Dominion in which it occupies so prominent a place; but youthful as it is, its beginnings already pertain to elder generations; and it has a history of its own not without some interest to others besides its modern denizens. With a well-determined civic centre, moreover: the seat of legislature, and the legal, educational, and commercial capital of an industrious community; the records of their rude forefathers, and the struggles of its birth-time, grow in value with the passing years, and in a generation or two become matters of widespread interest.

Antiquarian research seems peculiarly out of place in a new colony, and is lucky if it escape the sneer of the busy trader, in his zeal for wealth and material progress. Nevertheless, to one gifted with the slightest powers of fancy, there is something fascinating in the attempt to recall the infancy even of comparatively modern cities. Horace Smith, in his quaint invocation to Belzoni's mummy, delights to fancy the old Egyptian treading the thoroughfares of the hundred-gated Thebes, and dropping a penny into Homer's hat. The historian of Rome still strives to illuminate that cradle-time of the City of the Seven Hills which its first shepherds and husbandmen celebrated in their Lupercalia, or Wolf-festival, on the Palatine Hill, some two thousand five hundred years ago. The City of King Lud, the Londinum of Tacitus, when the Roman legions were fleeing before Boadicea and her Icenian Britons, is modern compared with that of Romulus. The recovered traces of its Roman occupants in the first century belong to its infant story. Antiquity, in truth, is a very relative thing. The Christian era is modern for Egypt, and recent even for Rome. The Norman Conquest of a thousand years later is ancient for London; while with our-

selves the Northmen of Vinland, with their reputed explorations of the Canadian and New England shores in the tenth century, are little less mythical than Jason and his Argonauts. All, indeed, of America's antiquities which precede A.D. 1492, belong to prehistoric times; and a relic of the Tudors, which for England would be wholly modern, seems for Canada as pertaining to some antediluvian era. Pleasant therefore is it for all who now care to retrace the footsteps of our Young Dominion—pleasanter still will it be for coming generations,—to read the promising title of Dr. Scadding's handsome volume, "Toronto of Old: Collections and Recollections illustrative of the Early Settlement and Social life of the Capital of Ontario."

In 1686, or later years, when the valley of the St. Lawrence and the region to the north of the great lakes were undisputed French territory, a fort was constructed at the mouth of the river Humber to guard the terminus of the trail, or portage, by which voyageurs were wont to trade with the great Huron country around Lake Simcoe and the Georgian Bay. This appears to have been recognised in some general sense as the Toronto region. The fort itself was originally styled "Fort Rouillé," but in course of time it came to be popularly known as Fort Toronto; and so the same name at length attached itself to the fort and village on the neighbouring bay, which have grown to be the City of Toronto and the Capital of Ontario. The French stockade at the mouth of the Humber became for a time a royal trading-post, maintained in keenest antagonism to the English traders of Oswego, Albany and New York; but the Toronto of the River Don and the great bay is strictly of English origin; and had for its Romulus Lieutenant-General Simcoe, first Governor of Upper Canada.

The portrait of the sagacious old soldier and civic founder forms the appropriate frontispiece to Dr. Scadding's "Toronto of Old." It is a well-engraved fac-simile of a miniature in the possession of his grandson, Captain J. K. Simcoe, R.N., of Walford—the old family seat in Devonshire; and for this we cannot be too thankful. Nothing can form a more fitting adjunct to local or general history than the portraits of the chief actors in the recorded events. Nevertheless, one cannot look on the smooth, round face and regulation hair, so suggestive of the formal military queue, without a craving that it were possible to exchange the niceties of the miniature painter's art for the more homely, truth-telling literalness of a modern photograph.

There is little mystery or romance about the beginnings of Toronto. Upper Canada was erected into a distinct province in 1791, only eight years after the Treaty of Fontainebleau; and a few months thereafter General Simcoe arrived at the old French fort, at the mouth of the River Niagara, and made choice of the sheltered bay of Toronto as the site of his future capital. The land was in occupation by a wandering tribe of Mississagas. What negotiations were made by the first Governor for permission to effect a settlement, and lay the foundations of a city in their midst, does not appear; but a report of the Indian Department, dated August 1st, 1805, bears the curious record of the "Toronto Purchase," comprising 250,880 acres, including the site of the city, and stretching eastward to the Scarborough Heights: for all which its Mississaga lords received and accepted the sum of ten shillings! It would be difficult now to obtain a lease of the needful six feet of ground within its area at the price for which the site of Toronto and its suburbs thus passed from Indian to White ownership.

The first Government House of Toronto had a historical significance of its own, which would have had a rare interest for us now had it been of a less ephemeral character. Captain Cook, the famous navigator, had constructed for himself a canvas house,

which sufficed for his dwelling and observatory in the strange new-found islands of Australasian seas. This moveable dwelling chanced to be offered for sale in London just as General Simcoe was about to proceed to his new Government; and recognizing its adaptability to his necessities, the far-travelled mansion was secured, and became the scene of viceregal hospitalities in the infant Province of Upper Canada.

It was in the month of May, 1793, that General Simcoe first entered Toronto Bay, visited the village of Mississaga Indians at the mouth of the Don, and rowed up the river to the heights on which ere long he erected a rustic chateau overlooking the river valley and the lake beyond, to which he gave the name of Castle Frank. Thus established as the representative of Imperial authority, on the site of the future capital, the new Governor explored the swamps and uncleared pine-forest, amid which his sagacious eye saw in anticipation the city rise which now numbers its sixty thousand inhabitants; and so gave to the capital of Ontario a local habitation and a name. To his practical mind the Indians and their names had equally little charm. Reverting rather to old associations as an Englishman and a soldier under Frederick, Duke of York, he named the streams which bounded the civic area on the east and west, the Humber and the Don; and called his new capital YORK.

It is curious to recall the scene as it then presented itself, strange to us now as the old shepherd's hut and the wolf's lair on the Palatine Hill by the Tiber. Fortunately it has been preserved in minutest prefigurement in the narrative of Colonel Bouchette, to whom the Governor entrusted the survey of the harbour in 1793. "Here," says the Colonel, "General Simcoe had resolved on laying the foundations of a provincial capital. I still distinctly recollect the untamed aspect which the country exhibited when first I entered the beautiful basin. Dense and trackless forests lined the margin of the lake, and reflected their inverted images in its glassy surface. The wandering savage had constructed his ephemeral habitation beneath their luxuriant foliage— the group then consisting of two families of Mississagas —and the bay and neighbouring marshes were the hitherto uninvaded haunts of immense coveys of wild-fowl; indeed they were so abundant as in some measure to annoy us during the night." The change from this to the new settlement, military and civilian, was rendered all the more striking in its contrast by the amenities of the Government House, which, under His Excellency's care, "was rendered exceedingly comfortable, and soon became as distinguished for the social and urbane hospitality of its venerated and gracious host as for the peculiarity of its structure."

But the first Governor's stay was abruptly cut short. Tradition tells that the old soldier had such an antipathy to the revolted colonists beyond Lake Ontario, that he could not be induced to preserve the most ordinary terms with his republican neighbours, and was hastily recalled, in 1796, lest he should precipitate the war, which at length broke out sixteen years later. The visit of the poet Moore, in 1803, gives us some lively glimpses of a country which, in its raw novelty, seems to have impressed him with very prosaic repulsiveness. It is curious now to read his reference to "Buffalo, a little village on Lake Erie;" and to turn from that to his satirical portraiture of the society of the new States:

> "Take Christians, Mohawks, Democrats, and all,
> From the rude wigwam to the Congress-hall,
> From man the savage, whether slav'd or free,
> To man the civilized, less tame than he,—
> 'Tis one dull chaos, one unfertile strife
> Betwixt half-polished and half-barbarous life;
> Where every ill the ancient world could brew
> Is mixed with every grossness of the new;
> Where all corrupts, though little can entice,
> And nought is known of luxury but its vice!"

Yet it was impossible that the poet's eye could gaze on the grand river, the broad

lakes, and the myriad islands amid which his route lay, without deriving some inspiration from the scene. From Niagara he sailed, in one of the little lake craft of those primitive times, down Lake Ontario to the St. Lawrence with its Thousand Isles, and has left us his impressions of a tranquil evening scene, in which he seems to have gazed from the deck of his schooner on Toronto and the heights beyond. Perhaps it is as well that the daguerreotype he was to perpetuate for us received no minuter details than could be caught in the distant glow of one of Ontario's lovely sunsets. Writing to Lady Charlotte Rawdon, he says:

"I dreamt not then that, ere the rolling year
Had filled its circle, I should wander here
In musing awe; should tread this wondrous world,
See all its store of inland waters hurl'd
In one vast volume down Niagara's steep;
Or calm behold them, in transparent sleep,
Where the blue hills of old Toronto shed
Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed;
Should trace the grand Cataraqui, and glide
Down the white rapids of his lordly tide,
Through massy woods, 'mid islets flowering fair,
And blooming glades, where the first sinful pair
For consolation might have weeping trod,
When banished from the garden of their God."

The "Canadian Boat Song," which was a product of the same voyage, has become, alike in words and air, a national anthem for the Dominion. It could scarcely be heard by any Canadian wanderer, when far away among strangers, without a thrill as tender and acute as ever the "Ranz des Vaches" awoke on the ear of the exiled Switzer, or "Lochaber No More," on that of the Highlander languishing for his native glen.

The History of Toronto is necessarily to a large extent that of the early settlement, the social life, and the political organization of Canada in its youthful provincial days. Dr. Scadding recalls times to which the late Bishop of Toronto used to revert with characteristic humour, when, on his first settlement in the country, its settlers were scarcely month behind the New York news; and only one English mail was made up in the course of the year, to which—as if in purposed irony—was given the name of the Annual Express! It is curious to think that it is scarcely beyond the memory of the oldest inhabitant of Toronto since a state of things thus existed in our midst such as may now be found at one or two of the remotest trading posts of the Hudson Bay, within the Arctic Circle. We were told lately of a factor in one of those remote forts lying towards the North Pole, who carefully lays aside his annual supply of newspapers brought by the one ship of the season, and starting with the *Times* of that date, as to day of month, if not of year, he enjoys his daily paper as regularly as if he were within sound of Bow Bells, with the scarcely appreciable difference of being only a year behind the outer world.

By that inexplicable law which seems to regulate the growth of cities, Toronto has its plebeian east-end, with the lingering flavour and halo of old historical associations; "the expected Westminster of the new capital," as its historian, with gentle irony, designates it. "At St. Petersburg," says Dr. Scadding, "the original log-hut of Peter the Great is preserved to the present day, in a casing of stone, with a kind of religious reverence;" and so, if the material relics of our founders and forefathers scarcely admit of being invested with a like literal permanence, he claims that at least their associations shall be perpetuated. Overlooking the harbour of the modern Toronto, far down in the east there stands at the present day a large structure of grey cut stone. It is the deserted prison of a later date; but it occupies the historic site of the first House of Parliament of Upper Canada—a humble but commodious structure of wood, built before the close of the eighteenth century, and destroyed by the incendiary hand of the invader in 1813. "They consisted," says a contemporary record, "of two elegant halls, with convenient offices for the accommoda-

tion of the Legislature and the Courts of Justice. The Library, and all the papers and records belonging to both, were consumed; at the same time the Church was robbed, and the Town Library totally pillaged." The historian evidently recognises in the destruction of the Public Buildings at Washington by a British force, a few months later, no unfair set-off to that and other outrages committed by the American invaders. It is the same miserable tale of barbarity which is everywhere the inevitable accompaniment of war.

But there is a more primitive scene of Canadian legislature even than that eastern site, where "first loomed up before the minds of our early law-makers the ecclesiastical question, the educational question, the constitutional question," and all else that has gone to the making of modern Canada. The scene is Newark, at the mouth of the Niagara river. The reader, with the help of our historian, may picture to himself "the group of seven Crown-appointed Councillors and five representatives of the Commons, assembled there, with the first Speaker, McDonell, of Glengarry; all plain, unassuming, prosaic men, listening at their first session to the opening speech of their frank and honoured Governor. We see them adjourning to the open air from their straightened chamber at Navy Hall, and conducting the business of the young Province under the shade of a spreading tree: introducing the English Code and Trial by Jury, decreeing roads, and prohibiting the spread of slavery; while a boulder of the drift, lifting itself up through the natural turf, serves as a desk for the recording clerk." A noble French traveller, the Duke de Liancourt, witnessed the scene, and tells how, amid such primitive surroundings, a becoming ceremonial was observed. Two members of the Legislative Council gave notice to the Commoners, through their Speaker, that His Excellency desired their presence; and five members, —the remaining eleven being detained by harvest duties on their farms,—appeared at the bar, and listened to a speech modelled by the Governor after that of his Royal master. The day may yet come when this primitive scene shall be fitly produced, in some grand fresco of native Canadian art, as the most suitable decoration of its Legislative Halls.

The domestic life of the first Governor of Upper Canada, his amenities and hospitalities, his cares and troubles, are all parts of the early history of the Province. To the west of Brock street, named after the victorious general who fell on Queenston Heights in 1812, an open site still marks the first cemetery of Toronto, the old military burying ground, where, as our historian says, "hearts finally at rest in its mould, fluttered in their last beats, far away, at times, to old scenes beloved in vain; to villages, hedgerows, lanes, fields, in green England and Ireland, in rugged Scotland and Wales;" and here, in 1794, General Simcoe laid to rest, in the same sacred clearing, his little daughter Katharine. No mound or memorial stone survives to mark the spot; but far away, in the Governor's own native Devonshire, a tablet perpetuates the memory of the frail floweret who "died and was buried at York Town, in the Province of Upper Canada, A.D. 1794."

It is with strange feelings that those of a younger generation thus recall the long forgotten griefs of that olden time. Besides little Kate, there was an elder daughter, and also a son, Francis, then about five years old, after whom the Governor's chateau overlooking the Don received the name which suggests to the historical student reminiscences of an older "Castel-franc" near Rochelle, famous in the struggle of the Huguenots. When, in 1812, the cry of war rang along the Canadian frontier, and the torch of the invader made havoc of the little Town of York, Frank Simcoe was playing a soldier's part far away on a "blood-red field of Spain." Seventeen years had

elapsed since the boy sported on the heights of Castle Frank, and got his Indian pet-name of Tioga from the Iroquois of Niagara; and it had come to this. He was found a mangled corpse among the pile of England's dead which closed the breach at Badajoz.

Close by the forgotten cemetery, where the first governor of Upper Canada left his little daughter to her final rest, were the well-kept pleasure grounds of Vice-Chancellor Jameson, who in his younger days had been the familiar associate of Southey, Wordsworth and Coleridge; and to whom Hartley Coleridge, the son of the latter, addressed the three sonnets "To a Friend," which first appeared in his collected poems in 1833. The poet reminds his friend of the time—

"When we were idlers with the loitering rills,"

and it seemed to him, as to the elder poets of the lakes, that Nature herself could make sufficient response for all their love. But when he returned alone to the scenes of their mutual sympathy with Nature, he exclaims:

"But now I find how dear thou wert to me;
That man is more than half of Nature's treasure,
Of that fair beauty which no eye can see,
Of that sweet music which no ear can measure."

Before his removal to Canada, Mr. Jameson had filled a judicial position in the West Indies. In Canada he was successively Attorney-General and Vice-Chancellor—virtually Chancellor—at a time when the chancellorship was vested in the Crown. His conversational powers were great, and are still recalled with admiration by Canadian friends who remember him in his best days. Nor is the interest slight which attaches to such reminiscences of one who in his youth had been admitted to familiar intercourse with Wordsworth and his brother poets of the lakes. Hartley Coleridge refers to him as "the favourite companion of my boyhood, the active friend and sincere counsellor of my youth;" and trusts that the sight of his volume will recall his old friend back to youth, "though seas between us broad ha' rolled" since that pleasant time. But the young colony in which his latter years were spent did not prove a congenial soil for the poet's friend; and if his name is recalled by the outer world, it will be as the husband of Anna Jameson, the authoress of the "Characteristics of Women,"—one of the most delicately appreciative volumes of Shakesperian criticism; of the "Diary of an Ennuyé," "Christian Art," and other justly esteemed works, among which her "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles" claim special notice here for their graphic picturings of Canadian life and scenery of that early date. The Vice-Chancellor and Mrs. Jameson both executed studies in water colours from nature with great skill; and the latter also transferred her drawings no less successfully to copper with the etching needle. In this way some pleasant glimpses of Canada in the olden time have been perpetuated.

It is sometimes startling to the stranger to find himself brought face to face with such literary associations, where he looks only for the matter-of-fact realities of a new clearing. It is surprising how many such relationships mingle with the other links which bind us to the mother land. The visitor from the Old World may see on the bench of our Supreme Court a son of the author of "Lawrie Tod,"—himself for a time a Canadian settler; may listen in the Normal School lecture-rooms to a nephew of the Philosopher of Chelsea; see amid the traders of our busiest thoroughfare a relative and namesake of the geologist of "The Old Red Sandstone;" and without travelling very far he might, in recent years, have held converse with a sister of the Ettrick Shepherd. Nor would it be difficult in other ways to multiply such literary associations. Dr. Scadding, among other reminiscences of the primitive wooden church which originally occupied the site of St. James' Cathedral, recalls among old military occupants of the

long pew beside the Governor's seat, "a Major Browne, a brother of the formerly popular poetess, Mrs. Hemans." We suspect that the popularity of the authoress of "The Homes of England," "The Pilgrim Fathers," and other favourite lyrics, is not yet wholly a thing of the past on either side of the Atlantic. Of her brother, whose military figure thus rises on the memory of the historian of Toronto, among the old worshippers of St. James', the poetical record is peculiarly Canadian. He died while with his regiment at Kingston, Upper Canada, and lies interred in the old military cemetery there,—one of "The Graves of a Household," over whom in youthful years "the same fond mother bent at night," and who is thus recalled in the tender memorial of the poetess:

> "One, 'midst the forests of the West,
> By a dark stream is laid—
> The Indian knows his place of rest,
> Far in the cedar shade."

Each generation has its own marked characters rising out of the indistinguishable herd, and only requiring the eye and pen of an observant limner to perpetuate their individualities, and to reanimate the scenes in which they played their part. Of such local celebrities there are many glimpses in "Toronto of Old." It seems somehow with the city as with the individual: the bold, characteristic salient points belong to childhood and youth. With the advance of years they are apt, with both, to fade into the light of common day. Here is one little bit of portraiture sufficiently indicative of the changes that years have wrought on ecclesiastical as well as civic and legislative procedure. The subject is Mr. John Fenton, parish clerk of old St. James'. "He was a rather small, shrewd-featured person, not deficient in self-esteem; a proficient in modern popular science, a ready talker and lecturer." Though gifted with little melody of voice, the occasional failure of his choir of volunteers in no way disconcerted him. Not unfrequently, after giving out the portion of Brady and Tait selected by him for the occasion, he would execute the whole as a solo, to some accustomed air, with variations of his own; and all done with the utmost coolness and self-complacency. His own share in the service being over, he would lean himself resignedly back in the corner of his desk and throw a white cambric handkerchief over his head while the rector was proceeding with the sermon. Very probably the clerk was of opinion that his own transference to the pulpit would have materially improved that part of the service also; for his official duties in the English Church did not, in those primitive days, at all stand in the way of his being a popular class-leader among the Wesleyan Methodists. His manner of giving forth the Psalms was apt at times to be so peculiarly emphatic that the touchy editor of the *Colonial Advocate* indignantly denounced Mr. Parish-Clerk Fenton for having, on the previous Sunday, pointedly aimed at him in his delivery of the Psalm:

> "Help, Lord, for good and godly men
> Do perish and decay;
> And faith and truth from worldly men
> Are parted clean away;
> Whoso doth with his neighbour talk,
> His talk is all but vain;
> For every man bethinketh now
> To flatter, lie, and feign!"

It must have been a rarely gifted clerk whose mere look and enunciation could convert Brady and Tait to such effective ends. Nor was Mr. Fenton left to hide his light under a bushel. He removed to the United States; was admitted to Holy Orders in the Episcopal Church there; and, it is to be hoped, proved no less effective in the pulpit than in the reading desk.

The music of those primitive times seems to have been managed altogether after the old country village choirs. Mr. Hetherington, another of the clerks of St. James', was wont, after giving out the Psalm, to play the air on a bassoon; and then to accompany

with fantasias on the same instrument, when any vocalist could be found to take the singing in hand. By-and-by the first symptoms of progress are apparent in the addition of a bass-viol and clarionet to help Mr. Hetherington's bassoon—"the harbinger and foreshadow," as Dr. Scadding says, "of the magnificent organ presented in after-times to the congregation of the 'Second Temple of St. James' by Mr. Dunn; but destroyed by fire, together with the whole church, in 1839, after only two years of existence."

Incidents of a different character no less strongly mark the changes that little more than half a century have witnessed. In 1811 we find William Jarvis, Esq., His Excellency's secretary, lodging a complaint in open court against a negro boy and girl, his slaves. The Parliament at Newark had, indeed, enacted, in 1793—in those patriarchal days already described, when they could settle the affairs of the young province under the shade of an umbrageous tree,—that no more slaves should be introduced into Upper Canada, and that all slave children born after the 9th of July in that year should be free on attaining the age of twenty-five. But even by this creditable enactment slavery had a lease of life of fully a quarter of a century longer; and the *Gazette*, *Public Advertiser*, and other journals, continue for years thereafter to exhibit such announcements as this of the Hon. Peter Russell, President of the Legislative Council, of date Feb. 19th, 1806. "To be sold: a black woman, named Peggy, aged forty years, and a black boy, her son, named Jupiter, aged about fifteen years." The advertisement goes on to describe the virtues of Peggy and Jupiter. Peggy is a tolerable cook and washerwoman, perfectly understands making soap and candles, and may be had for one hundred and fifty dollars, payable in three years, with interest, from the day of sale. Jupiter having various acquirements, besides his specialty as a good house servant, is offered for two hundred dollars; but a fourth less will be taken for ready money. So recently as 1871, John Baker, who had been brought to Canada as the slave of Solicitor-General Gray, died at Cornwall, Ontario, in extreme old age. But before that the very memory of slavery had died out in Canada; and it long formed the refuge which the fugitive slave made for, with no other guide than the pole-star of our northern sky.

The history of Toronto, as already noted, is necessarily to a great extent that of the Province, and of the whole region of Western Canada. "Upper Canada," says Dr. Scadding, "in miniature, and in the space of half-a-century, curiously passed through conditions and processes, physical and social, which old countries on a large scale, and in the course of long ages, passed through. Upper Canada had in little its primeval and barbaric, but heroic age; its mediæval and high prerogative era; and then, after a revolutionary period of a few weeks, its modern, defeudalized, democratic era." It is a microcosm, an epitome of the Great Britain, mother of nations, from which it has sprung; and when, in coming centuries, the Dominion of Canada shall stretch from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the historian of that coming time will turn with interest to "Toronto of Old," and acknowledge with gratitude the loving enthusiasm with which its author has chronicled the minutest incidents of its infancy and youth.

BEAUTIFUL, WHY WILT THOU DIE?

BY JOHN READE.

(Author of "The Prophecy of Merlin," and other Poems.)

BEAUTIFUL, why wilt thou die? Was it for this I bore thee?
Was it for this I dreamed of thy loveliness ere thou wast born?
Till, as the smile of God, thy sweet face lay before me,
Changing my night of sorrow into the joyous morn?

Beautiful, why wilt thou die? The little prattler has vanished,
And the child is almost gone—and both were fair to see;
But to me thou art ever the same. By some high source replenished,
The heart in thy pure warm bosom is babe and child to me.

Beautiful, why wilt thou die? The rose that for thee was planted—
Thy birth-day rose—*it* lives. Is *it* more needed than thou
To shed the light of joy on a world that is sorrow-haunted,
To gladden the heart that grieves, to soothe the careworn brow?

Beautiful, why wilt thou die? What hath Death to do with thee, daughter?
Thou art far too fair and young to be clasped in his bony hands.
Has he not plenty of prey, the monster, by land and water?
Or is he the slave of Fate, and must he obey commands?

Beautiful, why wilt thou die? My life I will freely render—
Give up the sum of my years, and the bliss that I have in thee,
And, to gain Death's cruel heart, I will tear my own asunder—
What is my life to thine? Without thine what is mine to me?

Beautiful, why wilt thou die in the fair forenoon of thy beauty?
Can it be that the angels above are wroth at my motherly pride?
Do I worship my idol too much, and do I forget my duty,
To the great, good Father of all, who placed thee first by my side?

Beautiful, why wilt thou die? O God! is there none to hear me?
O tears that will not come! O heart that will not break!
O white, cold face, so fair! Thou art dead as thou liest near me!
Oh! would to God, my darling, that I had died for thy sake!

MONTREAL.

UNDINE.

(*From the French of* M. A. THEURIET.)

CHAPTER VII.

SO soon as she was safely locked in her room, Antoinette threw herself upon her bed and gave herself up to a passionate fit of despair. Violent sobs shook her frame, and through all this outbreak the girl was sensible of many conflicting emotions—spite, repentance, shame and vexation at the same time strugg'ing in her bosom. All that had just taken place seemed to her like some hideous nightmare; she could not bring herself to believe that Jacques would be cruel enough to carry out his threat.

"He loves me too well," she moaned; "he *must* return."

The slightest noise made her tremble; she rose and pressed her burning, aching forehead against the cool window-pane. The sun was setting in a rainy mist; the trees in the garden swayed to and fro, and groaned ominously with the wind. "He will surely come," she said; "he cannot stay away from me!"

But the silence in the house remained unbroken; night came on, and the lights from the borough gleamed fitfully through the wind and rain. Towards ten o'clock Antoinette heard M. de Lisle come in; he was cross, and complained aloud of M. Duhoux' remissness in not appearing at the notary's. Presently his voice died away; Céline could be heard closing the windows, and then everything was silent again. The young girl once more threw herself down, and burst into a flood of passionate tears.

She spent a sleepless night, listening to the wind, which seemed to moan and sob over her lost happiness. Mentally reviewing the past six months, her heart turned with infinite tenderness towards him whose love had taken so deep a root in her heart. Antoinette's suffering was all the greater as pain was to her so new an experience; for the first time in her life the girl's passionate will found an obstacle from which it recoiled wounded and bruised. When at last morning dawned, she comforted herself with the hope that Jacques had waited until to-day in order to make the lesson more complete. She would hope as long as possible. Instead of going down stairs she sent her father word that she did not feel well, and wished to sleep; then her expectation recommenced, with its alternations of anguish and despair. Finally she could bear it no longer, and putting aside every feeling of pride, she wrote to Jacques. Her letter, hastily written as it was, contained all her heart and all her love. She humbled herself completely before him.

"Forgive me," she wrote. "I was very wrong, but I have been bitterly and amply punished. I am suffering far more than I can express! Be kind and gentle as you are strong, and return to your sorrowing and repentant Undine, who must surely die without you."

Céline herself carried this note to the inn at Pitoiset, where the innkeeper's wife informed her that M. Duhoux had left during the preceding night.

"He must have received bad news," said the woman, "for he seemed completely upset, and when I passed his room I could swear that I heard him weeping. When he got into the carriage he was pale as death, and so disturbed that he forgot to leave his address."

Céline was almost stunned on receiving this information, and, thinking that he must have returned to his family, she hastily re-addressed the envelope to Jacques at L . . ., and took it to the post-office.

"He will receive it to-morrow," she thought, "and can reply by telegram; until then I will conceal his departure from Antoinette."

So the little missive, bearing within its folds all the hopes, as well as the destiny of poor Undine, travelled all the way to L..; there, nothing being known of Jacques' departure, it was sent back to Rochetaillée, where, one morning, the postman laid it down on the sideboard of the inn. This time Madame Pitoiset imagined that its arrival must announce the speedy return of the forester, and without thinking further about the matter, laid it among a number of business papers which had accumulated on M. Duhoux' table. There the little packet lay forgotten, while in the house of *les Corderies* Antoinette, sick at heart, watched and waited in vain, slowly dying with anguish.

Evonyme, on being apprised of his friend's abrupt departure, had been seized with remorse, the weight of which he could not bear on his conscience. He felt responsible for this sad catastrophe, and hastened to *les Corderies*, quite ready to submit, by way of penance, to Antoinette's most cruel repulses. But his fears were vain. The poor girl gave him her icy hand, and for a moment a bitter smile hovered on her lips; that was all; she scarcely seemed aware of his presence. M. de Lisle's reception was very different. He had formerly entertained visions of marrying Evonyme to his daughter, and Duhoux' sudden departure had again conjured up this vanished dream. He thanked Heaven for having preserved him from so sullen a son-in-law as the forester, and thought that Antoinette had a much better *parti* within her reach. He did not scruple talking of this before the girl herself. Antoinette listened with an indifferent air; she had concentrated all her faculties in expectation, and her heart clung to one last hope—Jacques' reply to her letter. It seemed to her utterly impossible that he should read it and not answer; when he saw her humble, penitent words, he must surely be appeased, and return to her once more. She should hear the sound of his footsteps when least expecting it, and turning round would see him, pale and agitated, as he appeared that memorable evening in the *salon*, when he first told her of his love. Often, when sauntering idly in the garden, she would say to herself: "I will see him at the turn in this avenue;" at times even she seemed to hear a voice whispering close to her: "Antoinette!" but on turning round, trembling with eagerness, she was doomed to bitter disappointment. At mail time especially, her agony was keenest. She watched the postman every morning through the wicket, and when he passed on her heart sank within her. At last, when hope was well nigh dead, the so long delayed letter arrived. Alas! it proved the end of all her anxieties, of all her hopes. She hastily opened Jacques' note, then tottered, and was compelled to hold on by the railing. The words were traced by a firm hand, and in the clear and neat writing she loved so well; the letter bore neither date nor heading, and this is all it contained:

"Mademoiselle, the last conversation we had together convinced me that my presence was a burden to you, and that you desired your freedom. I did not wish to intrude upon you any longer, and consequently left. Now you are free. I write to M. de Lisle to withdraw my word. All I request of you is silence and oblivion.

JACQUES DUHOUX."

This was all the answer he deigned to make to Antoinette's loving epistle, in which she had so humbled herself before him. He had left; doubtless he had returned to L.. into the midst of his family, and to the young girl whom they wished him to marry.

She succumbed under this terrible blow, and going in search of M. de Lisle, who was smoking in the kitchen, she placed the open letter in his hands, then went to her own room without uttering one single word. There she opened the little casket in which she kept Jacques' letters along with other trifling mementoes of her love; bouquets gathered in the woods; the blue ribbon she wore in her hair on the memorable day when Jacques imprinted the first kiss on her lips; the book they had read together in the garden. She threw them every one into the grate and set fire to them, watching with bitter joy while they were slowly consumed. One feeling survived—anger; one solitary desire—revenge. She must avenge her slighted tenderness, her humbled pride, her love which had been trampled under foot; she must have a heavy price for her hours of agony, her nights of bitter weeping, her days of weary watching and feverish expectation. She desired bitter retaliation—she would have revenge at any cost to herself. Motionless as a statue, she racked her brain to devise the most refined cruelties with which to torture him who had so wounded her. It was while still a prey to this pitiless anger that she returned to the *salon*. In the act of entering she perceived Evonyme walking in the yard. As her eyes rested upon him she hesitated for a moment; a thought came to her like a flash of lightning, a sarcastic smile played for an instant on her lips; then she resolutely awaited the young man's approach, who, on sight of her, hastened his steps. Evonyme took her hands with compassionate sympathy, and they entered the room together. He wished to say some consoling words, but, unable to think of anything appropriate, he was obliged to take refuge in commonplace phrases about the rainy weather and the advancing season.

"How early the foliage has turned," he said, pointing to the dead leaves which strewed the ground.

"Yes," answered Antoinette mechanically. She closed her eyes, and saw as in a dream the pond of la Thuilière sleeping in the calm light of the moon, the trembling rushes, the water-lilies, and the belt of trees, from behind which came strains of distant music. She shook her head, as if to dissipate the vision, then turning to Ormancey:

"Evonyme," she began, "you often acted as if you loved me: do you love me still?"

Evonyme started and blushed.

"My dear child," he answered, "I trust you do not wrong me by doubting either my affection or my constancy."

"Do you love me still?" continued Antoinette, without looking up; "not as a friend, but as a lover?"

Evonyme experienced a sudden heat and a choking sensation in his throat; he perceived at once that he was being led to the very edge of a precipice, and comprehended at the same time his utter inability to save himself from the impending fall.

"My heart has not changed," he said, laconically.

"Evonyme, will you marry me?"

She was white and cold as a marble statue, and seemed afraid of the sound of her own voice.

"I!" he exclaimed.

There was a variety of emotions discernible in his single word; joy and astonishment, as well as fear.

"Yes," repeated Antoinette, "will you have me for your wife?"

"Good Heavens!" he muttered in a confused tone of voice, and opening his eyes to the fullest extent. "How came you to think of me? Occasionally I dared dream of such happiness, but never ventured to hope that some day my dream might be realized. Forgive me, I am still dazed and bewildered. My poor child, you do not know what a sorry husband you would have in me; I am full of faults and failings."

She smiled sadly: "Do you take me for an angel?" she inquired, in mournful accents.

"I believe you to be a fairy," he replied,

in a tone of conviction. "Come," he continued, after a minute's silence, with the air of a man who rushes blindly to his fate, "it is all arranged then; you are really to be my wife, and I am your slave, dear, dear Antoinette!"

