

THE BULLFROG.

"Morturi te Salutant!"

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NOTICE.

The publication of the *Bullfrog* ceases with this issue—Parties having any claim upon us will please forward the same to the office.

THE UNION SCHEME.—ITS POSSIBLE RESULTS.

The opponents of the Quebec scheme are fond of asserting that—for all practical purposes—Confederation is dead and buried. Is it so? We fancy not, indeed, to our thinking, some very practical results are likely to follow the discussions of the past six months. The Union question has been so well aired in the Colonial parliaments, and in the British and Colonial press, that neither Englishmen nor Colonists are likely to let the matter drop altogether. We took no small pains to bring our affairs prominently before the Mother Country, and we cannot expect to take up the time of British statesmen to no purpose. We went out of our way to call attention to British North America, and in so doing gave Englishmen an opportunity of speaking their minds pretty freely. That the opportunity will be made the most of across the Atlantic we have no doubt whatever. The late unsettled aspect of American affairs, while causing some little anxiety regarding Canada, may also, possibly, have sealed the lips of Englishmen upon the unsatisfactory relations which have hitherto existed between England and her North American possessions. It was not a time of irritation about Alabama and raiders that England would have chosen to hint at the propriety of Colonial self-defence; but when the Colonists voluntarily called England's attention to what they thought their danger—*then*, England spoke out in a manner which could not be misunderstood, and nervously and eagerly urged the Colonists to arm in defence of their own shores. And from the moment the Quebec scheme was in the hands of Mr. CARDWELL, England was in a position to demand of these Colonies better terms than she has hitherto obtained at our hands. The Quebec scheme promised so much that English statesmen were fairly taken by surprise. A colony that but three years ago refused to spend a trifle extra upon militia organization, now pledged itself to keep up both a naval and a military force, together with all those costly appliances commonly known as "munitions of war." Had the N. American Colonists really been able and willing to set up to the letter of the programme drawn out by the delegates, the Quebec scheme would have been one of the most remarkable proofs of self-denying loyalty on record. However much England may have wished to alter the hollow, unreasonable, and unnatural compact which existed between her and these Colonies, she would never have exacted more from the latter than did the Quebec scheme. "But," says the *Chronicle*, "Federation is dead and buried." True,—but its works will fill us it, and the next terms offered us will probably come from England. Having declared ourselves, through our delegates, in favor of a vast constitutional change—a change professing enormous self-denial—we can hardly be surprised if England refuses to let us remain exactly as we were before the Union question was broached. Unless we greatly err, the time has arrived when these Colonies

can no longer fairly expect to occupy a false position with regard to Great Britain. That, since the introduction of Responsible Government, they have occupied a false position towards England, and England towards them, no reasonable man will deny; indeed, as Lord GREY formerly remarked: "It is the "greatest blunder than can be committed, that we should on "the one hand tell the Colonists that we will be responsible for "the cost of war, and take upon ourselves the burthen of de- "fending them; and that, on the other hand, they should have "the power of regulating the policy which may make a war "necessary or not." The only claim the Colonies have upon the Mother Country for protection, lies in the fact that they are subject to England's foreign policy; but, on the other hand, England may be involved in warfare for Colonial interests. It is manifestly unjust to tax a man living in Yorkshire, to relieve Nova Scotians from a taxation required for their own defence. Nova Scotians may, it is true, be attacked for a quarrel purely English, but it is for the Colonists to consider whether the advantages consequent upon being part of the British Empire, do not weigh against a probability which their connection with England so materially diminishes. If we are liable to attack because the Union Jack floats above our heads, we would be none the less so beneath any other standard. It must not be supposed that England could not survive the loss of these Colonies,—on the contrary, their loss rather weakens than strengthens the Empire, as the necessity of protecting Colonies all over the world is the main element of England's weakness. Upon this subject, Mr. GODLEY (a member of a Departmental Committee on Military Defences, in 1859,) stated in evidence before a Select Committee on Colonial Military Expenditure:—"It appears to me, that if those stations which we keep for coaling, "and refitting ships, are essential to the interests of the empire, "the better plan would be, if we were stronger at sea, to occupy them when war broke out; if we were not stronger at "sea, our garrisons would be ineffectual in defending them. "The plan now is to scatter garrisons over the world, on the "chance that they may be wanted. I should propose keeping "the troops at home, and sending them to the place where they "were wanted when war broke out. The Bahamas happen to "be a case particularly in point. * * Since the peace of "1814, we have spent nearly two millions of money in defend- "ing the Bahamas; and during all that time, we have never "had a force there that could have resisted the crews of two "frigates." And Mr. GLADSTONE also gave evidence, as follows:—"I cannot view any portion of the benefit resulting to "England, from the connexion of Canada, as consisting in the "cost of defending her. She would be just as likely to separate from us, if she thought herself unjustly involved in a "British war, whether we undertook her defence or not. * * "I should like to see the state of feeling restored to the C. l- "nies which induced the first American colonists to make it "one of their grievances that British troops were kept in their "borders without their consent. The colonists of former times "were not allowed an independent existence as regards "the full exercise of their own industry, but we now grant "absolute commercial freedom, and that, of course, is a "consideration which greatly increases the strength of the

"argument for their assuming, with the benefits of freedom, 'the burdens of freedom also.' These sentiments found expression long before the Federation scheme was drawn up, and it is hardly probable that the failure of Federation will be regarded by England as an additional reason for defending these Colonies at the expense of British tax payers. We never thought that Federation could in any way add to our power of resistance, but we little doubt that its rejection will lead to a better defined relation between England and British America, than has existed since the introduction of Responsible Government. It is not likely that a scheme emanating from the leading statesmen of all the Provinces, and involving a reduced Colonial expenditure on England's part, will be utterly lost sight of by Her Majesty's Ministers:—for us, the most interesting part of the Federation question has yet to be worked out. It will be remembered, that the favorable allusions made to Canada in both Houses of the British Parliament, were grounded on the belief that Canada was prepared to fortify Montreal at her own expense, and it was in this belief that Mr. BENTINCK's amendment regarding the fortifications of Quebec was so signally defeated. But what, meanwhile, has been the policy of the Canadian Government? It refuses to vote one million dollars for the purpose of defence, unless it can obtain from England a guarantee for forty million dollars! In other words, Canadian statesmen are not unwilling to borrow eight millions sterling at 3 per cent, in order that they may invest the same at 6 per cent, and thus secure to the Canadian treasury a surplus revenue of \$240,000 per annum,—being only 24 per cent interest on the \$1,000,000, to be expended in proof of Canadian loyalty. The value of such disinterested loyalty on the part of a colony which shuts her markets against English manufacturers, will, we trust, be fully recognized by the mother country—if only to substantiate the somewhat startling assertion of Mr. ISAAC BUCHANAN, that—"Canada is not only necessary to Britain as an Empire, but even to its existence as a country 'as a first class power.'" Mr. ISAAC BUCHANAN (whose sentiments we copy from the *Hamilton Spectator*), doubtless spoke from the fulness of his heart, but we fancy the *Times* was nearer the truth, when it said that the anxiety of the British American Provinces to maintain the connexion with the mother country, was regarded by the British public "with a feeling of mingled pride and embarrassment." It must be apparent to all, that Canadian affairs have reached a certain crisis, upon the issue of which depends Canada's future—for better or for worse,—and it were the merest folly to suppose that the future of the maritime Provinces can be regarded as independent of that of Canada. It is just possible that Canada and the maritime Provinces may yet be united under one central government, but it is a possibility, to our thinking—far, very far, from being realized. We admit that the idea of a consolidated British Empire in America is a grand idea, as opposed to the MONROE doctrine, but, under existing circumstances, we see no likelihood of the idea being successfully carried out. The political ties which formerly bound these colonies to the mother country were long since severed at our own request. Having asserted the right to govern ourselves—and having exercised that right by continually "snubbing" Colonial Secretaries,—we placed ourselves in a false position. We demanded free government, and we obtained it,—but we have never sought to cultivate the true principle of freedom—self reliance. What Mr. ADDERLY formerly termed "the rottenness of our present connection" with England, must soon become apparent. In a letter to Mr. DISRAELI, published three years ago, Mr. ADDERLY said:—"Canada and England cannot long remain together on terms 'of disadvantage to either. If you wish for permanent friendship with anybody, its terms must be fair and equal on both sides. Romantic patronage on one side, and interested attachment on the other, is not friendship, but mutual deception."

