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ANNAPOLIS ROYAL AND THE EXPATRIATION OF THE ACADIANS.

BY ARTHUR HARVEY, TORONTO.

JUST as, in this epoch, many successive discoveries in the domain of physical science have blazed out upon the world, so, three centuries ago, discoveries in geographical space, rapid and wonderful, were astonishing the nations of Europe. The achievements of Columbus, Vasco de Gama, Sebastian Cabot, which 'doubled for them the works of creation,'* set them a-building fleets and manning them by public and private enterprise. Lust for power and territorial expansion and a fierce greed for gold seized all maritime states, who eagerly strove to discover, and, when discovered, to possess and keep, new lands in every quarter of the globe. In this spirit the Spaniards and Portuguese made the Southern Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans their great cruising grounds, while the colder climates of the North-Western Atlantic were left for the English, the French, the Dutch. The important year for us here is 1604, for then it was that De Monts sailed from Havre de Grace to take possession of his Government in Canada. Of his four vessels, one sailed for Tadoussac, one for Cape Breton, and two went a-cruising with himself. With him was Champlain; with him were De Poutrincourt and many priests, gentlemen and ministers; also one hundred and twenty farmers, artizans and soldiers.

The Bay of Fundy, then called La Baie Française, is a funnel through which all winds blow with unusual violence; and the prevailing currents from the west and south, warm airs from the Gulf Stream and the Middle States, coming there in contact with cooler strata, dense fogs are the rule—bright, sunny weather the exception. Its currents are fierce and therefore dangerous; its shores rocky and usually precipitous, and no more uninviting spot can well be found in what we call temperate latitudes. Even now there is no greater source of anxiety to the inexperienced traveller than its seemingly perilous navigation, for fog trumpets are oftener useful

* Humboldt's *Cosmos.*

than lights in making port, and the swirl of the tides, which rise at some points over fifty feet, seems fraught with peril, as vessels, borne upon the crest of the bore, appear about to be dashed upon the land. Scylla and Charybdis are as nothing to the dangers which beset its channels, and we may indeed think of Horace's *robur et æs triplex* as being about his breast, who first dared its navigation.

It is not hard to figure to ourselves the early French explorers, coasting along the iron-bound shore which extends from Cape Sable to Cape Blomidon, where the cliffs are high, the sea wall being the northerly edge of a range of lofty hills, a hundred miles in length and three or four miles across. Anxiously they must have been peering through the mist to search for a river mouth, for a safe anchorage, for a fertile valley, while nothing but water-worn precipices, covered at their base with abundant seaweed, and on their crest with forests of stunted spruce, could have met their view. They perhaps thought that King Henry's minister, the great Sully, was truly in the right when he opposed the extension of French enterprize so far northwards, and preferred the mines and other natural wealth of the South as promising to the nation better returns. They had tried the Atlantic coast, looked in at Port Rossignol (now Liverpool), and left it hastily; they stayed on shore at Port Mouton for a month, and in vain sent out their boats to find a fit locality. They had tried St. Mary's Bay, on the Bay of Fundy side, but two or three weeks there disgusted them, so what mingled joy and astonishment must have possessed them when they came to a narrow strait, 825 paces wide according to Champlain, and passed through what is now Digby Gut, into a spacious harbour, from which they could perceive a lovely valley with rich meadow lands, and with well-timbered slopes extending eastward further than the eye could reach! We can see them floated up the harbour by the tide, landing where the river joins the sea. Port Royal they fitly called the place, joyfully accepting the name Champlain proposed, and the river they named the Dauphin, the title of their monarch's eldest son.

