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GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.\*

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE LAST LOOK.

ALL around us the great unbroken circle of the sea, overhead the paler color of the morning sky, and this huge floating palace of 4500 tons crashing its way through the rolling waves of a heavy ground-swell—that was what we found when we stepped on to the white and sun-lit deck.

'What cheer, Madame Columbus? And how goes the log?' cried the lieutenant, making his appearance at the top of the companion-way.

Madame Columbus had been up betimes—in order to make sure of her bath—and was now engaged in private conversation with Lady Sylvia.

'We are a point west by north of Ben Nevis,' she answered, promptly, 'but the Irish coast is not yet in sight.'

The latter half of her statement was true, anyhow; there was not even the faint cloud of an island visible all round the dark blue horizon. And so we set out on our march up and down the deck, which had been strictly enjoined upon us by our admiral-in-

chief, but which was occasionally interfered with by a lurch that sent this or that couple flying toward the hand-rail. And we were all full of our new experiences; of the strange sensation of plunging through the night at this terrible speed, of the remarkable ease with which articles could be taken out of portmanteaus, and of the absolute impossibility of getting them put in again so as to secure something like order in our respective cabins. It was a brilliant morning, with a fresh and delightful breeze; but so blue was the sky, and so blue was the sea, that the eyes, becoming accustomed to this intense blue, saw every thing on board the ship as of a glowing brown or red, while the human faces we looked at in passing were simply a blaze of crimson. Then we went below to breakfast, and instituted a sort of formal acquaintance with two or three folks who had been, the previous evening at dinner, absolute strangers to us.

That forenoon, as we sat on deck with our books, which were seldom looked at, we could not understand why Queen T— was so fiercely opposed to our going ashore at Queenstown for an hour or two. As the pale line of coast now visible on the

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horizon came nearer and more near, she seemed to regard both Ireland and the Irish with great disfavor, though we knew very well that ordinarily she had a quite remarkable affection for both.

'What is Queenstown?' said she. 'A squalid little place, filled with beggars and trades-people that prey on the ignorance of Americans. They give you baskets of fruit with brown paper filling up half. They charge you—'

'Why, you have never been there in your life!' exclaimed our Bell, with staring eyes.

'But I know, all the same!' was the retort. 'Haven't Americans told me again and again of their first experiences of Irish hospitality? And what is the use of being at all that trouble of going ashore to look at a miserable little town?'

'Madame,' said the lieutenant, with a loud laugh, 'I do think you are afraid we will not come back if we once are on the land. Do you think we will run away? And the company—will they give us back our passage-money?'

She relapsed into a proud and indignant silence; we knew not how Queenstown had managed so grievously to offend her.

And now we drew near the point at which we were to bid a real farewell to our native land; and as we slowly glided into the broad, bright bay, Queenstown gave us an Irish welcome of laughter shining through tears, of sunlight struggling through fleecy clouds of rain, and lighting up the beautiful green shores. There was a beautiful green, too, in the water of the bay, which was rippled over by a light westerly breeze. Well, we remained on board, after all. We were informed by our admiral-in-chief that now, when the ship was almost empty, and certainly still, was an excellent opportunity for setting our cabins to rights, and putting away every thing we should not require on the voyage. What was there to see by remaining on deck? A quiet bay, a green shore, and some white houses—that was all. Those of us who rebelled, and insisted on remaining on deck, she treated with silent scorn. She was successful, at least, in carrying Lady Sylvia with her below.

And yet it must be confessed that we were all of us glad to get away from Queenstown. We wished to feel that we had really started. Wasting time in waiting for mails is not an exciting occupation, at Queenstown

or elsewhere. When, therefore, the tender came out from the shore, and discharged her human and other cargo, and when the order was given to let go the gangway, we were glad enough—all of us, perhaps, except one; for what meant that slight exclamation, and the inadvertent step forward, as this last means of communication was withdrawn? But there was a friendly hand on her arm. The child looked on in mute despair as the great vessel began to move through the water. There was a good deal of cheering as we now, and finally, set out on our voyage; she did not seem to hear it.

And now we were out on the Atlantic, the land gradually receding from sight, the great ship forging ahead at full speed through the rushing waves, the golden glory of the afternoon shining on her tall masts. They were getting out some sail, too; and as the string of men were hauling up the heavy gaff of the mizzen try-sail, one tall fellow, the leader of the choir, was singing so that all could hear,

'Oh, it's Union Square as I chanced for to pass,  
Yo, heave, ho!

Oh, it's there I met a bonnie young lass:'

while the idiotic refrain,

'Give a man time to roll a man down,'

sounded musically enough with its accompaniment of flapping canvas and rushing waves. And there were rope-quoits got out, too, and the more energetic shovel-board; while those who scorned such vain delights were briskly promenading the deck with an eye to dinner. And then, at dinner, the sudden cry that made every one start up from the table and crowd round the nearest port-hole to look out on that extraordinary sunset—the sea a plain of dark and rich purple, almost hard in its outline against the sky; the sky a pure, dazzling breadth of green—a sort of olive green, but so dazzling and clear that it burned itself into the memory, and will forever remain there—with a few lines of still more lambent gold barred across the west. That fire of color had blinded all eyes. When we returned to our seats we could scarcely see each other.

'What a beautiful night we shall have!' said Lady Sylvia, who was doing her best to be very brave and cheerful—because, you see, it was our common duty, she considered, to cheer up the spirits of the young mother

who had left her two children behind her—'and what a pity it is, my dear Mrs. Von Rosen, that you did not bring your guitar with you! Half of the charm of the voyage will be lost. And you know it will be moonlight to-night—you might have sung to us.'

'I am like Mrs. S——'s little girl,' said our Bell, 'whom they used to bother so before visitors. She said, one day, in the most pathetic voice, "I wish I didn't know no songs; and then I shouldn't have to sing none." But the guitar has been put away for a long time now. That belonged to the days of romance. Do you know any Scotch songs, Lady Sylvia? I have gone mad about them lately.'

'I believe it was once remarked of you, Bell,' says one of us, 'that your heart is like a magnetized needle, always turning toward the north. But what we want to know is where you are going to stop. Cumberland ballads used to be enough for you; then you got to the Borders; then to the Lowlands; and now you are doubtless among the clans. Does any body know if there are stirring tunes in Iceland, or any *Volkslieder* to be picked up about the north pole? Nevertheless, we will take what you like to give us. We will pardon the absence of the guitar. When the moon comes out, we will take up the rugs on deck, and get into a nice shadowy corner, and—and what is that about "Above—below—all's well?"'

'We are indeed well off,' says our grave monitress, 'that we have nothing to think about but moonlight and singing. What I am thankful for is that the clear night will lessen the chances of our running down any unfortunate small vessel. Ah! you don't know, Lady Sylvia, how often that happens—and nobody ever hears of it. A huge ship like this would simply cut down one of these smaller vessels to the water's edge and go clean over her. And of course the greatest danger of our doing so is near land. Think of the poor men, after being months at sea, perhaps, and within a day or so of meeting their wives and families again, finding this huge monster crashing down on them! I tremble when I hear people speak of the vessels anchored on the Newfoundland Banks, and the fogs there, and the great steamers going on through the night. A collision is nothing to us—I suppose we should scarcely feel any shock at all—but

it is certain death to the unhappy wretches who are out there at the fishing. Well, it is part of the risk of their calling. They have to support their families somehow; and I suppose their wives know each time they leave the land that they may never be heard of again. I wonder whether these poor men ever think that they are hardly used in life. No doubt they would prefer to belong to a fine club; and their wives would like to drive about in carriages. But I suppose they have their compensations. The home-coming must be pleasant enough.'

'But do we go right on through a fog, all the same?' asked our Bell, in some alarm.

'At a reduced speed, certainly; and people say that the booming of the fog-horn at night is one of the most horrid sounds in the world.'

'You never thought of that danger, Lady Sylvia,' said Bell, with a smile, 'when you—when Mr. Balfour and you used to speak of going round the world in a steam-yacht. By-the-way, I suppose that steam-yacht that came out with us has got back to Queens-town by this time.'

Queen T——glanced quickly and nervously at her.

'I hope so,' said Lady Sylvia. 'It was very friendly of the people to escort us a bit on our way. I suppose they knew some one on board. But I did not see any one waving a good-by to them when they left.'

'Oh,' said Queen T——, carelessly, 'I have no doubt they only came out for a run.'

When we went on deck we found the last glow of the twilight fading out of the north-western skies. We were all alone on the moving world of waters, the huge metallic-hued waves breaking over in masses of white foam that were clearly visible in the semi-darkness. But by this time we had grown so accustomed to the monotonous sound of the rushing waves that it was almost the equivalent of silence; so that any other sound—the striking of the bells every half hour in the steering-room, for example, and the repetition by the man at the look-out—was startlingly clear and distinct. We got our chairs brought together, and the shawls spread out, and formed a little group by ourselves, whose talking, if we were so inclined, could not well be overheard. But there was not much talking, somehow. Perhaps that monotonous rushing of the water had a drowsy effect. Perhaps we were try-

ing to find out the names of the pale, clear stars overhead, far beyond the tall masts that kept swaying this way and that as the vessel rose and fell on the long waves. Or were we wondering whether the man at the look-out, whose form was duskiy visible against the clear, dark sky, could make out some small and distant speck—some faint glimmer of a light, perhaps—to tell us that we were not quite alone in this awful world of waters?

Then the stars grew paler; for a new glory began to fill the lambent skies, and the white deck began to show black shadows that moved on the silvery surface as the ship rose to the waves.

'Do you remember that moonlight night at Grasmere?' says Queen T—— to her friend. 'And won't you sing us "The Flowers of the Forest?"'

It was quite another song that she sang—in a low voice that mingled curiously with the monotonous, melancholy rush of the waves. It was about the bonny young Flora who 'sat sighing her lane, the dew on her plaid an' the tear in her e'e.' Why should she have picked out this ballad of evil omen for our very first night on the Atlantic?

'She looked at a boat wi' the breezes that swung  
Away on the wave like a bird o' the main;  
An' aye as it lessened she sighed and she sung,  
"Farewell to the lad I shall ne'er see again."

Perhaps her conscience smote her. Perhaps she thought it was hardly fair to suggest to this poor young thing who was thrown on our care that the cruel parting she had just undergone was a final one. At all events, as she began to sing this other song, it seemed to some of us that she was taking a clear leap across a long interval of time, and imagining herself somehow as already returning to English shores. For she sang—

'Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers!  
How your dread howling a lover alarms!  
Wauken, ye breezes, row gently, ye billows,  
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms!  
But oh! if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,  
Flow still between us, thou wide roaring main!  
May I never see it, may I never trow it,  
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!'

Perhaps it was only our idle fancy, on this beautiful and pensive night, that coupled Bell's selections with the fortunes of our guest; but all the same, one of us—who is

always tenderly thoughtful in such small matters—suddenly called out,

'Come, Bell, we shall have no more sad songs. Who was it that used to sing 'The Braes o' Mar' with a flushed face as if all the clans from John O'Groat's to Airlie were marshalling under her leadership?'

Bell is an obliging person. She sang that song, and many another; and there was an attempt at a modest duet or two; while the ceaseless roar of the waves went on, and we watched the moonlight quiver and gleam on the hurrying waters.

'Oh, my dear,' says Queen T——, putting her hand on the head of her old friend and companion, who was nestled at her feet, 'this is not at all like crossing the Channel, is it?'

'Not much,' says Bell. 'I am already convinced that my ancestors were Vikings.'

Nor was it at all like crossing the Channel when we went below for the night—passing the great ruddy saloon, with its golden lamps and hushed repose—and sought out the privacy of our quiet and neat little cabins. But here an act of retributive justice had to be administered. There were two people standing alone in one of these cabins, amid a wild confusion of slippers, dressing bags, and clothes-brushes. Says the one to the other, sternly,

'What did you mean by that suspicious glance when the steam-yacht was mentioned?'

'What steam-yacht?' says she innocently; but in the dusky light of the lamp her face is seen to flush.

'You know very well.'

Here her fingers become somewhat nervous; and a piteous and guilty look comes into the eyes.

'Do you mean to deny that Balfour was in that boat, that you knew he was to be in it, and that you dared to keep the knowledge from his wife?'

'And if he was,' says she, with her lips beginning to quiver, 'how could I tell her? It would have driven the poor thing mad with pain. How could I tell her?'

'I believe you have a heart as hard as the nether millstone.'

And perhaps she had; but it was certainly not her own sorrows that were making the tears run down her face, as she pretended to be busy over a portmanteau.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

## MID-ATLANTIC.

THOSE glad days!—each one a new wonder as our tremendous speed drove us into successive and totally different worlds of light and color. The weather prophets were all at fault. Each morning was a surprise. There might have been, for example, a plunging and roaring during the night, that told us there was a bit of sea on; but who could have imagined beforehand the brilliant and magnificent beauty of this westerly gale—the sea rolling along in mountainous waves, the wild masses of spray springing high into the air from the bows of the ship, the rapid rainbows formed by the sunlight striking on those towering clouds, when a rattle as of musketry fire as they fell on the sun-lit and streaming decks? And if there were two obstinate young creatures who would not at all consent to stand in the huddled companion-way—if they would insist on having their morning march up and down the plunging decks, with the salt-water running down their reddened faces—had they not their reward? They were the discoverers of the fact that we were running a race. What were those black objects that leaped clear into the sunlight, and went head-foremost again into the rushing waves? One after the other the merry dolphins sprung into the air and vanished again, and we were grateful to them for this friendly escort. They were sociable fellows, those dolphins—not like the whales, which generally kept away somewhere near the horizon, where they could only be made out by the recurrent jet of white foam.

And then, again, it might have been the very next morning that we found the world of water and sky grown still and dreamlike, pervaded by a mystic calm. The sea, like vast folds of silk, dull, smooth, and lustreless, a waste of tender and delicate grays, broken only by the faintest shadows where the low waves rolled; the sky lightly clouded over and also gray, with lines of yellowish light that grew narrower and narrower as they neared the horizon; and here the only bit of color in the vague and shadowy picture—a sharp, bold, clear line of blue all round the edge of the world, where the pale sea and the pale sky met.

And so we went on day after day, and

the bells tolled the half hours, and the gong sounded for meals, and the monotonous chorus of the sailors—

'So now farewell,  
My bonnie young girl,  
For I'm bound for the Rio Gran'—

told us of the holy-stoning of the decks. There was rather more card-playing than reading; there was a good deal of perfunctory walking; sometimes there was a song or two in the long saloon of an evening. And by this time, too, people had got to know each other, and each other's names and circumstances, in a most surprising manner. The formal 'Good-morning' of the first day or two had developed into 'And how are you this morning, Mr.——?' The smallest civility was sufficient warranty for the opening of an acquaintanceship. Ladies freely took any proffered arm for that inevitable promenade before dinner—all except one, and she the most remarked of all. What was it, then, that seemed to surround her, that seemed to keep her apart? A certain look in her face?—she was not a widow. Her manner?—she was almost anxiously courteous to every one around her. All sorts and conditions of men were eager to bring her chair, or pick up her dropped book, or bid other passengers stand aside to let her pass through the companion-way; and all the elder women—to judge by their looks—seemed to bless her in their hearts for her sweet face, and all the young women appeared to be considerably interested in her various costumes; but somehow she made no familiar acquaintances. They might challenge our bright-faced Bell to make up a side of rope-quoits; and that brave lass, though she seldom landed more than two out of the dozen of quoits on the peg, would set to work with a will, her eyes bluer than ever with the blue light from the sea, the sunlight touching the constant gladness of her face. But when our beautiful, pale, sad guest came near to look on, they only moderated their wild laughter somewhat. They did not challenge her. It was not she whom they expected to pencil down the score on the white paint of the ventilation shaft. But there was not one of these brisk and active commercial gentlemen (who were the most expert performers) who would not instantly stop the game in order to dart away and get

a chair for her ; that modest smile of thanks was sufficient reward.

There was a young lady who sat near us at dinner, a very pretty young lady, who had come all the way from San Francisco, and was returning home after a lengthened stay in Europe. It was quite evident that she and her friends must have staid some time in Geneva, and that they had succumbed to the temptations of the place. She seemed to be greatly struck by Lady Sylvia's appearance, and for the first day or two paid more attention to her than to her meals. Now on the third day, imagine our astonishment—for small things become great on board ship—on finding the pretty young San Franciscan come in to breakfast without a scrap of jewelry either round her neck or on her hands. She had even discarded the forefinger ring—an opal surrounded with diamonds—which were unanimously declared to be beautiful. Moreover she never wore any jewelry during the rest of that voyage. Why was this? Wearing jewelry, even Genevan jewelry, is a harmless foible. Is there any magnetism radiating from a human being that is capable of destroying bracelets and finger-rings, or at least of rendering them invisible? These are the mysteries of life.

But indeed we had more serious matters to think about, for we had with us a stern monitress, who did not fail to remind us that existence, even on board a transatlantic steamer, is not all composed of dry champagne and rope-quoits. She had made the acquaintance of the purser, and from him she had obtained particulars regarding some of the emigrants on board. The piteous tales she told us may have received a touch here and there from an imagination never of the dullest, but they sounded real enough, and it was very clear that they went right to Lady Sylvia's heart. Was it not possible, she anxiously asked, to do something for this poor man who was dying of consumption, and who, conscious of his doom, was making a struggle to have a look at his two sons out in Montana before the sunken eyes finally closed? What we had to do for him a day or two afterwards, was to attend his funeral. The weighted corpse, wrapped round with a union-jack, was borne along by the sailors to the stern of the ship, and there a number of the passengers congregated, and stood with uncovered

head to hear the short burial service read. It was not a pathetic scene. The man was unknown to us, but for that brief hint of his dying wish. The wild winds and the rushing waves drowned most of the words of the service. And yet there was something strange in the suddenness with which the corpse plunged down and disappeared, and in the blank loneliness of the sea thereafter. The man had neither friend nor relative on board.

There was an open space on the lower deck into which, for the freer air, the emigrants often came; and there they followed their domestic pursuits as unconscious as bees of being looked down upon from above. Surely it was no impertinent curiosity that our Queen T—taught her gentle friend to regard these poor people: rather it was with a great sympathy and friendliness. One morning she drew her attention to a young woman, who appeared to be also a young mother, for she had a couple of children dawdling about her heels; and Lady Sylvia was greatly distressed that those young things should be so dirty and obviously neglected. She was for sending for the invaluable Mr. Evans, and begging him to take some little present to the mother.

'But why should they be dirty? And why should they be neglected?' demanded that fierce social philosopher, whose height is five foot three. 'Look at the mother; look at her tawdry ribbons, her unkempt hair, her dirty face. She is a woman who has got no womanly pride. If she has a husband, God help him! Fancy what his home must be. If he has got rid of her, he should imagine he must be glad; he could keep the house cleaner without her. But look at that young woman over there—I know she has a young family too, for I saw them this morning. See how she has tucked up her dress so that she can go over the wet decks; she how she has carefully braided her hair; and do you see how all those tin things she has been washing are shining bright; and look at her now, polishing that knife, and putting the cloth up on the rope to dry. For my part, I have no sympathy with women who are squalid and dirty. There is no reason in the world why they should be so. A woman—and especially a wife—ought to make the best of her circumstances; and if her husband does

drink and ill-use her, she won't make him any the more ashamed of himself by becoming a slattern, and driving him away from a dirty house. I am going down to speak to that young woman who is polishing the tin jugs.'

And she did, too, and became acquainted with all the young wife's circumstances. These were not at all dreadful or pathetic. She was a brisk and very active young Irishwoman, who was very proud that her husband in New York had at last saved up enough money to send for her and her children; and her only fear was that, New York being such a big place, there might be a chance of missing her husband on going ashore. Queen T—wholly reassured her on this point, and begged to be allowed to make the acquaintance of her children, and of course she gave them a keepsake all round, with a whole heap of fruit and sweets obtained by illicit means from the chief saloon steward.

On—on—on, night and day, with this tremendous speed. Even our women folk now had dismissed all fear of being ill. On one morning, it is true, during a pretty stiff gale in the 'Devil's Hole,' or 'Rolling Forties,' they were remarkably abstemious at breakfast, but not one of them succumbed; and now that we were getting near the Newfoundland Banks, they waxed valiant. They declared that crossing the Atlantic was mere child's-play compared to crossing the Channel. Bell grew learned about square-sails and try-sails, and had picked up all the choruses of the sailors. 'Give a man time to roll a man down,' is not at all a proper sentiment for a young lady; but a great deal is admissible at sea.

Then we had a dolorous day of rain, and there were more huddled groups than ever in the smoking-room playing poker, and more disconsolate groups than ever at the top of the companion-way looking out on the leaden sky and the leaden sea. Moreover, as the day waned, fog came on; and that evening, as we sat in the saloon, there was ominous conversation abroad. We heard the dull booming of the fog-horns as we sped through the night. Was not our course rather too northerly? What about icebergs? Towards morning should we not be dangerously near Cape Race—not dangerously for ourselves, but for the anchored schooners and smacks on the

Great Bank, any one of which would be ploughed down by this huge vessel, with only perhaps one shriek of agony to tell what had happened. It was a gloomy evening.

But then, the next morning! Where was the fog? A dome of clear blue sky; a sea of dark blue, with the crisp white crests of the running waves; a fresh invigorating westerly breeze. And now surely we were getting out of the regions of unknown and monotonous waters into something definite, human, approachable; for it was with a great interest and gladness that the early risers found all around them the anchored schooners, and it was with even a greater interest that we drew near and passed a rowing-boat full of men whose bronzed faces were shining in the sun.

'These are the poor fellows I told you about,' said our admiral and commander-in-chief to her friend. 'Think of the danger they must be in on a foggy night—think of their wives and children at home. I should not wonder if their wives were glad to see them when they get back to shore?'

'It is dreadful—dreadful,' said Lady Sylvia; and perhaps it was the new excitement of seeing these strange faces that made her eyes moist.

We had to pass still another long, beautiful day with nothing around us visible but the blue sea and the blue sky; but if the honest truth must be told, we were not at all impatient to find before us the far low line of the land. Indeed, we looked forward to leaving this life on board ship with not a little regret. We were going farther, perhaps to fare worse. We had become a sort of happy family by this time, and had made a whole host of friends, whom we seem to have known all our lives. And one of us was rather proud of her skill at rope-quoits, and another was mad on the subject of sea-air, and another—his initials were Oswald Von Rosen—was deeply interested in the raffles and betting of the smoking-room. What would the next day's run be? What would the number of the pilot be? Would that ancient mariner have a moustache or not? There was a frightful amount of gambling going on.

The next morning our admiral insisted that there was a strong odor of sea-weed in the air, and seemed proud of the fact.

'Madame Columbus,' said our German



friend, seriously, 'it is a happy omen. I do not think you could prevent a mutiny much longer—no; the men say there is no such place as America; they will not be deceived; they will return to Spain. The crew of the *Pinta* are in revolt. They do not care any more for the presence of those birds—not at all. If we do not see land soon, they will kill you and go home.'

But the confidence which we placed in our admiral was soon to be justified. Far away on the southern horizon we at length descried a pilot-boat flying the flag of proffered assistance. We hailed with joy the appearance of this small vessel, which the savage inhabitants of the nearest coast had doubtless sent out to welcome the pioneers of civilization; and we regarded with awe and reverence the sublime features of Madame Columbus, now irradiated with triumph. As for the wretched creatures who had been mutinous, it is not for this hand to chronicle the sudden change in their manner: 'They implore her,' says a great historian, 'to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created so unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of her well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced her whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired by Heaven, with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.'

Stranger still, the native which we took on board this friendly boat was found to be clothed, and he spoke a language which, although not English, was intelligible. We regarded him with great curiosity; but there was nothing savage or uncouth in his manners. He had rings in his ears, and he smoked a short clay pipe.

Of course our excitement all that day was great, and there was a wild scene in the smoking-room in the evening—a mock trial by jury having produced a good many bottles of whiskey in the way of fines. The songs were hearty and hoarse. We raffled a rug.

On the following morning there was something to make one rub one's eyes. It was a long faint, pale blue thing, stretching along the western horizon, and having the appearance of a huge whale lying basking

in the mist of the early sunlight. We called aloud to those who were below. That blue line in the mist was—America!

## CHAPTER XXX.

### LANDED!

THERE was excitement enough, to be sure. Every one was on deck, eagerly regarding the land that was momentarily drawing nearer. And who were these ladies whom we now saw for the first time? Surely they could not have been ill all the way across the Atlantic? Or had they not rather given way to an abject terror of the sea, and hidden themselves close in their berths in order to get a sort of ostrich safety? And the gentlemen who attended them, too—whence had they procured such a supply of tall hats? We resented the appearance of that ungainly article of costume. We had grown accustomed to the soft and delicate colours of the sea and cloud; this sudden black patch struck a blow on the eye; it was an outrage on the harmonious atmospheric effect all around us.

For now we were slowly steaming over the bar, in the stillness of the summer morning; and the beautiful olive green of the water, and the great bay before us, and the white-sailed schooners, and the long semi-circle of low green hills were all softened together with a mist of heat. The only sharp point of light was close at hand, where the promontory of Sandy Hook, blazing in sunlight, jutted out into the rippling water. It was all like a dream as we slowly glided along. The pale hills looked spectral and remote: we preferred not to know their name. And then, as we drew near the Narrows, our blue-eyed Bell could not conceal her astonishment and delight. Surely, she said, we have missed our way somewhere, and got back to the wrong side of the Atlantic! The wooded hills coming close to the sea; the villas on the slopes, half hidden in soft green foliage; the long line of shady shore; the small yachts riding at anchor in the clear and rippling water—why, surely, surely, she said, we have just come down the Clyde, and have got to Dumoon, or Inellan, or the Kyles of Bute. We knew quite well that one of these yachts

was the *Aglaia*. We knew perfectly that if we were walking along the shore there, we should meet a thickest little man in smart blue uniform, who would say,

'Ay, ay, mem, and will you be going for a sail to-day, mem? Mr.—, it is away up the hills he is to-day; and he will be penting all the day; and the wind it is ferry good to-day, mem, for a run down to the Cumbræ and back, mem.'

And what would our Bell answer? She would say,

'Dear Captain Archie, we will go on board the *Aglaia* at once, and go to the Cumbræ, and further than that. We will go far beyond the Cumbræ, to Lock Ranza and Kilbranan Sound, to the Sound of Jura and Lock Buy, and we will listen to the singing of the mermaid of Colonsay. And I pledge you my word, Captain Archie, that we will never once in all the voyage begin to cry because we are not bound for Idaho.'

But these idle dreams, begotten of the morning mist and the sunlight, were soon dispelled. We came to anchor off Staten Island. We regarded the natives who boarded us from the small steamer with great interest and wonder; they were as like ordinary human beings as possible, and did not seem at all depressed by having to live in a place some three thousand miles away from any where—which was our first notion of America. Then we had to go down into the saloon, and go through the form of swearing we had no forbidden merchandise in our luggage. It was a tedious process; but we did not fail to admire the composure of one stout little gentleman who passed the time of waiting in copying out on a large sheet of paper a poem entitled 'Love.'

'The love that sheds its mortal ray,'

the verses began. He had stumbled across them in a book out of the saloon library, and they had been too much for his kindly heart. Happily he had his copy completed before the great ship was got into the dock.

And now the dusky, steepled mass of New York lay before us, and experts were eagerly naming the principal buildings to strangers, and the sun was beating fiercely on us with a heat we had never experienced at sea. There was a little black crowd of people on the wharf; this great floating

palace seemed bearing down on the top of them. And surely it was preposterous that handkerchiefs should be waved already.

Now the people who had warned us of the awful isobars, and generally recommended us to say our prayers before stepping on board a transatlantic steamer, had also harrowed our souls with a description of the difficulties of landing. Two sovereigns was the least tip to be slipped into the hands of the custom-house officer, and even then he might turn upon us with a fiendish malignity and scatter our innocent wardrobes all about the wharf. Then what about getting to a hotel in a city that has no cabs? Should we get into a labyrinth of tramway cars, and end by getting back to the steamer and demanding that we should be taken to Liverpool forthwith? Well, we never quite knew how it was all managed; but there was no scrimmage, and no tipping of any sort, and nothing but the most formal opening of one portmanteau out of a dozen; and such remarkable civility, swiftness, and good arrangement that, before we could wholly understand it, we were being whirled away in a huge hotel omnibus that had high springs like a George IV chariot, and that ploughed through the thick dust, and then sprung up on the tramway rails with a bound that flung us about like peas in a bladder.

'Gracious goodness!' cried Queen T—, clinging on to the window, so that she should not be flung out on the other side; 'this is more dangerous than crossing a dozen Atlantics!'

'Madame,' said our German companion, with his teeth clinched, and his hands keeping a tight grip of about a dozen bags, umbrellas, and shawls, 'the Americans suffer a great deal from liver complaint; that is why they keep their streets so.'

But what was the use of his talking about America? Any body could have seen we were not in America at all. We had expected to find New York a sort of overgrown Liverpool; but here we were—in Paris! Paris everywhere—in the green casements of the window, the plaster-fronted houses with Mansard-roofs, the acacia-looking ailanthus along the pavements, the trailing creepers about the balconies, the doors of carved wood with white metal handles. Paris, Paris everywhere—in the hot dry air and the pale and cloudless sky,

in the gaudy shop fronts and restaurants with Parisian lettering on the signs. And surely this, too, is a Parisian hotel that we enter—the big and gilt saloons, the bedrooms heavily furnished in dark red velvet, an odour of tobacco everywhere, and blue clouds and pink Cupids decorating the staircase!

And already we are involved in our first quarrel, for that vehement Germau has been insisting on the Irish porters bringing up all our luggage at once; and as there has been a sort of free fight below, he comes fuming up stairs.

'Ah, it is true,' says he, 'what an American did once tell me. He said, "You think it is all equality in my country? No, no; that is a great mistake. The obsequiousness," said he, "that marks the relations between the waiter at a hotel and the guest at a hotel, that is shocking—shocking. But then," said he, "the obsequiousness is all on the side of the guest.'

We did not believe for a moment that any such American ever existed, though all nations, except the Scotch, have a common trick of saying evil of themselves. We believed that this young man had impudently invented the story to excuse his overbearing and blustering treatment of three poor down-trodden sons of Erin, who, when they did bring up our portmanteaus, showed how they revolted against this ignoble slavery by pitching them down anyhow. They had our respectful sympathy; but we dared not offer them the common consolation of a piece of money. They were doubtless, as their bearing showed them to be, the descendants of kings.

There is one distressing peculiarity of American hotels which has never been remarked upon by any traveller, and that is their extreme instability of foundation. As we were engaged in opening our portmanteaus to get some costumes more suitable for the prevailing heat, those French-looking bedrooms, with their tall and narrow windows sheltered by white casements, and their solid couches and easy-chairs all covered with that crimson velvet which is a sweet solace in July—our bedrooms, I say, kept oscillating this way and that, so that we could scarcely keep our feet. The passages, too! After a great deal of knocking and calling, we mustered up our party to go down to luncheon, and then we found

the long lobby swaying hither and thither far more violently than the saloon of the big ship had done in the 'Rolling Forties.' We dared not go down the stairs without clinging on to each other. We began to believe that the city of New York must be built like a water-hen's nest, which rises and falls with the rise and fall of the stream. It seemed very hard, indeed, that we should have successfully crossed the Atlantic without experiencing any discomfort, only to find ourselves heaved about in this fashion. It was observed, however, that this strange conduct on the part of the hotel gradually ceased as we sat at luncheon, so that we were happily allowed to examine the characteristics of the American family at the next table—the first distinctive group of natives we had seen on shore. They fully bore out all we had heard about this country. The eldest daughter was rather pretty, but sallow and unhealthy, and she drank a frightful quantity of iced water. The mamma was shrunk and shrivelled—all eyes, like a young crow—and seemed afflicted with a profound melancholy. The papa devoted himself to his newspaper and his toothpick. And there were one or two younger children, noisy, turbulent, petted, and impertinent. All these well-known characteristics we perceived at a glance. It is true, we afterward discovered that the family was English; but that was of little account.

We went for a drive in the hot, clear, brilliant afternoon. Paris—Paris—Paris everywhere. Look at the cafés, with their small marble tables; look at the young men in straw hats, who are continually chewing the end of a damp cigar that won't keep alight; look at the showy nettings of the small, wiry, long-tailed horses, and the spider-wheeled vehicles, that spin along to the Bois de—to the Central Park, that is. Of course when we meet one of these vehicles we keep on the right hand—any body could have foretold that. And here is the Park itself—a very beautiful park indeed, with green foliage, winding roads, ornamental waters, statues, fountains. There is a band playing down there in the shade of the trees. And here is a broad paved thoroughfare—a promenade—with a murmur of talking, and a prevailing odour of cigarettes. Of course it is Offenbach the band is playing; and it is pleasant enough

to take a seat at this point of the Bois and look at the people, and listen to the music, and observe the glare of the sunlight on the greensward beyond and on the crystal shoots of the fountains. And the plashing drops of the fountains have a music of their own. What is it they are singing and saying and laughing ?

'Tant qu'on le pourra, larirette,  
On se damnera, larira !  
Tant qu'on le pourra,  
L'on trinquera,  
Chantera,  
Aimera  
La fillette.  
Tant qu'on le pourra, larirette,  
On se damnera, larira !'

'How do you like being in Paris?' says Lady Sylvia, with a gentle smile, to her companion, the German ex-lieutenant.

'I do not like thinking of Paris at all,' said he, gravely. 'I have not seen Paris since I saw it from Versailles. And there are two of my friends buried at Versailles.'

And what was making our glad-faced Bell so serious too? She had not at all expressed that admiration of the thoroughfares we had driven through which was fairly demanded by their handsome buildings. Was she rather disappointed by the French look of New York? Would she rather have had the good honest squalor and dirt and smoke of an English city? She was an ardent patriot, we all knew. Of all the writing that ever was written, there was none could stir her blood like a piece that was printed in a journal called the *Examiner*, and that begins :

'First drink a health, this solemn night,  
A health to England, every guest ;  
That man's the best cosmopolite  
Who loves his native country best.'

Was it because she had married a German that she used to repeat, with such bitterness of scorn, that bitterly scornful verse that goes on to say :

'Her frantic city's flashing heats  
But fire, to blast, the hopes of men.  
Why change the titles of your streets?  
You fools, you'll want them all again !'

But it was surely not because she had married a German that, when she came to the next appeal, the tears invariably rushed to her eyes :

'Gigantic daughter of the West,  
We drink to thee across the flood ;

We know thee and we love thee best,  
For art thou not of British blood?  
Should war's mad blast again be blown,  
Permit not thou the-tyrant powers  
To fight thy mother here alone,  
But let thy broadsides roar with ours !

Hands all round !  
God the tyrant's cause confound !  
To our dear kinsmen of the West, my friends,  
And the great name of England round and round !'

And was our poor Bell grieved at heart, now that she had crossed the three thousand miles of the Atlantic, to find that the far daughter of the West had forsaken the ways of her old-fashioned mother, and had taken to French finery and to singing—

'Tant qu'on le pourra, larirette,  
On se damnera, larira !'

'My dear child,' it is necessary to say to her, 'why should you be so disappointed? They say that New York changes its aspect every five years ; at present she has a French fit on. London changes too, but more slowly. Twenty years ago every drawing-room was a blaze of gilt and rose-colour ; people were living in the time of Louis XIV. Five years ago Kensington and St. John's Wood had got on to the time of Queen Anne ; they fixed you on penitential seats, and gave you your dinner in the dark. Five years hence Kensington and St. John's Wood will have become Japanese—I foresee it—I predict it ; you will present me with a pair of gold peacocks if it isn't so. And why your disappointment? If you don't like Paris, we will leave Paris. To-morrow, if you please, we will go up the Rhine. The beauty of this Paris is that the Rhine flows down to its very wharves. Instead of taking you away out to Chalons, and whipping you on to Ear-le-duc and Nancy, and making you hop across the Vosges—the Vogesen, I beg your pardon—we will undertake to transport you in about twenty minutes for the trifling sum of ten cents. Shall it be so?'

'I am not so stupid as to be disappointed with New York yet,' said our Bell, rather gloomily.

She called it New York. And she still believed it was New York, though we went in the evening to a great hall that was all lit up with small coloured lamps ; and the band was playing Lecocq ; and the same young men in the straw hats were promenading round and round and smoking cigarettes, and smart waiters were bringing

glasses of beer to the small tables in the boxes. Then we got back to the hotel, not a little tired with the long, hot, parching day; and we went to bed—perchance to dream of cool English rains and our Surrey hedges, and the wet and windy clouds blowing over from the sea.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### GHOSTS AND VISIONS.

OF course we did not run away from New York merely because our good Bell was of opinion that the city had something too much of a French look. We had many excellent friends pressing their hospitalities on us; we had many places to visit; and then Queen T— must needs insist on telegraphing to England that letters should be sent out to us by a particular steamer. Letters! No doubt when Columbus landed on the shores of San Salvador, and found a whole new world awaiting his explorations, his first impulse was to sit down and cry because he could not hear whether his mother-in-law's cold was better.

She was most economical, too, about that telegram. She would not have Lady Sylvia send a separate message.

'A couple of words extra will do,' she said, 'and they will understand to go over to the Hall and let your father—and Mr. Balfour too—know that you have arrived safely. Why should you send a separate message?'

Why, indeed! The young wife was grateful to this kind friend of hers for so considerably throwing dust in her eyes. Why should she send a separate message to her husband, when the expense would be so desperate?

And although Queen T— lavished her time on writing letters to her boys at home, she always did that in the privacy of her own room, and rather strove to hide, or to make little of these communications with England. Columbus himself, when the king and queen asked him to give an account of his travels, could not have been more particular than this new discoverer in describing the wonderful things she had seen. The amount of information conveyed to those boys—who would much

rather have had a sovereign sewn up between two cards—was enormous. On one occasion she was caught giving them a precise account of the Constitution of the United States, obviously cribbed from Mr. Nordhoff's *Politics for Young Americans*. But then these budgets were generally written at night, and they were never paraded next day. When, before Lady Sylvia, she spoke of England, she treated it as a place of little account. Our necessary interests were in the things around us. One could not always be looking back and indulging in sentiment. That was more to be pardoned—and as she said this, the small philosopher was down at the Battery, her tender eyes gazing wistfully at a certain archway which barred our view of the sea beyond—that was more to be pardoned to the thousands upon thousands of sad-hearted men and women who had landed at this very point, who had passed through that archway, with their hopes of the New World but feebly compensating them for their loss of home and kindred and friends. This, said she, was the most interesting spot in all America, and the most pathetic. And as she had been two whole days on this continent, we calmly acquiesced.

And at length the arrival of our letters, which contained a vast amount of important news about nothing at all, relieved the anxious hearts of the two mothers, and set us free. We bid farewell to this Atlantic Paris, with its hot pavements, its green ailanthus-trees, its dry air, and intolerable thirst; and at about three o'clock on a strangely still and sultry day we drive down to the wharf and embark on a large and curiously constructed steamer. But no sooner have we got out on to the broad bosom of the river than we find how grateful are these spacious saloons, and lofty archways, and cool awnings, for now the swift passage of the boat produces something like a breeze, and for a time we cease to brood on iced drinks. Under the pleasant awning we have our chairs and books and fruit; but the books are not much regarded. For, as we noiselessly and swiftly steam up against the current, it appears more and more certain that we have got into some mystic dream-land which can in no wise be any part of America, and that this river is not only neither the Hudson nor the Rhine, but wholly unlike any river seen out of a

vision of the night. What is the meaning of the extraordinary still haze that kills out natural colors, and substitutes for them the mere phantasmagoria of things? The low and wooded hills that here bound the river ought to be green; they are, on the contrary, of a pale opalesque blue and white. The blue sky is faintly obscured; we can only catch glimpses of white villas in these dusky woods; all around is a sort of slumberous, strangely hued mist; and the only definite color visible is the broad pathway of sunlight on the stream, and that is of a deep and ruddy bronze where the ripples flash. We begin to grow oppressed by this strange gloom. Is it not somewhere in this neighborhood that the most 'devilish cantrips' are still performed among the lonely hills, while the low thunder booms, and unearthly figures appear among the rocks? Should we be surprised if a ghostly barge put off from that almost invisible shore, bringing out to us a company of solemn and silent mariners, each with his horn of schnapps, and his hanger, and his ancient beard? Will they invite us to an awful carouse far up in the sombre mountains, while our hair turns slowly gray as we drink, and the immeasurable years go sadly by as we regard their wild faces? 'Bell! Bell!' we cry, 'exorcise these Dutch fiends! Sing us a Christian song! Quick—before the thunder rolls!' And so, in the midst of this dreadful stillness, we hear a sweet and cheerful sound, and our hearts grow light. It is like the ringing of church bells over fields of yellow corn:

'Faintly as tolls the evening chime—'

the sound is low, but it is clear and sweet as the plashing of a fountain—

'Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.'  
And, indeed, there are two voices now humming the subdued melody to us—

'Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,  
We'll sing at St. Ann's our parting hymn.'

Surely the mists begin to clear, and the sun is less spectral over those dusky hills? Hendrick Hudson—Vanderdecken—whatever in the devil's name they call you—be off, you and your ghostly crew! We will not shake hands; but we wish you a safe return to your gloomy rocks, and may your barrels of schnapps never be empty! We can see them retire; there is no expression

on their faces; but the black eyes glitter, and they stroke their awful beards. The dark boat crosses the lane of bronzed sunshine; it becomes more and more dusky as it nears the shore; it vanishes into the mist. And what is this now, close at hand?—

'Saint of this green isle, here our prayers—  
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!'

Vanderdecken, farewell! There will be solemn laughter in the hills to-night.

But there is no romance about this German ex-lieutenant, who exhibits an unconscionable audacity in talking to any body and every body, not excepting the man at the wheel himself; and of course he has been asking what this strange atmospheric phenomenon meant.

'Ha!' he says, coming along, 'do you know what it is, this strange mist? It is the forests on fire—for miles and miles and miles—away over in New Jersey and in Pennsylvania, and it has been going on for weeks, so that the whole air is filled with the smoke. Do you smell it now? And there is not enough wind to carry it away; no, it lies about here, and you think it is a thunder storm. But it is not always—I mean everywhere; and the captain says there is not any at West Point, which is very good indeed. And it is very beautiful there, every one says; and the hotel is high up on the hill.'

In the meantime this mystical river had been getting broader, until it suddenly presented itself to us in the form of a wide and apparently circular lake, surrounded with mountains, the wooded slopes of which descended abruptly to the shores, and were there lost in a wilderness of rocks and bushes. Do you wonder that Bell called out,

'It is the Holy Loch! Shall we go ashore at Kilmun?'

And then the river narrowed again, and the waters were very green; and of course we bethought ourselves of the Rhine, flowing rapidly along its deep gorge.

Or was it not rather one of the shores of the Lake of Geneva? Look at the picturesque little villas stuck over the rocks, amid the bushes and trees, while the greens seem all the more intense that the sun out there in the west has become a rayless orb of dusky crimson fire—as round and red and

dull a thing as ever appeared in a Swiss lithograph. It never seemed to occur to any of us that, after all, this was not the Holy Loch, nor the Rhine, nor the Lake of Geneva, but simply the river Hudson.

And yet we could not help reverting to that Rhine fancy when we landed on the little wooden pier, and entered a high hotel omnibus, and were dragged by two scraggy horses up an exceedingly steep and dusty road to a hotel planted far above the river, on the front of a plateau and amidst trees. It was a big, wide hotel, mostly built of wood, and with verandas all round; and there were casements to the bedroom windows; and everywhere in the empty and resounding corridors an odor as of food cooked with a fair amount of oil. We threw open one of these casements. There was a blaze of fire in the west. The wooded hills were of dark green. Far below us flowed the peaceful river, with a faint mist gathering on it in the shadows.

Then by-and-by we descended to the large, bare-walled, bare-floored, but brilliantly lighted saloon, in which the guests were assembling for dinner; and now it was no longer the Rhine, for the first object that struck the eye was the sharp contrast between the dazzling white of the tables and the glossy black heads of the waiters. From this time forward, it may here be said, we began to acquire a great liking for these colored folk, not from any political sympathy, for we were but indifferently fierce politicians, but simply because we found Sambo, so far as we had the honor of making his acquaintance, remarkably good-natured, attentive, cheerful, and courteous. There was always an element of surprise about Sambo, the solemn black bullet-head suddenly showing a blaze of white teeth, as he said 'Yes Sah!' and 'Yes, mahm!' and went off to execute orders which he had never in the least understood. There was so much of the big baby about him too. It was quite certain that Queen T—deliberately made the most foolish blunders in asking for things, in order to witness the suppressed and convulsive amusement of these huge children; and that, so far from her being annoyed by their laughing at her, she was delighted by it, and covertly watched them when they thought they were unobserved. She was extremely tickled, too, by the speech of some of them, which

was a great deal nearer that of Mr. Bones, of St. James's Hall, than she had at all expected it would be. In fact, in the privacy of her own chamber she endeavored once or twice— But this may be read by her boys, who have enough of their mother's wicked and irreverent ways.

Then, after dinner, we went out to the chairs on the wide and wooden balcony, high up here over the still-flowing river, in the silence of the hot, still, dark night. A gray haze lay along the bed of the stream; the first stars overhead were becoming visible. Far away behind us stretched those solemn hills into which the solemn Dutchmen had disappeared. Were they waiting now for the first glimpse of the moon before coming out to begin their ghostly carouse? Could we call to them, over the wide gulf of space, and give them an invitation in our turn? 'Ho! ho! Vanderdecken—Hendrick Hudson—whatever they call you—come, you and your gloomy troop, down the hill-sides and through the valleys, and we will sing you a song as you smoke your clays! The dogs shall not bark at you; and the children are all in bed; and when you have smoked and drank deep, you will depart in peace! Ho! ho! —Ho! ho!'

Could we not hear some echo from those mystic hills?—a rumble of thunder perhaps? 'Listen!' called out our Bell—but it was not the hoarse response of Vanderdecken that she heard—'there it is again, in among the trees there. Don't you hear it? Katy-did! Katy-did! Katy-did!'

And by-and-by, indeed, the hot, still night air became filled with these calls in the dark; and as we watched the moon rise over the hills, our fancies forsook the ghostly Dutchmen, and were busy about that mysterious and distant Katy, whose doings had so troubled the mind of this poor anxious insect. What was it, then, that Katy did that is never to be forgotten? Was it merely that she ran away with some gay young sailor from over the seas, and you, you miserable, envious, censorious creature, you must needs tell all the neighbors, and give the girl no peace? And when she came back, too, with her husband the skipper, and her five bonny boys, and when they both would fain have settled down in their native village, she to her spinning-wheel, and he to his long clay and his dram, you

would not even then let the old story rest. Katy-did! Katy-did! And what then? Peace, you chatterer, you tell-tale, you scandal-monger, or we will take you to be the imprisoned spirit of some deceased and despicable slanderer, condemned forever to haunt the darkness of the night with petulant, croaking cry.

Ho! ho! Vanderdecken! Can not you send us a faint halloo? The moon is high over the hills now, and the wan light is pouring down into the valleys. Your dark figures, as you come out from the rocks, will throw sharp shadows on the white roads. Why do you draw your cowls over your face? The night is not chilly at all, and there is no one to see you as you pass silently along. Ho! ho! Vanderdecken! The night is clear. Our hands shall not tremble as we lift the bowl to you. Can not you send us a faint halloo?