"When we find out that we are paying too much for our price, or that they are receiving too little for their dependence, the rottenness of our present connexion will be detected. As I value Canada, I seek for the earliest possible exposure of her 'false friends who would cherish her present relations. Let 'not a free country like England dream of maintaining 'Colonies in equally free government with herself, by the 'bribe of undertaking their protection. Their freedom is 'corrupted, and its spirit dies, in the very act of receiving 'the boon; while its form mischievously remains, for we cannot recall their constitution. England undertakes a task of 'protection which she cannot always sustain, and saps the 'strength of freedom which would ordinarily sustain itself.' That, under existing circumstances, the form of freedom mischievously remains, independent of the spirit of freedom, is apparent from Mr. ANNAND's remarks in the House of Assembly:—"I hold that the British Government, as long as this Province remains a dependency, is the party to be charged with our defences." This theory we sincerely trust to see expunged from the minds of Colonists. These Provinces ceased to be "dependencies" of Great Britain when they obtained Responsible Government, but their people did not on that account become bona-fide British citizens, bearing their fair share of the burdens of the Empire. The present position of these Colonies is unfair, alike to themselves and to the mother country, and we trust the Federation movement may result in an entire change of a system so unreal, so unprecedented, and so disadvantageous to all concerned. As Mr. GLADSTONE well remarked—No community which is not primarily charged with the ordinary business of its own defence is really, or can be, in the full sense of the word, a free community. The privileges of freedom, and the burdens of freedom, are absolutely associated together: to bear the burdens is as necessary as to enjoy the privilege, in order to form that character, which is the great security of freedom itself.

[Since the above was in type, we have received our English papers and correspondence, and we cannot but call attention to the similarity of our views with those expressed by the *Spectator*—perhaps the most influential political weekly paper published in London. The article to which we refer will be found among our extracts.]

THE GAME LAWS—HOW CARRIED OUT.

The "River Fisheries and Game Protection Association" has been in existence since the end of last January, and its organization is such as to warrant its provisions being carried out—provided the laws of the Province are impartially administered. But without the active support of the law the efforts of the Association must be regarded as labour in vain. This Province was well nigh despoiled of salmon before the Legislature actively interfered, but we are happy to state that such interference has already done something towards restocking our rivers with a breed of fish, the value of which, regarded merely as an article of food, can hardly be over-rated. With reference to the "Game Protection Association," the *Bullfrog* of Feby. 4th, contained the following remarks:—"We confess that we 'have little hopes of seeing the law enforced with regard to the 'number of Moose, or Cariboo, killed by an individual, or by a 'party, in any one season. It will be rather by convictions 'for possession of their carcasses out of season that these animals 'can be best protected—and the same rule will apply to all 'other game.' Few persons, we fancy, would advocate a wanton destruction of animals fit for human food, whether such animals live within or without the pale of civilization. A large portion of this Province must for very many years remain untenanted,—a wild waste of gloomy forest, unreclaimed, if not irreclaimable. Such being unfortunately the case, it is surely

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wise policy to make the most of these desolate solitudes, by preserving, to the best of our ability, such wild animals as find a charm therein. The forests of Nova Scotia, or at least such portions thereof as are far removed from the haunts of civilized men, are at present valueless, save as the homes of animals whose flesh, horns, or skins, may be turned to some account. When such animals may possibly prove dangerous to life, or limb, or property,—slaughter them, wholesale if practicable. A bear is an interesting animal to track, his skin is valuable, and his hams fair eating, but a bear may, at certain seasons, unprovokedly embrace a human being—therefore, by all means, let Bruin be hunted down, whether for sport or bear's grease. But it is not for our interest to exterminate Moose and Cariboo, inasmuch as they are perfectly harmless, good for food, and withal interesting as a class of animals now comparatively rare. We should very much like to see our forests cleared, and our Moose region transformed into a smiling pasturage for sheep and oxen; but, as matters now stand, we think the companionship of a Moose preferable to utter solitude, and we say amen to that wise regulation which forbids, under a legal penalty, any one individual slaughtering more than five moose per annum. It is, however, one thing to frame laws, and another thing to carry them out. However willing may be the spirit of the constitution under which we live, the carrying out of its edicts is oftentimes entrusted to fleshly men, weak of purpose, and, it may be, not totally impartial. Even magistrates may at times deliver judgments seemingly opposed to common sense,—as intelligent, upright, and enlightened juries, may at times pronounce verdicts seemingly at variance either with common sense, or a sense of justice. It is not long since the Game Protection Society obtained a writ against a certain Mr. STAYNER, (and party,) for having, contrary to the recognized laws of the Province, killed six Moose during one ramble in the woods. The case came off on Monday, April 17th, before Mr. SHELTON, and it was proved beyond all reasonable doubt, that the law relating to the slaughter of Moose had been violated. But, oddly enough, the evidence adduced failed to secure a conviction—the defence set up, being to the effect, that Mr. STAYNER went after Moose in one direction, while his friend went after Moose in an opposite direction. They killed, it was admitted, six Moose between them, but the mere fact of the two friends having been separated for an hour or two, of course entitled them to exemption under the words "or by a party." The Game Society cannot but prove highly beneficial to the interests of the Province, when thus ably supported by the majesty of a law whose administrators scorn even the semblance of a quibble.

Local and other Items.

THE CITY LIBRARY.—We regret to learn that the management of the City Library fails to give complete satisfaction to those for whose benefit it was instituted. We have before us numerous complaints which, although perhaps exaggerated, must, we fancy contain a germ of truth. It would seem that the present Librarian, Mr. Craigen, comports himself in a manner not altogether relished by those who should profit most by the munificent grant of our worthy Chief Justice. The internal management of the City Library is, it is true, a matter somewhat without the pale of public criticism, inasmuch as the Library Committee is responsible for the shortcomings of an institution placed under its especial charge. But, on the other hand, if it can be clearly proved that the committee of a public institution fail to give public satisfaction, it is imperative that the press should call attention to the fact. The men most interested in the City Library are those who find it most difficult to make their voices heard. There is no man more exacting than one placed ever so little above the heads of his fellow-men, and no society is so difficult of management as a middle-class society, ruled by a middle-class autocrat. If the in-

formation vouchsafed us by a correspondent be correct, it would appear that the City Librarian somewhat abuses the power vested in his hands, and is occasionally apt to tyrannise over those who may have incurred his displeasure. But, let our correspondent (25th April) speak for himself:—"The present acting Librarian exercises a sway as arbitrary as did Mr. Squeers, of Dotheboys' Hall notoriety. * * * I shall cite two instances—out of many—to shew how despotically he rules. A communication relative to the management of the Halifax City Library, appeared in a St. John paper. The Halifax Librarian attributed (without a shadow of proof) the said communication to a young man, some of whose relations were connected with the press of the sister capital. * * * The Halifax Librarian extracted the obnoxious paragraph—pasted it up in the City Library,—and affixed thereto certain offensive remarks against the young man in question. * * * Not satisfied with this—the Librarian, on his own authority, denied books to the said young man, thereby violating, in spirit, the published Library rules. * * * On last Thursday night, the Librarian made his appearance after an absence of seven days, and attempted to impose a fine upon those who had not returned books, during his (the Librarian's) absence." We have quoted enough to prove that (assuming our correspondent correct in his facts,) the City Library is not managed as well as it might be, and we trust that the Library Committee will take the matter in hand at once. The City Library is an institution in which all are interested, and any reflection thereon is a public slight upon the citizens for whose benefit the institution exists.