He wished to imprint a kiss upon the young girl's hand, but she withdrew it quickly, and resumed in a hoarse tone of voice:

"Very well, go now to my father and tell him of our determination; arrange everything so that it may end speedily. It is now the beginning of October, let us be married by the end of the month."

Evonyme obeyed, and, bewildered as he felt, went in search of M. de Lisle. The latter received him with open arms, telling him he was the son in-law of his fondest, most cherished dreams, and that their marriage would prove the joy of his old age. It was agreed that Antoinette's wishes should be carried out, and all preparations were to be made without delay.

"Well," said Ormancey thoughtfully, to himself, on his way back to the Val-Clavin, "so I am about to be married. I am on the margin of that magic forest whence there is no return once you have crossed its enchanted boundary. I will henceforth no longer be able to indulge in melancholy regrets on beholding a wedding party; the sight of two or three children at play on the doorsteps will never again cause my heart to throb with sadness and envy, for I shall have a wife and children of my own. Why then am I not more elated? Whence this sensation of oppression and fear in my heart?"

Alas! the poor young man had hitherto only looked upon marriage as a dream—a dream which he would fain have prolonged for ever. He felt strangely embarrassed by the necessity of putting an end to his vacillating purposes. To increase his courage he repeated constantly that he had gone too far to recede, as he had manifested his love for Antoinette to such an extent while she was engaged to another, it was impossible, now that she was free, to take refuge in flight; besides, was he not in a great measure responsible for what had occurred, and did he not owe the girl some reparation?

"After all," said he to himself, "am I so much to be pitied for getting a pretty girl to be my wife a pretty girl who loves me, and who will prove an honour to me? Evonyme, my friend, do not be foolish; hold up your head, for you are indeed a lucky fellow!"

On his return to *les Corderies*, M. de Lisle embraced his daughter and congratulated her warmly on her engagement, and the happy exchange which, according to his ideas, she had made in selecting Evonyme, "who," he continued, "is a very different style of man from the forester; that knight of the rueful countenance never pleased me!" And he set about all needful preparations with pleasurable haste.

Poor Antoinette took refuge in cool and impassive indifference to all that was going on. Evonyme began his career of lover in due form, renounced his pipe entirely, was careful about his attire, and every day he brought magnificent bouquets as offerings to his betrothed, bouquets for which he had sent to Dijon, but which Céline invariably found lying withered and forgotten in some neglected corner. The young girl always received Evonyme affectionately, though with a reserve quite foreign to her nature, and never displayed to any one before; she scrupulously avoided every opportunity for a tête-à-tête with her betrothed. On one occasion only, the weather proved so beautiful that she allowed herself to be persuaded to go for a walk with him. They went to the woods above Rochetaillée; on entering the forest she dropped Ormancey's arm, and walking before him in the narrow path with bowed head, she seemed to listen to the rustling noise her steps made among the fallen leaves. The conversation flagged and was broken by long periods of silence, dur-

ing which the ripe acorns could be heard dropping on the moss underneath. Suddenly Antoinette shivered, and stopped at the entrance into a grove of beech trees; she had recognised the pass of the Val de Germaine, where she and Jacques had spent that memorable afternoon during the hay-making. "Let us return," she said, trembling nervously the while; "it is cold, and I am very weary."

They silently retraced their steps to the village, and at the entrance of the wood Evonyme thought he perceived Antoinette's eyes filled with tears. "It is strange," mused he, now thoroughly disconcerted, "that in spite of all my love, all my efforts to please my betrothed, our wooing has rather the appearance of a burial."

All this notwithstanding, the weeks glided on; the banns had been published, and the trousseau was nearly ready. Evonyme was to spend a week in Paris, in order to attend to some business matters, as well as to buy the wedding presents, and it was arranged that the ceremony should take place immediately on his return. One morning M. de Lisle escorted him to the mail coach, and after wishing him a pleasant journey and a speedy return, he went off to attend to his farm. Just as the young man was about entering the coach he felt some one pulling him by the coat, and turning round he beheld Céline.

"Well, what is it?" inquired Ormancey; then noticing the girl's disturbed look, he added: "Has anything happened to Antoinette?"

"No," replied Céline gloomily, "nothing has happened to her as yet;" then drawing him a little aside she continued, "I must speak to you, since no one else seems to have the courage to tell you the truth. Believe me, it will be far better for you to remain in Paris and never to return here."

"For mercy's sake, my good girl, what is the matter?" gasped the astonished Evonyme.

"The matter is, that Antoinette does not love you, and that if you insist upon marrying her, we may as well prepare her shroud instead of a wedding garment."

"All aboard!" cried the shrill voice of the guard, while the coachman cracked his whip impatiently. Evonyme had barely time to scramble into his seat ere the coach set off at full speed.

CHAPTER VIII.

EVONYME'S absence gave Antoinette a sensation of calm and relief. It seemed to her as though she were awakening from a horrible dream, and that she could once more breathe freely. She was no longer obliged to act a hateful part, to lie to herself as well as to others. She wished the minutes might become hours, and the days extend into centuries, so that her betrothed would never return. She hoped against hope. Was it not possible that Jacques, now that his anger had had time to cool, might return to his duty, and then . . . who knows what might happen? He had surely loved her too well to be able to forget her completely; it seemed impossible that, on his return to Rochetaillée, he could bear to look upon her as the wife of another. But the days sped on, and still the forester's room at the little inn of Pitoiset remained untenanted. In the borough it was rumoured that he was henceforth to reside at Langres; some went so far as to say that he had tendered his resignation. At all events he had not re-appeared. All was over, even the prospect of the sad revenge for the sake of which Antoinette was sacrificing her life; for not even the sound of the wedding bells would reach Jacques' ears to torture and fill him with remorse. It was all over; the last faint ray of hope had vanished.

When, on the morning appointed for Evonyme's return, the young girl opened her window and saw rising before her the wooded

heights of la Thuilière the memory of the happy summer days rushed upon her. How distant they now seemed, those golden, fairy days! What a gulf between the future as she had contemplated it then, and the destiny which now awaited her! All was sadly changed, and alas! changed by her own fault. The consciousness of having been herself the cause of her misfortune plunged her into despair. The deed was done, and beyond recall, but the wound was bleeding and incurable. Why had she not died on the day Jacques left Rochetaillée? The idea of death did not appal her—to die seemed far less terrible than to live and belong to a man whom she did not love; the mere thought of such a prospect made her shudder; what would it be when once she was Evonyme's wife—his until death should part them? She felt a choking sensation in her throat, and bitter tears filled her eyes.

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, "it is impossible; it cannot be!"

When Céline, however, once ventured to speak to her on the subject, imploring her to break off the hated engagement, Antoinette answered: "It is too late now; I have toyed with my life's happiness and have broken it. I have only myself to blame, and must bear the penalty."

Ormancey meanwhile had been rather upset by Céline's parting words, but upon due reflection concluded that after all she must be mistaken. She was prejudiced in favour of Jacques, and consequently did not look with favourable eyes upon his suit. He would return to Rochetaillée, but would take no decided steps without fairly questioning the young girl herself.

On his arrival at Langres an unforeseen incident considerably increased his troubles and perplexities. As the coach passed through the principal streets of the town, Evonyme caught sight of Jacques Duhoux, dressed in his uniform of *garde-général*, standing at the door of an inn. "Ah! he has returned," he muttered. "Heaven only knows whether it is through the agency of that confounded servant, and whether they are not in league against me! Why did I ever allow myself to fall in love or think of marriage?"

When the young man reached *les Corderies*, however, and entered the familiar *salon*, all his heroic resolutions vanished. His meeting with Antoinette was certainly not very lover-like; he approached her rather bashfully, and taking two jewel cases from his pocket said, while opening them: "Will you come and see whether these are the stones you wished to have?"

The cases contained a set of opals and aqua-marines. Antoinette examined them carefully, and signified her approval by a slight nod.

Céline, who was busily arranging some of the wedding finery, rose to inspect the ornaments. "Opals!" exclaimed the superstitious servant, "surely these are not for my child! These stones are certain to bring misfortune on the wearer!"

"I chose them myself," replied Antoinette calmly. Then turning to Evonyme she added gently: "Aqua-marines and opals—are not these the most suitable ornaments for an Undine?"

"Will you not try them on?" inquired Evonyme, with a look which was at the same time so humble and suppliant that it touched her deeply.

She took the jewels and stepped before the mirror. A ray of sunlight rested on her where she stood; the airy floating folds of her white muslin dress showing the outlines of her slender waist and exquisite shoulders. Round her graceful throat she wore a wide fluted muslin ruffle, like those seen in portraits of women of the sixteenth century. In her ears, on her neck and wrists, the opals and aqua-marines sparkled and glistened like drops of clear water with rainbow tints; while her cheeks, whiter even than her dress, made the feverish glitter of her large eyes more striking.

Gazing upon her dazzling, snowy beauty, Evonyme felt more than ever in love; his doubts vanished like mist in the sunshine, and he advanced slowly towards her with admiration unmistakably depicted on his face.

"Do you think me beautiful?" queried Antoinette with an icy smile.

"You look like a water-nymph," replied the young man enthusiastically, at the same time taking her hand, which she yielded to him with the utmost indifference; but when, emboldened by this concession, he was about to imprint a kiss on the eyes which looked at him with such melancholy resignation, an expression of repugnance and alarm overspread the young girl's features, and with a wild cry of "No, no, never!" she fell senseless on the floor.

Evonyme's terrified exclamation brought Céline to the spot; she found him kneeling by Antoinette's side, trying to support her. Pushing him aside, she took his place, muttering savagely: "Go away! Can you not see that you are killing her?"

Sorrowfully, and deeply confused, he left the house. Turning toward the *promenade entre deux eaux* he mused to himself: "There is no denying it; I would be indeed blind not to perceive it—if I let this dreadful girl have her own way she would walk open eyed into the abyss, dragging me down with her. It is fortunate that I have discovered it in time. I cannot see that even a happy marriage is such a wondrous affair, but a union such as ours would doubtless prove would be purgatory for both. Who can ever solve that mystery, *woman!* She would coldly have sacrificed me for the pleasure of being revenged on Jacques!

"Je vous suis obligé, belle, de la leçon!"

He felt himself radically cured of any lingering desire for matrimony; still, the recollection of this poor girl, who loved Jacques so devotedly, and was now enduring martyrdom on his account, touched him deeply. How was it that he, who prided himself so much on his observation of the human heart, had not sooner divined the presence of this love, which had remained so firmly implanted in her heart? "Let me see," he mentally exclaimed. "Is there nothing I can do to restore the happiness which I unfortunately destroyed? By Jove, I will prove to both of them that there is still something good and true in Evonyme Ormancey. I will make all things right once more, even if it must be done at the sacrifice of my dignity."

He directed his steps towards the inn, where he learned that the *garde-général*, although returned to his duties, had given up his room at Pitoiset, and that a man was coming the following morning to take his luggage, and whatever papers had been left at the inn during his absence, to the underforester's house, as Jacques intended taking up his abode at Sauvageot's. Evonyme slowly retraced his steps homewards, where he spent the evening in framing the plan which he resolved to carry into execution without delay.

He left the farm at daybreak, and succeeded in reaching *les Corderies* before M. de Lisle had gone out. His object was to induce Antoinette to accompany him to the Val-Clavin, and he used all his diplomatic skill to carry his wishes into effect. It proved far easier of accomplishment than he had anticipated. Céline was out, and M. de Lisle, apprised of the scene which had taken place on the previous evening, had soundly rated his daughter for her folly, while the young girl herself repented having shown so little courage, and dared not refuse to pay the long-promised visit to inspect some changes which had been made in the house. It was accordingly settled that M. de Lisle should join the young people towards noon, and that they should lunch at the farm. They set out; the weather was beautifully clear; there had been a frost over night, and the dry leaves which strewed

the ground sparkled in their light covering of frost, while the earth crackled beneath their footsteps. Evonyme struck into a path which led across the woods; he was elated at the success of his enterprise, which he flattered himself he should be able to bring to a satisfactory issue. He whistled softly while helping Antoinette over the rough places, and exerted himself to keep the conversation on indifferent topics. The young girl, surprised and grateful for this consideration, tried her utmost to talk, and thus they both gradually lost their feeling of constraint. She walked on, unconscious whither they were going, until the little path suddenly ended at some brushwood, and Antoinette recognised lying before her the pond of la Thuilière, bathed in a flood of golden sunlight.

"Why have you brought me here?" she exclaimed in a tone of vexation; "this is not the road to the farm."

"No," replied Evonyme, "but I have to make some enquiries of the guard at la Thuilière. I shall not be gone more than fifteen minutes. Sit down there in the sun. You can amuse yourself by reading a few pages out of this book until my return." He handed her a volume of La Fontaine, and then, his heart filled with tender emotion, he took the path which led to the under-forester's dwelling.

Judging from what the innkeeper's wife had told him, he imagined that Jacques would be too much occupied with the removal of his possessions to go into the forest that morning, and the event proved that he was not mistaken. Jacques Duhoux was busily engaged in arranging his little room, which was very pleasantly situated: from the windows he had a view of the woods and the pond below. As Evonyme entered he beheld him bending over the maps and drawings which littered the floor, while a table by his side was covered with heaps of papers. Hearing the door creak, Jacques turned, and Evonyme was startled by the change these few weeks had wrought in his features: he was very thin, and his eyes looked unnaturally hollow. On beholding his unexpected visitor Jacques grew very pale, and rising abruptly exclaimed, "What do you want with me? I had hoped never to set eyes on you again."

"Jacques, my old friend," began Evonyme, in tones trembling with emotion.

Jacques looked at him coldly and haughtily. "Do not invoke our friendship: it is dead. You might have understood that your visit is disagreeable to me, and altogether uncalled for."

"Listen to me calmly for one moment."

"Leave me—I wish to hear nothing."

"By Jove, you shall hear me, notwithstanding," persisted Evonyme. "If you imagine that I have come here for my own pleasure, you are terribly mistaken; my conscience has brought me into your presence, and I shall not go until I have discharged what I am firmly persuaded to be my duty."

"Speak then, and be quick about it,' muttered Jacques without looking at him.

"I have wronged you," slowly commenced Ormancey, "and I ask your forgiveness; but that is not what I came to say. I want to speak to you about Antoinette."

Jacques trembled painfully. "Do you come to ask my consent to your marriage with her?" he asked with bitter irony.

"How often must I repeat that I have not come here in my own interest? If for a moment I was idiot enough to imagine that I should make a respectable sort of a husband, I have recovered from that folly. Antoinette has never loved but you: your forsaking her is killing her; she is dying of it. You don't believe me!" he exclaimed, as Jacques shrugged his shoulders. "Good Heavens! is it possible that you disbelieve me, when, as a proof of my words, I bring you my pride remorselessly trampled under foot; when I humiliate myself before you so deeply as to play a ridiculous part for your

benefit? Do not imagine that she has spoken to me of her love and her suffering; she is far too proud to do that. I have guessed it all by the feverish glitter in her eyes, by the pallor of her cheeks, by her insurmountable repugnance to even the touch of my hand. She is suffering martyrdom, my friend, and that is why I have come here."

"And what of me?" exclaimed Jacques, turning his emaciated face full upon Evonyme. "Do you think that I do not suffer? Do you think that a love like mine can be uprooted without leaving in its place a bleeding heart? For a month past I have been able neither to see nor to think. I walk about as if in a nightmare. When I tried to resume my work once more I felt utterly incapable for it; and when, on my arrival here, I heard that you were to marry her, I tell you, man as I am, I thought the agony of the blow must kill me. You say her eyes are hollow, her cheeks pale and sunken. Look at me, and say whether I do not rather resemble a ghost than a living being."

"You," said Evonyme gravely, "are a man, and strong to bear pain; but she, poor child, is little prepared for suffering! The gust of wind which breaks the flower scarcely scatters a few leaves from the sturdy oak. Come," continued he, seeing a spasm of pain contract the features of Jacques Duhoux, "will you not allow yourself to be softened? Have some pity."

Jacques appeared not to hear him; he walked up and down the little room with growing agitation.

"You do not know," he said at last, stopping in front of Ormancey, "she never knew how deeply, how passionately I loved her. I had built all the hopes of my life upon her. Before I knew her I had never loved. I gave to her all the passion of my soul, all the ardour of my youth. What has she done with all this? She took mine for a love to be toyed with. What pity had she after crushing me? What repentance did she show? After the first hour's storm had subsided, I asked only one tender word: one solitary loving word would have recalled me to her feet, but it never occurred to her to utter it."

"And you," replied Evonyme, "did you think of waiting for this word that you speak of? Were you not in too great haste to condemn her? You went off like a madman, without saying whither you were going. Are you so sure that Antoinette did not write to you? That her letter may not have been lost on the way?"

Jacques shook his head incredulously.

"Are you quite certain?" persisted Evonyme. "Did you enquire of your landlady at Rochetaillée?"

Jacques approached the little table, which was covered with papers. "There," said he, "is everything that arrived during my absence; they are all business communications. You can search yourself: you will find only official despatches."

Notwithstanding his words he bent with Evonyme over the heap of papers, and both searched among them with feverish anxiety. Suddenly Evonyme uttered a joyful exclamation. Between two large bundles he had just discovered Antoinette's little note, half buried amid government correspondence. He handed it to Jacques, who tore open the envelope with trembling fingers. "It is postmarked the twenty-first of September," murmured Evonyme.

Jacques Duhoux was eagerly devouring the contents of the new-found treasure. As he read he became more pale; the muscles in his face twitched convulsively; a sob escaped from his breast, and two large tears fell from his dark eyes upon the little missive. Evonyme contemplated him silently, too deeply touched to speak, and Jacques still stood motionless, reading again and again Antoinette's sorrowful and repentant words. Finally Ormancey gently touched his shoulder, and pointing through the open

window towards the hollow where the waters of the pond were flashing in the sun, said quietly: "She is at the edge of the wood; I led her thither as if by chance, and she suspects nothing."

Jacques gazed for a moment with contracted brow and lips upon the sun-lit hollow, then suddenly left the room and rushed out of the house.

After her companion's departure Antoinette left the outskirts of the wood, and, totally forgetful of Evonyme's La Fontaine, which lay among the withered leaves, she directed her steps towards the pond. The sun had thawed the hoar-frost, which now appeared like sparkling dewdrops on the grass, and the young girl recognised every detail on that part of the bank where she had lingered on her return from the ball.

All was unchanged—the willows on the little island, the half-broken foot bridge, the water-lilies with their graceful swaying leaves. She had seated herself on the very edge, and leaning her head upon her hands, gazed on the pond, whose surface was gently rippled by the breeze, and whose sparkling waters almost laved her feet. The green and limpid water was so clear that the bed of floating grasses was visible at quite a depth, and over it all the sunlight lingered carelessly. *There* was calm, forgetfulness of misery, annihilation.

Would it not be better far, thought Antoinette, to sleep for ever beneath the shadow of the waving grasses than be buried alive in a loathed wedding garment?

She had always loved the water, but never yet had it seemed to her so loving, so sympathetic, as at the present moment. She stooped and followed with fascinated gaze the glittering rays which seemed to plunge into the current, and then, rising to the surface, float there like golden rings.

The water was murmuring among the rushes, sounding like distant music full of soft and enticing witchery. The young girl felt inexpressibly soothed and fascinated, and the more she hearkened to the calm and tranquillizing sounds the more steadfastly she gazed into its treacherous depths, until she was gradually losing consciousness of all else. She could no longer think; her body glided imperceptibly towards the mysteriously inviting waves; she was becoming dizzy.

Suddenly a strong hand grasped her arm, and brought her violently back; she turned with a cry—

"Jacques!" and her eyes closed.

He seated her close beside him on the stones. Again, as on the night of the ball, did he feel Antoinette's heart beating against his own; he looked upon the fair, pale face, hollow eyes, and the little mouth, sweet as that of a child.

The charm of Undine had once more conquered; he pressed her more closely to his breast and kissed the closed eyelids.

When she opened her eyes and recovered consciousness, she seized Jacques' hands in a passionate grasp: "Ah!" murmured she, "I had given up expecting you any more. A little longer and you would not have found me!"

"You wanted to die?" exclaimed he.

"I cannot tell; but I was so unhappy, and I seemed to forget my sorrow while listening to the music of the waves which so attracted me. Oh!" she continued, shivering, "you will never leave me again?" Sobs choked her utterance, and tears streamed from her eyes.

Jacques tried to soothe her with caresses; he told her what Evonyme had done, and explained how he had read her letter only that morning. He had left Rochetaillée on the twentieth of September, his heart filled with anger. "Everything was hateful to me—you, Evonyme—the whole world. In eager haste to fly to the very ends of the earth, I took the first train, and did not stop until I reached the terminus of the railway in Bretagne. There, between land and sea, I tried to effect a cure; it was in vain—your image

followed me everywhere. Then I returned to the woods of Rochetaillée, and, on the evening of my arrival, heard that you were to be married to Evonyme."

"Ah!" sighed she, "I have been very wicked, very sinful; but if you knew how I have wept, how I have waited for you! I thought you had returned to L... to marry the girl with the smooth hair; and with only sorrow and bitterness in the future that lay before me, was it any wonder that I became almost mad? I longed to pain you even by cruelly hurting myself, and in order to accomplish this object I threw myself at the head of poor Evonyme. My punishment has been severe indeed," added she; "but if you can and will forgive me, I shall never be bad any more; I have left all my wickedness in the pond."

He took her hand and covered it with kisses: "I love you, my own darling, and my whole life is yours."

Evonyme, meanwhile, had remained in the little room at the under-forester's, straining his eyes to catch sight of the lovers, who were visible as dark shadows against the green underbush. Suddenly heaving a sigh of relief he exclaimed: "Thank Heaven they have made peace!" Then perceiving tobacco and pipes upon the mantel-piece, he proceeded to fill and light one of the latter. Never had a pipe seemed so delightful to him before; but that was probably because, as he admitted to himself, it was a long time since he had smoked with so easy a conscience. He contemplated the doings of the couple with the same feeling of satisfaction that one experiences in looking in safety from the shore upon a stormy sea.

"Most assuredly I shall never marry," muttered he; "all these tempests were never made for me. I shall be content to watch from my window those who weigh anchor and prepare for the voyage to Cythera. Still, they are happy, those two lovers yonder. For them everything is bathed once more in rosy sunlight, and they have already forgotten the storms and anger which tormented them. Only yesterday they were plunged in despair, ready to die of grief; to-day all is brightness, joy and love—a perfect fairy land of happiness. It is a mystery beyond my comprehension, and I shall give up puzzling over it. Never indeed were written truer words than these:

> "'Amour est un étrange maître;
> Heureux qui ne peut connaître
> Que par récit, lui ni ses coups.'"

The quotation reminded him that he had left a volume of his favourite poet in Antoinette's care.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed, "my La Fontaine! They may have left it lying under a tree, where it is probably at the present moment getting a bath of dew!" and off he started in search of his precious volume. Not until it was once more safe in his possession did he think of joining the lovers, and then the happy trio took the road to the Val-Clavin.

Is it necessary to relate any further? Evonyme persuaded M. de Lisle to become reconciled to the new aspect of affairs, and Jacques and Antoinette were married in November. They all live happily at *les Corderies*, and Evonyme is the godfather of Undine's first boy. The little one is growing rapidly, and Ormancey teaches him to read out of La Fontaine's fables. The good fellow is perfectly delignted with his rôle, and has been heard to remark on more than one occasion: "I am educating that child according to my own ideas; I taste all the joys of paternity without having to endure the anguish of marriage. I was born to be an uncle!"

THE END.

THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

HOMER, ILIAD, BK. VI., VV. 369–502.

[There is nothing perhaps among the remains of antiquity which brings the hearts of generations immensely distant from each other in time, so closely together as the parting of Hector and Andromache. The character of the passage, in this respect, renders it peculiarly fit for translation, while its beauty renders it very difficult to translate. It is hard to find among English metres one which at all corresponds to the roll of the Homeric verse. The metre selected by Pope certainly does not; blank verse still less. Whether that here selected has any advantage, the taste of the reader must decide. An absolutely literal translation is almost impossible if any of the spirit of the original is to be retained. The thought, the language, the melody, the happy union of which is poetry, can scarcely ever be exactly re-united in another tongue, and the thought is the one of the trio chiefly to be preserved. Perhaps acquaintance will be best made with Homer through the medium of a prose translation like Dr. Carlyle's translation of Dante; but a translation in verse must be poetry, or try to be so.]

THIS having said, with nodding crest tall Hector strode away,
And wended where his own abode so fair and stately lay.
But not within the mansion she whom there he sought was found,
His wife, white-armed Andromache; she for the walls was bound,
There with her babe and with its nurse to stand upon the tower,
Viewing the fatal plain afar, and weep the weary hour.
In vain the Chieftain ranged the halls, then to the handmaids cried,
"Tell me, ye maidens, whither hath your white-armed lady hied:
To some fair kinswoman's abode the pathway has she ta'en,
Or went she with the dames of Troy, that wend in suppliant train
To dread Athene's shrine, her grace with prayers and gifts to gain?"
Answered the foremost of the band: "My lord, thy lady fair,
The truth if thou wouldst know, doth to no kinswoman repair,
Nor goes she with the dames of Troy that offer gifts and prayer.
She went to Ilium's loftiest tower. Word came of Ilium's host
Borne down by the victorious foe, and of a battle lost.
Thy lady parted at the word, with madness in her mien,
Hurrying her babe and nurse, and now hath reached the wall, I ween.
At once from home the Chieftain turns; at once his eager feet
Trace back the road by which he came through many a stately street.
And now, the city measured o'er at speed, he nears again
The Scæan gate, that issue gives unto the battle plain;
But there his own Andromache to meet her Hector ran,
Andromache, the worthy wife of Ilium's foremost man;
(Her sire Eetion was, who once, where Placian mountains fling
Their shadows over Thebe's towers, reigned the Cilicians' king).
And at the side of Hector's wife a babe her handmaid bare,
The one dear pledge of Hector's love, in beauty like a star,
Scamandrius by his father named; but Trojans called the boy
Astyanax, for Hector's might was the sole shield of Troy.

Awhile the father silent gazed, with rapture in his look,
But soon a sob, a touch, a voice, his trance of gladness broke.
"O, cruel Chief, that fearless heart of thine will work thy doom,
Can pity for thy babe, thy wife, find in thy soul no room?
A widow soon thy wife must be; for thou, woe worth the day!
The mark of every foeman's spear, must perish in the fray.
And oh for me, 'twere better far to die, of thee bereft;
No comfort more, when thou are gone, but endless bale is left.
Father or mother have I none; Achilles slew my sire,
And gave the goodly town where once he reigned to sword and fire,
A decent funeral rite—so much vouchsafed the conqueror's ire.
Now in his tomb Eetion rests, and mountain nymphs around
Have bidden circling elms arise to mark the holy ground.
My brothers seven all kept their flocks upon the mountain side,
When by the same fell victor's sword in the same hour they died.
My mother from her royal bower borne with the spoil a thrall,
Then ransomed, met the stroke of fate within her father's hall.
Father and mother now to me, Hector, thou only art,
My brother thou, thou all in all; dear husband of my heart,
Let pity in thy breast be found; take on the wall thy stand;
Leave not thy wife bereft, thy child an orphan in the land.
By yon wild fig-tree range thy power; there, there is danger's post;
There is our rampart's weakest point, there will the day be lost.
There thrice their bravest have essayed, by doughty Diomed,
Idomeneus, the Atridæ twain, and either Ajax led;
Whether their own fell skill in war the vantage did espy,
Or some prophetic seer revealed the road to victory."
"I know it well," her lord replied, "but may not brook the shame,
The scorn of each bold Trojan chief, of each proud Trojan dame.
Shall warring hosts be in the field and Hector skulk aside?
Ill would such craven part agree with Hector's warrior pride.
Ever as brave among the brave, first of the foremost known,
High honour for my sire I've won, and for myself renown.
And bootless were such flight from fate: too well I know the doom
Of this fair Ilium, of her king and of her race, must come.
Yet less I mourn for this fair town, wrapt in devouring fire,
Less for my lady mother dear, less for my royal sire,
Less for those many brothers mine, whose now so gallant band,
Will then lie weltering in the dust, slain by the foeman's hand,
Than for thy lot, wife of my heart, when thou with streaming eyes
To slavery shalt be borne away, some fierce Achæan's prize.
And then, perchance, in Argive halls, beneath a mistress stern,
Thou wilt be doomed to weave the web, perchance to bear the urn

To Hypereia's distant fount, or to Messeis' wave,
With many a moan—but moaning brings no freedom to the slave.
And there belike some haughty foe, that sees thee weeping sore,
Will cry 'Yon slave was wife of him the Trojans' boast of yore,
Hector, the foremost of them all that arms for Ilium bore.'
And at the cutting word thy tears will freshly flow amain,
To think of him that thou hast lost, that would have riven thy chain.
Deep buried may I lie, with earth piled high upon my grave,
Before thy wail I hear, or see the conqueror grasp his slave!"

He stretched his arms to fold his child, but to the nurse's breast
The babe shrank back with timorous cry, scared at the brazen vest
That sheathed his father's glittering form, and at the nodding crest.
Loud laughed the sire and mother too; straightway the chief unbound
The flashing helmet from his head and laid it on the ground.
With kisses and embraces first he feeds a father's love,
Then lifts his voice in prayer to Zeus and all the gods above.

"Zeus, and all Powers of Heaven, give ear unto a father's prayer;
May this my babe be of my might and my renown the heir,
And as he homewards wends from war, still may the people say
'The son is greater, though the sire was great in battle day.'
Before him may the spoils be borne in famous combat won,
And may his mother's heart be glad in my victorious son."

Then in the mother's arms he lays the babe, in haste to part;
She takes it smiling through her tears, and clasps it to her heart.
Her husband marks her mournful mood, and with a fond caress
And soothing words he gently strives to banish her distress.
"Be cheered, sweet lady mine, nor yield too much to boding gloom;
Fixed is my fate; no foeman's hand can e'er forestall my doom.
Nor ever to escape his day is given to mortal wight,
Whether he be a craven base or foremost in the fight.
Then hie thee home, thy handmaids rule, and bid them nimbly twine
The thread, and featly ply the loom; that gentle task is thine.
War is the warrior's care, and most of all Troy's warriors mine."

The Chieftain donned his helm, her steps homeward the lady bent,
The tears fast coursing down her cheeks, oft turning as she went;
And when to Hector's mansion come she found within the hall
The throng of handmaidens, her voice to mourning moved them all.
The death wail for the living rose; for never, as of yore,
Looked they again to greet their lord, the battle's perils o'er;
Their hearts foresaw that to his home Hector would come no more.

G. S.

PAPAL CONCLAVES, AND CEREMONIES OBSERVED AT THE ELECTION OF A POPE.*

OF all sovereigns the Pope of Rome is the most absolute, for he claims to exercise Divine authority—not merely to hold an office which Divinity has invested with certain inherent and inalienable rights. Yet in the history of the Papacy there have been as many broken periods, during which the Divine agency was extinct upon the earth, as there have been individuals who claimed to exercise it. For the Popes are not hereditary monarchs, but each is supposed to be the chosen agent of the Deity; chosen in a manner prescribed with the authority of a Divine command, and on account of the possession of certain qualities which fit him for being the Vicar of God on earth.

During the period of time intervening between the death of a Pope and the election of his successor occurs an interregnum, when the Church is without the guidance of its Head, and therefore the highest ecclesiastical functions exercised by the Pope are in abeyance. For, though provision is made for the transfer to a Council of Cardinals of certain administrative functions which reside in the Pope, it would be inconsistent with the fundamental principle of the Papacy that any body of men should by right exercise, even in an emergency, powers belonging to the Pope himself.

We have seen great changes come over the circumstances of the Papacy while the present Pontiff has occupied St. Peter's chair—a change which has destroyed the status of the Pope as a temporal prince, and changes which have augmented, in the view of the faithful, his authority as the expositor of the Divine will. Both changes may lead to an alteration in the mode of conducting the next Papal election; for while the loss of temporal sway will relieve the temporary authorities of the interregnum of the responsibility of conducting the government of the State, the Pope may have used his supreme power to alter the mode of electing his successor. Some of his predecessors are supposed to have contemplated ordaining such a change when they feared the interest of the Church would be imperilled by delays and formalities incident to an ordinary election; and it has been long rumoured that the present Pontiff has, by a Bull which will be published only on his demise, provided for the election of a successor by a more summary mode of procedure than that usually followed. There is no inherent improbability in the rumour; as, combined with a most rigid adherence to formalities, the Romish system possesses an elasticity in accommodating itself to extraordinary circumstances, by which, in cases of great peril, catastrophes which seemed imminent are avoided. And in the nature of things, the power that enacted can also annul. Although the fundamental laws regulating Papal elections have been approved by Councils, the Pope in consistory has often modified the formalities attending them.

These curious formalities we shall endeavour to sketch, without attempting to predict in what particulars they may be departed from in any forthcoming election.

Till the pontificate of Nicholas II. (1059 A.D.), the election of the Bishop of Rome

* Cardinal Wiseman's "Recollections of the Last Four Popes." American Ed. Boston, 1858.

Article on Conclaves: "North British Review," No. xc., Dec., 1866.