Byron says that on this changeable globe the two things most unchangeable are the mountain and the sea, and this will come home to most visitors to the spot, as it has come home to the writer, who pass out of the Bay of Fundy, after anxiously listening to the doleful sound of the steam-whistle at the entrance to this narrow Digby gut, damp and disgusted with the fog banks, shivering with cold, the frame if invigorated certainly irritated by the bleak winds, wondering if it is safe to approach the shore without seeing it. They will be swiftly swept into the basin, and find that they have left the mists behind, with a sharp line of demarcation between them and a cloudless sky. The temperature has risen ten degrees in as many minutes. Instead of the dreadful roar of breakers against what are rightly inferred to be massive, pitiless rocks, they will see the ripple of placid water upon a pebbly beach; instead of the black spruce, (dwarfed by the absolute want of soil) which is the usual vegetation of the coast, they will find fertile meadows about the shores; and as these slope gently upwards to the hills, they will perceive similar forest growths to those of the fair Province of Ontario—beeches, maples, elms—and will understand the feelings of De Poutrincourt, who at once made up his mind that, although the imperial views of De Monts might, as they did, lead him to a less peninsular situation, and notwithstanding that from its position Port Royal could never be the seat of empire or the capital of a great country, yet it was a place where he and his might be usefully and pleasantly employed, and could happily spend their days. De Poutrincourt was evidently not of the lordly, ambi-

tious type, but was a genial gentleman, fond of good living and with a love for adventure. He planted corn, and rejoiced to find an excellent increase. Though once driven to leave, with others, he returned, obtaining a cession of the place all to his friendly and pious self. He brought out, this second time, a band of jolly good fellows, whom Champlain formed into a *Societé de bon temps*, of whom each alternately undertook to provide for the rest, and see that they wanted neither food nor fun. There was a joyous company, and we hear of three quarts of wine a-day for each. L'Escarbot was there, unlike most historians, a convivial soul, with a turn for making verses. Louis Hébert was there, Claude de la Tour also; Poutrincourt's son, young Biencourt; and with him a young Latour. Ah, me! what a pleasant time they must have had in that happy valley, two hundred and seventy odd years ago! But there were no women with them. Had there been, our chatty friend L'Escarbot would have told us so, and the garrulous Jesuit, Father Biard, would have said so, in his *Relations*. Doubtless this want was complained of in their festive hours; doubtless, too, when sickness and death clouded their experience, which did happen, they pined for a sight of the face of some beloved fair one; longed to see mother or wife, or sister or sweetheart again; and, doubtless, this it was which eventually sent many of them wandering from the Royal Port; even De Poutrincourt finally leaving, before Argal came on his errands of destruction—re-entering the Royal service and getting killed at St. Méry, in the act of taking it for his king.

The meadows above alluded to are singularly formed. Where the tides rise every day above the marshes bordering a river, there cannot be anything but mud flats; but where, once or twice in a year, the spring-tides reach, there will be no trees or bushes, merely marsh grass, more or less luxuriant. In the Bay of Fundy, or rather in the derivative and secondary bays, there is a difference of from five to fifteen feet between neap and spring tides, thus a larger space than in any other part of the sea-coasts of America was there originally fringed with meadow. Around Port Royal, there may be a mile or two of such land on each side of the river; but this feature is most noticeable on the southern and western shore of the Basin of Mines, where a natural meadow, to which the name of Grand Pré has from the first naturally been joined, stretches for eighteen miles along the railway. There are other such marsh meadows in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, worth now from $100 to $500 *per acre*, for by dikes and abbatues the sea has been very perfectly kept off, and cultivated grasses have taken the place of marsh plants. But let me quote L'Escarbot, on his arrival at Port Royal:—

'Finally, being in the Port, it was to us a marvellous thing to see the fair distance and the largeness of it, and the mountains and hills that environed it. . . . At the very beginning we were desirous to see the country up the river, where we found meadows almost continually for over twelve leagues (36 miles), among which brooks do run without number . . . The woods are very thick on the water shores.'

But though there are other such meadows, there is no other spot in all Acadia so favoured by climate. It is indeed a happy valley, and its advantages, not its drawbacks, were present to the eyes of its first settlers.

So far the French alone are concerned with the locality of which we speak. Another race now comes upon the scene. The Virginia Company having been formed in England, obtained a Royal Charter from Queen Elizabeth, and the British planted their institutions upon American soil. Their first capital was at Jamestown; means and men were not wanting; the mari-

time supremacy of our Mother Land had recently been established by the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and really the English of those days almost awe the modern reader by their daring exploits, their reckless bravery, their greed for honour, their contempt for death. We ought to read history more, to fully know what a grand heritage we have in the doings of our forefathers.