The French Government has taken the unusual but certainly not ill-advised course of addressing to the English Government a despatch of condolence on the loss of Mr. Cobden,—a "representative in our eyes," says, M. Drouyn de Lhuys, "of those sentiments and those cosmopolitan principles before which national frontiers and rivalries disappear." Cobden, he adds, "was, if I may be permitted to say so, an international man. He loved and understood France," adds the Minister, somewhat strongly, "better than any other person [Englishman, we presume], and regarded as one of the greatest interest of the country and humanity the maintenance of peaceful relations between the two nations which, according to an expression recently used by a member of the English Cabinet [Mr. Milner Gibson?], march at the head of the world." This just recognition of Mr. Cobden's services, and especially this emphasis in applauding the views of his party, is of course not merely an expression of graceful and grateful sentiment. It is also a diplomatic move, intended to strengthen the alliance between the school in foreign policy which Mr. Cobden led, and the Imperial party in France.

There are few firms in England which can compete either in age or reputation with Messrs. Tattersall, four generations of the name having carried on the same business as auctioneers in the same place. The lease of "The Corner," which they took from Earl Grosvenor ninety-nine years ago, has now expired, and the Marquis of Westminster wanting the site for other purposes, they have removed to new and much more extensive premises near Albert Gate. Sporting men thought the occasion a good one for a dinner in honour of a family which for a century has acted as a sort of pivot for turf business, and it was given on Tuesday by 250 gentlemen, including some of the best names in England. The honour paid to the firm has by the testimony of all men been well deserved, the Tattersalls having proved for a hundred years that it is possible for men to be up to the lips in turf business and yet maintain their integrity.

A strong but quiet agitation for parliamentary reform is making itself at present felt in England. The Conservatives would take their own time and method of satisfying the popular demands. The large mass of liberals cry for once—"quieta non movere," the *quieta* being in this case the Premier and his grey locks. The Radicals wish for a comprehensive measure at once, and evoke the shade of Cobden to their assistance. Whether the shade of

that useful gentleman will be as efficient as his oratory and bodily presence, is very doubtful. Certain it is, however, that the new Parliament's first attention must be devoted to reform. Even the *Times*, which has long denounced agitation on the subject as useless, now declares (trimmingly—as usual) its readiness to assist the reformers. Should Lord Palmerston die to-morrow, there can be little doubt that Mr. Gladstone would be his successor.

The production of Meyerbeer's last grand Opera the "Africaine" is awaited with extreme interest both in Paris and London. It is said that at a recent rehearsal at the former city, the orchestra were so carried away by the beauties of a certain scena, that they dropped their fiddles for enthusiasm, and expressed their approval by long and boisterous applause.

Extracts.

CANADIAN CLOUDS.

(Spectator, 15th April.)

There must be something underneath all this Canadian business not yet fully understood in this country. The programme is breaking down in every direction. The original idea was that the British Colonies of America, conscious of national aspirations, but amazed, if not disgusted, by the changes in the neighbouring republic, would endeavour to found a new nationality of their own. That nationality, at first protected by Great Britain and afterwards strictly allied with her, would be to North America much such a country as Russia is to Europe, cold perhaps, and comparatively poor, but with a hardy population, a separate, and on the whole a great national life. There will probably be in a few years some eight millions of Canadians, and eight millions of men sprung from English parents, and speaking most of them the English language, who would it was thought constitute a nation unlikely to be beguiled into union with any other State, and exceedingly dangerous to attack. Such a nation even at first could maintain a moderate army or man a reserve fleet, and come to some definite agreement with the mother country upon the subject of external defence. The plan seemed to march excellently well. The delegates of the different Provinces met in meetings, secret and therefore confidential, accepted the plan in principle, agreed to certain details, effected compromises upon certain others, and in the end unanimously signed a constitution which, though imperfect upon one point, was received in England with a sort of rapture of applause. The entire Press spoke well of it. Every member of Parliament who has opened his lips has praised it. The Queen was advised to accept it, if not with cordiality, at least with heartiness. Mr. Cardwell poured out his soul in a despatch full of the softest praise. It was understood that an Act converting the sketch of a constitution into law would be passed this session, and all Englishmen congratulated the "Acadians" on their choice between their only two alternatives—a separate national existence, and absorption into the somewhat heavily taxed and ambitious Union. The Ministers assuring the world that the Canadians being desirous of remaining within the Empire, Her Majesty's Government intended to fight for them, and even proposed a grant of money not indeed sufficient to fortify Canada, but ample to find comfortable quarters for that British sentry whose legal existence in Canada or anywhere else pledges the whole power of the Empire to defend him. After three separate debates, in which the most extreme views on both sides were openly discussed, the House of Commons endorsed by a vote of seven to one the Ministerial promise, and journalists of all parties affirmed with the full assent of the nation that Great Britain rather than abandon Canada, if she wished not to be abandoned, would risk a serious war.

The prospect has been very speedily overcast, or, as some of our Radical friends would say, has very rapidly brightened. The Confederation scheme, which was an integral part of the plan, the colonies not being a nation unless united by some federal bond, though approved by England, framed by local delegates, and accepted by almost every governing man in the colonies, proved not to be to the popular taste. The Government of New Brunswick appealed to the people, and the people, whose delegates had accepted the Constitution, elected out of forty-one members thirty pledged to reject it. The Nova Scotians then

drew back and proposed a separate union of the maritime provinces, the population of Prince Edward's Island are known to be only restrained by their leaders from following the same course, and the Montreal papers now give the following as the true state of affairs:—Two colonies out of five have resolved to reject the scheme, a third will only yield on social compulsion, in Lower Canada the masses are opposed, and in Upper Canada the feeling in favour of it is rapidly dying away. We should have thought these statements were partly exaggerations, dictated by dislike of Mr. Brown, the Anglo-Saxon advocate of the scheme, but that it is evident the vote of Parliament for the fortification of Quebec, with its attendant demand for Canadian outlay on defences, has been received with profound irritation. Mr. McDonald, member of the Cabinet, from his place in Parliament affected to consider the telegram a blunder, a cypher having been omitted from the vote. Mr. Galt stated positively that the quarter of a million voted by Canada for armaments would only be raised on the strength of the British guarantee,—a phrase which in the existing circumstances of Canada is a mere euphuism for a loan without interest,—and the bulk of the people are represented as dangerously excited. The conference which was to have been held with the British Government has been broken off, three of the four Ministers chosen having declined to attend, and the fourth, Mr. Cartier, agreeing only in order that he may plead the claims of the French Canadians. The telegraph reports that the "annexationist" feeling, the desire, that is, for annexation to the United States as the easiest solution of many questions, has broken out again and—in short the programme has apparently gone to pieces.