Cérémonies et Coûtumes Religieuses de tous les peuples du Monde. Amsterdam, 1789.

resided in the clergy, the barons, and the populace of the city; but the disorder attending so wide an extension of the franchise induced Nicholas II., with the concurrence of the 2nd Lateran Council, and at the instigation of the great forming mind of mediæval Christianity, Hildebrand, to vest the election in the higher clergy, for form's sake only allowing the laity and Emperor to concur. But till the pontificate of Innocent III., the Cardinals met in public for the election, and thus extraneous influences could be openly brought to bear upon their decision. At the election of that Pontiff (1159 A.D.), a scene of riot occurred, partaken in by lay partizans who had no voice in the conclave, which suggested the advisability of deliberating henceforth with closed doors: but not till the pontificate of Gregory X. was the strict seclusion of the Cardinals made obligatory, and minute regulations laid down for the conduct of every stage of the election and subsequent investiture.

A most unseemly contest had followed the death of Gregory's predecessor, Clement IV. He died at Viterbo, and at Viterbo, therefore, eighteen Cardinals assembled to elect a successor. But for two years and nine months dissension reigned within the conclave and riot in the town: for Italy had, only a month before the late Pope's death, seen the last of the Hohenstaufen die on the scaffold at the hands of the usurper Charles of Anjou. Charles, during the conclave, occupied Viterbo to try and compel the acquiescence of the conclave in his candidate; and while the pressure of his influence only tended to intensify the obstinacy of the Cardinals, the presence of his soldiery in the town was the incitement to brawl and bloodshed, till the town folk in utter desperation tore the roof of the palace from over the heads of the refractory conclave. The conclave nevertheless for a year longer continued its quarrel, and it would doubtless have protracted it, till a decision was arrived at by the death of so many on one side or the other as to secure a majority to one of the factions, had not the compromise been proposed of abiding by the choice which might be made by six members chosen from both parties. These six seemed really to be under Divine guidance, for they speedily united in selecting a good man, who, though a native of Italy, was Archdeacon of Liège—neither a Cardinal nor a leader of either party. Theobald Visconti was recalled from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to be consecrated as Pope Gregory X. The ceremonies he ordained for his consecration are those still practised; and at the Council of Lyons, which was called together without delay, he obtained the assent of the Cardinals and Council to an instrument which prescribed the mode of Papal elections for all time to come. So rigidly has the constitution been adhered to, that in all essential particulars Gregory's immediate successor was elected and consecrated with the same formalities as those which were used to elevate Pius IX. to the pontifical chair.

Gregory enacted that the conclave should meet in the Palace when the last Pope died. nine days after his decease, and that the election should be proceeded with by the Cardinals who might then be present,—complete seclusion from the outer world was enjoined. If in three days a decision should not be arrived at, "which God forefend," the Cardinals should be restricted to one dish each at dinner and supper; and if five days more should elapse and a Pope still not be chosen, their eminences should be put on bread, wine and water, and be thus starved into unanimity of opinion. These latter stringent regulations have been relaxed; but the constitution of Gregory, not only in its essential principles but in most of its minute details, is still in force. It would be wearisome to point out the divergencies in modern practice from the ancient rule, and therefore we shall confine ourselves to a brief narra-

tive of the steps by which the loss that the Church sustains in the death of its chief bishop has been repaired on the demise of the last four Popes.

Immediately on the Pope's death, the Secretary of State announces the fact to the Cardinal Chamberlain. This official now assumes the post of Regent, pending the election of the new Pope His first act is, at the head of the clerics of the Chamber, to assure himself of the decease of the Pope. He raps at the death-chamber door with a gold mallet; and on receiving no reply he enters and taps with a silver mallet the forehead of the Pope; he falls before the couch and proclaims him dead. The tidings are then sent to the Senatus, and the great bell announces to the Roman people the death of their Bishop. Before the Chamberlain leaves the Papal palace he consigns the body to the care of the Penitentiarus of the Vatican basilica; takes an inventory of the articles in the Pope's apartments, and carefully locks the silent rooms. He then proceeds in state to his own palace, accompanied by the Papal guard; but, as he arrives, there meet him three Cardinals, the heads of the orders of Cardinal Bishops, Priests and Deacons, who during the whole interregnum share his power, and, if he be ambitious, check his aspirations. But still further to limit his authority, each day the General Assembly of Cardinals meets, and transacts business so minutely that the Chamberlain is reduced to the mere agent of their will. Nevertheless, as ostensible head of the State, the coin struck during the interregnum bore his arms, and all edicts received his signature. The Cardinals, however, were allowed to replace the Pope in but very few, and those the lowest functions of either his spiritual or temporal authority. So fearful have the Popes ever been of the undue extension of the interregnum, and jealous lest the Church should fail to feel the need of their personal administration, that even the law courts have always been closed, and every branch of the administration stript of power to transact all but the business necessary to prevent complete disorganization of Church and State. Of course, in the next Papal crisis these civil inconveniences will not be felt by the people of the former Papal States; and the Cardinal Chamberlain will therefore be degraded into a still more insignificant personage than he of late even has been. The day was when, during the lifetime of the Pope, he was perhaps the most important officer of the court, and during the interregnum exercised real power; but the tendency has long been towards centralizing official influence in the Secretary of State.

The nine days allowed to elapse before the conclave assemble to elect the Pope are sufficient to enable a fair representation of the Cardinals to reach Rome from abroad, and are employed in doing the last honours to the deceased Pontiff. The rites are intricate and full of curious symbolical allusions. Cardinal Wiseman, in his "*Last Four Popes*,"* (a book of personal reminiscences by one of the most shrewd and worldly-wise of modern Churchmen, yet written with all the enthusiasm of a young and fervent devotee,) describes some of the ceremonies. "The body of the Pontiff is embalmed, clothed in the robes of his office, of the penitential colour, and laid on a couch of state within one of the chapels in St. Peter's, so that the faithful may not only see it but kiss its feet. These preliminaries occupy three days, during which rises, as if by magic from the crypts below, an immense catafalque, or colossal architectural structure which fills the nave of the basilica, illustrated by inscriptions and adorned by statuary. Before this huge monument funeral rites are performed, closed by a funeral oration. The body of the last Pope has a uniform resting-place in St. Peter's. A plain sarcophagus of marble and stucco will be there seen,

* Cardinal Wiseman's Last Four Popes, p. 191, Am. Ed.

though hardly noticed by the traveller, over a door beside the choir, on which is simply painted the title of the latest Pontiff. On the death of his successor it is broken down at the top, the coffin is removed to the under church, and that of the new claimant for repose is substituted for it. This change takes place late in the evening, and is considered private."

When the nine days have fully elapsed, that is on the last day of the *novendiali*, the Cardinals assemble to attend the mass of the Holy Ghost and hear a sermon, pointing out to them the responsible nature of their duties, preached by some eminent prelate. The last four Popes have been elected in the Quirinal —the fourth preceding Pius IX., the famous Pius VII., of Napoleonic renown, having died there. But previous to that so many had lived and died in the Vatican that it had come to be regarded as the established scene of Papal elections. Again the Quirinal must be deserted and the Vatican honoured as of old; for the forthcoming election will hardly be held in the very palace of the excommunicated robber-King of Italy.

When the conclave met in the Quirinal the Cardinals attended mass in the Church of St. Sylvester, opposite the Respigliosi Palace; chanting the *Veni Creator* they walked in procession to the conclave, attended by the *conclavisti*, amidst a crowd of curious Romans watching the faces and mien of those they knew, and of many they never saw before, to gather from them some sign or augury which might guide them in betting successfully on the forthcoming election. The Quirinal is better fitted than the Vatican for the purposes of a conclave, as from the central building stretches a long wing whose upper stories are divided into suites of apartments numerous enough to accommodate separately all the Cardinals and their attendants. In the Vatican, on the contrary, the Cardinals are lodged in slight wooden booths or cells, erected in its vast halls, the Cardinal occupying the ground floor of his temporary hut, and his attendants the lower second story. When the Vatican is used, the mass of the Holy Ghost is celebrated in the Gregorian Chapel. The Cardinals enter by the *Scala Reggia*, the gates at the head of which are secured by four locks, two outside, the keys of which are in the keeping of the marshal,—a lay dignitary who has been for centuries the head of the Chigi family,—and two inside, the key to one of which is committed to the Cardinal Chamberlain, and of the other to the Master of Ceremonies. Beside the door are two turning-boxes, by which the cooked meals of the members of conclave are admitted, and through which, on urgent cause being shown, conversation may be held between a messenger without and a Cardinal within; though such communication must be made in a loud voice and in the hearing of the *Guardian of the turns and lattices*. Every other ingress is walled up, so much of the windows only being left unclosed as, when covered with oilcloth, will admit sufficient light. To secure from disturbance the quarter of the Borgo in which the Vatican is situated, guards are stationed on the Bridge of San Angelo and at the gates of the Leonine City, and chains are thrown across and pickets posted in the streets leading to the Palace. The vestibule of the Pauline and Sistine Chapels, at the head of the *Scala Reggia*, is the exercise and recreation hall of the imprisoned Cardinals. The spacious apartments of the palace are filled with the booths above described, and, when this vast space is found insufficient, the gallery over the vestibule of St. Peter's is fitted up in like manner.

But be the place of meeting where it may, the forms observed are in all essential particulars the same. Till three hours after sunset on the day the Cardinals enter the place of conclave "the doors are left open, and the nobility, the diplomatic body, and in fact all presentable persons, may roam from cell to cell, paying a brief compliment

to its occupant, perhaps speaking the same good wishes to fifty which they know can only be accomplished in one." But their precious hours are used for other purposes than, as the Cardinal presumes, merely to pay empty compliments and express as empty wishes. Considering that the Pope, through the extent and intricate ramifications of his influence, is probably the greatest power in the civilized world, and that this is the last chance which the ambassadors of the great Sovereigns of Europe will have of impressing on the conclave their masters' views; and remembering that every Cardinal has a host of friends and followers who would fain see him exalted to the dignity of Pope, and that no other opportunities will offer of urging his merits, within these few hours, it may well be imagined—when he who will be Pope and they who must elect him are all within the reach of eloquence, interest or tact—must be compressed more intrigue than the lobby of the most corrupt Congress in the world can witness in a twelvemonth. At length the third bell rings, and with difficulty the reluctant crowd, every one anxious to leave a last wish with his friends and a last warning with his enemies, is turned by the officers of the conclave through the wicket and out into the night.

And now there are shut up only the Cardinals, in whom alone the election is vested, their assistants (the *conclavisti*) and the servants.

The College of Cardinals, when full, consists of seventy members—six Cardinal Bishops, fifty Cardinal Priests, and fourteen Cardinal Deacons. The only disqualification for the Cardinalate is marriage. Even a layman may be nominated a Cardinal, though at the present moment there are no lay Cardinals, as, at the request of the reigning Pontiff, all the lay Cardinals, and among them Antonelli, have taken holy orders; but, without a special dispensation from the departed Pope, a lay Cardinal cannot assist in the conclave.

A Cardinal arriving late is admitted to the conclave, though the absence of any number cannot invalidate the acts of those who were assembled. The jealously guarded gates open to give egress to a member of conclave only in cases of serious illness. The choice of cells in the Vatican, or apartments in the Quirinal, is determined by lot. The hangings and coverings of the furniture of those apartments occupied by Cardinals created by the last Pope are of purple, in token of mourning. Green decorates the quarters of all others.

By the original decree of Gregory X., each Cardinal should be accompanied by one attendant; but such a hardship as this was evidently found to be intolerable, and therefore each Cardinal may now be attended by a cleric and a lay servant; and Princes, and all old and infirm, may claim to be attended by two. These *conclavisti*—so to be admitted with a Cardinal, must have resided at least a year in his household—are not mere stray servants, but a recognized body of men, many of whom have served before—often several times—in the same capacity; know thoroughly the prescribed rules and the unprescribed manœuvres of the conclave, and enjoy certain perquisites. They have played an important part in many an election, using other than fair argument in compassing their own or their masters' will. Sacking the cell of the newly elected Pope was formerly a privilege of theirs; but of late the fortunate Cardinal's valet has been allowed, without molestation, to appropriate its contents. They are, however, well paid with 15,000 scudi, or dollars.

The servants of the conclave are a secretary and assistant secretary; a sacristan and assistant; a confessor; a medical man; a surgeon; two barbers; an apothecary and two assistants; five masters of ceremony; a carpenter; a mason; and sixteen menial servants.

The mason and carpenter have done their work in building up all but the two avenues

of intercourse with the outer world—the wicket and the turning-box; the last of the visitors has been driven out; the officials have made their rounds to ascertain that no loophole has been left unclosed; the Cardinals have met in the chapel to hear read the Bulls regulating the election of Popes, and the members of the conclave retire to their narrow rooms to prepare, in solitude within a solitude, for what even the most worldly-minded among them must feel is a solemn duty.

Henceforward every precaution is taken to ensure perfect isolation. The meals of each Cardinal are brought from his palace and passed in through the turning-box, or *parlatoire*, familiar to all who have friends in a nunnery, but are not handed to His Eminence's servant till they have been examined by the *President of the Wicket*. An old writer, whose words are no doubt as true now as they were last century, says:—"All the food is closely examined by the prelate and his lay assistant (the marshal), who keep the gate, lest there should enter concealed in it letter or missive of any kind. They are at liberty to cut up the meat if they suspect deception. The bottles and glasses must be of pure white glass or crystal, and uncovered, that their contents may be seen. But the examination is not usually made with extreme rigour, for, despite all precautions, the Cardinals devise expedients for carrying on an intrigue, and learning what transpires without. Messages have been known to be secretly written on the breast of a capon; and often the *menu* and the composition of the dishes serve as signs and symbols — understood through a preconcerted code." However the information may get abroad during the sitting of a conclave, very correct rumours of what occurs within circulate without; and the Cardinals must be much less astute than the world gives them credit for being, if they are not well informed of what is passing in the world. Be that, however, as it may, every precaution that ingenuity has been able to devise to exclude them from the influence of the disquieting world is adopted and enforced.

When the conclave meets in the Vatican, the Pauline Chapel is used for devotional exercises, the Sistine as the election hall; when in the Quirinal, its only chapel is arranged to serve both purposes. The election then takes place in the Presbytery, before the altar. An empty chalice is placed on the altar to receive the ballot papers, and an empty throne beside the altar stands ready for the future Pope. At the table in front sit the three scrutineers, and the Cardinals occupy a circle of seats, over each of which hangs a canopy.

Twice a day—once in the morning and again in the afternoon—at the sound of a bell the Cardinals assemble to conduct the election. There are three ways in which this may be effected:—1st, *by acclamation;* but there is no historical record of a Pontiff ever being chosen at once and unanimously; 2nd, *by ballot*, which is the method that has proved almost invariably successful; and 3rd, *by compromise*, which is only resorted to when the contest is so hot and protracted that there seems no hope of a selection being made by the whole conclave, and therefore it delegates its power to a few of its members, as was done in the election of Gregory X., at Viterbo.

On the ballot paper the Cardinal first inscribes his name, then that of the candidate for whom he casts his vote, and at the foot a motto, which he adopts and must adhere to throughout. The upper part of the ticket is turned down and sealed, and the lower part turned up so as to conceal both the name and motto of the voter, before it is dropped into the chalice.

At the morning meeting a simple ballot is taken, when each votes for whom he will. The afternoon session is devoted to the ballot by *accding*, as it is called—that is, the names proposed can be only those drawn in the morning. If a Cardinal alters his morn-

ing vote, he writes on the later ticket *accedo domino Cardinali;* if he adheres to it, he inserts the word *nemini.* The mottoes are then examined by the three scrutineers, to secure against the same Cardinal casting two distinct votes for the same candidate; but the names are inspected only under such an exceptional circumstance as an election being by the bare two-third majority, when, as it is not lawful that a Pope's election be gained by his own vote, it is necessary to determine that the successful Cardinal did not vote for himself. Each afternoon on which the ballot does not terminate in an election, the papers are burned. Crowds—when the election took place in the Quirinal—assembled in the square opposite, watching the mouth of the flue by which the smoke issued. But the precaution of carrying off the smoke does not seem to have been always taken in the Sistine Chapel, as the blackening of its gorgeous paintings is attributed in part to the clouds of smoke that day after day for months together, on each successive election, filled this shrine of art.

The decisive vote is generally approached slowly, and it becomes pretty evident sometimes, in advance, how the election will result. It is then that the power of veto possessed by the Catholic Sovereigns of Spain, France and Austria, is sometimes exercised by the Cardinals, who have been entrusted by those powers with authority to represent them. It is an undetermined question when this right originated—some tracing it to the right of election held and exercised by the early German Emperors, others denying to it so remote a source; but none question the claims of the three great Powers to use it, though when some of the minor Powers have arrogated it, the conclave has refused to recognise their veto. It was last exercised during the conclave that elected Gregory XVI. "This conclave," says Cardinal Wiseman, "commenced in the middle of December, with the observance of all usual forms. At one time it seemed likely to close by the election of Cardinal Giustiniani, when the Court of Spain interposed and prevented it. Should two-thirds of the votes centre in any person, he is at once Pope, beyond the reach of any prohibitory declaration. It is, therefore, when the votes seem to be converging towards some one obnoxious, no matter why, to one of the Sovereigns of the three great Catholic Powers, that his ambassador to conclave, himself a Cardinal, admonishes his colleagues of this feeling in the Court which he represents. This suffices to make them turn in another direction. Thus in the conclave preceding the one now before us, Cardinal Severoli was nearly elected when Cardinal Albani, on behalf of Austria, to which Severoli had been formerly nuncio, inhibited his election by a note considered far from courteous.* And in like manner in this conclave, on the 7th of January, Cardinal Giustiniani received twenty-one votes—the number sufficient for election being twenty-nine—when Cardinal Marco, Spanish envoy, delicately intimated, first to Giustiniani's nephews, Odescalchi, then to the Dean Pacca, that Spain objected to the nomination. Every one was amazed. Giustiniani had been nuncio in Spain; and the ground of his exclusion was supposed to be his participation in Leo XII.'s appointment of bishops in South America. If so, the object in view was signally defeated. For the power possessed by the Crown of any country expires by its exercise; the sting remains behind in the wound. Cardinal Cappellari had been instrumental far more than Giustiniani in promoting these episcopal nominations, and

* Albani had been a lay Cardinal, and very reluctantly took holy orders immediately before the conclave in order to participate in it. The note of exclusion directed against Cardinal Severoli ran as follows: "In my capacity of extraordinary Ambassador to the Sacred College met in conclave, I fulfil the displeasing duty of declaring that the Imperial Court of Vienna is unable to accept his Eminence Severoli as Supreme Pontiff, and gives him a formal exclusion."

be united the requisite number of votes, and became Pope."

A well-recognised device to render null the right of veto has been often resorted to. A vote nearly sufficient to secure the election of a known enemy of a court is given for a nominee whom it is no one's intention to elect. The court representative, alarmed at the impending danger, uses his right and is thus disabled from excluding a perhaps still more obnoxious candidate, as in the case above cited. It is easily conceived how a contest may drag on for weeks, when two votes only are cast a day; and when, after many a session has been occupied in working up a candidate to nearly the desired majority, the work is all undone by the interposition of a veto.

At length, however, the required majority is so nearly attained that it is certain the final ballot will secure the election of the Pontiff. As usual, the Cardinals drop their papers into the chalice on the altar, after a short silent prayer and an uttered oath, in which they call God to witness how pure their motives are; the scrutineers check the tickets, and in the event of the successful candidate consenting, announce him elected and the conclave closed; the two chief Cardinal-deacons then lead the Pope behind the altar and clothe him in Pontifical robes, and he chooses the name of one of his predecessors, by which henceforward he is called. The canopies are lowered over the seats occupied by the Cardinals; the Pope takes the vacant throne which has stood empty beside the altar; and he who was till just now a mortal, as fallible as other mortals, receives, as a god, the homage of his former equals; for it is allowed the Cardinals to perform the *first act of adoration.*

Instead of seeing the smoke of the burning ballot papers issue from the chapel, the crowd without hears the mason's hammer, as he breaks open the walled-up window leading to the open balcony, that the Cardinal Dean may present the new Pope to the people, which is done in the following words: "I give you tidings of great joy; we have, as Pope, the most eminent and reverend Lord ——, Cardinal of ——, who has assumed the name of ——."*

At once, when the election takes place in the Vatican, the conclave adjourns to the Sistine Chapel, where the *second act of adoration* is performed; and thence the Pope is carried on the *sedes gestatoria* to St. Peter's, where, seated on the grand altar, the *third act of adoration* is rendered, now not by the Cardinals only, but also by the representatives of the Catholic Powers. When the election takes place in the Quirinal, these ceremonies are postponed till the next day.

But the great public installation of the Pope is usually reserved for the Sunday following. Then he performs his first pontifical mass, and is publicly crowned with the tiara. Rather than give a dull list of these impressive ceremonies, we shall again borrow from Cardinal Wiseman. He was a student at the English College in Rome, and, though he would perhaps have looked on such a scene more prosaically in later life, we may credit the description and comments, as being the recollections of an enthusiastic youth, with the stamp of perfect sincerity.

The Pope whose installation he witnessed in 1823, was Cardinal Genga, who assumed the title of Leo XII.

"His election took place on the 28th of September, after a short conclave of twenty-five days. On the 5th of October the imposing ceremony of Leo's coronation took place. For the first time I witnessed pontifical high mass in St. Peter's. All was new; the

* Although it is a well-known fact that a Pope on his accession takes a new name, by usage one already in the catalogue of his predecessors, it is not so generally known that in the signature to the originals of Bulls, he retains his original Christian name. Thus the Pope signs "John" at the foot of the most important ecclesiastical documents. The form is "Placet Joannes."—Cardinal Wiseman: Note to "Recollections of Leo XII.

ceremony, the circumstances, the person. As has been before observed, the infirmities of Pius VII. had prevented him from officiating solemnly; so that many of us, who had already passed several years in Rome, had not witnessed the grandest of pontifical functions. But strange to say, though some of our body had shortly before received holy orders from his hands (the new Pope's) in his private oratory, as I had not enjoyed that privilege the countenance from which later I received so many benign looks was all but new to me. And the peculiar moment in which he stands painted, clear as an old picture, in my memory, was one which can only be once passed in each pontificate.

"As the procession was slowly advancing towards the high altar of the Vatican basilica, it suddenly paused, and I was but a few feet from the chair of state, on which, for the first time, the Pontiff was borne. No other court could present so grand and so overpowering a spectacle.

"In the very centre of the sublimest building on earth, there stood around a circle of officers, nobles, princes and ambassadors, in their dazzling costumes, and within these the highest dignitaries of religion on earth, bishops and patriarchs of the western and of the eastern churches, with the Sacred College in their embroidered robes, crowned by heads which an artist might have rejoiced to study, and which claimed reverence from every beholder. But, rising on his throne above them, was he whom they had raised there, in spite of tears and remonstrances. Surely, if a life of severe discipline, of constant suffering, and of long seclusion had not sufficed to extinguish ambition in his breast, his present position was calculated naturally to arouse it. If ever in his life there could be an instant of fierce temptation to self-applause, this might be considered the one.

"And wherefore this pause in the triumphant procession towards the altar, over the Apostle's tomb and to the throne beyond it? It is to check the rising of any such feeling, if it present itself, and to secure an antidote to any sweet draught which humanity may offer, that so the altar may be approached in humility, and the throne occupied in meekness. A clerk of the Papal chapel holds upright before him a reed, surmounted by a handful of flax. This is lighted: it flashes up for a moment, dies out at once, and its thin ashes fall at the Pontiff's feet, as the chaplain, in a bold, sonorous voice, shouts aloud, '*Pater sancte, sic transit gloria mundi,*' ('Holy Father, thus passeth away the world's glory!') Three times is this impressive rite performed in that procession, as though to counteract the earthly influences of a triple crown.

"The Pope, pale and languid, seemed to bend his head, not in acquiescence merely, but as though in testimony to that solemn declaration; like one who could already give it the evidence of experience. That look, which had been fixed with a mild earnest gaze upon the smoking flax, swept over the crowd as the procession moved on; and I should doubt if one eye which it met did not droop its lid in reverence, or feel dim before the brighter fire that beamed on it. This was at least the expression which actual experience in that moment suggested.

"But besides these pleasing characteristics, there was another which admirably became his exalted position. This was a peculiar dignity and gracefulness, natural and simple, in his movements, especially in ecclesiastical functions. And then his countenance glowed with a fervent look of deep devotion, as though his entire being were immersed in the solemn rite on which he was intent, and saw, and heard, and felt nought else.

"There were two portions of the sacred function to which I have alluded, that displayed these two gifts, immeasurably indeed, removed as they are from one another in quality, but most admirably harmonizing when combined. The first of these acts was the communion at that, his first ponti-

fical celebration, and the first at all witnessed by many. It is not easy to describe this touching and overawing ceremonial to one who has never witnessed it. The person who has once seen it with attention and intelligence needs no description. He can never forget it

"In St. Peter's, as in all ancient churches, the high altar stands in the centre, so as to form the point from which nave, aisle and chancel radiate or branch. Moreover, the altar has its face to the chancel, and its back to the front door of the church. Consequently the choir is before the altar, though, according to modern arrangements, it would look behind it. The papal throne is erected opposite the altar, that is, it forms the farthest point in the sanctuary or choir. It is simple and lofty, ascended by several steps, on which are grouped or seated the Pontiff's attendants. On either side, wide apart, at nearly the breadth of the nave, are benches on which assist the order of cardinals, bishops and priests, on one side, and deacons on the other, with bishops and prelates behind them, and then between them and the altar two lines of the splendid noble guard, forming a hedge to multitudes as varied in class and clan as were the visitors at Jerusalem at the first Christian Whitsuntide. Then beyond rises, truly grand, the altar, surmounted by its sumptuous canopy, which at any other time would lead the eye upwards to the interior of St. Peter's peerless crown, the dome, hanging as if from heaven over his tomb. But not now. At the moment to which we are alluding, it is the altar which rivets, which concentrates all attention. On its highest step, turned towards the people, has just stood the Pontiff, supported and surrounded by his ministers, whose widening ranks descend to the lowest step, forming a pyramid of rich and varied materials, but moving, living and acting with unstudied ease. Now in a moment it is deserted. The High Priest, with all his attendants, has retired to his throne, and the altar stands in its noble simplicity, apparently abandoned by its dignified servants.

"The cardinal-deacon advances to the front of the altar, thence takes the paten, elevates it, and then deposits it on a rich veil, hung round the neck of the kneeling sub-deacon, who bears it to the throne. Then he himself elevates, turning from side to side, the jewelled chalice, and with it raised on high, descends the steps of the altar, and slowly and solemnly bears it along the space between altar and throne. A crash is heard of swords lowered to the ground, and their scabbards ringing on the marble pavement, as the guards fall on one knee, and the multitudes bow down in humble adoration of Him whom they believe to be passing by.

"After this the Pontiff was borne to the *loggia*, or balcony, above the door of St. Peter's, and the triple crown was placed upon his head by the Cardinal-Dean, the venerable Pacca. He then stood up to give his first solemn benediction to the multitudes assembled below. As he rose to his full height, raised his eyes and extended his arms, then joining his hands, stretched forth his right hand and blessed, nothing could exceed the beauty and nobleness of every motion and of every act. Earnest and from the heart, paternal and royal at once, seemed that action, which indeed was far more; for every Catholic there—and there were few else—received it as the first exercise in his favour of Vicarial power, from Him whose hands alone essentially contain 'benediction and glory, honour and power.'"

Many quaint ceremonies are introduced during these great functions: and in these, as in all public appearances of the Pope, an observer cannot fail to be struck with the resemblance of the group, of which the Pope, raised aloft on his throne and accompanied by his fan-bearers, form the central figure, to the famous royal procession of the Pharaohs, depicted on the walls of the temple-palace of Midumt-Habon. The ceremonials of the Roman Church may, some

of them, have been borrowed directly from the Egyptians, for the worship of Isis and of other members of the Egyptian Pantheon was still popular in Italy during the impressionable age of the early Church, while it was losing the extreme simplicity of its more primitive forms. But through another channel the Egyptian ritual may have reached it; for seeing how largely it has drawn from Judaism, in matters more essential far than forms, it is not unlikely that the pageantry of Oriential and Egyptian worship may have reached the Church through the medium of the Jewish service—itself modelled in many particulars on still older rituals.

After the mass, so vividly described by Cardinal Wiseman, the cardinal arch-priests of St. Peter's present the Pontiff with a purse, containing twenty-five *julis*, an old Italian coin, "for having performed mass well;" but the Pope rewards with them the two cardinal-deacons who chanted the Gospels; and they distribute them to their train-bearers.

At the coronation, the form of words used when the triple crown is placed upon his head expresses the supreme power over all on earth, which the Popes have always more or less emphatically, and the reigning Pontiff most emphatically, arrogated to themselves. "Receive this tiara, composed of three crowns, and know that you are the father of princes and of kings, the ruler of the universe, and the Vicar on earth of our Saviour Jesus Christ."

The last of the installation ceremonies is the taking possession of the church of St. John Lateran, the metropolitan church not of Rome only, but of the world. Formerly the Pope and cardinals traversed in procession the whole city, attended by the foreign ambassadors, the Roman nobility, and the civil, military and ecclesiastical authorities. The procession first stopped at the Capitol, where the senators delivered to the Pope the keys *in campo*. In passing through the Colosseum, the Jews, on bended knee, used to meet the Pope and present him with a copy of the Pentateuch, in return for which the Pope read them a homily on their errors, which they had to listen to in silence. But the procession has gradually dwindled to a very paltry show. The present Pope was anxious to revive it in somewhat of its pristine magnificence, but he could not persuade the cardinals to mount on horseback.

As we promised, we shall not attempt to guess how far the forms heretofore used will be departed from on the death of the present occupant of St. Peter's chair. That they cannot be followed in every particular is certain; that the Italian government will object to the public assumption by the Pope of powers which it has stripped him of, there can be no doubt; and that the Pope, to prevent the interference of the civil power at the next election, which some say is contemplated, may have used the power vested in him, under the peculiar exigencies of the case, to alter the place and manner of election, is not at all improbable.

The death of the reigning Pontiff will surely be the signal for a struggle between the supporters of ultramontanism, as expressed in the Syllabus and the decrees of the last Vatican Council, and those within and without the Church who would wish to see it directing modern thought and progress, instead of blindly attempting to arrest them. Both sides will use all the machinery at their command for carrying their point; but how the struggle will terminate no one can say. The issue of the Vatican Council shows how much stronger is ecclesiastical and class feeling than even principle, and should check the hasty assumption that, because the world at large is going in one direction, and many of the most influential and intelligent of the clergy to all appearance going with it, therefore the Church will take the same direction; and that these same clergy, when the interests of their order come to be opposed to their principles, will obey their principles. J. D.

SUNBEAMS IN THE WOOD.

(From Frances Havergal's "Ministry of Song.")

MARK ye not the sunbeams glancing
Through the cool green shade,
On the waving fern leaves dancing,
In the quiet glade?

See you how they change and quiver
Where the broad oaks rise,
Rippling like a golden river
From their fountain skies?

On the grey old timber resting
Like a sleeping dove,
Like a fairy grandchild nestling
In an old man's love.

On the dusty pathway tracing
Arabesques with golden style:
Light and shadow interlacing,
Like a tearful smile.

Many a hidden leaf revealing,
Many an unseen flower;
Like a maiden lightly stealing
Past each secret bower.

Oh! how beautiful they make it
Everywhere they fall;
Sunbeams! why will ye forsake it
At pale Evening's call?

In the arching thickets linger,
In the woodland aisle,
Gilding them with trembling finger,
Yet a little while.

Then, your last calm radiance pouring,
Bid the earth good night;
Like a sainted spirit soaring
To a home of light.

THE HEAD WATERS OF CAYUGA LAKE.

WE are in the midst of the season in which the merchant, the lawyer, and all who labour with the brain, except that hapless galley-slave the physician, turn for refreshment from the office to nature. Not much in the way of beautiful scenery is within the easy reach of the Upper Canadian; but he has Niagara, and a short and pleasant journey beyond Niagara brings him to a district little known on this side of the line, but well worth a visit. It is the district round the heads of Seneca and Cayuga Lakes, the two long and narrow lakes which lie close and parallel to each other, with their heads to the south, and their feet not far from the southern shore of Lake Ontario. The old New York Central Line from Rochester carries you past Clifton Springs—a place to which Canadians not unfrequently resort—to Geneva, at the foot of Seneca Lake, and Cayuga, at the foot of the lake of the same name. There are steamboats on the lakes, and a railroad is about to be opened along the western shore of Cayuga.

The hills round the heads of the two lakes are high, though not bold in outline. They form the northern edge of the Devonian plateau of the State of New York. Streams coursing down them, through geologic ages, to the Silurian plain which stretches north-

ward to Ontario, have worn in the shale deep and narrow ravines or cañons, which, with frequent waterfalls, form the beauties and wonders of the district. The beds of the two lakes, and those of other neighbouring lakes of similar form and running in the same direction, are supposed to have been river valleys dammed up in a subsequent geologic period by the action of glaciers. It is thought that in primeval times the shores must have presented to the trilobite in search of the picturesque a varied and romantic scene of gorges and precipices; but the grinding of the glacier has levelled or rounded everything with despotic force; and the shores now present, as you float between them, a series of gentle slopes of remarkable fertility, so highly cultivated as to remind an Englishman of the soft and finished landscape of old England, and dotted with pretty villages, of which Aurora, with the handsome buildings of Mr. Wells' college for ladies rising above it, is the prettiest.