'Saint of this green isle, hear our prayers—  
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favoring airs!  
Blow, breezes blow! the stream runs fast,  
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past!'

Or is it the tinkling of the sheep bells on our Surrey downs, with the sunlight shining on the spire of the church, and the children walking between the hedges, the blue sky over all? Or is it the clear, sweet singing of the choir that we hear—falling on the grateful sense like the cool plashing of running water? Gloomy phantoms have no place on our Surrey downs; the air is bright there; there is a sound as of some one singing.

Katy-did! Katy-did! Was it on such a night as this that she stole away from her home, and looked pale and troubled as she fled along the lonely road to the side of the stream? See how the moon lights up the dusky sides of the hills, and touches the rounded foliage of the woods, and flashes a bold line of silver across the broad, smooth river! There are other lights down there, too—the colored lights of moving boats. And will she step on board with a quick, hurried, trembling foot, and hide her pale face and streaming eyes in her lover's arms? Farewell, farewell to the small, empty room and its flowers; farewell to the simple life and the daily task; for the great, eager, noisy world lies all ahead, unknown and

terrible. Swiftly speeds the boat through the moonlight and the mist—there is no sound as it goes—not even a faint and parting cheer from Vanderdecken and his merry men as they solemnly gaze down from the hills.

It is the lieutenant who rouses us from our dreams.

'Lady Sylvia,' says he, 'you know the Rhine—were you ever at Rolandseck? Do not you think this place is very like Rolandseck?'

For a second or two she could not answer. Had she ever been to Rolandseck on the Rhine!

## CHAPTER XXXII.

### OUR RANCH-WOMAN.

FAR away in the north, where the sea is—the real sea, not the decoction of chalk we have around most of our southern English shores—the small boy sits on the rocks, over the clear deep, and carefully baits his hook (five a penny from the village grocer). As soon as he has hidden the blue barb with a crisp white bit of cockle, or with a slice from a spout-fish, or with a mussel of tawny orange and brown, he lowers it into the beautiful water, where nothing is as yet visible but the wavering outline of the rocks, and the moving purple of the sea-weed, and mayhap the glimmer of a starfish on the sand at unknown depths below. Then suddenly, from the liquid darkness around, comes sailing in, with just one wave of its tail, a saithe!—and the eager eyes of the fisherman follow every movement of his prey, ready to prompt the sudden twitch. But now the fish begins to play the hypocrite. He does not at all make straight for the tempting morsel suspended there, but glides this way and that by the side of it, and under it and over it, pretending all the while to pay no attention to it whatsoever. Occasionally he seems to alter his mind; he makes a dart at the bait, coming right on with his eyes staring and his mouth agape, and then, again, the youthful fisherman says something about *vich an-dhiaoul* as he sees the narrow green back of the saithe shoot down again into the deeps. But the doom is near and certain.



Now this was the way in which our Bell proceeded to take possession of that tempting property that was waiting for her at Colorado. She was never tired of suggesting that we should go to this place and that place, rather than that her legitimate curiosity should be satisfied as to her new home. Her eyes went down to New Orleans, and then went up to Montreal, but were scarcely ever turned due west. And when we, who rather feared that she was proposing these diversions for our sakes alone, remonstrated with her, and pointed out that she would have ample opportunity of visiting the great lakes and Canada on her way back at the expiry of her year of banishment, you should have seen the light that came suddenly into her face. She seemed already to imagine herself free.

'Take a roundabout way home?' exclaimed the young matron, with proud eyes. 'I think not. The moment my year is out, you will see if I don't come home straighter than any crow that ever flew. If I could only go up to the top of the mountains—and spread my wings there—and make one swoop across the plains, and . . . other swoop across the Atlantic—'

'Stopping at New York, of course, for a biscuit.'

'—you would see how soon I should be in England. Just fancy the first evening we shall spend all together again. Lady Sylvia, you will come to us that evening?'

'I hope so,' said Lady Sylvia, with a startled look—she had been dreaming.

And so, in pursuit of these idle vagaries we left West Point and ascended the Hudson a bit by boat, and then landed and got into a train which most kindly kept by the side of the river as it whirled us along. The carriage was a comfortable one, with arm-chairs on pedestals by the windows, and with small tables for our books, fruit, and what not; and while the lieutenant had passed along to the smoking-car to have a cigar and some iced drink on this blazing hot day, the women-folk amused themselves by spreading out on the table a whole store of trinkets belonging to a youthful merchant attached to the car, and by selecting a vast number of perfectly useless presents for people at home. It was an agreeable occupation enough, to connect the names of those who were far away with those bits of ivory and photograph frames and puz-

zles; and Queen T— faithfully undertook to deliver all these little gifts with appropriate messages. The representation that they were going to carry those trumpery things about with them all over America, that their boxes would be encumbered, that the things themselves would be broken, and that the proper time for purchasing presents was just before sailing from New York, met with that absolute indifference which was generally accorded to the advice of a person who had by this time subsided into the position of being a mere chronicler of the doings of the party, and who had found out that in this land of liberty it was as unsafe for him to open his mouth as it was in his own home in England.

'My dear Lady Sylvia,' said Queen T—, as this Swiss-looking railway-car was rumbling along towards Saratoga through a dusty and wooded country that looked parched enough under the blue sky, 'I guess I feel just real mean.'

Lady Sylvia's eyes asked what this extraordinary language meant.

'Don't you?' she continued. 'Here we are going into Saratoga in the company of a ranch-woman, a farmeress, a stock-raiser, a bowie-knifer. What was it the judge said in New York about Saratoga?—that we should find there "a blaze of wealth, beauty, and culture such as was not to be found in any capital in Europe?" and of course it would have been bad enough in any case for us simple country-folk to go into such a whirl of fashionable life; but with one of the wild desperadoes of Colorado—what will they think of us?'

'I guess you want a tarnation lickin',' said the stock-raiser, calmly. 'Buffalo Jack, where's my cowhide?'

Buffalo Jack, being immersed in timetables, would pay no heed to her nonsense; but Lady Sylvia was heard to say that the conduct of a ranch-woman in coming to Saratoga was deserving of respect rather than ridicule, for she no doubt would learn something of manners before going back to her bowie-knives and cattle.

What, then, was this big, busy town through which we drove, with its broad thoroughfares, deep dust, green trees, and huge hotels?

We look at the jewellers' shops and the *cafés* and the promenaders, and one cries out, 'Baden-Baden!'

We catch a glimpse of some public gardens and coloured lamps and avenues, and another calls out, 'It is Kreuznach, and the band is playing!'

We whirl along another spacious thoroughfare, and a third calls out, 'It is the Boulevard Poissonnière!' when it is mildly suggested, that, after all, this may be no more Kreuznach than the Hudson was the Rhine, and that it might be better, on the whole, to call it Saratoga.

It was with great diffidence that we ascended the steps of the monster hotel, and found ourselves in a large central hall. We were conscious that we were travel-stained, and had scarcely sufficient moral courage to ask the clerk for rooms. We knew that the smart young men standing around were regarding us; and oh! so snowy were their white neck-ties, which they wore in the middle of the day. And then, to make matters worse, this pernicious ranch-woman had donned in the morning a costume of light blue serge, in which she had done some yachting the year before; and we knew, though we dared not look, that there must be stains of the salt sea foaming on it. Finally, our inward rage and humiliation were complete when, having been furnished with our keys, we entered the lift to be conveyed to the floors above; for here we found ourselves confronted by three young ladies—but the human imagination refuses to recall the splendor of the attire of these angels in human form. Each of them had a jeweler's shop on her hands.

However, we dried our eyes in silence, and made as brave an appearance as possible when we assembled together in the saloon below.

'Look here child,' said Queen T—to our ranch-woman, as she lifted a white object from the table. 'Do you see that? That is a fork. You take it in your left hand, and you lift your food to your mouth with it, instead of with your fingers, as you have been accustomed.'

'It's a thorough good lickin' you want,' said this child of nature doggedly. It was all we could get out of her.

Then we went out for a drive; and a mighty fine show we made, with our green gauze curtains to keep out the dust, and *with our two horses*. The lieutenant was perched up beside the driver. Occasionally he disappeared from our sight altogether,

hidden away by the dense clouds of brown dust that came rolling in the wake of some carriage. And the further we went out into the country, the deeper the dust in the roads appeared to become, until our German friend had assumed the guise of a baker; and there was scarcely any difference between the color of his hat, his beard, and his coat. But we came to our journey's end at last, for we reached a series of deep gullies in the sand; and in each of these gullies, which were a good bit apart, were some more or less temporary buildings, mostly of wood; and at each of them we found a gentleman in a tall black hat, who in the most courteous manner offered us a glass of the saline water he was prepared to sell, informed us of its chemical qualities, presented us with a prospectus of his company, and was generally most affable. It was a terrible temptation. We might have remained there all day, drinking gallons of the water—for nothing. And indeed we began to pride ourselves on our connoisseurship; and if the present writer had only the various prospectuses by him at present, he could pick out the particular spring which we unanimously declared to be the finest. We had to tear ourselves away.

'After all,' said Bell, with a sigh, 'they manage these things better at Carlsbad.'

Then we drove away again through the thick sand, and in process of time found ourselves on the broad, bare avenue which leads out to Saratoga Lake. And here we found ourselves still further ashamed, notwithstanding our two horses, by the fashion in which the people shot by us in their light little carriages, their toes perched up, their swift little trotters apparently running away with them. In spite of the dust, we could see the diamonds flashing on the fingers and shirts and neck-ties of the brown-faced, brown-bearded gentlemen, who appeared to have come right up from California. We reached the lake, too—a large, calm extent of silvery gray water, becoming somewhat melancholy in the evening light. We gathered some flowers, and bethought ourselves of another lake, set far away among lonely woods, that we had seen in the by-gone days.

'Once upon a time,' says Queen T—, as we are standing on the height, and looking abroad over the expanse of water, 'I can remember there were two young people

sailing out on a lake like this in a small boat in the moonlight. And one of them proposed to give up his native country in order that he might marry an English girl. And I think it is the same girl that now has to give up her native country—for a time—for the sake of her children. Were you ever at Ellesmere, Lady Sylvia?’

Lady Sylvia had never been to Ellesmere, but she guessed why these things were spoken of. As for Bell, she was putting the gathered flowers in a book; they were for her children.

We drove back to dine in the large saloon, with its flashing lights and its troop of black waiters. We were more than ever impressed by the beautiful attire and the jewelry of the ladies and gentlemen who were living in Saratoga; and in the evening, when all the doors of the saloons were thrown open, and when the band began to play in the square inside the hotel, and when these fashionable people began to promenade along the balcony which runs all round the intramural space of grass and trees, we were more than ever reminded of some public evening entertainment in a Parisian public garden. Our plainly dressed women-folk were out of place in this gay throng that paced up and down under the brilliant lamps. As for our ranch-woman, she affected to care nothing at all for the music and this bright spectacle of people walking about the balcony in the grateful coolness of the summer night, but went down the steps into the garden, and busied herself with trying to find out the whereabouts of a katydid that was sounding his incessant note in the darkness. What was it they played? Probably Offenbach; but we did not heed much. The intervals of silence were pleasanter.

But was it not kind of those two gentlemen, both of whom wore ample frock-coats and straw hats, to place their chairs just before us on the lawn, so that we could not but overhear their conversation? And what was it all about?

‘Pennsylvania’s alive—jest alive,’ said the eldest of the two. ‘The miners are red-hot—yes, Sir! You should have heard me at Maunch Chunk—twenty thousand people, and a barbecue in the woods, and a whole ox roasted—biggest thing since “Tippecanoe and Tyler too.” When I told ’em that the bloated bond-holders rob-

bed ’em of their hard-earned wages, to roll in wealth, and dress in purple and fine linen, like Solomon in all his glory, and the lilies of-the-valley, you should have heard ’em shout. I thought they would tear their shirts. The bond is the sharp-p’inted stick to poke up the people.’

‘And how about Philadelphy?’ says the other.

‘Well, I was not quite so hefty there. There’s a heap of bonds in Philadelphy; and there’s no use in arousing prejudices—painful feelings—misunderstandings. It ain’t politics. What’s good for one sile ain’t good for another sile. You sow your seed as the land lays; that’s politics. Where people hain’t got no bonds, there’s where to go in heavy on the bond-holders. But in Philadelphy I give it to ’em on reform, and corruption, and the days of the Revolution that tried men’s souls, and that sort o’ thing—and wishin’ we had Washington back again. That’s always a tremendous p’int, about Waslington; and when people are skittish on great questions, you fall back on the Father of his Country. You see—’

‘But Washington’s dead,’ objected the disciple.

‘Of course he’s dead,’ said the other, triumphantly; ‘and that’s why he’s a living issue in a canvass. In politics the dead a man is, the more you can do with him. He can’t talk back.’

‘And about Massachusetts now?’ the humble inquirer asked.

‘Well those Yankees don’t take too much stock in talk. You can’t do much with the bonds and corruption in Massachusetts. There you touch ’em up on the whiskey and the nigger. The evils of intemperance and the oppressions of the coloured brother, those are the two bowers in Massachusetts.’

‘Rhode Island?’

‘Oh, well, Rhode Island is a one-horse State, where everybody pays taxes and goes to church; and all you’ve got to do is to worry ’em about the Pope. Say the Pope’s comin’ to run the machine.’

Then these two also relapse into silence, and we are left free to pursue our own speculations.

And indeed our chief manageress and monitress made no secret of her wish to leave Saratoga as soon as possible. We

had taken it *en route* out of mere curiosity ; it was obvious to her that she could gain no moral here to preach at the head of her poor pupil. These lights and gay costumes and languid quadrilles were the mere glorification of idleness ; and she had brought this suffering one to America to show her—in our rapid transit from place to place—something of the real hardships that human nature had to fight against and endure, the real agony that parting and distance and the struggle for life could inflict on the sons and daughters of men. Saratoga was not at all to her liking. There was no head for any discourse to be got out of it. Onward, onward, was her cry.

So it was that on the next day, or the next again, we bade farewell to this gay haunt of pleasure, and set out for grimmer latitudes. We were bound for Boston. Here, indeed, was a fruitful theme for discourse ; and during the long hours, as we rolled through a somewhat Bavarian-looking country—with white wooden houses set amid that perpetual wooden forest that faded away into the hills around the horizon—we heard a great deal about the trials of the early settlers and their noble fortitude and self-reliance. You would have fancied that this lecturess was a passionate Puritan in her sympathies ; though we who knew her better were well aware that she had a sneaking liking for gorgeous ritual, and that she would have given her ears to be allowed to introduce a crucifix into our respectable village church. That did not matter. The stern manners and severe discipline of the refugees were at the moment all she could admire, and somehow we began to feel that, if it had not been for our gross tyranny and oppression, the *Mayflower* would never have sailed.

But a graver lesson was still to be read to us. We could not understand why, after

a time, the train was continually being stopped at short intervals, and we naturally grew impatient. The daylight left us, and the lights in the carriage were not bright enough to allow us to read. We were excessively hungry, and were yet many miles away from Boston. We had a right to speak bitterly of this business.

Then, as the stoppages became more lengthened, and we had speech of people on the line, rumours began to circulate through the carriages. An accident had happened to the train just ahead of ours. There was a vague impression that some one had been killed, but nothing more.

It was getting on toward midnight when we passed a certain portion of the line ; and here the place was all lit up by men going about with lanterns. There was a sound of hammering in the vague obscurity outside this sphere of light. Then we crept into the station, and there was an excited air about the people as they conversed with each other.

And what was it all about ? Queen T—soon got to know. Out of all the people in the train, only one had been killed—a young girl of fifteen : she was travelling with her father and mother ; they had not been hurt at all. The corpse was in a room in the station ; the parents were there too. They said she was their only child.

We went on again ; and somehow there was now no more complaining over the delay. It was past midnight when we reached Boston. The streets looked lonely enough in the darkness. But we were thinking less of the great city we had just entered than of the small country station set far away in the silent forest, where that father and mother were sitting with the dead body of their child.

(To be continued.)

## GREATER OR LESSER BRITAIN.\*

BY SIR JULIUS VOGEL.

ABOUT the end of the year 1869 much anxiety was felt, not only in political circles but throughout the country, on account of the supposed desire of several members of the Liberal Government to detach the colonies from the empire.† The denials which were made, and the discussions in Parliament which ensued, are matters of history. They did not very much change the impression which previously existed, except to remove apprehension of immediate hostile action against the colonies.

Mr. Disraeli, in the address which he delivered to the Conservative Association at the Crystal Palace on the 24th of June, 1872, commented on the action which the Liberals had taken towards disintegrating the Empire. He said :

‘If you look to the history of this country since the advent of Liberalism forty years ago, you will find that there has been no effort so continuous, so subtle, supported with so much energy and carried on with so much ability and acumen, as the attempts

\*[This paper on the subject of Imperial Federation, by the Premier of New Zealand and one of the leading statesmen of the Empire, may be read as a pendant to the articles of Mr. Goldwin Smith, Sir Francis Hincks, and Mr. Elihu Burritt, recently published in this Magazine.—ED. C. M.]

† ‘If there is any lesson which we should draw from the loss of the United States, it is the misfortune of parting from those colonies in ill-will and irritation. We parted with those great colonies because we attempted to coerce them; and if we now part with our present colonies it will be because we expel them from our dominion. The circumstances are different, but the result will be the same, and that result must be the bitter alienation and undying enmity of these great countries. For my own part, I see with dismay the course which is now being taken, a part at once cheeseparer in point of economy, and spendthrift in point of national character. I will be no party to it, and I beg to enter my humble and earnest protest against a course which I conceive to be ruinous to the honour and fatal to the best interests of the Empire.’—*Lord Carnarvon in the House of Lords, February, 1870.*

of Liberalism to effect the disintegration of the Empire.’

He then commented upon the ability with which the effort was sustained. Self-government, he considered, was granted to the colonies as a means to the end. He continued :

‘Not that I for one object to self-government. I cannot conceive how our distant colonies can have their affairs administered except by self-government. But self-government, when it was conceded, ought, in my opinion, to have been conceded as part of a great policy of Imperial consolidation. It ought to have been accompanied by an Imperial tariff, by securities to the people of England for the enjoyment of the unappropriated lands which belonged to the Sovereign as their trustee, and by a Military Code, which should have precisely defined the means and the responsibilities by which the colonies should have been defended, and by which, if necessary, this country should call for aid from the colonies themselves. It ought further to have been accompanied by the institution of some representative council in the metropolis, which would have brought the colonies into constant and continuous relations with the Home Government. . . . Well, what has been the result of this attempt during the reign of Liberalism for the disintegration of the Empire? It has entirely failed. But how has it failed? By the sympathy of the colonies with the mother-country. They have decided that the Empire shall not be destroyed, and, in my opinion, no Minister in this country will do his duty, who neglects an opportunity of reconstructing as much as possible our colonial empire, and of responding to those distant sympathies which may become the source of incalculable strength and happiness to this land.’

Probably there was no part of the Conservative programme that more powerfully appealed to the masses of the people than this indirect pledge to respect the integrity of the Empire, for the feeling was very general that the Liberals did not care how soon it was broken up. Since the accession of the Conservative Government to office, they have scarcely ever failed on any available public opportunity to express the high

consideration in which they hold the colonies.

It will be interesting to consider whether those utterances have had more meaning than mere grace and compliment. Seven years since, the feeling was wide-spread that the Government desired to detach from the Empire the colonies\* not held for military purposes. New Zealand was virtually given to understand that she was at liberty to secede from the Empire; and in Canada and at the Cape of Good Hope† the respective Governors discussed the separation of the colonies as a contingency neither remote nor improbable. Lord Kimberley, the Secretary of State for the Colonies who preceded Lord Carnarvon, has, however, frequently stated that it was not the policy of his Government to throw off the colonies. No one would presume to doubt his Lordship's assertion, and it was made in a manner meant to convey that it expressed the truth both in letter and spirit. It is generally understood that individually some of the members of the late Government looked upon the colonies as sources of weakness, and it is scarcely unfair, in the face of these supposed individual opinions, and of Lord Kimberley's specific declarations, to come to a conclusion that the subject was discussed in Cabinet, and at some time or other a decision arrived at, that whatever the individual opinion of some of Her Majesty's Ministers might be, the Government should not adopt as their policy the disintegration of the Empire.‡ But without any policy of

the kind, and with the intention to administer the law as it stood, a strong conviction might have been entertained that the colonies would in course of time be detached from the Empire, and that the sooner the result ensued the better.

Now, Lord Beaconsfield's utterances mean otherwise. He looks forward to the colonies becoming more valuable to the Empire. He had nothing, he said at a banquet given to Her Majesty's Ministers by the Lord Mayor in 1875, to add to his previously expressed views, 'that we should develop and consolidate our colonial empire; that we should assimilate not only their interest, but their sympathies, to the mother-country; and that we believe they would prove ultimately, not a source of weakness and embarrassment, but of strength and splendour to the Empire.' In Lord Kimberley and Lord Carnarvon we have the representatives of opposite points of view. Lord Carnarvon administers the Colonial Department as if he thought the colonies would remain with the Empire. He has asserted on several occasions an authority for the Colonial Department which his predecessor would not have claimed. It would be wrong to attribute to Lord Kimberley either indolence or indifference. He administered the Colonial Office not without exerting authority, but exerting it in a manner that indicated his

stone's Government, felt constrained to accept this view of the situation. Take the following passage for example:—

'Ministers have changed their policy, have changed it very abruptly, and have changed it for the best of all reasons—because they had begun to discover that their line was not the line of the people of England, and would, if pushed to its logical results, end in events which would bring down the bitter displeasure of the people of England. Unless the colonies clearly understand this, we shall not reap half the benefit of the change, and therefore it is that we wish the only reasonable and intelligent rationale of this sudden change of front to be clearly understood there. This is, in fact, a death-bed repentance made in the moment of its dissolution—far be it from us to anticipate that distant event—but a repentance that came only just in time to secure its salvation, to assert the most emphatic popular condemnation of its policy towards New Zealand. Had the colonial agitation and request for peaceable separation come, we at least entertain no doubt that even Mr. Gladstone's popularity would not have sufficed to save the Ministry.'—*Spectator*, May 21, 1870.

\* Throughout the rest of this paper, unless the context otherwise implies, the word 'colonies' will be used to designate the constitutional colonies and the dependencies which are likely to become constitutional colonies.

† In North America, we have unmistakable indications of the rapid establishment of a powerful independent State. In Australia, it is probable that its several settlements, with their great wealth and homogeneous population, will see their way to a similar condition. In New Zealand, the severance is being accomplished under very painful circumstances. In Jamaica, where responsible government was wholly inappropriate, it has ceased to be. In this colony I cannot think that any desire exists for its transfer to the rule of another power, neither can I think that, with its scanty resources and its divided population, it would desire to stand alone.—*Extract from speech of His Excellency the Governor of the Cape of Good Hope (Sir P. Wodehouse), delivered January 25, 1870.*

‡ Even the *Spectator*, one of the most able, earnest, and thorough-going supporters of Mr. Glad-

aim to fit the colonies for a career of independence. Lord Carnarvon administers the department not only without a thought to such a change, but he constantly gives recurring evidence that he considers the colonies permanently bound to the Empire. South Africa has presented to him a most delicate and difficult problem. He might have temporarily dealt with it by refusing to recognise its gravity. But he has conscientiously grappled with it, and its various phases have found him not unprepared. It is probably reserved to him to complete the work of consolidation in Africa which he has so well begun. Then will belong to him the proud reflection that he stands alone in the character of his work—that no one before him, by peaceful means, has ever succeeded in consolidating such vast territories as those of Canada and South Africa. The reflection may nerve him to the larger task of consolidating the Empire. The annexation of Fiji and of the Transvaal Republic strikingly illustrates the difference, wide as the poles asunder, between the policies of the Liberals and Conservatives. The two administrations to which we have so lengthily referred thus typify opposite points of the colonial question.

It is not, of course, to be supposed that the desire to see the colonies separated, or indifference to such a result, is shared in by all Liberals. On the contrary, amongst the Liberals the colonies have strong supporters. There has been no more powerful utterance in favour of confederation than the address delivered by Mr. Forster, at Edinburgh, in November, 1875, though much of the force was lost by the unfortunate declaration that if a colony wished to separate he would be no party to preventing it. Mr. Childers, again, must be credited with a high opinion of the value of the colonies. He has never abated the early interest he took in them, and probably commands from them more personal support than any other English statesman. Mr. Magniac, Sir R. Torrens, Mr. Mundella, Mr. McArthur, and Mr. Kinnaird, have stood forward at various times as earnest advocates of colonial interests, and Sir John Lubbock has lately given evidence of the same goodwill by laborious investigations, the results of which have been published in these pages. It is generally understood by the colonists that the colonies remain

colonies because it suits them and the mother-country that they should so continue. It is equally generally supposed that if the colonies wished to secede they would not be forced to remain—that they are free to go. From this has followed the widespread feeling that the independence of the colonies is merely a question of time; and the colonists are insensibly imbibing that belief. If it is meant to retain the colonies, can any words do justice to the folly and the wickedness of training the people to a false belief as to their future institutions, of teaching them to expect that for which they ought not to look; of leading them along a path at some point of which the destiny they are taught to believe in must be overthrown?

The practical follows the theoretical, and the colonies involuntarily exercise their power in the direction in which they believe their destiny tends. It is difficult to establish that the question is urgent. It cannot be made to appear urgent in the ordinary sense. It cannot be said, 'If you neglect to deal with this question during this or that session, calamity will arise before you meet again.' But is that not urgent, the delaying to do which means in years to come a compound interest of calamity? The question is urgent in the sense that the forest-planting question is urgent. You may destroy forests and neglect to replace them, and the middle-aged may not live to suffer in consequence. But the time will come when the country will suffer, when regularly-flowing rivers will become fitful torrents, when the earth, deprived of its moisture and its soil washed into the ocean, will cease to produce as it did before the hand of man commenced to destroy without concurrently reproducing. Who could point to the exact time when destruction exceeded desirable limits and reproduction became an imperative necessity? Even so, who can say when it may be too late to deal with the colonial question? In calmness and repose it may be easily dealt with. But when immediate urgency appears, when angry passions are aroused, when it will be perceived that the course of legislation during the long past, and the direction in which men's minds have been trained, have all converged to a future disintegration, what hope then without disaster to preserve the unity of the Empire?

The colonists, as a rule, are ardently loyal, and those who emigrate to colonies recall to themselves in the reproduction of the institutions to which they have been accustomed the scenes and the ties they have left behind them. They love to think that they have not abandoned their country, but merely removed to another portion of it. The young persons born in the colonies are taught to venerate and love the mother-country. Yet the idea prevails alike amongst those who are born in or who emigrate to the colonies that the time will come when these will be independent. If this assumption is wrong, and it is not meant to break up the Empire, is it not vicious to educate these young communities to a false view? And if this false view continue, if this national independence always looms in sight, must not the time come when it will be imperatively demanded, and even the most trifling incident at any moment may cause the demand to arise? Nor is the idea that the colonies are growing into nations confined to the colonists. The originators of colonial constitutions had it largely in their minds. It finds favourite expression in after-dinner speeches, and not unfrequently in the House of Commons, when speakers launch into patronising remarks describing the colonies as young nations. From that point of view which regards the colonies as integral and inseparable parts of the Empire, prognostications of the kind are little short of treasonable. They are, and should be, open to the same exception as would be taken in the several countries concerned to advocating the separation of Ireland from Great Britain, Hungary from Austria, Alsace from Germany, or the reinstatement of Poland as an independent kingdom.

A settlement one way or other should be arrived at, so that the nature of their future position should be made known to these communities. If the colonies are to understand that they have not, and will not have, the power to deprive the Sovereign of these realms of portions of her dominions, and that every inch of territory is dear to the Crown, let it be so declared. There is one very difficult point to be considered—would the colonies have the right to complain of a decision which would deprive them of the prospect of future independence? If the question were put before

them of immediate independence or continuing to remain with the Empire, the election would probably be favourable to the latter. But a feeling more or less strong has grown up, that independence has been placed at the disposal of the colonies, and it might be to some extent felt that they have a right to the choice. In other words, the education in the direction of independence already alluded to has made progress, and the question is, ought it to be recognized? There are those who will say that the very fact of this question having to be asked is a proof that it would be better to leave the subject alone. We might agree with this view if we held that ultimate separation was a conclusion to be desired. But if the nation should, as we believe, recoil in horror from such an eventuality, it is clear that the longer the impression is allowed to continue that the colonies have the right to expect future independence, the more difficult will it be to remove or deal with it.

Here it may be aptly asked, why alone of all nations is Great Britain to hold her dominions by ties so slender, that their disruption is virtually invited? In the greatest of her difficulties, and in spite of all temptation, Spain has refused to relax her grasp on Cuba. The United States, carved by force of arms from out another nation, was not long in learning the lesson that the first duty a country owes to herself is to preserve her own integrity. Hence the later, and perhaps the grander, of her two great wars. Is it because Great Britain, having first provoked the war by her own misconduct, failed to come off victorious in the struggle, that she is for all time to come to be so cowed, so timorous, as to submit to her Empire being broken up by any one who succeeds in persuading her subjects in any part of her dominions that they will do better to set up on their own account? If Great Britain is indeed to become a second-rate power in the scale of nations, let her people have the gratification of carrying with them into obscurity the recollection that they renounced the colonies, not these renounced Great Britain.

Before considering the details of a scheme of confederation, it would be well to further pursue the point of the right of the mother-country to impress it on her colonies. It might be considered expedient to give to



the colonies separately the power of deciding within a definite and early time whether each would join the confederation or prefer an independent career; but it is to be doubted whether the colonies have the right to demand such an option. True, the acts of constitution seem to lead to future independence; true, such an idea was, in a measure, present in the minds of their framers; and true, moreover, that it has been offensively pressed on the colonies by the doubts freely expressed as to whether they are sources of strength or weakness to the Empire. But, on the other hand, property is property, and the right to it ought not to be prejudiced by inexact and inferential obligations. The designs of a political school, and the quiet success with which such designs have been worked out, cannot be held to bind or commit those who have not been a party to them. The property of the Sovereign in the dependencies of the Empire should be more firmly asserted in consequence of any doubts thrown upon it. To give to the colonies this option would in itself be an admission of a right to which, notwithstanding they have been deceived, they can scarcely be said to be entitled. But there is a limit to all things, and if they are too long allowed to remain under a false impression, something of a right must grow up.

If the union is to continue only so long as both the colonies and the mother-country are contented with it, if the mother-country or any colony at any time can end the connection, then it is impossible that the union can be more than temporary. The time must come when one side or another will see, or think it sees, an advantage in separation. The doctrine that the union should depend for its continuance upon the pleasure of either party to it, affords a comfortable excuse for inaction. Meanwhile it serves the purpose of those statesmen who strongly desire to see the colonies abandoned, and do their best in various ways to promote that end without declaring their purpose, without the knowledge of their Sovereign or the support of their country. There is no more disagreeable phase of existence than that of a feeling that a quiet but powerful movement is being exerted in a direction contrary to one's wishes, but with such concealment and denial that it is nearly impossible to rouse

others to the sense that a counteracting movement is necessary. Like the Italian dunce who slowly contracted round its inmate till it crushed him to death, but the diminishing volume of which it was difficult to perceive, so are many subjects crushed into unwelcome shape by a force unapparent in its action until the effect approaches completion. A union, lasting only as long as all parties to it please, means a union open to be insidiously undermined by opponents, means one liable to be broken by innumerable accidents, means one which even its friends assist to destroy: for, in contemplating the contingency of its future disturbance, they shape their course to meet that consequence. If the union is desirable, it should not be open to question. The institutions, the policy, the legislation, the habits, and the thoughts of the people should grow round and about till the unity of the Empire becomes embodied in the inmost affections and traditions of the nation.

It will be very suggestive to consider what are the prevailing ideas concerning the colonies entertained in the mother-country. It would be idle to pretend to determine, with even approximate accuracy, the numerical strength of the supporters of the various views. But the attempt to do so will have its use; for the proportions can be guessed with sufficient exactness to lead to the conclusion that the present position of public thought upon the subject is eminently unsatisfactory. Probably two-fifths of the population of the United Kingdom have friends or relations in one or more of the colonies. Inasmuch as these two-fifths comprise, in great measure, the adult population, it is a larger proportion of the thinking population than at the first glance appears. But only a small number of those who have friends or relations in the colonies have an accurate knowledge of more than one colony. Even the particular colony to which their connections belong is often known to them but slightly. A substantial knowledge of the colonies is mainly confined to those who have resided in them, or who have political or business relations with them. But interest in the colonies is not confined to those who have a knowledge of them. A very large proportion of the adult working classes hold the colonies in high, though mystical, veneration. The

colonies, to them, are places where, if they ever resolve to leave their native towns or villages, they may find all the comforts denied to them at home. They think of the colonies as lands of plenty—as lands where the labouring man is held in high estimation—as lands where a career is open to him, where he can become an employer instead of a servant, above all, where he can become an owner of land, and where his children will be well educated and have great positions within their reach. For the higher classes, the colonies have less attraction. To them, the colonies are lands in which it may or may not be desirable to try to make money. Some emigrate with the hope of bettering their positions, but hoping, also, to return to the mother-country; although it is commonly the case that they remain there by preference after they have earned the means to live at home. A great many who never visit the colonies try to make money through their business connections with them.

But, whatever may be the feelings entertained concerning the colonies themselves, the minds of the vast mass of the people are quite colourless on the question of the relations between the mother-country and the colonies. They recollect that disintegration was talked of some years since, and are under the impression that it was abandoned on account of its unpopularity. They think it was a freak of a small body of politicians, and that it was finally disposed of by the Conservative reaction. They are less disposed to struggle about it now than they were seven years ago, when the question was more before them. They have no knowledge of the changes constitutional government has worked in the colonies. If they were questioned on the subject, they would probably say England is essentially a colonizing country, and they suppose will continue to hold her dependencies. Why should she give them up? If she could afford them before steam and electricity made communication easy, why should she now get rid of them? Even of those who most prize the colonies, few will look upon the subject as pressing. Of those who really do consider the question, and with whom, therefore, its practical decision rests, a powerful section believes that it would be well, both for the mother-country and the colonies, that the connection should

be severed. They think that to propose the severance would be unpopular, but that, if the matter be left alone, the result will work itself out. A much larger section shares the belief as to what the result will be, without desiring it. They look upon the matter as decided, and they think it only a question of time when these young nations will declare themselves. The zealous longers for separation, and those who believe it must come whether they like it or not, compose nearly all of those who have thought about the question. There remains a few very ardent men who long for confederation, who believe it to be possible, but who hesitate to commit themselves to the course which must be taken when it is desired to initiate a great political crusade. They are not wanting in earnestness. It may be they are not agreed as to what is to be done; and it is useless to preach a theory without indicating the practice that should flow from it.

The case here presented is less hopeless for confederation than at first sight might appear. If the vast body of the people, whose minds are now colourless on the question, are favourably predisposed to retaining the colonies, there is good material to work on if the case be vigorously taken up. Given those who are willing to become advocates of the cause, they will find multitudes ready to follow them; and large as their object is, they may reduce it to the simple proposition that it is the duty of the mother-country to declare that she holds, and will hold, the colonies as part of her territories—that throughout the Empire the people must grow up in that belief, and must shape their legislation, their institutions, and their aspirations accordingly.

The question of whether confederation is desirable is another way of asking if it is desirable to retain the colonies. But although the declaration of the unity of the Empire must pave the way to confederation, it is not to be supposed that the work of confederation will end with such declaration. When once the unity is declared, a serviceable machinery must follow for giving to the colonies a share in the government of the Empire proportioned to their importance. What might have been without the constitutions the colonies enjoy it is useless now to consider. They have been made in large measure self-governing

communities ; and if they are not to be independent, they must have, as an alternative, a share in the government of the country.

In considering, from an imperial point of view, the policy of retaining the colonies, let us ask ourselves what positions the colonies fill, and of what consist their charms and counter-charms. It has already been said that to the great mass of the people of this country the colonies have an engrossing and peculiar fascination. It is not to be supposed that this arises from a conviction or impression that they are better governed than the mother-country. The colonies have not the leisured classes that really govern the United Kingdom. The masses generally are not inclined to undervalue the ability and unselfishness of the leisured classes. To those whose very existence depends on daily toil, the charms of a life to which all toil is unnecessary assumes an exaggerated character. The spectacle, then, is most forcible which constantly meets the view of the workers by compulsion—the spectacle of work, hard, absorbing, laborious work, performed by those who, but for ambition, a love of doing good, and an innate sense of the *noblesse oblige*, might lead lives of Epicurean ease. This voluntary hard work is not confined to those holding positions of conspicuous power. The willingness to labour, the desire to do good, the determined mastery of special knowledge for purposes of philanthropy, the devotion of time and means, and the subordination of ordinary engagements to the pursuit of many varied objects, are sufficiently common to make the bulk of the people think they are not unfortunate in the classes which mainly wield the governing power. It would be an injustice to the discernment of the people to suppose that they are of opinion that, amidst the absorbing pursuit in the colonies of pecuniary gain, abler governing men are to be found. They may be pleased at the idea that the government of the colonies is more generally distributed amongst all classes of the population, but they do not feel that, therefore, that government is abler. It is the space, the unoccupied room, that the colonies enjoy, which speaks to the hard-worked denizens of a densely-populated country. Next to Belgium, England, in proportion to its area, is the most heavily populated country in the world. It has a

population per square mile nearly double that of India and Japan, and more than three and a half times that of the Chinese Empire. Taking Great Britain and Ireland together, the population per square mile, though much less than that of England and Wales alone, exceeds very much the population per square mile of any country in the world except Belgium. Can it be wondered at that the colonies have such charms to those who most suffer from the crowding ? The colonies are the safety-valves of the poorer classes, and the affection which they feel for them is to be justified by logical considerations. Recent developments, which point to the permanent loss of foreign markets for many different articles of British manufacture, have increased the hardships of the crowded state of the country, and much enlarged the desire to seek new homes in the colonies. Of course this desire is controlled by the cost of emigration. It is the fashion to speak of the vast improvement in the condition of the labouring classes. In instituting a comparison between the then and now, no consideration seems to be given to the growth of new wants. If a similar comparison were to be made between the past and present conditions of the middle classes and of the upper classes, it would be recognized that so many new necessities had become inseparable from their lives that the requirements which sufficed for their predecessors would be insufferably insufficient for them. The lower classes are amenable to the same argument. For them, also, new necessities and wants have arisen, as sternly demanded for their comfort as were the recognized wants of *bygone times*. As man continues to live, his wants increase with the improved knowledge of how to supply them. The denial of the new wants inflicts as much hardship as the denial of the old. A great deal of the so-called improvement in the condition of the working classes has to be qualified by the consideration of the demands necessary to insure the same amount of comfort and happiness. If an abstract standard could be set up, we might compare the condition of the working classes now with that of the early inhabitants of the country, who found in the woods and forests a larder and wardrobe, with which they were satisfied till they learned to require something better.

The dread of the producing power and the population of the mother-country being reduced is unreasonable, if the subjects of the nation, their wealth, industries, and resources are merely transferred from one part of the Empire to another. It is otherwise if the mother-country has no external possessions, and the wealth and population that she loses pass to other countries, making them proportionally more and her less powerful.

The landed proprietors are generally supposed to feel little interest in the colonies, and to be opposed to emigration to them. At first sight such a feeling seems natural, but on reflection its shortsightedness is apparent. The emigration of agricultural labourers may, it is true, raise the rate of agricultural labour, or, perhaps it is more correct to say, prevent it from falling. The landed proprietors, again, are not likely to be swayed by those sentiments of personal liking for the colonies so deeply sunk in the minds of the working classes. A colony may become the home of the working man and his family. The landed proprietor does not look forward to anything of the kind. Even if some junior members of his family go to the colonies, their ambition in commencing is to make enough money to be able to live at home, although frequently, as has been said, a residence in the colonies changes this feeling to one of preference for the new home. But if the landed proprietors have not the same personal interest in the colonies as that possessed by the working classes, they have indirectly a very deep interest, and one with which the coming years are likely to vividly impress them. The maintenance of those institutions they most prize, the safety of their order, of their lands and their family possessions, depend upon the colonies remaining as outlets for surplus home population. If England is to be kept within herself, it cannot be long before the conditions of land tenure are rigidly scrutinized, and the question asked if the nation has not the right to buy up the land for redivision into smaller holdings. But revolutionists would vainly raise such questions whilst the means to become possessors of estates in the Empire is more open to the poorer classes of to-day than it was to those who in times past, from the humblest beginning, founded some of the greatest families

in the country. The landed proprietor should see in the colonial outlet his best guarantee of safety, and, with the humblest classes, should sturdily resist the decolonizing policy of the international school. Lord Beaconsfield has at various times vigorously asserted the common interests that bind together the extreme classes—the landed and the labouring classes. Probably in no sense is this more remarkably true than in that grand interest which the labouring and landed classes jointly have in upholding the colonies against the machinations of the politicians who reduce everything to a pounds, shillings, and pence denomination, and whose chief notion of the future is compound interest.

The probable increase of the population of the colonies is a subject full of interest. In a masterly speech recently delivered by Sir Hercules Robinson, the Governor of New South Wales, on the subject of inter-colonial federation, some calculations were given as to the increase of the population of Australia. Sir Hercules is of opinion that he is below the mark in the following estimate :—

‘Supposing, however, that only the recent New South Wales increase of four per cent. annually is maintained, the population of this continent at that rate at the end of the present century—twenty-five years hence—will be over 5,000,000; twenty-five years later it will be 12,500,000; while in the year 1950 it will be 31,250,000, which was the population of the United Kingdom by the last census taken in 1871.’

Mr. Forster believes he will be within the mark in estimating the population of the British North American, the Australasian, and the South African colonies at the end of this century at 15,000,000, and accepts as a certainty that before the middle of next century ‘our colonies within the temperate zones’ will outnumber the population of the United Kingdom. Sir Hercules and Mr. Forster are both moderate in their prognostications, and we venture to predict that their estimates will be immensely exceeded if, in the meanwhile, the colonies are constituted inalienable portions of the Empire. In the face of a declining foreign trade, it is of the utmost importance to commercial Great Britain to cultivate the colonial trade. But it is by some denied that the trade follows the flag. We are of those who believe otherwise. It is incon-

testable that there is scarcely a civilized nation whose ambition or jealousy or economical policy does not prompt it to desire to use as little as possible British manufactures. Great Britain has, with equal liberality, preached and practiced free trade, but it is to be doubted if she has gained two nations to her opinions. In each country a few advanced men adopt free-trade principles, and very much they are glorified in return in English publications. But the nations themselves do not yield, and perhaps, if the governments stated exactly what they thought, they would say that they know what suits their respective countries better than the English who so kindly volunteer their advice. England's foreign trade is falling off, and is likely to continue to do so, because she is dealing with unwilling customers. In the colonies she may be sure of constantly increasing trade and willing customers.

A very interesting paper on the colonies was read by Mr. Archibald Hamilton in 1872 before the Statistical Society, in which he specially set himself to show that the trade followed the flag. He adduced the instance of the conquered colonies. For example, the French Canadians, who have never been absorbed into the British colonial population, consume a very small proportion of French compared with British goods, without the latter enjoying any protection. The Dutch population at the Cape affords a similar example, whilst conversely the trade of Java is essentially Dutch. Mr. Hamilton gives some interesting figures as to the consumption of British products per head of population in British possessions and in foreign countries. He takes the average of three years, viz., the year of census with the preceding and succeeding years. The consumption of the North American colonies was *1l. 5s. 8d.* per head; Australia and New Zealand, *8l. 10s. 3d.*; Cape and Natal, total population *2l. 6s. 4d.*, white *8l. 12s. 2d.*; West Indies, *2l. 8s. 7d.*; Mauritius, *1l. 14s. 7d.*; United States, *17s. 10d.*; France, *6s.*; Spain, *2s. 1d.*; Portugal, *10s. 4d.*; Germany (Prussia, Hamburg, and Austria), *6s. 11d.*; Italy, *4s. 3d.*; Russia, *11d.*; Holland, *2l. 16s. 2d.*, a portion of which probably belongs to Germany; Belgium, *11s. 10d.*; and Brazil, *11s. 2d.* Mr. Forster, three years later, pursued the same subject at Edinburgh. He said:

'I must ask you to look into the facts for yourselves, and if you do so I think you will incline to believe that the balance of evidence shows that the trade does follow the flag. Remember, all that is required to justify that opinion is to have ground to believe that we have more trade with the colonies than we should if they were foreigners. Take these figures. We find by the parliamentary returns that our exports last year were in value to

Australia (including New Zealand)	more than	20,000,000
France	less than	30,000,000
British North America	more than	10,000,000
The United States	less than	33,000,000
The Cape and Natal	about	4,700,000
China	less than	5,000,000

He went on to point out that the seven millions of colonists are not bad customers. 'Our import from them is about 11 per cent., and our export to them about 12½ per cent., of our import and export to and from all foreign countries.'

An important point, to which Mr. Hamilton calls attention, should be remembered. The British trade with the colonies is not represented only by British exports and imports. There is a great deal of indirect trade under British auspices. The colonies draw supplies from all parts of the world. In a majority of cases these are paid for by British exports to the supplying countries. The whole course of colonial trade is in connection with British houses and British joint-stock companies. Let the colonies cease to be British, and we may be certain that, to whatever extent they are able, they will endeavour to divest their trade of its British character.