What does it all mean? Is it possible the assertion of those who distrust the colonies is true, and that the colonists are perfectly willing to belong to Great Britain as long as Great Britain will protect them, but not willing if they are to be asked to help in protecting themselves? In that case the sooner they come to a distinct understanding as to the worth of the alliance the better for them and for the world, for without it they will most indubitably find themselves some day left in the lurch. Great Britain is perfectly willing to fight for the Canadians as if they were residents of Cornwall, but then they must exert themselves as the people of Cornwall would, pay taxes as high, submit if the matter comes to a straggle of life and death to a conscription, or, as we call it, a "ballot militia law" as severe as would be enforced in any English county. If they are not prepared for this they had better go at once, for exactly in proportion as their zeal slackens so will that of this country. Or is it that the colonies are simply trying to play the old game, and endeavouring to extort better terms from this country by threats of secession if their terms are refused? If they are, they are guilty of a political anachronism fatal to the reputation of their leaders for practical statesmanship. It is the deliberate opinion of the best political thinkers and the most influential Cabinet Ministers in this country that the time has arrived when the dependence of the Anglo-Saxon colonies must either cease, or merge in an alliance to be arranged by clear and carefully-observed diplomatic agreement. Upon the whole, and with one or two reserves, they prefer the latter course, so much prefer it that they are willing to undergo the risk of war and the certainty of very considerable expenses for defence, rather than adopt the safe but, as they consider, dishonourable expedient of cutting the colonies loose. But the preference is dependent entirely upon the readiness of the colonies to do all in their power to maintain the connection, and any threat of departure will be received with a serene "God speed you," not, it may be wholly unmixt with pleasure. If the Canadians, or New Brunswickers, or Nova Scotians, deliberately prefer, and show that they prefer, the high taxation and free national life of the United States to the lower taxation and subordinate national life of a State allied with Great Britain there is nothing more to be said. We shall not fight them for expressing that preference, and most assuredly we shall not attempt to bribe them. They have only to express their will by a Parliamentary vote, taken of course after an appeal to the people *ad hoc*, and this journal, for example, which almost alone among Liberal journals has pleaded for the value of their alliance, will acknowledge at once their right to independence, and the Parliamentary majority will be swifter still. We have earned the right to be heard by these American colonists, and we tell them distinctly that any pretension to dictate terms to the mother country is in the present state of opinion simply preposterous,—that they have before them two alternatives, to form themselves into a nation in strict alliance with Great Britain, but with separate armaments, taxation, and expenditure, or to go free whither their energy or their

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destiny may lead them. They are free to choose either course, as free as the British Parliament, and for this once the mother country will abide by their choice, but there are no more alternatives than these. They may construe Mr. Cardwell's despatches as they like, or draw what conclusions they please from debates in Parliament, but that, so far as we have any capacity to understand it, is the determination of the nation. Months ago one of the most intelligent of Canadians replied to some searching questions on the subject much in this fashion:—"We prefer Great Britain to the United States; if you will fight for us we are willing to fight, but it is not worth our while to fight as the South has done; we should not be extinguished by annexation, and the stake is not great enough." If that express the heart of the colonists, and all this news looks like it, there is an end of the matter. They are free already.

We do not profess to know the inner mind of the Canadians either on the Confederation or the alliance with Great Britain, but this much seems to us certain,—it is absolutely necessary for us to know to know that inner mind. The very first thing to be done before we can move another step is to ascertain precisely what the bulk of the colonists desire—if they themselves know—to assure them they are at full liberty to vote themselves independent without incurring charges of treason, and, if they reject that offer, to submit to them in some intelligible form the conditions of our alliance. If they accept them, well; if they modify them in any endurable way, well also; but if they reject them the rejection must be accepted as proof that they value their connection with Britain only for the pecuniary relief it affords, and the connection must end. Such a severance would be regarded by the majority of educated Englishmen with a feeling of bitter pain. It hurts their pride, breaks up their dream of an Empire ringed round with a fence of Anglo-Saxon alliances, impairs their confidence in the policy which of late years has induced them to do justice to the colonies often to their own hurt. But it is impossible in the present state of the world that all the advantages of alliance should be on one side, and the colonists, as they have demanded the advantages of independence, must also accept its burdens. England is willing, as the vote in the House of Commons showed, to be faithful to them, but the contract is one of marriage, and the weaker side cannot break it and demand maintenance too.

OF MAGNANIMITY.

"The magnanimous man," said Aristotle, "is he who, being really worthy, estimates his own worth highly. If a man puts too high a value upon himself, he is vain. And if a man, being worthy, does not rate himself at his proper worth, why he is little better than a fool. But the magnanimous man will be only moderately gratified by the honours which the world heaps upon him, under the impression that he has simply got what is his due. He will behave with moderation under both bad fortune and good. He will know how to be exalted and how to be abased. He will neither be delighted with success, nor grieved by failure. He will neither shun danger, nor seek it; for there are few things which he cares for. He is reticent and somewhat slow of speech, but speaks his mind openly and boldly when occasion calls for it. He is not apt to admire, for nothing is great to him. He overlooks injuries. He is not given to talk about himself or about others; for he does not care that he himself should be praised or that other people should be blamed. He does not cry out about trifles, and craves help from none. The step of the magnanimous man is slow, his voice deep, and his language stately; for he who cares about few things has no need to hurry, and he who thinks highly of nothing needs not to be vehement about anything." Such is the character of the magnanimous man, as drawn by an old heathen, writer more than 2,000 years ago. Doubtless this was a standard of perfection at which Aristotle himself aimed, and which many a Greek attained to—in outward seeming at least; though the Athenian magnanimity must have sadly degenerated when Paul of Tarsus preached on Mars Hill to a crowd of gossipers and triflers four hundred years later. And certainly the portrait as drawn by Aristotle has something grand, we may also say noble, in its lineaments. Indeed, it would be noble but for the lazy scorn which flashes from the eye and curls the lip. Self-contained and self-reliant, the magnanimous man towers above his fellows, like an oak amongst reeds—his motto *nee franges nec flees*. And, if there be somewhat too much of self-sufficiency about him, we must remember that, to be great

and strong, a heathen must necessarily lean upon himself. The settler in foreign and sparsely inhabited countries needs and acquires a degree of self-reliance and self-assertion which would be offensive in the person of a member of civilized society. And the Greek became self-sufficient even in his ethics, as having no definite promise of help out of himself, or beyond his own resources. But it is curious to notice how in the main the ethics of 2,000 years ago repeat themselves in the fashionable ethics of to-day. Much of what Aristotle has said of the magnanimous man as to his carriage and bearing, might have been published only last year as a fashionable treatise by the Hon. Mr. A. — or Lady B. — on good breeding and the manners of a gentleman. After a word or two here and there—blot out the rather offensive self-sufficiency—lay a very thin wash of colour over the superciliousness of manner which is somewhat too manifest in Aristotle's magnanimous man, and you might be reading a description of "the swell," as poor Jones calls the man who lives and moves and has his being in society. There is no doubt, in fact, that the laws of good breeding, the *leges inscripte* of society, do tend, more or less, to produce an appearance of what the old Greeks named magnanimity. These laws are simply the barriers which the common sense of most has erected, to protect people who are thrown much together from each other's impertinences. They are lines of defence, and therefore their tendency is to isolate the individual from the crowd; to make him self-contained, reticent, and independent of opinions; alike careless of censure and indifferent to applause. It may be said that much of this is only manner. But, as in poetry the matter often grows out of the manner, so the character is insensibly influenced by the outward bearing; a man becomes to some extent what he wishes to appear.—*Macmillan's Magazine.*

OUR MARITIME STRENGTH.

(Spectator.)