In 1613, when the English had been settled in Virginia for seven years, a squadron of ten or eleven fishing craft came north, as was their wont, convoyed by an armed vessel under Captain Samuel Argal. He was informed by the Indians that the 'Normans' were near Monts Deserts, with a vessel, and at once it was decided to attack them. The battle did not last long; the French surrendered; Argal took prize some vessels found fishing on the coast, where they were thought to be intruders, and returned to Virginia. Again ordered northward to destroy all the French settlements and posts in Acadie, which, to 46° north latitude, they claimed, he destroyed St. Sauveur and Ste. Croix, and going to Port Royal under Indian pilotage, he found it deserted, the French inhabitants having taken to the woods. The British and French Crowns were not at war at this time, and the Government of Virginia, supposing they had a right from prior discovery, proceeded as above. Very little is known of the doings of the next few years; the State Papers ought to be searched, in the Canadian interest; but in 1621, James I. gave all Nova Scotia (including what is now New Brunswick), to Sir William Alexander, the previous rights of the other British colonies having been retroceded or otherwise secured. It seems probable that he took possession of Port Royal. But in 1625 James I. died, and when his son, Charles I., married Henrietta of France, it was stipulated in the marriage treaty that Acadia should be ceded. In 1627, war between England and France broke out, and at the peace of 1629, confirmed in 1632, Acadia and Canada were given back to France. By the peace of 1629, all conquests were to be held, and no restitutions made except as to places taken two months after the treaty. Port Royal was taken by Kirk in 1628; in 1629, Champlain and Du Port capitulated to him at Quebec; the peace of 1632 was made to settle disputes as to restitutions, and De Razilly was authorized by the French king to take possession of Port Royal, the 'Company of New France' organizing to hold and develop the territory.

Now the French became the assailants. At Pentagoét, or Penobscot, they pillage (1632) a trading house, set up there by the New Plymouth folks, in 1627, and during the civil war between D'Aulnay and La Tour (a most interesting episode, only terminated by a marriage between the widow of D'Aulnay and widower La Tour, at Port Royal) they took a most arrogant stand. One of D'Aulnay's acts in this civil war was to carry some of La Tour's settlers from La Hêve to Port Royal, and these are perhaps justly called the founders of the Acadian race.

This conduct naturally irritated the New England people, and the cession in 1632 of what had been actually conquered was not relished by either the home country or the colonists, so in 1654, we find Oliver Cromwell putting his heavy hand down, and, as usual with him, with force and means adequate to his end. At the time of the Dutch war, Cromwell sent a fleet to take the Dutch colony of Manhattan (N.Y.), and ordered Massachusetts to furnish 500 troops to aid. Peace happening, this enterprise was abandoned, but the captains of the ships had orders, after taking New York, to attack and conquer Nova Scotia. This they did, and thoroughly. Port Royal capitulated in August. The forty or fifty families who had

homes there, preferred to stay there, thinking that the place would again revert to the French rule, for at this period there was no war between France and England. In 1655, a treaty was made between the Powers, but Acadia was not restored, the question being one of boundary and referred to a commission. By the treaty of Breda, twelve years later, restitution was to be made as far as Acadia was concerned, and although the Colonies claimed that Acadia and Nova Scotia were distinct places, still, in 1670, by order of Charles II., the whole country was handed over. In 1671, the census of Port Royal gives it 66 families, with 361 souls; horned cattle, 580; sheep, 406; arpents of land cultivated 364½. In 1686, another census gives to Port Royal 95 families = 622 persons; and to the Bay of Mines, 57 souls.

In 1687, the instructions sent out are that Menneval the Governor is to reside at Port Royal, which is to be rebuilt; the fort to be an earthwork, soldiers and inhabitants to be employed to build it.