The colonies already absorb large amounts of British capital, and would absorb much more if it were understood the union was to continue. Doubts as to the colonies separating from the mother-country alone stand in the way of large investments. The *Times* recently published a return of the sums owing by certain defaulting States for principal and interest, by which it appears that no less an amount than 335,000,000*l.* is due to credulous England, of which she is likely to recover very little. With consummate irony the *Times* headed the paragraph, 'English Charities Abroad.' Whilst the colonies continue to belong to Great Britain, it is scarcely possible for them to default. The interest and principal of their public debts are made first charges on their whole yearly revenues. The governor, the government, and the audit department would be guilty

of a gross infraction of the law if they allowed a penny of public money to be paid away for ordinary services whilst any of the legally constituted first charges remained unsatisfied. The colonies, therefore, must pay their debts before their ordinary services can be carried on. As far as private affairs are concerned, the laws of the colonies offer as much security as the laws of Great Britain. It is urged we are aware that the colonies are no more friendly than foreign countries to British commerce. This is deduced from the supposed leaning of the colonies to Protection. A great deal of misapprehension exists on the subject. It may safely be said that the bulk of the colonial discussions about Free Trade and Protection are of a *doctrinaire* character. Whether the colonies are avowedly in favour of Free Trade or Protection, their actual policy is much the same. New South Wales, for example, is a colony firmly imbued with the principles of Free Trade. The Colonial Treasurer in his last Budget proposed that tobacco manufactured from colonial leaf should be subject to an excise duty of 6*d.* as against 1*s.* 3*d.* chargeable on tobacco manufactured from imported leaf. He hinted, also, that at some future time there should be an excise duty on wine and sugar. He does not propose this at once. He knows that colonial wine and sugar would never have been produced and manufactured if, at the commencement, they were subjected to an excise duty. But he wisely foresees that in the course of time they will be able to compete with imported articles of the same kind, and contribute to the revenue. Meanwhile, like his Protection-favouring neighbour Victoria, he relies on his customs revenue to supplement the revenue derivable from sales of land, from railways, and from other sources. He has more land revenue than Victoria, so he does not require so much customs revenue. His stamp and succession duties may be a little more severe than Victoria, but practically they do not come to much, and otherwise he has no direct taxation. Canada, assumed to be favourable to Protection, has heavy excise duties which yield an amount equal to a third of the customs duties and one-fifth of the entire revenue. But none of the colonies, we believe, have a property or an income tax, and it is not difficult to discern the reasons which lead

to their avoidance. The colonies depend little upon any feeling for or against Free Trade, but much upon a keen appreciation of the immediate interests to be served. The annual profits in the colonies of almost every business or profession are, as a rule, unequal. To reckon these profits as income, and not to regard a considerable part of them as capital, would be imprudently to forget the possibility of lesser earnings in succeeding years. Hence, there is not that well-defined distinction between capital and income that is to be found in older established countries, and an income tax would be regarded as to some extent a tax on capital. A great deal of foreign capital is invested in the colonies in various enterprises. By foreign is meant capital not belonging to owners residing in the colony. An income tax would very much discourage the introduction of such capital which is generally considered to be of service in promoting undertakings which otherwise might be neglected. To a property tax there are even stronger objections. In most of the colonies a large part of the country is still unsettled and unsold Crown lands. A property tax on sold land would more than by its own amount reduce the value of the land which remained to be sold. There is a popular idea that such land should be given away, but no one who has watched the experience of several land systems in different colonies can doubt the subtle force of Gibbon Wakefield's dictum, that even if the money is to be thrown into the sea it is better to exact for the lands from which the Crown parts a fair price. A property tax would not only affect the value of unsold Crown land, but discourage settlement. The cultivation and improvement of land are of paramount importance in these young countries, and a property tax would have a *detracting* effect. By means of rates property is made to contribute to local purposes. This, however, is not regarded as a hardship, for the return for the payment is more apparent than if the money went to the Treasury. The Government of Victoria lately went to the country on the policy of a property tax to be levied with the object of enabling the customs duties to be reduced. From a late telegram it is to be inferred this object has not found favour, since after the election the Government tendered their resign-

nation. Both sides, however, appear to incline towards some kind of property tax, and there is little room to doubt that such a result is approaching. That it is so rather confirms the arguments which have been used. Victoria has given away, or parted with very cheaply, an immense quantity of her best land. Strangely enough, a conception of maintaining, and benefiting by, the value of her public estate has never found a place in the policy of her public men, so that the fear of a property tax injuring that value does not deter them. Besides, if they really gave heed to that consideration, the colony having divested itself of so much land has approached the margin beyond which the returns from a property tax may more than compensate for the injury to the value of the unsold estate.

The colonies, then, find it on the whole convenient and expedient chiefly rely upon the customs as a means of raising revenue, apart from any considerations in favour of protection. Discussions take place as to which articles should be taxed, which admitted duty free, and a great deal is frequently said about Protection. But if a certain amount of revenue has to be raised through the custom-house, and this end be kept steadily in view, the details are not of very much importance. There is every reason to believe that, if confederation took place, the colonies would readily lend themselves to the consideration of a Customs union or agreement. They rather lean to the opinion that the mother-country was unmindful of what she owed to her children when in respect to their trade she placed them on the footing of foreign countries, and claimed from these credit for the unselfish manner in which she was willing to deal with her own possessions. For the rest, if a colony does sometimes legislate in a manner which shows more anxiety for its own than for the mother-country's interest, let what has already been said be remembered, that the colonies are being educated into the belief of future independence.

It has been urged that, whether or not the colonies continue to be united with the mother-country, they will receive emigrants from it. To such an extent as this is the case, the arguments as to the separation of the colonies closing the outlets of emigration from Great Britain and reducing the

rate of wages are modified. The separation of the colonies would not altogether close emigration to them, but the emigration would be very different in nature and extent. From a national point of view, the emigration to colonies which had become independent nations would be the reverse of beneficial. Granted that the evil of an overcrowded population is great, yet it is only a lesser evil to a nation to lose large numbers of its subjects. The emigration to the United States during the last twenty-five years has lost Great Britain more of her subjects than the wars of the whole of the century. It has not been the removal of so many of her subjects to other portions of her dominions with the purpose of extending the power and prosperity of the country, but it has been the departure of hostile subjects, who, besides hoping to find a more congenial home, have, to a greater or less extent, carried away with them unfriendly feelings to the country they have left. The Irish emigration to the United States nearly caused Great Britain, and possibly in the future may yet do so, a war which would cost more than the most lavish liberality could devote to the material improvement of the colonies.

It is very much to be questioned if it is possible for Great Britain and her colonies to separate with mutually friendly feelings, although, as has been said, they are being educated into expecting separation. If, at the last, separation proceed from the action of the mother-country, the colonies will vividly retain a feeling of soreness at the slight they will consider put on them. If the separation arise through the action of the colonies, there will remain with Great Britain the bitterness arising from the conviction that the lofty aspirations of the past are frustrated, and that a small career remains to take the place of a great destiny. The progress of the released colonies would be so many reproaches to the country that had been deprived of them. Inasmuch as, whenever separation occurs, it will not be clear to whose fault it will be due, and each will blame the other, the probabilities are that the bitterness of feeling will exist on each side.

Suppose the colonies detached, emigration to them will mean emigration to a foreign country. To Great Britain it will mean the loss of so many subjects, with the

not unwarranted suspicion that each subject lost means one gained by a not very friendly nation. True, to whatever extent such emigration may proceed, it may serve as an outlet for an overcrowded country driven to great straits. But how vastly different the ebb and flow from one part of the same dominion to another of a friendly population, seeking in less crowded areas more scope for industry and enterprise, to driving people from their country under the oppressive influence of actual want, or, as in the case of the Irish proceeding to America, under the influence partly of want and partly of a feeling of strong resentment against the Government of the country they are leaving.

Even if it were statesmanlike to view with complacency the loss of so many of a country's subjects, it is not to be supposed that as a mere outlet the colonies when independent will suit the interests of the poorer classes as they do now. Emigrants from the mother-country land in the colonies amongst their fellow-subjects on a footing of perfect equality. Let those who know the feelings with which the native-born Americans receive the Irish emigrants deny that the position of persons seeking in a new country a new nationality is widely different from that of emigrants who proceed from one portion of their own dominions to another. Although, too, if the colonies were independent, assisted emigration from the United Kingdom might not altogether be stopped, it would be fallacious to expect it would continue on the same scale. Some of the colonial governments now assist German emigrants, but such assistance is small in proportion to that which they render, and are likely to render, to their own countrymen. In brief, the whole character of the interchange of population would be altered if the colonies became independent nations. In the one case, emigration means the beneficial dispersion through the Empire of friendly subjects, in the other, an outlet for the disaffected to swell the ranks of the unfriendly of other nations.

The confederation of the Empire would largely encourage the investment of capital in the colonies. Great Britain finds the money for the wars of other nations. When two countries determine to fight, they look to Great Britain for the money they require. She aids in keeping up the immense arma-

ments of the Continent; she finds the means for the employment of the labouring population of foreign countries; she opens up those countries by railways and other modes of communication. It is natural that capital should seek investment. But how much would be absorbed by the colonies if it were understood they were to continue parts of the British dominions! We have already said that investors in colonial securities and colonial enterprises have before them the contingency of separation. With separation, the value of property in the colonies and of colonial securities would, for a long while, be much depressed. As new nations, they would be subject to the difficulties, the changes, and revolutions, from which young countries are seldom free.

If new territory were to spring up from the sea, adjoining Great Britain, as soon as it could safely be visited, it would be covered with works. British capitalists would eagerly invest their means in what they would regard as beyond doubt their own territory. Declare the colonies inseparably portions of the Empire, and they will be so many provinces added to Great Britain. Enterprise, population, and capital would fly to them, not only in the shape of joint-stock enterprises, but in that of enterprises personally conducted, or conducted on personal behalf. At present, such is the want of confidence in the permanency of the connection with the colonies, that trust funds (notwithstanding that in the deeds of trust no prohibition is contained) are not allowed to be invested in colonial lands or colonial securities, although such investment is permitted in some Indian securities not enjoying an imperial guarantee. The want of means of investing trust funds is notorious, but their colonial investment has been obstinately opposed—the principal ground being the doubt whether, in course of time, the investment might not prove to be made in a foreign country. The rise in the value of their securities, and the flow of capital, enterprise, and population which would follow confederation, would no doubt greatly benefit the colonies, and reconcile them to a position which, to some people, might appear the lesser one of being part of a great confederation, instead of becoming separate and independent nations. The colonies now believe, and many people in



Great Britain share the belief, that they may at their option cease to be parts of the Empire. Is that a position a great nation should accept, to be exposed to dismemberment at the pleasure of her dependencies? The favourite dictum is, that England will never burn another ounce of gunpowder to retain a colony that wishes to be free. Is it possible to fail to see that such a condition is only compatible with the belief that the time for secession will come?

If the great colonies are to continue parts of the Empire, it is utterly unreasonable that they should be free from all contribution towards national expenditure. The fleet belongs to the nation, and is essentially for the service of the nation, and nothing can justify freeing the colonies of British America, South Africa, and Australasia from contribution towards its cost, except the intention to free them from the nation. Whilst they possess so little property and population, their proportionate contribution would not be large, and, with the intention of getting rid of them, the anti-colonial party may think it wise to forego the present contribution to lessen the difficulty of severing the connection. But consider what those colonies will be fifty years hence, and the extent to which they might and should relieve the tax-payers of the mother-country, while helping to maintain an irresistibly powerful fleet. If Great Britain will be stronger without her colonies, it seems to be clear that she would be stronger without India. The possession of the latter is at least as likely to lead to complications which might commit the nation to an exercise of power or the necessity of expenditure. The United Kingdom should either divest itself of all external dominions, or make the scheme of the nation march with their continued possession.

Humanitarian influences might be appealed to. It is at the least probable that if the colonies become independent they will for a considerable period be subject to all those ills of internal and external war which overtake young countries. They will fight amongst themselves sometimes; they will combine to fight against others; they will in some cases, before their institutions attain to the age which commands reverence and veneration, experience a great deal of internecine dissension and bloodshed. The United States may be consid-

ered very fortunate in having had only one great civil war, but what a destructive war that was! If the colonies of Great Britain become independent, they cannot hope to escape war and war's consequences. A confederation, on the other hand, whilst it would be free from civil war, would, in time, own such a powerful fleet that it would escape war with foreign countries. To no class of persons should confederation more appeal than to those who desire to abolish the horrors of war.

Concerning the plan of federation, we have already said that the mere declaration of the continued unity of the Empire would arrest its disintegration. But before the declaration was made some heed would have to be given to the conditions of that unity. Even were it desirable, it could not be expected, after all that has taken place, that the mother-country would retrace her steps, and the colonies submit to such an alteration in their prospects, without a knowledge on each side of what the change meant. The colonies have been too much advanced on the road to *self-government* to submit to a total exclusion from a share of control in the affairs of the Empire, and we have already admitted that they should contribute to the national expenditure by bearing a portion of the cost of the navy. Obviously the share of control should increase with the share of contribution. It is not to be supposed that the contribution would be very large at first, though made on strictly fair terms. The proportions of population and property in different parts of the Empire should rule the rate of contribution. A census throughout the Empire might be taken every five years, and on the results the payments of the next five years be based. Although there should be so much payable on account of population and property, it should be open to each part of the Empire to make up its contribution in the way it determines. It need hardly be said that it should be no part of the policy or scheme of the confederation to interfere with the local government of either the mother-country or her confederate dependencies. Some difficulty might be experienced in deciding whether and to what extent native population and property should contribute:

The references made to the fleet required for the Confederated Empire presuppose a very powerful naval armament—one so

powerful that it would be safe from all attacks, and that it would, as far as could reasonably be expected, relieve the Empire of the dangers and risks of protracted or even brief wars. The Confederated Empire could afford to pay for any fleet that could possibly be found desirable. Each portion of the Confederation would probably have its own local forces, and, as it became necessary, provision could be made to give to those forces a combined and consolidated character. It is often argued that the colonies would be sources of weakness to the mother-country in case of war. Too much weight is probably attached to this idea. If Great Britain and America were at war, Canadian territory would very likely be involved, but it would be just as well to make Canada the battle-field as any other territory; somewhere the fight would have to be fought out. With this exception, the colonies, for a long while to come, are not likely to be prominently affected by war. No nation would desire to permanently occupy or wantonly injure them. They might be placed under contribution, but any amount so obtained would wait the settlement of the war. If victorious, Great Britain would exact restitution; if not victorious, the loss inflicted on the colonies would form a small fraction of the total bill of costs. It really comes to this, then, that, to the extent of their value as strategical points, the mother-country should encourage the fortification and defence of the colonies. Those which remained unfortified would suffer little if a clear understanding existed as to the consequences of war being shared by the whole Confederation. The money the colonies have expended, and are continuing to expend, on fortifications, shows they are not afraid of their proper share of responsibility.

To resume, the control or representative power should correspond with the contribution. The question of representation is the great stumbling-block in the way of confederation, not on account of its real, but of its fancied difficulties. What! swamp the House of Commons with colonial votes, add to the many embarrassments of party another perhaps as troublesome as the Home Rule combination? Anything is better than that, and thus many who have large views of what a Confederated Empire might be shrink from the subject. If their

fears were to be justified, there would be small hope of federation; for it is easy to see how great would be the objection to relinquish for the United Kingdom a thoroughly local government. But it should be quite as vital a point to maintain the ordinary government of Great Britain as the ordinary government of any dependency. The aim should be to build up a federal government without impairing the machinery of ordinary government. If this were well understood, there would be no inconvenience from haste on the part of the colonies. Whilst they would not consent to be excluded from a prospect of either independence or of control in federal affairs, they are by no means eager for immediate representation. For some time to come they would be well content with representation at a Board of Advice to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. This, at any rate, would not be a revolutionary step, for it would be only following the example of the Council of the Secretary of State for India. After a time, which could easily be designated in advance, the population, wealth, and importance of the colonies would entitle them to more direct representation, and their representatives should form part of the Federal legislative body. The constitution of the Federal Legislature would not involve much difficulty. The House of Lords, as one chamber of it, would equally be available for the Federal Legislature as for the ordinary Legislature of Great Britain. There is nothing to prevent persons who may reside in the colonies from being called to the peerage, and already many peers possess considerable colonial estates. The House of Commons, as the House of Commons for Great Britain, should not be disturbed. It is a question very important, but which need not be decided at the moment of confederation, whether the Federal Lower Chamber should be the House of Commons plus the colonial representatives, or whether the Federal representatives of Great Britain should be distinctly and separately selected. The Imperial Parliament, until the Federal Parliament grew into being, should, as it now is, be superior, and the Government of the United Kingdom would be the executive of the Confederate Empire. There are two familiar instances of exceptional representation that show how easily particular

requirements can be dealt with. In the French Legislature the colonies of France are represented; in the House of Representatives of the United States, territories are allowed to be represented by delegates.

The measure of confederacy, then, which we advocate, is a declaration that the colonies are inseparably portions and provinces of Great Britain; that all parts of the Empire should contribute to the cost and maintenance of the fleet; and that, in course of time, as the importance of the outlying dominions warrants it, all parts of the Empire shall be represented in the Federal Legislature; and that, in the meanwhile, the Colonies be represented at a Board (or Council) of Advice to the Secretary of State for the Colonies.

Many references have already been made to the advantages the colonies would enjoy from federation, while it has not been concealed that possibly they may, to some extent, think that their independence has been so guaranteed that they have the right to complain of its being denied to them. But it is to be supposed they would be consulted during the passage of the measure; and, whatever the hopes held out to them, they are not entitled to set up the result of the machinations of a few statesmen against the wishes of the vast masses of the people. And the colonies have much to gain. There will be preserved to them a national feeling—a desire to be great amongst the great, not amongst the little, to be parts of a powerful Empire instead of being powerless independent countries. They will save themselves from the risks of small States—the risk of external wars with countries like themselves, or internecine wars as various parties in the State energetically try to assert the supreme control. Nor will the colonies be pecuniarily losers. Against the actual contributions they would make might be set the increased value of colonial securities and colonial property already mentioned. They might indeed regard their payments as premiums of insurance on their possessions, which in consequence of such payments would be more than proportionately increased in value.

And what does confederation mean to Great Britain? It means that, instead of sinking into a small money-loving State—a second Holland—she is to retain in her own

dominion her subjects and their wealth and not to drive them abroad. The enterprise of her people is to be devoted to enlarging the power of their country, instead of diminishing it by becoming the subjects of other nations. The trade which she is losing as other nations are able to supply themselves with their own manufactures, she will more than regain through the wants of millions of her people dwelling within her various dominions which she will have to satisfy. She will look forward, not to declining trade, but to its unlimited increase. For the great mass of her population, the toiling millions, she will retain the possessions which will open to them and their children and children's children the means of rising to distinction and wealth if their ambition so prompts them. The most powerful of nations, with irresistible naval armaments, she will be able to stay war. The pauperism of the country will be reduced by the increased demand for labour; and portions of the British possessions, which are now wildernesses, will be covered with useful works and teem with prosperous communities.

The endeavour has been made to show in this paper—

1. The unsatisfactory nature of the relations between the mother-country and the colonies.

2. The urgent necessity for doing something to arrest the disintegration towards which progress is being made.

3. That a union, depending upon the pleasure, for the time being, of the different parts of the Empire, means separation sooner or later.

4. That, under the union-during-pleasure condition, much is being done to hasten separation.

5. That the mother-country is entitled to retain and consolidate her possessions.

6. That confederation is desirable, and would be fraught with advantage both to the parent country and the colonies in the shape of increased trade, increased value of property, the augmented happiness of the people, and the saving of much misery and disaster.

7. That its accomplishment does not present great difficulties.

—*The Nineteenth Century.*

## THE POETRY OF SHELLEY.

IN this age of practical effort, in which thought assumes materialistic and concrete forms, and science seems altogether predominant, we must not be forgetful of those great problems of the soul, which, though ever eluding satisfactory analysis, are all the more fascinating and alluring; nor of the valuable help in their solution to be derived from those men of clear insight, profound intellect, and humanitarian sympathies—the poets of our own and of past ages. The works which Percy Bysshe Shelley has left to us should be dear and precious as a rich heritage of thought and emotion such as few have been capable of expressing; fewer still capable of expressing in such tones of varied sweetness, beauty, and passionate strength. His life has been much condemned because parts of it were inconsistent with the universal position assumed by Christian belief; the tendency of his aspirations been often misunderstood; his purposes and motives even coarsely misjudged; yet no one has ever denied to him power of intellect and perception, nor failed to attribute to him the characteristics of a true artist, and of a nature animated and brightened by the divine light of genius.

Lucian, when giving counsel to one who, though ignorant of art, was aspiring for fame, exclaimed sharply: 'Should *you* presume to climb Parnassus, the muses, instead of presenting you with a laurel-branch, would whip you with rods!' Our English Parnassus has different altitudes of dignity and honor—the mountain crests are not *all* golden in the sun. Shelley's ascent was glorious and swift, but weariness, pain, and premature death opposed him ere he reached the cloudless summit. But he won the laurel branch, and is a poet crowned among men.

Margaret Fuller says, that he who surrenders himself to the magnetic power of Shelley's genius, must 'not expect to be satisfied, but rest content with being stimulated.' While reading his poetry there is indeed an impression given of either re-

served or undeveloped power, equalling or surpassing that of any other poet of modern times. We know it is there, whether in conscious or unconscious possession; hence we cannot fail to regret the premature death which prevented its complete and definite manifestation. It would be impossible to calculate the gain to the world if the treacherous, stormy waves of the Bay of Spezzia had not closed over his bright young life on that fatal 8th of July, 1822.

There is a mystical, abstruse element in the poetry of Shelley, the 'threads of rare and subtle thoughts'\* are so fine, so 'rapidly interwoven,' as to make their meaning often obscure, sometimes unintelligible. This should not preclude investigation, nor invite arrogant reproach. It is always necessary to carefully distinguish between the obscurity in the "mind of a reader from that in the mind or mode of expression of a poet." If there are, in a poem, dark depths in which we can see neither light, form, nor color, we should be at first willing to attribute this unfortunate condition to faults in our own perception. A Scotch woman, when asked if she understood the sermon she was very highly praising, replied, 'Wad I ha'e the presumption to onderstand it?' With very appreciable modification such humility as this should be imitated. While not giving up our independent judgment, we should be careful to eliminate from our mode of criticism, all pride of heart and presumption of intellect.

Coleridge affirms that an author is obscure when his conceptions are dim and imperfect, and his language incorrect, inappropriate, or involved. Now, it is indisputable that Shelley formed tangible, vivid conceptions of the abstract objects so fascinating to his intellectual vision, and as clearly as mortal man can define, he has defined the nature of these ideas and objects. Nevertheless, he often fails to make them concrete and real to our less delicate and sensitive intelligence. They are often

\* Shelley's Letter to Maria Gisborne.

seen through a 'sunset-tinted haziness,' or by means of a ghostly, shadowy moonlight. The cause of this must be indicated further on. It is owing more to unfortunate choice of objects and ideas than to unskilful or inappropriate use of language.

The poetical faculty is undoubtedly the highest endowment of man. It is that intellectual power which intuitively apprehends those principles which lie beyond the grasp of sense and understanding. The surface of things—phenomena only—are revealed in visible action; the substance or inner nature is hidden. These appearances are ephemeral, fugitive, and brief: the spiritual meaning of that which abides, immutable and permanent, is what the poet must seize by means of the 'vision and the faculty divine.' It is his prerogative alone to see as far as mortal can into the open secret of the universe.

Shelley's discernment is often exquisitely accurate; his genius, peculiarly sensitive to spiritual influences, pierces beneath the shows of things to the essential principle of which they are composed, and submits these to the 'desires of the mind.' Therefore his poetry 'doth raise and erect the mind by having some participation of divineness.\*

Moreover, the investment in symbols of these spiritual truths (as, in the limited range of language, is necessary) must be attractive in symmetry and luminous with beauty. Poetic diction is only secondary to poetic insight. Devoid of one, poetry is dull and unimpassioned; without the other it is but a glittering and brilliant disappointment.

Now, the prevailing quality of Shelley's poetry is beauty—beauty of rhythm, of expression, and of thought. And the nature of this beauty is such that it is not always at first perceptible, it being neither superficial nor external. As the morning sunbeams had to fall on the statue of Memnon at Thebes in order to call forth the divine harmony, at other times silent and unheard, so must the poetry of Shelley be illuminated by an interpretive and sympathetic criticism, in order that the exquisite beauty clustering around the expression of every thought may be perceived in its fullness. Then its 'mystical charm' will exert an influence before unfelt, neither fugitive nor

capable of producing weariness,—an influence like those deep-hearted 'Songs without Words' of Mendelssohn—the harmony often hidden away in intricate passages, once discovered and interpreted by a kindred mind, through his whole nature awakening echoes which—

'Pierce the sense

And *live* within the soul.\* . . .

The complex sweetness and harmony of the rhythm of Shelley's poetry indeed constitutes its chief charm. There is a witchery of enchantment in the musical arrangement of mere words and sounds even considered apart from the thoughts or conceptions embodied in them. Of all forms and variations of metre (and these invariably suit the ideas and emotions expressed, and change and vary as they change), from the common ballad stanza to the stately, majestic stanza of Spencer, Shelley has proved himself a perfect master. In every poem he is a true architect—'builds the lofty rhyme' with apparently no flaw in the workmanship, and moulds sentences which for their captivating rhyme and delicate imagery, make us almost spring to our feet in the sudden surprise and joy of satisfied desire. And there is nothing about his language either forced, turgid, or constrained. It is like a cascade, rolling and tumbling in glad and joyous freedom, over the rocks in a far-off mountain glen.

If an attempt were made to select examples of this wonderful power which Shelley, as a poet, possesses, the greater portion of his poems quoted would be the result. Adonais, Alastor, The Revolt of Islam, and all of his odes, vibratè with rich, well-sustained melody; while the lyrics in *Hellas* and *Prometheus Unbound*, have all the rhythmic music and beauty of the old Greek choruses. His poetry

'Is a perpetual Orphic song

Which rules with *Dædal* harmony, a throng  
Of thoughts and forms which else senseless and  
shapeless were.†

We spoke of symmetry. It is a correlative term for perfectness, unity of idea and purpose—the essential and distinguishing quality of a work of art. However at-

\* Bacon's Advancement of Learning.

\* *Prometheus Unbound*.

† *Prometheus Unbound*.

tractive a poem may be, teeming with great thoughts or majestic with eloquence, if it has no unity of design or aim, if the poet wanders wherever his fancy beckons him, if he follows remote associations, or transfers to his pages brilliant metaphors not suggested directly by his subject, nor valuable except for their independent beauty—his poem is not a work of art.

Though the characteristics of a true artist have not been denied to Shelley, he has not in every instance given us perfect works of art. Not in all of his poems are we conscious of this undeviating purpose. His subject, instead of being moulded as a whole, in order to impart a complete, unbroken impression, is made up of brilliant parts not always harmoniously allied. As an instance, take the Revolt of Islam—that glorious word-structure built of wood and gold, rubbish and diamonds, in about equal proportions.\* Half the time we cannot tell at what the poet is aiming; his thoughts too often drift into cross-currents, and thus lose half their impetus and force. Then, comes every now and then a vivid description or magnificent burst of eloquence, which arrests, enchants, and chains the mind.

According to the nature of a poet's imagination, is this impression of constructive harmony given. It must not only be comprehensive, but compact; modified by a discriminative judgment, and trained to habits of self-denial. Shelley's imagination is certainly comprehensive, wide-reaching, soars even into the empyrean itself; but it is not always well-balanced—in perfect equilibrium with the rest of his intellectual faculties. Always kingly and magisterial, it is sometimes despotical.

It is this imaginative power which, more than his discernment of hidden meanings, more than his power as an artist, more even than his skilful use of the most captivating language—makes his poetry the rich treasure we believe it to be. To say that his imagination is vivid and strong, but expresses a half-truth; to say that it is brilliant and magnificent, as well as vivid and strong, is inadequate praise. It is brilliant and magnificent, even to excess; diffuses its light on objects, emotions, and

thoughts, in such profusion, that the eye is dazzled by the sparkle and flash of his splendid metaphors.

Too much imagery embarrasses the clear expression of conviction, and is sometimes a mere artifice to conceal its absence. Shelley had no such poverty to ignobly disguise. During his life, his nature was in a condition of continual enthusiastic fervour for the welfare and happiness of humanity. Always devising plans for the most rapid attainment of that happiness, his opinions and beliefs in regard to human nature and destiny (themes the most fascinating to poets) could not be otherwise than sincere, profound, and well thought out. The desire to diffuse these opinions, and thus influence men universally was, as Mrs. Shelley tells us, the master passion of his soul; but often he has failed to embody them in a form which produces immediate and irresistible conviction on the part of the reader. He has 'ulterior visions' which allure the mind away from the main line of thought. But the images, the metaphors by which Shelley adorns his poetry, considered by themselves, are subtle and delicate as well as fresh, spontaneous, and original, and as beautiful as his matchless imagination could conceive. Take this: he is speaking of man, 'a traveller from the cradle to the grave through the dim night of this immortal day'

All things confess his strength. Thro' the cold  
mass,  
Of marble and of color his dreams pass;  
Bright threads whence mothers weave the robes  
their children wear.\*

So we sate joyous as the morning ray  
Which fed upon the wrecks of night and storm  
Now lingering on the winds.†

Twilight o'er the east wove her *serenest* wreath.‡

Linger where the pebble-paven shore  
Under the quick, faint kisses of the sea  
Trembles and sparkles as with ecstasy.§

'Even from the dim verge  
Of the horizon to the zenith's height, are seen  
The locks of the approaching storm.¶

'Evening came on,  
The beams of sunset hung their rainbow hues  
High mid the shifting domes of sheeted spray;  
Twilight ascending slowly from the east  
Entwined in duskier wreaths her braided locks'

\* 'A long and labyrinthine maze.' (Revolt of Islam).

† Prometheus. ‡ Revolt of Islam. § Epipsychidion. ¶ To the West Wind.

O'er the fair front and radiant eyes of day ;  
Night followed, clad with stars.\*

'The One remains, the many change and pass ;  
Heaven's light forever shines, earth's shadows fly ;  
Life like a dome of many coloured glass,  
Stains the white radiance of eternity  
Until death tramples it to fragments.†

'Bacon's eagle spirit . . . leapt  
Like lightning out of darkness—he compelled  
The Proteus shape of Nature as it slept  
To wake, and lead him to the caves that held  
The treasure of the secrets of its reign.‡

'The earth and ocean seem  
To sleep in one another's arms, and dream  
Of waves, flowers, clouds, woods, rocks, and all  
that we  
Read in their smiles, and call reality.§

But the greatest triumph of his imagination is shown by his power to give form and color to abstract ideas, and to express in tangible speech what is inexpressible by the most persevering efforts of the other intellectual faculties. Observe how he treats this bare abstract idea—Time flies. Asia and Panthea are watching the brilliant approach of the Spirit of the Hour. The former speaks—

'Through the purple night  
I see cars drawn by rainbow-winged steeds  
Which trample the dim winds : in each there stands  
A wild-eyed charioteer urging their flight.  
Some look behind, as fiends pursued them there,  
And yet I see no shapes but the keen stars :  
Others with burning eyes, lean forth and drink  
With eager lips the wind of their own speed,  
As if the thing they loved fled on before  
And now, even now they clasped it. Their bright  
locks  
Stream like a comet's flashing hair : they all  
Sweep onward.¶

Contrast with this the image which Beatrice Cenci employs to express her impatience :

'How slow  
Behind the course of thought, even sick with speed  
Lags leaden-footed time.'

Now just one quotation, in which the 'most inexpressible of all sweet emotions is shaped into a palpable form.' Asia, one of the Oceanides, has heard the voice of a spirit in the air, and she exclaims in sudden rapture :

'My soul is an enchanted boat which like a sleeping  
swan doth float  
Upon the silver waves of thy sweet singing ;

\*Alastor. †Adonais. ‡Triumph of Life.  
§Epipsychidion. ¶Prometheus.

And thine doth like an angel sit beside the helm  
conducting it,  
Whilst all the winds with melody are ringing . . .  
We have passed Age's icy caves, and Manhood's  
dark and tossing waves,  
And Youth's smooth ocean smiling to betray ;  
Beyond the glassy gulfs we flee of shadow-peopled  
Infancy,  
Through death and birth, to a diviner day ;  
A paradise of vaulted bowers, lit by downward-gaz-  
ing flowers,  
And watery paths . . . peopled by shapes too bright  
to see,  
And rest, having beheld ; somewhat like thee ;  
Which walk upon the sea, and chant melodiously !\*\*

Shelley's fine intellect takes thoughts and shadows of thoughts which flit through some minds unembodied, scarcely caught by consciousness, and clothes them in words of great beauty and delicate grace :

'From these create he can, forms more real than  
living man,—  
Nurslings of immortality.'\*

If these forms to us are vague and indistinct, it is because our imagination is neither subtle nor fine enough to appreciate his.

Measureless thanks are due to this poet for the charm which he has thrown over familiar ideas also, by linking to them the 'most profound and recondite analogies.' Inexhaustible material for contemplative study in every record of the flight of his imagination, although it does sometimes soar to heights beyond the range of ordinary experience, into an atmosphere too pure and rare for common lungs to endure. And yet his own breathing-powers are in enviably sound condition,—the wings of his Pegasus are tireless and strong. He comes back from this empyrean laden with 'news.' Our own loss if these escape our grasp through indolence, impatience, or caprice.

Next to Shelley's imagination, his descriptive power deserves attention. He gazed on clouds and skies, mountains and landscapes, with intense appreciation, his heart vibrating with rapturous delight. In fact,

'Nature's most secret steps  
He, like her shadow, pursued.'\*

She was ever to him wondrous, mysterious in all her loveliness ; hence, his perpetual companion, an object for his most affectionate study, until

\* Prometheus.

'Meaning on his mind  
Flashed like strong inspiration.\*'

Then, because the poetic instincts within him were strong,

'The majestic theme  
Shrined in his heart, found utterance.†'

Though he shows a passionate love for Nature, a deep sympathy with her varying forms, the tendency of his sensitive taste is to exclude from contemplation what is repulsive and commonplace, and fasten itself on the beautiful, the majestic and sublime. But it is not alone sensuous, material beauty which Shelley so intensely loves. This suggests that higher kind of beauty which relates to the intellect and to the spirit, personified by his creative imagination into—

'The awful shadow of some unseen Power  
That floats, though unseen, among us—  
Spirit of beauty that doth consecrate  
With thine own hues: all thou dost shine upon  
Of human thought or form.‡'

He loves this because of its very mysteriousness, because it transcends nature, while at the same time the source of its most fascinating charm. He determines he will dedicate his powers to its service, will believe in it as the ruling inspiration of his poetry :

'Have I not kept the vow?  
With beating heart and streaming eyes, even now  
I call the phantoms of a thousand hours  
Each from his voiceless grave: they have in visioned  
bowers

Of studious zeal or love's delight  
Outwatched with me the *erminous* night;  
They know that never joy illumined my brow  
Unlinked with hope that thou would'st free  
This world from its dark slavery,  
That thou, O awful Loveliness,  
Would'st give what'er these words cannot express.‡'

Indeed, Shelley has pronounced his sympathy with Nature, and his apprehension of her spiritual meaning, with such vividness and eager enthusiasm, has so 'freely personified her forms and phenomena,' as to be charged with Pantheism. Belief in this fascinating heresy is not an anomaly in literature. Of it there are faint but many traces in Goethe; even Wordsworth is not free from the stain. To investigate Shelley's theological opinions does not lie within the limits of this paper, wide, withal interesting investigation as this would be. Suf-

fice it to dismiss this charge by saying that whatever portion of the system he adopted, was idealized. A 'logical Pantheist' he certainly was not; his belief was a mere metaphysical reverie, coloured by the brilliant hues of his own poetical fancy. He worshipped beauty,—many times because so absorbed in its contemplation as almost to lose consciousness of his own individuality; he worshipped Nature, no doubt believed her to be infinite, coeval with God, although it is not probable he intimately concerned himself with the great problem of the evolution of matter or of its resolution into the Divine Essence.

As a descriptive poet, Shelley is not national like Wordsworth. His restless life in England and early departure for the Continent prevented this. But his life abroad, most of all in Italy, opened to him visions of enchantment and delight especially suited to his intense, passionate nature. The Valley of Chamouni; Mont Blanc and its surrounding peaks, with all the majestic grandeur of their scenery; the Euganean Hills from which is visible that 'sun-girt city, Venice, its temples and its palaces like fabrics of enchantment piled to heaven;' are vividly and powerfully described in language picturesque and highly charged with imagination; while for Italy's 'sapphire-tinted skies,' her sublime storms, sunrise, with its cloud and mist—'a heaven-sustaining bulwark,' and sunset—

'When half the sky  
Is roofed with clouds of rich emblazonry,  
Dark purple at the zenith, which still grows  
Down the steep west into a wondrous hue  
Brighter than burning gold.'

For such scenes he has a fine sensibility, and the hand of a master is seen in his treatment of them all.

But his minute observation of minute objects is especially worthy of note. He not only glories in the white-crested mountains, in wide expansive landscapes; but affectionately studies the changing lights and colours caused by sunbeams shining in a drop of water, or the varying hues of the flowers which nestle in the shade far up the mountain-side. Ah, Shelley! thy

'Heart didst ever beat  
In mystic sympathy'

with *all* which is fair and beautiful and divine.

\* Alastor. † Revolt of Islam.  
‡ Hymn to Intellectual Beauty.



'Alastor,' of all Shelley's poems, is perhaps the best exponent of his genius, inasmuch as it contains in almost equal proportions all the elements which make it what it is. The diction has all the charm of his later poetry; the imagination is soaring, daring, magnificent; the thoughts delicate, subtle, and profound; but for its felicity in description is it to be most valued. The description of Alastor's voyage, beginning

'The day was fair and sunny: sea and sky.  
Drank its inspiring radiance, and the wind  
Swept strongly from the shore,'

is too long to quote, but we wish to call special attention to it as representative of Shelley's peculiar power.

Note also the whole of the first canto of the 'Revolt of Islam.' It starts off with this beautiful picture of a retiring storm. The thunder had burst in loud peals, and 'darkness more dread than night was poured upon the ground,' then came a pause of calm:

'For where the irresistible storm had cloven  
That fearful darkness, the blue sky was seen  
Fretted with many a fair cloud interwoven  
Most delicately, and the ocean green,  
Beneath that opening spot of blue serene,  
Quivered like burning emerald: calm was spread  
On all below; but far on high, between  
Earth and the upper air, the vast clouds fled,  
Countless and swift as leaves on autumn's tempest  
shed.

Forever as the war became more fierce  
Between the whirlwinds and the rack on high,  
That spot grew more serene; blue light did pierce  
The woof of those white clouds, which seemed to lie  
Far, deep, and motionless; while through the sky  
The pallid semicircle of the moon  
Past on, in slow and moving majesty;  
Its upper horn arrayed in mists, which soon  
But slowly fled, like dew beneath the beams of noon.'

To see Shelley's versatility, compare with this the simple description of the road leading to the Castle of Petrella, where Count Cenci was murdered. Beatrice is speaking:

'But I remember  
Two miles on this side of the fort, the road  
Crosses a deep ravine; 'tis rough and narrow,  
And winds with short turns down the precipice;  
And in its depth there is a mighty rock,  
Which has from unimaginable years,  
Sustained itself with terror and with toil  
Over a gulf, and with the agony  
With which it clings, seems slowly coming down;  
Even as a wretched soul, hour after hour,  
Clings to the mass of life; yet clinging, leans;  
And leaning, makes more dark the dread abyss  
In which it fears to fall: beneath this crag  
Huge as despair, as if in weariness,

The melancholy mountain yawns—below,  
You hear but see not an impetuous torrent  
Raging among the caverns, and a bridge  
Crosses the chasm; and high alone there grow  
With intersecting trunks, from crag to crag,  
Cedars, and yews, and pines, whose tangled hair  
Is matted in one solid roof of shade  
By the dark ivy's twine. At noonday here  
'Tis twilight, and at sunset blackest night.'

You perceive that these descriptions, these pictures are not mere transcripts of Nature—there is in them an ideal as well as a real element. Here, as everywhere, Shelley's imagination works tirelessly. And this is not being untrue to Nature. You are wrong if you think the poet misrepresents reality. True, his taste exercises choice,\* his imagination creates combinations from some elements and excludes others, but it defines and brings before us the true meaning of each material object,—into which hidden meaning a poet, of all men, we said, has alone an eye of sufficient keenness to penetrate. In as far as we grasp his definitions, understand his interpretations, and accept his announcements as true, do we share in the intense emotion with which the sublime or the beautiful inspires him.

In common with many poets who with him are called subjective, Shelley not only delineates what lies visibly before him, what his memory reproduces or his imagination creates, but he tells us what effect it has upon his own mind or the minds of those represented as witnessing the scenery. He is not always self-forgetful, obtrudes self in the midst of the loveliness and wonderful mystery of Nature; hence much of its interest is made subservient to the power of associated thought. He confesses this himself in that noble apostrophe to Mont Blanc:

'And when I gaze on thee  
I seem as in a trance sublime and strange  
To muse on my own separate fantasy.  
My own, my human mind which passively  
Now renders and receives fast influencings,  
Holding an unremitting interchange  
With the clear universe of things around.'

And this is not all. He even is so subjective (*i. e.* abstractly subjective) as to look at Nature as sharing man's moods, as having an almost human participation in his griefs and desolation of heart. Nature, with its varied aspects, is made typical of human

\* Of descriptions other than those quoted are we speaking.

experience. For instance, Alastor, in pursuit of the ideal for which he at last sacrifices his life, comes to a little rivulet which flows through the forest :

‘ Sometimes it fell  
Among the moss, with hollow harmony  
Dark and profound. Now on the polished stones  
It danced : *like childhood, laughing as it went* :  
Then through the plain in tranquil wanderings crept,  
Reflecting every herb and drooping bud  
That overhung its quietness.’

Observe the imagination displayed here : when the stream falls on the moss the harmony of its flow is hollow ; on the stones it dances in the sunlight *like childhood laughing* ; then as it *creeps* through the plain, the waters are so tranquil that they reflect surrounding objects. But to come to the point. Alastor pauses on the bank and thoughtfully exclaims :

‘ O stream  
Whose source is *inaccessibly profound*,  
Whither do thy *mysterious* waters tend ?  
Thou imagest my life. Thy darksome stillness,  
Thy dazzling waves, . . . thy searchless fountain  
And invisible course, have each their type in me.’

Notice also, in Adonais, that grief because of the death of Keats has made the

‘ Spring wild, and she threw down  
Her kindling buds, as if she autumn were,  
Or they dead leaves, since her delight is flown . . .  
The lorn nightingale  
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain.

And the wild winds flew around, sobbing in their dismay.’

In ‘Prometheus Unbound,’ all things,—earth, ocean, even personified phenomena—sympathize in the affliction and terrible punishment which has overwhelmed the proud Titan. The eagle-baffling mountain to his sad, despairing eyes is black, wintry, dead, and he exclaims bitterly :

‘ I ask the Earth, have not the mountains *felt* ?  
The sea in storm or calm,  
Heaven’s ever-changing shadow spread below,  
Have its waves not heard my agony ?’

And when, on the fall of Jove, Prometheus is at last unbound, everything sympathizes in the joy and feels the influence of the new life. For instance, the Earth exclaims : ‘ It’ (that is the joy, the blessing which has now become universal and widespread) :—

‘ It interpenetrates my granite mass,  
Through tangled roots and trodden clay doth pass  
Into the utmost leaves and delicate flowers :  
Upon the winds, among the clouds ’tis spread.’

Whether Shelley so far imputes to Nature qualities arising from the peculiar condition of his own mind, as to be often betrayed into the use of the ‘Pathetic Fallacy,’ is an interesting question.\* To avoid this fault, not only accuracy of perception is necessary, but well-sustained control of one’s feelings. The ocean tossed into broken waves by wind and storm cannot form a perfect and truthful shadow of the clouds hurrying across the sky. Shelley’s heart was often swept by emotions he could not control ; even more than his imagination they overpowered his reason ; he soared at the bidding of impulse, or because the passion (the inspiration) of the moment was impetuously strong. That *της βίας μαρίας*, that godlike frenzy or divine transport of the old Greeks is manifest, in large measure, in his poetry. It makes it impassioned, warmly glowing, and instinct with life. Hear Plato’s tribute to its value : ‘Whoso knocks at the door of Poesy untouched with frenzy—fondly persuading himself that art alone can make him a thorough poet—neither he nor his works will ever attain perfection ; but are destined, for all their cold propriety, to be eclipsed by the effusions of the inspired madman.†

We call Shelley subjective, say he was not self-forgetful ; and yet there were times when the life in Nature became so interpenetrated with his own—his being absorbed into its mysterious beauty, that his own separate personal feelings were lost to view. The lines written among the Eugeanean Hills, commencing :

‘ Noon descends around me now : ’tis the noon of  
autumn’s glow,  
When a soft and purple mist like a vaporous  
amethyst.’

confirm this assertion. From such poetry we should be unable to divine the poet’s individual traits, the nature of his personality ; human emotion does not alter the scenery or even affect it in the slightest degree. But this is not characteristic of Shelley’s poetry as a whole. He most often saw objects by the light of his own heart. If that heart was sad and desolate, ‘burdened with the weight of the superincumbent hour,‡ these material objects appeared different than if he had been joyous. Yet

\* Vide Ruskin’s *Modern Painters*, vol. iii.

† Phædrus.

‡ Adonais.

observe, that whenever there are fallacies in his representations, they are always 'pathetic,' and as such, always noble :

'He wrought from his own fervid heart  
The eloquence of passion.\*'

But it is not to the description of natural objects that Shelley's genius is confined. He is almost equally skilful in portraying events and external conditions; also the most subtle and delicate emotions of the soul. Notice the remarkably vivid descriptions of battles scattered through 'the Revolt of Islam;' the slaughter of the rebels; the approach of Cythna on the 'black, tartarian horse of giant frame;' of Laon's mental delirium consequent upon solitary confinement; the struggle between the Eagle and Serpent, unsurpassed in magnificence and startling power.

Then, for proof of his felicity in delineating emotion, read 'Julian and Maddalo,' 'The Triumph of Life,' 'The Sensitive Plant,' and 'Epipsychidion.' In the analysis and expression of emotion he is intensely psychological, in fact sometimes too abstract and ideal: here as everywhere, his wonderful imagination lives and works.

We have briefly noticed how Shelley deals with the 'poetry of Nature:;' how does he treat the poetry of man? The interests and welfare of men lay very near to his heart; he regarded them as members of one universal brotherhood, and to make them believe this truth for themselves, enjoy and trust in it as one of their best blessings, was perhaps the noblest motive of his poetry. Oppression, wrong, despotism, as being the outgrowth of ignorance of and unbelief in this great truth, stirred all the fiery passions of his heart into action; and poem after poem was written, song after song was sung, in order to bring men back to a condition of loving fellowship. Perhaps 'Prometheus Unbound' is one of the sublimest poems ever written for this object. 'In it there is an elevation and sweep of idea, a breadth of conception, illuminated by flashes of swift-piercing thoughts,' although the imagery is a fairy-web of gossamer texture, sometimes intangible, and always shadowy. If the poem were only instinct with *dramatic* genius, it would be

much more universally read—its aim and meaning more intelligible.

When Shelley tried to create characters, M. Taine says he 'only produced unsubstantial phantoms.' What reality to us have Ahasuerus, Laon, Cythna, or even Prometheus himself? Take away the accessories of the poems—the gorgeous, beauteous imagery; the wealth of opinion on politics, love, and Nature—and what remains? Certainly not living men and women whose personal traits we can grasp, in whose natural vitality we can believe.

Shelley has not the majestic simplicity, the pathos, nor yet the vigorous dramatic strength of Æschylus. By Æschylus the terrible sufferings which Prometheus endures—sufferings which only a god could support and not sink under their accumulated weight—are described with a vivid sense of reality, an intense participation, an imaginative insight into the very depths of the brave Titan's heart,—and *we* live and suffer with him. Shelley's Prometheus is cold, abstract, far removed from our spontaneous sympathies; we only realize that he must be overwhelmed by the voices of the multitudinous spirits, furies, and personified earth-forms, which perpetually surround him. It was almost impossible for Shelley to entirely merge himself into the minds of his human-creations; he looked at man 'speculatively, from the point of view of the intellect.' Æschylus projected himself into the mind and heart of his subject, and for that reason his Prometheus is more real and lifelike.

In Shelley's poems we see in almost every case, that man himself it made subordinate to Shelley's opinions about man and his happiness (very didactically expressed), or to the natural scenes surrounding him. He has not the foreground of the picture; he is put in the poem to witness the landscape, to describe its imaginative meaning, or to be a passive mouth-piece for the utterance of the poet's mystical abstractions. When Shelley restrained his controversial, argumentative tendencies, and became less didactic; when he tried to avoid 'diffuseness, generality, and vagueness,\*' he produced such a work as 'The Cenci,' by many considered the best trage-

\* Julian and Maddalo.