The finest and most wonderful of the cañons are those of Watkins and Havana, at the head of Seneca Lake. But Ithaca, at the head of Cayuga Lake, boasts a very striking gorge, called Fall Creek, with a magnificent waterfall; and besides this, Buttermilk, an oblique fall of great beauty, the Gorge of Enfield, and some minor points of attraction. About nine miles down the Lake, and not far from the village of Trumansburg, is the ravine of Taughannoch, with a perpendicular waterfall, not of great volume, but two hundred feet high, for which, when it is full of water (unfortunately a rather rare occurrence, as the watershed is not far off), it would not be easy to find a peer. A single hotel stands on the edge of the cliff at the best point of view; but otherwise solitude still reigns in the beautiful ravine of Taughannoch, and the silence is broken only by the falling waters and the whispering of the pines. In all these ravines the botanist may find a feast of science, and the unscientific may find a feast of wild-flowers. Gorgeous butterflies also abound.

The valley of Ithaca, receding far into the hills, has a soft beauty of its own; while in the foreground lies the little town, spreading with its white houses from the plain at the head of the lake, at the hillsides, and embosomed in the trees planted along all the streets, which are so pleasant a feature of American towns.

The village, before the foundation of the Cornell University, subsisted by its trade with the rich agricultural district which surrounds it. It has, however, some works, and a manufacture of ingenious clocks, which, by a very simple mechanism, tell the year, the day of the month and the day of the week, keeping themselves right in Leap-year. Hitherto Ithaca has been secluded and difficult of access, but the development of railroads is now connecting it with the coal country of Pennsylvania, and inspiring hopes of a great commercial future.

The tourist has no leisure for social or political observation. But a knowledge of the United States is very superficial and very misleading which does not include these little country towns and the farms by which they are surrounded. Here are the sinews of the national character; here are the pillars of the national institutions; here is the solid and permanent wealth of the nation; here is honest intelligence and genuine patriotism; here are those remedial forces, too seldom exerted, which save the country from Tammany, Washington, the New York Gold Room, and the New York *Herald*.

Ithaca reveres as a second founder Ezra Cornell; but its Romulus was Simeon de Witt. The classical allusion is not out of place, for the great man has left monuments of his predilection for republican antiquity, not only in the name of his own town, but in those of many places in the surrounding district—Cicero, Tully (we hope Tully was not taken to be a different person from Ci-

cero), Ulysses, Pompey, Ovid, Virgil, Marcellus, Camillus, Utica, Syracuse, Rome. Cornell University has reason to rejoice that it is at Ithaca, not at Ulysses, or, what would be still worse, at Pompey. We forbear to make use of this tempting text for a sermon, much needed in Canada as well as in the States, on the naming of places, a minor but not wholly unimportant element in the formation of national taste. We will content ourselves with one passing remark. The English language has an abundance of suffixes for the names of places—*ton*, *by*, *borough*, *burgh*, *minster*, *bury*, *hill*, *dale*, *del*, *dene*, *vale*, *bourne*, *fell*, *field*, *hurst*, *combe*, *water*, *mere*—familiar and musical to the English ear, among which an appropriate choice may always be made. But the suffix *ville* is admissible only in the case of *Snobville*.

At the foot of a bluff to the east of the town, and near the great waterfall, stood till yesterday, in its pristine humility, a cottage which in former days was the abode of Ezra Cornell, then a poor man in the ranks of labour. On the hill immediately above rise the ample buildings of the Cornell University, founded by Ezra Cornell, the millionaire. An Italian novelist has said that there is no pleasure so exquisite as that of being great in the place where you once were little.

The University stands on a hill which rises about 400 feet above the town, as any one who has climbed it, if he is not a member of the Alpine Club, will have cause to remember. The site is magnificent, but the buildings are hardly worthy of the site. They are cast in the fatal mould which seems to have recommended itself as the most austere to the Puritan founders of New England colleges, that of a rectangular block very like a cotton factory. In the case of Cornell there are three of these blocks in a line, less bare and grim it is true than the blocks of some other colleges, and with a tower in the centre, which, however, fails to produce much effect, being far too small in proportion to the whole façade. The central block, which contains the library, is the gift of Mr. McGraw, a wealthy citizen of Ithaca, and the chimes which sound from its tower, telling of Universities beyond the sea, are the gift of his daughter. Around are already seen the munificent works of other benefactors, attracted to the central benefaction of Mr. Cornell. The large stone edifice for the use of the college of mechanic arts, which stands on the north of the *campus*, was built and equipped by Mr. Sibley, of Rochester. A President's house, on a scale bespeaking a splendid trust and sumptuous hospitalities, has been erected and secured to his successors by the first President, Andrew D. White. In course of erection is a ladies' college, the donation of Mr. Sage, a benevolent and generous millionaire, who does not believe in President Eliot's doctrine that sex deeply penetrates intellect, but has persuaded himself that every woman is capable, under proper culture, of becoming what the Woman's Rights' advocate, Miss Becker, calls a female man. The hill is crowned with evidences of the fact that in a country where there are no peerages or baronetcies, rich men, if they wish to enjoy any honour above that of wealth, are compelled to seek a place in the peerage of munificence, and instead of founding families to found institutions.

The site of the buildings was but yesterday a bare hill-side, as little conscious of its destiny as the apple-tree that was to teach Newton. Many things, therefore, are provisional or incomplete. Chemistry dwells in a very unsightly house of wood, which she will, no doubt, soon scientifically burn down and replace with a worthier mansion. The library and collections are in their infancy, but they grow rapidly, and the library is already one of great value.

The history of the Cornell University is this. Congress granted to each of the States an amount of landscrip, proportional to its

population, for the advancement of agriculture and practical science. In most of the States the grant was frittered or jobbed away. New York was on the point of dividing hers among a number of those petty local institutions which in the United States are the bloodsuckers of the higher education. Ezra Cornell, who had now become wealthy by telegraphic enterprise, and desired to use his wealth for the good of his kind, stepped in and offered, if the State, instead of scattering the grant, would concentrate it in one worthy institution, to add half a million of dollars to the fund. His adviser and coadjutor was Andrew D. White, now President of the University, and then a member of the State Senate, a wealthy gentleman of Syracuse, highly cultivated and endowed with great literary ability, who deserves to share with Mr. Cornell the honour of the foundation, since he has sacrificed to it not only a portion of his wealth, but, what must have cost him far more dear, the time which he would otherwise have given to literary pursuits, and, in addition, has undergone labour which, with everything to create and organise, could not fail to be often of the most irksome and trying kind. Most of the States sold their scrip, and, as the market was glutted, at a low price ; Mr. Cornell located that of New York, which was consigned to his management, on pine lands, mainly in Wisconsin, which have greatly risen and are still rapidly rising in value, so that the endowment of the University is likely in the end to be very large.

Mr. Cornell, though not destitute of good counsellors, has theories of his own ; and theories respecting matters of which a man has had no experience, particularly when they are matters so special and complicated as University education, are very likely to be crude. Mistakes have probably been committed ; perhaps the choice of so secluded a place as Ithaca then was, and one so destitute of conveniences and attractions for learned and scientific men, was in itself unfortunate, and entailed serious difficulties and dangers on the foundation. But the charges which have lately been made against Mr. Cornell, and which, in the general atmosphere of suspicion generated by recent disclosures the ignorant public is half inclined to credit, of corrupt self-seeking and of fraudulent dealings with the College lands, are destitute of the slightest shadow of foundation, as the result of the searching enquiry which Mr. Cornell has challenged will most surely prove. They emanate partly from the vindictive rancour of local institutions which were disappointed of their prey ; partly from denominational hatred of an undenominational University ; partly from that general spirit of envy and detraction which is the bane of American character, and mingles largely in the worst actions both of individual Americans and of the nation. The indictment is, in fact, absurd upon the face of it, since it charges Mr. Cornell with having gone through a tortuous process of hypocritical swindling to obtain at five dollars an acre, (to which his management has raised the price of the University lands,) that of which he might undoubtedly have bought as much as he pleased in open market at sixty cents. A good deal of glittering metal has of late been proved to be base. No man's metal is without alloy ; but Mr. Cornell's, when the touchstone is applied to it, will be proved to be gold.

The University was compelled to open before it was ready, by a clause in the Charter fixing the day, which could not be amended without again running the gauntlet of the State Legislature, and incurring afresh the danger of being blackmailed, by local institutions. But having opened, it at once made one of those rushes into the future to which the American temperament is prone, and which sometimes leave their traces in tenantless buildings, the melancholy monuments of extinct enthusiasm, and halls from which the soul of rhetoric has fled. Cornell University is too solid, financially and in

other respects, to fear such a fate; but its attempt to run full blast before it had got its coal, the greater part of the endowment not having yet come in, inevitably produced a certain amount of disappointment and depression. The programme, according to which the University is made up of a number of "Colleges," teaching in groups all the higher subjects of education, is still in some measure apocalyptic, adequate means for the payment of such a body of teachers not having yet come in. The department of practical science, however, is thoroughly effective and very successful. Perhaps the thorough recognition of this department, not merely as a subordinate appendage in an uncovenanted and half-pariah condition, but as an integral part of the University in an industrial country, coequal with the old departments of classics and mathematics, and entitled to the same honours, is the most important and the most successful of the innovations connected with this youngest and, as is supposed, most revolutionary of Universities. Cornell has been taunted with being a bread-and-butter University; but it may bear the taunt with resignation so long as it can retain a firm hold on the confidence of an industrial people, and at the same time, by domiciling the future chiefs of industry in a place dedicated to general education, bring them, in some degree at least, within the range of a more liberal culture, and of tastes and associations which cannot fail to open their minds, and to render them, when they shall have attained wealth and power, better leaders of society and better rulers of the country.

Another innovation, which may be said to be both important and successful, is the extension of the elective system and the admission of special courses, in accordance with the President's principle, "that mental food which the student craves, and on which he thrives, is better than that which he rejects and on which he languishes." Approbation, however, should never be bestowed on the elective system without the qualifying remark that whatever subjects the student may choose, he ought to be compelled to go through a course of thorough and connected study. Desultory and capricious dipping into a score of different subjects will produce neither any knowledge worthy of the name, nor any of the mental power which is a still more valuable fruit of University training.

An innovation, very important but by no means successful, is the admission of a common school education as a sufficient qualification for entrance to the University. Perhaps this was a necessary consequence of the destination in favour of agriculture and practical science impressed by Congress on the original grant. But it has laid the University open, not without some colour of justice, to the charge of lowering the standard of University education. Nothing can be more absurd than to imagine that there is anything liberal or progressive in bringing youths to a University without adequate preparation, and thus either making the students waste their time in listening to lectures by which they are incapable of profiting, or compelling the professor to descend from his proper duties to those of the master of a high school in order to supply the omission of proper rudimentary instruction. As well might we call it an improvement in industry to make the mechanic leap from the lowest to the highest part of his trade. Good secondary education, as a preparation for the Universities, is precisely the thing of which America stands most in need. The authorities of Cornell, however, keep the entrance examination as high as the charter will permit, and they are strict in exacting what is required, as young gentlemen who dislike the strait gate, and go to Cornell in quest of a broad one, will be disappointed to find.

Of all the special characteristics of Cornell University, however, the one which most attracted public attention, and perhaps the

dearest to the heart of the founder, was the projected union of manual labour with University studies. This seemed to open a new door to the toiling millions, and to lay an easy bridge over the chasm which separates those who work with the hand from those who work with the brain. It appealed to ambition in the heart of many a young mechanic, especially in England, where class divisions are gallingly hard; and some moths, we believe, singed their wings in the candle which seemed set upon the hill of Ithaca to guide them from the dulness of industrial servitude to an easier and more brilliant lot. The Labour Corps still exists and includes a few students; but in the main the scheme must be said to have failed. Almost all men, especially in youth, after a certain amount of work, require real recreation; it is not enough merely to pass to a different kind of work. To put the same thing into other words, intellectual and manual labour both draw upon the same fund of nervous energy, which when exhausted by one will not supply force for the other. To take a student from his book for the purpose of setting him to manual labour would plainly be as absurd, in an economical point of view, as to make a watchmaker or a bookbinder spend half the day at the plough. Horace Greeley among other sage notions fancied, or for campaign purposes pretended to fancy, that no one could be a useful or worthy member of society who did not till the ground with his own hands. He was in the habit of speaking of men trained at college for the intellectual callings, as drones incapable of making a livelihood, forgetting that the stricture might be applied with equal justice to the printers in his own office. It is idle to argue against palpable nonsense. A few youths, however, uniting an extraordinary degree of bodily vigour with mental ambition at Cornell University do pay their way, wholly or in part, by manual labour; and it is pleasant to observe that the success of such students is welcomed with loud and evidently sincere acclamations by their fellows. Nor can a special feeling towards labour fail to exist in a University where a notice is posted by the president before the summer vacation, announcing that students who desire it can be supplied with employment in tending masons. The same influence has probably helped to preserve Cornell University from the incursion of idle wealth, the pest of more fashionable Universities, and the despair of their teachers and rulers. In fact Cornell, if it is not in the sense desired by its founder a University of labour, is a University of the poor. In no place of high education, probably—in none, at least, in England or America—can frugality and self-denial be practised with so little annoyance from the social contempt and ridicule which, as the Roman satirist justly remarked, are the real sting of poverty.

It is less easy to trace to its source another moral peculiarity of Cornell University by which a foreigner, at all events, is agreeably impressed. American nationality, in spite, or perhaps we should say in consequence, of its recent origin and of its heterogeneous character, is the narrowest and most intolerant of all. Notwithstanding the torrents of philanthropic and humanitarian sentiment which pour from a thousand platforms, a Spaniard is a cosmopolite compared with a New Englander. We hope we shall not do an injury to Cornell University by betraying the fact that, whether owing to something in the character of its founder and its first president, or to the circumstances of the foundation, it is the seat of a more liberal spirit, and not only professes to be, but really is, in an especial manner, dedicated to the service of humanity.

The University is charged by its assailants with not doing enough for the promotion of agriculture, which we have already mentioned as one of the objects specially contemplated by Congress in the original grant. The model farm feels, like most of the departments, the want of funds; the

endowment being still locked up, to a great extent, in land which is at present not only unproductive, but a source of expenditure in the payment of taxes. It will no doubt make a better appearance hereafter. But the functions of a University in connection with agriculture are probably best performed by the cultivation of practical science, which, as has been said, is the strong point of Cornell University. Even in England, the land of scientific farming, agricultural colleges have not been very successful. The young farmer, once transferred to a college, no matter of what kind, seldom, we suspect, goes back to the hard and rough work of the farm. The Veterinary Department at Cornell is, we believe, already in a satisfactory state; and it may at least claim the merit of having brought into the country, as its professor, a veterinary surgeon of eminent skill, the good effects of whose presence are already felt over the surrounding district, and perhaps over a still wider sphere.

By direction of the State, acting under the influence of alarm at the unprepared condition in which the late war found the country, all the students of Cornell are compelled to go through military drill. But the peaceful neighbours of the Republic will be relieved by learning that no uncontrollable passion for soldiering is displayed; on the contrary, the drill is regarded by the mass of the students as an intolerable bore.

Cornell University, being a State institution, is by law undenominational; and as religion, under our present circumstances, must be the religion of some denomination, the University cannot teach religion without breaking the law. This is its sufficient answer to all who assail it on that ground. Irreligious it is not, any more than any other University, or any section of society, in an age in which scepticism can hardly be kept out even by the bars and bolts of a Jesuit College. It is served, and conscientiously served, by men no more indifferent to religious truth than the editor of any religious newspaper in the world; but who think, no doubt, that the interest of religion is best promoted, not by seceding into impotence, but by exhibiting the religious character in the active performance of duty to the community, under such conditions as may be required by the circumstances of the time. The University has, however, accepted from a religious benefactor, as zealous as the critics and somewhat kinder, the gift of a church, in which selected ministers of all the different denominations, if they can be obtained, are to preach in turn during the University year. It is to be hoped the preachers will confine themselves to the practical parts of religion. If they severally preach their peculiar doctrines, the result will be a theological thaumatrope, in which, to the dazed vision of the student, the dogmas of the Arminian will appear superimposed on those of the Calvinist, and those of the High Churchman or those on the Low Churchman, as in the thaumatrope, when it whirls round, the monkey seems to be leaping on the back of the goat.

The members of the University, at first inflated to more than six hundred, have now subsided to less than five hundred, a load probably as heavy as its present financial strength can well bear. Its founder is supposed to have visions of thousands of students of both sexes thronging his lecture halls. But such a consummation, if it were possible, would be most undesirable. The market is limited for the callings of graduates as well as for other callings; and if the number of graduates could be increased without limit, the only result would be a multitude of paupers, or perhaps of sharpers, such as would by no means reflect honour on a founder's name. In fact, benevolence in general needs a caution on this subject. In barbarous times it was necessary to bribe people to intellectual pursuits; and lavish endowments for the higher education were then in season: but in an age somewhat over-intellectual, and in which there is a

growing tendency to desert the farm for the city, it would almost be more politic to bribe people to manual labour.

The falling off in the numbers of the University coincided, and was by some thought to be connected, with its plunge into Co-education. Apart from any objections to the particular scheme, a University recently founded, and with its reputation still to win, cannot afford to be opening its gates to every hobby, even when admission is purchased by a golden fee. Its older and stronger competitors will be sure to adopt any improvement which has a settled public opinion in its favour, as they have done in legislating to meet the established claims of physical science; and a University which, in advance of public opinion, offers itself as the *corpus vile* for experiments, will certainly forfeit public confidence. The supreme power in American Universities is vested, not in the Faculty, but in the Trustees; and if the Trustees are active-minded and philanthropic men, the result is rather apt to be the same as it would be if a body of college professors were to undertake to manage a railway.

In its general character, Cornell belongs to the ordinary American type, and offers the usual points of contrast with English and German universities. The teaching is carried on entirely by lectures and class recitations. Those who are accustomed to the English system miss the personal superintendence and assistance to which the student owes so much in a good English college. But much intercourse between the teacher and the pupil is scarcely possible in any university where the professors live with their families in houses of their own, and meet the students only in the lecture hall. The college tutor in England lives in the college building with the students. This advantage, however, is purchased by the retention of the old monastic rule of celibacy, which, besides its hardship and its incongruity with Protestant feelings and modern institutions, precludes the permanent devotion of the tutor to the calling of education, and compels him, when he wants to settle in life, to banish himself from his proper sphere to the uncongenial atmosphere of a country living, where the best of teachers too often becomes the worst of parsons.

Cornell differs, however, from other American universities, and from all other universities so far as we know, in having, besides the resident staff of regular instructors, a body of non-resident professors, each of whom delivers one course of lectures in the year. The advantages of this plan are obvious; besides the additional knowledge which may be imparted, it brings the student into contact with some of the eminent men of the time, and stimulates his interest in the studies of which they are recognized representatives, and as it were living embodiments. Its disadvantages are a tendency, if the students are not well prepared for the highest teaching, to fill their minds with an empty conceit of knowledge, and the risk which it involves of throwing into the shade and disparaging the ordinary instruction. But the advantages seem to preponderate.

As the students of Cornell are mainly youths who have their bread to earn, and come with the purpose of learning how to earn it, the average of industry among them is probably higher than among the students of other American universities, and certainly higher than it is among the students of the aristocratic universities of England. On the other hand, an American university, we suspect, seldom gets out of its best students so much work as is got out of the best students of Oxford and Cambridge by the high-pressure system of competition and the lavish use of prizes. Whether the race has the same power of sustained labour at any period of life in the climate of this continent which it has in its native seat, appears to be doubtful; but the question is too wide to be discussed here.

Classics and mathematics, especially the

former, are not carried nearly so high in the American universities as in the English. The American students are somewhat younger, but they also come far less highly prepared.

A few of the students at Cornell live in a boarding-house belonging to the college. But the mass of them board at private houses in the town. This system, besides its freedom, is obviously the best for the poorer student, who can thus practise frugality in his own way. An Oxford or Cambridge man might fancy that it would be fatal to discipline; and the Oxford Convocation used to be incessantly entertained by Dr. Pusey with monkish threnodies on the immorality of private lodging-houses. But no ill result, we believe, has followed at Cornell, nor have the citizens of Ithaca ever had serious reason to find fault with the conduct of the student portion of the population. A certain amount of moral supervision is exercised by the authorities of the university, but in the main they are content to accept as proofs of the student's morality the certificates of his industry, which are strictly exacted under penalty of dismissal. Whatever the fact may be with regard to American homes, it would be a mistake to think that in American universities authority shrinks from making itself felt. On the contrary, it sometimes makes itself felt with a vigour rather surprising to those whose ideas of discipline have been formed in an English college.

It would be almost hopeless, even if our space permitted, to attempt a description of student life in any university. The features of it upon which the writers of popular works, such as "Verdant Green," have naturally fixed, and with which, almost exclusively, the general public has been made familiar, are the worst features. To the uninitiated it appears a coarse elysium of idle sports, noisy supper parties and practical jokes. Its real interest and romance—the t ls and efforts of the industrious student, the fresh thirst of knowledge, the eager ambition, the aspirations and visions of youthful intellect, the development of character, the interchange of ideas, the ardent friendships—furnish no matter for the roaring scenes of a sensation novel. We are sorry that we have not at hand a number of the *Cornell Era*, which contained some extracts from the private diary of a deceased student. The picture of conscientious self-training and high moral aims which it presented might qualify some of the notions derived from "Verdant Green."

Boys, however, are boys everywhere. While Christ-church students screw up the doors of tutors, duck unpopular fellow-students in "Mercury," or, in a still higher mood of frolicsome humour, burn statues in the quadrangle, Cornell students pull off gates on Halloween, indulge in "rushes" or tussling matches between class and class, and play practical jokes under the name of "hazing" upon Freshmen. The spirit of mischief has its consecrated abode among the Sophomores, or students of one year's standing, while the freshmen are of course the established butts. "Rushes" are sometimes caused by a defiance on the part of some Freshmen of the Sophomore rules which forbid a Freshman to wear a stovepipe hat or carry a cane. The "hazing" in the older colleges is, or used to be, carried to a serious extent. The author of "Four Years at Yale" thus describes it in his college:—"*Hazing* * * signifies among Yale men the punishment of those who have become personally obnoxious to the Sophomores. It is a more deliberate and cold-blooded thing than smoking out, in which the participants do not, certainly at the outset, entertain any feelings of revenge or malice toward their victim. The one thing naturally leads to the other, however, and a subject for smoking out who shows fight, and perhaps gets the better of his entertainers, may be marked for more elaborate and formal attentions. A Fresh who is notably

loud and defiant in his bearing, who takes pains to hurl contempt upon his natural rulers, who returns an "Oh! Soph!" for every "Oh! Fresh!" more than all, who tells tales to the Faculty, is thought a proper subject for bringing down. The self-appointed committee who are to carry out this process manage to entrap their man in a close carriage—and this, by means of disguises and other deceptions, is not usually a very difficult matter—when he is gagged, blindfolded and rendered powerless. They then drive off to the appointed rendezvous, some desolate locality like East or West Rock, where others are perhaps awaiting them. The indignities here inflicted depend upon the ingenuity of the torturers and the extent of their dislike for the victim. The cutting off of his hair is the commonest device. Perhaps they mark upon his cheek the numeral of his class, employing for the purpose some chemical that will remain for several days indelible; or strip him and smear his naked body with paint; or pour cold water upon him; finally leaving him half clothed, with a gag in his mouth perhaps, and his hands bound behind him, to find his way back to the city; or possibly dropping him, in this plight, within the walls of the cemetery, where he would probably have to stay until the opening of the gates in the morning.' It is not surprising that such horse-play as this should have led, as we believe it did, more than once, to fatal consequences. We think, however, we may confidently assure the trembling Freshman that "hazing" is reduced to its minimum, if the determined efforts of the authorities have not altogether extirpated it, at Cornell.

The great game is base-ball. To keep cricket-fields green through the burning summer of this country is almost impossible; and besides, cricket is too long a game for the American, especially when batting is so scientific that the siege of the wickets becomes almost as tedious as the siege of Troy. Since the Oxford and Harvard race a great impulse has been given to boating at Cornell as well as in the other universities, though Cayuga Lake, being subject to sudden squalls, is not very favourable to rowing in paper shells; and the *Cornelian* gives an imposing catalogue of the Cornell "Navy." The Tom Hughes Club is the possessor of a Challenge Cup given by that illustrious athlete, who visited the university and satisfied everybody that he was the real Tom Brown. So great is the excitement that there is some reason to fear lest, in the universities of the United States as in those of England, what was once a rational and manly exercise should degenerate into a silly and pestilent mania, completely drawing away the student from his proper duties, and even perverting his ideal of character and aim in life.

One of the most amusing features in American university life is the early development of political habits among the young citizens and future legislators of the Republic. The officers of each class—its President, Vice-President, Secretary, Treasurer, Orator, Essayist, Poet, Prophet, Historian, Toastmaster and Marshal—are elected with an apparatus of tickets and ballot-boxes, and with a process of wire-pulling, caucusing, log-rolling and pipe-laying which, when compared with the importance of the offices, remarkably show the strength and precocity of the campaigning instinct. Still more keen and exciting is the contest for the editorship of the college newspaper, which, in the case of the *Cornell Era*, is in the hands of five members of the Junior or third-year class. He who has succeeded in steering his way to the editorship need despair of nothing within the reach of political science.

It is an excellent institution, that college journal, under responsible editors, and a useful medium of communication between the students and the Faculty. The *Cornell Era* is invariably loyal to the university and respectful to its authorities, while it sometimes brings before them in a good-humoured way the wants and grievances of the stu-

dents. Members of the Faculty often contribute to its literary columns, from which we have more than once taken the liberty of transferring a contribution to our own pages.

In the elections, and in the whole political and social life of the American universities, the "Secret Societies" play a momentous part. A foreigner arriving at an American university is startled at hearing that it is full of secret societies, and fancies that the Faculty must be slumbering on the edge of a volcano, an impression in which he is likely to be confirmed on seeing that one of the societies has for its emblem a death's head and cross-bones. Soon, however, he becomes aware that the societies, though their proceedings are secret, and though they have secret tokens and pass-words, have no secret designs; that they are innocent not only of crime but of meaning— at least of any which, without a surgical operation, can be made to penetrate a foreigner's mind. What is evident is, that they give a good deal of scope, both in their own elections and in their relations to their rivals and to the student world in general, for the delightful game of politics. They are supposed to cultivate virtue as well as goodfellowship, and the authorities of some colleges try, we believe, to use them as the means of encouraging good and checking evil. On the other hand they have their detractors, and the antagonism to them sometimes leads in college elections to the formation of an "independent" ticket.

It would be at once difficult and invidious to compare the character of the American student with that of his English compeer. You may know them both and like them both. Each of course exhibits, partially developed, the qualities, good or evil, of the nation. The American no doubt has in him the germs of Indirect Claims; but he is affable, mercurial, sympathetic, and can be merry at a supper party without wine.

We hope all the previous part of our article will not be taken for an advertisement if, in conclusion, we mention to the tourist that there are good inns both at Ithaca and Watkins. Should he prefer to cross the narrow tongue of land from one lake to the other instead of going round, he is advised, if the weather is fine, to take the upper road, by way of Mecklenburgh, which will give him a draught of almost mountain air and some extensive views.

TO FLORENCE.

(*From Francis T. Palgrave's "Idylls and Songs."*)

Little wild one, whither art thou roaming?
Little wild one, the wave is round thee foaming:
Round thy feet the mazy waters eddying:
Wait their smooth reflux, thy footsteps steadying.

Mary come, watch here your sister playing,
Over the level sands untired straying.
Over the sands, where, like a lapwing chasing
Waywardly she her fancy's path is tracing.

Gleaming sea-gems unveil themselves around her:
Moist agates and cornelian-flames surround her:
Happy child, for whom the sands have treasures:
Barren sands for her have countless pleasures.

Smilingly o'er the sea the sun is glancing.
Smile for smile thou giv'st his waves advancing.
So may joy attend thy years' increasing:
Happy peace, all joy, with smiles unceasing.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THERE can be no doubt which topic claims precedence, so far as Canadian affairs are concerned, in our review of the events of the last month. Losing patience at the obstruction of the Pacific Railway Inquiry, the Grits have fired their mine by publishing in their journals Sir Hugh Allan's confidential letters to his American confederates. Why, if they had these letters in their possession, they did not produce them in Parliament in justification of Mr. Huntington's motion is to us inscrutable. Nor can we understand why, with such documentary evidence to rely on, they should have run the risk of vitiating their committee by conferring on it the doubtful power of examining witnesses on oath.

With regard to the case of Sir Hugh Allan, there can be neither doubt as to the material facts nor difference of opinion among any in whose breasts honour and patriotism have not ceased to reside; and therefore it is as needless as it would be painful to accumulate censure upon the head of a man of whom but yesterday we were most proud. He who, if Canada owes him much, owes her everything—princely wealth, high social position, royal friendship, a title of imperial honour—stands convicted, by his own explicit confession, of having attempted to add another heap to his vast store by corrupting her constituencies, her public men, her bar, her press, in concert with a ring of foreign speculators, into whose hands he was ready to throw the great Canadian enterprise, and with it, perhaps, the very destinies of his country. "Accursed hunger of gold!" Will no millions gorge that devouring appetite, or bribe the millionaire to keep the path of virtue?

One excuse, one palliation at least, may be pleaded on behalf of Sir Hugh Allan. We have spoken of him as having a country, but in fact he has none. The feeling of patriotism which restrains the excited cupidity and props the tottering virtue of a member of the pettiest or meanest nationality, of the Dane, the Portuguese, the Mexican, has in his heart no place. His character and aims, to use his own expression, are "cosmopolitan." He is a citizen of the money market, a patriot of the world of wealth and pleasure. The land in which he lives is only a sphere for steamboat and railway enterprise, for getting up companies and manipulating stocks. The title of honour which he wears, though he is indebted for it to Canada, comes from another country, to which, also, his royal friendship and great social connections belong. When his fortune has been made in Canada, he and his heirs will spend it in Belgravia, amidst the aristocracy of England, careless of the fate of the dependency, and anxious only to forget, and make the fastidious society around them forget, that their origin was colonial.

There is little need, however, of pleading excuses. It is not to be feared that a man of Sir Hugh Allan's wealth and position will incur the frown of society, or suffer any of the consequences which might attend a similar stroke of pecuniary enterprise on the part of a clerk in the Merchants' Bank. Sir Hugh is at present only a knight; he may live to be a baronet. We worship wealth; honourable wealth if we may, but at all events wealth. It is reported that since the disclosures Sir Hugh Allan has had a member of the Government for his guest; and though indignation has been expressed at the report, for our part we see no moral incongruity.

But is the Government, or is any member

of it, convicted of corruption by Sir Hugh Allan's letters? The answer in both cases must be in the negative; for the simple reason that the letters in themselves, and without further proofs and explanation, are untrustworthy as evidence against anybody but the writer. Sir Hugh's affidavit conflicts apparently with some of their particular statements, and still more palpably with their general tenor. Not only so, but it broadly and distinctly avers that they are unworthy of credence, declaring that they were written "without attention to accuracy of expression," that they are deficient in "care and circumspection," and that "in some respects they are not strictly accurate." It may naturally be urged that while the letters were written in the frankness of unreserved confidence for the information of confederates, the affidavit is obviously composed with the object of counteracting the effect of the letters and exonerating the Government; and that consequently the letters ought to be believed rather than the affidavit. But, on the other hand, we do not know what motives the writer of the letters may have had for putting things in a certain light, or taking credit for efforts and expenditure with his American partners, whose interest, though connected, was, as the result showed, not identical with his own. Besides, it is incredible that he should have descended, under any amount of pressure, to such a depth of baseness as to impeach on oath the veracity of his own letters, if he knew that they contained nothing but the truth.

The statements of the letters are, moreover, impugned in a matter of the most vital importance by the testimony of Mr. Macpherson, on whose conduct, by the way, none but the merest satellite of the Government can henceforth cast any reproach. To forbid a man's protesting against a public wrong because he is also a personal sufferer, would be to shut the gates of justice on the community. It would be to condemn Hampden for opposing ship-money.

The published series of Sir Hugh Allan's letters appears, by his own admission, to be virtually complete as well as authentic, the fact of his ultimate rupture with the Americans being as plain on the face of the whole affair as any additional letters could make it. But the other side of the correspondence is still wanting; its production, or the examination of Mr. McMullen, and the further examination of Sir Hugh Allan himself, might attach a definite meaning to certain expressions which, though of sinister appearance, are at present ambiguous, however vehemently party malice may strive to fix its own sense on them. The phrase "monetary considerations," if read with the context, will appear at once to be susceptible of several interpretations, the least probable of which is that which has been so assiduously pressed on us in large capitals, viz., that a very astute and wary politician put his political life into the hands of a set of railway speculators, by entering into a specific agreement for the sale to them of a great public contract, in consideration of a sum of money to be spent in bribery at the elections. To make us believe this, we should almost require one of those vouchers, the unattainableness of which the simple soul of Sir Hugh Allan so touchingly deplores. On the other hand, the words "we are all right with the *Globe*," on which the Ministerialists have of course pounced as a projectile to be hurled back in return for "monetary considerations," may mean anything, from the acceptance of a bribe to mere words of encouragement, which may themselves have been too favourably construed, or uttered in ignorance of the real state of the case. It is true that a gentleman whom public rumour connects with the journal in question is personally set down by Sir Hugh Allan as purchaseable at a comparatively moderate though respectable price; but no ground is assigned for the

presumption, and Sir Hugh Allan's subjective experience, to borrow a phrase from the metaphysicians, may well have led him to form too sanguine an estimate of the venality of mankind.