As hinted above, severe fighting often took place in America between the French and English, while in Europe there was peace between the two crowns. The Indians were in a peculiar position; and we must take a short glance at their relations with the rival nations. The original owners of the soil, seeing themselves gradually but surely pressed back by both races, were driven to war, now with one, again with the other, of the contending powers, but they were generally friendly to the French. As Duquesne said to them in Council: 'The English clear away the forests, they then deprive you of your subsistence, that is, by destroying the objects of your chase. The French, however, leave the woods untouched, except in the immediate neighbourhood of their posts.' Again, the French had a spirit of adventure which led them to consort much with the Indians. French officers from Canada used to put on the Indian dress and fight with them, and even in Champlain's own history we find that he took part for a whole season in a war between two powerful tribes. He passed a winter with the Hurons, in the district now known as the County of Simcoe, whence he and his Indian allies descended the Trent, crossed from Kingston to Oswego, and attacked another nation at or near Syracuse. Nor were the Indians of those days such as are now seen about our cities, or on their Canadian reservations. They were numbered by the hundred thousand; war was their passion, cruelty their delight. They were apt scholars in the art of using the new weapons which the Europeans introduced, and to procure them and other articles of foreign manufacture they pursued the chase with avidity, and would bring furs for hundreds of miles to the established markets. The policy of the French was to conciliate these people, to excite them against the British, and it was too often the case, when some Indian outrage was committed on the confines of a British settlement, to find a French Canadian, pure or half-breed, connected with the affair. Thus the animosity between the Atlantic colonies of Britain and the Acadian and Canadian colonies of France was nourished, until it reached a point of mutual bitterness, hard for us to fathom.

In 1690, Count Frontenac sent three expeditions against the English settlements. One from Montreal attacked and surprised Schenectady; another from Three Rivers burned Berwick on the Maine and New Hampshire border; a third from Quebec destroyed Falmouth in Casco Bay. In all these expeditions the Indians were made to play a principal part. As reprisals for these attacks, in which hundreds of lives and much valuable property were destroyed, Sir William Phips was sent to attack Port Royal, which surrendered to his fleet; he then assembled the inhabitants and made

them take an oath of fidelity to William and Mary, the sovereigns of England. He left at once, and the next year the French under Villebon resumed possession. The power of the Indians may be inferred from this, that in 1698, they surprised and burned Andover, 25 miles from Boston. In 1700, Villebon died, and M. de Broullon succeeded him. He recommended the building of the fort at Port Royal in masonry, and reported the militia of the place as six companies, or 328 men. He offered, with a few ships and 800 men from Canada to take Boston. He repulsed an expedition under Church, and was succeeded by Subercase. A serious attempt to capture it was made in 1707, the expedition retiring with serious loss, the saving of the place being attributed to the timely arrival of some Canadians. Two years afterwards (1710), General Nicholson came up with 36 vessels, a regiment of marines, and four regiments commissioned by Queen Anne, and on the 3rd of October, summoned Governor Subercase to surrender. The latter had about 300 men ; the British 3,400, besides the sea forces. The latter landed on the 8th, and began a violent attack, when Subercase capitulated. The garrison, and such of the inhabitants as chose to go were shipped to France and the place was christened Annapolis Royal, in honour of the Queen.

This conquest was destined to be permanent, but the French did not recognise it as such, and the Marquis de Vaudreuil, the very next year, commissioned the Baron de St. Cartin as his lieutenant in Acadia, and sent instructions to maintain the subjects of the French crown who remained in the country in due obedience. In 1711 the inhabitants and Indians engaged in open war, invested the place, and reduced it to some extremity. The fighting in other parts of the continent, however, prevented the French from succouring it, and by the Treaty of Utrecht (in 1713), Acadia (and Newfoundland) were ceded to the Queen forever ; Cape Breton was, however, to remain French, and Louisbourg was selected as its capital.

In the capitulation of Port Royal the following were the conditions as to the French settlers :—

'That the inhabitants within cannonshot of Port Royal shall remain upon their estates, with their corn, cattle and furniture, during two years, in case they are not desirous to go before, they taking the oaths of allegiance and fidelity to Her Sacred Majesty of Great Britain.'

Thus, clearly, those who did not take the oath had no right to remain at all, and this privilege for the people in the *banlieue* terminated in October, 1712. Their union with the Indians in 1711 and their blockade of the fort had been treason, which destroys all claims at law. In 1713, however, the Queen made a new offer, writing to Nicholson : 'Trusty and well beloved, we greet you well. Whereas our good brother the most Christian King hath, at our desire, released from imprisonment on board his galleys such of his subjects as were detained there on account of their professing the Protestant religion, We, being willing to show by some mark of our favour towards *his* subjects how kind we take his compliance therein, have therefore thought fit hereby to signify our will and pleasure to you that you permit such of them as have any lands or tenements in the places under your government in Acadie and Newfoundland that have been or are to be yielded to us by virtue of the late Treaty of Peace, and are willing to continue *Our* subjects, to retain and enjoy their said lands and tenements without any molestations, as fully and freely as other our subjects do, or may possess their lands or estates, or to sell the same if they shall rather choose to remove elsewhere.'