\* Preface to Cenci.

dy of modern times. But even here there is a lack of spontaneous life, an aspect of unreality or perhaps unnatural reality about the delineation of every character except that of Beatrice; *she* stands out in clear, well-defined outline and as beautiful as a Greek statue, in fact one of the finest creations in all modern art. It shows of what Shelley was capable; and when we think of this wonderful knowledge of human passion displayed at the age of twenty-six, we wonder what kind of dramatic work his later years would have produced. Perchance he would have reached the cloudless summit of Parnassus.

But it is not for the dramatic element in his works that he is now to be honoured; he has drawn little from those sources of 'interest which incident and situation supply,'—hence it is not as a dramatic, nor yet as an epic, but as a lyric poet that he should be accorded the most unreserved praise; and partly because in most of his lyrics he has given us perfect works of art. Seer though he be, peering into the 'open secret of the Universe,' to most men entirely secret, never open, he yet is still more a Bard, singing rapt songs for our delight.

His genius was essentially lyrical and he could not escape from its control. 'Queen Mab,' 'Prometheus,' 'Hellas,' are lyric dramas; only in the *Cenci* has he given us a legitimate drama. His 'singing robes' are never doffed; the gems which adorn them never grow tarnished or dim—they sparkle and flash as though sunbeams ever shone through them. Though like his own skylark he 'singing still doth soar, and soaring ever singeth,' even beyond the limits of our insensitive hearing, there are in all literature no lyrics which surpass those of Shelley, but few which in any measure equal them:

'Orphic songs indeed—  
Songs divine of high and passionate thoughts  
To their own music chanted.'\*

He who cannot appreciate and delight in such lyrics as 'The Cloud,' 'The Skylark,' and all of his odes, especially that 'To the West Wind,' has little perception of the true beauty of poetry, indeed cannot with any truth fancy himself in possession of fine perceptions at all. His ear is so dulled by the

loud, discordant chatter of earthly voices, that it cannot catch these delicate, ethereal notes of this most musical, most ethereal of poets whose whole life was one of wondrous rhythmic inspiration.

Owing to the natural bent of Shelley's mind towards the contemplation of abstruse, mystical subjects, and born of his intense desire to solve the problems which life presented to him—to penetrate into the enigmas and mysteries of the universe, there is a philosophical and speculative element in his poetry which cannot fail to arrest the attention of the thoughtful reader.

The habit of investigating metaphysical puzzles is often detrimental to the highest excellence in art. Shelley's temperament and imagination saved him from becoming unpoetical. With all his philosophy he was undoubtedly the most 'essential poet,' except perhaps Keats, among all his contemporaries. That fine order of intellect which can discriminate the faintest distinctions between ideas, or even between different phases of the same idea; which can evolve the most delicate subtleties of thought, is not antithetical with depth of passion or accurate perception and sympathetic appreciation of the outward world.

Shelley was blind to the fact that logical processes are not the only instrument for the attainment of truth. That the search for absolute truth founded on uncontrovertible *demonstration* proved unavailing, the keys which unlock these mysteries seemingly flung by fate beyond the reach of his eager grasp, was one of the many causes of his religious scepticism. His soul was never steadfast in one unalterable and comforting faith, it was ever the subject of trouble, restless change, and doubt—feverishly, impetuously longing for and seeking in Nature, in his friends, in his own beautiful mind, that which alone can be found in God.

With such a temperament, faith was absolutely essential for happiness. Yet he despised faith and ascribed to its influence the sorrows and afflictions which result solely because humanity has become alienated from the Infinite Father—who is all-powerful to help His suffering children.

Thus, because Shelley excluded from his life all companionship with God, he could not, alone and unaided, attain the high ideal for which he ceaselessly aspired. His

\* Coleridge.

disappointment and failure; the insufficiency of all things earthly, however sublime and lovely, to satisfy his boundless needs, but fostered that natural tendency towards a deep-hearted sadness, which his poetry so clearly reveals. But although Shelley often writes of his own disappointment and pain, it is done in a manly, sincere way; he does not obtrude himself unpleasantly; the shadows are relieved by flashes of brightness, the sepulchre is decked with fairest flowers. Perhaps the saddest poem of modern times is the last one Shelley ever wrote—'The Triumph of Life.' The poet is baffled by mystery, heartsick, and hopeless. Life is a mockery, a shadowy, deceptive phantom; all things first charm and attract us, but their beauty and grace soon wane, leaving as our only possession, disappointment, bitter, useless, irreparable. Then that touchingly sad description of himself as coming to the bier of the dead Keats:—

'Midst others of less note, came one frail Form,  
A phantom among men, companionless  
As the last cloud of an expiring storm  
Whose thunder is its knell; tie, as I guess,  
Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness  
Actæon-like, and now he fled astray  
With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness;  
And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,  
Pursued like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

'A pard-like Spirit beautiful and swift—  
A love in desolation masked;—a Power  
Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce uplift  
The weight of the superincumbent hour;  
—It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,  
A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak  
Is it not broken? On the withering flower  
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek  
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart  
may break.'

'Of that crew  
He came the last, neglected and apart,  
A herd-abandoned deer, struck by the hunter's  
dart.\*

This sadness without hope, this weariness of soul with no trust in the possibility of Divine relief, makes Shelley's poetry, with all its intellectual depth and range, its energy and intensity of passion, with all its splendor of language, its grace of rhythm, 'a thing in which we feel there is some hidden want.†

Because in this matter of religion we cannot trust this poet as we should like to trust all poets, we must not shun his poetry. The good we should then miss would far exceed the evil we desire to avoid. There is a tone of sincerity in all he wrote, which creates, or ought to create, charity for the man's errors and lamentable falsities, of doctrine.

In this paper it will be impossible to discuss the moral influence of the poetry of Shelley. There are depths of greatness and nobleness in life, in thought, in action, which he did not fathom, perhaps scarcely conceived of; yet the direct tendency of his works, though not always healthful, is certainly not pernicious. Though his perception of moral distinctions is not as clear as Wordsworth's, he does not gild vice like Byron, or sing the charms of selfish sensual indulgence like Moore. He wished freedom, purity, and self-denying love to be blessings of universal experience, although he erred in his judgment of the means for the attainment of these conditions. Many of his schemes for the reformation of society, contrary to religion as they are, are still so visionary and unpractical, so extremely ideal, there is little danger of their being adopted by any reader, howsoever enthusiastic and credulous he be. They are valuable now historically—only as they indicate the mental and moral influence which Shelley breathed. What could be nobler than this ending to his greatest work, 'Prometheus Unbound.' This is the 'moral' of the poem:

'To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;  
To forgive wrongs darker than day or night;  
To love and bear; to hope till Hope creates  
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;  
Neither to change, nor falter;  
This like thy glory, Titan! is to be  
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;  
This is alone Life, Joy, Empire, and Victory!'

Yet no mention of faith, of *progressive* love to God. He is spoken of as the Power which *seems* omnipotent, which we are to defy.

We have been able to designate but a few of Shelley's multiform characteristics, which make his poetry the rich and precious heritage it is:—A strong, high-soaring imagination; an intense sympathy with Nature, and in most cases an accurate perception of her spiritual meaning; a sensibility alive to the most delicate and subtle

\* Adonais; cantos xxxi-xxxiii.

† To a Skylark.

emotions; an intellect capable of embodying in beautiful forms the most evanescent and abstract ideas; and a wealth of language unsurpassed for its ease, varied music, and majestic eloquence.

We close by quoting his elegy on the death of Alastor :

‘Thou art fled  
Like some frail exhalation, which the dawn  
Robes in its golden beams—ah ! thou hast fled !  
The brave, the gentle, and the beautiful,

*The child of grace and genius.* Heartless things  
Are said and done in the world ; and mighty earth  
From sea and mountain, city and wilderness,  
In vesper low or joyous orison,  
Lifts still its solemn voice :—but though art fled—  
Thou canst no longer know or love the shapes  
Of this phantasmal scene, who *have to thee*  
*Been purest ministers* . . . . .  
It is a ‘woe too deep for tears’ when all  
Is left at once, when some *surpassing Spirit*  
Whose light adorned the world around it, leaves  
It dark.’

F. LOUISE MORSE.

### SUNSHINE.

I STOOD where the chequered shadows fell  
Across the narrow lane,  
And through the blooming hedge-row watched  
The sun shine o'er the plain.

The sunbeams touched the ripening corn,  
And flashed upon the rills,  
And swept across the waving grass,  
And lit the distant hills.

The ruddy gleam, like shafts of fire,  
Shone through the autumn wood ;  
But still, the chequered shadows fell  
Upon me where I stood :—

‘Emblem of life, and joy, and hope,  
Oh summer sun,’ I cried,  
‘I see thy golden glory fall  
On all the world beside.

‘My path alone is dark and sad,  
Grant me one cheering ray  
To pierce the overhanging gloom  
And cheer my lonely way.’

I heard a gentle footstep come  
Behind me in the lane,  
And turned to meet and greet my love,  
And breathed that prayer again.

As, through the opening gates of dawn  
The first bright sunbeams dart,  
So flashed her answering smile, and fell  
Like sunshine on my heart.

And still, whene'er the chequered shades  
Across our pathway come,  
Her loving smile hath power to make  
The sunshine of our home.

W. S. MARTIN.

## ANCIENT AND MODERN AZTECS.

THE unpleasant contrast between fact and fancy is nowhere more strikingly presented to the mind than in the grand old Mexico of history, and the Mexico recently seen by the writer. Prescott's story is a delightful dream, begotten of the excited fancies floating through the minds of the Spanish adventurers of the sixteenth century, and perpetuated in tales entitled to the same historical credibility as the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. A practical knowledge of the character and disposition of the nineteenth century Aztecs, leaves the most vivid modern imagination utterly unable to realize that they have descended from anything but very ordinary barbarians. To a people living in a state of nature, the lovely climate of Mexico would naturally give the original Aztecs many and great advantages over their northern brethren; but that they had attained to anything like the degree of civilization claimed on their behalf is entirely beyond the bounds of reasonable probability. It must be remembered that our ideas of ancient Aztec civilization are derived entirely from Spanish sources; and when we consider that to this day the Spanish intellect is peculiarly fervid, glowing, and unpractical, it is easy to understand how the romantic adventurers of the days of Ferdinand and Isabella came to describe the new world and its people in the highly exaggerated language that has gained acceptance for historical truth. To every person of extended experience in life a feeling of disappointment must come when brought face to face with the reality of the world's wonders, of which a previous idea had been formed from reading. Fancy always outstrips the truth, and raises up in the mind such pleasant pictures of greatness, that it is almost a pity to step in and destroy the illusion. If the grand old Mexico of history ever existed in reality, it has left but few traces behind to indicate such a fact to the critical intelligence of the present age.

Perhaps amongst the minor civilized nations of the world at the present time,

there is none of equal extent of which so little is really known in other countries as of Mexico. Without railways or newspapers, and with the highways infested by robbers, each city and town in the interior exists as a separate and distinct community, with no more intercourse of commerce or travel than absolute necessity requires. It is no unusual circumstance to find a town of ten thousand inhabitants without an hotel; and from Mexico city to Matamoras there is not a newspaper in the country excepting the official *Gazettes* of the several State Governments by the way. Foreigners arriving in Mexico city after a pleasant ocean voyage terminated by a railway ride through the attractive scenery of Orizaba, are apt to form erroneous opinions about the country. When the traveller sets out for the interior he soon finds that the natives, though extremely polite, and claiming to be fully abreast of all modern improvements, are an uncomfortable class of people to live amongst. Travelling is done in stage coaches, eight mules driven at a racing gallop being attached to each vehicle; accommodation of a very inferior and expensive description is provided at lodgings-houses by the way, where the traveller is shut up with bars and bolts in a room frequently without a window in it; and even then it is scarcely possible to go a hundred miles without being overhauled and robbed by the *Ladrones*. Having occasion to make a twelve day's stage journey into the interior, from Mexico, city we heard all these consoling stories with no little discomfort. When fitted out with a revolver and a repeating rifle we felt ashamed of our brigand appearance, but seeing everybody else iron-clad in the same manner the feeling gradually wore off. Singular to say we made the entire journey without being robbed; and afterwards, when more familiar with the country, made many more journeys with the same success. The longer we remained, however, the more our discomfort increased, until at last we would not cross the street of

a populous city in broad daylight without being well armed.

The climate of the country is probably superior to anything on the face of the whole earth. Havana, at which we stopped by the way, is a delightful place, but rather warm. Vera Cruz on the coast is also too hot for the comfort of a northern man, but a few hours on the railway towards Mexico city brings the traveller up to the level of the *tierra templada*, or temperate region, where for hundreds of miles is spread out before him the famous valley of the Aztec emperors, immortalized in the pages of Prescott. Truth to say, however, our own experience of the beauty and richness of the region did not realize the ideal picture in the mind of the historian. The lovely climate still exists, but all else has been greatly modified by the changes of time. The richly-wooded slopes have all disappeared, excepting in the mountain gorges of Orizabo, and in the immediate vicinity of the capital city. The herds of wild game are replaced by droves of half-starved scrubby-looking cattle. The gallant Princes, Nobles, Warriors, and Chieftains are represented by a mean-looking tribe of thievish mongrels; whilst the gorgeous palaces, magnificent temples, aqueducts, and causeways, said to have existed before the arrival of the Spaniards, can be found only in some shadowy rivers that might possibly have represented such things to a highly imaginative and poetical fancy. The commercial spirit of the nineteenth century is a deadly enemy to poetry. The only really fine scenery in the Republic is that along the railway between Vera Cruz and Mexico city. In the course of seventy miles this road gains an elevation of seven thousand feet above the level of the coast. The cars are pulled up by an enormous double-engine, which winds around the mountains in gradually ascending circles until the top is reached, when away it plunges into the valley to the base of another mountain, which again in its turn is overcome in the same manner. The track, for the greater part of the way, is simply a ledge cut into the face of the mountain, with a precipice on one side and towering rocks on the other. Looking out of the car windows at the heads of the lofty pines spreading their leafy foliage over the valley a thousand yards beneath our feet, and on the other side observing huge rocks suspended in the

air an immense height over our heads, the thought of an accident came unbidden to the mind, as many of the passengers involuntarily withdrew their gaze from the dangerous view. It is no figure of speech to say that the mountains of Orizaba pierce the clouds. Their lofty tops are covered with eternal snow, rendering them visible as a beacon to the mariner many miles at sea; whilst to the railway traveller slowly creeping up their side, they present the unusual experience of witnessing a magnificent panorama of celestial scenery spread out between him and the earth below. During our journey up the mountain we witnessed the striking spectacle of a heavy rain pouring down from clouds through which the train had just passed, whilst in a neighboring valley just by, the sun shone with all the dazzling brilliancy of the tropics. Where the crests of the mountain are too high to be climbed by the train, their sides are pierced by tunnels, of which fifteen or sixteen are encountered in a few miles. Great chasms are covered by bridges resting on iron posts standing a hundred feet in the air. Some of these bridges describe a curve of nearly half a circle, whilst others are pitched at an elevation which makes the boldest heart beat quicker, as the engine slowly grinds its way to the other side of the terrible gorges over which they are constructed. The region through which the road passes from *Boca del monte* (mouth of the mountains) to the level of the plains on which stands the city of Vera Cruz, is without doubt the richest and most picturesque in the country. The vapors arising from the Gulf of Mexico by evaporation, being blown inland by the sea-breezes, become condensed in the colder atmosphere of the mountains of Orizaba; and daily descending in gentle showers on the valleys below, impart a beauty and fertility to this region surpassing anything seen by the writer in other parts of the country. Amongst the rocks of this region, in ancient times, dwelt the fierce Tlascalens who sallying forth to drive back the invaders of their country, were doubtless surprised to find themselves trampled under foot by the haughty Spaniards. In viewing these mountains, and allowing the historians a liberal discount, there is still ample room left to admire the achievements of Cortez. With his little band of four or five hundred adventurers, he



climbed these rocks, conquering tribe after tribe of warriors, till he finally stood before the haughty Montezuma in the beautiful city of the lakes. Had he failed in the enterprise, the same historians who now extol his wisdom and valor, would have condemned the madness of his undertaking; but he succeeded—and 'there's nothing so successful as success.'

During the time of our stay in the country there was continued talk of the approaching revolution that has since ended in the downfall of President Lerdo de Tejada. This gentleman got himself invested by Congress with 'extraordinary faculties' to face the situation, and being a man of first-rate abilities, he would no doubt have succeeded in maintaining himself, but for the treachery of his friends. Mexican politicians are the most unreliable people in the world. Their professions are utterly and thoroughly insincere. In August, 1875, we witnessed a review of the troops in Mexico city by President Lerdo, Gen. Escobedo, Chief-Justice Iglesias, and Senor Diaz, who is now President. They all made speeches, and congratulated each other on the prosperity of the country and the stability of the government under President Lerdo, whom they eulogized in the high-toned manner peculiar to Spanish orators. To an English-speaking person, accustomed to the direct and more or less truthful expression of thought, a Spanish speech is terrible nonsense. Nobody ever thinks of telling the truth, and nobody ever believes a word said by anybody else, and yet they are all the time so polite and apparently so high-toned and impressively sincere in what they say, that it is really difficult to regard them as the utter and thorough liars that they certainly are. In a year after uttering these fine sentiments, both Diaz and Iglesias were in the field against Lerdo, and succeeded in driving him out of the country. Notwithstanding the success of Diaz, Lerdo governed the country much better than it has ever been governed by native rulers. He is a smooth, oily gentleman, of very gracious manners—a good deal like what our own Sir John Macdonald might be if he had no conscience. As they say in Mexico, *Quien sabe* (who knows?) as to that. The revolutions that seem such terrible affairs to people in this country, are regarded in a

very different light in Mexico. They are simply equivalent to a general election in Canada. There is no other possible way of effecting a change of Administration. Those in power maintain themselves by fraud until the Opposition gets strong enough to put them out by force. Nominally the government is a Republic and everybody has a vote, but in reality the President and his civil and military army of office-holders keep on re-electing themselves until the Outs can't stand it any longer, and then up springs the Revolution and they have their turn. It is a most miserable farce of a government, from our point of view, but it seems to be about as good as anything the Spanish race are capable of producing. We returned to Canada thoroughly convinced that the British people alone are capable of originating and putting in practice governmental ideas and systems of administration that combine individual liberty with public security in just and equal proportions. And it is our pleasing conceit as Canadians to believe that this idea has its highest practical expression in our beloved Dominion.

Away from the main highways between the chief cities, travelling is done by private conveyance or on horseback. There are no towns, villages, farms, or farmers as with us, the land being divided into great estates called Haciendas, on which there are usually several hamlets, inhabited nearly altogether by the workmen and servants of the great landowner. These people are very abject in their manners, always taking off their hats in presence of their superiors and standing uncovered until ordered away. The hacienda men are generally hospitable, and willingly entertain those who apply for accommodation, taking their pay in such conversation and information of the outside world as the traveller may be able to impart. They are as much isolated from the rest of the world as though living in the heart of China, and naturally feel glad to see any one who can relieve the dull monotony of their existence. We once stopped at a hacienda where the young lady of the house had never been off her father's lands. The larger haciendas are usually managed by Administradors, the proprietor preferring to live in the more congenial atmosphere of the cities. In such cases an allowance is made by the owner for the entertainment of

travellers. Don Miguel Rul, a wealthy gentleman owning ninety-seven square leagues in Zacatecas, allows his representative three thousand dollars a year for this purpose. Hospitality and polite manners are so universal amongst all classes, that Don Pepe Berruman, Senor Rul's administrator, made this statement in ordinary conversation as being quite a matter of course.

The relations of commerce are very much restricted, not only from the natural condition of the country, but by the operation of the vexatious laws being continually imposed by the idlers who successively govern, on the few industrious ones who continuously work. Every merchant in business is obliged to keep so many books, and on every page of these books there must be a government stamp, for which the merchant has to pay a certain sum of money. As the merchants are always trying to evade this impost, a whole army of deserving young men is employed to look after them. Every telegram is stamped; the doctors' prescriptions are stamped; receipts, notes, drafts, bills, and mercantile paper of every description must have stamps according to the value of their contents. But a small portion of the revenue thus collected finds its way into the Federal treasury, and it is not intended that it should, the well-understood purpose of the whole system being to provide offices and salaries for the supporters of the government. The equivalent to our Internal Revenue is collected by a custom-house, with a staff of officers stationed at the entrance to every street in every town in the Republic. Foreign goods are swamped with taxes as they unload at the seaports, and taxed again and again at every step they take through the interior, finally paying at last eight or ten per cent. to the municipality in which they are retailed to the consumer. When hard pressed by new applicants for office, the old offices are subdivided and beat out so fine, that the officials with all their ingenuity are frequently forced into joining the next revolution by sheer necessity. With such an opportunity as the recent Ontario Liquor Bill, for instance, the genius of Mexican statesmanship would find expression in a full staff of inspectors and commissioners for every hotel in the country. It must be admitted that our Canadian Government

have hitherto displayed but little ability in this department of administration. A Mexican statesman with the opportunities of Mr. Mackenzie or Mr. Mowat, would maintain himself in power until even cheerful Sir John would be glad to exchange his chance for the hopes of the Wandering Jew. In a country where every possible opening is utilized to the highest possible extent, so grand a conception as a new office-creating Act would be regarded as the highest conception of human genius.

They have a system of municipal government in the cities that differs from ours in some important respects that might be considered worthy of attention. All the land in every city belongs to all the people in the city, and not to individuals as with us. When the place is laid out, it starts with the grand plaza, or square, in the centre. The streets are then laid out for the different purposes required, and the character of the buildings for each street prescribed. Anybody wanting to build a house according to the plan, gets the land for nothing. He can afterwards sell or devise his house the same as we do here, the title to the land always remaining vested in the municipality. Silver mining being the staple industry of the country, nearly every municipal corporation owns and works several mines, by which means employment is furnished to the working-classes, who, in their turn, purchase goods from the merchants composing the corporation. Notwithstanding the general dishonesty pervading the whole country, this system works well: all the rogues watch each other, and they have not half the trouble in managing their municipal machinery that we have in Canada.

Too much politics are the principal evil that afflicts the country. Elections for something or other are going on nearly every day in the year. Everybody is supposed to have a vote, but the 'counting in' of the elected is the prerogative of the administration for the time being. It is always customary to elect a first and a second man to the same office, so that in the event of the first man being shot, the second is ready to take his place and finish the term. The representatives in Congress are nearly always lawyers, and their idea of legislation seems to consist in the continual making and repealing of laws without giving either operation the slightest consideration.

This performance is varied occasionally with an elaborate speech gotten up on a classical model, filled with grand sentiments and declaimed in the most approved oratorical fashion. When a congressman gets off an oration of this kind he expects to be taken into the ministry, and if there is no room for him there, he must get an office of some other kind or he joins the revolution. 'The revolution is always brewing: everybody who can't get an office joins it; the government does everything possible in that way, but there are only two millions of offices for eight millions of people, and at last somebody 'pronounces,' the old crowd run away, and the new fellows take their place amidst general rejoicing, till the offices are filled—and then the same process is again repeated.

Having occasion to make a journey from Aguascalientes to Mexico city, and the coach road being infested with robbers, we determined on going with 'la conducta.' This is an institution so peculiar to Mexico that it is doubtful if anything like it is known to the inhabitants of any other civilized country. Silver being the only circulating medium in use, *la conducta* is the means employed to transport it to the centre of exchange at the capital city, where it is absorbed in the payment of goods from foreign countries. Literally the *conducta* is a train of mule carts loaded with silver dollars, escorted by soldiers, and commanded by a person appointed by the government for that purpose. The transportation of money in this way is a slow, laborious, and expensive method of handling business, but in the present condition of the country there seems to be no other way of doing it. There are no banks, no paper money, and no commercial credit. Every three months a *conducta* starts from one of the cities of the interior, some going north to Matamoras, and others south to the capital city. The *conducta* is paid nine dollars per thousand for carrying the money, furnishing his own transportation, and guaranteeing its safe delivery—the Federal government furnishing a military escort sufficient for the purposes of protection against robbery. Frequently travellers who want to journey in safety take their carriage and go along with the train. It is rather a slow method of locomotion, but combining, as it does, safety with an opportunity of seeing

the country, its advantages are frequently embraced by persons having time to spare and unwilling to risk the chances of being robbed on the stages.

We left Aguascalientes on the evening of July 7th in the carriage of Senor Don José Arbaiza, commander-in-chief of the train, and arrived at Mexico on the evening of August 9th, having spent just thirty-three days on the journey. Gathering strength as we proceeded, our train left the city of San Luis Potosi with about forty tons of silver dollars in carts and waggons. A ton weight of dollars looks like a big sum to the imagination, and it takes a good deal of time to count and handle it, but when we recollect that a thousand dollars weighs sixty pounds, we find that there are not much over thirty-three thousand dollars in a ton. Thus our forty tons of dollars figure up to not much over a million and a quarter, which is a small sum certainly compared with the immense labor of handling and transporting it. Each cart carried a ton and a half, and was drawn by six mules, whilst the heavy waggons carrying five tons were drawn by eighteen mules. Two companies of infantry and a regiment of cavalry escorted the train. It is a curious sight to a Canadian to witness this strange cavalcade, and reflect on the difference it suggests between the civilization of Mexico and that of the bleak and rugged land we delight to call our home. With a European civilization of three hundred and fifty years, and blessed with the most perfect climate on the face of the globe, Mexico is still so vastly inferior to 'the newest of the nations' in all the elements of material progress, as to afford scarcely any ground of comparison. The difference lies doubtless partly in the race, but not altogether: the very loveliness of the climate is an enemy to public prosperity, by depriving the people of that stimulus to exertion—necessity—which forces every man in Canada to work or freeze. There is no danger of freezing in Mexico, consequently no absolute necessity exists to provide either clothing, fuel, food, or houses to meet the rigors of winter. The absence of rivers and the dryness of the climate make it impossible to divide the land into those small farms that constitute the best nursery of a vigorous people; whilst its divisions into large haciendas, by creating two classes widely distinct, the proprietor

of the soil and the common labourer, destroy that unity of society so essential to the public prosperity of nations.

Getting up every morning at the sound of the bugle, our coffee was soon prepared, and by four o'clock the train was in motion. Part of the cavalry and one company of infantry took the lead, then came the carts, waggons, and carriages, with the rear closed up by troops. If the shade of a tree or the presence of a ranche presented itself in the middle of the day we halted to cook breakfast; and in the evening usually camped in the vicinity of a hacienda, where water and provisions might be procured. At night the carts were drawn up in a square and the mules and horses placed inside, whilst around the outside were ranged the troops and travellers. With the singing and dancing of the soldiers, who, poor fellows, after their weary day's march, were still none too weary to enjoy the passing pleasure of the moment; the tramp of the sentinels; the humming of the myriads of insects that filled the soft and balmy air; the occasional note of a tropical songster; and the whole lit up with the 'pale light of the moon' or the camp fires of the soldiers, the scene presented was at once striking and picturesque to the mind of a stranger accustomed to a manner of life so entirely different. Sometimes indeed scenes of a different character presented themselves. Rain began to fall heavily as we approached the southern part of the country, and then the condition of the troops and animals was miserable enough. The roads became so heavy that frequent doublings-up of the teams took place every day to haul the waggons out of the mud. It was by no means unusual to see as many as forty-two mules hitched to a waggon—eighteen on the tongue, and six on each wheel, rings being left on the outside of the axles for this purpose. There appears to be a great waste of power in teams arranged in this manner. With proverbial obstinacy, some mules pulled one way, some another, and others stood still. The drivers yelled, flogged, and called them bad names, until finally the mules would pull, and out came the waggon. In this way we frequently spent a day in making a couple of leagues. The poor soldiers tramping through the mud looked miserable, and the *soldaderas* (female soldiers), presumably wives of the others, still worse. There were

nearly as many women as men, and it was really surprising to see the loads they carried of youngsters, little pigs, chickens, and other household commodities, and to witness the energy with which they made the final tramp through the streets of the Aztec capital. In dry weather, the soldiers amused themselves gambling on the march, having a large kind of dice for that purpose, which they throw up before them on the road, stooping to pick it up as they arrived and again throwing it up before them. In this way a young darkey among them got into trouble. His name was Elijah Parks up north, he said, which got translated into Hilario de la Paz in Spanish. He had a wife, too, like the rest of them. 'I give her a licking every now and then,' says he, 'and she's a first-rate woman.' Woman's rights are still unknown in Mexico, and 'licking' the women, by the way, is very common amongst the poor people. One day Hilario got into trouble. He was throwing up the dice with a private, which he should not have done, he said, as he was a corporal, and won a real y medio (18 cents) from him. The private got angry and drew his knife: Hilario drew his bayonet and killed him. For this offence, a court-martial, convened on the spot, sentenced him to ten years imprisonment. Another darkey soldier informed us that he had come to Mexico for the good of his health, and subsequently enlisted in the Mexican army. 'The ossifers,' said he, 'lets me do juss as I like. These Mexicans aint no account for sojers, and I tell you the ossifers likes to get hold of American men for their army. I have a fuss-rate time. The ladies too,' he added, with a lofty smile of self-complacency, 'the ladies in this country they likes the sojers too.'

The said 'sojers' are rather a curious-looking crowd. Discipline seems to be very lax, the principal part of it consisting in mounting guard and calling the roll every time we halted. This precaution is said to be necessary to prevent desertion, the bad pay and harsh treatment to which they are subjected rendering the men specially liable to desert. They are picked up on the streets, and forced to serve whether willing or not, though lately a law has been passed under which such involuntary 'sojers' may claim their liberty by applying to a judge of the Supreme Court—if they can get a

chance of finding one, and have the money to pay him after he is found. They are all however, finely armed, the infantry with Remington breech-loaders, and the cavalry with Spencer eight-shooters, or Winchester twelve-shooters. The latter are mounted on excellent horses, and have a generally serviceable equipment. In their white cotton uniforms, they present quite a picturesque appearance on the march. The cavalry soldiers are picked men and look well, but the rank and file of the infantry have a timid appearance, and look as if a small excuse would serve them to run away. The inferior officers are badly paid—the lieutenant nominally getting fifty dollars a month without supplies, and the captains eighty, without much chance to steal. Official stealing is one of the prevailing vices of the country. Every one of the officials especially endeavors to steal all he can without being caught, from the President down to the town constable. 'Why sir,' said a gentleman to us in the capital city, 'the President sets the example of stealing. His salary is twenty-five thousand dollars a year. He came here as poor as a rat, and in eight months paid fifty-six thousand dollars cash for a house. Of course he stole the money.' Shortly afterwards we read an account of a speech made by this same gentleman, in which he praised the President as being a model of wisdom, integrity, and patriotism. This is the way the humbug is carried out, without sincerity or honesty in any dealing between man and man. 'The inferior officers of the army,' said a fellow-traveller, philosophically looking at the poor fellows splashing through the mud in a rain-storm, 'have a hard time, but as soon as they get to be *teniente coronels* (regimental commanders) they have a *mina de*

*oro* (gold mine) in bonanza all the time.' Looking at the officer holding this position in command of the troops along with us, the cause of the remark seemed apparent. He was a common-looking fellow covered all over with silver buttons, chains, spurs, pistols, and everything else he could possibly hang around his clothes; whilst his horse was similarly attired, with a silver-covered saddle, bridle, stirrups, saddle-cloth, and reins.

And thus we jogged along for thirty-three days, occasionally stopping at the large cities to take in more specie, until we finally arrived in the capital city with the accumulated dollars of the interior. The approach to the city from Tula, the ancient capital of the Tlascalens, is over a road lined for many miles with a fine avenue of trees.\* The character of the country also greatly improves. The land, formerly the bottom of the lake, becomes richer, the fields greener, and the crops of corn more abundant. Everything points out the change from the dreary table-lands of the interior, to the rich and fertile valley of the Aztec Emperors. The people, however, remain the same; and looking at them with the unromantic eye of a nineteenth century Canadian, it is hard to realize that they are the descendants of great warriors, noble chieftains, wise princes, mighty emperors, and other mythical worthies of wisdom, valor, and renown.

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\*This road was originally a causeway through the lake of Tezcuco, now dried up, and over it the gallant young Cavalier Sandoval fought his way inch by inch against the Indians until he joined Cortez before the Teocalli, in the place now occupied by the Grand Plaza, in front of the great cathedral of Mexico.

M. MCNAMARA.

## SELMA :

## A TALE OF THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

## V.

## GOOD-BYE.

Out of this wood do not desire to go :  
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.  
—*A Midsummer Night's Dream.*

SMITH watched his friend's progress with some anxiety from the shore.

The chief danger, to a good swimmer as he knew Walter to be, in crossing the channel, was from the current which midway between the two islands ran strong and rapid. It was possible that a swimmer might be swept below Jacob's Island altogether, and the distance thus indefinitely lengthened. Moreover it was not at every point that a landing could be effected, for Jacob's Island presented for almost its entire length on this side, a wall of precipitous rock.

As these things occurred to Smith he got into the skiff, and pulled gently into and down the stream, so that in case of need he might quickly row out to his friend's assistance. He was in a state of mingled anger and amusement at the turn which affairs had taken, but his heart warmed withal to the high-spirited boy whose absurd impulse he had so roughly denounced. He watched the blue cap as it moved, slowly but steadily, across the river, and it was with a good deal of relief that he at length beheld Walter land at a point far below the lighthouse, and indeed almost the extreme lower end of Jacob's Island. Satisfied of his friend's safety, Smith turned his boat and went on his own way meditating.

Walter Dean, under all his assumption of impassivity, had an impressionable nature, and one which was often strangely influenced by mere physical conditions. Before he had passed one-fourth of the distance to Jacob's Island his ardour had

become literally cooled, and he began to think that his conduct was rather ridiculous. But he was not the man to turn back from anything he had once undertaken, and he was upheld by the feeling that he was doing something which tested nerve and muscle, and which most men would have been slow to attempt.

Before he had reached the middle of the channel, he had fully made up his mind that, in his present relations with Esther Lansing, he could not honourably think of pledging himself to any other woman. The fact that Smith was evidently of the same opinion, served to bring this consideration, which before had been rather kept in the background, into clear and startling prominence.

By the time he had gained the island, and crawled chilled and exhausted from the water, he felt thoroughly discontented with the whole system of things, but more especially with himself and the women whom it had been his ill-fortune to admire.

He was not sorry that he was compelled to land so far from the cottage. It gave him an opportunity of determining how he would manage the final interview with Selma, and, what was even more to the purpose, of drying himself at leisure. I suppose that even Leander, while engaged in wringing himself out — for it would have been putting the affection of his mistress to too severe a test to require her to receive a dripping lover to her silken bosom — must have sometimes felt his passion falter. It is certain that his humble imitator, Walter Dean, damp, shivering, and dispirited on the rocky shore of Jacob's Island, thought only of the practical objections to the continuance of his intercourse with his Hero, which now appealed to him with new and overwhelming force.

By the end of half-an-hour he was clothed

and in his right mind, as he now felt assured, as to the course which he was bound to pursue. He would bid Selma good-bye, perhaps for ever, at any rate for a long time; and in doing so he would exercise such discretion and kindness as might win the approval of even the superior Smith. But he would not cease to take an interest in the little schoolmistress. He would take care that she should be substantially better off for having known him. He even tried to think of some way in which he might do her an immediate service, so that his leave-taking should be signaled by some act of generosity which would come gracefully and appropriately from a gentleman of position to a lighthouse-keeper's daughter of merit.

When he reached the cottage, Selma and her father were sitting down to tea, with a young person for their companion, who, though an inhabitant of Jacob's Island, has not yet appeared in this story. This was Mary Jane, a damsel sweet as to age—for she was sixteen—and negative as to characteristics. She had a freckled face, magenta hair, and features of no particular significance. It was her province to scrub, wash, and do the heavier household work in the Meres' cottage, in consideration of which services Selma had undertaken to clothe her body and improve her mind, if on investigation Mary Jane appeared to possess one. Walter had occasionally encountered Mary Jane in the house, but she had always chastely retreated from his presence, falling over chairs and slamming doors in her withdrawal, and otherwise displaying an unusual gift of coyness and maiden modesty which was quite engaging.

There was a fourth person who had apparently expected to be honoured with a seat at the table. It was the dwarf Anatole. When Walter entered Anatole treated him to one of his amiable scowls, and, rising hastily, shambled away, muttering what sounded a good deal like a French curse between his teeth.

'Anatole doesn't seem over fond of me,' said Walter, after he had given an excuse for his reappearance. 'Whenever he sees me he gets out of the way, scattering smiles and benedictions like flowers in his path. He evidently considers me an intruder on this island.'

'Anatole ain't what you might call easy in

his manners,' said Jacob apologetically, 'but he is a harmless creature.'

'He is a wild beast,' exclaimed Walter, forgetting his usual suavity.

'No, he is not that,' said Selma, flushing a little, 'he is one of God's most unfortunate creatures, and ought to be pitied and helped, instead of despised and shunned. But I am not surprised that people spurn him. For a long time I could not bear to look at him, but I got over that wicked feeling, and it now really gives me pleasure to be kind to him and try and teach him. He is so grateful, just like a dog accustomed to kicks, who licks your feet if you look at him kindly. I don't think Anatole is really bad at heart. It is only because he has always been mocked and ill-used, and has lived a lonely life, that he seems so morose. Anatole is never cross to me; he would do anything for me.'

'I have occasionally looked at him kindly,' said Walter; 'but as yet he has shown no disposition to lick my feet. However, I'll take your word for it that he is better than he looks. If he will do anything for you I wish you'd ask him not to make such ghastly faces at me; it is sometimes quite disturbing.'

Walter yielded to the pressing invitation of Mr. Meres and sat down to tea. There was no necessity for apologizing for the absence of a coat, for Mr. Meres seldom incumbered himself with that garment at his own board. Walter explained that he had swum the river for a wager, and was consequently obliged to present himself in dishabille. Selma looked surprised, but said nothing. Had he been dressed for a wedding-breakfast, he could not have looked more handsome than he did now in his dark blue shirt with the broad open collar, showing his well-turned neck and throat, and with his light hair tossed and straggling about his temples.

Some such thought might perhaps have strayed through the maiden fancy of Mary Jane, for Walter, happening to look up, found her gaze concentrated upon him. Her shoulders were hunched up to the level of her ears, her lower jaw dependent, her eyes fixed and glassy. With one hand she grasped her bowl of tea, the forefinger hooked over the rim for greater security; with the other a thick slice of bread-and-butter, a segment of which broke the symmetrical curve of one graceful cheek. Caught in this overt act, Mary Jane blushed exces-

sively, and vainly attempted to hide her confusion in her tea-cup. This only brought on a severe fit of coughing, in the midst of which Mary Jane violently retired to the woodshed. There, after a prolonged agony of coughing, she regained her breath, and, is may be presumed, her composure, though she did not appear again.

'Drat the girl! I wonder what ails her,' said Jacob in a helpless voice.

'Her manners had not that repose  
Which stamps the cast of *Vere de Vere*.'

murmured Walter, as he sipped his tea.

He felt rather amused at his position. There was a certain piquancy in sitting down to tea in his shirt-sleeves with a scullery-maid—or a 'lady-help' perhaps—and a retired bosen's-mate. Old Meres, weather-stained, rugged, puerile—h: wondered how he would look at his own table in a suit of cast-off dress-clothes, holding up a glass of claret to the light! Then he looked at Selma at the head of the table. Grave, self-possessed, refined, she seemed to belong to this social atmosphere as little as he did himself.

As Walter reflected on the painful self-consciousness of Mary Jane, something which Smith had said to him in the morning suddenly recurred to his mind. 'You seem to have some kind friend who keeps the chaw-bacons *en rapport* with events on the island:' 'You have made Selma fall in love with you—*never mind how I know it*.'

After tea, Walter, having been furnished by Mr. Meres with a clay-pipe and some tobacco which was cheap and proportionately nasty, strolled with him down to the lighthouse. He lighted his pipe and seated himself on the edge of the crib, and Jacob straightway followed his example.

Walter had determined not to say good-bye to Jacob's Island without impressing upon Mr. Meres the desirability of reforming his habits. As delicate but unmistakable odours of stimulants pervaded the air which Jacob breathed this evening, the approach to the subject was rendered easy. Walter did not as a rule trouble himself about the way other people chose to live. He had no relish for vice himself, but it did not occur to him that it was any of his business to go about trying to improve the morals of others. As no young lady in whom he had

taken an interest hitherto, had possessed a parent who specially invited the attentions of a missionary, the task he had imposed upon himself was a novel one, and he went at it after a fashion of his own.

'Did it ever occur to you, Jacob,' he said, going to his subject with Homeric directness, but without any perceptible accent of reproach in his voice,—'did it ever occur to you that you are a miserable wretch?'

Somewhat dazed by the suddenness of this appeal, Jacob scratched his head and muttered that he didn't know as he had ever looked at it in that light.

'Well, you know you are,' continued Walter calmly. 'I've only had the pleasure of your acquaintance for a week, and in that time, I grieve to say, you have been twice extremely drunk. Now Jacob, it wouldn't matter much, if you had only yourself to consider, whether you chose to make a beast of yourself or not. But there is Selma; on her account you shouldn't do it.'

Mr. Meres, who was always more ready to acknowledge his transgressions than to correct them, shook his head and said candidly that he was afraid there was a good deal in what Mr. Dean said.

'There is Jacob, a great deal. It wounds Selma to the soul when you come home even smelling of liquor. For a man who would wilfully wound the feelings of such a daughter there is only one name. He is a wretch, Jacob, a miserable wretch. I suppose you love your daughter?'

'That I do, bless her heart,' Jacob replied, while an easy tear rose to his sleepless weather eye.

'You say bless her heart, when you are doing your best to break it. She tries to keep you straight, but you won't be kept straight on any consideration.'

'I try to keep straight, Mr. Dean, blow me if I don't. But it ain't my fault: its natur: natur has given me a powerfuller thirst than other men, that she has Mr. Dean.'

'Oh yes, of course, that's what they all say,' said Walter, drawing upon his large experience amongst the unregenerate. 'But a man's nature is just about what he chooses to make it. Have you ever taken the pledge? Yes, I think you said you did once.'

'No, no, Mr. Dean, I ain't so bad as that, to go back on my bible-oath. I never



took the pledge; there was no lodge about here till lately, but Selma holds it over me and threatens to make me take it, and that keeps me pretty straight now-a-days.'

'Good heavens! if you are straight now-a-days — but never mind. Jacob, you must take the pledge.'

'Mr. Dean,' said Jacob, bristling up a little, 'I know what pledges is and I know what liberty of the subject is. A pledge is nothing better than interference with liberty of the subject and of action, and as a hex-British sailor, Mr. Dean, I'm agin that sort of thing on principle.'

'Oh don't talk nonsense, Jacob. I suppose you've been listening to some bar-room orator, who has been mixing his ideas and his liquors. If you have any affection for Selma, you must take the pledge.'

'It's all very easy for a gentleman like you to ask a poor man to give up his drop of grog altogether. You would'nt be so ready to give up your glass of wine at dinner every day if any one was to ask you, Mr. Dean,' said Jacob, now thoroughly on the defensive.

'I would—if I thought it necessary.'

'So would I—if I thought it necessary, Mr. Dean,' answered Jacob audaciously.

'But hang it, it is necessary with you, when the result of your tasting a drop of liquor is that you must go on drinking more, and make your home unhappy, and endanger your livelihood.'

'Moderate indulgence is my idea, Mr. Dean, moderate indulgence,' said Jacob, who seemed to have the vocabulary of the temperance question at his command.

'I wish to heavens you would carry out your idea then.'

'So I do, Mr. Dean, so I do,' said Jacob soothingly, 'and if ever I go beyond that, it ain't with my own knowledge or approbation. I mean well, Mr. Dean; no man better; and I ain't the man to go and get drunk knowingly, I can tell you. And, meaning no offence, I don't see why I should give up my glass of grog, every day, because I keep a lighthouse, any more than you should give up drinking a glass of wine now and again with your friends because you're a gentleman and don't do anything. It's a poor rule that won't work both ways Mr. Dean.'

There was no use talking reason to an old ass like this.

Walter smoked in silence, and Jacob, flushed with triumph—for he believed that his inexorable logic had silenced his temper—proceeded to declare his views on morality in general and the temperance question in particular, at some length. What those views were it would be difficult, as it is happily needless, to state. Suffice it to say that Walter perceived in his observations a certain incoherence which he did not feel energetic enough to point out. But there was one point which Jacob clung to with consistency, and that was that Mr. Dean had no right to ask him to 'swear off,' unless he were prepared to set him the example by taking the pledge himself.

The thought flashed upon Walter's mind that the opportunity of doing Selma a service which he had desired, was open to him.

Should he accept it?

He had an idea—perhaps it was because his experience of human nature was very limited—that if Jacob could once be got to take the pledge of total abstinence, he would observe it. He had heard of the force of example in these matters: he believed that by agreeing to bind himself he might induce Jacob to do the same.

Should he do it?

Would it be possible to do Selma a kinder service, one for which she would be more profoundly grateful, than to make a sober man of her father? Walter himself cared very little for wine: he only drank it because it was usual in society, and because a man who always refused wine, and never gave it to his friends, was looked upon as eccentric.

Should he do it?

No. He had played the hero once already to-day: he felt no urgent impulse to this greater heroism. There were a hundred other things he would gladly do for Selma's sake, anything in fact which was freehanded, generous, chivalrous. But take a temperance pledge, like a Methodist? That would be Quixotic.

Jacob Meres must work out his own reform. As Walter said to himself in a momentary descent to vulgarity, he would leave Jacob to 'play it alone.'

'Jacob,' he said indolently, after a time, 'if the whiskey you drink is anything like as bad as your tobacco, you'll soon be in a place where pledges won't serve you. I'll

return your pipe before I'm ill, and bid you good evening, for I see your daughter at the door.'

Selma stood at the door, smiling pleasantly amongst the roses.

In a week's time Walter's estimate of Selma's character and personal charms had considerably expanded. At first she had appeared to him a trim-looking pretty girl, interesting by her simplicity, her freshness of mind as well as countenance. He had learnt to consider her beautiful, and even intellectual, and endowed with a character anything but superficial. She had eyes which were deep, serene, pensive: eyes to which pity could in an instant call a tear, enthusiasm a gentle but generous glow, which, if she were deeply moved by some cruel word or deed, indignation might lighten with a sudden fire. Her mouth too had a pensive downward curve, though the lips met resolutely. In animated conversation the light which slept in the brown eyes glanced and sparkled softly on the surface, and the parted lips shewed two rows of perfect teeth. Her complexion was dark, and delicately but clearly tinted with the glow of health, and her oval cheek was not, like the cheek appertaining to the girl of the period, incapable of a blush.