Among the Ministers, the one whose reputation is most seriously impugned by the letters is Sir George Cartier, who is in his grave. Sir Francis Hincks appears upon the scene in an attitude which, unless there was some optical illusion on the part of Sir Hugh Allan, calls for explanation. "Inferior members of the Government" are also spoken of with unpleasant positiveness as having been drawn by Mr. McMullen into engagements of which Sir Hugh, in the interest of his own side, disapproves as "a waste of powder and shot." The Prime Minister himself is untouched; or rather he appears to his advantage as putting a veto on the agreement into which Sir George Cartier had allowed himself to be inveigled. In violently asserting the contrary, and staking everything on the discovery in the letters of personal proof of corruption against Sir John Macdonald, the Grit leaders are only giving us another instance of the judicial blindness, the offspring of personal animosity, which leads them always to dash their heads, and those of their unhappy followers, against the strongest point in the enemy's defences, instead of coolly exploring the road to victory.

With regard to the admission of Americans, which figures as a leading count in the Grit impeachment, the fact, as disclosed by the letters and the affidavit, appears to be that the Ministers themselves did not object to the American element, but that, finding the feeling of the country strong against it, they insisted in good faith on its exclusion. No one will blame them for deferring to national feeling, and we, for our part, are not in a position to blame them for their original inclination, since we have always held that, private capital once being admitted, foreign capital could not be kept out, and that attempted restrictions on subscription or transfer would only lead to a certain depreciation of the stock, dealing in which would be thus rendered somewhat awkward and precarious, without effecting the patriotic object for which they were imposed.

That which really bears hard on the Prime Minister, and places him distinctly in the position of a defendant at the bar of the nation, is not any particular passage in the letters, but the general disclosure of the character and proceedings of those with whom he has been acting, and in whose hands he has placed the Pacific Railway, with its vast subsidies and all its attendant power. Is it possible that, when he signed the charter, he can have been ignorant of the methods by which Sir Hugh Allan and his associates had been seeking to secure their prize, of the tendencies which they had manifested, and of the course which they were still pursuing? Is it possible that he can have been ignorant of the prevalence of bribery in the elections, or of the source from which, as it is now manifest, a good deal of the money came? A high-souled Minister like Chatham, dwelling apart on a lofty pinnacle of sequestered greatness, may be unconscious of the corruption which the Newcastles and their tribe are carrying on far beneath his feet: but such unconsciousness is not credible in the case of a Minister who finds his native element in electioneering, exhibits himself in company with the lowest party agents, and does with his own hands the coarsest work of the campaign. Again, when Sir John Macdonald called upon his faithful majority to vote down in silence Mr. Huntington's motion, on the ground that inquiry was a gratuitous insult, did his conscience bear him out in his attitude of indignant innocence? Did he really believe that there was nothing which, if known to the people, would give rise to a righteous demand for investiga-

tion? And when, having by these tactics wrested the nomination of the chairman of the committee out of the hands of Mr. Huntington and got it into his own, he nominated the member for Cardwell to the post, did he suppose himself to be placing at the head of the tribunal the man who would make it his object, above all things, to do justice to the community?

Sir Hugh Allan's affidavit is manifestly a dead-lift effort, "under the sanction of an oath," to whitewash the Government. It concludes by stating that the arrangement between Sir Hugh and Mr. McMullen, respecting the purchase and custody of the letters, was made "without the concurrence or knowledge of any member of the Government, none of whom were aware that the papers had been deposited in the hands of Mr. Starnes." It seems obvious that if the facts had permitted the sentence would have run, "none of whom were aware that any such letters were in existence." But all that Sir Hugh apparently can venture to say is, that none of the Government were aware "that the papers had been deposited in the hands of Mr. Starnes." If the Government was aware of the existence of the letters when it gave the contract to Sir Hugh Allan, or even when it voted down Mr. Huntington's motion, its case is bad indeed.

Sir John Macdonald, in the opinion of all except the most fanatical of his opponents, has kept his own hands clean. If he has sinned, it has been from love of power, not from love of pelf; and this lends a certain nobility to his figure compared with some others which adorn the political scene. But he has governed the country, to a great extent, through objectionable instruments and by objectionable means. He has been the centre and organizer of a system the evil traces of which will be left deep in the character of our people for many a day. He will say, perhaps, that on no other system could party government have been carried on in this country, especially with reference to Quebec and the half-incorporated Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. We are not careful to answer that plea; but the fact remains the same.

And now, in the face of these disclosures, and amidst the selfish strife of infuriated factions rushing at each other's throats over the ruins of the national honour, what is the best thing for the country? We answer without hesitation, a prompt, searching and complete inquiry, conducted, not by delegates of the factions, but by an impartial tribunal, and one whose sentence may be received with respect and confidence abroad as well as at home. To obtain such an inquiry, and before such a tribunal, ought to be the common aim of all loyal Canadians, and of those organs of public opinion, if any there be, which serve Canada and not a faction. The country has been traduced before the world. A fatal slur has been cast upon its character and its credit. Its reputation, political and commercial, has been lowered, not only on this continent, but in England, and among all nations. Its constituencies, its press, its bar, have been exhibited as sinks of venality. Its leading merchants and men of business have been set out like bales of goods, each labelled with his stated price. Suspicion has fallen upon the integrity of its Government. Canada has been put into the dock of public opinion by the side of the swindlers who have ruined the credit of the United States. Capitalists will shun her investments, while rivals will point the finger of scorn at her tarnished honour. It is our own conviction that the result of an impartial inquiry would be still further to detract from the credibility of Sir Hugh Allan's letters, and to relieve the country in proportion of the burden of disgrace and prospective loss which their publication has brought upon it. But at any rate, by insisting on inquiry, the nation will show the world that it is not the accomplice of those who have dishonoured it, and that, though it may have some rotten members,

even in high places and where we little suspected their existence, it is still sound at heart.

The existing Committee of Inquiry is, we conceive, virtually defunct, since the Imperial Law Officers have ruled that it cannot be empowered to examine witnesses on oath; in other words, that it cannot be invested with judicial functions. Its members were manifestly right in refusing to allow it, without the authority of the House, to be turned into a Royal Commission, appointed by the party accused. But a Royal Commission appointed by the Governor-General himself, not by the Minister using the Governor-General's name, and consisting of judges or other persons unconnected with party politics, and in whose characters the nation has confidence, is probably the best tribunal available in the absence of any proper provision for such cases in the Constitution. We hardly know whether, under the "constitutional" system, the Governor-General is regarded as having any functions but those which would be as well discharged by a stamp or by his wife. But if he has, a special duty, with a corresponding responsibility, devolves on Lord Dufferin at this juncture. He has to stand between the public interest and faction, and to see that justice is done to the nation. The ordinary relations between him and his constitutional advisers are manifestly suspended while the Ministers are under impeachment, with a case against them quite sufficient to call for inquiry in the eyes of all independent men. He must take the prerogative for the present into his own hands, and we must hear nothing of prorogations in the interest of either side. It has unfortunately gone forth that he personally identifies himself in a marked manner with his present Ministers. His conduct will, we trust, give the lie to any such report, and prove him to be, as honour requires, the impartial representative of the Crown. The fact that the Imperial Government, which he represents, has a distinct interest of its own in this matter by reason of the Pacific Railway Guarantee, renders his course somewhat clearer; but even if there were no guarantee his course would be perfectly clear. Till it is known how many elections Sir Hugh Allan bought, it will not even be certain that the present ministers are at the head of a real majority, and constitutionally entitled to advise the Crown. Indeed, the sooner the Pacific Railway Parliament is sent back to the country, the better for the authority of the Legislature and the soundness of our institutions.

Lord Dufferin did not witness the scenes of the last general election, nor was he at Ottawa the Session before last during the debates on the Secret Service money; otherwise he could not fail to be aware that we have reached a real crisis in our national history. Our mode of dealing with the question now before us will probably determine, as much as any one thing can, whether the political morality of Canada henceforth shall be that of England or that of the United States.

That the presidency of a national enterprise, with the disposal of thirty millions in money and fifty millions of acres of national land, should be allowed to remain in the present hands after such revelations, is of course out of the question. Even French members who have experienced in the elections the friendship of Sir Hugh Allan, would scarcely venture to abet such an outrage on the nation. Nor could the Imperial Government and Parliament tamely acquiesce in the consignment of their guarantee to hands avowedly corrupt and manifestly disloyal to the country. For our part, though in the case of any enterprise promising great results to Canada, and especially one calculated to cement our political unity as a nation, we would rather err on the side of boldness than on that of caution, we shall not be sorry if a breathing-time is given us before we commence the Pacific Railway. The political success of such

undertakings itself depends on their commercial soundness, and the question of commercial soundness cannot be settled till the exact direction of the railway, the difficulties which it will have to encounter, and its probable cost, are known. We never dreamed that English capital would be cajoled, to borrow Sir Hugh Allan's confidential phraseology, into "going it blind," though American speculators may be found ready to manipulate any stock. The engagement with British Columbia, however convenient for the Government, was evidently improvident for the nation, including British Columbia as a part of it; and delay, though involuntary, will be even for British Columbia a blessing very slightly disguised. When the ordinary conditions of commercial prudence have been fulfilled, by the preparation of accurate surveys and estimates, we shall have further to consider, in the lurid light of the present revelations, what securities will be most effectual in preventing an enterprise, undertaken for the completion of our political edifice, from becoming the instrument of our political ruin.

Some of our partisan contemporaries, haunted apparently by an uneasy suspicion that faction, though fair as the lily, will be none the worse for a little paint, and that its identity with patriotism is not quite so clear as the sun in heaven, have improved the occasion by calling on us to study in these occurrences the salutary operation of Party, the mother of political virtue. Always open to conviction (a doubtful quality, by the way, in a good citizen), we follow the guiding finger of our monitor, which, we presume, points to the following passage in one of Sir Hugh Allan's letters:—"On a calm view of the situation, I satisfied myself that the decision of the question must ultimately be in the hands of one man, and that man is Sir George E. Cartier, leader and chief of the French party. This party has held the balance of power between the other factions; it has sustained and kept in office and existence the entire Government for the last five years. It consists of forty-five men, who have followed Cartier and voted in a solid phalanx for all his measures. The Government majority in Parliament being less than forty-five, it follows that the defection of one-half or two-thirds would at any time put the Government out of office. It was, therefore, evident that some means must be adopted to bring the influence of this compact body of members to bear in our favour, and as soon as I made up my mind what was the best course to pursue, I did not lose a moment in following it up." Why, what but Party rendered Sir Hugh Allan's operations possible at all? What compels the Government to seek such support as his and that of his French "friends," but the Party system? Suppose the Privy Council, instead of being the committee of a faction, were a national executive, legally elected by Parliament, and for a term certain, what inducement would it have to enlist these bands of political janissaries, or how could it find itself and the national interests represented by it at the mercy of every intriguer, or gang of intriguers, with purses long enough to control the elections? We shall be told, perhaps, that if the Grit party were in power, and the "solid phalanx" were, say, Scotch instead of French, everything would be changed for the better; but common sense and experience reply that the morality of all factions, and their mode of maintaining themselves in office, is and ever has been the same. One of the last Grits who held office in the Dominion Government was the hero of the Silver Islet. And we should like to know why Grit intrigue with the Roman Catholics of Ontario is less immoral or less injurious to the common weal than Ministerialist intrigue with railway men or Frenchmen.

In what aspect, let us ask, is Party presenting itself to us at the present moment? How is it proving its identity with

patriotism? Is it loyally mourning over the national disgrace, or exulting in it, exaggerating it, noising it abroad, eagerly collecting all echoes of it from foreign journals hostile to the country? And by what means is Party seeking to rise to power? Are they those familiar to the generous ambition of which it fancies itself to be the sole depositary? Is it seeking to supplant its rival by appealing through sounder principles and a nobler policy to the understanding and the heart of the nation, or by means from the use of which a very generous ambition would recoil. It is true that evidence against public offenders must be sought wherever it can be found, under the broken seal of confidence if necessary, and no one scrutinizes the associations of a detective. But the triumph of a detective is not the triumph of a statesman. It was not by getting hold of the confidential letters of their opponents that Somers or Chatham, Pitt or Fox, Canning or Peel, rose to proud pre-eminence in the Parliament of England.

The foregoing portion of our article was in type, when the scene was changed by the appearance of Mr. McMullen's narrative. We must leave our remarks as they stood, Some of them may now seem little creditable to our perspicacity; but the perusal of them will at least serve to assure our readers that we endeavoured to approach the subject in a spirit of fairness towards both parties, especially towards the accused Ministers; that we were anxious in forming our judgment to keep strictly within the limits of the evidence, and that in arriving at the conclusion to which we are now driven, we yield only to apparently overwhelming facts.

The character of Mr. McMullen, if we may judge from his proceedings in the present case, is not such as to render him an eminently credible witness, or one on whose bare statement, uncorroborated by other evidence, we should be justified in condemning, or even holding liable to grave suspicion men of unsullied character and high position. It appears to be undeniable that he extorted money from Sir Hugh Allan by threatening to publish confidential letters, and that, having sold the letters to to Sir Hugh, he surreptitiously took or reserved copies, which have found their way into the hands of Sir Hugh's enemies. A man who would do this, whether for the sake of money alone, or from that motive mingled with revenge, and who, moreover, by his own confession has been deeply engaged in the most corrupt and nefarious transactions in connection with this very affair, would scarcely shrink from any assertion necessary to the attainment of the object he had in view. But in the first place, his narrative bears internal marks of credibility: it is explicit, circumstantial, coherent, and boldly challenges contradiction in every turn. In the second place, it is fully confirmed, in the part most needing confirmation, by Senator Foster, whose reasons for thus allowing himself to be brought forward do not appear in his testimony, but who, in the absence of any improper motive, must be regarded as an unexceptionable witness. In the third place, it is supported by documents which if genuine (and their genuineness is not denied on the part of the Government,) render an inquiry into the credibility of the narrative almost superfluous, so decisive and damning is their character as evidence of Ministerial guilt.

"MONTREAL, Aug. 24, 1872.

"DEAR MR. ABBOTT,—In the absence of Sir Hugh Allan, I shall be obliged by your supplying the Central Committee with a further sum of twenty thousand dollars, upon the same conditions as the amount written by me at the foot of my letter to Sir Hugh Allan, of the 30th ultimo.

"GEORGE E. CARTIER.

"P.S.—Please also send Sir John A. Macdonald ten thousand dollars more on the same terms."

"Received from Sir Hugh Allan, by the hands of Mr. Abbott, twenty thousand dollars for general election purposes, to be arranged hereafter, according to the terms of the letter of Sir George E. Cartier, of the date 30th of July, and in accordance with the request contained in his letter of the 24th instant.

"MONTREAL, 26th August, 1872.

(Signed) "J. L. BEAUDRY.
" "HENRY STARNES.
"L. BETOURNAY, P. S. MURPHY."

"TORONTO, August 26th, 1872.

"To the Hon. J. J. C. Abbott, St. Anne's.

"Immediate, private.

"I must have another ten thousand—will be the last time of calling. Do not fail me; answer to-day.

"JOHN A. MACDONALD."

"MONTREAL, 29th August, 1872.

"Sir John A. Macdonald, Toronto.

"Draw on me for ten thousand.

"J. J. C. ABBOTT."

"TORONTO, 26th August, 1872.

"At sight pay to my order, at the Merchants' Bank, the sum of ten thousand dollars for value received.

"JOHN A. MACDONALD.

"Endorse."

"Pay to the order of the Merchants' Bank of Canada.

"JOHN A. MACDONALD."

If the genuineness of these documents cannot be disputed it is manifestly the duty of the Governor-General at once to take such measures as will place the Executive Government of the country in untainted hands.

The letter of Sir Francis Hincks is neither complete nor entirely unambiguous as a denial of the personal charges against himself; he admits that pending the competition for the Pacific Railway Contract, he applied to Sir Hugh Allan for a provision for his younger son. As a denial of the charges against the Government sustained by the documents set forth, the letter is of little value. The denial on the part of the whole Government, published in the Government organs, is merely of a general kind; but perhaps it could not be expected to be otherwise.

The suggestion that the money drawn by Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir George Cartier was to come from any fund other than the purse of Sir Hugh Allan and his partners as railway contractors, or that these great sums were subscribed merely on political grounds, is totally incredible. Sir Hugh Allan has never been a politician; and in a letter above quoted, he speaks of the two parties as "factions," to whose conflicts he is avowedly indifferent, except so far as they may be turned to the account of his commercial enterprise. But even this plea, so untenable that it must be regarded as the offspring of despair, leaves untouched, or rather by implication confesses, the fact that the Minister of Public Justice has been guilty of spending large sums contrary to law, as well as to public morality, in electoral corruption.

Any attempt to separate the case of the late Sir George Cartier from that of his living colleagues, and to cast the blame on his memory also, is rendered hopeless by the first telegram, which clearly shows that Sir George and the Prime Minister were dipping their hands, with a full mutual understanding, in the same fund.

The proceeding was deliberate and premeditated. We now understand too well what was meant by the refusal, on pretexts impudently hollow, to amend the Election Law before the last general election.

An inquiry, we trust, there will still be, and before a perfectly independent tribunal, not one named by, or by the advice of, the persons accused. But pending that inquiry, the Government of the country must be placed in untainted hands. As to threats of dragooning Parliament, and preventing it from discussing any proposed tribunal, or from seeing that justice is done to the nation by the use of the prerogative, they can

be regarded only as a part of the froth produced by the present fermentation. Those who indulge in them cannot have realized the constitutional position of a Governor-General, or the strength of the appeal which, in such a case, would be made to the supporters of his Government at home.

A system of government by corruption, carried on more or less in darkness, and with consequent impunity, for many years, has at last exposed itself to the light of day. In this there is nothing preternatural or even startling. But we must confess that we have been at fault, and that we owe an apology to those whom we have criticized, with regard to the character of Sir John A. Macdonald. Not that even in this case we have received any moral shock from the present revelations. On the one hand, there is nothing, even now, to show that Sir John A. Macdonald has ever taken a cent for himself; and on the other hand, we have always believed and avowed our belief that he was unscrupulous in the pursuit and in the retention of power. But we gave him credit for too much sense to be putting his character into the hands of railway speculators, and telegraphing to them for money to be spent in bribing at elections. It is the Nemesis of his system. His long experience has not yet taught him how little honour there is among thieves. He has not measured the danger of becoming, first the accomplice, and then the enemy of unprincipled men. Though he telegraphs in his own name for the means of electoral corruption, he did not reckon on the callousness which led Sir Hugh Allan to talk and write of wholesale bribery to his commercial partners as a common matter of business, and in the language of the ledger. Probably he did not know the exact relations existing between Sir Hugh and the Americans, or the perilous consequences involved in forcing Sir Hugh to fling them overboard. With the exceptions of the Lord Chancellor Macclesfield, the South Sea Bubble offenders, and Lord Melville, Sir John A. Macdonald is the first, we believe, since 1688, who has brought the stain of corruption on the name of the British Privy Council. In his case, considering what the connections of Sir Hugh Allan were known to be, the dark line of corruption is deepened by a shade of treason.

No loyal Canadian heart will echo the exulting shouts of faction over the discoveries which bring disgrace upon the country. It is greatly to be lamented that a party triumph should be in any way mixed up with the claim of the whole nation to justice. But under the peculiar circumstances, the Ministry falling by the personal delinquencies of its members, not by a Parliamentary victory of the Opposition, the Governor-General will be at liberty to choose freely among our public men; he will not be bound to put the country into the hands of the opposite faction. If Conservatives feel tempted, under the influence of party feeling or long personal attachment, to defend what cannot be defended, let them remember that nothing is left to be conserved here but political morality and honour; and that, these gone, public life in Canada will become a gambling table, from which, in the end, the most profligate adventurer will assuredly sweep the stakes. It is a calamitous affair. Yet it may prove a happy turning point in our political history, if the people, after the political corruption and demoralization which they have undergone, have virtue still left to meet the crisis well, and not only to do themselves justice in this particular case, but to reform a system of government which, in its present state, leads to these offences, whichever faction may be in power, with a fatal necessity which affords a considerable excuse even for the present offenders.

In turning immediately from the political arena to the Turf, we hope we shall not be thought to show a want of respect for the latter. The meeting of the Barrie Association was a vigorous effort to naturalize in

Canada racing after the English fashion. The Americans, familiar with the driving seat, and unfamiliar with the saddle, have harnessed "Eclipse" to a buggy and tried to make him put forth his utmost speed in a pace in which his utmost speed cannot be put forth, with a Yankee on two wheels perched at his tail to hold him down to that uncomfortable feat. The Barrie Association propose that in Canada, as in England, "Eclipse" shall have his head. They also aim at propagating a national taste for the sport. In this, as they know, they will not have an undivided public opinion on their side. In itself, a horse race is open to no objection which would not equally apply to a foot race, a boat race, or a match of any kind. It is in the accompaniments that the danger lies. There can be no doubt that in England betting on horse races has become a moral and social scourge second only to drink. On the approach of a great race the country is turned into a gambling table at which thousands, who might otherwise be respectable and prosperous, lose their earnings and contract habits which are worse than any loss. That knowledge of horses, or any compensating quality, is engendered by betting, it would be absurd to maintain, for multitudes bet in every tavern under the guidance of the charlatans, whose predictions fill every newspaper, without having ever seen a horse race or knowing a horse's hock from his pastern. It is needless to say of what tragedies horse racing has been the source of late years in the higher ranks; how the towering fortunes of noble houses have been laid low, and their proud escutcheons trailed in the dust by the failing speed of some favourite horse. Failure in a horse's speed is, however, a comparatively noble source of ruin. Of the prevalence of blacklegging, even amongst the highest class of modern racing men, there can be no stronger or sadder proof than the fact that the name of the late Lord Derby used to be breathed in connection with questionable conduct on the turf. Horse racing, we repeat, is as innocent as any other sport; and it is healthy, because it is public. But the practical question for the patrons of the turf in Canada will be, whether it is possible to keep gambling and blacklegging at bay. If it is not, it would be better for a man to have a stone tied round his neck, and to be cast into the sea, than to be the means of introducing the taste into a new country.

It is as an amusement, and as an occasion for social gatherings, that horse racing must assert its claims to encouragement, not on any of those utilitarian grounds which people fancy it necessary to invent as apologies for their pleasures. The racing breed, though it may improve the stud of the English fox-hunter and perhaps the charger of the English light cavalry man, will hardly improve the team of the Canadian farmer; while racing under the present English two-year-old system rather tends to foster the fatal practice, so ruinous to this description of property, of working the horse too young. Jockeys have their qualities; and the late Emperor of the French used to say that he owed a great deal of his success to the lessons which he had learned in England from the "gloomy sporting men." But the qualities of jockeys are not high, and the lessons learned by the late Emperor of the French were more manifestly useful to himself than to mankind.

Supposing it desirable to make us a racing nation, we are not sure that it is possible. National amusements are the outgrowth of national character and circumstances; they can hardly be engrafted on a different stock; and we doubt whether in circumstances, or even—notwithstanding his recent English origin—in character, the Canadian is the exact counterpart of the Englishman. Certainly there is not on a Canadian race-course the life that there is on an English one, much less the life that there is at an Irish steeple-chase. Moreover, both the English lord and the Tipperary boy have a good deal

of leisure, and each of them is ready to attend races for four or, if you please, for forty days in succession. Canadians are a busy people.

The Barrie Association evidently does its best to keep the sport healthy, honourable, and manly. It is, therefore, only in the most friendly spirit that we venture to suggest that in the announcement of their hurdle races, "stiff timber" would be better omitted. To the expert it may mean nerve on the part of the rider, and clean jumping on the part of the horse; but to the crowd it means a chance of seeing a jockey break a limb. There is one class of exhibitions which no man who values his own manhood, or has any regard for the national character, will ever sanction by his presence; we mean that class the attraction of which consists in danger to human life. In England, unhappily, this taste is in the ascendent; and it marks national degeneracy there as surely as it did in the case of the Romans' passion for the arena and the Spaniards' passion for the bull fight. When Blondin performed at the Crystal Palace on the high rope, at the risk of his life, forty thousand people were there to see him; when he performed on the low rope, doing more wonderful feats, but without risk to his life, there were not four thousand. There can be no doubt where the attraction lay. If people like to ride over stiff timber themselves, by all means let them do it; but by looking on while a wretched jockey is made to ride over it for their amusement, they are certainly not encouraging a manly sport.

In the mother country, a Parliament which in the heyday of its vigorous youth did some great things, whether for good or evil, is creeping on crutches to an almost ignominious grave. The ship of the Gladstone government, crazy, barnacled, and scarcely seaworthy, just floats upon the stagnant waters. Perhaps by the time this reaches our readers it may have been scuttled by Mr. Lowe, who has got into a scrape about the Zanzibar Mail Contract, which would be a trifle if the Government were strong, but may prove serious when it is so weak. If Mr. Gladstone should owe his fall to Mr. Lowe, he will be punished for allowing Mr. Lowe's very doubtful claims as a financier to outweigh his undoubted treachery as a politician; and it is worthy of remark that the same want of straightforwardness which led Mr. Lowe to conspire against his friends in the Reform Bill struggle, betrays itself in the circumstances of his present scrape. Having been obliged to abandon an arrangement which he had made in favour of the Company, by the opposition which it encountered among the Cape Colonists, he tried, it appears, to indemnify the Company indirectly without going to the House of Commons, and has been detected in the attempt.

Favoured by the general apathy and by the heat of the weather, Mr. Richards, a Nonconformist leader, has carried against the Government, by the casting vote of the Speaker, a resolution in favour of a standing international court of arbitration. The principle of arbitration has just received the heaviest blow possible in the refusal of the United States Government itself to appear as a defendant before the tribunal to which it appealed as a plaintiff. Yet the principle is capable of being usefully applied to minor differences, which, in the absence of arbitration, might breed and often have bred, great quarrels. That mighty powers, like Germany and France, filled with mutual fury and rival ambition, will stop to ask the permission of a conclave of jurists before flying to arms, the professors of international law themselves would hardly believe. A standing tribunal, however, even for minor disputes, is scarcely practicable. It would probably be impossible to regulate the representation of the different powers, great and small, on such a tribunal, in a way satisfactory to all, or perhaps to any of them.

A proposal to tax personal property for local purposes, as is done in Ontario, has been introduced in the House of Commons, and, as might have been expected, scouted by the House. The *Saturday Review* remarks: "As the National Debt has no local habitation it would not seem at first sight that a particular parish has any exclusive claim on a fundholder who may happen to live within its boundaries. A landowner in Berkshire, who made his fortune in Wales, and invested a part of it in land, would confer an unmerited and gratuitous boon on the place of his residence, if he paid rates to the house or the parish on the whole of his income. If the recipient of £100 a year, secured by mortgage on land in Yorkshire, happened to occupy a villa in Kent, there seems to be no reason why land in one county should bear the burden of local expenditure at the other end of the kingdom. The mortgagor of the Yorkshire estate would have had to pay a higher rate of interest for the loan if the mortgagee had been rateable on his income, and consequently the Yorkshire land would have been charged both with the local rates and with the rates of the parish in Kent." It is plainly unjust that the same property, of whatever kind it may be, should pay rates to two municipalities, when one only of the two, viz., the one in which the property is situated, can do anything for it in the way of municipal administration. Arbitrary and unjust taxation was an evil, and an evil against which it was the duty and the glory of Englishmen to struggle when it was imposed by the Stuarts; and it is not less an evil, or one against which we ought less to struggle, when imposed by a City Council.

Hamlet's fevered imagination traced the noble dust of Alexander till he found it stopping a bung-hole. But he never dreamed of seeing the successor of Darius furnishing a daily subject for the laborious grinning of Mark Twain. Gorged with wealth and surfeited with pleasure, England is delighted to find a new sensation in the visit of the Shah. She hopes to do a stroke of diplomacy at the same time. But if the Shah's wavering inclinations are not fixed by the patent fact that England can have no thought of meddling with him, and that Russia may, diplomacy, even in the guise of gastronomy, can do little to fix them. It will be a pity if his reception of the Shah throws John Bull into a paroxysm of Russophobia. Russia needs watching, but paroxysms can lead to nothing butfolly, either in private or in public life. Not an English statesman, we believe, could now be found to defend the expediency of the Crimean war. An excited nation was drawn into that war, as its faithful and thoroughly English-hearted historian has clearly proved, by the concerted action of two men—Napoleon III. and Lord Palmerston—each of whom had his own ends to serve, the French Emperor wanting a halo of military glory for his upstart throne, Lord Palmerston wanting to supplant Lord Aberdeen, whose policy was peace. The English press, manipulated by Palmerston, worked the people up to uncontrollable fury, and the result was a war which, besides the effusion of blood, squandered the savings of thirty years, and has left no result but enmity with Russia and the consequent increase of American aggressiveness. Bright and Cobden were wrong in continuing their opposition when the flag of England was in the field, and when all feelings ought to have been suppressed but the desire of a patriot for the success of his country. To show that they were wrong in their original opposition would not be so easy. On the eve of the war Cobden was at the house of one of the Ministers, in company with the Editor of the *Times*. He was giving his reasons against going to war. The Editor expressed his hearty concurrence, and asked Cobden why he did not urge those reasons in Parliament. "I shall do so to-morrow evening," replied Cobden, "and the next

morning you will attack me for having done it." The speech was made and the attack followed. Cobden was himself the authority for this anecdote.

Independently of his personal ambition, Palmerston was a fanatical Russophobist, and the Crimean war was not the first disastrous proof of it. The invasion of Afghanistan and its calamitous result should never be forgotten by Russophobists. Sir Alexander Burnes was sent by the Governor-General, Lord Auckland, under Palmerston's direction, as envoy to the Court of Cabul, to report on Russian intrigue and make out a case for armed intervention. But Sir Alexander found in effect no case for armed intervention, and allowed his opinion to appear in his despatches. Palmerston nevertheless ordered the invasion of Afghanistan. A British army perished miserably and a severe blow was dealt to our reputation in the East. Explanations were of course demanded, and the Government had to produce the despatches of Sir Alexander Burnes. The Envoy himself had perished. His despatches, as laid before Parliament, appeared to sanction the armed intervention and to exonerate the Government. It was rumoured that they had been garbled; but the Government strenuously asserted their genuineness, till at last, many years afterwards, the authentic documents came to light, and it then appeared that in the copy furnished to Parliament important passages had been omitted without notice. But at this time Palmerston was at the height of his power, his offence was stale, and he successfully hectored through. The Duke of Wellington had opposed the invasion of Afghanistan on military grounds, but the dictates of his wisdom were disregarded. When the expedition sailed for the Crimea, his son remarked to Palmerston that it was a hazardous undertaking. "Yes," replied Palmerston jauntily, "but not so hazardous as the expedition to Cabul." Such was the epitaph of those thousands of British soldiers, the victims of a spirited policy, whose bodies had fed the vultures of Afghanistan. Peace-at-any-price is one extreme, quarrelsomeness is the other. We would not sacrifice to peace the honour or the important interests of a nation; but we would sacrifice to it without hesitation all the bluster and vapouring of all the bullies in the world.

The darkness of Russian councils would be in itself a reasonable cause of mistrust; and it is more than probable that, after the destruction of Sebastopol at all events, Russia would have liked to overthrow the British power in India. But it does not follow that she would make the attempt. Her power in central Asia, like our own in India, has grown, perhaps half involuntarily, in a yielding soil of barbarism, anarchy and decay. There is a wide interval between insensibly absorbing a succession of wild tribes or Khanates, and deliberately attacking England. It is at least possible that Russia may be content to spend the next half-century in organizing and civilizing the chaotic world which she has conquered; and before half a century has elapsed she will probably herself be conquered by the European revolution.

Diplomatic marriages generally fail of their effect. Those who form them, after sacrificing affection to policy, vainly expect that policy will be controlled by affection. But the projected alliance between the royal families of England and Russia looks like the return of a better feeling. Cordiality on the part of Russia was impossible while the ignominious provisions of the Treaty of Paris continued to gall her pride. We, to tell the truth, should in a like case have felt and acted pretty much as she did. Nor was there any course open to a British Minister, the situation in Europe being what it then was, but that which Lord Granville pursued. He successfully resisted the attempt of Russia to trample on the honour of England by setting aside the

Treaty without reference to the other powers; and this was the utmost that, with the means at his command, could be achieved.

Should England be forced single-handed into a war with Russia, she will be compelled to use weapons of a different temper from those which failed her hand on the last occasion. The moral forces which Russia has most reason to dread were not then called into play, nor can they be called into play while the aristocracy rules in England. An unprincipled democrat might welcome a Russian war as the certain harbinger of political revolution.