No man ever quite attains his own ideal. That seems to be the root of the chorus of criticism which always breaks out when the Naval Estimates are produced, and which almost convinces timid people that Great Britain, with all her expenditure on her marine, has not an efficient navy. The national ideal has for some years been a navy, chiefly of iron-clads, stronger than the navies of any two Powers, composed of invulnerable ships each able to destroy an opponent without injury to itself, each able to sail to the Pacific if necessary, each as swift as a despatch boat, and altogether costing about eight millions a year. Nobody, however, ever gets his ideal; this nation has not got it, and never will get it; and the real point for discussion is whether its efforts secure any reasonable or sufficiently reasonable approach towards its end. Lord Clarence Paget, as spokesman for the Government, says that so much at least has been obtained. The nation, he says, will by the end of this year possess a total of thirty iron-clads, all of the first-class in one way or another, though four are intended only for harbour defence, and four cannot be sent to great distances because they are so large that out of England they could not be docked. Docks, however, are to be built at Malta and Bermuda, by which that defect will be remedied. In addition to this line-of-battle fleet there will be seven armed vessels built entirely for speed, on a model improved from that of the *Albatross*, and intended entirely for the protection of commerce. This is the vessel which of all others private yards can best turn out, and it is useless therefore to overdo their construction. In addition to all this force there is a wooden steam fleet, hereafter to be found more useful than some critics believe, admitted to be superior to any wooden fleet in existence. To man them we have 69,750 men, besides 17,000 enrolled in the reserve, and training schools which turn out some 2,000 most efficient seamen a year. This great force, immense when we consider that Secretary Welles in the fourth year of war registers only 17,000 American-born seamen, comprises a proportion of "expert" gunners which has doubled in two years, and is as a body so orderly that the demand for good-conduct pay rises every year till it becomes an appreciable weight upon the finances. All this we obtain at an expense stated in round numbers of ten millions a year, which again is in course of steady reduction from two causes. The "conversion" of the fleet is getting itself done, very slowly indeed, but still getting done, and as it gets done the number of men employed decreases. The iron-clads do not want so many men, but need more thoroughly qualified men, in fact; to use Lord Clarence Paget's strong illustration, "skilled labour is being substituted for brute force." Finally, behind and beyond all this enormous provision of ships and docks, and men and material, rests the still greater provision now in private hands, a provision large enough to fit out a great war in a twelvemonth, and all available for money, though doubtless after a certain loss of time.

It seems a very satisfactory statement that, and the only ques-

tion is whether it is all quite true, whether ships, and men, and material exist anywhere except in Lord Clarence Paget's speeches. Sir John Pakington, in his capacity of First Lord in Opposition, is inclined to question that; that is to say, he does not believe the men are not there, or the ships, or the stores, but he alleges that they cannot be put to use. There are the men, he says, but they are never at hand when wanted; there are the ships, only they can neither sail nor sail; and there are the guns, but they burst. Of course, as the natural and fitting depository of every whisper of discontent and every non-official criticism, he makes out some part of his case. . . . A very great though clumsy organization is supplied with almost limitless means of building ships, which it has the strongest official interest in building well, and very little interest in building cheaply. The natural result will be as an average very dear ships and very good ships, and that we cannot but think will, in the event of war, be found to be the case in England. The nation has not reached its ideal, but is nearer to it as any other nation, is tending under criticism closer towards it, and is obtaining meanwhile a fleet strong enough to meet any call worth the cost of providing against. Expense and delay, not failure of out-turn, are the characteristic faults of the British Admiralty.

A PERILOUS JOURNEY.

'There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortunes—'

So says the sage, and it is not to be gainsaid by any man forty winters have chilled into wisdom. Ability and opportunity are fortune. Opportunity is not fortune; otherwise all were fortunate. Ability is not fortune, else why does genius slave? Why? But because it missed the opportunity that fitted it. What I have—self, position, independence—I owe to an opportunity for exercising the very simple and unpretending combination of qualities that goes by the name of ability. But to my story. My father was a wealthy country gentleman, of somewhat more than the average of intelligence, and somewhat more than the average of generosity and extravagance. His younger brother, a solicitor in large practice in London, would in vain reiterate as to the imprudence of his course. Giving freely, spending freely, must come to an end. It did; and at twenty I was a well-educated, gentlemanly pomper. The investigation of my father's affairs showed that there was one shilling and sixpence in the pound for the whole of his creditors, and of course nothing for me.

The position was painful. I was half engaged to—that is, I had gloves, flowers, a ringlet, a *carte de visite* of Alice Morton. That, of course, must be stopped.

Mr. Miles Morton was not displeased at the prospect of an alliance with his neighbour Westwood's son while there was an expectation of a provision for the young couple in the union of estates as well as persons; but now, when the estate was gone, when I, Guy Westwood, was shillingless in the world, it would be folly indeed. Nevertheless I must take my leave. 'Well, Guy, my lad, had job this; very bad job; thought he was as safe as the Bank. Would not have believed it from any one—not from any one. Of course all that nonsense about you and Alice must be stopped now; I'm not a hard man, but I can't allow Alice to throw away her life in the perversity she would have to bear on your wife; can't do it; wouldn't be the part of a father if I did.'

I suggested I might in time.

'Time, sir! time! How much? She's nineteen now. You're brought up to nothing; know nothing that will earn you a sixpence for the next six months, and you talk about time. Time, indeed! Keep her waiting till she's thirty, and then break her heart by finding it a folly to marry at all.'

'Oh! Alice, my dear, Guy's come to say "Good bye!" he sees, with me, that his altered position compels him, as an honourable man, to give up any hopes he may have formed for the future.'

He left us alone to say "Farewell!"—a word too hard to say at our ages. Of course we consulted what should be done. To give each other up, to bury the delicious past, that was not to be thought of. We would be constant, spite of all. I must gain a position, and papa would then help us.

Two ways were open: a commission in India, a place in my uncle's office. Which? I was for the commission, Alice for the office. A respectable industrial scholar; a position not to be despised; nothing but cleverness wanted; and my uncle's name, and no one to wait for; no liver complaints; no Sepoys; no sea voyages; and no long separation.

'Oh, I'm sure it is the best thing.'

I agreed, not unaturally then, that it is the best.

'Now, you young people, you've had time enough to say "Good-bye," so be off, Guy. Here, my lad, you'll need something to start with,' and the old gentleman put into my hands a note for fifty pounds.

'I must beg, sir, that you will not insult—'

'God bless the boy! Insult! Why I've danced you on my knee hundreds of times. Look you, Guy—and the old fellow came and put his hand on my shoulder—it gives me pain to do what I am doing. I believe, for both your sakes, it is best you should part. Let us part friends. Come now, Guy, you'll need this; and if you need a little more, let me know.'

'But, sir, you cut me off from all hope; you render my life a burden to me. Give me some definite task; say how much you think we ought to have; I mean, how much I ought to have to help Alice—I mean, Miss Morton—in such a position as you would wish.'

Alice added her entreaties, and the result of the conference was an understanding that if within five years from that date I could show I was worth 500*l.* a year, the old gentleman would add another 500*l.*; and on that he thought we might live for a few years comfortably.

There was to be no correspondence whatever; no meetings, no messages. We protested and pleaded, and finally he said—

'Well, well, Guy; I always liked you, and liked your father before you. Come to us on Christmas Day, and you shall find a vacant chair beside Alice. There, now; say "Good-bye," and be off.'

I went off. I came to London, to one of the little lanes leading out of Cannon Street. Five hundred a year in five years! I must work hard.

My uncle took little notice of me; I fancied worked a harder than the rest, and paid me the same. Seventy-five pounds a year is not a large sum. I had spent it in a month before now, after the fashion of my father; now, I hoarded; made clothes last; ate in modest, cheap, little cookshops; and kept my enjoying faculties from absolute rust by a weekly half-price to the theatres—the pit.

The year passed. I went down at Christmas, and for twenty-four hours was alive; came back, and had a rise of twenty pounds in salary for the next year. I waited for opportunity, and it came not.

This jag-trot routine of office-work continued for two years more, and at the end of that time I was worth but my salary of 135*l.* per year—135*l.* a long way from 500*l.* O*h*, for opportunity! I must quit the desk, and become a merchant; all successful men have been merchants; money begets money. But to oppose all these thoughts of change came the memory of Alice's last words at Christmas: 'Wait and hope, Guy, dear; wait and hope.' Certainly; it's so easy to.