Naturally, they were to swear unconditional allegiance, but the idea of neutrality was most sedulously brought

forward by the agents of the French interests, the principal of whom were the priests, who were in receipt of pensions from Quebec. The French discouraged any English from settling among them, and continued on every occasion to stir up Indian animosities against their conquerors. The Indians received presents of arms and ammunition from the French Governor of Canada, and so noticeable was the adverse influence that in 1718 the Lieutenant-Governor of Annapolis wrote to the Marquis de Vaudreuil, asking him to send a missive 'to show the inhabitants that those that have a mind to become subjects to the King of Great Britain have free liberty according to the articles of Peace, signed at Utrecht, * * * and that all those who shall not become subjects to His Majesty King George, you will please to give them orders to retire to Canada, Isle Royale, or to any other part of his Most Christian Majesty's dominions. I must also desire your Excellency will please to communicate to them and the savages the firm alliance between the two Crowns, that ill-designing men may not continue to represent to the savages in your interest that the English and French are still enemies. Also if his Lordship of Canada and Quebec would please to give orders to all missionaries that are among the French inhabitants in this country not to act anything contrary to King George's interest in these his dominions.'

The reply was evasive on all points.

Lieutenant-Governor Mascarene, in 1748, writes to Governor Shirley :—

'In 1714 Mr. Nicholson * * proposed to the French inhabitants the terms agreed on for them at the Treaty of Utrecht, which were to keep their possessions and enjoy the free exercise of their religion * * * on their becoming subjects of the Crown, or to dispose of them, if they chose to withdraw, within the space of a twelvemonth. They, to a man, chose the last, having great promises made to them by two officers, sent here for that purpose from Cape Breton. * * * But these not sending vessels to fetch away the inhabitants, they remained, and, though often required to take the oath of fidelity, they constantly refused it.'

In 1720 Col. Phillips, Governor, writes about two French priests assuming to be governors : 'The French, who are in numbers above 400 families, pay obedience to them as such, as they say they acknowledge no other, and will neither swear allegiance nor leave the country whenever required.'

Again, 'There will ever remain a great obstruction to our happiness whilst the priests and Jesuits are among us, for it is not to be imagined with what applications they encourage the French and Indians against submitting to His Majesty's government, and even their sermons are constant invectives against the English nation, to render it odious to the natives.'

He says further, 'In time of peace they may remain quiet, but in case of war they will be enemies in our bosom.'

The Lords of Trade reply, 'We are of opinion (as the French inhabitants seem likely never to become good subjects while the French governors and their priests retain so great an influence over them) they ought to be removed as soon as the forces we have prepared to be sent to you shall arrive in Nova Scotia for the protection and settlement of your Province.'

In 1722 a dangerous Indian war broke out, and the Indians actually besieged Annapolis. It lasted until 1725. In that year Armstrong, Governor, says: '800 Indians intend to attack him in the winter, by the underhand orders of the French Governors of Quebec, Troy River, Mount Royal and Cape Breton.' Again he asks the Duke of Newcastle, Colonial Secretary, for 'authority to oblige the French inhabitants to take the oath or quit the Province, for we never shall

be safe or secure as long as they are permitted to be snakes in our bosoms that would cut our throats on all occasions.'

In 1726 Armstrong induced the Annapolis people to take the oath and wrote on the margin of the document, in accordance with their request, that they would not be required to carry arms. This was, of course, an unauthorized proceeding, but it is the only colour that can be found for subsequent pretensions.

In 1730, Governor Phillips (reappointed) induced the whole body of Acadians on the Annapolis river to take what seemed to them a simple and unconditional oath. However the terms of it were objected to by the Lords of Trade, and a fresh oath came into vogue in 1688 under which the word 'heirs' being left out, a fresh oath had to be taken for every reign.