If it be true that the Shah proposed to purchase for his harem the ladies whom he saw waltzing with low dresses at London balls, and that his attendants cut the flowers out of the carpets with their knives, the Oriental character has not yet, in his case, entirely lost its picturesque peculiarities by contact with European civilization. But his visit is the last and the most striking of a series of events which seem to announce the opening of the secluded East, and its reunion with the progressive West. Not that the excursion of a Sultan or Shah, allured by the pleasures of European capitals, or, perhaps, bent on some diplomatic scheme, in itself signifies a general liberalization of Islam; but forces of a deeper and more general kind are operating in the same direction. The decay of those great Eastern monarchies, whose giant forms were the earliest developments of civilization, left a sort of vacuum on the vast and fruitful portion of the earth's surface formerly occupied by them; while tribes, originally perhaps driven by their power to the North, and there trained by a severe climate to vigour and military prowess, have founded in less sunny and fruitful regions the teeming communities and the energetic civilization of Europe. Hitherto the vacuum has been sealed against European enterprise and migration; but now the seal is removed. Travel, commerce, speculation, the railway and the telegraph, are pushing their way in the countries eastward of the Mediterranean. Perhaps in the end migration will follow, and Tadmor may be peopled once more. Of the probable effect on Eastern populations, experience forbids us to form a sanguine estimate. An imported civilization has generally proved a fatal boon. The new wine bursts the old bottles. Even Japan, with her almost European industrialism and intelligence, seems, from the last report, too likely to break her neck in taking the perilous leap, the *saltus mortalis*, between barbarism, or semi-barbarism, and high civilization. Turkey has been galvanized but not vitalized by her close contact with Europe. The decay of Islam will be hastened, and the sons of the crusaders, in the guise of railway contractors and speculators, will usurp its room. But if such are the counsels of destiny, they are happily veiled from the eyes of the Shah while he moves about in his diamond vest, sharing the homage of a pleasure-hunting public with the winner of the Derby and the University boat-race.

In France, the government of God and the Army, as it calls itself, is acting in full accordance with its motto, and meriting the significant blessing so promptly bestowed upon it by the Pope. It has sealed its alliance with the priesthood in the surest way by commencing a petty persecution of their opponents in the shape of interference with civil burial, parading at the same time religious sentiments which, in the mouths of Voltairean Orleanists and worshippers of the Napoleonic star, may be safely set down to reverence not for the Supreme Being but for the electoral influence of his self-appointed ministers. It has vigorously commenced the work of gagging and corrupting the press; true to the established French policy of destroying the indicator and closing the safety-valve. It has also ordered the prosecution of M. Ranc, whose alleged crime is

his acceptance of a seat in the Council of the Commune, which he took, it appears, simply for the purpose of preventing mischief, and resigned at once on perceiving that there was no good to be done; his real offence obviously being that he has recently been elected a Deputy of the Opposition. The machinery of electoral corruption and arbitrary government, through prefects and sub-prefects, is again in full play. On the part of the Bonapartists this is at least consistent; but even that poor excuse cannot be offered for Orleanists such as the Duke de Broglie and M. Beulé, who as opponents of the Empire have been always declaring against this system and in favour of constitutional modes of government. Orleanism is digging for itself an ignominious grave: inexperienced and irresolute in the use of the Bonapartist engine, it will certainly find itself supplanted by the patentee. But it is still possible that neither Orleanism nor Bonapartism, nor their common patron and familiar the Pope, may be destined again to reign in France. Thiers and Gambetta represent between them a power which it will not be easy to crush. Much of course depends on the willingness of the army to serve "the cause of God," and to become the gaoler of the country which it has failed to defend. "What can the French soldier do if you take from him his faith?" was the unctuous exclamation of one of the new military officials. The soldier might answer, "Valmy, Arcola, Austerlitz, but not Sedan."

In Spain, Ultramontanism, which is there identical with Carlism, and we may add with barbarism and brigandage, desperately struggles to prevent the final emancipation of half-liberated Spain. It must be unspeakably bitter to the Ultramontane heart to see the work of the Inquisition on the point of being cancelled, and freedom, civil and religious, about to take possession of the monarchy of Philip II. What a Mexican priest felt when the Cross was planted in the inmost shrine of the idols to which such holocausts of human sacrifice had been offered in vain, a Spanish priest must feel when he sees the Bible and the book of knowledge opened on the scenes of the autos-da-fé. The Carlists have gained a considerable success, which the Republican Ministers have had the good sense, rare alike in Spaniards and in revolutionary leaders, frankly to acknowledge in the Cortes. Their forces are apparently numerous, they have received supplies of arms, and Don Carlos has joined them. But their operations are rather those of banditti than of a regular army; their bands seem to appear and disappear, gather and disperse, much as the Spanish bands did in the Peninsular war, when their inconstancy and intractableness were the despair of Wellington, and as those of their Iberian forefathers did in days long past. "In Spain," says a historian of the Punic war, "where the spirit of Hamilcar and Hannibal was powerful the struggle was more severe. Its progress was marked by the singular vicissitudes incidental to the peculiar nature of the country and the habits of the people. The farmers and shepherds who inhabited the beautiful valley of the Ebro, and the luxuriantly fertile Andalusia, as well as the rough upland region traversed by numerous wooded mountain ranges that lay between them, could easily be congregated as an armed *levée en masse;* but it was difficult to lead them against the enemy, or even to keep them together at all. The inhabitants of the towns could just as little be combined for steady and united action, obstinately as they bade defiance to the oppressor behind their walls. . . As neither the Romans nor the Africans had brought with them sufficient forces of their own, the war necessarily became on both sides a struggle to gain partizans, which was rarely decided by a well-founded attachment, more usually by fear, money, or accident, and which, when it seemed about to end, resolved itself into a series of fortress sieges and

guerilla conflicts, whence it soon revived with fresh fury. The armies are as shifting as the sand downs on the sea shore : on the spot where a hill stood yesterday, not a trace of it remains to-day." These words might serve us as an account of the military portion of all the struggles that have taken place in Spain, or in her colonies, down to the present day. The disgrace of the Curé of Santa Cruz, who at first was the clerical head of the movement, appears to indicate the outbreak of the jealousies and dissensions to which Spaniards are singularly prone, and which showed themselves in the camps of Cortes and Pizarro, even in the face of extreme peril, as well as among the leaders and armies of the Junta.

Disaffection among the officers, many of whom are no doubt Reactionists, and want of discipline among the troops, have almost broken up the regular army ; but, on the other hand, the people are apparently taking arms against the bandit champions of despotism and superstition, whose course is marked by the same atrocities which disgraced them in the days of the sanguinary Cabrera.

That the Republican Cortes represent only an active minority of the nation, while the mass is inactive and probably indifferent, is perfectly true ; but the same may be said of almost any great national struggle for emancipation, political or religious, including the English Reformation. It is Milton's lion "pawing to set free his hinder parts." The hinder parts in the case of Spain are the peasantry of the more backward districts, and generally the classes over which the influence of the priesthood extends. The head is the Assembly which is now grappling in a deadly wrestle with the power of Papal and Absolutist reaction. If the Assembly succeed, and the result of its success is accepted and ratified by the nation and by humanity, history will never be extreme to mark the want of an exact correspondence between the theoretic claims of the Spanish Cortes to represent the people and the actual number of their constituents. They are committing errors and extravagances no doubt, as all young assemblies and nations do, at least when they first emerge from such darkness and such confinement as that of the old despotic and Papal Spain. But they are also giving proofs of intelligence, energy and courage. They have framed a constitution well suited, as we believe, to the peculiar exigencies of the country, and suggested by the national history and character, not by abstract theories of political science. They have refused to assume, like the March Revolutionists, an attitude of Propagandism ; sent officious sympathizers about their business, and shown themselves desirous only of a peaceful admission into the community of nations. They have rejected the idea of repudiation, and seem to have done their best, under most desperate circumstances, to avert a national bankruptcy. Assailed by Anarchy in rear as well as by Reaction in front, they appear to act with resolution and with as much vigour as the smallness of the forces at their command will permit against the party of violence or *Intransigentes* (a name more accurately rendered by *uncompromising* than by *Irreconcilable*), and against the yet more furious and sanguinary Internationals. Difficulties and perils of all kinds still surround them, and much depends, as usual in such emergencies, on the appearance or failure to appear of those able men whose special influence over the course of events no philosophy of history has yet been able to eliminate. But the light of their hope, though flickering, has not expired. The breaking up of the regular army, must seriously add to the difficulties of the present, but it removes the chief political danger of the future. If, in place of such an army as the Spanish army was, a national militia can be formed, the loss will be pure gain.

Constitutional Monarchists can hardly look with favour on a Republic in any case where their own ideal of government is practicable. But in Spain it is not practic-

able, as fatal experience, four times repeated, has shown. The choice lies between Ultramontane despotism, Anarchy, and a Conservative Republic. No friend of humanity who is not an Ultramontane can well withhold his sympathy from those who are struggling to establish the last.

Extending our view over Europe, we distinctly see the parties of Progress and Reaction, drawing their lines and marshalling their forces for what seems likely to be decisive battle. As in the time of the Reformation, the deepest part of the antagonism is religious and intellectual, the political element moving in sympathy with the other. The Pope, though despoiled of his dominions as a temporal prince, is the head of the Reaction, political as well as religious. Its principles and objects are set forth in his Syllabus and Encyclicals, which proclaim a general crusade against liberty, civil and religious. The Roman priesthood, now thoroughly stripped everywhere, except perhaps in Lower Canada, of the last vestige of nationality, thoroughly imbued with Ultramontane doctrine, and completely devoted to the absolute head of their order, form the united and powerful militia of Reaction, the Jesuits being, as in the sixteenth century, the household brigade and the soul of the Papal army. On the Papal and Reactionary side are all the less civilized and intelligent populations—the peasantry of the more backward parts of France, of Southern Italy, of Spain, of Belgium, of the Tyrol and other unenlightened provinces of Austria, of Bavaria, of Ireland. On the same side are also, to a great extent, the wealthy and privileged classes, less on religious grounds—for many of them in France and elsewhere are sceptics—than because, from the close connection between civil and religious despotism, it is the side of social and political reaction. The diplomatic traditions of France also place her, as a European power, on the side of Rome. "As a man," said a French politician, "I am a free thinker; as a Frenchman, I am a faithful son of the Holy Roman Church." Rome appeals also with success to the more emotional sex, as everyone who has entered a church in France is aware; the feminine tendency being the same in all countries as it is in England, where the party of Reaction, headed by Mr. Disraeli, find it for their interest to support Female Suffrage. On the side of Progress, in various degrees, and with various reserves and limitations, are the more educated and intelligent populations, with Germany at their head, the Teutonic races generally, science, critical learning, and the great intellectual forces of the age. The spirit of independent nationality, as in the case of Italy, fights under the same banner; and here again the analogy is preserved between the present era and the Reformation, which was, in great measure, a revolt of the nationalities against the anti-national despotism of Rome. History presents no struggle comparable in importance to the present, nor one in which such forces, moral and physical, have been brought into the field. The first act of the great drama was the French Revolution, which, owing to the political weakness of the French nation, ended most disastrously for Progress. But a different issue has attended the renewal of the struggle. Italy has been emancipated and united. Austria has been expelled from Germany, and herself forced by the uprising of the subject nationalities and the progress of liberal opinions among her people, to desert the cause of Reaction and enter on the path of progressive reform. The war between France and Germany, got up to a great extent by Jesuitism, through the Empress, to crush the great Protestant power, by its result gave Jesuitism and Rome the heaviest blow which they have received since the defeat of the Armada. Under that blow they are reeling still, and their attempts to propagate treason in Southern Germany, and to foster disaffection

in the newly annexed provinces, are combatted by Bismarck, as the organ of German unity, with no weak or irresolute hand. In Spain the balance is wavering, but with an inclination, if the whole course of events during the last half century be taken into account, towards the side of Progress. In Belgium and England alone, the Reaction at present is gaining ground. Ireland remains as she was, partly because there, from the peculiar accidents of her history, the cause of nationality and political liberty is identified with that of the Roman Catholic religion. In spite of the disasters and discouragement caused by abortive movements such as that of 1848,or by outbreaks of anarchical violence such as the insurrection of the Commune, there can be no doubt as to the general results of the grand total of political revolutions and movements which have agitated Europe since 1815. The greatest political victory gained by the Reactionists was the establishment of the French Empire; and in its fall they received a ruinous overthrow.

In all parts of the field the fundamental character of the conflict is clearly marked. In France, the reactionary government of Bonapartists and Orleanists at once receives the benediction of the Pope, and, infidel as it is, proceeds to persecute the opponents of the clergy. In Spain the Carlists are headed by priests, against whom the Republic hurls fierce threats of vengeance. In Belgium the contending parties are essentially religious. In Italy the Liberal party, having abolished the Pope's temporal power, attacks the stronghold of the Papacy in the religious corporations. The Teutonic people of Switzerland, who some thirty years ago expelled the Jesuits, after having been plunged by their intrigues into a civil war, are seeking to limit the independent power of the priesthood over their flocks. In Germany, while the priests hatch treason, Bismarck struggles not only to bring their authority under the control of the law, but to strike at the very heart of their influence by compelling them to submit to the Prussian system of education.

We in Canada, with our great Roman Catholic population, and the Jesuits active among us, shall not escape the general agitation of the time. An attempt will be made here as well as elsewhere to sap and ultimately subvert free institutions in the Ultramontane interest. The storm which sank Sir George Cartier's political barque in Lower Canada is still raging fiercely over his grave. It is practically important for us, therefore, to settle the principle on which, in case of an emergency such as that which occurred in Switzerland in 1846, it would be incumbent on the nation to act. We believe that the principle may be defined as the perfect toleration of religion, combined with the unhesitating suppression, in case of need, of political conspiracy. Let people believe, preach, and teach what they please —however repugnant these doctrines may be to ours—the infallibility of the Pope, the immaculate conception, transubstantiation, the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius, the miraculous flight of the house of Loretto through the air, the apparition of La Salette. There is no limit to the right of religious liberty, even though Rome herself openly professes intolerance, and to give point to her professions canonizes one of the most sanguinary monsters of the Spanish Inquisition. But no nation is bound to shelter under its laws a conspiracy against its own life. No nation is bound to allow superstition to be used as an engine of disunion, a stimulant of disaffection, or an auxiliary of foreign invasion. No nation is bound to treat as loyal citizens the emissaries of a foreign power encamped upon its soil for a hostile purpose. No nation is bound tamely to lie still and be strangled as Belgium is being strangled by a body of ecclesiastical Thugs.

The English wing of the Reaction is partly cut off from the rest, as it was in the

days of the Stuarts, by the schism between the Roman and the Anglican Church. But now, as in the days of the Stuarts, the fundamental identity is marked by the frequent conversions of members of the aristocracy to Roman Catholicism, by the ritualist movement among the clergy, and by the desire openly avowed among them, and formally embodied in Dr. Pusey's *Irenicon*, of a reunion with the priesthood of the Church of Rome. The strength and intensity of the liberal movement increase this clerical tendency, both by repulsion, and by rendering the more active-minded of the young men at the universities averse from taking orders, and thus lowering the mental calibre of the clergy, and forcing them to trust to professional claims alone. Nearly five hundred English clergymen the other day signed an address in favour of Sacramental Confession, the very keystone, we need hardly say, of the sacerdotal system. The *Pall Mall Gazette* thinks, and we have no doubt is right in thinking, that those who would fain have signed the address are to be counted rather by thousands than by hundreds. The same journal says: "The address marks a distinct stage in the Romeward progress of our clergy. We say of our clergy, because, though the opponents still form on the whole the most numerous array, and certainly the most learned and the most useful, they are divided and discouraged. Evangelicalism among the clergy hardly holds its own; Broad Church always gives way when brought to any definite issue; old-fashioned orthodoxy is strong only through the *vis inertiæ*. Fashion and abundant wealth are on the side of the 'Catholic' innovators, who lack only one element, but that is an important one—a laity. In any broad and comprehensive sense, lay following they have none."

The Reaction has on its side perfect unity and complete organization, while its opponents are disunited and disorganized. It has immense wealth, social influence and great military power. It is easy to understand how a Jesuit, looking especially at what has taken place in Belgium and England, may feel confident of victory. And yet who doubts what the end will really be? Who imagines that the age of Philip II. and Torquemada will return?

SELECTIONS.

THE HYGIENE OF THE SEASONS.

[*From* "CHANGE OF AIR AND SCENE," *by Alphonse Donné, M.D.**]

WINTER.

December—January—February.

HIPPOCRATES has said: "The maladies engendered by winter cease in the summer; those engendered by summer cease in winter.

"The cure of disorders engendered by spring may be expected in the autumn; that of maladies engendered by the autumn must necessarily take place in the spring."

Winter, from the hygienic point of view, comprises in our climate the months of December, January and February.

Winter is injurious to the weak, favourable to the strong, fatal to old people, propitious to the young.

There is less disease and greater mortality than at other seasons of the year.

Morbid temperaments and winter complaints belong to the inflammatory kind.

It is the season of colds and chest affections, of catarrhs and rheumatism, especially if the winter be damp. The skin, contracted by the cold, performs its functions badly; the mucous membranes, of the nose, throat, bronchial tubes and bladders, are easily affected; hence the hygienic precautions incumbent on convalescents and delicate persons, weakened by age or disease. Only strong and healthy persons may with advantage brave the rigours of this season. For these an excess of caution is injurious, since it only helps to develope a susceptibility which is opposed to functional equilibrium and organic existence.

"Winter is favourable to the treatment of the morbid conditions which autumn and summer may have left behind them, such as nervous and spasmodic affections, accompanied by atony; mucous disorders, scrofulas, and obstinate intermittent fevers. It is unfavourable to inflammatory diseases, especially to such as are fluxionary and which affect the lungs." (Ribes.)

Weak and delicate persons ought to adopt various precautions, according to their worldly circumstances and social position; unfortunately not every one can bestow on his health the attention it demands. What would be the good of saying to a poor door-keeper of Paris: "My friend, you are subject to rheumatism, damp cold is hurtful to you, the ground-floor does not suit you; you ought to live on an upper floor, dry and exposed to the sun?" or to a poor sempstress earning eighteenpence a day by embroidery or stitching gloves, and living in a garret on the sixth floor: "My poor woman, you have palpitation of the heart, a short breath, you must not go up so high; live on the first floor and take gentle walks in the sun in the Luxembourg or the Tuileries?"

Here, among so many others, are some of the rocks on which medical science is wrecked, much more than from its own inefficiency, or that of its remedies, with which physicians are daily taunted.

In truth, there are compensating circumstances. If the poor suffer but too often from the want of care and comfort, the rich perhaps suffer more by the excess of the precautions that enervate and weaken them.

But though our advice seems to suit the rich only, we hope to render it useful to the most moderate fortunes, and adapt it to every possible condition.

To those whom nothing confines and chains to a fatal existence—who need not take into account either their means or the duties of a

* London: Henry S. King & Co., Publishers.

profession or office, or the obstacles of a numerous family, who are able to place themselves in circumstances the most favourable to their constitution and health—we say in the first instance: "Are your lungs delicate, is your throat sensitive, your bladder affected? Are you racked by rheumatic pains? exhausted or convalescent? Have you, in fact, from some cause or other, just strength enough to maintain life during the genial seasons in which the body has not to combat inclement weather? In your case avoid the north, large towns and fogs during the bad season, and seek in milder climes easier and healthier conditions of existence."

But where are you to go? to what climate, to what country shall you give the preference?

If you do not wish to go far away, Montpellier—in spite of the drawbacks of its climate, with the resources of its illustrious faculty, and the delights of an elegant and literary city, provided with good hotels—offers what is best in France. Perpignan, Hyères, and Cannes, enjoy sweet and agreeable sites, favourable to consumptive persons and valetudinarians.

The islands of the Mediterranean, Corsica, and especially Ajaccio, sheltered within its beautiful bay from the northern and Italian winds, and better still, Algiers, with its picturesque and animated life, its delicious *Sapel*, would be preferable; and finally Egypt, with which our intercourse becomes closer from day to day, and a voyage to which no longer terrifies our imagination. There is no doubt that (thanks to railways and steamboats) new medicinal localities, suitable for all constitutions, and in harmony with every temperament, will some day be rendered easily accessible to all invalids. And in starting with this principle, that for chronic diseases the best and most powerful curative agent is a medium appropriate to the kind of infirmity from which one suffers, we shall soon behold an exchange of patients among the different climates of the civilised world. The south will send to the north its bilious constitutions, worn out by the burning of the sun; its enlarged livers, its lazy stomachs and bowels, its nervous systems impregnated with feverish principles, undermined by repeated shocks of intermittent fits; to receive itself delicate chests, sensitive mucous membranes, lymphatic constitutions. And to this exchange will be due the most precious concurrence with, the most efficacious aid to, the methods and remedies of ordinary medical science. There would, so to speak, be no more chronic diseases, if every one could be placed and live in the medium most suitable to his constitution. Are not the English, exhausted by a long residence in India, in the midst of the stifling and damp heat of Bombay and Calcutta, half cured as soon as they put their foot on European ground? Do they not find their inert digestive functions resume their activity, their hyper-atrophic livers return to their normal proportions, under the tonic influence of a colder and drier climate, assisted by the action of certain mineral waters, such as those of Carlsbad or Vichy?

Laënnec says, that of all the remedies tried hitherto for the cure of phthisis, there is none that has more frequently arrested, or even totally eradicated it, than change of scene. But it is especially in youth and childhood that change of climate can produce the most marvellous effects. Unfortunately people resort to it too late, and wait until serious illness, endangering life, compels them to quit an atmosphere wherein poor debilitated beings, condemned from their birth to phthisis, can no longer exist. But then it is too late; the destructive principle has invaded the organs, and produced ravages too deep to be repaired. A milder climate can only prolong life, but cannot cure and restore health.

We must fly the inhospitable regions before the breaking out of the evil, before the budding of the germ, to settle, not for a season, but for years, in a favourable clime, until age and the developed, modified, and invigorated constitution get the upper hand. These expatriations, it is true, are painful and difficult; but few privileged members of the human family have the choice and means; yet even amidst these fortunate ones, free from every care, entirely preoccupied with the preservation of their children, how very few resolutely adopt this remedy—the only one that can save the threatened beings so dear to them! In this respect people act as they do with regard to consultations in acute and dangerous illnesses; they are rather adopted as consolations *in extremis*, that one may be free from reproach, than as really efficacious remedies.

But, on the other hand, how very few physi-

cians have the courage to tell families, whose confidence they enjoy, long beforehand, long before any symptom of the dreaded malady shows itself, even when there is every appearance of the most robust health: "Your child is the offspring of a phthisical father or mother;" or, "The child has lost a brother or sister by that disease; you are anxious, and can do everything to bring it up and preserve its life; well, while it is in good health, remove it from Paris, or even from France; send it to a milder climate, a warmer sky, bring it up in the light of the sun, on the sea-coast; let it grow up, and grow strong there for ten years, and only allow it to see its native place again when its constitution shall have been invigorated, modified, and the disease-germ expelled."

And yet this is what ought to be done to obtain the benefit of a change of climate, instead of waiting until death already circulates in the veins.

Such language ought to be addressed not only to rich families, decimated or threatened by consumption, but to the parents of lymphatic, scrofulous and rickety children. How many fathers and mothers, favoured by fortune, enjoying leisure, having a name to transmit, would accept these conditions, and even joyfully incur sacrifices, were it suggested to them with firmness and confidence! How many would be happy to purchase at this price the life and health of cherished beings devoted to an almost certain death, or a languishing life, destined to be extinguished in a degenerate posterity.

To people of moderate means and to the poor—in fine, to the large number whom the necessities or duties of their condition chain to their place of abode, like the goat browsing round the stake to which it is tethered—I would say: "Protect yourselves as well as you can against cold and damp, but without overdoing your precautions. Do not consider yourselves as ill if you are only delicate. Do not shut yourselves up too carefully; do not deprive yourselves of air and exercise. Wear flannel, but do not sleep in rooms too hot, and deprived of respirable air by being inhabited throughout day and night. Sleep in a room that is cool and without fire, if you have several rooms." It is impossible to tell how many restless and sleepless nights are due to bad air and want of ventilation.

To old men I would recommend prudence. How many have not suffered from having taken no heed of their age, and acted like young men; from having exposed themselves to draught and cold under a carriage-way to escape a shower, and save a few pence, instead of taking a carriage and going home.

Let them not forget the saying of the wit, "One dies only through foolishness!"

Strengthen your children by exercise in the open air, in spite of the coldness of the season. If you have no particular reason to be anxious about their chests, do not easily be frightened at a slight cold, which is of less consequence than the weakening and sensitiveness resulting from indulgence and "coddling." Let the youngest children, infants at the breast, go every day to breathe the fresh air at the most favourable time; air is the best soother for infants, unless they are ill; there are not six days in the year in which, on account of bad weather, they ought to be deprived of their airing and kept indoors.

To young and languid women I would say: "Fear protracted repose, which robs you of the little strength you have, and renders you sensitive like the plant of that name. Lounges are latterly much abused. Do not lie down on them unless you are really fatigued. Three months of such a regimen are worse than actual illness; you arise from it more exhausted than from a violent inflammation of the lungs. Do not treat a slight indisposition as an illness. It is better occasionally to brave the evil than always to yield to it."

"If you have a slight soreness of throat, a hoarseness, a somewhat lingering cold, drink a glass of Eau-Bonne in the morning, mixed with a little milk and sweetened with a spoonful of gum or violet-sirup; take something soothing, such as sirup of Clerambourg, but do not make your lives miserable for such a trifle."

"Combat weakness of stomach and digestion, re- imate circulation, restore energy to your blood by the use of iron water or a few pinches of sub-carbonate of iron, especially after your menses, which weaken you."

To husbands I would say: "Do not forbid your wives the distractions and pleasures of the world under the pretext of taking care of their

health. Dancing is for many women what hunting and riding are for men; it is their real exercise.

"Give them especially, as far as in you lies, satisfaction of mind and heart. How many disorders have no other origin than mental trouble and unrequited feeling? Domestic happiness and peace are the best promoters of health, as they also enable us to bear the trials of life."

Baron Louis used to say to the ministers, his colleagues: "Let me have good politics, and you shall have good finances." Of how many patients, and especially female ones, might it not be said, "Satisfy their hearts and minds, and you give them health."

To all I would say: Beware of habits contrary to the special laws of your organisation and constitution; study yourselves with understanding, and do not persevere in a mode of life contrary to your nature. Certain disturbances of the nervous system, even certain chronic affections, are only due to an erroneous alimentary regimen; to the use of substances antagonistic to your organisation, in spite of the apparent relish, calculated to maintain the heated state of the blood and the irritation of the nervous system. I have seen coffee, adopted from a preference which appeared instinctive, produce gout, irritation of the kidneys and bladder, or other morbid states, which disappeared as soon its use was given up. Wine has the same effect on certain constitutions, in which water, taken plentifully, re-establishes the equilibrium and functional integrity. Water is especially beneficial in the morning; plethoric persons would do well to drink nothing else for breakfast.

I do not mean to say that wine and coffee are not excellent beverages for most men; but there are, medically speaking, idiosyncracies, that is to say, peculiar constitutions, that must be taken into consideration. I have known a very healthy person to whom any kind of cheese was positive poison.

I repeat it, for this truth is not sufficiently well known, certain diseased conditions are only kept up by an alimentary regimen, or a mode of life not generally appropriate to the individual constitution. Of all the vagaries of regimen the most dangerous are excesses at table, especially the abuse of wines and liqueurs. Satiety or impotency quickly put a limit to other excesses; the pleasures of the table are those most frequently renewed, and which last longest. As legitimate, nay favourable to the well-being and expansion of the organs, as is this pleasure when enjoyed in moderation, as fatal is it when indulged in beyond the limits of strength and reason. Many persons have never recovered from a single excess at table, carried beyond all bounds.

If you have a tendency to grow fat, rise early and take exercise; tire yourself, even fasting. Thin persons will adopt a contrary course. Many persons would do well to give up coffee, not because it hurts them, but simply not to increase their embonpoint. Not that coffee in itself is a very nutritive food; but since it in a high degree promotes digestion and absorption, it facilitates the complete assimilation of other alimentary substances. Some persons grow fat at will, or maintain themselves in their average condition, by using or abstaining from coffee.

In others it produces a contrary effect, by keeping up excess of excitement.

The theory of inflammation and the system of Broussais have had an immense influence on the general mode of living, and the alimentary regimen in particular. We may say that they have signally modified the culinary art and the habits of the table.

Whatever good there may be in that system, in promoting a certain moderation in the use of stimulants, it has been carried to excess, and has introduced precautions—actual superstitions—which are not without their drawbacks as regards health and the vigour of men's constitutions.

Irritants are dreaded to such a degree that the least exciting condiments in food are proscribed as hurtful. Pepper has disappeared from a great many tables, and on some salt is scarcely admitted.

The world has so false an idea of the structure of the organs and of their functions, that it trembles at the thought of introducing into the stomach a sharp and burning substance like pepper; a single grain of that substance on the coats of that organ is looked upon as poison The world does not know that, at the least contact of an irritating poison, all our interior (mucous) membranes possess the marvellous

property of secreting a viscous fluid which envelopes that substance, and renders it, so to speak, inert, or at least innoxious to the coats of the organ.

We have, therefore, not to fear solid substances, containing an exciting, but not corrosive principle; their purely local effects are ephemeral and neutralised; or rather they are stimulants useful to languid organs. The true poisons are those fiery liquors which are quickly absorbed, which mingle immediately with the blood, and with and in it reach all the organs, the brain, heart, etc. It is this which renders spirits, absinthe and other alcoholic drinks, so dangerous.

But let it be well understood, insipid food is bad for the stomach. The digestive organs need stimulants, and from the want of it sink into a state of atony; hence so many disordered stomachs. It is more advisable to finish a repast with a piece of cheese than with insipid sweets and frothy cream. But what is much more to be avoided than stimulants, is putting one digestion upon another, and not allowing the stomach to perform this grand operation in peace. People think they may with impunity eat something light, some delicacy, between meals, before digestion is well over; this is an error. It is not the quantity of food that in such a case does harm, but the extra work thrown on the stomach; the labour of a second digestion, even of light dishes, before the first is over. It is unnecessarily disturbed, be it only for a trifle, and this disturbance is as injurious as if it were on account of some substantial food. This rule is important, especially as regards children, and also with regard to man after partaking of a hearty meal.

SPRING.

March—April—May.

Spring is more treacherous than winter. In all countries it is the season of sudden changes of temperature. Cold is quickly succeeded by heat, dry weather by damp, a calm and tepid atmosphere by a sharp cutting wind.

The whole organism feels the labour of nature. The living body is sensitive, liable to reaction and surprises in the midst of these rapid changes, which in the course of the same day carry us through all climates, from the temperate to the excesses of heat and cold. Extra precautions are needed to resist these influences.

"Spring renders chronic diseases, with fluxionary irritation, acute; for this reason it opposes the treatment of pulmonary phthisis.' (Ribes.)

It appears that slumbering disease-germs are ready to awake like the germs of plants; spring, like all seasons of renewals, is a bad time for persons suffering from consumption, rheumatism, nervous disorders, and diseased brain. No constitution is safe, and the least shock may affect it. Choose your times for breathing fresh air and taking exercise. Take advantage of the middle of the day and sunshine, and return home before the evening, if your throat or bronchial tubes are at all delicate.

Colds are frequent and tenacious, pneumonia is abundant, coryza and sore throat, so to speak endemic.

Do not throw off your winter clothing, husband your strength, do not indulge in violent exercise, leave to your body time to recover its tone. Make a moderate use of baths, seeing that the skin is not in a condition to counteract the exterior cold and to restore circulation.

Maintain warmth at the extremities; wear woollen socks.

Modify your alimentary regimen; take with your meat the fresh vegetables of the season.

Do not think of any removal; remain within the medium in which you have passed the winter; for in all countries, even in southern climes, spring is liable to returns of winter.

I only except those who impatiently await the first fine days to put an end to some complaint which can only be averted by a change of scene; a violent cough, for instance, or fits of intermitting fever, which have resisted every preparation of quinine. These, and even continuous fevers, existing without any appreciable organic cause, in spite of every kind of treatment and regimen, often give way, never to return again, as soon as the patient removes but a few leagues from the spot where they first appeared.

SUMMER.

June—July—August.

This is the good season for old men, weak persons exhausted by disease, convalescents and delicate chests. The warm and gentle air re-animates, and the now settled sky no longer exposes the sensitive organs to the danger of sudden changes of temperature.

The predominating morbid states of summer are biliousness and gastric complaints, with or without fever.

"Children, and persons that are weak in the winter, whose constitution is phlegmatic, gain colour and embonpoint in summer. But those that are irritable and nervous suffer and are cast down." (Ribes.)