'Governor wants you, Westwood. He's sharp this morning; very sharp; so look out, my dear nephew.'

'You understand a little Italian, I think?' said my uncle.

'A little, Sir.'

'You will start tonight for Florence, in the mail train. Get there as rapidly as possible, and find whether a Colonel Wilson is residing there, and what lady he is residing with. Learn all you can as to his position and means, and the terms on which he lives with that lady. Write to me, and wait there for further instructions. Mr. Williams will give you a cheque for 100*l.*; you can get circulars and 50*l.* per cent. at the rest cash. If you have anything to say, come in here at five o'clock; if not good morning. By-the-by, say nothing in the office.'

I need not say that hope made me believe my opportunity was come.

I hurried to Florence, and discharged my mission; sent home a careful letter, full of facts without comment or opinion, and in three weeks time was summoned to return. I had done little or nothing that could help me, and in disappointment I staid at home. I packed up and went to the railway station at St. Dunstons. A little row with 50*l.* per cent. as to his demand for carrying my baggage caused me to lose the last train that night, and so the senior at Leghorn. The station master, seeing my vexation, endeavoured to console me.

'There will be a special through train to Leghorn at nine o'clock, ordered by Count Spezzato; he is good-natured, and will possibly let you go in that.'

It was worth the chance, and I hung about the station till I was tired, and then walked back towards the village. Passing a small wine-shop, I entered, and asked for wine in English. I don't know what whim possessed me when I did it, for they were unable to understand me without dumb motions, and sat down to wait away the time over a railway volume.

I had been seated about half an hour, when a courier entered, accompanied by another guard. Two more different samples of the human race it would be difficult to describe.

The guard was a dark, savage-looking Italian, with 'rascal' and 'foddy' written all over him; big, black, bulgy, with bloodshot eyes, and thick, heavy, sensual lips, the man was utterly repulsive.

The courier was a little, neatly-dressed man, of no age in particular; pale, blue-eyed, straight-lipped, his face was a compound of fox and polit; that only a fool or a patriot would have trusted 50*l.* of arm's length.

This ill-matched pair called for brandy, and the hostess set it before them. I then heard them ask who and what I was. She replied, I must be an Englishman, and did not understand the Italian for wine. She then left.

They evidently wanted to be alone, and my presence was decidedly disagreeable to them; and muttering that I was an Englishman, they proceeded to try my powers as a linguist.

The courier commenced in Italian, with a remark on the weather. I immediately handed him the newspaper. I did not speak Italian that was clear to them.

The guard now struck in with a remark in French as to the fineness of the neighbouring country. I shrugged my shoulders, and produced my cigar case. French was not very familiar to me, evidently.

'Those beasts of English think their own tongue so fine they are too proud to learn another,' said the guard.

'Well, my dear Michael Palmucci, began the guard.

'For the love of God, call me not by that name. My name is Alexis—Alexis Dzentzol, now.'

'Oh! oh!' laughed the guard; 'you've changed your name, you fox; it's like you. Now I am the same that you knew fifteen years ago, Conrad Ferrate. Come, lad, tell us your story. How did you get out of that little affair at Warsaw? How they could have trusted you, with your face, with their secrets, I can't for the life of me tell; you look so like a sly knave, don't you, lad?'

The courier so far from resenting this familiarity, smiled, as if he had been praised.

'My story is soon said. I found, after my betrayal to the police of the secrets of that little conspiracy which you and I joined, that Poland was too hot for me, and my name too well known. I went to France who values her police, and for a few years was useful to them. But it was dull work; very dull; native talent was more esteemed. I was to be sent on a secret service to Warsaw; I declined, for obvious reasons.'

'Good! Michael—Alexis; good, Alexis. This fox is not to be trusted. And he slapped the courier on the shoulder heartily.

'And,' resumed the other, 'I resigned. Since then I have travelled as courier with noble families, and I trust I give satisfaction.'

'Good! Alexis; good, Mich—good, Alexis! To yourself you give satisfaction. You are a fine rascal!—the prince of rascals! So decent;

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so quiet; so like the curé of a convent. Who would believe that you had sold the lives of thirty men for a few hundred roubles?

'And who,' interrupted the courier, would believe that you, bluff, honest Conrad Ferrati, had run away with all the money those thirty men had collected during ten years of labour, for ransoming their country from the Russian?'

'That was good, Alexis, was it not? I never was so rich in my life as then; I loved—I drank—I drank—on the patriots' money.'

'For how long? Three years?'

'More—and now have none left. Ah!—Times change, Alexis; behold me.' And the guard touched his buttons and belt, the badges of his office. 'Never mind—here's my good friend the bottle—let us embrace—the only friend that is always true—if he does not gladden, he makes us to forget.'

'Tell me, my good Alexis, whom do you rob now? Who pays for the best, and gets the second best? Whose money do you invest, eh? my little fox? Why are you here? Come, tell me while I drink to your success.'

'I have the honour to serve His Excellency the Count Spezzato.'

'Ten thousand devils! My arsenal cousin' broke in the guard.

'He who has robbed me from his birth; whose birth itself was a vile robbery of me—of me, his cousin, child of his father's brother. May he be accursed for ever!'

I took most particular pains to appear only amused at this genuine outburst of passion, for I saw the watchful eye of the courier was on me all the time they were talking.

The guard drank off a tumbler of brandy.

'That master of yours is the man of whom I spoke to you years ago, as the one who had ruined me; and 'oh serve him! May he be strangled on his wedding night, at dawn of day for ever!'

'Be calm, my dearest Conrad, calm yourself; that beast of an Englishman will think you are drunk, like one of his own swinish people, if you talk so loud as this.'

'How can I help it? I must talk. What he is, that I ought to be; I was brought up to it till I was eighteen; was the heir to all his vast estate; there was but one life between me and poverty—my uncle's—and he, at fifty, married a girl, and had the son, "his son of perdition, my cousin. And after that, I who had been the pride of my family, became of no account; it was "Julian," "sweet Julian!'

'I heard,' said the courier, 'that some one attempted to strangle the sweet child, that was—'

'Me—you fox—me. I wish I had done it; but for that wretched dog that worried me, I should have been Count Spezzato now. I killed that dog, killed him, not suddenly; may his master die like him!'

'And you left after that little affair?'

'Oh yes! I left and became what you know me.'

'A clever man, my dear Conrad. I know no man who is more clever with the ace than yourself, and, as to bullying to recover a mistake, you are an emperor at that. Is it not so, Conrad? Come, drink good health to my master, your cousin.'

'You miserable rascal, I'll crush you if you ask me to do that again. I'll drink—Here, give me the glass—'

'Here's to Count Spezzato! May he die like a dog! May his carcase bring the birds and the wolves together! May his name be cursed and hated while the sun lasts! And may purgatory keep him till I pray for his release!'

The man's passion was something frightful to see, and I was more than half inclined to leave the place; but something, perhaps a distant murmur of the rising tide, compelled me to stay. I pretended sleep, allowing my head to sink down upon the table.

He sat still for a few moments and then commenced walking about the room, and abruptly asked:

'What brought you here, Alexis?'

'My master's horse, Signor Conrad.'

'Good, my little fox; but why did you come on, your master's horse?'

'Because my master wishes to reach Leghorn to-night, to meet his bride, Conrad.'

'Then his is the special train ordered at nine, that I am to go with?'

'I explained the guard eagerly.

'That is so, gentle Conrad; and now having told you all, let me pay our hostess and go.'

'Pay! No one pays for me, little fox; no, no, go; I will pay.'

The courier took his departure and the guard kept walking up and down the room, muttering to himself:

'To-night, it might be to-night. If he goes to Leghorn, he meets his future wife; another life, and perhaps a dozen. No, it must be to-night or never. Does his mother go? Fool that I am not to ask! Yes; it shall be to-night; and he left the room.'