Armstrong followed as Governor. In 1731 he writes that 'the French inhabitants are a litigious sort of people and so ill-natured to one another as daily to encroach upon their neighbours' properties, which occasions continual complaints—yet they all unanimously agree in opposing any order of government.' He ordered a house to be built on the Basin of Mines, where he said: 'I design to fix a company for the better government of these more remote parts of the Bay of Fundy, and, as I hope, to perfect it, notwithstanding all the oppositions I meet from the rebellious spirits in those parts incited to oppose it by Governor St. Avril. * * The Indians are also employed in the affair, and use for an argument, that although the English conquered Annapolis, they never did Mines and these other parts of the Province.'

In 1734, apprehensions of war arising, a report was made on Nova Scotia. It said, 'the French only esteem the oath of allegiance they have taken to bind them to become neutral, and they believe it will not even hinder them from joining the enemy when attempts from Cape Breton and Canada shall be made, in conjunction with the Indians, to conquer the Province.'

Governor Phillips (who was in England) was consulted by the Lords of Trade. Said he, 'as to the present inhabitants they are rather a pest and encumbrance than of advantage to the country, being a proud, lazy, obstinate and untractable people, unskilful in the methods of agriculture, nor will be led into a better way of thinking, and (what is still worse), greatly disaffected to the government. They raise, 'tis true, both corn and cattle on marsh lands that want no clearing, but have not, in almost a century, cleared the quantity of 300 acres of wood land.'

The French, too, had their reports made. In 1735 the Du Vivier Mémoire upon Acadia reads. 'The inhabitants who remain there' (after the treaty of Utrecht) 'are now very numerous. They have preserved the hope of returning to their allegiance to the King. We may be assured of the affection of the savages of the country. The missionaries are incessant in keeping them in the disposition they feel for France. * * * One may reckon on the zeal of the inhabitants and of the greater part of the savages.'

In 1744 war was actually declared. Du Vivier, at Louisbourg, having early information, swooped upon Canso, carried the 70 or 80 soldiers and the few British inhabitants prisoners to Louisbourg. They were allowed to remain there for a year and were then sent to Boston. Stealing upon Annapolis came 500 Indians headed by M. le Loutre, their Jesuit missionary, but were kept at bay. Then, coming from Louisbourg through Mines, down rushed the French force under Du Vivier, but Governor Mascarene had the good fortune to escape capture, the French returning, owing to the non arrival of their supplies, by sea. In 1745 the New England people fitted out an army of 4,000 and with the assistance of a naval

force captured Louisbourg. By the terms of the capitulation, the inhabitants were allowed to remain in their houses until they could be transported to France, and in all, 600 soldiers, 1,300 militia, 560 sailors and 2,000 inhabitants were transported to France. The captors kept the French flag flying for a time to decoy French vessels in, and £600,000 worth of prizes were taken at the mouth of the harbour.

Meantime Mascarene, at Annapolis, continued to be annoyed by the treasonable carrying of information as to his strength and movements to the French authorities of Quebec by the inhabitants around him, and the active aid given by them to Marin, a French officer, who, with 300 men, came down from Quebec to Mines; thence sailed to Louisbourg, where he arrived too late to prevent the capitulation.

The French official report of 1745 to the Count de Maurepas states :—

'As regards the disposition of the inhabitants towards us; all, with the exception of a very small portion, are desirous of returning under the French dominion. Sieur Marin, and the officers of his detachment, as well as the missionaries, have assured us of this; they will not hesitate to take up arms as soon as they see themselves at liberty to do so. . . The reduction of Louisbourg has meanwhile disconcerted them. M. Marin has reported to us that the day he left Port Royal all the inhabitants were overpowered with grief. This arose only from their apprehension of remaining at the disposition of the enemy—of losing their property and of being deprived of their missionaries. . . . The Acadians have not extended their plantations since they have come under English dominion, their houses are wretched wooden boxes, without conveniences and without ornaments, and scarcely containing the most necessary furniture.'

Enormous preparations were now made by the French Government. In 1746 the Duc D'Anville sailed from La Rochelle with 11 ships of the line, 20 frigates and 34 transports, &c., with instructions to recapture and dismantle Louisbourg, take Annapolis and leave a garrison in it; thence he was to go to Boston and burn it, afterwards to harry the coast, and finally to visit the English sugar islands in the West Indies. An exact history of the movements of this armada would be very interesting; suffice it to say here that through storms and other disasters no part of its designs was achieved, and scarcely a ship returned to Europe.