The interior equilibrium and harmony very often depend on the manner in which the skin, that vast evaporating surface, performs its functions Many diseases and chronic affections are due to no other cause than the drying up and inertness of the skin. When it is contracted by cold, when its pores no longer open and exhale the principles of sweat and insensible perspiration, the interior membranes become the seat of catarrhal secretions, the glands swell, the humours become acrid. It appears that the exterior and the interior surfaces of the body, the skin and the internal mucous coat, are the two poles whose activity is necessary for the play of the organs contained between those two surfaces; if one of them be inert, the acids no longer go to the skin; the mucous surfaces with alkaline secretions languish, and the current no longer maintains its functional regularity. This happens especially after long chronic affections of the digestive organs: the dried-up skin no longer perspires, or, if we may so express it, breathes no longer. The treatment consists in restoring its suppleness and permeability, and summer is eminently favourable for this, in consequence of the dryness of the air and the exercise it is possible to take. Therefore, this is the season of walks, of country-life, of fresh and sea-water baths.

The country, for convalescents and old men is what good food is for delicate and sickly children. How many disorders are there not that draw their weary length along in towns, and are put an end to by a change of scene, by living in the open air, amidst the balmy exhalations of vegetation! How many old men and women regain fresh life in the country and recover strength to enter on a new career, to support the fatigues of this life, of whatever kind they may be!

Fresh water and sea-baths offer important hygienic resources. They refresh the body, give tone to the skin, suppleness to the limbs; and sea-bathing especially is one of the most powerful means for restoring lost strength.

Children and aged persons may use sea-baths, but with discretion. The rule for them, as for all persons in whom reaction is weak, is to take them only short and on very hot days. Those that no longer enjoy youth and health, who lack the former warmth of blood, ought to avoid a too intense and too protracted cooling. A few minutes' bathing in the sea, especially at the beginning of the season, is sufficient, and care is to be taken speedily to restore circulation and warmth by good clothing and exercise in the sun. This is what renders the warm shores of the Mediterranean and the waters of that sea, exposed during four months to the heat of a cloudless sun,* so beneficial for weakened constitutions that sink without warmth. The body hardly gets cold within the bosom of these waters so thoroughly warmed, and the reaction is immediate, on passing from the bath into an atmosphere always tepid under the rays of a burning sun. The burning sand on which one walks is also very beneficial in restoring warmth to the extremities. You may wrap yourself up in it, plunge the suffering limbs or even the whole body into it, which quickly perspires under this covering of sand as in a dry oven.

What an excellent remedy for all kinds of pain, especially rheumatic, and at the same time what enjoyment and well-being, the northern shores are, for those that can stand cold and intemperate air, and have in themselves powers wherewith to warm themselves under a pale sun; these thus redouble their strength; but the Mediterranean is the sea for the weak and shivering body, whose blood is poor and lymphatic, for children and old men who have neither strength nor warmth to spare.

* The sea begins to be good at the end of May, and I and my children bathe in it till the end of October.

But where shall we take these beneficial baths of warm sea-water, inflamed air, burning sands, and a southern sun? To what point are we to steer, and where shall we find a kind reception and a comfortable home?

Unfortunately there is nowhere any establishment comparable to those of Boulogne and Dieppe, on the coast stretching for more than a hundred leagues from Marseilles to Port-Vendre; on those hot sands, so pleasant to the foot, no town resembling the charming cities of the north invites the stranger. But to recover health and strength, to restore life to perishing children, we may well give up pleasure and comfort, and settle down in some of the huts, which are grandly called establishments, on the coasts of Cette and Montpellier. And if the stream of sick travellers should set towards that quarter, no doubt the south will soon rival the north.

Our scope being concerning the means of preserving health, with reference to each particular season, and not concerning specific diseases, since we treat of hygiene and not of medical science strictly so called, we need not discuss the mineral baths suitable for particular disorders—such as the baths of Vichy, Eaux-Bonnes, Barége and others; and I shall only add that change of scene, bracing mountain air, distraction of travelling, activity excited by beholding new countries, and curiosity inspired by picturesque sites, independent of the action of the baths themselves, are excellent helps to the restoration of health and strength. The head becomes clear, gloomy thoughts are dispelled, the nerves relaxed, the appetite returns, the functions are invigorated, and the constitutional equilibrium is re-established. Seek to enjoy all these benefits of the journey you undertake, at such an expense of time and money, by arming yourself with the philosophy necessary gaily to bear with all the little annoyances of the road, indifferent lodgings, the weariness of conveyances; and do not render a trip devoted to pleasure and health a source of nervous irritation, or you had better stay at home. Do not take the baths inconsiderately, especially such are endowed with active properties—sulphureous baths, for instance—which are so exciting to nervous constitutions. Among the baths which are particularly gentle, calming without energetic action, but simply beneficial, and which on that account may be called hygienic, we assign to Néris and Plombières the first rank. The waters of Plombières, for certain nervous constitutions, are true milk-baths.

Summer is the season of intestinal disorders, especially in hot countries, in which one is not acclimatised. When there is no complication, but simply slight diarrhœa, one of the most convenient and efficacious remedies is powdered nitrate of bismuth. A few pinches, forming a dose of fifty centigrammes, in half a glass of wine, taken before meals, arrest the disorder, without interfering with your diet or pursuits.

During the heat of summer let your drink be cool, but not iced. If you are not quite sure of your stomach or bowels, abstain from ices, especially between meals. Wait at least until digestion is finished before you indulge in this luxury. Taken with meals, ices seldom are injurious. Sherbet, flavoured with rum or coffee, at dinner is beneficial, refreshing, and gives tone to the stomach; whilst it not unfrequently happens that ices made with fruit and taken in the evening, shortly after dinner, disturb digestion and even produce a kind of poisoning.

AUTUMN.

September—October—November.

Autumn is the season of long quartan fevers, diarrhœa, dysentery, colic, and sciatica; fits of gout are renewed (Ribes); but it is at the same time the most favourable season for good and average constitutions. It is the holiday season, the period for country life, exercise in the open air, hunting and mental repose. Turn it to account and prepare for winter. The evenings begin to grow damp, and nights cool; take precautions accordingly, if you are delicate. Do not expose yourself to the morning fog without having fortified the stomach, and given an impulse to the circulation of the blood. Take very nourishing food, but also much exercise; you may eat twice as much in the country as in town, and indulge in food you would not easily digest under ordinary circumstances, provided you expend this surplus of nourishment in the open air and by continual exercise on foot or horseback, or with the gun across your shoulder.

Is not this the true life of man, the true condition of his health and strength; and was he not made to dwell in the woods and fields, rather than to scratch on paper, seated on a chair? But since we cannot get rid of these necessities of social life—the consequence of original sin—let us endeavour to lessen these evils by the rustic existence of autumn.

Men of the age of fifty especially, who begin to pick up flesh, whose organs become loaded with fat, whose hearts have a tendency to grow voluminous, whose circulation becomes sluggish and breathing difficult, whose heads grow heavy by substantial food and want of exertion, stand greatly in need of the violent exercise only to be found in the country in the hunting season. It is the period of life when we must not allow sloth and idleness to benumb, nor the indulgence of wealth and pleasure to enervate, nor an exaggerated fear of compromising our health to intimidate us. Do not accustom yourself to look upon your person as so very precious; dare sometimes to expose it to danger in distant and toilsome excursions; fatigue your body, steep it in sweat, and these supposed excesses will do you good. Such is the true hygiene of people that are sound and wish to remain so.

For children the country is a second nurse; there, so to speak, they bring themselves up alone and almost without care. Most of the alimentary precautions necessary in towns, and so frequently inefficacious, become needless in the country; their stomachs digest what in town they could not bear; the bowels are invigorated, and children once despaired of rearing in town shoot up in the country like mushrooms.

For the same reason, organisations exhausted by business or pleasure, chronic affections or tedious recoveries, ought to aim at a stay in the country during the autumn. For these its calm existence, moderate exercise, even its repose and pure air, are everything.

"I doubt," says Rousseau, "whether any violent agitation, any disease arising from vitiated humours, can resist a prolonged residence on the mountains, and am surprised that the baths of this salutary and beneficent air are not one of the grand remedies of medical and moral science."

"The country," Ribes justly says, "is change of air for the citizen and man of fashion. In the country you will successfully treat obstinate diseases, for the very reason that they were contracted in town; sick headaches, asthma, violent coughs, cramp in the stomach, &c."

Travelling fatigues persons of spare habits and lymphatic complexion, and they do not grow fat; living in the country, where they take carriage and even walking exercise, increases in them nutritive action, and promotes the generation of fat.

The life led in the country generally restores the *embonpoint* when those who need it are withdrawn from a mode of life antagonistic to health, and whereof leanness is the consequence.

Health may be completely restored by living in the country; in some cases native air has an equally beneficial influence.

Partake sparingly of fruit, and prevent your children from overloading their stomachs with it between meals. Let their habits be regular, and do not allow them to eat or drink, except at meals. Let them learn in summer to bear hunger and thirst especially, even at play; it prevents many accidents, and invigorates their moral nature as well as their stomachs.

Regularity is as fully a condition of health as of wisdom.

HARRIET LADY ASHBURTON.

WHEN the successful Orator, Actor, Journalist, and Pamphleteer, must be content, in the main, with the fame and the work of their own short day, from the inability of any record or biography to reproduce their impression on mankind, how are the social celebrities of any time to live even here beyond the shifting scene in which they have played their part? And yet the world (more grateful perhaps for having been pleased than for hav-

ing been instructed) is not unwilling to invest them with a personal interest and sympathy that the important figures of the part rarely obtain, and to give even to insignificant facts and pointless gossip connected with their place in life the airs and attitudes of "History." The fairest claimants to this distinction are, no doubt, women like Mrs. Elizabeth Montague or Miss Berry, whose lives have lapped over generations of mankind, and who accumulate by the mere lapse of time a multitude of small associations with intellectual and political celebrities around their names. But I am here desirous to continue the recollection of a lady whose sphere of action was limited both in extent and in duration; and whose peculiar characteristics rather impeded than promoted her position in an order of society where any strong individuality is both rare and unwelcome.

It is hard to conjecture what would have been the destiny of so complex a character in the ordinary struggle for existence: whether its nobler qualities would have made their way above the wilfulness and self-assertion that isolated and encumbered it? whether the wonderful humour that relieved by its insight, and elevated by its imagination, the natural rudeness of her temperament and despotism of her disposition, might not have degenerated into cynicism and hatred? Enough that here for once the accidents of birth and wealth resulted in giving liberty of thought and action to an ingenuous spirit, and at the same time placed it under the control, not of manners alone, but of the sense of high state and large responsibility. She was an instance in which aristocracy gave of its best and showed at its best: although she may have owed little to the qualities she inherited from an irascible race, and to an unaffectionate education. She often alluded to the hard repression of her childhood, and its effects. "I was constantly punished for my impertinence, and you see the result. I think I have made up for it since."

For many years before the husband of Lady Harriet Baring succeeded to his father's title and estates, Bath House and The Grange had been centres of a most agreeable and diversified society. The first Lord Ashburton combined great knowledge, experience, and discrimination, with a rare benignity of character and simplicity of manner. During his long career in the House of Commons the general moderation and breadth of his opinions had had the usual result of failing to command an Assembly that prefers any resolute error to judicious ambiguity; but, at the same time, these qualities had secured to him the personal esteem of the leading men of both parties. Thus his house was long a neutral ground for political intercourse, the prevalent tone being Tory, but of that aspect of Toryism which was fast lapsing into the Conservative Liberalism of Sir Robert Peel and Lord Aberdeen. The vast monetary negotiations in which Lord Ashburton had been engaged in various parts of the world—from the time when, almost as a boy, he transacted the sale of Louisiana to the United States, to the conclusion of the long Continental War, brought to his table every remarkable foreign personage who visited this country, and with the most distinguished of whom—King Leopold for instance—he had close personal relations. The House of Baring, by marriage and community of interests, was as much American as British, and offered its hospitality to every eminent citizen of the United States. The cordial reception of artists was the natural concomitant of the taste and wealth that illuminated the walls with the rarest and most delightful examples of ancient and modern Art, now, with few exceptions, lost to his family and the world for ever by one of those lamentable accidents which no individual care, and no mechanical appliance, seem adequate to prevent or to remedy. Nor was the literary element wanting, though it generally found access through some channel of political or personal intimacy. In such company—in which a young woman even of high social or intellectual claims might well have passed unobserved—Lady Harriet at once took a high and independent position, while towards her husband's family and connections she assumed a demeanour of superiority that at the time gave just offence, and which later efforts and regrets never wholly obliterated. I am inclined to attribute this defect of conduc rather to a wilful repugnance towards any associations that seemed fixed upon her by circumstances or obligation, and not of her own free choice—a feeling which manifested itself just as decidedly towards her own relatives—rather than to any pride of birth, or even

haughtiness of disposition. I remember her saying, "The worst of being very ill is that one is left to the care of one's relations, and one has no remedy at law, whatever they may be." On the other hand, we may well recollect the scathing irony with which she treated excessive genealogical pretensions, especially among her own connections; while she never concealed her sense of the peculiar national importance and commercial dignity of the "Barings." "They are everywhere," she said, "they get everything. The only check upon them is, that they are all members of the Church of England; otherwise there is no saying what they would do."

It was the natural effect of this independence of any domestic circle, or even of any society of which she was not herself the centre and the chief, which induced Lady Harriet Baring to collect around her a small body of friends, of which her own singular talent was the inspiring spirit. Thus when, in the course of events, she became the head of the family, she was at once able, not only to sustain the social repute of the former generation, but to stamp it with a special distinction. I do not know how I can better describe this faculty than as the fullest and freest exercise of an intellectual gaiety, that presented the most agreeable and amusing pictures in few and varied words; making high comedy out of daily life, and relieving sound sense and serious observation with imaginative contrasts and delicate surprises. It is unnecessary to say that this power, combined with such a temperament as I have described, was eminently dangerous, and could not but occasionally descend into burlesque and caricature; and, in the personal talk with which English society abounds, it could not keep altogether clear of satirical injustice. But to those who had the opportunity of watching its play, and tracing its motives, there was an entire absence of that ill-nature which makes ridicule easy; and even when apparently cruel, it was rather the outburst of a judicial severity than of a wanton unkindness. In the conversational combats thus provoked, the woman no doubt frequently took the woman's advantage, and attacked where no defence was decorously possible; but the impulse was always to measure herself with the strong—not to triumph over the weak.

But while persons cognisant of the art, and appreciative of her rapidity of movement and dexterity of fence, were fully sympathetic with Princess Lieven's judgment, "*Qu'il vaudrait bien s'abonner pour entendre causer cette femme*," there were many estimable people to whom the electric transition from grave to gay was thoroughly distasteful; and there were others who, distanced in the race of thought and expression, went away with a sense of humiliation or little inclination to return. Many who would not have cared for a quiet defeat, shrank from the merriment of her victory. I remember one of them saying: "I do not mind being knocked down, but I can't stand being danced upon afterwards." It was in truth a joyous sincerity that no conventionalities, high or low, could restrain—a festive nature flowering through the artificial soil of elevated life.

There could be no better guarantee of these qualities than the constant friendship that existed between Lady Ashburton and Mr. Carlyle—on her part one of filial respect and duteous admiration. The frequent presence of the great moralist of itself gave to the life of Bath House and The Grange a reality that made the most ordinary worldly component parts of it more human and worthy than elsewhere. The very contact of a conversation which was always bright, and never frivolous, brought out the best elements of individual character, reconciled formal politicians with free men of letters and men of pleasure with those that bear the burden of the day. "Ask me to meet your printers," was the often-quoted speech of a lady of fashion. Of course there are barriers in our social life which no individual will or power can throw down. You cannot bring into close sympathetic communion the operative poor and the inoperative rich any more in intellectual than in physical relations, but all that was possible was here done. Patronage was neither given nor taken: if the person suited the society, and showed by his contribution or his enjoyment that he did so, he might be quite sure of its continuance; otherwise he left it, without much notice taken on one side or the other. That this was not always so, an amusing passage between Mr. Thackeray and Lady Ashburton illustrates. Having been most kindly received, he took umbrage at some hard rallying, perhaps rather of others than of himself, and not

only declined her invitations, but spoke of her with discourtesy and personal dislike. After some months, when the angry feeling on his part had had time to die out, he received from her a card of invitation to dinner. He returned it, with an admirable drawing on the back, representing himself kneeling at her feet with his hair all aflame from the hot coals she was energetically pouring on his head out of an ornamental brazier. This act of contrition was followed by a complete reconciliation, and much friendship on her part towards him and his family.

But although such men were admitted to her intimacy, and all men-of-letters or promising aspirants were welcomed to her larger assemblies, the chief intimates of the house were men of public life, either in Parliament or the Press, with no exclusion of party, but with an inclination towards the politics which her husband supported. As Mr. Bingham Baring he had formed part of the administration of Sir Robert Peel in 1835, and had all the mind and thought of a statesman, but was deficient in those aptitudes which enable a man to make the most of his talents, and present them with effect to others. He had that shyness which often belongs to Englishmen of great capacity and knowledge, and to which those faculties themselves, in a certain degree, contribute. By the very power of appreciation of the breadth and gravity of affairs, by the very insight into the merits of men and things, by their very sense of the moral and intellectual defects of those to whom the world accords favour and honour, such men give an impression of mental weakness, and even of moral inferiority; whereas they have within them all the real elements of governing force, and on a right occasion will frequently exhibit them. When such qualities are combined, as they were in Lord Ashburton, with the noblest and purest purpose, with an entirely unselfish and truthful disposition, and with a determination to fulfil every duty of his station, from the lowest to the highest, they may excite in those that know and love them best a sense of the deep injustice done to them by public opinion, and an ardent desire to remedy it. Thus Lady Ashburton lost no opportunity to stimulate her husband's ambition, and was anxious above all things to make her own great social position subservient to his public fortunes; and yet, by one of the mischances which attend the combinations of human character, her very eminence damaged his consideration, and his affection and admiration for her were the instruments of his comparative insignificance. There was something offensive to the sense of English independence in the constant enjoyment he took in the display of her genius and effervescence of her gaiety. It was in truth a concurrence of lover-like delight and intellectual wonder, and those who saw in it a slavish submission were unconscious of the quiet authority he assumed in all the serious concerns of life, and the gradual moulding of the violent and angular parts of her nature, under the correction of his moral elevation and the experience of his gentle wisdom. Nor indeed was there any want of his influence even in the field of ordinary society. He had an unquenchable thirst for information, and brought about him every special capacity and all sound learning. I never knew anyone with a keener sense of imposture or a shrewder detection of superficial knowledge. In this his intellect was but the reflection of his moral self, which had so entire an abhorrence of falsehood that I have often thought it was saved from a pedantry of veracity by the humoristic atmosphere with which it was surrounded. But though thus in a certain degree reconciled to the common transactions of political and social life, yet it always maintained a certain isolation which prevented him from becoming the ready comrade of ordinary practical men, or the handy colleague of any Government.

I have no intention of painting a group of The Grange, but there was one member of this goodly company so constant and so conspicuous, so united to it by ties of intellectual sympathy, that I may well profit by the introduction of his name to satisfy my own feelings of gratitude and affection. Mr. Bingham Baring had made the acquaintance of Mr. Charles Buller in Madeira, where he had accompanied a dying brother. The opportunities which so often bring Englishmen together in close relations in a foreign country, resulted in an earnest friendship between the young men, which was afterwards cemented by an introduction to Mr. Buller's family, and its remarkable society, that included Mr. (now Sir) Henry Taylor, Mr. John Sterling, and Mr. Thomas Carlyle. Lady Har-

riet fully shared her husband's esteem for Mr. Buller and enjoyment of his social qualities. Now that death has swept off with such a strange rapidity the public men who began their career about the time of the first Reform Bill, and who for the most part became the pupils and followers of Sir Robert Peel, it must not be forgotten that there sat on the opposite bench one for whom the House of Commons predicted as brilliant a success as for any member of the other party. Mr. Buller had been fortunate in identifying himself with a question now trite enough, but then pregnant with interest to masses of men and the destinies of the world. To replace the quarrelsome relations between the British Colonies and the Home Government (then personified in Sir James Stephen, who bore the *sobriquet* of "Mother Country,") by a system which would at once develope the faculties of the Anglo-Saxon race, and relieve England from its weight of pauperism by systematic emigration, was a project of high practical purpose and beneficial hope. With him, as comrades in the cause, were the present Lord Grey and the late Sir William Molesworth, who, taken away in the prime of life, but not without having attained high political office, holds his place among the statesmen of his country. Mr. Buller had the important advantage of having been employed in the pacification of Canada, as Secretary to Lord Durham, and had had the credit of drawing up the Report, which was generally approved, without sharing the discomfiture that fell on some of the official conductors of the negotiation. The Colonial policy thus initiated has since run its full course, and though not attended with all the magnificent effects then anticipated, and at the present moment rather veering in its direction, has nevertheless left its mark on the history of the world, and offers in its integrity the only possible solution of the problem of the future migrations of the British race.

My own relations with Charles Buller dated from Cambridge; and when I entered the House of Commons, he had won the ear of the House not only on his special question, but on all the great agitations of the day. During many years I found in him an affectionate friend and judicious counsellor, not less when we belonged to different parties than when the conversion of Sir Robert Peel to the policy of Free Trade in corn broke up the Government, and sent his followers to make new combinations, as best suited the opinions they had acquired or maintained.

As an episode in our intimacy, I am glad remember a *jeu d'esprit* which we concocted on the occasion of the Queen's first Fancy Ball, where the chief characters of the court and times of King Edward the Third were represented. This was a supposed debate in the French Chamber of Deputies on the preceding day, reported "by express" in the *Morning Chronicle:* originating in an interpellation of Mr. Berryer, to the effect — "Whether the French Ambassador in England had been invited to the *bal masqué* which is to be given by the haughty descendant of the Plantagenets for the purpose of awakening the long-buried griefs of France in the disasters of Cressy and Poictiers and the loss of Calais." The speech, by Buller, is an excellent imitation of the great orator's manner, though I remember protesting against the grotesqueness of the demand "Whether M. de St. Aulaire was going with his *attachés*, with bare feet and halters round their necks, representing the unfortunate Burgesses?" It concluded with the declamation—"It is on the banks of the Rhine that the cannon of France ought to accompany the dancers of St. James's. It is by taking the Balearic Isles that we should efface the recollections of Agincourt." I followed in the name of M. de Lamartine, reproving the speaker with talking of the "vilification of France," and saying France could well afford to leave to each people its own historical traditions. "Ah! let them have their splendid *guinguette* — that people at once so grave and frivolous. Let them dance as they please, as long as the great mind of France calmly and nobly traverses the world." Lamartine was answered by M. de Tocqueville (also mine), finding fault with the ball chiefly as a repudiation of the democratic idea, and a mournful reaction against the spirit of the times; saying, with a sad and grave impartiality,—"We too have erred—we too have danced and costumed—the heirs of the throne of July have sanctioned this frivolity, but there was no quadrille of the Heroes of Fontenoy!" M. Guizot (Buller) closed the discussion by stating that Lord Aberdeen had given the most satisfactory

explanations — that the Queen of England desired to educate her people by a series of archæological entertainments; but that in deference to the susceptibilities of France, M. de St. Aulaire would represent the Virgin of Domremy—he would go as "Joan of Arc." It seems incredible that what we meant for a political squib should have turned out a successful hoax. It was discussed with gravity in the clubs; and, at the ball itself, Sir Robert Peel told me, with great satisfaction, that Sir James Graham had rushed into his private room in Whitehall Gardens with the paper in his hand, exclaiming, "There is the devil to pay in France about this foolish ball." But the Press was the most deluded victim: the *Irish Pilot* remarked that "the fact of so slight an occasion having given rise to so grave a discussion is the strongest evidence of the state of feeling in France towards this country." The *Dumfries Courier* commented at much length on this "as one of the most erratic and ridiculous scenes that ever lowered the dignity of a deliberative assembly." The *Sémaphore de Marseilles* translated the article into French as a faithful report, and the *Commerce* indignantly protested against the taste for a masquerade going so far as "to allow the panoply of a woman so cruelly sacrificed to British pride to be worn on such an occasion." Others formally denied that the genuine armour had ever been sent from Paris. It is only fair to remark that at the time France had been violently excited by Lord Palmerston's Syrian policy, and that England was believed capable of anything that might degrade or injure her.

The manner of life at The Grange did not differ from that of our best country-houses. The comforts and appliances incidental to the condition were there without notice or apparent care, and there was that highest luxury which the wealthiest so rarely enjoy — the ease of riches. Lady Ashburton met her guests at breakfast, but was recommended by her medical advisers to dine early in her own room. This arrangement enabled her to initiate and direct the conversation at dinner with no other distraction, and to combine the fullest exercise of her own faculty with the skilful observation and exhibition of the powers of all around the table. There was no avoidance of special or professional topics; and the false delicacy which so often induces modern talk to shun the very channels into which it can run the most naturally and the fullest, would have no place where every man felt that he would be respected and admired for what he really was, and for what he knew the best, and where all pretensions fell before the liberty and equality of Humour. At the same time there was a decided restraint, by no means agreeable to those accustomed to the looser treatment of delicate subjects permitted in many refined circles, and who were annoyed at the cool reception given even to brilliant talk on equivocal matter.

It was with no disregard of her sex that Lady Ashburton preferred the society of men. Having lost her only child by a sad mischance, she shrank from the sympathies of family life, and avoided topics that might suggest useless regrets. Nearly the whole of her female companions were in the same domestic position as herself, and yet to children generally, and especially to those of her intimates, she was kind and even affectionate. In young women of personal attractions she took a deep interest, and I know no better summary of the place and circumstances than that of one who still adorns the world, who, I remember, in answer to some question as to her stay there, replied, "I never count days at The Grange: I only know that it is morning when I come, and night when I go away."

I will now place within this slight framework some reminiscences of Lady Ashburton's thoughts and expressions—faint but faithful echoes of living speech. They must not be regarded as considered apothegms, or even fixed opinions, but as the rapid and almost interjectional utterances of dialogue, replying, interrupting, anticipating, with a magnetic prescience, the coming words, checking and often crushing any rising contradiction. They will seem, I doubt not, in many points hardly reconcilable with the outline of character that I have drawn—almost ironical negatives of the very qualities I have ascribed to her—but yet they are thoroughly true in relation to her deeper self, and though paradoxes in part, they do not only shut the door on commonplace, but let in some clearer and wider light.

(Of Herself):

How fortunate that I am not married to King Leopold! He said to his French wife, "*Pas*

de propos légers." I suppose he meant "No jokes." Now I like nothing else—I should wish to be accountable for nothing I said, and to contradict myself every minute.

It is dreadful for me to have no domestic duties. I always envy the German women. I am a "cuisinière incomprise."

(In London)—You say it is a fine day, and wish me to go out. How can I go out? Ordering one's carriage, and waiting for it, and getting into it: that is not "going out." If I were a shopkeeper's wife I would go out when and where and how I pleased.

If I am to go into London society, and sit for hours by Lord ——, all I say is, I shall be carried out.

I always feel a kind of average between myself and any other person I am talking with—between us two, I mean: so that when I am talking to Spedding—I am unutterably foolish—beyond permission.*

Can I do everything at once? Am I Briareus?

I like you to say the civil things, and then I can do the contrary.

What with the cold water in which I am plunged in the morning, and the cold water thrown upon me in the day, life in England is intolerable. In one's youth one doubts whether one has a body, and when one gets old whether one has a soul; but the body asserts itself so much the stronger of the two.

I have not only never written a book, but I know nobody whose book I should like to have written.

I remember when a child telling everybody I was present at mamma's marriage. I was whipped for it, but I believed it all the same.

(Would it not be the death of you to live a year with ——?) No; I should not die. I should kill.

When I passed by Bennett's church in the morning, all dressed in my diamonds and flowers, to be drawn by Swinton, the beadle in full costume bowed low to me, taking me for an altar-piece or something to be reverenced.

When I am with High-Church people, my opposition to them makes me feel no church at all—hardly bare walls with doors and windows.

I forget everything, except injuries.

(Of Morals and Men):

I should like exactly to know the difference between money and morality.

I have no objection to the canvas of a man's mind being good if it is entirely hidden under the worsted and floss, and so on.

Public men in England are so fenced in by the cactus-hedge of petty conventionality which they call practical life, that everything good and humane is invisible to them. Add to this the absence of humour, and you see all their wretchedness. I have never known but two men above this—Buller and Peel.

Coming back to the society of Carlyle after the dons at Oxford is like returning from some conventional world to the human race.

A bore cannot be a good man: for the better a man is, the greater bore he will be, and the more hateful he will make goodness.

I am sure you find nine persons out of ten, what at first you assume them to be.

(To the remark that liars generally speak good-naturedly of others). Why, if you don't speak a word of truth, it is not so difficult to speak well of your neighbour.

—— has only two ideas, and they are his legs, and they are spindle-shanked.

('Don't speak so hard of ——; he lives on your good graces.') That accounts for his being so thin.

(Of an Indian official): What can you expect of a man who has been always waited on by Zemindars and lived with Zemindees?

When —— speaks in public you have a different feeling from that of hearing most persons; you wish he was doing it better.

(To Mr. Carlyle): How are you to-day? 'Battling with Chaos!' 'In this house you might have said Cosmos.' (Again to Mr. Carlyle's denunciation), 'Send him to Chaos.' 'You can't.'—'Why? 'It's full.'

—— has nothing truly human about him; he cannot even yawn like a man.

(Of Marriage and Friendship):

When one sees what marriage generally is, I quite wonder that women do not give up the profession.

You seem to think that married people always want events to talk about: I wonder what news Adam used to bring to Eve of an afternoon.

* Lady Ashburton called her intimate friends by their surnames, when speaking of or to them, after the useful fashion of an older time.

Your notion of a wife is evidently a Strasbourg goose whom you will always find by the fireside when you come home from amusing yourself.

Of course there will be slavery in the world as long as there is a black and a white—a man and a woman.

I am strongly in favour of Polygamy. I should like to go out, and the other wife to stay at home and take care of things, and hear all I had to tell her when I came back.

—— looks all a woman wants—strength and cruelty.

The most dreadful thing against women is the character of the men that praise them.

However bad —— may be, I will not give him up. "J'ai mes *devoirs*."

I like men to be men; you cannot get round them without.

Friendship has no doubt great advantages; you know a man so much better and can laugh at him so much more.

If I were to begin life again, I would go on the turf, merely to get friends: they seem to me the only people who really hold close together. I don't know why: it may be that each man knows something that might hang the other; but the effect is delightful and most peculiar.

I never want friends if I have sun—or at most one who does not speak.

Now that you have picked my dearest friend to the bone, let me say of him . . .

(Of Society and Conversation):

To have a really agreeable house, you must be divorced; you would then have the pleasantest men, and no women but those who are really affectionate and interested about you, and who are kept in continual good-humour by the consciousness of a benevolent patronage. I often think of divorcing myself from B. B. and marrying him again.

My "printers," as they call them, have become a sort of Order of the Garter. I dare not talk to these knights as I could do to fine ladies and gentlemen.

She never speaks to any one, which is of course a great advantage to any one.

He mentioned that "his son was deaf," and we could do no more than say that we preferred the deaf people to all others, except the dumb.

There is no rebound about her: it is like talking into a soft surface.

Is —— the man who has padded the walls of his bedroom to be ready when he goes mad?

Talking to —— is like playing long whist.

What is the most melancholy song you can sing?

How high-bred that rhymed conversation of the French classic comedy sounds! I could fancy —— always talking in that way.

There is as much fun in —— as can live in all that gold and lace and powder.

English society is destroyed by domestic life out of place. You meet eight people at dinner—four couples, each of whom sees as much as they wish of one another elsewhere, and each member of which is embarrassed and afraid in the other's presence.

The imperfect health against which Lady Ashburton had long struggled with so much magnanimity resulted in a serious illness at Nice in 1857, and she died with resignation and composure at Paris, on her way to England. She was buried in the quiet churchyard, near to the home her presence had gladdened and elevated. The funeral service was read by the present Archbishop of Dublin, for many years incumbent of the family living of Itchinstoke, and worthy friend of the house. Around the vault stood an assembly of men foremost in the political and literary history of their time, who felt that there ended for all of them much of the charm of English society, and for many the enjoyment of a noble friendship. In his bitter sorrow, Lord Ashburton did not forget, to use his own words, "the singular felicity that had been accorded to him in more than thirty years of unclouded happiness in the companionship of this gifted woman."

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

M. Houzeau, author of a ponderous work on the Mental Faculties of Animals as compared with those of Man, is deeply exercised over the apparently impending extinction of the anthropoid apes. In a letter addressed to a well-known Scotch naturalist, he expresses his regret that none of the anthropoid apes inhabit Jamaica, where he himself lives, and that he is thereby deprived of the opportunity of studying them. "They should," says he, "be tamed, domesticated, and studied in their own climate —at home. The gorilla, for instance, should be perpetuated in Guinea, in domesticity. As I stated in my book, it does not appear impossible that he might learn to talk. Should the attempt succeed, even partially, what would be the bearing and importance of it physiologically and historically?" We wonder what M. Houzeau understands by the word "talk." If he alludes merely to the utterance of articulate sounds, it is quite possible that the gorilla might be taught to "talk" at least as well as a parrot or a raven. Those, however, who see in language something over and above the mere emission of articulate sounds, and who recognise it as being fundamentally nothing more than an expression of reasoning mind, will have some difficulty in realising to themselves a "talking" gorilla. Why not a "writing" gorilla, since w ing, after all, is only another form of talking? What would Mr. Murray give for an "Autobiography of a Gorilla," edited by M. Houzeau?