What should be 'to-night? Some foul play of which the Count would be the victim, no doubt. But how? and when? That must be solved. To follow him, or to wait—which? To wait. It is always best to wait; I had learned this lesson already.

I waited. It was now rather more than half-past eight, and I had risen to go to the door when I saw the guard returning to the wine-shop with a man whose dress indicated the stoker.

'Come in, Guido; come in,' said the guard, and drink with me.'

The man came in, and I was again absorbed in my book.

They seated themselves at the same table as before, and drank silently for a while; presently the guard began a conversation in some patois I could not understand; but I could see the stoker grow more and more interested as the name of *Beatrice* occurred more frequently.

As the talk went on, the stoker seemed pressing the guard on some part of the story with a most vindictive eagerness, repeatedly asking, 'His name? The accused! His name?'

At last the guard answered, 'The Count Spezzato.'

'The Count Spezzato?' said the stoker now leaving the table, and speaking in Italian.

'Yes, good Guido; the man who will travel in the train we take to-night to Leghorn.'

'H shall die! The accused! He shall die to-night!' said the stoker.

If I use my life the betrayer of my sister shall die!'

The guard, returning to the unknown tongue, seemed to be endeavoring to calm him; and I could only catch a repetition of the word 'Empoli' at intervals. Presently the stoker took from the seat beside him two tin bottles, such as you may see in hanks of mechanics who dine out; and I could see that one of them had rudely scratched on it the name of 'William Atkinson.' I fancied the guard produced from his pocket a phial, and poured the contents into that bottle; but the action was so rapid, and the corner so dark, that I could not be positive; then rising, they stopped at the counter, had both bottles filled with brandy, and went out.

It was now time to get to the station; and, having paid my modest score, I went out.

A little in front of me, by the light from a small window, I saw these two cross themselves, grip each other's hands across right to right, left to left, and part.

The stoker had set down the bottles, and now taking them up followed the guard at a slower pace.

Arrived at the station, I found the Count, his mother, a female servant, and the courier.

The Count came up to me, and said, in broken English, 'You are the English to go to Leghorn with me? Very well, there is room. I like the English. You shall pay nothing, because I do not sell tickets; you shall go free. Is that so?'

I thanked him in the best Italian I could muster.

'Do not speak your Italian to me; I speak the English as a native; I can know all you shall say to me in your own tongue. See, here is the train special, as you call it. Enter, as it shall please you.'

The man drove up to the platform; and I saw that the stoker was at his post, and that the engine-driver was an Englishman.

I endeavoured in vain to draw his attention to warn him, and was compelled to take my seat, which I did in the compartment next the guards' break—the train consisting of only that carriage and another, in which were the Count, his mother, and the servant.

The guard passed along the train, locked the doors, and entered his box.

The Florence goods is behind you, and Siena goods is due at Empoli Junction four minutes before you; mind you don't run into it,' said the station-master with a laugh.

'No fear; we shall not run into it,' said the guard with a marked emphasis on the 'we' and 'it' that I recalled afterwards.

The whistle sounded, and we were off. It was a drizzling dark night, and I lay down full length on the seat to sleep.

As I lay down a gleam of light shot across the carriage from a small chink in the wood-work of the partition between the compartment I was in and the guard's box.

I was terribly anxious from the manner of the guard; and this seemed to me a means of hearing something more. I lay down and listened attentively.

'How much will you give for your life, my little fox?' said the guard.

'To-day, very little; when I am sixty, all I have, Conrad.'

'But you might give something for it, to-night, sweet Alexis, if you knew it was in danger?'

'I have no fear; Conrad Ferrati has too often conducted a train for me to fear to-night.'

'True, my good Alexis; but this is the last train he will ride in as guard, for to-morrow he will be the Count Spezzato.'

'How? To-morrow? You joke, Conrad. The brandy was strong; but you who have drunk so much could hardly feel that.'

'I neither joke, nor am I drunk; yet I shall be Count Spezzato to-morrow, good Alexis. Look you, my gentle fox, my sweet fox; if you do not buy your life of me you shall die to-night. That is simple, sweet fox.'

'Ay; but Conrad, I am not in danger.'

'Nay, Alexis; see, here is the door.' (I heard him turn the handle.)

'If you lean against the door, you will fall out and be killed. Is it not simple?'

'But, good Conrad, I shall not lean against the door.'

'Oh, my sweet fox, my cunning fox, my timid fox, but not my strong fox; you will lean against the door. I know you will, unless I prevent you; and I will not prevent you, unless you give me all you have in that bag.'

The mocking tone of the guard seemed well understood, for I heard the click of gold.

'Good, my Alexis; it is good; but it is very little for a life. Come, what is your life worth, that you buy it with only your master's money? It has cost you nothing. I see you will lean against that door, which is so foolish.'

'What in the name of all the devils in hell will you have?' said the trembling voice of the courier.

'Only a little more; just that belt that is under your shirt, under everything, next to your skin, and closer to you; only a little soft leather belt with pouches in. Is not life worth a leather belt?'

'Wretch! All the earnings of my life are in that belt, and you know it.'

'Is it possible, sweet fox, that I have found your nest? I shall give Marie a necklace of diamonds, then. Why do you wait? Why should you fall from a train, and make a piece of news for the papers? Why?'

'Take it; and be accursed in your life and death!' and I heard the belt once flung on the floor of the carriage.

'Now, good Alexis, I am in funds; there are three pieces of gold for you; you will need them at Leghorn. Will you drink? No! Then I will tell you why, without drink. Do you know where we are?'

'Yes; between St. Dominico and Signa.'

'And do you know where we are going?'

'Yes; to Leghorn.'

'No, sweet Alexis, we are not; we are going to Empoli; the train will go no farther. Look you, little fox; we shall arrive at the junction one minute before the Siena goods train, and there the engine will break down just where the rails cross; for two blows of a hammer will convert an engine into a log; I shall get out to examine it; that will take a little time; I shall explain to the Count the nature of the injury; that will take a little time; and then the goods train will have arrived; and as it does not stop there, this train will go no farther than Empoli,

THE BULLFROG.

and I shall be Count Spezzato to-morrow. How do you like my scheme, little fox? Is it not worthy of your pupil? Oh, it will be a beautiful accident; it will fill the papers. That beast of an English who begged his place in the train will be fortunate; he will cease, for goods trains are heavy. Eh! but it's a grand scheme—the son, the mother, the servant, the stranger, the engine-driver, all shall tell to tales.

'And the stoker?' said the courier.

'Oh, you and he and I shall escape. We shall be pointed at in the street as the fortunate. It is good, is it not, little fox? I have to do him that the Count is the man who betrayed his sister. He believes it, and is my creature. But, little fox, it was not my cousin, it was myself, that took his Beatrix from her home. Is it not good, Alexis? Is it not genius? And Atkinson—he, the driver—is now stupid; he has drunk from his can the poppy juice that will make him sleep for ever. I will be a politician. I am worthy of office. I will become the Minister of a Bourbon Isles. I am Count, my dear fox, and you shall be my comrade again, as of old.'

I was, for a time, lost to every sensation save that of hearing. The fiendish garrulity of the man had all the fascination of the serpent's rattle. I felt helplessly resigned to a certain fate.

I was aroused by something white slowly passing the closed windows of the carriage. I waited a little, then gently opened it and looked out. The stoker was rising along the foot-board of the next carriage, holding on by its handles, so as not to be seen by the occupants, and holding the signal lantern that I had noticed at the back of the last carriage in his hand. The meaning of it struck me in a moment; if, by any chance, we missed the goods train from Sienna, we should be run into from behind by the train from Florence.