We now come to an incident of warfare on the Grand Pré, at Mines. A Colonel Noble was stationed there to overawe the French settlers and prevent their sending aid to the French troops at the head of the Bay of Fundy. He had about 470 men with him. They intended to fortify themselves in the spring, and anticipated no attack during the winter. M. De Ramsay however, in command at Beausejour (Cumberland), at once sent out Coulon de Villiers with 240 Canadians and 60 Indians. They prepared wicker work sleighs and snow shoes for the whole. Twenty-five Acadians joined them and of their own accord took up arms. After sleeping at Windsor one night and at the Gaspereau part of the next, and obtaining guides to point out the houses occupied by the English, the attack began at 2 a.m. in a furious snow storm. The English were surprised in their beds; Col. Noble was killed, fighting in his shirt, and with him fell many others. The English, who were in the houses not attacked, collected together, some 350, and made a sortie, but without snow shoes, with snow about four feet deep, and with only a few rounds of ammunition left, could do little; they therefore capitulated, agreeing not to carry arms in that vicinity for six months.

Nevertheless De Ramsay was ordered to withdraw from Cumberland, another great French fleet having been totally destroyed, which was commanded by La Jonquière and was met by

Admirals Anson and Warren—with the usual result.

In 1748 came peace and the Treaty of Aix la Chapelle, by which Cape Breton was restored to France.

If we now for a few moments cease the examination of merely local matters, however great their interest, we shall be able to discern what the French Government were really aiming at in America. It was nothing less than the Empire of the Continent! Not all at once did the idea dawn upon the nation, still less did the English colonies at first comprehend its significance; but we who have become habituated to the commerce which passes over the railroads and fills the vessels of inhabited America, can more easily grasp the magnificent plan. While the British, true to their instincts, were settling by the sea and consolidating by agriculture the establishments they had formed, the French had been exploring and getting to understand the significance of the wonderful system of the American interior water ways. Hennepin, La Salle, Marquette, and a host of other travellers' names are or should be household words to us. And where the Jesuit carried the Cross or the merchant his wares, there soon the Fleurs de Lis were graven on stone battlements, or given to the breeze from the flag staff of an earth work.

Looking at the sites of most of the old French forts, we see that they were all intended to be links of a long irregular chain, guarding the boundaries of that New France which it was a dream of Le Grand Monarque to see extending from Quebec to New Orleans, not merely as a nominal possession, but an actual dominion, garrisoned throughout by soldiers and militia of the French race, inhabited by none but the votaries of the Church of which he was the eldest son, tributary in commerce to none but his subjects, and in taxation to the French exchequer alone. The great difficulty was to establish a natural boundary, and here the bold conception came to be entertained, to seize a 'scientific frontier' and make the Alleghanies the dividing line between the French and English races. Had this been successfully accomplished, that frontier acquired and held, what a different America we should behold to-day! Yet it was very nearly achieved. Quebec was the central point and main military arsenal of the Empire, Louisbourg was to be the naval depot, where fleets could be safely harboured to overawe and dominate the commerce of the British settlements. Montreal, itself a fine position, was guarded by Crown Point, unlawfully erected in 1731. Fort Frontenac commanded the foot, and Fort Niagara, seized in 1720, dominated the head, of Lake Ontario; Fort Rouillé (where Parkdale now is) was a sort of dependency of the two latter. Detroit commanded the western lakes; at Cleveland there was a fort. The name of St. Louis betokens its French origin; and one of the most important, Fort Duquesne, was where Pittsburg now stands, at the junction of the Alleghany and the Monengahela, commanding the Ohio Valley.

By the Peace of Aix La Chapelle (1748), Cape Breton, which had been taken by a gallant combined effort of the colonies, was surrendered to France, and hostages were delivered to ensure its surrender. Acadia was to belong to Great Britain. Now Acadia, as the British understood it, was not delivered, La Corne and others holding the New Brunswick positions, and the fact of Britain giving hostages galled the pride of all who spoke the English tongue. We cannot now well understand the fierce hatred which animated the two nations; intense in Europe and on the seas, intenser in the American Colonies, but we shall presently have a picture of ferocity to draw which, not altogether unusual in kind, will almost justify that hatred. Border warfare is moreover always worse than any other.