She liked Walter's visits, after she had overcome that incipient prejudice against him, and shewed that she enjoyed his presence without prudery or affectation. Her life had given a serious cast to her disposition, but she could be, and often was, lively, keen, authoritative, full of playful strokes and sly rejoinders. She sometimes chose to lecture Walter, in a superior, professional way, on his shortcomings. It was really shocking that he should be so languid, vacant of purpose, devoid of enthusiasm as he made himself out to be, and her exhortations became at times quite earnest. But it was hard to be indignant with a youth who not only cheerfully admitted his unworthiness, but joined in depreciating himself. For Walter liked to agree with a lady. More often, however, she was lamenting her own deficiencies, and, humble in self-esteem, gratefully picking up the crumbs of knowledge which fell from the lips of this young gentleman of culture when he chose to be instructive. One thing Walter was struck with, which was that, humble or dictatorial, serious or playful, she was at all

times girt with an armour of self-respect and maidenly reserve, which, though subtle as hoar-frost, would have been as chilling to the touch of libertinism.

'Well, Miss Selma,' Walter said as he approached her—somehow he had never ventured to omit the 'Miss' in addressing her—'you look as if you didn't know what trouble meant.'

'Nor do I, at this moment: for I have just heard *such* news.'

'Indeed! Has old Tomkins found the erring pig, or has Mrs. Brown's baby got successfully through its teething?'

'Nothing of that sort. Do you see that boat just rowing away? Those people are from the village, and they stopped to tell me the very best news in all the world. Can't you guess what it is?'

'I have exhausted my imagination.'

'You're too lazy to guess, so I'll tell you. You've heard me speak of that dear, sweet friend to whom I owe so much?'

'Ye-es,' answered Walter hesitatingly, and beginning to feel a trifle uncomfortable, for he now guessed what she referred to. 'I remember. But let's see—what was his name?'

'His name indeed!' cried Selma, with a little flash of indignation. 'How dare you?'

'Forgive me,' said Walter humbly. 'Of course, there is no man in the world that you care anything about, except your father—and Anatole.'

'Of course there isn't. But come now, Mr. Dean, don't pretend you don't know I mean Miss Esther?'

'Oh—Miss Lansing that is?' said Walter innocently. Then with a suddenly startled look, 'You don't mean to say she's here?'

'Not on this island certainly. How could she be? Though I don't see why that idea should alarm you, Mr. Dean, unless,' Selma went on, pretending to pout; 'you wouldn't like grand people like the Lansings to know that you make an acquaintance of a poor little schoolmistress like me.'

'I don't care who on all the globe knows it. I am a prouder man for having such a friend,' exclaimed Walter bravely.

'Well, it is Miss Esther,' continued Selma, easily pacified, 'dear Miss Esther!' she said, clasping her hands in a sort of childlike rapture. 'She has just come home, and I

haven't seen her for two years. How tall and beautiful she must be now. Oh, Mr. Dean, I wish you knew her! So grand and noble, just like a princess, and yet so soft and kind! She makes everybody love her. You would love her, Mr. Dean, the moment you saw her, and never cease to love her again.'

'I don't know about that. I often don't take to people whom everybody else admires. But you seem fond of her at any rate.'

'Fond of her! But there—it is no use getting on that subject; I should only tire you, singing the praises of a person you don't know, and can take no interest in. See, what a glorious sunset!'

Why was it that Walter concealed from Selma the harmless fact that he knew Esther Lansing? Why had he not thought it worth while to mention that fact when Selma had spoken of her before? As he had decided that all tender feelings towards Selma must be banished from his heart, what use was there in dissembling any longer?

'Don't you admire the sunset?' demanded Selma, for, in the abstraction of asking himself these questions, he had made her no answer.

'It is beautiful,' he said, looking up.

From behind a low bank of clouds, which stretched black and ominous along the western horizon, a small segment of the sun's disk, in colour an angry red, was visible. Presently that slipped from view, and broad bands of roseate light, like the spokes of a huge wheel, shot up into the sky. Cloud after cloud caught fire, till heaven to the very zenith was ablaze. In darker hues the river reflected the flames, so that soon half the world seemed to be in flames. The two young people gazed on the prospect for some time in silence. A fresh breeze came blowing smartly from the west, shaking the molten gold of the river, and briskly stirring the sleeping bushes. A musical frog, from some marshy corner of the stream, now and then uttered a plaintive call. These sounds, and the dreamy music of the crickets, seemed but to accent the pervading silence.

'We shall have wind to-night,' said Walter at last.

It was Selma's turn to give a little start. She had been dreaming, building an airy castle perhaps up among the gilded clouds.

'You have grown quite weatherwise,' she said, smiling a little absently.

'You have taught me that,' he replied, 'so you have kept your part of our agreement.' Then he added abruptly, 'Will you walk round the island with me before I go?'

They strolled away together. They followed a path skirting the island which Selma herself had laid out. It was shaded by interlacing foliage, for the resolute little lady of the isle had not suffered the hand of the vandal to despoil her territory, as it had done with other islands, of the trees.

Sometimes the way ran along the edge of a steeply sloping cliff, where, twenty feet below, the river ran, green as the bushes which overhung it. Now it passed close to the river's edge on a shore of huge and solid masses of the Laurentian rock. Now it wound between tall ferns and bushes covered with bright berries. Now it skirted a quiet pool where rushes and water-lilies grew, and where at this hour the fireflies twinkled.

'I like this spot,' said Selma, 'for the water here is so still and silent and peaceful, and the noise of the river, rushing by so boisterously outside, comes to you so soft and subdued: it is like a church beside a busy street.'

She seemed serenely happy, and talked freely in her bright and quiet way. Of every spot they passed she had something to tell. It was in this little cove she had found the gull with the broken wing. She had nursed it and cherished it tenderly, and it lingered on for awhile, poor thing, but died at last of a broken heart, pining because it could never again skim along the bright water, at which it gazed with a dim, sad eye. Out yonder there was a sunken rock, on which a steamer once had struck before her very eyes: she herself had rowed out—not that there was any real danger if they only kept still—and brought some of the terrified passengers to land. And here was a spot to be passed with reverence, for here—hush!—the dead body of a young sailor with a cruel gash in his curly head, had once been washed ashore.

As for Walter, he was not altogether in a tranquil frame of mind. He was wondering how he should disclose to Selma the fact that he had been deceiving her by allowing her to suppose that he was a stranger to Esther Lansing. Disclose that fact he

must, for even if he remained silent, she would undoubtedly discover it from the Lansings themselves. Then what would she think of him? and what would she think of him now, to-night, when he revealed the fact, and what inference would she draw as to the reason for his dissimulation? Thoughts such as these disturbed the mind of Walter Dean, who, it will be seen, was very weak and very unphilosophical, being nervously anxious about the good opinion of a lighthouse-keeper's daughter from whom he was this night to part for ever.

'Let us sit down here, Miss Selma,' he said rather dolefully, as they reached the end of the island again, and beheld the now expiring flames in the western sky. 'Let us sit down here, for I suppose this is the last sunset we shall look upon together.'

Selma glanced at him quickly, with a sudden look of tender, reproachful appeal in her soft eyes, which Walter did not observe as he stretched himself upon the ground. Her heart beat quickly and for a moment or two she could not speak. The light faded from her face, and she pressed her lips together as she turned away and seated herself at a little distance from him. For a time she was silent, but when she spoke she seemed quite composed.

'You are going, then? Of course. I had not noticed that the week had passed. How quickly it has gone.'

'It has—for me,' said Walter.

'And for me, too. When do you start?'

'With the first breeze of morning. We want to get as far down the river as possible before dark.'

'You are sure to have a breeze: the south-west wind is always blowing on the river. But you will most likely run aground.'

'That would be endurable—if it happened near Jacob's Island.'

'Have you a pilot, or do you gentlemen sailors profess to know the river?'

'Whatever we may profess, we know very little about it. But our sailor is supposed to have all the necessary knowledge.' Then after a pause, Walter added, 'You don't seem to take my departure very much to heart.'

'Take it to heart, Mr. Dean!—would you have me make myself unhappy?'

Selma spoke lightly, and her words jarred rather painfully on Walter's feelings.

'I should like at least to hear you say you are sorry I am going.'

'I am sorry you are going,' she answered in a tone that was not altogether satisfying.

'I suppose I must be satisfied with that,' Walter said, hiding any disappointment which Selma's apparent coolness caused him under an air of languid indifference. 'The absurd fancy struck me that my going might make some difference to you. I was too sanguine. I might have known how it is: all women are alike whether they live on islands or mainlands. You will forget my existence in a week or two.'

'I doubt if I shall be the one to forget, Mr. Dean: though I don't see what good it will do me to remember. I shall never see you again, I think. Your way and mine in the world will be far apart. Why would you have me keep thinking of you,' she went on a little bitterly, 'when a few days among your rich and great friends will drive me from your mind for ever?'

'I know you have a bad opinion of me, and in most things I richly deserve it. But honestly, I am not quite the sort of a fellow you think, Miss Selma. I have been known to stand by my friends: I don't give them up as easily as you suppose, as you may find out. But I want you not to give up thinking of me as a friend, and one who will always take an interest in your happiness. And when you get married—'

'I shall never get married,' said Selma rather sharply, a dismal foreboding which her sex, in despairing moods, are sometimes known to indulge in.

'It is only very pretty girls, who can be married any day in the week if they want to, who ever say that. The unattractive ones do not venture to jest about so serious a matter.'

'Then I am the exception among the unattractive ones; only I do not jest. I shall never marry.'

'Then the youth of this country will prove wanting in courage, or you harder than St. Lawrence granite.'

'Oh Mr. Dean, please don't talk that way. I don't like you when you are insincere.'

'Another sin you unjustly lay to my charge. Sincerely, I should like to know the reason for your cruel resolution.'

'You shall not from me. You have no right to ask for any such thing.'

'I know I have not. Still I should like to know.'

'Oh, change the subject, Mr. Dean. I dislike talking about marriage and courting, as most young girls do, at least young girls in the country. In the city I suppose they know better.'

'On the contrary, it is their favourite subject of reflection and conversation, marrying and giving in marriage. Women in the city are much the same as women in the country, except that they have not such good complexions, and think it ill-bred to let you know their real feelings. They often, too, declare their resolution not to get married, and do not—till they get a chance.'

'I shall not be like that—not that I shall ever get the chance.'

'That is a reproach which I believe the wealthy young farmers and manufacturers about here would never endure.'

'There is no one about here who could command my— Oh, Mr. Dean, I wish you would talk of something else. You are provoking.'

'Miss Selma, you are romantic. You have an ideal male in your mind's eye, which we poor men fall far short of. You are waiting for your ideal—'

'It is getting late. I must go in.'

'Oh, I should dearly like to see this hero. Be kind, Miss Selma: depict him for me, that I may mend my ways.'

'I could tell you what he is not.'

'Do, pray!'

'He is not callous, unfeeling, indifferent to the sensibilities of others. He would not in his superior cleverness and education take a delight in tormenting a poor ignorant girl. He is not languid, indolent, incapable of manly effort and honest labour. He is not devoid of purpose in life; never touched by earnestness or enthusiasm; never glowing at the expression of a great thought or the record of a noble deed. He does not profess an easy indifference to the struggles of the world around him, nor does he teach himself that his own pleasure is the highest good, and that to promote that he must hold aloof from all that might ruffle or disturb the even tenor of his life. He is not—'

She stopped suddenly. She had been proceeding with strange irritation, which surprised and startled Walter—nay, which surprised and startled herself—when she

seemed suddenly to consider what she was doing. For she buried her face in her hands and exclaimed, 'What have I been saying?'

'You have been saying that your ideal man is not that very unideal personage, Mr. Walter Dean. I never was so wild as to suppose it was. But I thank you for your frankness,' said Walter gently. 'I deserved a rebuke. I have given you pain. Will you forgive me? for believe me it was not intentional.'

'Oh, Mr. Dean, it is I who should ask to be forgiven,' said Selma, too sincere to deny the drift of her language. 'I don't think I know you or understand you yet. I have sometimes thought you were what I have just said, but sometimes you say or do or *look* something which makes me sure that you do not for some reason choose to display your real feelings. Now you have done that to-day which makes me think you are capable of great things, if you would care to do them.'

'I tremble for my modesty.'

'A man who will swim our dangerous channel for the first time without knowing anything about it, must have courage, energy, patience—'

'Oh, stop. Don't you see it was because I knew nothing about it, and didn't know there was any danger, that I dared to do it.'

'But stay, Mr. Dean, I am not going to praise you altogether. I don't think it is at all laudable to risk one's life for—'

'For what, Miss Selma?'

'For a mere sordid end: for a paltry bet.' Walter smiled slightly as he looked out over the river.

'How do you know it was a paltry bet?' he asked at length quietly.

'You said it was a bet.'

'Yes, but I didn't say a paltry bet. It might have been five hundred or a thousand dollars. You see I'm one of those who have no visible means of support. I can't afford to lose the chance of turning an honest penny.'

'Mr. Dean, whatever you may be else, you are incapable of being serious. But I have no right to lecture you: you must think me very free and bold.'

'I like being lectured—by some people.'

'I fear I have treated you to too much of that sort of thing lately. But I can't help it: it is my business you know.'

'Your lectures, which, though agreeable, are of unparalleled severity, have done me good. I have actually resolved to have a purpose in life. I intend to read for my final law examinations, and get called to the bar. To make such a resolution, I may say without vanity, is simply heroism. But come now, you have told me what your ideal man is *not*: shall I tell you what my ideal woman is?'

'I don't know. I am afraid I might not like to make her acquaintance.'

'Never fear. My ideal woman, who indeed I believe does actually exist, though alas, it is not in my power to offer her such poor devotion as I am capable of—my ideal woman is something like this. In the first place, she has lived apart from the world, "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," as the poet says. Thus she has escaped the danger of having an excellent nature spoiled, a pitiful example of which evil is presented by my humble self. Her soul has not been cramped and shrivelled by conventionalism and the worship of form. She is not calculating, selfish, inconstant, easily captivated by glitter and show, incapable of understanding or appreciating true worth. Her nature is as free as the air which blows around this island, and as pure. She has a heart so large that it embraces all creatures in its warmth, and goes out in infinite tenderness even to things which are faulty, imperfect, or deformed. And I choose that my ideal shall have this breadth of affection, not for the sake of the universe in general, but for my own exacting self. For in my unworthiness, I might hope to win a corner in her heart; and if she ever became wholly mine she would not despise me when she found that I was even less good than I succeeded in making myself appear to be, but would only love and cherish me all the more. She would tell me my faults, with a charming assumption of superior virtue, while in truth she is more humble than my humble self. As for her mind, she has quick and sympathetic faculties, but happily not enough knowledge to confound my ignorance. And oh, she has soft, dark, wistful eyes, and her dark hair is smoothed over a clear sweet forehead, and her figure is slight and dainty, her height—let me see, about five feet four; and she lives on an island—'

'The dew is falling: it is chilly. I shall go in.'

'And she teaches a score of happy children in a village school—'

'It is cold and dark. I cannot stay.'

'And her dear name is—'

'I think my father calls me. Good-night.'

She rose to go. For the last few moments he had been speaking hurriedly and passionately, and had moved closer to her side. Her face was pale and frightened, and she shrank away from him. She had heard him in a sort of maze; but she sufficiently apprehended his meaning to feel that somehow it could not be right or good for her to listen to such words from him.

Walter followed her in silence till she reached the cottage door. There she turned and held out her hand, said, 'Good-bye,' still with a white face and scared look in her eyes.

He grasped the hand, and though a hundred thoughts were struggling for utterance in his brain, he said not a word.

'How will you get across?' she asked in a low tone.

'By the way I came, I suppose,' Walter answered, in a voice hoarse and discontented.

'No, don't do that; take my father's boat. You can return it in the morning. Good-bye, Mr. Dean.'

He had been holding her hand and looking yearningly into her eyes, which were cheerless enough, goodness knows. She turned away her head and endeavoured to disengage her hand.

'Oh, good-bye, Selma, a thousand times good-bye. May Heaven be kind to you!' he exclaimed, and his voice shook with emotion.

Then he raised her hand to his lips, pressed a passionate kiss upon it, and turning away, plunged into the darkness.

Selma entered the house and softly closed the door. She drew down the blinds and glanced around the empty room. She heard her father's heavy breathing as he lay asleep in an inner room. She was quite alone. So she sat down, laid her head upon her hands, and softly cried.

Out in the darkness, that very wretched young gentleman, Mr. Walter Dean—who had prearranged a very different sort of leave-taking to that which had taken place

—gazed at the window-pane which was cheerfully illuminated by Selma's candle. He had persuaded himself that he was very much in love with the lighthouse-keeper's daughter, and to tear himself apart from her for ever, seemed an agony as bitter as death. She was sitting beside the light; he looked at it long and hungrily; the final irrevocable severance seemed to have been for a little while deferred. The night was dark, but darker was his despair, and somehow the comfortable light shed a little ray of hope across it. It was even yet in his power to return, and boldly claim her as his own!

Presently the light went out, and then it was night indeed. He looked up at the black, menacing clouds, at the trees rocking and sighing in the breeze, at the dark, moaning river, with its sudden flashes of ghostly foam, and out of the unfriendly night Loneliness seemed to take a shape, to come down and stand beside him, to lay a chilly hand upon his shoulder, and to claim him as a friend.

Listlessly, hopelessly, he turned away, and proceeded to find, in the darkness, the small split in the steep rocks, where Jacob's boat was kept, sheltered from the prevailing wind.

He was soon by the river, on a sheer rocky bank, some twenty feet in height, a cliff in miniature. Far away, twinkling through the trees, he saw the light which was burning at the masthead of the yacht. He thought how happy were all his friends over there, sleeping serenely and easily; Wilson, unexact in his requirements of women, with his love secure; Smith, calmly superior to all human passion; the Doctor, who satisfied the hunger of the soul with Fearne on Contingent Remainers or Jarman on Wills. When would *he* be able to sleep peacefully again?

What was that? Something moving in the bushes, surely. No, it must have been the wind, but what matter?

The boat-house must be close to the spot where he stood. That white birch tree, gleaming in the darkness, was surely just above it. It was strangely dark, and the wind chilled him through and made him shiver.

He looked over at the light again, and wished himself safe across the river.

Again that sound in the bushes, as of some creature dogging his footsteps.

Yes, by heaven! there it was, indistinct and black, but a shape.

Was it a man or a gorilla?

Even as he turned and saw, he instinctively threw up his arm. Too late! the blow descended.

A thousand lights danced at a thousand mastheads; he reeled; he staggered; he fell down into the darkness and the wailing river.

## VI.

### SURGERY.

Oh! I have passed a miserable night;  
 . . . as I am a Christian faithful man  
 I would not spend another such a night  
 Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days—  
 So full of dismal terror was the time.

— King Richard III.

With the break of day rose Selma Meres, and her soft young cheek was pale from a sleepless pillow. She would see the yacht sail out of the bay over yonder, and watch it as far as she might, upon its course, until it passed from her sight for ever.

She had spent an unquiet night, her gentle bosom torn by regrets, by questionings, by doubts, by complainings.

During the past week, Walter Dean had taken no pains to conceal from Selma, that he felt a more than common interest in her. She had quickly learnt, for she was but a woman, to accept his admiration without resentment; nay, she had come to consider it as something strangely sweet and pleasant. There had been a good deal of coquetry between them, or what, had it not been so innocent on one side, might have been fairly called so. Walter had bestowed upon her glances full of deep and tender meaning; had spoken to her in low, thrilling tones; had held her hand, when parting, much longer than was at all necessary; all which Selma had allowed without protest; had permitted, indeed, with shy wonder, and a strange delight tingling in her veins.

But she was a clear-sighted, sufficiently practical little woman, whose intercourse with the Lansings had given her some worldly notions, and Master Walter having

that very morning gone a little farther than usual, she had suddenly fallen to asking herself, what all this meant, and what it would lead to. And she decided with a sort of alarm, that, as it was exceedingly nice it was probably wicked, and that between herself and one so far removed from her in many ways, a greater degree of formality would be becoming.

Thus, when Walter suddenly announced his intended departure, by a strong effort she hid the feelings which shook her so unexpectedly.

And in the lonely night-watches, while wind and water mourned desolately without her cottage, she was brought face to face with the fact that a joy had been taken out of her life. She felt that, though she had not consciously formed any expectations which had been suddenly disappointed, something had happened which had left a blank in her existence, which would make the days that were to come different from those which had gone before, which would drive contentment from her humble cottage and happiness from her island home, perhaps never to return.

Had that fair, indolent, insincere young gentleman taken such a hold upon her feelings, in a single week, that life without him seemed nothing but a sorrow? She unflinchingly asked herself this question, and she answered—no. It was impossible that in a few days she could have fallen in love, and with him.

She *had* an ideal of what the man should be in the shadow of whose superiority she would choose to live. She had dreamed her day-dreams like other girls: she had felt that life would be all incomplete unless it were some day crowned with love; she had pictured to herself at times some noble, earnest, heroic soul, to whom she might reverentially devote her heart, her allegiance, her life; and she had always started from her reveries and put away her visions with a little sigh, and a little smile, and gone cheerfully enough about her simple duties. Love was to her indeed the 'great passion'; and, as she had said, the ideal object of such a passion was not an aimless, listless, rather cynical, and altogether unheroic young gentleman of the world. And anyway, how rash, how weak, how imprudent it would be to yield to any passion for him.

Those few quick passionate words of his

at parting? Did they mean anything? He had told her, in too flattering language, that his ideal woman was something like herself; but he had taken care to preface what he said by a warning that some impassable barrier lay between them, and, at any rate, he had left her. He could care nothing for her. Her society helped to beguile the tedium of a holiday—that was all. Amongst his great and brilliant friends he would soon forget the poor schoolmistress. How could he seriously entertain any regard for one so far beneath him:

No, he cared nothing for her, and she—she was not in love with him. Her feeling for him could not be deep, enduring, unchangeable, and all-absorbing. He had possessed a charm, more potent than she had suspected; she had fallen for a short time under its influence, but she would soon be free as ever. He had taken the sunshine away from the island, but it would soon come back again, and all things would be the same as usual.

But oh! she wished he had never come, to make her life appear so narrow, so tame, so commonplace, so unlovely. Before, she had been like her own canary; she had been in prison, but did not know it. Now she would beat her wings against her cage, pining for some sweet, visionary, unattainable life that lay somewhere far away from Jacob's Island.

How hard a lot was hers! With intelligence, imagination, a sense of the brightness and beauty of the world, a capacity for enjoying them when she had the opportunity, a thirst for knowledge, companionship, sympathy, doomed to pass her days almost within the limits of one little island. She was veritably chained to a rock, like the old Greek of whom she had read, and discontent was the vulture which was to feed upon her heart. Why could not she, like Esther Lansing, have money, fine clothes and fine friends, luxury and ease, travel and change, music and books, and all bright and pleasant things? She could enjoy those things as much as any of them; why was she destined to be ever without them? to live in mean poverty and monotonous toil, without variety, without pleasure, without hope?

Such feelings, though rare, were not new to Selma, though perhaps they had not tortured her so long and keenly before. She



was but a girl with an unusual capacity for enjoying life, who was governed by a sense of duty, and a conviction that it was extremely wicked not to be contented with that state of life to which it had pleased God to call her. She struggled with bitter and rebellious thoughts, even as the patriarch of old wrestled with the angel, till the breaking of the day. And if in the morning she had prevailed, and was left in a calmer and higher state of feeling, it was because, as she believed, she had appealed to a higher Power, and an unseen hand had lent her strength.

So with a head that ached, but a heart not altogether quiet, she rose and walked through the dewy bushes to the water's edge, while her dark hair was blown about her pale face in the boisterous dawn. She would indulge herself in one last weakness, she would see the *Ariadne* set sail.

She reached the river; the masts of the yacht were still visible, and as yet no sail fluttered on either of them. Selma smiled. Those gentlemen, she thought, talk of rising at day-break! They are doubtless all sleeping soundly and will be for another hour.

The beacon of the lighthouse was burning palely against the brightening sky. She would save her father, as she had often done before, the trouble of extinguishing it. So she returned to the house, procured the key of the lighthouse, and descending put out the light.

A thought suddenly darted through her mind, which made her heart throb. Her father's boat, it was to be returned this morning; who would bring it back? Perhaps it had been already replaced. At any rate she would go and see. She directed her steps towards the boat-house.

When she reached it—it was a rough structure of boards, hardly deserving the name of a 'house'—she paused before she entered. She hoped the boat had not yet come back. Then she heard a sound which made her heart stand still, and her breath come quickly. What was it? She listened all in a tremble.

Then she heard the sound again, distinct and terrifying, though faint—a human groan.

Bracing her nerves as well as she was able, she advanced resolutely, and, with an expectation of some horror that might strike her suddenly senseless, she entered the boat-house by the open door.

See uttered a cry, as if she had been pierced by some instrument of death, and grasped the side of the clumsy boat to stay herself from falling. Stretched on the hard boards beside the boat, with a rough and filthy sail for a pillow, his face as white as marble, save where it was streaked by some delicate threads of blood, lay the vision who had haunted her through the night-watches; the man who had so lightly, heedlessly broken in upon her peaceful life.

She kneeled down beside him, seized his limp hand in hers, and called him by name. Walter's eyelids opened tremulously; he smiled recognition—but oh! it was a pitiful smile—closed his eyes again, and swooned into unconsciousness.

It was a time for action. She sprang up, grasped a battered tin vessel, used for bailing, which was in the boat, filled it with water, sprinkled his face, applied water to his lips, and tenderly wiped the blood away with her handkerchief. His eyelids trembled again, but though she drenched his head and face with the cold river water, she could produce no other sign of animation.

She was in despair; what could she do?

She suddenly resolved to row over to the yacht, and bring some of his friends. That was undoubtedly the right thing to do. She arose, placed her hands upon the boat, threw all her mighty strength upon it, but alas—it did not move an inch. Then she must get her father.

At the boat-house door again, she looked across the river, and saw, to her great joy, that a boat with two men was approaching from the other side. She called and waved her handkerchief in a frenzied way. Presently the man who was steering seemed to see her, for he rose from his seat and threw up his hand. His companion stopped rowing and looked around, then turned again and bent to his oars with energy.

She re-entered the boat-house, and knelt again by the prostrate figure. He was breathing, Heaven be praised, and his friends would soon be here. Before they came—she looked round the narrow place stealthily and quietly, then she bent her head, and blushing like a summer morning, touched his cold lips lightly with her warm and rosy mouth.

Of the two men who leaped from the

boat, she recognized Maurice Smith, and his dark, composed face gave her hope and confidence. The other was a sun-burnt young fellow, with quick and nervous movements, whom she did not know, nor indeed noticed much. She said brokenly that Mr. Dean was there, hurt unto death for all she knew, and dragged them into the boat-house.

Daly emitted a sort of whistle at what he beheld; Smith gave forth no sound, but kneeling down by Walter, seized his wrist, and bent his ear to his mouth.

'He breathes,' he said quietly. 'Daly, your flask, if you have it?'

Daly had already taken it from his pocket, and he handed it to Smith.

'Brandy,' whispered Smith, 'good!' and he applied the cordial generously to Walter's lips, and managed to get some of it down his throat.

By a continuation of this treatment, the injured man revived a little. He smiled upon them all, and made as if he would speak.

'Do you think you are badly hurt, old boy?' Smith asked, tenderly.

'I think not,' Walter succeeded in saying, 'only weak.'

'Keep up your spirits. We are all here, Daly and Miss Meres and I. We will get you round all right.'

'All right, dear boy,' was the feeble answer. 'I'm a little smashed—nothing much. Your all being here revives me. I have found so much of my own company disagreeable.'

He was as incorrigible a jester as Charles the Second.

'There seems to be a dislocated shoulder here,' said Smith, after he had gently run his hand over Walter's body—'the wound in the head does not seem to be serious. There is something wrong with this leg. We had better get him up to the house, and some of the others will go for the doctor. Miss Meres, there was a light sort of sofa in your cottage. That would do for a litter.'

'I will bring it down.'

'I will help you,' said Daly, and he followed her to the house, wondering what connection this little witch, with the disheveled hair and grand eyes, had with his comrade's misadventure. 'There is always a woman in the case,' thought Daly.

They soon reappeared with the sofa, and with Jacob Meres, rubbing his eyes and helplessly dazed. With great caution they lifted Walter on it and carried him to the house, not without an occasional feeble groan from the patient, which was reassuring rather than otherwise. Jacob was despatched to the camp, with instructions to take two of the gentlemen there and row for dear life to the Point for the nearest doctor. He lived six miles away.

The brandy, the companionship, a rich fountain of hope and comfort to one who had endured the pains of death for a whole night in agonizing solitude—the tender attentions so revived the wounded man that he could talk at intervals without great difficulty, though he seemed every now and then to relapse into a state of coma.

'How long did you lie there,' Smith inquired.

'All night, in reality—a lifetime, in imagination.'

'Alas!' cried Selma, 'had I only known.'

'Where do you feel most pain?'

'This left shoulder and arm—are queer—can't move 'em. And the left leg.'

Smith asked for a pair of scissors, and began cutting away the shirt. The good left arm which had so bravely cleft the water a few hours ago, was helpless; it was bruised and discolored; the shoulder was swollen and out of shape.

'There is nothing broken here, but the shoulder is dislocated' said Smith. He saturated the injured member with cold water to keep down the swelling. Then he cut open the trousers, and said that one of the bones of the left leg seemed to be broken. Except the cut upon the head which had long ago stopped bleeding, and did not look very serious, no other hurt was discoverable.

'I don't think he is very badly hurt,' Smith said, cheerfully. 'The pain of his wounds, loss of blood, discomfort, solitude—these have reduced his strength to nothing. When his limbs are set he will be all right.'

The moments dragged wearily; the doctor could not be expected for a long time yet. In spite of all their tender care, Walter was evidently in a most wretched state. One disadvantage of returning consciousness was that he felt the pain most

acutely. Once when Smith asked him how he felt, he said hopelessly,

'I suffer agonies. I could wish I were dead.'

After an apparent lapse into insensibility, he opened his eyes and said,

'Maurice—this shoulder. Can you not put it right. Oh God! it is frightful.'

Selma cried quietly, and Daly made as if he would like to tear something to pieces. Smith's face became rather white. He looked at his watch, and after a moment's silence said: 'The doctor can not be here for two hours. I will put the shoulder right.'

Now amongst his intimate friends Maurice Smith had the reputation of knowing a little of everything. They often said that 'if he only chose to concentrate his powers on one object, he would be certain to achieve the highest success. He had walked a hospital for a year, having once had thoughts of deserting his own profession for medicine, and no doubt this was in Walter's mind when he invoked his help. Daly was very glad when he heard Smith say that he would put the shoulder right: he believed that whatever Maurice Smith undertook to do, he would surely perform properly.

So Smith took off his coat and waistcoat and prepared, in medical language, to reduce the dislocation.

He told Selma that she must furnish him with a number of long bandages about two inches in breadth. Of what material? Muslin was the best. Selma meditated and then retired to her bedroom, from which the sound of tearing cloth issued for some time. While she was thus engaged, Smith cut away Walter's shirt and removed it entirely. Selma reappeared with the necessary ligatures. Smith looked at them narrowly but said nothing. She had torn up a new muslin dress.

Smith now removed the shoe and stocking from his left foot, and with a serious and determined face seated himself by his suffering friend.

The first act was to take the injured arm tenderly in his hands, and bend it gently till the fore-arm rested across the chest. He then took one of the bandages, wetted it, and bound it on the wounded arm, in the knot which sailors and surgeons call the 'clove hitch,' attaching it also to the kitchen roller, which hung behind the door, and

which he had taken down and appropriated to this unusual purpose. He passed the latter over his head and behind his neck, well down behind the shoulders. Then he placed the heel of his left foot firmly in the armpit under the dislocated shoulder, while Daly, by his directions, laid his hands upon the patient's whole shoulder and chest to steady him.

All this time the poor Marquis lay in a stupor, breathing thickly, with a face like a ghost's.

Smith grasped the roller which passed behind his neck, with both hands close to the wounded arm, and with the whole strength and weight of arms and body pulled steadily towards himself.

The veins stood out on his forehead like whipcord, and still he pulled with nerves and muscles as rigid as steel. The sick man emitted a sort of faint hiss which sounded as much like the mechanical action of his tortured sinews as an utterance of pain.

Selma hid her face in her hands: Daly could hardly restrain a groan himself. But Smith hauled steadily away, for what seemed to all three a terribly long time. In fact it was a little more than five minutes. At length, just as Smith began to feel a horrible foreboding that he was going to fail, that he was expending his strength and racking his unhappy friend in vain, that he was not doing the right thing, that he had misconceived the whole matter—as this miserable thought struck cold upon his brain, just then a sharp report like that of castanets was heard, as the humerus slipped into its proper position.

'Victory!' exclaimed Daly in a low voice. Selma heaved a great sigh; Smith's features relaxed: and even the unconscious patient seemed to be more at ease.

Smith was busy binding up the reduced arm to the body, when in came the surgeon, with Jacob and the rest of the yacht-party. These latter were speedily turned out of doors, and the medical man gave his attention to the case.

He was pleased to agree with Smith's diagnosis, and to commend him for the way in which he had performed the operation. The cut on the head was dressed; the leg set in a glue bandage, and the doctor, leaving stimulants and instructions as to treatment, went away, promising to return as often as

was necessary. He was of opinion that perfect rest and freedom from excitement were all that was needful to bring the sufferer round again.

So in a silent and darkened room the shattered Marquis, his glorious strength sapped away till he was feebler than an infant, lay all day as one dead.

Outside the cottage, Smith, Daly, and the rest of them, held a council of war. It was decided that Smith should remain on Jacob's Island with Walter—when anything implying self-sacrifice was suggested, somehow Smith was always spoken of as the one to undergo it; he was to have a tent with the necessary furniture, amongst it an iron bedstead which the doctor (of laws) had brought with him in the yacht, and which, for very shame, he had been deterred from unpacking. Walter was to be moved to the tent, and to use the bedstead, for it was not considered reasonable to appropriate the Meres' cottage, although Selma offered it unreservedly, while Jacob, emerging slowly from the fog in which he had been enveloped, feebly echoed the proposal.

'There is no use you fellows staying any longer. Go off, down the river,' Smith said, but the others declared with one voice that they could find no pleasure in sailing until they knew that Walter was quite out of danger, for in truth they were all fond of Walter Dean. If he was in good case by to-morrow they might sail, but it probably would be homeward. There was no more enjoyment to be had out of the *Ariadne* that season.

'How do you suppose this business has happened?' Wilson asked Daly, as they rowed back to the yacht.

'Haven't an idea. The whole thing is a mystery. Walter isn't the man to walk over cliffs of his own mere motion, though the only explanation seems to be that he slipped over the rocks in the dark. That dark-eyed enchantress told me—with a divine blush—that he left her about ten o'clock, to take her father's boat and row to the yacht. We found him in the boat-house. I fancy he was washed on to the lower boards and dragged himself, when he came to, inside the shed. It is deuced lucky there was a foot or so of water where he fell: that broke his fall, and saved him from a complete smash-up. I'm not satis-

fied, however, that we know all that might be told.'

'Poor boy! I say, Daly, that little girl—she's a rustler.'

'You may say so, By George, I found myself thinking of her as much as poor Walter, all the time. No wonder Dean has fallen in love. Hang it! I believe I'm in love with her myself.'

'He'll become entangled with her some way, that's clear. He'll be laid up there for a month: she'll be constantly about him, nursing him and looking after him. Everyone knows what that sort of thing ends in.'

'Well, Wilson, on such matters you speak with authority. But fancy the aristocratic, fastidious Marquis marrying a lighthouse-keeper's daughter! The old man will cut up rough—old Dean, that is.'

'I don't see how Walter can marry her.'

'Why not?' cried Daly impetuously, his grey eyes flashing; 'I'd marry her if I were he, if five hundred old men objected. If he chooses to go in for his profession he can get on without his governor.'

'Wasn't there something between Walter and that pretty Miss Lansing? It was generally thought so.'

'Esther, you mean? There was I think, though nothing came of it. Here we are at the ship.'

Towards evening Walter brightened up wonderfully. He had fallen into a profound sleep which had lasted for some hours and he awoke with his faculties clear, and pretty easy in body.

'Is she out of the room,' he said suddenly to Smith who was close by him.

'Who?'

'Selma.'

'Yes.'

'Come closer, Maurice—I don't want to be overheard.'

'You are not to talk; the doctor says so.'

'The doctor be blowed. I have something on my mind. I shall feel better when I have confided it to you.'

'Well, be brief.'

'When I woke just now, I hardly knew what had happened. I recollect everything now. Am I much hurt?'

'A dislocated humerus; a fractured fibula; an abrasion of the cranial cuticle.'

'Good Lord!'

'That's what the doctor said. It means

less than it sounds. You have no hurt which a rest for a few weeks will not set right.'

'And I shall be all that time on Jacob's Island? Dear me!'

'We can move you if you like.'

'I wouldn't have you take such trouble for the world. Look here, Maurice, do you know how this happened?'

'It is supposed that you slipped over the rocks in the dark, when you were looking for the boat-house. You fell into shallow water, happily. It saved your neck.'

'And do you think that?'

'No. I found something that tells a different story, on the rocks just above where you must have fallen.'

'What was that?'

'A broken oar, with a jagged piece of copper on the blade.'

'Maurice, no doubt I was struck with that. Not a very severe blow I think, but it made me reel, and as I was right on the edge, over I went—into the drink, as the Yankees say. When I came to, my head and shoulders were resting on some boards and the water splashing about me. With great pain I dragged myself up, and found myself in the boat-house. And then—just heaven! What a night!'

'You must stop talking; you are getting excited.'

'Not I! I am never excited. But upon my honour I never expected to see the day. Maurice, I was very wretched. The agony of pain, the solitude, the thought of dying all alone so close to help and comfort, the unwillingness to die.'

'Come! I am going to leave you.'

'One moment. I saw no sign of life all night but your light on the yacht, where you were all comfortably sleeping, and an excursion steamer passed within twenty feet of the shore, with lights, and music, and people dancing on the deck——'

'Is this what you wanted to tell me.'

'No. Don't you want to know who knocked me over the cliff.'

'Yes, if you want to tell me.'

'I do, but—you will not let Selma know. It would pain her needlessly.'

'I shall be discreet.'

'It was that most amiable of assassins, that most genial of missing links, your friend Caliban. I am sure of it. I just saw his shape—"if shape it can be called," et cetera—in the gloom. It looked like a gorilla. He had lifted something to strike me before I turned.'

'I thought of him.'

'Hang it, I supposed I had a surprise for you. But its just like you: you always insist on guessing everything.'

'The wretch, the infernal wretch! His body is a true index of his soul.'

'He is a strange and interesting specimen.'

'A specimen which should be impaled and put in spirits, without delay. What could have been his motive.'

'What, are you at fault there?'

'I can conceive no motive.'

'Why—jealousy of course! You can go now: I feel sleepy. Good night, old man.'

*(To be concluded in the next Number).*

#### A NAME.

YOU breathed a name the other day,  
A name the world has often heard;  
You noticed that I turned away,  
And that I answered not a word.

You ask what caused my silence then,  
And why I seemed so much distraught.  
My tale is not for common men,  
But I will tell you what I thought.

I thought me first of Gratitude:  
Before me rose a kindly face  
That beamed with every brightest good,  
That pictured every fairest grace.

Then waked within me Reverence :  
For I beheld a noble soul,  
A soul of manliness intense  
Made meet for high and large control.

Next sprang to view the form of Love :  
My spirit felt its tenderness  
Like some sweet angel from above  
That looks to comfort and to bless.

Last, Pity crept with stealthy tread  
To weep beside a new-made grave,  
What men call the dishonoured dead—  
A royal heart they would not save.

Such were my musings in that hour,  
Awakened by that well-known name—  
Name once the synonym of power,  
Now everywhere suggesting shame.

But, as its visions troubled me,  
I closed my eyes upon the Past,  
And sadly questioned Destiny,  
Seeking the Future to forecast.

I wondered what the years will bring  
As, one by one, they come and go :  
Will they sound forth Hope's joyous ring,  
Or toll the doleful knell of Woe ?

I thought on what may be my fate,  
And into what my life may turn ;  
What meed of favour or of hate  
From tongue or pen my deeds may earn.

I may secure no better praise  
Than Fame accords to-day to him :  
Some sin my virtues may erase,  
Some fault may make my lustre dim.

Ay, when this weary course is run  
That stretches now so far away,  
And when the final goal is won—  
Amid the shades of darkening day,

I may beseech a brother's tear,  
The tribute of a generous mind,  
And learn, although it is not dear,  
That it is more than I can find.

For most men's judgments are so hard,  
And most men's hearts are harder yet ;  
They curse the lot by Fortune marred,  
And, where they curse not, they forget.

## THE TEMPERANCE PROBLEM.

**I** FEAR that even the most thoughtful amongst us fail to realize the extent to which the emotional in our nature becomes a disturbing element in the intellectual judgments we come to on the questions which agitate society from time to time, and that we are found enlisted on either side more as the result of our predilections and passions than because of the cool, deliberate decision of the logical mind. As examples of the perverting force of the emotions, we may instance religion, patriotism, the family affections, all of which so bias the judgment that it is only the strongest and truest minds that ever escape from their tyranny into the clear, uncoloured light of Truth.

I say this because I cannot help seeing how the beautiful emotions of our nature sway and colour the arguments of our opponents to the extent of occupying almost the whole sphere of consciousness, and so preventing their seeing anything except through the haze of a favourite theory. Practically speaking, they say to themselves, this demoniac thing which is crushing morality out of the hearts and flooding with misery the myriad families of our fellowmen cannot be God-intended, and must be rooted out, and nothing can be injustice that enables us to compass this thrice-blessed end. 'The relentless forces of Nature which cry "*Vae victis!*" and drive the weakest to the wall' (FIDELIS, p. 186, CANADIAN MONTHLY), must be met and subjugated by the counter-forces of the human emotions employing every strongest weapon to gain their ends. What care we what inconveniences we put others to, what satisfactions we deprive them of, in view of this widespread desolating evil? They ought not themselves to regard them as more than the small dust in the balance; and if they do regard them as more, well, let them so regard them, we go straight to our object regardless of the selfish obstructionists. If they complain that they are deprived of their liberty, let them complain. If they have

to pay for this good to others, let them pay. Injustice, forsooth! As if, in the presence of ruined families and imbruted men, we are to stand aside for such moral punctilios. These principles 'have been admitted' and submitted to in other cases, so that a precedent has been established for this.

True, these principles have been submitted to so long that they seem to have acquired a kind of lawyer-right by reason of long adverse possession, and as practically we are governed by established habits of thinking which we find ready-made to hand, rather than by their conformity to a rigid-standard of right, we drop, almost by instinct, into the way of admitting as truths things most questionable and even false. Hence, while we regard as absurd the old corrupt wholesale system of monopolies and special licenses—when almost everything had its particular license, from a shoelatchet to a hat-band—and wonder at the tame submission of our forefathers, we fail to see the absurdity of rights granted to certain privileged persons in the community and denied to others. Why, here in little Kingston, we have men appointed to see that certain weights and measures are according to the standard, and others to see that the loaf of bread is of the proper weight, and thus to stand between the fool and his folly. Thus, instead of putting folly at a disadvantage, we encourage it, by taking away the very stimulus to the due exercise of the intellectual powers with a view to their development and growth, and their transmission intensified and improved to posterity, and setting a premium on their non-exercise. Still, unwise as such legislation is, I could have less objection to it, if the armies of such inspectors were paid by the Government out of their own pockets; but when they force me to pay for all this folly, I deem it as unjust as it is absurd. But I am not going to be encumbered by all this meddle and muddle of principles admitted because submitted to. So soon as we ad-

mit the doctrine that Governments or City Fathers are the *ex officio* foster-parents of the community, we admit the doctrine of paternality, and open the sluices, which, letting in despotism, swamp all individuality.

But I am at once the most thorough-paced Radical in Canada, and yet the staunchest and most uncompromising Conservative. Can the *Globe* and *Mail* understand this? In short, I cannot reason at all unless on first principles. I must feel my feet upon the rock and build upwards, or I cannot build at all; but once having concluded on adequate grounds what is indefeasible right, I am as intensely earnest for the conservation of this most precious heirloom of humanity as the most rigorous Conservative can demand. With me it is fundamental that men are individuals, with individual rights, before they are members of society, and that they exist for themselves in a more special sense than for other men; nor can I see any reason for the dogma that I waive any right or gain any right by becoming a member of society, which as a unit I did not originally possess. Society ought to enforce, not curtail, my rights. I am, or at least ought to be, '*totus teres atque rotundus*'—round and polished as a billiard ball—as a man; and it is because I am '*teres atque rotundus*' that I am enabled to roll in and out through my fellow-men without interfering offensively with their individuality. For, as I stated in the July number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, 'I hold that it is of the essence of liberty that every one may do as he pleases, so long as his doing so does not collide with the equal right of every other man to do as *he* pleases.' It may, indeed, be said—it has been said—that in becoming a member of society I enter into an implied contract not to (say) kill or rob another man on the condition that he renounces his right to kill or rob me; but such an argument, no matter by whom used, is mere nonsense, for no man can renounce what he never possessed—the right to kill or rob another.

But to come to points: 'Mr. Allen,' says FIDELIS . . . 'has seriously misrepresented the position of the present writer [FIDELIS] in his list of premises.' . . . To begin with the first: 'That a Government is entitled to curtail the rights of A. if it conceives that thereby it will benefit B.,

though A. may be the better member of society.' This, I had said, was the first position she must establish as a preliminary before she could proceed one step in her argument in favour of Prohibition. In other words, that she must establish the proposition, that it is the duty of a Government to watch my conduct in the minutest particulars, and to see that I never take a glass of wine, and that, if I am thirsty, I take a glass of water instead of a glass of beer or cider to allay my thirst, and, though I may object to such minute surveillance and plead my liberty to choose my own means of quenching my thirst or gratifying my taste, still that, since B. may take too much beer if he touches it at all, it is the duty of Government to prohibit my use of my innocent enjoyment, and that my rights must be held as of light account and my liberty sacrificed to the good or supposed good of B.; or as I had expressed myself in the July number (p. 26): 'That in a society of a hundred persons, because three of them, in using, are liable to abuse something, the remaining ninety-seven shall be *forced* to forego its use, looks monstrous.'

But what is the reply of FIDELIS? 'The writer' (that is, FIDELIS) 'so far from expressing any such premise, expressly contended that the right to sell liquor, &c., &c. But in fact 'the right to *sell*' was, when I penned the paragraph in question, wholly absent from my thoughts, but the far larger question of the right to *use* was what was occupying my attention, so that instead of my seriously misrepresenting FIDELIS, she has seriously misrepresented my meaning in the passage referred to. But as this position has not been assailed—indeed, it is unassailable—no breach has been effected in my whole line of argument. It was the first line of circumvallation which must be carried before the fortress could be entered at all, and it *still remains in the entirety of its strength*.

On the poison-argument, I wish to say that sound, well-manufactured wine, cider, beer, porter, or spirits, have not been proved to be poison, any more than quinine, coffee, opium, but only when taken in excess. To many feeble people they have even been prescribed as food or arresters of decay. And though the argument of FIDELIS is directed, not against the use or even manufacture of these things, so much



as against their sale, yet how can it be wrong to buy or sell what it is not wrong to use? No; though I maintain that every system which interferes with human liberty and the individual conscience will prove abortive, because wrong, yet the man who sells to another to make him drunk must be an utterly abandoned miscreant, and ought to be put in Coventry by every good man. But because this is so, am I to be subjected to a system of espionage and to be told how and what I am to eat and drink?—that I may manufacture it for myself, but that another may not manufacture it for me? But if the manufacture, likewise, be prohibited in Canada, only imagine how, with our extensive frontier, the country will be overrun with smugglers—our neighbours growing rich at our expense, and no good done us.