The cold air that blew in at the open window refreshed me, and I could think what was to be done. The train was increasing its pace rapidly. Evidently the stoker, in sole charge, was striving to reach Empoli before the other train, which we should follow, was due; he had to make five minutes in a journey of forty-five, and, at the rate we were going, we should do it. We stopped nowhere, and the journey was more than half over. We were now between Segna and Montelupo; another twenty minutes and I should be a bruised corpse. Something must be done.

I decided soon. Unfastening my bag, I took out my revolver, without which I never travel, and looking carefully to the loading and cupping, fastened it to my waist with a handkerchief. I then cut with my knife the bar across the middle of the window, and carefully looked out. I could see nothing; the rain was falling fast, and the night as dark as ever. I cautiously put out first one leg and then the other, keeping my knees and toes close to the door, and lowered myself till I felt the step. I walked carefully along the foot-board by side steps, holding on to the handles of the doors, till I came to the end of the carriages, and was next the tender. Here was a gap that seemed impassable. The stoker must have passed over it; why not I? Mounting from the foot-board on to the buffer, and holding on to the iron hook on which the lamps are hung, I stretched my legs to reach the flat part of the buffer on the tender. My legs swung about with the vibration, and touched nothing. I must swing. I had to hold with both hands behind my back, and stood on the ease of the buffer-spring, and, suddenly leaving go, leaped forward, struck violently against the edge of the tender, and grasped some of the loose lumps of coal on the top. Another struggle brought me on my knees, bruised and bleeding on the top. I stood up, and at that moment the stoker opened the door of the furnace, and turned towards me, slave in hand, to put in the coals. I felt the bright red light from the fire enabled him to see me, while it blinded me. He rushed at me, and then began a struggle that I shall remember to my dying day. He grasped me round the throat with one arm, dragging me close to his breast, and with the other kept shortening the shovel for an effective blow. My hands, numbed and bruised, were almost useless to me, and for some seconds we rolled to and fro on the foot-plate in the blinding glare. At last he got me against the front of the engine, and, with horrible intensity, pressed me against it till the lower part of my clothes were burnt to ainder. The heat, however, restored my hands, and at last I managed to push him far enough from my body to loosen the pistol. I did not want to kill him, but I could not be very careful, and I fired at his shoulder from the back. He dropped the shovel, the arm that had nearly throttled me relaxed, and he fell. I pushed him into a corner of the tender, and sat down to recover myself.

My object was to get to Empoli before the Sienna goods train, for I knew nothing of what might be behind me. It was too late to stop, but I might, by shortening the journey seven minutes instead of five, get to Empoli three minutes before the goods train was due.

I had never been on an engine before in my life, but I knew that there must be a valve somewhere that let the steam from the boiler into the cylinders, and that, being important, it would be in a conspicuous position. I therefore turned the large handle in front of me, and had the satisfaction of finding the speed rapidly increased, and at the same time felt the guard putting on the brake to retard the train. spite of this, in ten minutes I could see some dim lights; I could not tell where, and I still passed on, faster and faster.

In vain, between the intervals of putting on coals, did I try to arouse the sleeping driver. There I was, with two apparently dead bodies on the foot-plate of an engine, going at the rate of forty miles an hour, or more, amidst a thundering noise and vibration that nearly maddened me.

At last we reached the lights, and I saw, as I dashed by, that we had passed the dread point.

As I turned back, I could see the rapidly-dropping cinders from the train which, had the guard's brake been sufficiently powerful to have made me thirty seconds later, would have utterly destroyed me.

I was still in a difficult position. There was the train half a minute behind us, which, had we kept our time, would have been four minutes in front of us. It came on to the same rails, and I could hear its dull rumble rushing on towards us, fast. If I stopped there was no light to

warn them. I must go on, for the Sienna train did not stop at Empoli.

I put on more fuel, and after some slight scalding, from turning on the wrong taps, had the pleasure of seeing the water-grauge filling up. Still I could not go on long; the risk was awful. I tried in vain to write on a leaf of my note-book, and after searching in the tool-box, wrote on the iron lid of the tank with a piece of chalk, 'Stop everything behind me. The train will not be stopped till three lights are ranged in a line on the ground. Telegraph forwards.' And then, as we flew through the Empoli Station, I threw it on the platform. On we went; the same dull thunder behind warning me that I dare not stop.

We passed through another station at full speed, and at length I saw the white lights of another station in the distance. The sound behind had almost ceased, and in a few moments more I saw the line of three red lamps low down on the ground. I pulled back the handle, and after an ineffectual effort to pull up at the station, brought up the train about a hundred yards beyond Pontedera.

The porters and police of the station came up and put the train back, and then came the explanation.

The guard had been found dead on the rails, just beyond Empoli, and the telegraph set to work to stop the train. He must have found out the failure of his scheme, and in trying to reach the engine, have fallen on the rails.

The driver was only stupefied, and the stoker fortunately only dangerously, not fatally, wounded.

Another driver was found, and the train was to go on.

The Count listened most attentively to my statements, and then, taking my grimed hand in his, led me to his mother.

'Madam, my mother, you have from this day one other son; this, my mother, is my brother.'

The Countess literally fell on my neck, and kissed me in sight of them all; and speaking in Italian, said—

'Julian, he is my son; he has saved my life; and more, he has saved your life. My son, I will not say much; what is your name?'

'Guy Westwood.'

'Guy, my child, my son, I am your mother; you shall love me.'

'Yes, my mother; he is my brother. I am his. He is English, too; I like English. He has done well. Blanche still is his sister.'

During the whole of this time both mother and son were embracing me and kissing my cheeks, after the impulsive manner of our passionate natures, the indulgence of which appears so strange to our cold blood.

The train was delayed, for my wounds and bruises to be dressed, and I then entered their carriage and went to Leghorn with them.

Arrived there, I was about to say 'Farewell.'

'What is farewell, now? No; you must see Blanche, your sister. You will sleep to my hotel; I shall not let you go. Who is she that in your great book says, "Where you go, I will go?" That is my spirit. You must not leave me till—till you are as happy as I am.'

He kept me, introduced me to Blanche, and persuaded me to write for leave to stay another two months, when he would return to England with me. Little by little he made me talk about Alice, till he knew all my story.

'Ah! that is it; you shall not be unhappy because you want £500 every year, and I have so much as that. I am a patriot to get rid of my money. So it is that you will not take money. You have saved my life, and you will not take money; but I shall make you take money, my friend, English Guy; you shall have as thus.' And he handed me my appointment as secretary to one of the largest railways in Italy. 'Now you shall take money; now you will not go to your England to work like a slave; you shall take the money. That is not all: I am one of the practice patriots—no, the practical patriots—of Italy. They come to me with their conspiracies to join their societies to adhere to, but I do not. I am director of ever so many railways; I make fresh directions every day. I say to those who talk to me of politics, "How many shares will you take in this or in that?" I am printer of books; I am builder of museums; I have great share in docks, and I say to these, "It is this that I am doing that is wanted." This is not conspiracy; it is not plot; it is not society with ribbons; but it is what Italy, my country, wants. I grew poor; Italy grows rich. I am not wise in these things; they cheat me, because I am enthusiastic. Now, Guy, my brother, you are wise; you are deep; long in the head; in short, you are English! You shall be my guardian in these things—you shall save me from the cheat, and you shall work hard as you like for all the money you shall take of me. Come, my Guy, is it so?'

Need I say that it was so? The Count and his Blanche made their honeymoon tour in England. They spent Christmas Day with Alice and myself at Mr. Morton's, and when they left, Alice and I left with them, for our new home in Florence.

THE BULLFROG is published on Saturday at one o'clock, P. M., by T. CHAMBERLAIN, 176 Argyle Street.