According to the St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Morning Post*, the celebrated "Bessemer ship," the object of which is to prevent sea-sickness, has found an unexpected rival in the floating cabin devised by M. Alexandrovski, the inventor of the "under-water vessel." The construction of this new invention is very much the same as in the vessel proposed by Mr. Bessemer, but "the cabin, instead of being attached to a pivot, literally floats in a kind of tank placed amidships between the engines. The invention was tested a few days since by the Grand Duke Constantine, in his capacity as head of the Naval Department, with a perfectly satisfactory result, all efforts to shake the cabin proving utterly unsuccessful, and the pitching, as well as the rolling motion of the vessel, being completely counteracted." The inventor will patent his ship both in England and France.

Very successful results are reported as having been obtained by the use of chloral in Asiatic cholera. It relieves the cramps, arrests the vomiting, and procures the sleep which is so urgently demanded by those suffering from this terrible malady. Dr. Patterson, the Superintendent of the British Seamen's Hospital in Constantinople, reports equally favourably of the results obtained in bad cases of cholera by the hypodermic employment of acetate of morphia.

According to Dr. Carpenter, if we descend to a sufficientdepth in the open sea we shall always find the temperature as low as 32°; but in enclosed seas, such as the Mediterranean, the deeper and colder water, circulating from the Poles, cannot enter; so that the lowest bottom temperature is in these cases determined by the lowest winter temperature of the surface. Scarcity of life in the Mediterranean he considers to be owing to a scarcity of oxygen in the water, due to its combining with a large quantity of organic matter brought down and emptied into it by the rivers. Thus, while in the Atlantic we usually find twenty per cent. of oxygen, and forty per cent. of carbonic acid, in the bottom waters of the Mediterranean there is often only five per cent. of oxygen and over sixty per cent. of carbonic acid. He considers the Red Sea and its neighbourhood the hottest region on the earth, the temperature of the surface-water rising to 85° or 90°, and the bottom temperature being 71°, corresponding to the greatest winter cold. Outside of this sea, however, in the Arabian Gulf, the bottom temperature is 33°.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE sudden death of Bishop Wilberforce is chiefly of importance as removing the leading prelate of the High Church or "Ritualist" party in the Church of England; but it is an event not without interest for the literary world. The Bishop's "History of the American Church" is not a work of much literary merit, and of his voluminous but ill-digested biography of his father it can only be said that its writer buried the memory of the great philanthropist as effectually as the grave-digger had buried his body. But as a pulpit orator Dr. Wilberforce stood very high. His earlier sermons, however, were his best. The multiplicity of his practical engagements latterly was so great that he had no time for reading or reflecting on theological subjects; and though he was amazingly adroit in picking the brains of other people, his store of matter began to run low; the original stock of brandy, as it were, had to be perpetually diluted by fresh infusions of water; and he was driven to make up for the lack of better means of producing an impression by tricks of voice and manner, which, excellent as his voice and his original manner were, became at last histrionic.

The Bishop was an eminent talker as well as preacher. He was, in fact, one of the leaders of London society, as well as of the ecclesiastical world. Of the brilliant circle which gathered round the table of Lady Ashburton, he was one of the most brilliant members. By no means devoid of social ambition, he was supposed, in accepting his somewhat strange promotion from Oxford to Winchester, to have in view not only the accession of income and of ecclesiastical rank, but the office of Prelate to the Order of the Garter, which is attached to the latter See. Nor could he resist an invitation to a Royal ball. It is said that he once pulled up a parson, one of the old school, for foxhunting. "Mr. ——, I have not the slightest reason for finding fault with your orthodoxy or with your general performance of your duties; I have no doubt you are an excellent pastor; but the world is censorious, and it is reported to me that you hunt." "As your Lordship says, the world is censorious: it does not even spare your Lordship; it accuses you of going to the Queen's balls." "Ah, Mr. ——, but though I think it my duty to accept my Sovereign's invitation, I am never in the room where the dancing is going on." "Then my case is just the same as your Lordship's. I have only one horse; he is very old, and I am hardly ever in the field where the hounds are."

The Bishop's practical activity was enormous. It amounted almost to a disease. People used to say that he would like to be a director of all the railways, and a member of the committee of every club in London. Not only did he seem unable to bear a moment of repose; he could hardly be content to do one thing at a time; he would write a note while he was carrying on a business conversation on a different subject. It was often said of Wilberforce as well as of Philpot, that a first-rate lawyer had been lost in the Bishop.

As a speaker he was amazingly fluent, and often very effective; but more effective on the platform than in the House of Lords. In the House of Lords he was too preachy—a fault which elderly men of the world, who are also very fastidious, will never forgive. Lord Derby did not love him, and once, when the Bishop smiled contemptuously at something which he had said in debate, told him in the words of Shakspeare, that "A man might smile and smile, and be a villain."

It does not fall within our province here to trace the sinuous windings of this able man's remarkable career, to discuss the integrity of his conduct in the Hampden case, or the ground of his sudden conversion to the disestablishment of the Irish Church. The adverse view of his public character was expressed in the well-known soubriquet of Soapy Sam. That soubriquet, however, which was well known to the Bishop, furnished occasion more than once for the display of his ready wit. A lady, who did not know him, once asked him why the Bishop of Oxford was always called Soapy Sam. "Because, madam, his hands are always so clean." At a school feast at Cuddesden, the place of his residence, his initials, S.O., were coupled in letters of flowers with those of his chaplain, the Rev. A. Pott. The four letters combined made the unlucky word *Soap*, a fact of which an audible titter showed that the company were conscious. "Ah," said the Bishop, looking up, "An enemy hath done this."

The death of Lord Westbury robs England of her most philosophic lawyer, and perhaps the only mind she had capable of directing the framing of a code. It was fondly hoped, after his political fall,

that he would endeavour to retrieve his position by taking the lead as a jurist, but this hope was disappointed.

No stronger proof of his intellectual power can be needed than the fact of his having risen by his own exertions, and without aid from his connections (for he was the son of a country physician), to the highest place in his profession, notwithstanding his being equipped, if we may use the term, by nature with a perfect apparatus of unpopularity. His egotism, his insolence, his sarcastic bitterness, his mincing pronunciation, his affected manner, and his well-earned reputation for doing everything that was most unpleasant to everybody that came in his way, were more than an ordinary temper could endure. He once provoked a brother barrister to the point of striking him in the precincts of the Court; and it used to be rumoured that the Benchers had censured the gentleman in question for having knocked Mr. Bethell down and allowed him to get up again. Solicitors were the special marks of his sarcasm. One day, at a conference, the hour growing late, the solicitor proposed to adjourn to the next day, observing that it would give them the opportunity of turning the matter over in their minds. "Yes," said Mr. Bethell, "it will give you the opportunity of turning the matter over *in what you are pleased to call your mind.*" But solicitors were not the only sufferers. On being told that the Government was going to promote some one to the Attorney-Generalship over the Solicitor-General's (Sir William Atherton) head, Mr. Bethell replied, "Over Sir William Atherton's what?" The other day he remarked that in the Tichbourne case the Solicitor-General, Sir John Coleridge, had exposed the greatest impostor of the age. "You mean the Claimant?" "*No.*" A coadjutor being appointed to a certain judge, Lord Westbury said it was because the judge was afraid of being alone in the dark.

Lord Westbury's powers of labour were very great, and bore perhaps the severest of all tests—the work of a Law Officer of the British Crown who is also a member of Parliament. He was a very early riser, and avoided working at night. He used to say with placid satisfaction, "I began life with many dear friends who rose late and worked at night; I have buried them all." So little did work seem to tell on him, so fresh-looking and unruffled did he remain under it, that his death, even at the age of 73, is rather a surprise.

He once told his constituents, in an election campaign, that he considered his success in life to be due to his constant study of the Bible. The declaration excited some amusement. It was never supposed that his practice as a lawyer was an exact embodiment of the Sermon on the Mount. But having risen to the summit of his profession, he suddenly broke out as the man of pleasure; and as he was not a man of the world, having lived in his chamber and the courts, he did not fail in this capacity to give offence and get into scrapes. It was in fact the social offence which he had given, as much as the not very flagrant official misconduct of which he had been guilty, that led to his being censured and driven from his office by a vote of the House of Commons. Lord Lyndhurst, when Chancellor, was as much a man of pleasure as Lord Westbury, but he was also a man of the world.

It was a more venial weakness to affect the sporting man. As the Lord Chancellor was climbing the side of a yacht in nautical jacket and trousers, a sailor exclaimed, "Well, that's the shortest Chancery suit ever I see."

The weakness of the man, however, ought not to make us forget his intellectual eminence, or the high culture by which his gifts had been developed. He has not left his equal in his own line.

We have received the following from the Rev. Dr. Scadding:—"In the interesting paper, entitled 'An Old Canadian Town', in the July number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, the supposition in regard to the name borne by the La Salle Institute, Toronto, is quite natural, but erroneous. I was for some time under the same impression as *Fidelis*, namely, that the allusion was to La Salle, the discoverer of the Mississippi; and I took it to be a mark of modern liberal enlightenment that a Canadian educational institution, appertaining exclusively to the Roman Catholic Church, should be distinguished by the name of an enterprising explorer of the continent. I certainly was somewhat surprised that the name of a layman should have been singled out for such a purpose; one likewise who was well known not to have been friendly to Jesuit influence at all events, as Parkman has shown in his 'Discovery of the Great West.' But, in truth, the La Salle commemorated in the name of the school at Toronto is quite a different person, as may possibly ere this have been pointed out to you by some intelligent student of the MONTHLY, within the walls of the institution itself. The La Salle intended to be honoured in this instance was an ecclesiastic of the Gallican Church, born in 1651, and who died in 1719, after permanently enrolling himself among the benefactors of his denomination as founder of the educational association styled 'Les Frères des Ecoles Chrétiennes.' This La Salle's full name was Jean Baptiste de la Salle; and it is noticeable even in regard to him and his confraternity of teachers, that he expressly excluded clerics from it. ('Il ne voulut pas qu'aucun prêtre en fit jamais partie.') The other La

Salle was Réne Robert Cavelier de la Salle. Cavelier was the true family name. La Salle was the family estate, near Rouen. As to memorials of René Robert Cavelier de la Salle, six miles above the Falls of Niagara, at the mouth of Cayuga Creek, on the United States' side, there is a village and railway station named La Salle, situated near the spot where his famous vessel the *Griffin* was built, the first white man's craft ever seen in the upper lakes. Again, in Illinois there is a county named La Salle, with a town of the same name on Peoria Lake; and in Calhoun county, Texas, there is a post village called La Salle. Intimately associated as this La Salle was with Fort Frontenac, Kingston might well have a street named after him; as also might Toronto, in some new western quarter hereafter to be laid out; for it is certain that La Salle, with his party, halted for a brief space somewhere near the site of the old French Fort, Toronto, when on his expedition, via Lake Huron, to the Mississippi in 1680."

[In inserting the above, we take the opportunity of adding on our own part that the authorities for the historical portion of the article of "Fidelis" were not given; but that had they been given, a special acknowledgment would have been due to Dr. Canniff, as the author of "The Settlement of Upper Canada." We are the more anxious to render Dr. Canniff his due, because the mass of valuable and interesting matter, the fruit of laborious research, contained in his work has, owing to the form into which it is cast, met with less recognition from the general public than it deserves.—ED. C. M.]

The *Pall Mall Gazette* has the following pungent paragraph on the habits of English society, *apropos* of the Shah's visit:

"As the chief object of the Shah in visiting this country is, it is supposed, to learn a wholesome lesson in the habits of a highly civilized and decidedly Christian country, it would be interesting to know his first impressions of our social customs, and the rate at which the process of improvement is going on in his own mind as he contrasts our enlightened proceedings with the more barbarous fashions of his own people. He must, in the first place, be struck with the extreme simplicity of our habits, and that frugality of living which accounts in great measure for the solid wealth enjoyed by the stars of modern London society. We rise, as he must observe, at an early hour in the morning, and when the business of the day is concluded sit down to an early and wholesome dinner, at which no superfluous dishes appear; all is plain, solid, and good, and the art of the cook is never displayed to conceal the faults of the purveyor; the dinner is not too prolonged, nor the well-ventilated room too crowded; there is an utter absence of scandal in the conversation; the wit sparkles like the wine, but never degenerates to buffoonery or takes an ill-natured turn, and the guests, carefully selected as entertaining feelings of mutual respect and affection, and as being of like sympathies, separate refreshed and exhilarated, and without any feeling of languor and ennui, to retire to rest at a reasonable hour, arranging their social gatherings in such a manner that their dinners do not interfere with their evening 'reunions,' both taking place simultaneously, or the hour for the former being fixed with reference to the latter, which always commence at eight and close at twelve precisely. Then, again, the Shah must be immensely struck with the good taste of our costume. The diplomatic uniforms are admirably designed to suit the figures they adorn, and the same may be said of an ordinary evening dress. There is one costume for the corpulent and another for the emaciated, and each is suited to the age of the wearer. The Shah will never see in this country elderly ladies of superfluous or imperfect dimensions dressed after the fashion of their youthful protégées, who, as the Shah will observe, are carefully protected from the effects of our capricious climate by dresses satisfying alike the requirements of health and propriety. Indeed, the extreme modesty of English women as compared with their Persian sisters cannot fail to lead to great reforms at Teheran. The Shah has only to glance at the ballet to see a specimen of that modesty which 'seems to hang, a veil of purest light,' over our public entertainments, and at the brilliant crowd in Hyde Park, to satisfy himself that vice in England, even if it exists—which is very doubtful—always cowers beneath its own rags, and never clothes itself in purple and fine linen or stalks by the side of innocence. Is there no one having the welfare of Persia really at his heart—Baron Reuter for instance—who will venture to point out these things to the Shah?"

BOOK REVIEWS.

LECTURES AND SERMONS. By the Rev. W. Morley Punshon, LL.D. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co. 1873.

This handsome volume has been published by the author as a memorial of his residence in Canada. Dr. Punshon has some reason to be proud of the influence he exerted upon the religious life of Ontario. Within the limits of his own denomination his fervid eloquence, toned as it was by literary culture, gave a stimulus to the church, to be felt for many years to come. Without the circle of Methodism his labours, though unrecognized, have been almost equally potent. The Metropolitan Church, of which "a miniature outline" is given on the cover of the volume, is an enduring monument of the author's power. There is reason to believe that it is not the only one. In other sections of the Church universal it is not difficult to trace, in increased alacrity, in a more practical devotion, and a more generous Christian liberality, the influence of our author. We have no intention of entering upon a criticism of the volume before us. Most of our readers must, at some time or other, have heard Dr. Punshon either from the pulpit or the lecture-platform; it would, therefore, be a supererogatory work, at this time of day, to treat a book like this as an ordinary subject for review. There is one aspect, however, in which its publication is of permanent interest to Canadians; it contains the testimony of a man of influence in England to the noble opportunities the Dominion affords to the deserving emigrant. The ignorance which once clouded the English mind in reference to the climate and our soil are being rapidly dispelled. If they still lurk anywhere amongst the poorer classes, urban or rural, we may certainly number Dr. Punshon amongst our most enlightened advocates. Let us quote from his preface:—

"I take pleasure in the thought that, although not native to the Dominion, I have learned to identify myself as loyally with its interests as if I were 'to the manner born;' and in the separation to which duty calls me, I shall cherish an unceasing attachment to its people and its fortunes still.

"When I consider that here is a land which reaps all the benefits of monarchy, without the caste and cost of monarchy—a land where there is no degradation in honest toil, and ample chances for the honest toiler; a land whose educational appliances rival any other, and whose moral principle has not yet been undermined; a land which starts its national existence with a kindling love of freedom, a quickened onset of enquiry, and a reverent love of truth, and of its highest embodiment, religion,—I feel that never country began under fairer auspices, and that if Canada's children be but true to themselves, whatever their political destiny may be, they will establish a stable commonwealth, rich in all the virtues which make nations great—mighty in those irresistible moral forces which make any people strong. *Esto perpetua.* May no Marius ever sit among the ruins of a promise so fair."

The warmth of feeling which dictated these words will not fail to bring forth fruit in the over-populated mother-land, and amongst the many unsalaried emigration agencies of the Dominion, we may assuredly number Dr. W. Morley Punshon.

LA GRANDE GUERRE ECCLESIASTIQUE. LA COMEDIE INFERNALE ET LES NOCES D'OR. LA SUPREMATIE ECCLESIASTIQUE SUR L'ORDRE TEMPOREL. Par L'Hon. L. A. Dessaulles. Montreal: Alphonse Doutre.

The battle between the Ultramontanes and the Liberals at Montreal continues to rage with unabated fury. The last shot fired on the Liberal side is a pamphlet by Hon. L. A. Dessaulles, a writer who is as thoroughly versed in ecclesiastical history and law as any ecclesiastic, and who is also master of a most vigorous and pungent style. He is in fact the literary Achilles of the Liberal side in this religious Iliad.

The pamphlet consists of two letters addressed to Monseigneur Bourget, the Ultramontane Bishop of Montreal, on the encroachments of the ecclesiastical power. The writer thinks himself in a position to demonstrate that, since the publication of the *Syllabus* and other recent developments of ecclesiastical law, the following principles are in effect maintained by the Church:

1. That the Bishops have the right of imposing fines on those who publish, sell, or advertise books placed in the *Index* at Rome—as for example, the "*Voyage en Orient*," *Michelet*, *Descartes*, *Grotius*, the ecclesiastical history of the Abbé Racine, or again the history of the Church of France, by the Abbé Guettée, approved by forty French bishops.

2. That the Bishops have the right of fining notaries in certain cases, and depriving them of their offices.

3. That the Bishops have the right of breaking wills by their own authority.

4. That bearers of the tonsure, even when married, are exempt from all lay jurisdiction.

5. That the Church has an unlimited right of possessing property, of acquiring it, and of receiving it by will, even though the family of the testator may be left destitute; and that a Government violates the laws of God if it attempts in any matter to regulate or limit this right.

6. That the abolition of ecclesiastical courts has been a criminal offence against the Church, and that the Pope has a right to ordain that they shall be re-established in Catholic States, and even in Protestant States, since the Pope has jurisdiction over them.

7. That Governments have no right to legislate even respecting the civil portion of marriage, which the Church does not recognize, nor to define the civil consequences of marriage in certain cases.

8. That Governments have not a right to leave the lending of money free, even on articles of commerce, but are canonically bound either to prohibit interest from being demanded, or to establish very restricted rates of interest without any regard for the demand, or for the abundance of capital, or the circumstances of trade.

9. That according to the Papal bulls of excommunication and the authorized commentaries on the Canon Law, a Catholic is not bound to pay a debt to a heretic, or that the Pope has the power to give him a dispensation, or forbid him to pay the debt.

10. That the Pope has the right of granting dispensations from the observance of any oath whatever, political, civil or private; and therefore of freeing citizens from their obedience to the constitution or the law.

11. That the Pope has the right of establishing tribunals of the Inquisition in all Catholic States, whether the Governments are opposed to it or not.

12. That it is lawful to deprive the children of heretics of their property, and in certain cases to take them away from their parents.

13. That Governments are bound, and may be constrained by ecclesiastical censures to refuse heretics the public exercise of their religion.

14. That the fear of an *unjust* excommunication is a sufficient reason to justify a man in the non-performance of a duty.

15. That ecclesiastics are essentially subjects of the Pope, and are fundamentally bound to submit to him alike in things ecclesiastical and civil; and that they ought to regard their obligation to render him passive obedience as superior to their rights and duties as citizens of their native country, or of the country in which they live under the protection of the law.

16. That the Pope being unable to reconcile himself to *modern civilization* and *progress*, it is necessary, as often as a Pope or a theologian dignified with the epithet of *illustrious*, declares one of the achievements of civilization hostile to the supremacy of the clergy over the temporal power, to fling this achievement aside, and change such laws as displease the Pope or the theologian, whether illustrious or not.

We omit Mr. Dessaulles' running commentary on these propositions. Of the propositions themselves the only one which we should be inclined to think overstated is the ninth. At least we should expect the evidence in support of it to be drawn mainly from the doctrines and practice of the Church of Rome in a by-gone age. It is true that by the assumption of Infallibility Rome takes upon herself an abiding responsibility for all that she has ever done.

The struggle in Lower Canada is evidently internecine. The Liberals are overwhelmingly outnumbered, and equally overmatched in political and social influence, and in the power of wealth. But they have the power of intellect on their side, as well as the forces of science and of modern civilization. We do not think they will be extinguished. They are not near extinction when they produce such a champion as Mr. Dessaulles.

POPULAR LECTURES ON SCIENTIFIC SUBJECTS. By H. Helmholtz, Professor of Physics in the University of Berlin. Translated by E. Atkinson, Ph.M.D., F.C.S. New York: D. Appleton and Company. 1873.

Originally Military Physician in the Prussian service, then Professor of Physiology in the University of Konigsberg, then occupant of the same chair in the University of Heidelberg, and now Professor of Physics in the University of Berlin, Helmholtz merits the character which he has received of being "the first head in Europe since the death of Jacobi." Still in the prime of life, he is in the rare position, as regards modern men of science, of having attained to high eminence in no less than three distinct departments of learning, being equally distinguished as a physiologist, a physicist, and a mathematician, and having earned the reputation of being one of the most accomplished experimenters of the day. The present work purports to be a series of "Popular Lectures" on scientific subjects, and it really is what its title expresses, since it treats of various subjects of scientific interest in an entirely untechnical manner. Indeed, it is very rare, and especially rare in Germany, to meet with such a combination of profound erudition with the utmost clearness of thought and expression—a clearness in which Helmholtz is at least the equal of Tyndall. It may be added

that the author has been happy in his translator, or rather his translators (for the articles are by different hands), and we need to be reminded that what we are reading is really a translation from that usually most difficult language, the language of a German man of science.

The first lecture is on the relation of Natural Science to General Science, and is especially interesting to those who are endeavouring to solve for themselves or for others the problem as to the position which science ought to hold in education. The second lecture treats of the scientific researches, and though of special interest to the Germans is far from being uninteresting to us, a man of Goethe's universal genius being, after all, common property. Many of our readers who are acquainted with Goethe as a poet, do not know perhaps that his services to modern science were of the highest order. He established the leading principle of the Science of Comparative Anatomy as it stands at the present day, and he brought forward an equally important generalisation in Botany. He himself believed that his researches into the laws of colour were of more value than the whole of his poetry; but, curiously enough, it is just this part of his scientific researches which has turned out to be erroneous. The next three lectures treat respectively of the physiological causes of Harmony in Music, the phenomena of Ice and Glaciers, and the Interaction of the Natural Forces. Following these we have three very celebrated lectures on the Theory of Vision, one treating of the eye as an optical instrument, the second dealing with the sensation of sight, and the third with what will not, on the face of it, be thoroughly intelligible to non-physiological readers, namely, "the perception of sight." Some of the views expressed in these lectures will certainly not be accepted by any one who does not believe in the hypothesis of evolution; but they nevertheless constitute a very remarkable series of discourses upon one of the most difficult subjects in the entire range of Physiology. The next lecture deals with the "Conservation of Force," without exaggeration the most important generalisation of modern science. Lastly, the book is concluded with an address on the "Aims and Progress of Physical Science, delivered as President of what corresponds in Germany to the "British Association for the Advancement of Science."

Dr. Helmholtz's book will be read with profit by all those who, though themselves not necessarily scientific, desire to know something of the marvellous domains which science has conquered and made her own within the last century. The giant is yet in its childhood; and those who read and attentively follow this work will, probably, feel no disposition to predict what its maturity may bring forth.

YEAR-BOOK OF NATURE AND POPULAR SCIENCE FOR 1872. Edited by John C. Draper, M.D. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

Annual records of the investigations in nature and science have obtained a wide popularity; and, when well executed, they fully deserve their success. They present to the public in a condensed form the more important scientific results which have been arrived at during the year, and the more important theoretical opinions which may have been advanced during the same period. They thus save the general reader from the wading through a vast mass of technical literature, which would either be beyond his reach, or, if attainable, would be beyond his knowledge or his powers of endurance. It is true that a popular monthly journal of science to some extent takes the place of the year-book; but the latter has the advantage that its numerous facts are classified and arranged for easy reference in a manner which cannot be attained by the former.

Of the many Year-books of Science which now regularly make their appearance, the one edited by Dr. Draper is perhaps the best. It is not so technical as some of its competitors in the same field, and it is more especially addressed to that wide and increasing class of readers who take a general interest in science without pretending to any special knowledge. The classification of the materials treated of in the volume is remarkably good, the editor having wisely based his arrangement upon that followed successfully for many years by the British Association for the Advancement of Science. It is also a noteworthy and laudable feature in the work that an extra allowance of space has been given to the sections which treat of the subjects of Education and Special Biology, these subjects having of late occupied a large share of public interest. If any fault can be found, it is that perhaps undue prominence is given to the views of the "advanced" school of scientific observers. Lastly, there is an admirable table of contents, so arranged as to give an abstract of all the subjects in each section, with references to a complete list of all the articles contained in that section. In this way the search for articles bearing on the various branches of science is very much facilitated.

COLLINS' ELEMENTARY SCIENCE TEXT BOOKS.

In a new country like ours, where almost every branch of art and industry necessitates, in those engaged in manufactures, an acquaintance with the

practical application of science to their various industries, it is of the highest importance that our schools should possess Class Books in their technical studies of the most efficient and approved character. The requirements of the age are in a high degree practical and utilitarian ; and the rapid strides of modern civilization, with its attendant train of invention, achievement, &c., render an intimate and practical knowledge of the various departments of scientific thought most essential to the youth of the time.

Research and discovery have opened a world within a world ; and the thought of the scholar and the ingenuity of the artizan are ever increasing the occupations of industry, and are almost daily creating new arts for labour. The inauguration of Industrial Exhibitions, and the establishment of Technical Schools and other practical educational agencies in England, have given an additional impetus in the same direction.

As a result of all this we now have a quickening among the Publishers of Educational Works, who are most zealously out-rivalling each other in the production of Text Books in Practical Science.

Notable among the publishers in this field are the firms of Macmillan and Co., Cassell Petter and Galpin, and Messrs. Collins, Sons and Co. From the latter house we are in receipt by last mail, of a budget of their new series of Science Class Books, which well merit the examination of Educationists, and those interested in the studies whereof they treat.

The striking advantages of the series are their typographical excellence and cheapness ; and their literary features are no less worthy of hearty commendation. We have not space at our disposal to notice the books at length, but it will suffice to say that each volume is prepared by prominent men in their respective subjects, and the whole are adapted to the requirements of the South Kensington Syllabus for students in Science and Art Classes, and for Higher and Middle Class School instruction. We enumerate the volumes of the issue to hand, viz.,— "Steam and the Steam Engine Locomotive, and Land and Marine," by Henry Evers, LL.D., Plymouth ; "Theory and Practice of Navigation," by the same ; "Applied Mechanics," and "Theoretical Mechanics," by Wm. Rossiter, F.R.A.S. ; "Practical, Plane, and Solid Geometry," by Professor H. Angel, Islington Science School : "Astronomy," by J. I. Plummer, Astronomical Observer to the University of Durham ; "Acoustics, Light and Heat," by Wm. Lees, M.A., Lecturer on Physics, Watt Institution and School of Arts, Edinburgh ; "Physical Geography," by John Marturk, F.R.G.S. ; "First Book of Botany," by John H. Balfour, M.D, University of Edinburgh ; "Mineralogy," by J. H. Collins, F.G.S. ; and "Outlines of Political Economy," by A. H. Dick, D. S., &c., &c.

"I Go A-Fishing." By W. C. Prime. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1873.

Of the many books, of the making of which, according to the wise preacher, there is no end, Mr. Prime's quaintly titled "I Go A-fishing" is undoubtedly one. It is clearly one of those books which the world could do without. The mathematician who wound up his perusal of the "Paradise Lost" with the question, "What does it prove?" would find it equally hard to determine the exact end which Mr. Prime had in view in writing and printing between three and four hundred pages on this text from the Gospel of St. John. Nevertheless, Mr. Prime is a worthy disciple of old Isaak Walton, and starting with the question addressed to his readers, "Will you go?" he warns them thus in time : "The best of anglers does not always find fish ; and the most skilful casting of a fly does not always bring up trout. If, however, you have the true angler's spirit, and will go a-fishing, prepared to have a good day of it, even though the weather turns out vile and the spor wretched, then turn over the leaf and let us be starting."

The volume abounds with pleasant talk of fishing rambles on the Adirondack, the St. Regis, the Follansbee, on Lakes Rangley, Moosetogmaguntic, Echo Lake, and many other American lakes and river, intermingled with reminiscences of the Nile, a day's fishing on the Lake of Gennesaret, and angling incidents on the Jordan and Lake Merom. For the zealous sportsman the volume has special charms ; but the general reader will find in its pages much to attract him.

The Fishing Tourist : Anglers' Guide and Reference Book. By Charles Hallock. New York : Harper Brothers.

Mr. Hallock has made a most readable and entertaining book. It contains information relative to every salmon and trout region in America. It is the fruit of the author's own wanderings, and is replete with his adventures and experiences Written in a clear, unaffected, hearty style, it glows with the enthusiasm of a genuine sportsman, and will appeal strongly to the sympathy of every member of the craft.

LITERARY NOTES.

A difficulty has arisen over the mass that Verdi has undertaken to compose in memory of the late Manzoni. The clerical authorities at Milan decline to permit women to sing in it, and the maestro is not disposed to cut down his ideas to the standard of intelligence and ability possessed by boy choristers.

Mr. Jefferson Davis is, it is stated, still engaged with his "History of the Confederate States," though his impaired eyesight forbids much continuous reading or writing.

At the next winter exhibition of the Royal Academy, the collection will chiefly consist of the works of deceased British artists, in oil, water-colours, and sculpture.

A memorial of the late Field-Marshal Sir George Pollock, executed by Mr. E. Physick, has just been placed in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Foley's statue of Sir James Outram, which is to be sent out to India, has been temporarily placed on the open space near the Duke of York's statue, nearly opposite the United Service Club.

Sir Joseph Whitworth has offered prizes of the value of £100, to be obtained through the Society of Arts, for the best essays on the "Advantages that would be likely to arise if railway companies and limited companies generally were each to establish a savings bank for the working classes in their employ."

Dean Stanley read an interesting paper the other evening, at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, "On the Tomb of Richard II.," recently opened in Westminster Abbey. The skeletons of the King and Queen were discovered in it, and objects of later date, the tomb having been opened at an earlier period, and an inscription being placed within recording the circumstances.

The trustees of the British Museum have, it is announced, purchased the correspondence which formed the bases of Mr. J. L. Cherry's recently published "Life of John Clare," the Northamptonshire Peasant Poet. There are more than eleven hundred letters, and among the writers were Charles Lamb, Thomas Hood, Allan Cunningham, Admiral Lord Radstock, Sir Charles Elton, Cary, the translator of Dante, Hilton, the painter, Behnes, the sculptor, and many others.

Messrs. Rivingtons have just added "The Christian Year" to their elegant "Red Line Series" of Devotional Works. They omit the hymns for the three dropped state services, but give that for the Accession. They also issue a very neatly-printed sixpenny edition in paper.

Among English books newly published or soon to appear, we find: Messrs. Longmans announce 'The Chronology of the Bible and Historical Synchronisms,' by that able writer if not always safe theorist, M. Ernest de Bunsen; Macmillan & Co. will publish an octavo volume of 'Sermons preached in Country Churches,' by the late F. D. Maurice; Mr. Stopford Brooke's 'Sermons preached in St. James' Chapel' have reached a fifth edition; Bishop Colenso has published (Longmans) 'Lectures on the Pentateuch and the Moabite Stone,' with appendices on the following named subjects: The Elohistic Narrative, the Original Story of the Exodus, and the Universality and meaning of the Pre-Christian Cross; Mr. Mowbray, of Oxford, publishes a new edition of a clever and successful little anti-Evangelical squib called 'The Deformation and the Reformation,' which, besides some fun for the worldly, has in it not a few grains of profitable instruction and reproof for various sorts of Churchmen; what 'Common Sense Theology' may be we do not know, except that it describes itself in its second title as 'Natural Truths in Rough-Shod Rhyme'; we mention it because of its going to England from Lewiston, Maine.

Messrs. Adam, Stevenson and Co. have just issued the second edition of "Punshon's Memorial Volume," being Lectures and Sermons of the Rev. Wm. Morley Punshon, D.D. This is the only authorized edition of Mr. Punshon's works in Canada, and the only one from the publication of which the author derives any benefit.

Dr. Scadding's "Toronto of Old," published also by Messrs. Adam, Stevenson and Co., has met with a very hearty reception throughout the country. It is a work teeming with interest to old residents of Ontario and their descendants. In an appendix is given a list of the early settlers of York from 1794 downwards.

Messrs. Adam, Stevenson and Co. have in press a Canadian reprint of Miss Phelps' little book, entitled "What to Wear?" This book has produced no small commotion in the United States, and will, no doubt, be widely read in Canada. The Boston *Journal* says: "Miss Phelps' opinion as to what woman should wear differs very materially from the conception of most *modistes* and milliners. With all its extravagance of statement—and half the charm of Miss Phelps' style is due to its extravagance—we are inclined to think that there is considerable sound sense in it. There are hints in it which we wish all women might act upon; and we are quite sure there would be fewer feminine invalids—broken down in what would be the prime of their womanhood—if hygiene should be heeded in the place of fashion."