But she proceeds—again misconceiving my argument: ‘Still less ground is there for the second premise with which this writer’s [her own] argument is credited—that a Government “is likewise entitled, if it deems proper, to take of the goods or earnings of A. in order to carry out its system of benefiting B.”’ On this (her own mistake) she thus comments: ‘It is difficult to see how this “premise” could have been “developed” out of my argument, since the vexed question of “compensation” was not even touched upon, it being a side issue,’ &c.

But neither as a main issue nor a ‘side issue’ had the question of *compensation* ever entered into my thoughts. My argument ran thus: 1st. A Government is not justly entitled to curtail my rights in order thereby to benefit some other person, &c. 2nd. It has no rightful authority to take my goods or earnings to enable it to carry out this its system of doing injustice to me out of kindness to this other—this other all the time disclaiming against this attempt at kindness, and I opposing the plan as to me the very essence of injustice, *i.e.*, doing me a wrong, and making me pay for the privilege of having it done. It seems a very funny notion, truly—a strange perversion of the sense of right. For it must be borne in mind that the system of Prohibition can be carried out only at an enormous expense to the country at large. The former system of licensing—which as I do not approve, so I do not approve of ‘legaliz-

ing the office of *tempter*’ (p. 184)—brought in a large revenue, but the system of Prohibition has not even that in its favour, but will cause a large deficit.

For a strict theologian, like FIDELIS, it seems to me strange dogmatism to assert that what Christ did in Judea in the year 30, He would not do in Canada to-day, and that the principles of Christianity are at variance with the actual practice of Christ. A person like FIDELIS must be hard pressed when she consents to fight behind such a hedgerow for a rampart. Then (p. 184) she employs the words ‘lead us not into temptation’ as an argument in favour of the prohibition of all alcoholic drinks. But in the time of Christ men got drunk and were led into temptation, in *her* sense of the word, by the use of wine, and yet Christ made wine for men’s pleasure, and drank of it himself, and lived and eat and drank like other people, and was nicknamed a wine-bibber by the Formalists of his day. So that I cannot help thinking that there must be a vast confusion somehow in the minds of FIDELIS and her friends in their way of reconciling the teaching of Christ with the dogmas of Prohibition—in arguing against the use of a thing because of its abuse. Certainly, the expression of Christ, ‘lead us not into temptation,’ is quoted in such a sense that the words of Christ contradict the practice of Christ, just as, similarly, the words of St. Paul (Rom. xiv.), ‘If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no meat while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend,’ might be quoted against the precept of St. Paul. But the *object* of Paul, to wit, the inculcation of charity and forbearance towards others, may help us to the comprehension of his meaning here. The man, he would urge, who *deems* a thing wrong to be done and yet does it, though the thing may be in itself innocent, is guilty before his conscience: knowing this, and knowing his state of mind, encourage him not by your practice to do violence to his own sense of right. Therefore, have charity towards his weakness, lest you ‘*embolden*’ him to sin. It is simply a case of *casuistry* resolved. If a man says to me, ‘I think it wrong to take a glass of wine;’ then I say, ‘Don’t take it; but don’t lay down the law for *me*; for, as Paul says, “Why should my liberty be judged by *another man’s* con-

science." I was made to take care of my own body and mind, and not another man. But "be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess." But this laying down of the law for others—this enforcing by penalty—this drilling of men into morality—is what I object to. And I cannot help saying that this straining of the obvious meaning of passages to meet the requirements of a foregone conclusion, cannot but prove very damaging to the minds of those who employ it. The further, too, they proceed, the more they get entangled in a deeper thicket of difficulties, from which they vainly try to escape. Christ and Paul, and human rights and human nature, confront them at every turn of their embarrassed course, and command them to reconsider the premises from which start. Paul knew that wine made men drunkards, just as meat makes them gluttons, and yet his command was not, don't use, but *don't use in 'excess.'* Anything beyond this by legislative enactment is simply folly, and wherever attempted will prove so, too.

Again, says FIDELIS, 'Premises Nos. 5, 6, and 7 are of Mr. Allen's criticism, not of my article.' And yet she had said (CANADIAN MONTHLY of April, p. 369): 'Sweden, having tried her Gothenburg system for more than ten years in some parts of her dominions, is now, encouraged by the success which seems to have attended it there, endeavouring to extend its operation throughout the kingdom.' But when I showed that 'the consumption of spirits in Gothenburg had risen in ten years from 66,000 gallons to 329,000 gallons,' and that, by the testimony of the English Consul there, Mr. Duff, the system had 'proved a failure,' I am told that 'the premises are of Mr. Allen's criticism, not of FIDELIS's article.' But this is of little consequence.

Again, says FIDELIS, 'Premise No. 8, also, the writer [FIDELIS] is compelled to disavow.' I had there said that to prove Prohibition she would have to admit 'that the Mohammedan system, which puts at once a strait waistcoat on the will, far transcends the Christian, which leaves the will free to use, but not to abuse.' Of course, I was speaking of the one point at issue, Prohibition. Now, the command of Mohammed, *thou shalt not use*, was in no other sense legislative than the command of Christ, *thou shalt not abuse*; and it is for us,

looking at the whole nature and circumstances of the creature addressed, to say which system, *in this respect*—that of an absolutely prohibitive Maine liquor law, or one in which the use is sanctioned by precept and example, but the abuse denounced as a fearful crime—is the better system. The friends of Prohibition would not dare to say that they think the Mohammedan system the best; but remove the offensive word, and, flounder as they will, *they do say it*. But

'A rose by any other name would smell as sweet.

Again, says FIDELIS, 'Premises 9th and 10th must be equally disavowed, at least,' &c. And yet they are a necessary corollary from her doctrine. But I had lived too long under a so-called paternal government not to feel how the iron heel of despotism, under the name of Paternity, could crush out the very soul of a people, and, absorbing to itself the whole substance of liberty, leave to the governed little else than the empty name. I am therefore jealous of all encroachment on the liberty of the *individual*, and of all interferences with our natural rights. Such are simply usurpations, whether the usurper be a despot or a number of despots calling itself a majority, or the State.

My 11th premise is met by an appeal to the many philanthropic institutions of the day of an almost universally recognised useful character. I had thought it questionable if 'natural selection—the survival of the fittest—ought to be cheated in its operation by a universal artificial system of preserving the constitutionally weak, to propagate their weakness and uncontrol, instead of endeavouring—by appeals to reason, to the sense of right, to the affections, to self-interest—to rouse the sluggish will and invigorate self-control; and, thus, constituting this the *test* of their improvable and of their title to survive.'

This I said, not so much because it belonged to my direct argument, but because I thought that sympathy towards and interest in the weak, the drunken, and the uncontrolled, was leading us to overlook some very grave and momentous processes of Nature for the improvement of man, in which (to use the words of FIDELIS) 'the relentless forces of Nature which cry *væ victis* and drive the weakest to the

wall,' are eventually destined to work out the highest good to the race; and that if her whole course were to be reversed and her penalties, through artificial intervention, set at defiance by a universal systematized course of things by which the best would be mulcted in the interest of the worst, it might be found, in the long-run, that Nature—old, hard, and heartless stepdame as she may be—blundered in her moral ends far less than we. For has she not nursed us through the thousand ages of our savage infancy, and by selecting the strongest traits and rejecting the weakest, taught us by many a hard and stern, but wise, lesson, to become what we are to-day, in this transition period of our nonage? And what may she not have in store for us in the future if we submit to her laws.

But I must introduce the reader to one of the master-builders of the world, who 'builds for aye.' 'If any one denies,' says Mr. Herbert Spencer, 'that children bear likenesses to their progenitors in character and capacity—if he holds that men whose parents and grandparents were habitual criminals, have *tendencies as good* as those of men whose parents and grandparents were industrious and upright, he may consistently hold that it matters not from what families in society the *successive generations* descend. He may think it just as well, if the most active, and capable, and prudent, and conscientious people die *without issue*; while *many children* are left by the reckless and dishonest. But whoever does not espouse so insane a proposition, must admit that social arrangements which *retard* the multiplication of the socially-best, and *facilitate* the multiplication of the mentally worst, must be extremely injurious.

'For if the unworthy are *helped to increase*, by shielding them from that mortality which their unworthiness would naturally entail, the effect is to produce, generation after generation, a greater unworthiness. From diminished *use* of self-conserving faculties already deficient, there must result, in posterity, still smaller amounts of self-conserving faculties.\* . . . Such members, too, of a population as . . . are taken care of

by the rest, inevitably bring on the rest *extra exertion* . . . hence are they subject to an *overdraw on their energies* . . . tending to arrest the increase of the best and to deteriorate their constitutions. . . . Fostering the good-for-nothing at the *expense of the good* is extreme cruelty. It is a deliberate storing up of miseries for future generations. There is no greater curse to posterity than that of bequeathing to them an increasing population of imbeciles and idlers and criminals. To aid the bad in multiplying, is, *in effect*, the same as maliciously providing for our descendants a multitude of enemies. It may be doubted whether the maudlin philanthropy which, looking only at *direct* mitigations, persistently ignores *indirect* mischiefs, does not inflict a greater total of misery than the extremest selfishness inflicts.\* . . . How far the mentally-superior may, with a balance of benefit to society (and to himself, as below), shield the mentally-inferior from the evil results of their inferiority, is a question too involved to be here discussed at length. Doubtless it is in the order of things that parental affection, the regard of relatives, and the spontaneous sympathy of friends, and even of strangers, should mitigate the pains which incapacity has to bear. . . . *Individual altruism*, left to itself, will work advantageously wherever, at least, it does not go to the extent of helping the unworthy to multiply. But an unquestionable injury is done by agencies which undertake in a *wholesale way* to foster good-for-nothings, putting a stop to that *natural* process of elimination by which society *continually purifies itself*.'

So speaks this great thinker. It is a subject needing great caution and great knowledge in its treatment, and is fraught with much painful perplexity from whatever standpoint we view it, and can only be approached safely by those who unite in their natures the tenderness of the philanthropist with the far-seeing of the philosopher, so that I fear majorities cannot do much for its solution. Two seemingly opposing interests have to be reconciled—the alleviation of present misery compatibly with the interests of posterity. We have only to look to the disastrous effects of the working of the English poor-law to be convinced of the difficulty of dealing with any question from the standpoint of the emo-

\* So that 'the relentless forces of Nature which cry *va victis* and drive the weakest to the wall,' have at least no venom in them, and in the end prove even beneficent.

tions only, and that an evil may be aggravated and new evils engendered by looking too exclusively to the direct, while ignoring the indirect consequences of any measure.

It must be borne in mind, too, that all uncontrol—the prolific parent of a wide-spread family of miseries—is the result of a want of consensus between the organism and its mundane conditions, and that the absence of such consensus implies a failure of development or a degeneration of nerve-structure; so that the uncontrollable individual, instead of having made a step in advance to meet the increasing complexities of life which can only be met by increasing complexity of organization, has dropped behind a step—it may be, many steps—which, if he could realize, is marked by nerve degeneration, that is, by physical degeneration, which degeneration is inheritable by his offspring. Hence the great caution needed in dealing with the problem of the miseries and moral and mental weaknesses of mankind: for ‘the fatal hereditary craving’ (p. 186) is itself the result of nervous degeneration—a sort of *descensus Averni* ingrained in the constitution, and which, while claiming our sympathy and help, demands more wisdom in dealing with it than I think any of the rough-and-ready would-be doctors of humanity have generally attained to: for it is, indeed, a most perplexing problem.

Why do men drink? Human nature, though it has made great progress through the ages, has not yet so far advanced—her motto being *festina lente*—as to be reduced to harmony with its circumstances. The adaptation has not yet been carried far enough. The human creature, therefore, often gets ennuied; a feeling of restlessness, of dissatisfaction arises in the mind; he is ill at ease and craves excitement of some kind, and to allay the wearing and wearying feeling, one has recourse to the stimulus of alcohol, another of opium or Indian hemp, another of tea or coffee, another of gambling, or money-making, or politics, or novel reading, etc., etc.; for human life is not yet fully adjusted or specialized to its special conditions, but is only *on the way* towards that adjustment. The stimulus of war and of murdering and scalping and hunting down one another, and of feasting on the fallen and tortured foe, has been exchanged to some extent for the above-named excite-

ment, and I think with benefit to the individual and the race. But—Rome was not built in a day—we are not sufficiently evolved for the stimulus of the conditions of life to be a sufficing stimulus to the mind. We still crave something additional, and shall do, so long as the harmony—more nearly approached by some than by others—is not perfect. Is it too much to expect—for is not the past the prophecy of the future—that the man of the long future will have finer and keener sensibilities, his nervous system be such as to be more readily stimulated, that his more civilized and heightened nature will find delights and pleasures in matters which to us look tame and uninteresting, and that he will be disgusted with and shrink from things which pain general humanity now as little as the scalping and the cannibal feast did our ancestors of old?

How many are there even now, whose more specialized and advanced organization enables them to respond pleasurable to the myriad slight ictuses of mental, moral, and æsthetic beauty presented to them everywhere, of which the duller and less differentiated brains of their fellows are almost wholly insensible. Let us only be patient. Give the thing time enough and all may yet go well. But of this we may rest assured, that our unwise haste and restrictive measures, commencing with palpable injustice, will only aggravate the evil tenfold.

In my 12th premise I had said that FIDELIS was bound to prove ‘that a government possessed rights of a kind quite distinct from those possessed by individuals.’ To this FIDELIS replies, that ‘they have rights of a kind distinct,’ for that ‘it is a principle on which we act in all other matters.’ This, of course, proves nothing. It only means, it is done because it is done, or, they do it in one case, and so may do it in another.

Now though this premise is only an adjunct, not a necessity, of my argument, I thought it best to introduce it, believing that the time will come when the question with the legislator will be, not *is* this law I am about to propose *expedient*, but *is it just*; a time when there will be a conviction in men’s minds—which at present there seems not to be—that what is just is *always expedient* in the long run. It is so difficult, too, to decide on what is expe-

dient ; the circumstances are so many, the interests to be reconciled so diverse, that in almost every case a compromise has to be effected by striking, in a clumsy way, a kind of average never altogether quite satisfactory. But with the question of right, it is quite different. And here I call to mind a short story from the *Cyropædia* of Xenophon. I quote from memory and may possibly prove verbally inaccurate. His grandfather, the king, had told Cyrus that he must go back to Persia to learn justice. But, grandfather, said the boy, I have a most exact knowledge of justice. How so, said his grandfather. Thus, said the boy. A big boy at our school with a little coat, took a big coat off a little boy and gave the little boy his own small coat. Of this the little boy complaining, the master called on me to act as judge. Whereupon seeing that the small coat of the big boy fitted the little boy, and that the big coat of the little boy fitted the big boy, I gave my sentence for the big boy's retaining the big coat and the little boy's retaining the little coat. But for this, added Cyrus, I got whipped, my master adding that, if called on to judge which coat fitted each boy best, my decision was a good one ; but that that was not the point at all, but a quite different one, to wit, of *right* and belonging. So you see, grandfather, I have a strict knowledge of justice.

Oh, for such schoolmasters and such pupils ! With such instructors we should make short work with Dunkin Bills and Prohibitions. This grand old Pagan school-master, how much might he not teach us in Christian Canada to-day. What a clear, discriminating judgment. Everything stood rounded to him in its just proportions, and no confusing haze of the emotions blurred the clear, calm eye of the judgment. When the claims of right and expediency jostled, the fine, true instincts of the man never hesitated for an instant, and he punished the poor little boy as though it were a disgrace for even a child not to see that, in a collision of right and expediency, *right must triumph ever*, and that the battle-cry in every encounter ought to be—*Fiat justitia ruat cælum*.

But why make such a fuss about *individual liberty* ? My reply is that by touching this, you touch the apple of the eye of every human interest, of all that is grand,

and beautiful, and worth living for in the world.

But we restrict the liberty of the small-pox patient for the sake of others, and why not prevent one from taking or from selling a glass of wine for the same reason ? But the cases are not parallel. The glass of wine won't injure me, but the smallpox would. Because the wine is exposed for sale, I am *not obliged* to take it ; my will is not forced. But in the case of the small-pox patient at large, in the market and public thoroughfares, I *am obliged* to take it ; I can scarce avoid taking it ; and since I have no right to injure another, another has no right to injure me, and therefore I am justified in seeing that he secludes himself for a short period.

But if 'governments *have*' exclusive rights, whence do they derive them ? They are either usurped rights, over the people, or they are rights delegated to them from the people ; but, if the latter, I can only say, that water cannot rise higher than its fountain-head.

But the whole thing hinges upon this, whether right or expediency is to be recognized as the basis of human government. I maintain that the individual has rights that are inherent and inalienable. FIDELIS maintains that the individual holds his rights by sufferance, and may rightfully be deprived of them whenever a majority decides that it is for the good of society that these rights be escheated. In short—for it comes to this—there are no rights that may not rightfully be voted away and extinguished by a numerical majority, and, therefore, no rights at all : for the caprice of the voters constitutes our only real entitlement. Yet once admit this, once touch with the unhallowed finger of expediency the sanctity of right, and we put everything in jeopardy. But, in spite of all reactions to the contrary, we are, I conceive, working upward towards a state of belief that the highest crimes against man are 'TRESPASSES UPON HIS INDIVIDUALITY' ; and, unless this be regarded as the very corner-stone of our liberties, 'new democracy is but old despotism differently spelt.' For, as Herbert Spencer further says, 'the worship of the appliances of liberty *in place of liberty itself*, needs continually exposing. There is no *intrinsic* virtue in votes. The possession of representatives is not *itself* a

benefit. These are but *means* to an end; and the END is the maintenance of those conditions under which *each citizen may carry on his life without further hindrances from other citizens than are involved by their equal claims.*' This is a very weighty sentence—the summation of one who has studied the principles and laws of human nature, and the histories of human societies, as no other man, dead or living, ever has. The best education you can give a man is a sound and thorough saturation of his whole nature with a sense of his rights and of human rights; but it is impossible to uphold human rights and human freedom if you *commence by destroying them.* A government or a majority has no right to do me a wrong, and can have none. I possess the right to take a glass of wine. To deprive me of this right would be plain injustice; it would not be right, but the exercise of might to set right aside. This all is involved in Prohibition. Prohibition, then, begins in wrong; builds on wrong; and no edifice built on wrong as its foundation can be stable. But this is not all: I am likewise to be forced to *pay* with a view to the upholding of this system of wrong-doing—knocked down and punished for falling.

It is a strange idea, a grotesque-looking argument, which if FIDELIS has been able to make nothing out of, no one else need attempt. And what says she upon the subject—'At the best' (page 185, the italics here and hereafter, as likewise in the quotations from Mr. Spencer, are mine)—'at the best, and in our best efforts, we are but *groping through the dark*—feeling our way amidst *unknown* quantities, making attempt after attempt, and *experiment after experiment*, and by-and-by, *perhaps*, hitting, *after a blundering fashion*, on something which succeeding ages at least, if not the present, will recognize as a great step in human progress.'

And for the sake of all this 'groping through the dark' and 'blundering' on in the vain hope that at last some remedy may 'perhaps' be stumbled on, I and the rest of us are to be deprived of innocent, if not useful, enjoyment, and to be taxed into the bargain for the support of our experimentalists while seeking for the philosopher's stone by which to convert the baser metal of humanity into precious gold, and to relieve men of the misery which has dogged the

footsteps of our race from the very first, though ever in a decreasing degree. 'And,' adds FIDELIS, with a candour beyond all praise, 'this is *the best*, the writer sincerely believes, that we can hope to do with the Temperance Problem; and if Prohibition do not prove the best solution, we *may*, amid our seeking, find something better on the way.' And we may find the North Pole and mermaids disporting themselves in that open sea and—*we may not.* But one thing we certainly shall find at the end of each experiment—our own terrible mistake. For a system born, cradled, nursed in wrong can never end in right; nor, wriggle out of or twist it as we will, can it ever be made to appear that the proper office of a government is to curtail the rights of any member of the body corporate, but rather to so reconcile the rights of all as to afford the fullest *play* to the individuality of each.

But people are not very likely to be won over from the error of their ways by anything I may have to say, if not already convinced by the clear and manly and powerful reasoning of the author (see CANADIAN MONTHLY for August) of 'CURRENT EVENTS'—a writer whose every page sparkles with brilliancy, toned down and tempered by profound thought and masculine sense, and whose style is so crisp and fresh and vigorous, and his mode of treating his subject so entirely his own, while at every turn we are encountered by surprises of novelty or originality, that where obliged to disagree with him, we feel that we do so reluctantly, and always with the respect due to a writer and thinker of no ordinary powers.

If the Maine Liquor Law be the blessing to the world which its advocates represent it to be, why is it that so many of the States of the American Union—Rhode Island, Massachusetts, &c.—which once adopted it with rejoicings, have fallen from their first love and reject it now? Is it that, having had experience of its effects, they can now judge of its merits? Or if it be said that those who voted for it at first had meanwhile become deteriorated, then, I say, the former system of non-prohibition had produced a moral character which prohibition-times have so lowered or not sustained, that they now reject the good they once rejoiced in.

And, in regard to the Dunkin Bill, it is

very easy for the gentleman, amid his grapes and walnuts, sipping his wine in his cosy dining-room or at his club, to talk of Dunkin Bills for his poor neighbour, and vote away his glass of beer! Is it not class legislation practically? We commend that Government which restrains its unruly citizens; but what are we to think of a Government, which, not content with moderating the wild passions and keeping them within decent bounds, actually turns on every useful and self-controlled member of society, and puts an embargo on his innocent pleasures, robbing him of those small comforts and satisfactions which help to break the strain of his, too often, hard and cheerless lot. The bow that is bent too far and too constantly, snaps at last; and opium and other worse stimulants may be had recourse to, if, in our overstrained requirements, we demand too much. But the whole course of human legislation is opposed to the belief that so harsh and Draconian a law could ever, practically, be enforced—a law more stringent in this particular than the requirements of Christianity itself, and which, though advocated by Christians on so-called Christian principles, if obeyed to the letter, supercedes the very command of Christ himself. I see that there are some gentlemen actively engaged in promoting this system of interference with human liberty, from whose intellects I had hoped for better things; but it is astonishing to what an extent the emotions often override the judgment.

FIDELIS was a strong and ardent supporter of the Dunkin Bill, when proposed in Kingston, where the good sense of the community (and much else not so good) prevented its adoption. But can any place be found in which it has proved a plain, unequivocal success. I have not heard of any. One man did say to me that he thought it had done good in a certain neighbourhood. This is the sole testimony I have had in its favour; though I have heard and read much which told terribly against it. But in the incorporated village of Portsmouth, near which I reside, I made it my business to ascertain how it worked, and the universal testimony, including that of most respectable advocates of the measure, was that it had effected *no good at all*, while the testimony of some of them was, that the

state of things was *worse* than before the passing of the Bill.

Of the effect of the Maine Liquor law in the State of Maine, I have heard the most conflicting testimony. But in the *Mail* I read that 'Mr. Dodds read an extract from the Portland (State of Maine) *Argus*, showing that, since the passage of the Maine Liquor Law, the population of the State had stood still, while the amount of crime had increased, and the State Prison had been enlarged four times in nine years, during which time also no less than twenty-five amendments had been made in the Maine Liquor Law.'

A short time since a clergyman was staying with me, and hearing that some years before he had been in the State of Maine for six weeks, I asked him what he knew of the effect of the Maine Liquor law there. His reply was, that there was *more* drunkenness there than he had ever witnessed in any village of Canada of the same population. But fearing that I might have made a possible mistake, I wrote to him on the subject, and received by post his answer in somewhat stronger terms than those I have above employed. And he added, 'there was no difficulty in getting liquor, only it was of inferior quality and dearer than in Canada. . . . It was sold in neighbouring villages in the same way.' This testimony is unimpeachable.

Thus, one after the other, have English Permissive Bills, Gothenburg systems, Maine Liquor Laws, Dunkin Bills all proved failures, because the fundamental principles of morality and of human nature have been utterly ignored and despotically trampled on. And surely it must strike the Christian advocates of prohibitory laws as singular and stumbling, that, throughout the whole course of the Dispensations, neither Patriarchs, nor Lawgivers, nor Prophets, nor Apostles, nor the Founder of their Faith, ever dreamt of such a system—a system which is wholly subversive of our simplest ideas of the principles on which they acted and by which they were actuated, and that one of their greatest difficulties to-day lies in the precepts and practice of Christ himself, against which all their arguments break and recoil upon them, like the baffled waves of the ocean against the granite cliffs.

But is there no remedy? None but

'the relentless forces of Nature,' eliminating the weak, and the general prevalence of truer and higher principles, and a different and higher teaching, and—time.

But if our children see their parents frequent the bar-room and the saloon; if parents show that they think it mean not to treat and be treated, in hotels and in their private houses; if it is thought hospitable or gentlemanly to offer every one who enters something to drink;—is it any wonder that our children drop insensibly into our habits, regard the taking of liquor as a mark of good-fellowship and manliness, and imitate their parents, till, before they are hardly aware of it, the occasional action has grown into a habit, and the habit into a disease; till, at length, the nerve-element has become physically involved and the case is next to hopeless, and many a noble nature is lost for ever to the world.

If young men are not taught—oh, that we had some of those old Persian schools and that grand old schoolmaster!—that *uncontrol*, instead of being masterful and manly and the sign of a high spirit, is, in very deed, the proof of a very feeble and degenerate and unmanly nature—only the man-form of one who has thrown up the reins of the will into the keeping of the passions, and who is, therefore, only the poor weakling and buffet of every momentary caprice, and not a man at all; and if parents, hurrying along and absorbed by schemes of wealth and ambition, and inculcating unconsciously, by their words and actions, very questionable principles, abandon their children to others to be educated—no, not educated, but—to be taught languages in schools in which the selfish ambition of the parents is re-ingrafted and

fostered in the children;—can we wonder at the result.

If it slips out at every turn that riches and position are the one thing worth pursuing in the race of life, and that mental and moral wealth, if not for the sake of display, are not worth the seeking; if high and sustained excitement, which means *wasted* nerves, be the order of the day in everything;—then it is no wonder if men—and women are to blame for much of this—seek in stimulants the momentary *arrest* of that decay of nerve element which, in many cases, is so great and so sudden that the loss cannot be made up by the ordinary processes of the constitution through the assimilated food. To all such, the experiment is fraught with the extreme hazard of (physical) nerve-degeneration. But still the cry is 'Hurry up.' The disappointed, too, to drown their disappointment, which, on its physical side, means likewise wasted nerve-matter, take to the stimulant to drown their disappointment. And here again I say, oh, that we had our wise Persian schoolmaster to teach us to be wise!

But this question of a remedy is a long one, on which I have scarcely begun. Still I must close abruptly or weary my readers beyond endurance.

In parting, however, let me again urge, especially on our young men, that one of the greatest duties in life is this, '*to guard the individual of whatever grade against trespasses upon his individuality.*' Let their motto in every campaign be—*Pure principles, not probable consequences*—then, as the sweet singer says,

'Si fractus illabatur orbis,  
Impavidum ferient ruinæ.'

J. A. ALLEN.



## JUVENILE PAUPER IMMIGRATION.

WHEN the history of colonization comes to be written, what a vast subject will the poet-historian find at his disposal! Setting apart those merely fanciful illustrations and parallelisms which a divine of the old school would have worked out as an overture to his theme, there will yet be many broad-searching and deep-delving roots to be traced out in all directions, hidden beneath the mould and decaying leaves of the vanished years. It would be a waste of time to suggest that the creation itself was a colonization, and Adam the 'pioneer' of the race, brought hither he knew not whence, it matters not whether from the mediæval limbo of souls not yet endued with clay, or, according to Sir W. Thompson's more modern theory, carried along, potentially on some moss-covered fragment of aerolite.

Poets have sung that

'Though inland far we be  
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea  
Which brought us hither,'

and seem thus to countenance the idea that the human race are immigrants on a large scale, having replaced the original apes by sheer force of numbers and organization.

But apart from all this, it is undoubtedly a fact that colonization, properly speaking, has played a most important part in the world's history. What were most of the early historical wars but the outcome of the emigrating instinct under unfavourable circumstances? Migratory Arabs driving their flocks and herds to browse upon their neighbours' more or less defined sheep-runs and cattle limits, or again, hurling their thousands under Caled, the sword of God, upon effeminate Greek or degraded Roman. 'The old must give way to the young, nations like men, and men like leaves;' and the 'swarming of the Northern hive' is a sufficiently correct by-word to describe those warlike colonizations of Goths and Huns, from which seed-bed modern Europe has sprung.

New religions have been great fosterers of colonization, not only after the Mahometan manner, sending out its apostles on proselytising aims intent, but in the Christian style also, which very effectively inoculated heathen Europe with new blood and new ideas from well defined missionary centres of immigration, the cell of the recluse often becoming the nucleus of a regular nest of foreign monks and ecclesiastics. And later on, too, the inevitable clashing between opposing faiths has acted as a powerful centrifugal force, driving your Huguenots from France, and drawing your Puritans from England, with much energy and almost incalculable results. All these phases of the question, and many more which I must leave untouched, will be treated upon by the future Gibbon or Macaulay who will take up the subject, thankful that there yet remains a theme so vitally interesting and so capable of picturesque treatment and yet comparatively untouched upon by previous writers. When this work is written, as some day it will be, the materials I propose to bring forward in this paper may be found useful in elaborating one small niche, as it were, in the entire memorial edifice, one storied window in that grand series which will fitly depict the outward manifestations of the migratory instincts of our race.

Juvenile emigration is an essentially recent idea, one of the most purely modern plans than can be conceived. It presupposes a high state of civilization, not only in the *terminus a quo*, but also in the *terminus ad quem*, and lavish material appliances to overcome the labour of transit. Not only does it require this civilization to supply the means in cash and philanthropy, without which the money would prove inert metallic tokens, but it also, alas, postulates the existence of a degrading, crushing poverty at the starting point. For it need hardly be said that only the most biting misery could supply the numbers that have swollen the ranks of infant emigrants; like emigrants who leave their native land

without any accompanying friends, such children must be paupers. It is not so much that distress and suffering loosen the natural bond of love between parent and child, though that is the case too often, but that the want and pauperism among the great cities of the old world crush out the lives of the parents by hundreds, or force a desertion crueller than the separation of death itself.

Out of some 1100 children and upwards who passed through the hands of Miss Rye (to whose work, as she has been the pioneer of this movement, I shall chiefly allude) up to the year 1874, about one-half may be set down as orphans. Between three and four hundred of the other half are set down in the returns as deserted by one or both parents, or in that worse than deserted condition in which the unnatural parent represents no longer the loving and tender guardian, but has rather become the harsh task-master of the child in iniquity and heavy labor. In this class too are comprised those whose surviving parent is in gaol, or in some asylum or institution which practically isolates the child from its father or mother. The remainder of the tale is made up by those of whom the parentage is unknown, either from the neglect of the workhouse authorities or by reason of the double cloud that illegitimacy has thrown around their antecedents.

Of these it may be safely surmised that those who are orphans are the most happy, for they may have known a parent's care, whilst the others, unheeded from the sad beginning of their lives, cannot even be said to be deserted, which would imply that they had once had homes and friends of their own.

We have put these figures forward here in order to show what a vast human machinery must be at work in England, when out of the dust and refuse from under its wheels one woman can in a few years gather up so many wasting lives. This aspect of juvenile emigration, that is to say, what the children escape at home, is very clearly recognized by all who have lived in London or any of the great commercial centres of English industry, but it must be comparatively speak-

ing incredible to the inhabitants of a country practically without a pauper class and actually without poor laws and poor-houses. Of course isolated cases of poverty and want occur too often even here, but no one who has not seen the evil in all its repulsive details could picture the hopeless, abject misery of a pauperised family or group of families,—as shiftless in anything beyond mere hand-to-mouth appliances as mere babies, as destitute of moral fibre as blotting paper is of material fibre, and without the faintest shadow of a chance to raise themselves without extraneous assistance. For such as these the unions and work-houses of England are the habitual home, the master and matron are their tutelary deities, their feeble remnants of independence and free-will are gladly bartered for a mess of pottage at the price of a slavish submission to the rules and regulations which govern their most trivial actions. To one who enters this land of the modern Lot-eaters everything becomes degradingly easy. A sleepy submission to the Board of Guardians and its officers is all that is required, and in return the food comes in due season, and that sense of having every thing done for one which saps the freeborn, forecasting spirit of the man. The adult pauper, once he has got to this stage, is generally given up as hopeless; he resembles an insect which by some miracle has made its transmutations backward, and commencing in the free, winged condition, has developed downwards to the grub, whose large appetite and sluggish movements no longer predict a fortunate future of activity.

But while philanthropists have pretty generally given up the confirmed adult, great and praiseworthy has been the struggle over the pauper children. Early in the attempt to introduce some element of finality in this descent into the modern Inferno, was the plan of separating the children from the adults. The richer Metropolitan Unions, with laudable zeal, started branch institutions in the country, where their boys and girls could at least, it was thought, acquire healthy bodies and be isolated from the taint of the infected habits that would otherwise surround them. With the best intentions in the world these institutions have been enlarged and improved,—every modern appliance that would at once save the rate-payers money and improve the sanitary

\*The population of the United Kingdom increases at the rate of 400 or 500 a day.

condition of the inmates has been eagerly devised and adopted. Ventilating apparatus, self-filling baths, steam-baking and cooking apparatus, patent mangles, and labor-saving contrivances of every kind finally made these branch-institutions so perfect of their kind that the middle-aged and not over well-to-do ratepayer, who took a tour of inspection round the wards on visiting days, was astonished to find the little paupers enjoying advantages neither he nor his own children had ever dreamt of. But alas for human nature! Too late it became evident that though these arrangements were well enough adapted to enhance the physical comfort of the children, and (theoretically at least), after the first heavy outlay, to reduce the expenditure to a minimum, yet the great end of the institution, viz., to educate a pauper's child into a self-supporting boy or girl and eventually into a man or woman of reasoning powers and decisive character, had been entirely lost sight of. The children grew up, were taught and drilled by an army of masters, mistresses, pupil-teachers, and miscellaneous officials, and so long as they were within the four walls, all went well. Some keen eyes noticed that after the tasks were over, the children seemed unable to play, and either lounged about purposelessly or at listlessly in the sun, and did not augur well from this as to their future working powers. When they were old enough and had cost the ratepayers \$100 a head a year, for some five or six years each,\* these children were placed out at service. Strange to say, girls who had always found that hot water could be obtained spontaneously (and no doubt, on strict principles of political economy in such an institution, *ought* to have been obtained) out of a tap, proved unequal to boiling a kettle, and soon found or made an opportunity to return to the participation of the proceeds of the model steam-bakery, rather than submit to the endless petty errands and shifty jobs of a maid-of-all-work's place. With a roll-call in England of between seven and eight hundred thousand paupers, a disposition on the part of boys and girls to consider these model institutions as their homes, and to return to them at intervals of rapidly diminishing length,

was a symptom not to be neglected. It was obvious that the great district schools were only magnificent failures, and, singularly enough, juvenile emigration and the boarding-out system were commenced simultaneously by Miss Rye in Canada and Miss Florence Hill in England, though both systems were doomed to experience the determined opposition of the large army of officials whose only hold upon the ratepayer's pockets was through the schools and institutions which they had managed with such a persevering perverseness. The late Mrs. Nassau-Senior, fought a good fight against these evils, and her appointment by Mr. Stansfeld in 1873, as Inspector of the Female Workhouse Schools, was at once a great step towards the recognition of the peculiar fitness of a woman for such a post, and the means of a terrible exposure of a mistaken system. Her report on the subject disclosed the unpleasant fact that the longer the girls were kept at these training schools, the less favourable were the results that were obtained after they were placed out, and that the smaller schools were more successful than the larger district institutions, but that the rate, even in those schools where most personal supervision was given, was far from encouraging. In the first place, 74 girls out of 319 sent into service by the Metropolitan District schools, and 106 out of 351 sent out by the separate schools, could not be traced at all,—had vanished, too probably by means of rapid subsidence into their original pauper or vagrant element. This percentage (23 per cent. in one case, and 30 per cent. in the other) is sufficiently large, and we will compare it presently with the percentage among Miss Rye's girls on this side of the Atlantic. Out of the 245 girls in each class who had been traced, 62.28 per cent. from the District schools were reported as unsatisfactory or bad, and only 11.42 per cent. good (the balance being 'fair'); while 46.11 of the separate school's girls were bad or unsatisfactory, and 20.81 per cent. good.

We cannot here go into the merits or demerits of the boarding-out system in England; it certainly appears open to the objection that the weekly cash payment made with each child to the poor man or woman receiving it, is likely to be considered as a regular source of income, and applied rather in the support of the whole family than towards the boarded-out child alone.

\* The St. George's, Hanover Square, Schools at Ashford cost £120 or \$600 a bed, independent of keep.

I must now come to the subject more nearly affecting us as Canadians, namely, the plan first suggested and put into practice by Miss Rye,\* and now carried on by so many others in a similar manner.†

This plan of infant pauper emigration has met with high approval, and I cannot do better than quote the words of the historian who has the most intimate practical acquaintance with the British Colonies, I mean Mr. Froude. In his *Short Studies on Great Subjects*,‡ after commenting on the difficulties attendant upon Government taking upon itself to assist adult emigration on a large scale, he goes on: 'There is not the same difficulty in providing for the young. When Mr. Forster's Education Bill is fairly in work, in one shape or another we shall have more than a million boys and girls in these islands, of whom at least a fourth will be adrift when their teaching is over, with no definite outlook. Let the State for once resume its old character and constitute itself the constable of some, at least, of these helpless ones. When the grammatical part of their teaching is over, let them have a year or two of industrial instruction, and, under understanding with the colonial authorities, let them be drafted off where their services are most in demand. The settlers would be delighted to receive and clothe and feed them on the conditions of the old apprenticeship. . . . Welcome in some shape they are certain to be; a continued stream of young, well-taught, unspoilt English natures would be the most precious gift which the colonies could receive from us.'

Three years before this work was published, Miss Rye had taken a party of 68 children out to Canada,§ and in December of the same year, 1869, opened 'Our Western Home' at Niagara, Ont., as a central or distributing home for the children.

\* Mr. Van Meter, of New York, had, yet earlier, put his *Wanderer's Home* into working order, and successfully placed many outcast girls of that city in the Far West.

† Among others may be named, Miss Macpherson and Miss Bilborough, with their homes at Belleville and elsewhere; the Rev. S. Herring, Rev. Geo. Rogers, Miss Fletcher, Rev. B. Stevenson working at Hamilton, Dr. Middleton at London (Ont.), and Mrs. Burt in the Province of Nova Scotia.

‡ Vol. 2, p. 510, published 1872.

§ S. S. *Ibernian* sailed 28th October, 1869.

Up to November, 1874, fifteen parties of children passed through the Home, embracing 727 workhouse girls and 160 workhouse boys from all parts of England and Wales, and 259 stray girls and 40 stray 'arab' boys, making up a total of 1186. We have given the figures up to the above date, as Miss Rye's report to Mr. Sclater-Booth, printed in 1876, gives an exhaustive and tabulated synopsis of these 1186 children.

The method employed by Miss Rye in managing the importation of children has been diametrically opposed to the system, the working of which we have seen so much cause to condemn in the workhouse-schools at home. Individuality and freedom from cramping, cast-iron regulations seem to add redoubled vigour to the Anglo-Saxon character in grappling with a great moral problem or social difficulty. English troops were starved and frozen to death in the trenches round Sebastopol, and English volunteer pluck and private philanthropic energy did what centralization, with its tangled skein of rules and regulations crippling its thousand hands and blinding its thousand eyes, was hardly aware of the necessity of doing. And so it was in this case.\* The workers were selected by the best and only bearable competitive examination, viz., trial in the positions they were wanted to fill. The work of distribution was grouped as much as possible round centres. In towns and cities such as Newcastle, Guelph, St. Catharines, Grimsby, Oakville, Mount Forest, Chatham, and St. Thomas, friends were found to take an unpaid interest in the children's welfare. Their local knowledge was turned to good purpose in procuring and forwarding to the central home the applications of those who desired children, together with such information as they could supply as to the character of the applicants. Miss Rye supplemented this information by confidential enquiries, made direct to the Minister, Mayor, or Reeve, as to the person desiring a child, and not till these were satisfactorily answered was the child placed out. To these local centres, reports would be made

\* This absence of 'red-tape' appears to have greatly prejudiced the Inspector, Mr. Doyle: food, unless given on a fixed dietary, would appear to be innutritious to the regular official stomach.

by the master, from them permission would in the first instance be sought to replace or return a child, and the volunteer assistants acted as watchers over the material and moral welfare of the children, and communicated with headquarters if the necessity arose for any interference.

Two modes of putting out the children are practised by Miss Rye, the first is that by which the child is bound for service, in which case it is apprenticed till the age of eighteen. Up to fifteen the master feeds, clothes, and educates it; for the next two years it is paid \$3 a month wages, with which to clothe itself, so as to induce thoughtful habits and the faculty of husbanding its own resources. During the last year of the service the wages are a dollar a month more, and after that both parties are at liberty to make their own bargain for the future.

The other method is that by which the child is adopted, to be treated in all respects as one of the master's and mistress's own children. In either case a formal indenture is entered into, and the person taking a child binds himself to perform his part of the bargain (including the due seeing to the child's education and church-going), the obligation being entered into with Miss Rye and her two trustees, Mr. R. N. Ball and Mr. Paffard, both of Niagara.

Out of the 1186 already mentioned, some 340 have been adopted, and the rest (with the exception of some few who have gone to their friends) have been bound to service. In many cases, however, where, for instance, the family and girl take their meals together, this 'binding' is really nothing else than an adoption—the 'taking in' of a child into the family as a new member, sharing all things with them and participating alike in their joys and their sorrows.

The work had not been going on long when difficulties cropped up. Some of these were more or less inherent in the scheme, others were wilfully cast in its way by obstructionists and people with yet meaner motives. In the first class we may rank the trouble inseparable from the occasional return to the Home at Niagara of incorrigible and insubordinate girls, who, though not in large numbers, proved sad trials on account of the necessity of isolating them; the return of girls, who, though not abso-

lutely bad, 'did not suit,' girls who would do anything for a change and who considered it good fun to come back to Niagara and be placed out again for the fourth or fifth time. Some 300 of the girls have had places found for them twice or oftener, one 'irreconcilable' having ten homes found her, and no less than three others nearly emulating her performance with nine places each. Of course this trouble did not develop into unpleasant proportions until the work had been going on for some years, but it is now clearly perceived by those who are interested in it, that it was a mistake not to have had, from the first, some kind of reformatory receptacle for these girls, in another locality from the Home, with a distinct staff, seeing that the two works are so different and each is so all-engrossing that it is nearly impossible for one head to give proper attention to both.

Again, there was the great difficulty, inseparable from the state of things in which the immigration first commenced, involved in the long distances which had to be repeatedly travelled by Miss Rye across the Atlantic. Fifty boards of guardians had to be interviewed all over England, and persuaded that the children's welfare and the diminution of the rates were alike involved in their voting her the children and the money necessary to cover expenses. When the guardians were persuaded that Canada was neither a land of ogres nor a field of perpetual snow, the Home Government had to be persuaded to yield its consent as well, and to add to this, an endless correspondence had to be carried on with the children and their employers all over Canada. In 1873 Miss Rye also started a training Home at Peckham for her little waifs and strays, innocent even of the tender mercies of the workhouse. One hundred and ninety-eight of the children passed through this Home, and, with 101 other stray children, form a class very distinct from those taken from the workhouse schools. They were found to display a warmth of affection, a keenness of disposition, and a fertility of resource which bore a lively contrast to the comparatively duller type produced on the stereotyped workhouse pattern. And their morals are better, for out of the sixteen girls who alone out of 1186 have had illegitimate children since their arrival in the Dominion, every one was a workhouse girl,

From this digression I must return to the other class of difficulties which have beset this work. I allude to those caused by prejudiced criticism and conflicting interests. Mention has been made of the opposition of the pauper officials; but the advent to power of Disraeli's Conservative Government in England, apt to discover excuses for checking emigration and desirous of pleasing its plutocratic supporters by taking steps to prevent anything that would tend to increase wages, was a far more powerful influence against the work.

In June, 1874, Mr. Doyle, a local Government Inspector, was ordered by the home authorities to report upon the system of juvenile pauper emigration to Canada, and after a perfunctory inspection he made his report in the December of that year. The report was virtually an attack upon Miss Rye's and Miss Macpherson's labours, as no attempt was made to enquire into the six other Canadian workers in the same field. In effect the report practically condemned the work and was really injurious by the manner in which it mixed up the details of the various systems pursued by those ladies, so that whatever blame he conceived was attachable to any point, might, as far as possible, injure them both. It elicited a series of indignant protests from those who knew most of the scheme in its practical working, and who declined to believe that a flying visit to less than 400 children selected at haphazard, could afford sufficient material upon which to form a sound judgment as to the well-being of the three thousand children placed out in Canada. The superficial manner in which the inspection was made, appeared evident from his fear least the 'arab' children should corrupt those who came from work-houses,—we have already seen that the balance of morals and intellect lies in the other direction. His impartiality was doubted, when, after stating that full monetary details had been offered him, and an auditing of accounts requested, which he was compelled to decline undertaking, he yet proceeds to state and assume figures and facts in his reports, on which to base a presumption that the emigration scheme was a profitable one to those who took it in hand.

Mr. Doyle, before the matter came before the Imperial Parliament, found it conve-

nient to retire from the Inspectorship, but though this was to some extent a withdrawal from the contest, the mischief he had done was yet considerable. The Government had the necessary pretext for delay and further enquiry, which is the usual weapon of a reactive Ministry. Ever since, the two ladies who were so cruelly attacked have been compelled, in addition to their usual tasks, to meet this common enemy. In 1875 both Miss Rye and Miss Macpherson appeared before the select committee on Immigration and Colonization at Ottawa, and evidence of great value in rebuttal of Mr. Doyle's allegations was given by prominent members of the Dominion Parliament and others.\* As a result of this enquiry, and at Miss Rye's request, an audit of her accounts, from 1869 to 1875 inclusive, was undertaken by the Department of Agriculture, with the result of showing a total receipt of \$76,693.39 (of which less than \$3,500 was obtained from the Canadian Governments), and a vouched expenditure of \$46,444.33 in England, and \$30,298.98 in Canada. Immediately upon this the Dominion Government made a grant of \$1000 to assist in keeping open the home at Niagara, while intimating that in future the Provincial Governments would be the proper bodies to give assistance.

The Ontario Government did in fact, in June, 1876, agree to make a payment of \$6 a head on each child brought out, to assist in covering expenses; and besides these tokens of an unshaken confidence in the success of the scheme, the Dominion Government ordered a house-to-house visitation of the children, which was carried out by experienced immigration agents, whose complete report was in every way as favourable as Mr. Doyle's imperfect one had been unfavourable.†

In spite of these facts, however, the Home Government refuses to budge an inch. During this summer, the Board of St. George's, Hanover Square, London, having passed a resolution that a number of children should be sent out under Miss Rye's care; the necessary consent by the Local Government Board was refused by

\* First report of Select Committee on Immigration and Colonization, Ottawa, 1875.

† Report of Select Standing Committee on Immigration and Colonization, Ottawa, 1877.

Mr. Sclater-Booth, and a deputation from the Board was dismissed, with a plain intimation that the children's labour was wanted at home. And to support this position, it is now announced that Mr. Doyle has prepared a second edition of his report, which has been printed at the public expense and distributed with the other blue books, the Department not having had the justice to print at the same time the elaborate report and reply of Miss Rye, which the ex-Inspector's last effusion is intended to rebut.

To sum up shortly the results of the work. Instead of 23 or 30 per cent. of the children being missing, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. is in excess of the number who have been lost sight of, and of these, several cases are no doubt attributable to imperfect postal arrangements. Nearly half the girls are in their first homes and doing well; half of the balance, though placed out more than once, are yet doing satisfactorily. Fourteen deaths have occurred, six of which were accidental; sixteen girls, as already stated, have had illegitimate children, and 104 have been returned to the Home for obstinacy and violent temper. Contrasting these figures with the results already quoted from Mrs. Nassau-Senior's report, or with the 966 children who absconded in one year from English Reformatories and Industrial Schools, and they indeed show a

fair record. Contrasting the condition of the children in England, one 'brought to the Home with skull broken and arm dislocated by the kicks of a drunken father,' or the 'two sisters found nearly starving, alone, in a room, on a bundle of shavings,—' contrasting this with even the worst place obtained for them here in Canada, and what a change for the better is at once seen!

What hope for the future may not be expected from the training given by the good housewife at the farm, so different from the dull routine of classwork in the workhouse-school at home? Whilst, by those of our country who feel the need of domestic help, and desire to increase that class of immigrants which comes to us without the violent wrench of associations snapped asunder in mid-life, and all the attendant risk of unsettled habits in the future,—this work has been recognized as a great boon, and, to such as these, the prospect of its possible curtailment, to say nothing of its entire cessation, would prove most disappointing.

Let us hope that wiser counsels will ultimately govern the Government at home, and induce them to withdraw that interdict which has, for a time at least, checked the immigration of the workhouse children.

A CANADIAN.

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## ROUND THE TABLE.

TWO of the most healthful signs of progress at present, in the way of higher and more healthful living among us, are—the growing taste for flower culture and nature beauty about our homes, and the growing love of camping out. Certainly nothing could be a more healthful as well as innocent change and relaxation from the hurry and overstrain of city life than the 'camping out' parties which have been abounding, since the warm weather began to be felt, amid all our charming lake and river scenery. In Muskoka—beloved of Torontonians; along the pretty chain of lakes in the vicinity of Rice Lake; amid

the beautiful ever varying archipelago of the St. Lawrence, where his 'Thousand Islands' lie locked in his Triton embrace, the white tent of the camper stands out picturesquely and suggestively against the dark foliage, or the more stately yacht lies at anchor in some miniature harbour. Of all the summer delights of this primitive and patriarchal life one might discourse almost *ad infinitum*;—the breathing the fresh pure air, sweet with pine or cedar, itself a keen sensuous pleasure—the early morning row or 'troll' to catch the particular fish predestined for your breakfast, before the magic glamour of the dawn with

its ineffable tender tints, and delicious mystery has yet faded into the 'light of common day'—the bracing morning bath which seems really to re-create one, fresh and new—the fun over the cooking and the breakfast and the 'clearing away'—the delicious *dolce far niente* of the day—dippings into the books of poetry and fiction, which temptations at home one would sternly put aside in the forenoon—putting away newspapers with the most cursory glance—letting correspondence, for the nonce, take care of itself—taking dinner at all sorts of irregular hours, and enjoying the after-dinner siesta with an unburdened mind and clear conscience—coming out again fresh for tea, after another row and another swim,—and then the long delicious enjoyment of the evening's changing hues, the exquisite dissolving tints of sunset, its apple-greens and rose-reds, and amber and amethyst gradually fading into the tender greys of the twilight, while the silver moon prolongs the delicious day into a still more delicious, more spiritual night. Among the Thousand Islands, indeed, the moonlight effects are indescribably beautiful and varied; the moon, silver white or rosy in the misty veil she sometimes wears at her first appearing, throws a quivering path of rich golden light over the dark purple waves, or makes a stretch of river a sea of molten silver, against which you catch the picturesque outlines of islands traced in dark silhouettes; or, lovelier still, see the wavering shadows of the dark pines and more rounded foliage thrown on the silver sea from which they intercept some of the moonlight. Few things can be more beautiful than the stretches of dark river streaked with rippling stretches of silver, these again barred with more intense lines of silver light, while every curve and indentation of the shore is picked out in gleaming silver, and every inlet shows with an idealised picturesqueness against the bright background. Such nights seem too rare for sleep, and make one wish that some way could be devised for postponing sleep to the moonless nights, and taking a double portion then. Between the charms of sunset, sunrise, and moonlight, it is indeed hard to decide on the portion of time one is willing to sacrifice to sleep, until the tyrant Morpheus puts his strong hands on

one's eyelids, and further resistance is vain.

Camping-out is indeed an attempt at returning to the innocent, simple recreations which are so much more healthful and satisfactory than artificial ones; and to the more simple and healthful modes of life which were wont to produce a more healthful physique. The calm and restfulness; the thousand-fold enjoyments of sunshine, and green leaves, and still waters, and fragrance of hemlock and pine; the soothing influence of rowing at will amid water-worn moss-grown rocks, festooned with lush luxuriance of creeper and vine; the nameless repose which abandonment to the enjoyment of Nature induces; all combined might well smooth out the wrinkles and creases of a winter of work and worry. More and more may this mode of summer holiday-making prosper and grow! Only let campers beware *how they put out their fires*, lest by their carelessness they help to destroy the beauty of the spots they have enjoyed themselves. And we must earnestly hope that government will so far resist the pressure that is being put upon them to make these islands private property as to preserve at least the bulk of them for the free enjoyment and recreation of the people of Canada.

—The Township Council of Utopia have submitted to the intelligent electors of that rural municipality a by-law to carry into effect an Act passed a few years since by the enlightened Legislative Assembly of *Weissnichtwo*. As I happened to be strolling past the town-hall, where the various speakers *pro* and *con*. were dinging their arguments into the ratepayers' ears, I stopped at the door and hearkened a while, with the following results:—

The orator who had the 'ear' of the chairman was in favour of the measure, and had a breadth of delivery and deepness of chest-notes that spoke of a generous diet. 'This bill,' he said, 'my friends, aims at putting an end to a most vicious state of things which has now obtained among us, I am sorry to say, for many years. Probably few among you, except the elder men, will have any clear idea brought before your minds when I mention the name of "alcohol," or "fermented liquor."' (Mov. cent of attention on the part of the young men,



some excited gestures among the older and middle-aged auditors). The speaker resumed: 'Yes, there was a time when all men could get their glass of beer or wine, or abstain from it, as seemed best to them—a happy time within the memory of myself and some others. But a number of busybodies, well-meaning old women of both sexes, and a lot of intemperate total abstainers perverted men's minds, and had Tom's glass dashed from his lips because Dick had a mind to let *his* travel that way too often. What is the result? Look at the present dropsical generation! Big flabby limbs, with loose joints and large extremities; bulbous brains, as slow in planning as their effete bodies are in executing; constitutions that knock under at the first shock, and run as much risk from a cold in the head as we used to from a fever! Estimate the amount of cold tea, gassy ginger beer, and effusive lemonade with which they drench themselves, and then ask the druggists how much patent medicine they have to swallow to correct all this flatulent acidity! Gastric juice is a thing of the past; a man must take a spoonful of pepsin now-a-days if he wants to tackle anything tougher than a milk pudding! Nor are all the evils bodily. See the water-drinker come home! His feeble brain has yet sense enough left to tell him his day's work has been unsatisfactory, and the walk from the office, instead of bracing him up, has taken the last bit of 'go' out of him, despite the peppermint lozenges he has been frantically stoking himself with. His wife and children are in a similar weak condition; if they have affection enough left to try and summon up a smile, it is like a watery sun shining through a fog. Flint and steel will yield a spark, but the most strong-armed Indian would fail to elicit a symptom of warmth from any rubbing together of these soaked bits of blotting paper. See how the water-tippler's dyspeptic stomach tells upon his temper! The sodden family quarrel, not the good old "spat" that was over in a brace of hard words or so, but a slow, sullen sulk, lasting an indefinite period and never coming to a head. The children grow up surly, suspicious, devoid of life or animation. . . . Let us draw a veil over the degrading scene.' (Movement of adhesion on the front benches.) 'Can it be doubted what is

our duty? Do not talk to me of liberty, or say that Tom Teetotal has a right to swill tea if he likes till—unpleasant consequences ensue. Right? Who has a right to blow his own brains out? to commit a moral murder? to make a shipwreck of his life, and to overwhelm the unborn child with the queasiness of his own guilty stomach? Let us step in and save these men from themselves; let us trample down such misdeeds into oblivion, dash from their lips the cold, white flowing bowl; in a word, let us vote for this Act, which provides: 1. That the use of alcoholic liquors shall be freely permitted. 2. Not only so, but that every Good Templar, Murphy-mover, Rine-waverer, teetotaller, temperance man (falsely so-called), adherent to the Band of Hope, or other abstainer, by whatsoever name called, shall drink each day, in the presence of the inspectors hereinafter appointed, one pint of beer, or two pints of lager, or so in proportion of stronger fermented liquors. 3. Provided always, that when the palate of such *quondam* water-drinker shall have been so far educated, and his moral and intellectual standard so far raised, that he is known to take a glass of beer without inspection and of his own free will, he shall be released from the above surveillance, subject, however, to re-imposition in case of a relapse. 4. Any such Good Templar, &c. (*ut ante*), who shall repine, murmur, or become recalcitrant at this enactment as a curtailment of his (un)natural liberty, shall be kept in solitary confinement on beef and beer, with a file of the *Globe's* reports of speeches *pro* the Dunkin Bill, and learn there the duty of submission to the will of the majority.'

The door swung to, and I left in haste, lest I should be late for dinner at the Table. Pray accept this *conte* as my excuse for any delay I have caused.

—Talking of the Dunkin Act reminds me of a passage which I lighted on the other day in the 'Rubaiyat' of Omar Khayyam, the grand old Persian poet whose stanzas have recently been so wonderfully done into English by Mr. Fitzgerald. It may not be uninteresting to Canadians at the present time to hear what the oriental astronomer-poet had to say on the Temperance question in his day, some eight hundred years ago.

Here is the passage to which I refer, from which it will be seen that Omar's Moham-medanism was not of a strictly orthodox character :

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,  
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape  
    Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and  
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape !

The Grape that can with Logic absolute  
The Two-and-Seventy jarring sects confute :  
    The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice  
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute :

The mighty Mahmud, Allah-breathing Lord,  
That all the misbelieving and black Horde  
    Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul  
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare  
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare ?  
    A Blessing, we should use it, should we not ?  
And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there ?

—There is so much writing and talking done in this our day, that it seems to me that those who are of the class who write and talk are gaining altogether too high an estimate of their importance in the social scheme. Not but that their importance is really incalculably great, but there seems a growing tendency to forget the great masses of men and women who not only act, but *think*, with the best of us, yet say nothing. The great forces are silent forces ; and it would be well for some great pen to remind the writers and talkers of this over-voluble age that, after all, they are not acting, but merely seeking to guide and direct action ; and it were a happy thing if slashing ex-ceptions had not to be made even to that. When philosopher and writer say in their wisdom, 'do this,' who doeth it? Who, but the silent man ; the man who reads the writings and listens to the talk ; who forms honest convictions painfully amid all the Babel of theory-shouting, and acts them out day by day and hour by hour, in the hero-ism that conquers petty detail and through the martyrdom of social misapprehension ? For some men it is easy to express their convictions in print or from platform ; and these men get the meed of praise and clap-ping of hands. They are heroes in what they say, and if they do not stop at saying, all honour to them. But for other men it is neither easy nor natural to speak or to write. The eloquence of their lives is the silent eloquence of fixed purpose and noble

action. For them there is little praise and scant applause. It is as well there should be none, perhaps ; but let us not *ignore* these heroes of doing, and not of saying—these songless poets to whom we give no laurels. In many words there is often vanity ; and I sometimes think that there is much writing about virtue, much talk about earnestness, that has more sound than soundness in it. I have known men to send great goodness to the printer, and leave apparently very 'short commons' for themselves. These were extreme cases, but I am sure that many good men write at a higher pitch of earnest virtue than they live. We do well to be too grateful for the good influence they exert by their words to be hypercritical about their deeds. This leniency to those whose expressed aspira-tions are nobler than their lives, becomes unjust only when it displaces our admira-tion for those whose lives follow bravely as-pirations that are not expressed. We are apt to ignore them individually, simply be-cause they are unobtrusive ; but let us, at any rate, not forget that they are among us. The commonplace men, the hard working men, who

'grind among the iron facts of life,  
And have no time for self-deception,'

the men who are not poets, who are not writers, who are not speakers ; the men who cannot 'get the hang' of cobweb culture-ethics, but who can live simply and straightforwardly,

'Do noble deeds, not dream them, all day long,'  
nor speak of them ; here, in place or out of place, is honour to them, the silent men, as full as to those who speak by pen or tongue !

—A guest at the table last month justly complained of the tendency so widely dis-played in our time towards servile imitation in the artistic adornment of our dwellings. Instead of striving to make our homes, ex-ternally and internally, express our own tastes and ideas of beauty and fitness ; in-stead of trying to stamp our own individu-ality upon them, so that we may feel when we enter them that they are in the fullest sense of the word *our* homes, and for that reason distinct from all others ; too many of us ask ourselves at every step, what does my neighbor do in this particular and in

that, and say,—I must have a house of such and such a shape, I must have a certain kind of furniture in it, and ‘vases and statuettes under glass cases, or side-boards loaded with plate,’ must on all sides meet the view of anyone entering it, not because I have any particular liking for these things, but simply because A, B, C, D, E, F, and G, and all the rest of them, have houses of this pattern, and have them furnished in this particular way, until even those forms of architecture and modes of adornment which are agreeable enough in themselves, become wearisome and distasteful by constant repetition; and many do this, not, I am afraid, as my fellow-guest has supposed, because they fear that their own taste may be wrong, but because they have not got any taste to exercise in the matter and have never tried to cultivate one, but have been content to follow the prevailing mode rather than go to the trouble of forming opinions of their own. And this mental indolence is, unfortunately, not confined to the sphere of æsthetic taste, but is shewn in connection with far more important and essential subjects, concerning which it is positively criminal to accept passively and unenquiringly the opinions of others. If there is anything that should claim the deepest and most thoughtful consideration of all men, it is the moral and religious beliefs to which they profess their allegiance. Yet the vast majority carelessly adopt whichever form of these beliefs is current with those among whom they are brought up, not only without enquiry, but often without even knowing or understanding the nature of that which they pretend to believe. They are afraid, perhaps, in this case also, that they may be wrong, and think it is surely better to accept that which so many others think is right. But every human creature has been gifted with the capacity to distinguish between right and wrong, and he who, instead of turning to his own conscience for guidance and fearlessly following its dictum in all things, submits to have his ideas and thoughts dictated to him by others, commits a double sin, a sin against the Giver of that capacity who intended him to use it for his guidance, and a sin against his fellow-men who require that he should be to all an example of its right exercise.

—So much has been written and said about the Falls of Niagara, that it is scarcely to be expected that anything new can be said upon the subject. But as the sight of them seems to produce different impressions upon different people, a brief account of the impression made upon me when I recently visited them for the first time, may not be without interest. I had seen a good many photographs and engravings, and read many descriptions; and I must say that I was not in any way misled. I had often tried to form in my mind some idea of their appearance; and my mental picture does not seem to have been exaggerated, for I was not in the least disappointed on my first view, as many people appear to have been. On the contrary, my expectations were realized, except with regard to the Table Rock, which I found had quite disappeared, having been washed into the chasm below. My first impression was one of bewilderment. Of course it was the grandest water scene I had ever witnessed; indeed the feeling that possessed me was that there was too much grandeur and magnificence for one view. An indescribable something so fixed my attention that I could not take my eyes off the tempestuous and ever changing waters. I sat for hours watching the fearful splashing and dashing and endless confusion of the wonderful cataract. I cannot hope to give anything like a pen photograph of this beautiful piece of Nature’s scenery, let alone to depict its more than awful grandeur on the approach of a storm. Meditating, I thought of Southey’s description of the cataract of Lodore:

Confounding, astounding,  
Dizzying and deafening the ear with its sound.

And bubbling and troubling and doubling,  
And grumbling and rumbling and tumbling,  
And clattering and battering and shattering;  
Retreating and beating and meeting and sheeting,  
Delaying and straying and playing and spraying,  
Advancing and prancing and glancing and dancing,  
Recoiling, turmoiling and toiling and boiling,  
And gleaming and streaming and steaming and  
beaming.

And thumping and plumping and bumping and  
jumping,  
And dashing and flashing and splashing and  
clashing,  
And so never ending but always descending.

On the following morning I rose early

and watched from my window until breakfast-time the beautiful changes of delicate shades of emerald green, mingled with crystalline streaks of white, falling with exquisite beauty, and instantly lost in an abyss of foam. The more I gazed and thought of the thousands upon thousands of years this must have been going on—the thousands of years unknown to any human being—the more I became bewildered with wonder. On the morning of my departure I left with feelings of sadness, and as I approached the railway station, and the noise of the falls gradually grew fainter, I looked back until the scene was lost to view; when a strong desire seized me to retrace my steps and prolong my stay. But this was out of the question.

It is to be regretted that visitors should be so terribly annoyed by irrepressible

cabmen and showmen. One cannot stand a moment, or walk twenty yards, without being accosted and followed up for a considerable distance by two or three men, one wanting to drive you to this, that, or the other place, another to take your portrait 'with the falls in the back-ground,' another to give you a dinner, another to take you to some museum, 'curiosity shop,' tower, &c., &c. Fortunately I had a gentlemen friend with me who had visited the place before, and knew the sort of people it was infested with, and he kindly pioneered me through all these difficulties. As it was we sometimes had to turn back or otherwise avoid them. I had heard visitors complain of the same thing, but had no idea that the nuisance was so bad as it is. Can nothing be done to abate it?

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## CURRENT EVENTS.

THE tour of their Excellencies in Manitoba, may unfortunately be the last of any extent they will make in Canada. During the term of their residence in the Dominion, every Province from the Atlantic to the Pacific has been visited, and except the political *contretemps* in British Columbia, nothing has occurred to mar the pleasure of these excursions. Even the rage of the Victorians might have been diverted, as was remarked last year, if a responsible Minister of the Crown had accompanied the Governor-General. As it was, although his Excellency acquitted himself with characteristic grace and tact, the disagreeable position was forced upon him of being, *volens volens*, made a Court of Appeal against his constitutional advisers, and forced to hear complaints which should have been received by the Premier or one of his colleagues. Their absence from Lord Dufferin's side, under critical circumstances which might have been easily fore-

seen and provided for, was a gross breach of duty. That he succeeded in warding off the attack and in telling the British Columbians good-naturedly a bit of his mind, was to his credit; but what would be thought of an Imperial Government which should permit the Queen or the Prince of Wales to go to Ireland or a distant Colony to be badgered by the people on Home Rule or any other grievance, unattended? It was so easy in the presence of a Minister to refer the Victoria recalcitrants to him; whilst, in his absence, it would have seemed ungracious to reject altogether a loyal and respectful address.

To those who look merely at newspaper reports of the triumphal arches, the fêtes, receptions, and general enthusiasm which await the vice-regal party, these excursions seem altogether a source of gratification. It is not unlikely, however, that the fatigues of travel, and the wearying and endless round of addresses, with the other prosy ad-

juncts which tire by their monotony, render them a severe labour. To the longest journey, even across the Continent, there is at the end no peaceful haven of rest—no respite from laborious exertion. And yet their Excellencies have cheerfully submitted to it all, in order to meet Canadians of every Province face to face, to know their country, understand its resources, and mark its progress. It is this which has peculiarly endeared them to the people everywhere, and in addition to that, their anxious interest in the well-being of all sorts and conditions of men, irrespective of creed, colour, or social status. Their extended visits have now been completed, and we are beginning to ask whether Rideau Hall will, after next autumn, witness for many a day a Governor-General so deservedly popular as Lord Dufferin.

In his Winnipeg address, his Excellency referred to his departure in these words: 'Although it will not be my good fortune to preside much longer over your destinies, I need not assure you that your future will always command my warmest sympathies, and continue to attract my closest attention, and I trust that, although at a distance, I may live to see the fulfilment of many of your aspirations.' The Manitoba reception must have been extremely gratifying—it was so genuinely honest and yet almost primitively simple in its main features. The state receptions, which were presumably as formal as usual, excepted, there appears to have been a freshness in the Prairie Province's enthusiasm, which could not fail to charm. The French or other half-breeds, the Indians, Mennonites, and Icelanders presented a variety of type, as contrasted with the Anglo-Saxon, which, contained as all are within a brief area, must have been something novel, even in Lord Dufferin's experience. Perhaps the visit to St. Boniface was one of the most pleasant. There their Excellencies were at home with a simple people, frugal in habit and yet picturesque in their displays of taste. The Archbishop, although he was naturally anxious to guard his flock in troublous times, is a thoroughly loyal Christian patriarch. Happily the Governor-General has no creed antipathies, and he can rejoice with the children of an Orphan Asylum tended by the Sisters of Charity, or extend his warmest sympathy to an *Hôtel Dieu*, without regard to the dogma or ritual which obtains there. The

little scene of the flags at the orphanage must have been exceedingly touching to those who love children. This, in all probability, the last trip of their Excellencies to a distant Province, will not be the least agreeable of the reminiscences they will carry away with them from our shores, if only because of the simple and honest enthusiasm of the people.

The Premier has also been making a tour, not however in the direction of 'the star of empire,' but contrariwise, towards the rising sun. In short, he has been enlightening the wise men of the East in the matter of Dominion politics. It would satisfy a not unnatural curiosity to learn the truth about this excursion, for it is clear that the party accounts cannot both be correct, and it is more than likely that they are both equally false. In the first place, the Opposition journals point, as a plain confession of weakness on Mr. Mackenzie's part, to the fact that he addressed no audience at Halifax, St. John, Moncton, or Fredericton—the large centres of wealth and population—and bestowed his favours only on five places—Berwick, Truro, Charlottetown, Souris, and Summerside—three of these being in Prince Edward Island. Now it is necessary first to ascertain the Premier's motion in taking the trip. If his object were to combine summer relaxation with a visit to the Island Province which he had had never seen before, his course was just such as he would naturally adopt. It is not usual to hold political demonstrations in large cities during the dog-days; almost all the Ontario pic-nics, on both sides, were held in the neighbourhood of small towns and villages. Berwick is in King's County, where Mr. Mackenzie had probably been pressed to give his party a helping hand, and Truro is only a few hours, by rail, from Halifax, Pictou, and Moncton. Moreover, it would be absurd to suppose, however much one may believe in a Conservative reaction that the dominant party could not get together a good audience in any of the larger towns. Of course if the Opposition journals mean to allege that the Premier was sore afraid that Conservative rage would deny him a hearing, by packing Reform meetings, all that need be said is that such an apprehension, were it well founded, would reflect no credit on the

Conservatives; and yet, on no other theory will this taunt, or whatever else it may be called, bear a moment's examination. That something of the kind was attempted at Truro, at the Reform pic-nic, is evident from the 'vociferous and thundering No!' of which the Opposition journals exultingly speak. That, however, may be a piece of characteristic party exaggeration at the expense of the party's good name; if they did not approve of the Premier's policy the recalcitrants should have stayed at home or preserved silence. The pic-nic was a party, not a public, demonstration.

But it is further alleged that both in Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia these meetings were a failure. People are so used to the party colouring given to matters of this sort by both sides, that this might be uncredited if it merely rested on the *ex parte* statements of the Opposition press. But there is further evidence which, although of a negative character, is certainly corroborative: we refer to the very cursory references to Mr. Mackenzie's excursion in the Government papers. After the first telegrams announcing the Premier's progress, little or nothing more was said about it; nor have they ventured to deny the substantial truth of their opponents' statements. It may be taken for granted, therefore, that these statements are, in the main, correct. Nor is it surprising that this should have been the case. The Dominion is just now in the enjoyment of political repose; there is a grateful lull, which has not yet been disturbed in the older Provinces, and will remain unbroken until the new series of Conservative pic-nics begins. Even the party journals have the good taste to give politics a wide berth almost wholly. The Labour and Protection questions, the Dunkin Act, and the interminable Orange question, furnish the staple productions of the editorial pen at present. There is no reason to suppose that the truce has not extended to the Maritime Provinces. Indeed, for some time past, Dominion politics have attracted little attention amongst them, as compared with local questions which touch them more nearly. The coal and fishery interests alone are matters of Dominion concern; on the first, parties are divided, and the other is being attended to or the reverse by the Commission. In the next place, there can be little doubt that the

growing disgust for party squabbles has extended to the people on the sea-board. They have discovered, and are beginning to complain, as the people of Ontario do, that their material interests are made the shuttlecock of party, and, if they are not neglected altogether, serve only to amuse our public men, when they are not abusing one another, and heaping scandal upon scandal. On the whole it appears to us that the supineness of the Lower Province people is no proof of Mr. Mackenzie's unpopularity; but simply seasonable, and an evidence of their good sense. It is said that Sir John Macdonald and Dr. Tupper would have met with a different reception. It may be so, though we doubt it; and it must not be forgotten that Dr. Tupper is upon his 'native heath' there, and Sir John's popularity might get him a crowd, if he visited the chief cities and ventured to breathe the stifling and sudorific atmosphere of closely-packed halls. Both he and the Premier were far too wise to make that experiment in the middle of August. The game of politics is not worth so great a sacrifice at their hands, when they need rest and recuperation.

There is a dawn of hope for Dominion politics in the rumoured return to public life of the Hon. Mr. Tilley and Sir Alexander Galt. The Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick bears an honorable reputation for ability and probity, and he has been out of Parliament during its worst period. Bringing with him some of the dignity and judicial impartiality acquired in his high office, he is not likely to be a strong party man, and he is sure not to be a violent or unscrupulous one. From Sir Alexander Galt we have a right to expect even more than this. Independent in spirit and opinion, he has been forced out of alliance with one party, without taking refuge in another. He is a warm friend of National interests, and when they are advocated by him on the floor of Parliament, they will cease to be the plaything of party and stand honestly and squarely upon their merits. The financial and political knowledge and experience he will bring with him cannot fail to be of sterling value, and his genial temper must go far to improve and elevate the wretched tone at which our party politics are unhappily

pitched. There is every reason to expect much from the reappearance of the two ex-Finance ministers, and it is earnestly to be hoped that they will not disappoint public expectation by still remaining in retirement. The times are out of joint, and public spirit, if nothing else, demands this sacrifice at their hands.

The Fishery Commission now sitting at Halifax, affords additional proof, were any wanting, of the perfidious manner in which the American Government endeavours to evade treaty obligations. The case presented by their agent, Mr. Dwight Foster, shows clearly that they hope to force a decision in their favour by dint of mendacious pretension. By the Washington treaty of 1871, this Commission of three, one nominated by Great Britain, one by the United States, and a third by the Emperor of Austria, was constituted to decide upon the amount to be paid the Dominion for the use of the Fisheries. England claims \$14,280,000: the Americans have the assurance to urge that, notwithstanding the express purpose of the Commission, they ought to pay nothing. The Treaty says that three arbitrators shall appraise the value of a property in dispute; the Americans now maintain that there is nothing to appraise. They actually claim that their admission of fish and fish oil free of duty, is an adequate return for the millions they will gain by the privilege they ask. Even that, it may be remarked, they have done their best to render nugatory by taxing the cans containing the exempt articles. Before looking at the case, we notice the effort to render the Commission abortive, by hinting that all three Commissioners must agree in any decision. Was that the way the German Commission acted? Is this not an arbitration; and, if not, why were three chosen—one by a Continental power? Clearly in order that, in case of a difference of opinion, a decision might be come to by the vote of a neutral party. It would be a worthy triumph of American *finesse* if Mr. Ensign H. Kellogg, who is, of course, instructed to support 'our country, right or wrong,' were permitted to grasp the future issue in the hollow of his hand. Let them try to apply one rule to Alabama claims, and another to Canadian Fishery claims, and our Do-

minion Parliament will soon make short work of their privileges on our coasts. Their case is so utterly incorrect, both in arguments and statements of fact, that it is difficult to expose its falsity with an even temper. Let us look at it in the light of common-sense.

The treaty of 1818 gave the right of fishing within three miles of the shore—as Britain claims, from headland to headland; as Americans contend, following inland a three-mile line, varying with the indentations of the coast, although both shores in the bays of Fundy and Chaleur are British territory. As the *Globe* pointedly shows, the American contention is absolutely untenable by the plain words of the treaty. Wheaton, in his 'International Law,' labours to prove that the treaty of 1783 was not abrogated by the war of 1812; but the distinct stipulations of 1818, at any rate, superseded it, and there remains nothing between the latter treaty and that of 1871, the Reciprocity arrangement having been abolished, after notice given by Mr. Lincoln. Now for the words of the treaty of 1818: 'And the United States hereby renounce, forever, any liberty heretofore enjoyed or claimed by the inhabitants thereof to take, dry, or cure fish in or within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks, or harbours of his Britannic Majesty's dominions in America.' Fundy and Chaleur are such bays, and it is clear that American fishermen were excluded from them, and, therefore, it is the paltriest kind of lying to say that their claim was 'never surrendered.' Another palpable falsehood is one of fact: that the Americans obtain most of the mackerel from their own shores, or from deep-sea fishing; whereas, the bulk of these fish are obtained on our grounds, within three miles of the coasts of these bays. So that, even were their false interpretation of the treaty of 1818 correct, they would be as far as ever from obtaining the benefit from our fisheries they desire. As for the equivalent in the exemption from duty of fish and fish-oil, it is a matter of utter indifference to us. The Americans must have the fish, whether admitted free or not, and we shall not pay the advance in the price.

The difference between the treaties of 1818 and 1871, for which Britain claims compensation, are thus stated in our case:

'The right to enter the great bays, like those of Fundy and Chaleur, within the lines drawn for the purpose of fishing; the right of fishing within the three-mile limit from shore; the use of the coast for the purpose of drying and curing fish; the privilege of traffic for bait, supplies, etc., in the Dominion and Newfoundland ports, and the right of transshipment of fish from the same.' Now, these are the privileges for which the United States has the right to pay, if she wants them; and their value has been carefully appraised by our Government on evidence now being heard at Halifax. The additional equivalent of free fishing in United States ports is much of a piece with the free navigation of the rivers of Alaska, and equally valuable; and the economical argument is simply ludicrous in the mouths of people who refuse reciprocity of trade with us. The *Globe*, we are sorry to say, persists in attacking Sir John Macdonald, and holding him responsible for the 'surrender' of 1871. Our contemporary knows perfectly well that Sir John was an Imperial representative, not merely bound by preliminary instructions from Downing street, but by peremptory and continual orders sent from home. In point of fact, the treaty was directly negotiated between Washington and London by Mr. Fish and the Foreign Secretary, and the representatives of England at Washington were helpless, and, therefore, had no responsibility whatever. A New York paper tries to make out that the six years' delay in settling this matter must be laid at the door of Canada. The negotiations in which Mr. Brown took part began and ended in 1874; the delay, both before and since, has arisen from a characteristic disposition on the part of the United States to shirk the obligation to pay what they promised, under the treaty. It is to be hoped that there will be no ignominious Ashburton or Washington 'surrender' of Canadian rights this time. If any such manoeuvre be attempted, we have, fortunately, the remedy in our own hands. The privileges were granted provisionally by an Act of the Dominion Parliament, and they may be revoked definitively by its repeal.

Two circumstances have arisen to keep alive, in the public mind, the disgraceful events of July in Montreal. The murderers of poor Hackett are in a fair way of

being brought to justice; but the *True Witness* persists in fanning the flame of religious strife by its coarse and violent articles. Not only does it denounce Orange processions, but also clamours for their suppression by statute; lays all the blame upon the members of the Order; virtually applauds the scoundrels who wantonly shot down Hackett, and then brutally kicked him when he was lying prostrate; and uses language of so inflammatory a nature that its words can have but one purpose—to provoke a breach of the peace, or, rather, to render any attempt to restore or preserve it abortive. One Irish Catholic society, we are sorry to say, has expressed its approval of the course adopted by the *True Witness*, and it is to be feared from the tone of their resolutions that other societies, not quite so outspoken, are of the same opinion. What particularly exasperates them is the manly rebuke administered by Father Stafford, of Lindsay, who did not hesitate to own that the Irish Catholics, and not the Orangemen, were to blame for the riots. In Ontario, it is pleasing to observe that none of the clergy, from the Archbishop to the parish priest, and no Catholic organ in the press, has uttered a word in extenuation of the lawless conduct of the rioters.

The other circumstance is the recent action of the Imperial Government in reference to an Orange procession at Lurgan, a town on the railway, about equidistant from Belfast and Armagh. It would appear that Lurgan has a mixed population, and that there is a Roman Catholic quarter and a Protestant quarter. Both parties seem to take every opportunity of exasperating each other, and this provocation usually takes the form of a procession through the streets occupied by their party foes. The magistrates, acting upon three sworn informations that a breach of the peace was apprehended, called out the military and the mounted police, after informing the Orange leaders that they were at perfect liberty to walk through any other streets, and would be protected, but that they must either abandon the proposed route or abandon the procession. Sir M. Hicks Beach, the Irish Secretary, stated that similar action had been taken when a Roman Catholic procession was about to walk last August. Now some of our Reform papers, beginning to fear a falling away of the Catholic



League, attempt to institute a parallel between the conduct of Mayor Beaudry and that of the Irish magistrates. These journals are, in fact, coquetting with the Orangemen—curry-combing the old Protestant horse, in fact. Now, there is no analogy at all between the cases. M. Beaudry distinctly neglected his duty; the Irish magistrates fulfilled theirs, for they only obeyed the law. Unhappily, in Ireland, very stringent measures are required for the preservation of the peace, and, although the Party Processions Act is repealed, and both parties are free to walk, it is only on certain conditions laid down by statute, which have no direct sectarian bearing. Upon the receipt of the sworn informations, it was incumbent upon the magistrates to act, first and foremost, in the interests of peace. To have given military protection to a procession passing through a Catholic quarter on purpose to insult and provoke by offensive party tunes, would be disastrous policy for the Government, and a very ignoble service for Her Majesty's troops. The alternative presented to the Lurgan Orangemen was a perfectly fair and strictly legal one. Canada is not as Ireland, fortunately, and measures absolutely necessary there are not required here. The law in this country is as different from that of Ireland as the English law is; and it is here the attempted parallel of the zealots fails completely. It may be added that the Conservative Government in power at home would never suffer the law to be strained against the Orange body. All their Irish supporters in Parliament, with the doubtful exception of Sir George Bowyer, who is a Conservative Home Ruler, are either Orangemen or the representatives of Orangemen. No one desires to see any compulsion used in Canada, or any appeal made, save to the good sense and charitable feelings of Orangemen. The state to which Ireland has been reduced by the combined action of bigotry, treason, and agrarianism, does not exist amongst us, and therefore we require no Peace Preservation Acts. We may add that in New York the authorities allow Orange processions and protect them, but, like the Armagh magistrates, they reserve to themselves the right of changing the route, if it be found necessary or desirable.

The voting on the Dunkin by-law in

Toronto closed on the 22nd ult., by the consent of both parties. On the previous evening, the Dunkin Association had resolved to abandon the contest, and in that they appear to have acted wisely. Taking ten thousand as the number of available votes, seven thousand had been recorded, giving the Anti-Dunkinites a majority of eleven hundred and sixteen. It is clear that, of the remaining three thousand, a large proportion were half-hearted supporters or secret opponents of the measure. That the majority could have been materially cut down is improbable; indeed, if other electoral contests may be taken to furnish any analogy, it was more likely to be increased. The *morale* of an army is seriously impaired by a series of heavy disasters, and it is not otherwise with a minority after over two weeks of unavailing struggle at the polls. It was therefore politic to end a fruitless contest; for, by so doing, the majority remains almost certainly smaller than it would otherwise have been. Regarded in this light, either the present or any future effort, the decision of the Association was a prudent one. The chief advocate in our local press of the by-law, gives a salient instance of frank admission after defeat. In an editorial published on the day after the contest, it admits almost everything urged against the Act. Its machinery is bad, the mode of voting old-fashioned and cumbrous, and the results of its operation elsewhere seem uncertain and dubious. The only benefit derived from the submission of the by-law is that of gauging public opinion. This singular backing down after the event is noteworthy; because it is an admission that the by-law should not have been submitted at all until, first, the effects of the Act had been clearly ascertained, and secondly, its defects had been repaired by fresh legislation. Now it is clear that even if it were proved that the measure works well in the counties, that is no criterion at all of its probable effect in the cities. Kingston and Toronto have rejected it, and the other cities would inevitably follow their example. There are special reasons why the Act is unsuited to the urban centres of population, in addition to the general objections that might be pressed. As the Hon. Mr. Macdougall urged in a letter to the *Telegram*, in Toronto it would simply mean free trade in liquor, cheap and

probably bad liquor, and wide-spread demoralization. Indeed, it must be obvious to everyone who reflects for a moment on the matter, that, however the case may stand in the rural districts, the Act should never have been made applicable to cities. With regard to the defects in the law, the first question is, which Parliament has power to remedy them? Mr. Crooks desired to amend the Act by changing the day of its coming into operation from the 1st of March to the 1st of May, the opening of the license year. Last session, at Ottawa, the member for West Toronto introduced a bill to provide that votes on any Dunkin by-law should be taken by ballot; but Mr. Blake opposed the bill, because he was of opinion that its passage would be *ultra vires*, and it was withdrawn. When the mere machinery of the Act is considered, there, are of course, some general points on which everyone is agreed; but, perhaps, the ballot would not be one of these, although it is absolutely necessary to protect, not exactly against intimidation, but against coercive influence, ecclesiastical, social, and domestic. No matter how subtle this influence may be, society has a right to protect itself against it. Anything which impedes the free exercise of a man's judgment and induces him to vote contrary to his own convictions, or not to vote at all, is a sin against free institutions. Furthermore, if a law of this kind is to continue on the statute book, although it is utterly repugnant to the genius both of our religious and constitutional systems, two provisions of Sir Wilfrid Lawson's Permissive Bill should be inserted to secure so decided a power of public opinion as to warrant its enactment, three-fourths, for say two-thirds, of the votes cast should be necessary to its passage, or a clear majority of one-fifth of the number of votes on the roll. In order to be worthy of the name of a British law, those deprived of their livelihood should be properly compensated, as England compensated the West Indian planters, although she did suddenly and violently enfranchise the slave.

It may be remarked here that the proposal to obtain an expression of public opinion on Prohibition by a *plébiscite*, at the next general election, is clean out of the way. That anyone should advocate so absurd an idea, is simply amazing. The introduction

of this 'foreign excrescence,' as it has been aptly termed, would at once inflict a deadly stab upon responsible parliamentary government. Let it be once introduced as a precedent, and there is an end to our constitutional system. The moment the House of Commons becomes merely the registrar of rude popular behests, it will cease to be an estate worthy of respect or even of existence. Its calm deliberation, its mature judgment, the weight due to superior knowledge, ability, and experience, would be of no avail where ignorance and unreasoning fanaticism, ruled by rhetorical demagoguery, held sway. From the *plébiscite* of Pilate, which voted 'not this man but Barrabas,' to that which hurried Napoleon III. to Sedan and ruin, the system has produced nothing but madness and disaster. It means multitudinism, in its worst form, trampling upon all individual rights, and hurrying the nation to certain ruin. If people are dissatisfied with Parliamentary government, let them say so and boldly advocate mob-rule—the two cannot co-exist together. The history of the French *plébiscite* ought of itself to make the very word stink in British nostrils.

Four kinds of voters are enumerated by the *Globe* who have abstained from voting. The division is not true to the logical principles of classification, still it is suggestive. There are those who are strongly in favour of 'temperance,' but disapprove of 'coercive legislation'; those who are not clear as to the merits of the Dunkin Act; those whose Conservatism makes them hostile to change; and those who are 'secretly' opposed to the law, but 'on various considerations' refrain from voting. The last is a tacit admission that illegitimate influences have been at work. The 'Conservatism' in the third, is used in a generic, and not a party, sense, and seems founded on a baseless theory that all change is Reform or progress, which is far from being the case, in other matters besides Prohibitory legislation. Reaction and retrogression are 'changes' as well as their contraries. We see that in France at this moment, and we should see it in England and Canada, if the Habeas Corpus Act were repealed there or the law of Primogeniture re-enacted here. The first and second glide into one another imperceptibly, and the fourth is not distinct from them, but, taken together, they

will probably account for most of the abstinence from voting of three thousand electors. 'The result,' we are told, 'was not at all unexpected,' which may be readily believed, although up to the last moment a very different prospect was held out to view.

The canvass was, on the whole, conducted with fairness and good temper, although some bad, and not a little vile, language was used. It was quite proper that clergymen should exert themselves on behalf of a 'moral reform;' but there was the certain danger that they would bring in the *odium theologicum* and turn the movement into a religious crusade. Hence those wild, illogical appeals to passion and sensibility which were made night after night. That the opponents of the by-law should retort in kind was only natural, considering the provocation they received. Total abstinence from wine, though not from strong waters, is a religious dogma amongst the Mohammedans, but it is not a doctrine of the Gospel; compulsory abstinence or prohibition is distinctly at variance with any adequate conception of the law of Christian liberty. The puerile analogies attempted to be drawn between regulative or restrictive measures and prohibition, sufficed to show the utter feebleness in argument of the rhetoricians. Surely it must have been insulting to the common-sense of men, to see parallels attempted between the Acts against the carrying of fire-arms, the Factory Acts, the Acts providing for compulsory vaccination and education, and a proposal to rule the community in 'meats and drinks,' whether they arte abused or not. The right to choose food, drink, and dress for oneself is one of the earliest and most sacred rights of the individual, and no legislative action which impedes it can stand examination for a moment. Perhaps it was the 'Conservatism' of Messrs. Gladstone, Erigh, Forster, Mill, and Herbert Spencer which made them opposed to this 'change' backwards; on that point, all Liberals to whose names attaches any authority, are Conservatives in the *Globe's* sense. They love man's liberty too well to see it frittered away by chimerical legislation; and although they would hardly use the characteristically strong words of the Bishop of Manchester, they would approve of their inner meaning: 'If I am

called upon to choose between England sober and England free, let me have England free.' The warmest friends of the generous movement to reclaim the fallen by moral and religious effort, are of the same opinion; they are the friends of temperance, and even of total abstinence; but the avowed and determined foes to a movement which would trample individual liberty beneath the iron heel of law.

The new affiliation scheme adopted by the Senate of the University of Toronto appears to meet with general approval, which is more than could have been expected, after the rather heated discussions on the subject some months ago. Briefly stated, the four resolutions refuse affiliation to any medical school which is or becomes connected with another University; in the latter case the affiliation shall cease. It admits students from all medical schools of every kind, in good standing, irrespective of affiliation, to pass examinations from matriculation to graduation, but refuses honors, &c., to those who are at the same time undergraduates or graduates in medicine in any other University. With regard to the last clause, which is the only one objected to by the *Mail*, a remark or two seems necessary. The Act of 1853 was passed avowedly for the purpose of bringing all the superior education of the Province, so far as was possible, under the direction of the Provincial University. With this purpose in view, every scholar was required to subscribe to a declaration that he intended to proceed to a degree in the Toronto University. Now the object of this declaration clearly was to confine its honours strictly to those who were graduates or prepared to be graduates of that University, and not of any other. This was its spirit at any rate; although experience has proved that it was not clear enough in its phraseology to compass the object. At that time it was never supposed for a moment that the same man would matriculate and become an undergraduate of two Universities—in short that *two alma matres* could be acknowledged at one and the same time. It did not enter into the Senatorial heads of that time that the endowments of the University were to be the common property of all the Universities, and that her honours, &c., were to be claimed at will by

alien and often hostile institutions, in addition to those which were properly their own. Of a scheme of spoliation and partition they knew more than enough; but they hardly anticipated the day when a University would bid for undergraduates thus: 'Come to us, and you shall have a chance of obtaining our honours and those of the godless University to boot.' In their simplicity, they supposed that the scholarships supported by the endowment were intended for the sons of their own University, not as baits for every University in the Province. This would not be avowed partition, it is true; but in effect it is the endowment of all Universities in the Province, share and share alike. The attempt recently made to effect this object has been met, as the emergency required. It is the assertion of a principle twenty-four years old, that the endowments of Toronto University are intended for its support, and for that alone. No 'new departure' has been taken; the resolution of the Senate is only designed to strengthen the doors and put a bolt on the treasure-house, lately threatened from a new direction. The University is a Provincial one certainly, and proudly maintains its pre-eminence; but that does not mean that its property is to be shared by all rivals, contrary to the plain spirit and intention of the statute. We wonder what the Hon. Robert Baldwin would have said if so preposterous a claim had been mooted during his lifetime. The University is by no means a wealthy institution; the funds at its command are not more than sufficient for its own needs; and therefore it would be the height of injustice to make them the common property of all the Universities, which would be the result of admitting their undergraduates to compete for honours with the University's own sons.

There is another subject, in connection with the University of Toronto, upon which a few observations may not be out of place—that of superior female education. It is scarcely necessary, at this time of day, to disabuse the popular mind of any lingering prejudices against learned women. Most men with any pretension to intelligence, would now be ashamed to avow that they still harbour or cherish them. It has been at length discovered that women may improve the mental powers with which they

are endowed, without proving less active, faithful, and affectionate in the home circle, as daughters, sisters, wives, and mothers. The old theory of female training, which forced the imagination, fed the vanity, and warped the entire nature, is rapidly fading away to take its place in the ghostly ranks of fallacies departed. Of course there still remains the old controversy about the capacity of the female intellect, chiefly carried on, on the Philistine side, by those who object to submit the question to the practical test of experience. According to some, it is essentially inferior to man's; according to others—and with them we are disposed to agree—the difference is in kind, rather than in power or capacity for development. That this should be so seems to them a wise provision of the Creator, who designed the woman to be a helpmeet for the man, so that both working together might be, intellectually, morally, and spiritually, the source of comfort and happiness to each other. But, whatever may be the difference, or whether there be any difference or not, between the intellect of the sexes, our age has, somewhat tardily it is true, determined that an effort shall be made to put the matter to the proof. This can only be done by extending to our sisters the opportunities of culture we enjoy ourselves, and by, so far as need be for that purpose, breaking down the middle wall of partition which custom and prejudice have interposed between us. Women, whatever other rights may be denied them, have an unquestionable right to the cultivation of their entire mental nature, and its expansion and elevation to the fullest extent. Instead of stimulating those faculties which are apt to be morbidly active, they need a trained reason, an enlightened judgment, and accurate habits of observation. Society, instead of endeavouring to secure all these, makes learning and academic distinction the monopoly of a sex. For young men, governments endow colleges and establish universities; they are subjected to the discipline of study; the wealth to be gleaned from science, philosophy, and classical lore is ready to their hand. Why should nothing be done to train the female intellect? Why is it left to rust or wither from neglect?

Much censure is heaped upon the present methods of female instruction in ladies' seminaries, and it is not altogether unde-

served. Still, it is too sweeping, and is gradually becoming more and more out of place. Moreover, it can hardly be expected that teachers, even if they possessed the necessary qualifications, should fly in the faces of those whose daughters they instruct, by leaving the well-worn groove. What is wanted is not so much a reform in the schools, some little fripperies excepted, but the public recognition by the Government and by our college authorities of the claims of young women, equally with young men, to the highest culture of which they are capable. At present, what does the State contribute for this purpose? We know of nothing except the support of the Normal School; and it is highly probable that women would never have found their way thither, had not a supply of female teachers been absolutely necessary—and raiserable enough is the pittance they receive when they are supplied. Now, it is utterly out of the question to provide what is required, by voluntary effort. The Ladies' Educational Association was a laudable attempt to do something, but it was not enough. It was too brief, too expensive, too purposeless a scheme, so far as ulterior ends were concerned, to be successful. So far as it went, of course, the instruction was of the highest character; but when the course was over, who was to aid the young lady student in going forward, or what plan was before her for a succeeding year? What rewards had she for diligence in the future? The system was too fitful and unalluring, in short, to be of permanent service—a kind of intellectual *cul de sac* leading nowhither.

To be of any permanent service, female culture must be regular, thorough, systematic, and reasonably cheap. Similar rewards and honours must be offered to young ladies as are now within the reach of young men. Until all this be done—and done by an institution equipped with a large staff of professors, a well-stocked library, adequate apparatus, and other scientific appliances—nothing at all is done. Two young ladies—courageous pioneers in a noble cause—were admitted last June as matriculants of the University. But who is to aid them to climb higher up the thorny hill of knowledge? How are they to study chemistry, botany, zoology, mineralogy, natural philosophy, classics, or mental science, unaided and alone? University College is, so far as

appears, still closed against them; and it is our contention that its doors ought to be freely thrown open, at once, to all students without distinction of sex. Religion knows neither male nor female; why should not science and philosophy follow its example? To refuse to give instruction where alone it can be imparted thoroughly and effectively, is equivalent to forbidding it altogether.

The Senate of the University has matured a scheme for the examination of women; but as it has not yet received the approval of His Honour the Visitor, the details of the plan have not been made public. In the absence of full and satisfactory data for comment or criticism, we can only give a general idea of this statute. It is understood that only two examinations are provided for—the first consisting of five groups, the second of seven. The additional two groups in the latter are the Natural Science and Mental Science departments. In both, Classics forms one group by itself, and Mathematics another; the other three in each are made up by combining, in a way to give ample choice, two or more of these subjects: Latin, History and Geography, English, French, and German. So soon as the entire plan is made public we shall take the opportunity of referring to the matter more fully; meanwhile, the *Globe*, which has taken an active and honourable part in the movement, appears to be right in thinking that the University has, by this initial movement, afforded bodies like the Association already referred to, a motive and purpose they did not possess before. But we entirely object to requiring the ladies who so generously organized the old Association, to spend their time and money. The young ladies of Ontario have quite as strong a claim upon public aid in the matter of superior education as the young men; moreover, there are many subjects included which could not be taught in a course of nine or ten lectures, with defective appliances, notably those under the charge, at University College, of Professors Croft, Chapman, Ramsay Wright, and Loudon. What is wanted clearly is the opening of the College to lady students, as Albert College, Belleville, is open to the ladies of Alexandra College, conducted under the same auspices. Something should be said here about the affiliation of outside ladies' colleges; but of that again.

There are now two desiderata, so far as the University is concerned—first, the establishment of prizes and scholarships for the special examinations; and, secondly, a statute clearly providing that female undergraduates may go through the entire course, pass and honour, and graduate in due form. The parchment diploma might be readily modified so that a young woman could be admitted to the first degree, commonly termed that of 'Bachelor in Arts.' It is hard to see why this concession should be refused, or why our 'girl graduate' should not carry home with her the 'Testamur,' and the medal or other distinction she has honourably won by her industry and intellectual power. Honours and scholarships must certainly form a part of any effective system of superior female education, and if the scholarship fund of the University is exhausted, the Government ought, for once, to be liberal to the patient but sadly neglected sex. Our college authorities may take a pattern by what is done at University College, Bristol, to take a chance case from the *Spectator*. There are offered 'one chemical scholarship of £25 and three general of £15 each, open to women as well as men.' And, as some stimulus to private munificence, may be added what follows: 'Scholarships for women.—Four or more of £15 to £50 each will also be offered by the Clifton Association for the Higher Education of Women.' Awaiting further particulars of the University scheme, we earnestly commend the entire subject to the serious and favourable consideration of the Senate, the College Council, and the Minister of Education.

The Imperial Parliament was prorogued by Commission on the 14th ult. The speech, which was exceedingly brief, referred to only three topics, the Eastern Question, the Indian famine, and the annexation of the Transvaal Republic. No new announcement was made, and none was expected, touching England's relations to the belligerents in 'this cruel and destructive war,' as Lord Beaconsfield terms it. The stereotyped phrase, that the strictest neutrality would be observed, so long as England's interests were not imperilled, was repeated in the Speech from the Throne. Several attempts were made in both Houses, during the concluding days of the Session,

to draw the Government out upon the subject; but they were promptly met by the Premier and Sir Stafford Northcote with the usual official parry, that the Government were of opinion that a discussion on Eastern affairs 'would not be advantageous to the public service.' When asked if any additional sum would be required for the transportation of troops to the Mediterranean, the answer was in the negative. No vote of credit was asked against contingencies, and, therefore, England's neutrality is assured—a result partly owing to the resolute attitude of Lord Salisbury and the other 'peace' Ministers, partly to the firm and unmistakable expression of public opinion, but mainly to the knowledge that any attempt to resist the alliance of the three Emperors would be hopeless.

That this league is not only still subsisting, but growing firmer day by day, is clear from many incidents that have occurred of late. Germany has undertaken to act as the protector of Russian subjects in Southern Turkey; and only a few days since the Berlin Government addressed a strong note of complaint to the Porte, in reference to its systematic disregard of the Genevan provisions designed to secure the humane treatment of the wounded and prisoners. Such a remonstrance was certainly needed, in the face of the appalling fact that in Asia, notwithstanding the Turkish victories, no Russian prisoners have been taken. Now it is said that the Powers have declined to support Germany's note, because they regard it as 'one-sided.' 'Powers' here, however, can only mean England, and possibly France, because Austria and Italy hastened to give in their adhesion at once. Is this part of the rumoured scheme of partition, or an advance move to make way for it? The Emperors of Germany and Austria met recently at Ischl, and Bismarck is about to confer with Andrassy, at Gastein. What do these conferences indicate? When interrogated on the subject the Chancellor of the Exchequer replied that he had no information regarding any partition scheme 'which he could communicate to the House'—an ominous clause in the sentence. If any such scheme be in contemplation, it cannot menace British interests, since Germany and Austria are quite

as much concerned to maintain the free navigation of the Danube, and to keep Russia out of Constantinople as England can be. The only people who will find themselves checkmated are the Turkophiles in the Cabinet, the Clubs, and the Press in our own country.

The Indian famine, which has already cut down half-a-million of people, is one of those awful calamities which cannot be averted, and only partially alleviated. Madras and Mysore, and possibly a large portion of Central India, as far as the Punjab, are in the grim embraces of starvation, cholera, and small-pox. There is a vast territory—almost a continent of itself—without food, without water, save what can be drawn from miasmatic wells, and worse than all, the people are practically out of reach. There is but one railway, and provisions can only be sent upon ox-carts, travelling at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles per day. In the doomed country, the cattle are perishing from hunger and thirst, and those which start from the prosperous districts can hardly draw more than enough to keep themselves alive on the weary journey, and when they arrive, their extinction by the drought is almost inevitable. That England and the Indian Government will strive to the uttermost to cope with this awful calamity, cannot be doubted; but of what avail are money and grain, when the wretched people are out of reach? Even the relief centres speedily become centres of disease in its most terrible forms, and the poor creatures who escape starvation, die of cholera or small-pox. The latest accounts disclose a fearful prospect; no rain has fallen, and the famine area is widening with fearful rapidity. The entire outlook is gloomy and disheartening in the extreme, and even Lord Salisbury's proud and energetic spirit seems bowed with anxiety and despair.

The last few weeks of the Session were enlivened, if such a term may be used regarding the humiliation of Parliament, by the persistent obstructiveness of a few of the Home Rulers. They never numbered more than seven when the House or Committee divided, and their spokesmen were Mr. Parnell, described as a young Wicklow squire, Mr. O'Donnell, 'a Catholic *littérateur*,

with a curious knowledge of the less known foreign politics', and Mr. Biggar, a Belfast provision merchant. Taking advantage of the forms of the House, these gentlemen resisted any attempt to get through what remained of the public business. Whether they thought that they were likely to benefit Ireland or not does not appear. Mr. Parnell said he had no desire to obstruct, his only object being to prevent hasty legislation after 12.30 A.M. In order to compass this object, he and his two friends thought it necessary to keep the House in session on one occasion twenty-six hours, and on another for twenty. We have beaten them in Canada in tactics of this description, for the Provincial Parliament about twenty years ago sat for between two and three days; one of the absorbing topics of that memorable time, when the proper hour arrived, was the question whether to-day was yesterday or yesterday to-day. The obstructiveness of the Home Rulers was particularly annoying near the close of a Session in the dog-days; and the more so because they selected a Bill for special opposition which merely gave legislative sanction for a matter of administration—the confederation of South Africa. Mr. Parnell had his amendments, Mr. O'Donnell proposed no less than seventy-three, and on each, the interesting trio made almost interminable speeches, principally made up of readings from blue-books. And so the matter went on until Sir Stafford Northcote threatened summary measures—a menace which had the desired effect, for Mr. O'Donnell said that, if it was not to be a matter of physical endurance any longer, he and his friends would yield. There is obviously no little difficulty in dealing with an extraordinary case of this kind. The rules of the House are the safeguard of the minority, and it would obviously be highly improper to deprive an Opposition of the advantages afforded by them, where delay is necessary, either to obtain information or to evoke public opinion; but it is equally clear that the House was bound to assert its authority and maintain its dignity against these obstructives. Two new rules were proposed by the Government, one providing that a member more than once declared out of order, shall be pronounced by the Speaker to be wilfully defying the authority of the Chair, and a motion that he be suspended, after hearing his explanation,

shall be put without debate ; and the other, forbidding a member to move more than once that the same Committee rise and the chairman report progress. These rules have not proved very effective. The trio managed to obstruct without being entrapped by them ; and the first sufferer was Mr. Whalley, the ultra-Protestant friend of the Claimant and the bitter foe of Dr. Kenealy. The member for Peterborough wanted to talk about Russia, Popery, and his enemy the Doctor, and having been twice called to order was suspended during the debate, under the new Rule. But there was no debate, and he was back again on his feet and declaiming again a few minutes after.

The leader of the House holds expulsion over the heads of the recalcitrants *in terrorem*, and it is quite certain that next Session no mercy will be extended to them. The only practical result of their senseless conduct is a split in the Home Rule party. Mr. Butt and the bulk of his followers feel that they have been disgraced by the conduct of the few obstructives, and these in turn have not hesitated to denounce him as a 'trimmer,' a 'frothy leader,' and a 'masked political impostor.' There is already a number of parties among the Irish malcontents, and before long they may boast of as many factions as they have Parliamentary representatives.

One would scarcely imagine, to read the accounts of French doings, governmental and judicial, that the country is under a Republican constitution. There is a flavour of Bourbonism or Bonapartism in every act of the usurping party, but no sign of freedom anywhere. The press is under severer restrictions and daily subjected to more terrible punishments than the most despotically ruled countries of Europe have seen during the century. It is not enough to invent an offence—that of 'insulting the Marshal'—but it is now held to be criminal to sell a portrait of M. Thiers, or the mildest of the Opposition papers, or even to publish a map of France with the districts represented by the 363—the majority in the late Assembly—coloured. M. de Fourtou, Minister of the Interior, served his apprenticeship under the Imperial régime, and he seems determined to improve upon the tactics of his master. There is

no engine of terrorism not in full working order under the Government of De Broglie ; the machinery of repressive despotism is in full operation under the ablest and craftiest management, and yet the villainous conspiracy will fail ; for even the parties to it have already fallen out. The Legitimists are at war with the Imperialists, and even the Imperialists are divided into camps under Rouher, the Vice-Emperor, and Cassagnac. The Marshal visits Bourges and receives addresses conjuring him to put down Radicalism and to rely on the Church and, above all, on the army, and he sings his old song of adhesion to the Constitution. The people do not so much as give him a cheer ; they only break silence to shout for Thiers and the Republic. Meanwhile the Republicans are calm, vigilant, and well assured of the result. M. Gambetta claims 400 instead of 363 representatives in the next Chamber. A more impartial observer gives the Government 150, and the Opposition 380. And what then ?

The war in the East is, just now, at a standstill—that is, comparatively speaking ; and thus the interest divides itself into two channels, the outlook, which the future must ultimately verify or the reverse, and the question of comparative guilt in the matter of atrocities. It is clear that, on both sides, wanton deeds of villany have been perpetrated, and, therefore, the admission may as well be made at the outset. In a semi-barbarous war it is not surprising that the Cossack is cruel and remorseless, or that the Bulgarian, with centuries of cruelty to avenge, is determined to take advantage of his terrible opportunity. But when we read from the pen of a man like Colonel Valentine Baker, who has sold himself as a mercenary, body and soul, to the Turk, of what he heard 'when at the seat of war,' or when we read of newspaper correspondents who have pledged themselves to insert whatever the Porte desires, on consideration that they shall enjoy exceptional advantages—and the *Times* is our authority—we are compelled to pause. In the first place, whatever the stories of Russian atrocities amount to, they are committed in actual warfare—in a struggle of race and religion, which is never a humane one. In the second place, they are not com-



manded or connived at by the Czar ; on the contrary, they are the worst service that could have been rendered him. In the third place, they are all seen by Turks and not by Europeans, except in one or two exceptional cases of no great account. Now the atrocities of May, 1876, were committed in a country where there was admittedly neither war nor insurrection ; committed by direct instructions from Stamboul, and were not only unpunished, but the miscreants who superintended them were rewarded. What the Bashi-bazouks have done during this war is known to the world. Let any one turn to the letter of the *Times* correspondent from Yeni Saghra, dated July 18, and beginning, 'I am conscious of having executed an entire change of front since my letter of last night,' and he will soon learn the secret of the 'Russian atrocity' stories. This 'change of front' arose from the fact that he had been duped by the Turkish agents into sending stories of horrible events which had never occurred. It turned out that the people murdered and the women outraged were all Bulgarians, not Mussulmans ; still a little more enquiry showed, as he expresses it, that 'the manufacture of Russian atrocities had become a regular business,' and that they were often mere repetitions, servilely copied to the letter from the horrible details of Circassian brutality in 1876. General Sir Arnold Kendall confirms the massacre by the Kurds on the Turkish side in Asia, but denies that there is the slightest foundation for the story of Russian atrocities at Ardahan. On the other hand, he states that the charge against the Turks of 'killing all the wounded' he believes to be too true, since he could not hear of a single wounded man having been saved. In Europe, the lying is done from Adrianople and the capital, and stories are telegraphed to the world, either invented outright, or on the alleged eye-witness of men who were many miles from the scene before the first Cossack entered the place. It is safe to say that no credit whatever attaches to any story coming from Turkish sources or through a Turkish medium, whether it purports to come from a mercenary officer or a purchased correspondent.

The events of the month in the field have turned the tide against Russia. The

two defeats at Plevna were serious enough, and they arose from careless over-confidence and a fatal contempt for the foe. The change in the Turkish commands may or may not have been known to the Russians ; yet it is certain that, under any circumstances, their conduct was rash beyond expression. That a detachment should march leisurely into the town, throw down their cloaks and packs in the streets, and wander about lightly singing, until a murderous fire from the houses mowed them down, is inexplicable. When the remnant was reinforced, the Turks were under cover, and could fight as effectively as ever. The Russian, like the Englishman, 'does not know when he is beaten,' and defeat does not discourage him. There, without flinching, they advanced, battalion after battalion, and died in heaps. The Turk has not come out into the open field, nor is he likely to do so ; although he is giving his enemy time enough to ensure the certain overthrow of the Empire. Why was not the victory of Plevna followed up ? why are Tirnova, Selvi, and the Shipka Pass untaken ? As for the grand Turkish victories of which we read daily, we have an example, which serves to show how far the correspondent of a pro-Turkish paper may be trusted. The attack on Loftcha was stated by the representative of the *Telegraph* to have been a 'supreme effort' of the Russians ; they 'advanced to the assault in vast numbers,' and, of course, received a repulse of 'vast' importance. That was the story the correspondent gathered from Turkish informants, and related it, because he wanted his English readers to believe it. Osman Pasha, who commanded at Loftcha, reports that he was attacked by 6000 Russians, of whom 1000 were cavalry, and therefore comparatively useless, and that the enemy lost 600. As an English journal remarks, the subordinate Turks 'know no more about numbers than our forefathers did when they called the visible stars innumerable.' It is well to give no heed to any of these suspicious reports until the main armies are face to face, which will be when Russia is ready : for the Turk is patient, and will wait.

August 25th, 1877.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

OLD CHRISTIANITY AGAINST PAPAL NOVELTIES, &c. By Gideon Ouseley. Toronto: Samuel Rose. 1877.

It is not by any means our intention to review this book at length; indeed, it would not have been noticed at all in these pages, did not its appearance suggest the enquiry, why so rabid and virulent a specimen of religious controversy has been republished sixty-three years after it was originally written, and exactly half a century from the date of 'the fifth Dublin edition'? The reason assigned is an extremely insufficient one. It cannot be of any value 'as a contribution to the great conflict' between Protestantism and the 'great apostacy of the Papacy,' because it is grossly unfair in argument, bitter and un-Christian in tone, and altogether obsolete in its treatment of the subject. If it be true that 'it has long been recognized as a standard authority', all that need be said is, so much the worse for those who have recognized it. A great deal has been said about the *perseveridum ingenium Scotorum*, but there are Scots on both sides of the Irish Sea; and, if this violent and unscrupulous book be any criterion, the most bigoted and fanatical of the race are to be found north of a line drawn from Dublin City to Sligo Bay. A perusal of this work will give the reader some notion of what religious controversy ought *not* to be, and what it was fifty years ago. It will go far to explain the grinding oppression inflicted by the insolence of a miserable minority, prior to Catholic Emancipation, upon the vast majority of the Irish people, and the bitterness of sectarian warfare which rages in Ireland to this day. If one tithe of the epithets heaped upon the Roman Catholic Church and its priesthood in this miserable outburst of theological fury, be warranted, it is not surprising that the dominant party were fully convinced that a Papist had no rights a Protestant was bound to respect. The book consists chiefly of a number of letters addressed to a Rev. Mr. Thayer, a priest, who, it appears, had the temerity to defend his religion. This our 'Irish Missionary' could not endure—hence the onslaught. It would seem ludicrous, were there not in it a touch of profanity, to find Mr. Ouseley, after accusing the Roman Catholic priests of blasphemy, fraud, and imposture, after telling them that their doctrine of purgatory proceeds from

'Satan and his school,' and that they are not God's ministers, subscribing himself, at the end of the letter (p. 155), as Mr. Thayer's 'friend and servant in Christ Jesus our Lord.' The 'blasphemy' is clearly not all on one side. The author's Address is about as good a specimen as any of the style of his book. After satisfactorily concluding that the Pope is Antichrist, as Nero was long before him, he goes on to infer that, since Christ and his Apostles taught the gospel to the multitude, 'and as none but a devil or wicked man could censure this, so must he who now blames this example' (Bossuet, Fenelon, or Newman, we suppose) 'be either ignorant or insane, or a wicked man and of the devil.' Finally, 'as this way of Christ is the sure and narrow way to Heaven, so must this doctrine' (the creed of, at least, the half of Christendom) 'that opposes it, be the certain, broad road to hell' (pp. 15, 16).

Scripture is treated with that irreverent familiarity we are accustomed to from those who hold the most rigid views of Inspiration. Texts are dislocated from their context, and pitched at the Papacy, without the slightest regard to the intention of the writer. Wherever immorality is denounced or heresy reproved, Mr. Ouseley instinctively smells Popery. He even goes so far as to charge false doctrine against the mystic Babylon, and quotes Rev. xviii. as his authority. Of course, the Apocalypse is his great feeding ground. It was not to be expected that fifty years ago, a fanatical writer should know the results of modern criticism and exegesis; but that is no apology for reprinting such trash as we have here. The 'mystic Babylon' was clearly Pagan, and not Papal, Rome; and in regard to it, the Apocalyptic account was partly historical and partly prophetic, in so far as it denounced the vengeance of Heaven. And then there are the arithmetical puzzles, the number of the beast—that 'of a man,' not of a Church, a Kingdom, or an Order—the 666 which has done duty for so many, even down to Napoleon III. Then again there are the 1260 years which were supposed, apparently, by our author, to have commenced in 606, in the time of the infamous Phocas, entitled Boniface IV., the Universal Bishop. Unfortunately, 1866 has come and gone, and now the date is shifted to the temporal establishment of the Papal power by Pepin in the middle of the eighth century. On the

whole, we think Dean Alford a safer guide than Mr. Gideon Ouseley.

The treatment of Roman Catholic doctrines, as that of Transubstantiation for instance, is most insulting and outrageously unjust (pp. 187 and 261). The author's opponents are idolaters, whether they will or no. Mr. Ouseley, who does not believe in the dogma, *knows* that the wafer remains bread, *ergo*, to worship the Host is idolatry; as if the belief of the worshipper had nothing to do with the matter. How would Protestants like to see some of the mysteries of their faith treated as this man treats what he calls 'host-making'? Much is made in the preface of this edition of the 'curious and learned citations from patristic and controversial writers.' There is nothing curious about them; they are almost all stock quotations, published over and over again, and they may be found much better digested elsewhere; there is no need for raking over a theological dunghill to find them. Moreover, all the filth he has collected about some of the Popes, and a great deal more of the same kind, can easily be found to satisfy prurient appetites. Mr. Ouseley may have been a learned man; but judging from his renderings of the decrees of the Tridentine Council, we should not think so. The printing of Greek quotations in this book is simply abominable. There is not an accent in a single instance where a Greek word is used, from the title-page to the colophon. Sometimes the breathings are given, oftener they are omitted. In one sentence of about eight words, five require a breathing, and only one, an aspirated *eta*, is there—the bell-wether of the flock. It is time that works of this sort ceased to appear. They fairly represent neither Protestantism nor Catholicism; they impose upon the unlettered reader by a show of learning, misrepresent and distort doctrine, make light of sacred things, revel in the vocabulary of Billingsgate and of the pit, and keep alive the basest and most violent of all human prejudices and passions.

ART LIFE, AND OTHER POEMS: by Benjamin Hathaway. Boston: H. H. Carter & Co., 1877.

'Art-Life,' the poem which gives name to this volume, is a somewhat vague aspiration, in thirty-five smoothly written stanzas, after the 'higher Life,' which Mr. Hathaway thus apostrophizes:

'Thou final Good! the theme of wisest sages,  
Beginning, end and goal of Liberty;  
The choral hymn that echoes down the ages,  
The inspiration of all prophecy,  
The golden days all Poet's song presages,  
The TIME TO BE!'

In poetry and principle there is nothing that can be said against these lines; but they do not convey by themselves the impression which we have received from the whole poem. That impression—perhaps a mistaken one—is, that the 'higher life' for which it expresses ecstatic longing is one which makes very good material for misty poetry, but which has not enough moral substance to satisfy real earnestness. 'Longings' are very romantic, but also very dangerous things to indulge in. When our ideals are drawn in true perspective—are definite, settled, and good—they inspire us with a simple enthusiasm of purpose that sets us a-working, not a-longing, to bring about their realization. When they are out of perspective to our real human nature—are indefinite, unsettled, and dreamy—they fill us with a vague unrest that unhinges the action of life and leaves us to romantic discontent and—to be plain—grumbling poetry. It is far from our intention to suggest that Mr. Hathaway's ideal of 'the higher Life' has any vagueness in its devotion to 'the Final Good' of which he writes so eloquently; but his expression of it certainly has. His verse paints (sinning chiefly in omission) a higher life that is purely æsthetic, that is too dainty for the dust of this working-day world, and is passively beautiful rather than actively good. The contemplation of such an ideal 'Art-Life' has given him material for verses of which many are excellent, some poor; but of which none bear that promise of vitality which goes with the humblest expressions of the workings of 'the great human heart.' As regards the mere skill-of-hand in them, most of them are full, flowing, and melodious, but nowhere call for unusual or unstinted praise, sharing, as they do, the defects we must proceed to point out in the remaining poems. These disappoint even such expectations as might very reasonably be founded on the first. The least critical and most benevolent of readers could not but own them tiresome. They are all in a similar strain of amiable sentimentality, running, smoothly enough, on the same level of respectable mediocrity; except in one or two instances where they dip below that. Mr. Hathaway has, and gives enthusiastic expression to, a deep and loving sympathy with animate and inanimate nature, and his intimacy with it rescues his verse from utter dullness. But he exhibits the alarming though praiseworthy determination to draw a moral from everything, and certainly, where it is possible, he selects well-worn and familiar ones; but now and then the moral is more ingenious than obvious. In the construction of his verse he stretches poetic license too far for the safety of those less elastic requirements, grammar and sense. Subject, object, active, passive, adjective, and adverb, change and change about with metrically obliging but

syntactically confusing readiness. There is a wearisome repetition of metaphors, phrases, and especially of favorite words, such as *tropic*, *translucent*, *transcendent*; and of one expression in various forms, which is not strikingly poetical—'to medicine my soul'—'the medicin'd years!' &c., &c. Finally, the employment of such uncouth and doubtful words as 'gride,' 'droil,' and 'blain,' does not remedy the hopeless defect in Mr. Hathaway's verse—obscurity; nor is his poetry raised above the commonplace by his causing an 'ardent youth' of his imagining to say to him for the reader's benefit:

'They tell me, sir,  
That you a poet are,—your songs do stir  
The hearts of men. . . !'

THE AMERICAN SENATOR. By Antony Trollope; Belford Brothers, Toronto. 1877.

Novels written with a purpose, after the fashion of modern days, are not always either interesting or successful in advancing this purpose; and Mr. Trollope's last effort must, it is to be feared, come under the latter category. Of this fact he himself seems to be aware, confessing in his concluding pages that a more appropriate title for his work would have been possible. In sketching out for himself the outline of his story, Mr. Trollope had evidently as a central idea, which should be the distinctive attraction to his public, the presentation of certain defects, constitutional, social, and religious, in the English system of living, and amongst the odds and ends of a novelist's property-room the medium best adapted to attain this end was the somewhat hackneyed 'American traveller,' furbished up and supplied with the unwonted dignity of a high moral purpose, but otherwise inquisitive, discursive, and self-satisfied as of yore. Into various tender spots, requiring, in Mr. Trollope's opinion, surgical treatment, Mr. Gotobed—such is the meaningless and ill-applied name he gives to his American Senator—is allowed to exercise his probing powers, the beneficial influence to the English people being conveyed through the words, writings, and speeches of this gentleman. The spectacle of hounds running their fox into the farm of a man who objects to their presence, sets this modern Quixote full tilt against the game-preserving, fox-nourishing selfishness of the landed gentry of England, while so ill is the character devised, that he is represented as without even the natural common-sense to comprehend the possibility of a sport so well known to be all-fascinating to its votaries as the hunt, having some ray of reason for its fascination, and so devoid of the commonest elements of American shrewdness as to commit himself personally to the support of a side on a

question of which he acknowledges himself to have but the faintest knowledge. Further on he is represented as being so little imbued with the spirit of a gentleman, as to needlessly and stupidly insult the pet prejudices of a clerical host, who is endeavouring, in all civility, to fill his unappreciative stomach with the best in food and wines his rectory can supply, by feeble, disconnected, and useless hits at the Establishment of which—good or bad as it may be—his host is a member. Some crude ideas upon primogeniture and parliamentary representation are aired by means more or less inartistic; but the climax of absurdity is reached when, at the close of the book, Mr. Gotobed is represented as giving a lecture in one of the largest halls in London, which draws two or three thousand people, chokes up leading thoroughfares, and leads the chief of police to whisper that if the lecture goes on any longer he will not be answerable for the consequences. It would have been better if Mr. Trollope had left to the imagination the eloquence which could so have moved London's millions. Unfortunately for himself he commits to paper the precious periods, which are so much of a kin with the tactless, meaningless, headless, and tailless grumbings of a 'pot-house politician', that we are quite sure the half-a-dozen persons who would have been drawn to such a lecture, in the first place, would have, one and all, walked out after the first quarter of an hour. The American Senator is an ill-conceived, ill-drawn character, which, whether intended as a portrait of the average American Senator or the average American gentlemen, is equally unworthy of credence; one would say that Mr. Trollope had never seen either. But though the treatment of great subjects, or the delineation of the habits and manners, thoughts and words of ladies and gentlemen are, as has been shown often in the thirty or so volumes produced by his prolific pen, entirely out of Mr. Trollope's range, he has found in the padding of an excellently told marriage-hunt a field so far more congenial to his tastes and abilities, that in the fortunes of the scheming young beauty, Miss Arabella Trefoil, and her vulgar, shrewd mamma, Lady Augustus Trefoil, lie sufficient interest and amusement to make the book readable and attractive. In the calculating, somewhat coarse, and unscrupulous Arabella the author is at home; he writes of what he evidently understands and appreciates, and consequently the character, with that of Lord Rufford, whose theory is that kissing and proposing are by no means the same thing, are the best in the whole story, and the only ones distinctively worthy of commendation. There is a certain ability in all that Mr. Trollope produces, and the present is no exception to the rule. His canvas is perhaps overcrowded with figures, but the plot is not in the least complicated, and all is steered ultimately to a happy conclu-

sion, and dramatic justice is done to all. Q. E. F. as Euclid has it.

SAMUEL BROHL & Co. By M. Victor Cherbuliez. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Collection of Foreign Authors. 1877.

This is one of those light novels of society, which the French, and the French alone, can render really charming. The motive of this little tale, which is only 270 pp. long, would have been sadly hampered in English hands. We should have had twice the amount of description, and the conversations would have lost that crispness with which the author contrives to render apparently trivial *causeries*, all of which, however, subserve the purpose of carrying on the action or elucidating the characters of the novel.

Samuel Brohl, the hero of the tale (hero, in the sense of principal character, though, like Ulysses, he holds the post by virtue of his parts rather than his virtues) has a secret. The secret has been with him for so long a time, and he has so thoroughly set himself to the task of effacing all traces that might lead to its detection, that he has acquired a certain duality of existence, the delicate expounding of which is the chief feature in the book. His natural self underlies all the mainsprings of his life, but so well has he fitted over it the mask of an assumed nature, that he succeeds in deceiving almost every one, even himself sometimes. To appear generous, self-denying, patriotic, and truthful in order to serve a selfish purpose, and, while planning to attain a certain end, to constrain the prize to bestow itself upon him, not in spite, but because of his attempts to escape from the necessity of receiving it, these are the tasks which he sets his ingenuity to accomplish. The other characters are drawn with as light and firm a touch. Antoinette de Moriaz, the beautiful heiress, with more romance and decision of character than is possessed by the typical French *ingénue*, reversing the ordinary course of affairs, and governing her father in all things, matrimonial or otherwise, is a pleasing conception. Her companion, Mlle. Moiseney, with her gooseberry-colored eyes and her general aptitude for fancying that she knows every thing before it happens, is a less original creation, but sufficiently amusing.

The manner in which Brohl overcomes the objections of the family, and especially the way in which he disarms the animosity of Madame de Lorcy, Antoinette's godmother, is very interesting. Commencing with a firm belief that he is an adventurer, and pledged to assist his rival, one Camille Langis, she ad-

resses Professor de Moriaz a letter of contemptuous, good-natured pity, when she hears that her goddaughter has been allowed to fall in love with a Pole. In her next letter, written after she has seen Brohl, she recounts, with great penetration, a little trait in his character from which she derived certain suspicions about him, quoting the tale of the true princess who proved herself to be such by her susceptibility to the discomfort produced by three peas slipped between her feather beds, a delicacy of feeling apparently not shared by Brohl. However, in a postscript to the very same letter, she half retracts her doubts, and before long, as Brohl induces her to think that Mlle Antoinette is indifferent to him, he wins his way gradually into her confidence. Although entirely re-assured, Mdme de Lorcy considers it wiser to keep Antoinette out of harm's way, but a discovery which she believes she has made, namely, that M. Brohl is married, and which she at once communicates to M. de Moriaz, serves as the bait to allure Antoinette—who supposes that her friends are plotting against the match back to Paris. How the planned mistake is cleared up, and M. Brohl is discovered to be bound only by patriotism and disinterestedness, what effect this discovery has upon Antoinette, and the rather decided measures (judging by the French standard, *ne touches pas à l'ingénue*) which she takes to bring her lover to her feet, must be read in the book itself. For a short time the innocent Antoinette rejoices in the prospect of a life passed in his company, and then, sudden and swift, the discovery which the reader has expected so long, descends upon them. Faithful to his double nature to the last, Samuel Brohl, after surpassing himself in meanness, rises suddenly to the height of a theatrical magnanimity, and purchases the right to revenge upon his rival.

We can recommend the care with which the translator has rendered the author's language, which appears always well chosen and clear. Some of the descriptions, as that of the Alpine flowers at St. Moritz—"pretty violet asters, wrapped in a little cravat-like tufting to protect them from the cold, and that charming little lilac flower, delicately cut, sensitive, quivering, which one finds on scraping away the snow higher up"—are really beautiful, and tell of a genuine lover of nature. As we have already intimated that M. Cherbuliez is as much at home in the *salon* as on the breezy hills, treading upon the slippery pine needles, the reader will gather that this is a book which will be read with pleasure, and will excite expectations which we hope the succeeding volumes of the series will fulfil.

some three miles below Detroit. On the advance of the British the United States forces abandoned their outworks and two 24-pounders, and retreated into the fort. The British, having advanced to a ravine within a mile of the works, halted, and prepared for the assault. Whilst the columns were being formed for this purpose, a flag of truce appeared, and Lieut.-Colonel McDonell and Captain Glegg returned to the fort with the officer who bore it to arrange the terms of a capitulation: these were soon arranged, and the British troops entered Detroit. By the terms of the capitulation the Michigan Territory, Fort Detroit, with thirty-three pieces of cannon, the vessel of war *Adams*, and about 2,500 troops, with one stand of colours, surrendered to the British arms. Among the United States troops which surrendered were one company of artillery, some cavalry, and the entire 4th United States Regiment of Infantry. An immense quantity of stores and the military chest were also taken. Leaving Colonel Proctor in command at Detroit, General Brock lost no time in returning to the eastern part of the Province; he was at Fort George on the 25th August, and arrived in York on the 27th, where he was received with the greatest enthusiasm. On his passage from Detroit to Fort George, General Brock had learned of the armistice which Sir George Prevost had concluded with General Dearborn; hostilities being thus suspended, he proceeded to Kingston, which he reached on the 4th of September. On his arrival he received a despatch from Sir George Prevost announcing the President's disapproval of the armistice which General Dearborn had assented to. Having reviewed the Kingston militia, General Brock at once repaired to Fort George, which he reached on the 9th September.—Captain Forsythe,

with 150 riflemen, crossed over from Gravelly Point to Gananoque on the 9th September, dislodged a party of about fifty Canadian militia, captured a small quantity of arms and ammunition, burnt and destroyed some provisions and a store, and, having taken prisoners four men who were in hospital, returned to the United States side of the river.—On the 4th October, Colonel Lethbridge, who was in command at Prescott, annoyed by the frequent attacks upon his convoys, attempted a descent upon Ogdensburg. Having got together about 750 regulars and militia, he embarked them in twenty-five batteaux, and supported by two gunboats, pushed off. When about mid-stream, the enemy opened a heavy fire of artillery, some of his boats were struck and disabled, and, falling into confusion, the flotilla dropped down the stream and abandoned the attempt, with a loss of three men killed and four wounded. The United States force was under the command of Brigadier-General Brown, and behaved with coolness and intrepidity.—Oct. 9th. Lieut. Elliott, of the United States Navy, with 100 seamen, came over from Black Rock, and succeeded in the early morning in boarding and carrying off the brig *Detroit*, of 200 tons and 6 guns (lately the U. S. brig *Adams*, captured at Detroit), and the North-west Company's brig *Caledonia* (the vessel which had assisted at the taking of Michilimackinack), of about 100 tons, then lying at anchor off Fort Erie. The former had on board four 12-pounders, a large quantity of shot, some 200 muskets and other stores destined for Kingston and Prescott—the latter had a valuable cargo of furs, which was safely landed by the enemy. The *Detroit* having grounded on Squaw Island, was burned by the enemy.—Oct. 11th. The United States forces were concentrated at Lewiston

under General Van Ranselaer, for an attack upon Queenston, but owing to failure in preparation of the boats, the attempt was abandoned.—Oct. 13th. The United States forces having been again concentrated at Lewiston, embarked at daybreak under cover of a battery of two 18 and two 6-pounders. The only English batteries from which they could be annoyed in their passage were one, mounting an 18-pounder on Queenston Heights, and another mounting a 24-pound carronade a little below the village. The first division, under Colonel Van Ranselaer, were able, therefore, to effect a landing with but little loss; one officer, however, was killed in the boats whilst crossing. The first division landed, the boats (about ten) went back for more men. Colonel Van Ranselaer was opposed by the two flank companies of the 49th regiment and the York militia. General Brock, who always rose very early, hearing the firing awoke his aid-de-camp, Major Glegg, and rode with his staff from Fort George to the scene of action. On reaching the 18-pounder battery, the general dismounted and was eagerly surveying the field, when firing was opened from the heights in the rear of the battery, Captain Wool with a detachment of United States regulars having succeeded in ascending a path which, being deemed inaccessible, had been left unguarded. General Brock and his aides-de-camp were compelled to retire so precipitately that they had not even time to remount. Meeting Captain Williams with a party of the 49th advancing to the attack, the General placed himself at their head and charged Wool's detachment, driving them to the edge of the bank. Here the United States troops, animated by the exhortations of their commander, made a stand and opened a heavy fire of musketry upon the Brit-

ish forces. Conspicuous by his height, dress, his gestures, and the enthusiasm he displayed in leading on his little band, General Brock was soon singled out and struck by a bullet, which, entering his right breast, passed through his left side. He had just said, "Push on the brave York Volunteers." After being struck, the General desired that his death should be concealed from his men, adding a wish, which could not be understood distinctly, that a token of remembrance should be transmitted to his sister. The body of the General was conveyed to a house in Queenston, where it remained until the afternoon unperceived by the enemy. Shortly after the fall of General Brock, Lieutenant-Colonel McDonell, his provincial aide-de-camp, was mortally wounded whilst gallantly leading the York volunteers in a charge which compelled the enemy to spike the 18-pounder gun. The death of their General, and the heavy loss they had sustained, compelled the British troops to retire, and the United States forces were, for some hours, left in quiet possession of Queenston Heights. In the meantime, Major-General Sheaffe, acting under instructions given him by General Brock on leaving Fort George in the morning, collected his forces, and, with about 300 men of the 41st and 49th regiments, two companies of Lincoln militia, and a few Indians, had followed to Queenston. Whilst on the march he was reinforced by some 200 militia, a party of the 41st, and a few Indians under Norton and Brant, thus increasing his force to nearly 1000 men. Having stationed Lieutenant Holcroft, R.A., with two field pieces and a small detachment so as to cover the village of Queenston, General Sheaffe, who had made a detour to enable him to do so, debouched in rear of the heights about

two miles from Queenston, and at once advanced upon the enemy, who, fighting manfully, was soon driven over the heights by the impetuosity of his assailants, who were not only animated by a desire to retrieve the fortune of the day, but were burning to avenge the loss of their commander. With the heights from which they had just been driven towering over them, and the river in their rear, the United States army had but one course open to them, and Colonel Scott, accompanied by Captains Totten and Gibson, was soon seen advancing with a white cravat upon the point of his sword to offer the unconditional surrender of the forces under General Wadsworth's command. Thus terminated the battle of Queenston, which had lasted from four o'clock in the morning until four o'clock in the afternoon. The United States force which surrendered to General Sheaffe comprised one general officer, two lieutenant-colonels, five majors, and upwards of nine hundred other officers and men; one field piece, and one stand of colours; their total loss, including killed, wounded, and missing, amounted to very nearly fifteen hundred men. The British loss was sixteen killed and sixty-nine wounded; but the fall of General Brock\*

\* Isaac Brock was the eighth and youngest son of John Brock and Elizabeth de Lisle. He was born on the 6th October, 1769, in the parish of St. Peter le Port, in the island of Guernsey. He received his education at Southampton, with the exception of one year, which he spent at Rotterdam with a French Protestant clergyman, from whom he learned French. Isaac Brock obtained his first commission as an ensign in the 8th, the King's Own regiment, on 2nd March, 1785; in 1790, he obtained his next step, and was gazetted to a lieutenancy in the same regiment; and towards the close of the same year, having raised the requisite number of men for an independent company, he was made a captain. In 1791, Captain Brock exchanged (he paying the difference) into the 49th, which regiment he joined at Barbadoes, where it was then stationed. In 1793, Captain Brock returned to England from Jamaica (to which

was an irreparable loss, and cast a deep shade over the glory of this dearly-bought victory.—During the action of

island the 49th had been removed) owing to a severe attack of fever, which had nearly proved fatal. On the 24th June, 1795, Captain Brock obtained, by purchase, his majority, and was placed in command of a body of recruits waiting to join the regiment, then about to return to England. A little more than two years later (on the 25th October, 1797), Major Brock obtained his next step, and became, by purchase, a lieutenant-colonel, and shortly afterwards succeeded to the command of the 49th, with which he proceeded to Holland in 1799. During his service in Holland, he was several times under fire, and received a slight wound at the battle of Egmont-op-Zee, or Bergen. In 1801, the 49th regiment formed part of the force sent to the Baltic, and in the attack upon Copenhagen, Lieutenant-Colonel Brock was second in command of the land forces engaged. In 1802, the 49th sailed for Canada. Lieutenant-Colonel Brock returned on a visit to England in 1805, and whilst there received the brevet rank of Colonel. In June, 1806, Colonel Brock returned to Canada, and, on the 27th September, succeeded Colonel Bowes in the command of the troops in Upper and Lower Canada. In 1808, Colonel Brock was made a Brigadier, and, in July, 1810, proceeded to York and assumed command of the forces in Upper Canada. On 4th June, 1811, Brock was promoted to be Major-General on the staff of North America, and, on the 9th October, was appointed President and Administrator of the Government of Upper Canada, the Lieutenant-Governor (Gore) having obtained leave of absence to visit England. A public monument, voted by Parliament, was erected to Brock's memory in St. Paul's Cathedral. A pension of £200 a year was conferred upon his four surviving brothers, upon whom, in accordance with an address from the Legislative Assembly of Upper Canada, a grant of 12,000 acres of land in that Province was also made by the Prince Regent. In acknowledging the receipt of Sir Geo. Prevost's dispatch conveying the satisfactory intelligence that General Hull had been defeated and taken prisoner and Detroit captured, Earl Bathurst wrote: "You will inform Major-General Brock that his Royal Highness, taking into consideration all the difficulties by which Major-General Brock was surrounded from the time of the invasion of the Province by the American army, under the command of General Hull, and the singular judgment, firmness, skill, and courage with which he was enabled to surmount them so effectually, has been pleased to appoint him an extra Knight of the most honourable order of the Bath."—On the 13th October, 1824, the remains of General Brock, and those of his gallant aide-de-camp, were removed from Fort George and deposited in the vault beneath the monument erected on Queenston Heights by the



Queenston, the British commanders at Fort George and at Fort Erie had kept the enemy fully engaged. At Fort Erie, the British, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Myers, soon compelled the enemy at Black Rock to cease his fire, and also blew up a barrack with a depot containing a considerable quantity of ammunition. The brig *Caledonia*, lately captured by Lieutenant Elliott, United States navy, was almost destroyed at her moorings; whilst Major Evans, of the 8th regiment, who remained in command at Fort George, so effectually silenced, by a well-directed fire, the enemy's batteries at Fort Niagara, that the fort was dismantled and abandoned.—By the death of General Brock the administration of the Government in Upper Canada, as well as the command of the forces, devolved upon Major-General Sheaffe, who, having granted the United States commander an armistice of three days to bury his dead and take care of his wounded, paroled General Wadsworth and some of his principal officers, and sent the rest to Quebec. Among the prisoners taken, twenty-three men were found who declared themselves to be British subjects by birth. These men were consequently sent to England for

Legislature of Upper Canada to his memory.—On the 17th April, 1840 (Good Friday), a miscreant named Lett introduced a quantity of gunpowder into this monument, with the malicious intention of destroying it; the explosion, effected by a train, caused so much damage as to render the column altogether irreparable. On 30th July, following, a public meeting was held on Queenston Heights for the purpose of adopting resolutions for the erection of another monument. Nearly eight thousand persons—including the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Arthur, and his staff—attended the meeting, at which the most eminent men in Upper Canada were present. The meeting resolved that the most suitable monument to replace the shattered column, would be an obelisk, and a premium was offered for a design, which was awarded, in 1843, to Mr. Young, architect to King's College, Toronto. The restored monument was inaugurated in 1859.—*Life of Major-General Sir Isaac Brock. F. B. Tupper.*

trial as traitors. The United States Government at once retaliated, and placed in confinement a like number of British prisoners, to be held as hostages for the safety of the men to be tried as traitors.—General Brock was interred on the 16th October, at Fort George; the remains of his aide-de-camp, Lieut.-Colonel McDonell, were placed in the same grave, a cavalier bastion in Fort George, selected by the General's surviving aide-de-camp as the most appropriate in every respect to the character of his illustrious chief. Immediately after the funeral was over, Major-General Van Ranselaer directed that minute-guns should be fired from Fort Niagara "as a mark of respect due to a brave enemy"—incontestible evidence of the generous feeling by which the United States commander was actuated.—On the 18th October, General Smyth assumed the command of the United States forces upon the Niagara frontier. His first act was to apply to Major-General Sheaffe for an armistice, to which the latter promptly agreed, such armistice to continue until thirty hours after notice of its termination had been given.—November 9th. The United States fleet of seven vessels appeared off Kingston, and, after chasing the *Royal George* into Kingston channel, opened fire upon her. The fire was, however, so warmly returned by both ships and batteries that the enemy hauled off, and the next day beat out into the open lake, and, as the weather became more boisterous, the fleet sailed the following day for Sackett's Harbour. On their way, the transport sloop *Elizabeth*, having on board Mr. Brock, paymaster of the 49th, fell into their hands. Commodore Chauncey, however, immediately, in the most generous manner, restored to Mr. Brock all the effects of the late Sir Isaac Brock, which were on board.—Novem-