The Ohio country appears first to have attracted the notice of the French leaders in 1750, when by commission

of the Marquis de la Jonquière, a body of troops under Joncaire visited it, seizing the property and persons of such traders as they found there, confiscating the former, while the latter were sent prisoners to France. In 1753, Major George Washington (afterwards a successful rebel and the first President of the United States) was sent by the Government of Virginia to reconnoitre the advances of the French on the Ohio. At their fort on French Creek, there were fifty canoes of bark and one hundred and seventy of pine, drawn up on the bank; there were preparations making for a permanent lodgement, and the control of the Ohio trade, valued at £40,000 a year. Returning, he reported this, and Colonel Frey was instructed to proceed with all haste to the confluence of the Alleghany and the Monongahela, and to capture, kill and destroy all persons who should endeavour to impede his operations. Frey dying, George Washington succeeded him. Virginia raised £10,000 for the expedition, 400 men, 10 cannon, 80 barrels of powder. Ward, an ensign, who had been sent in advance, put up a fort there, from which the French, under Contrecœur, ejected him, strengthened it, named it Duquesne, and occupied it with 800 or 1,000 men. As Washington was advancing from Fort Necessity, he met a party of thirty-five French, under Jumonville, who had a written paper in his hand, warning the British off. Washington—either from fear or inexperience—opened fire; Jumonville and many others were killed. Contrecœur, angered at this, at once sent De Villier to attack Fort Necessity, where Washington capitulated. This affair seems the most discreditable of any incident in Washington's life. True, he was but twenty-two years of age, and we may perhaps forgive the trepidation which led to the murder of Jumonville. De Villier forgave, magnanimously, but he made Washington admit the facts, for the capitulation runs as follows—signed of course by Washington and De Villier both, the one as granting, the other as accepting, the situation: 'As our intentions have never been to trouble the peace and harmony which reign between the two princes in amity, but only to revenge the assassination which has been done upon our officers, bearers of a citation, as also on their escort, &c., we are willing to grant favour to all the English who are in the said fort upon the following conditions:' &c., &c. This De Villier was the same who had attacked and killed Colonel Noble and others at Grand Pré, as above related, and we may learn from this among many instances what advantages the French had, possessing the interior lines of communication, and able to place their best troops and ablest men just where at particular times they were most needed. This accounts in part for the fact that while in all Canada there were but 80,000 people at this time, the English in America numbering a million, the latter were kept in a constant state of harassment and alarm Washington's letter to his brother about the first skirmish, which he calls 'a battle,' now exposed him to a great deal of ridicule. In the letter he said 'I fortunately escaped without any wound. . . . I heard the bullets whistle, and believe me there is something charming in the sound.' Walpole (Memoirs) says of this, alluding to an article of the capitulation by which no further military work was to be done by the captured party for a year, 'The French have tied up the hands of an excellent fanfaron, a Major Washington, whom they took and engaged not to serve for a year.' On hearing the story about the charming sound of bullets the king (George II.) remarked: 'He would not say so if he had been used to hear many.' Lord Orford writes of him: 'This brave braggart learned to blush for his rhodomontade.'

Of course, the 'amity between the princes' could not last long under such

circumstances. The English Ministry were instructing their American Govnors 'to thrust out every intruder upon their back lands,' while the French were preparing to hold, up to the Alleghanies, every river, valley, and mountain pass. So a powerful French fleet was prepared—22 men of war, six famous regiments, comprising 3,000 men, and with trifling exceptions, got safely to Quebec, where the Canadian Government had raised 5,000 militia, 600 Indians, and 400 regulars. The British sent out General Braddock, and the forces were to be two regiments of foot, trained on European battlefields; two regiments to be raised in America; the King's independent companies were to be joined to the force, which altogether was to be composed of 12,000 to 15,000 men. With this force a simultaneous movement was to be made by Braddock against Duquesne, by Shirley against Niagara, and by a third against Crown Point, while Colonel Lawrence, who commanded in Nova Scotia, was instructed to capture Beauséjour. £10,000 were sent to Virginia, which was authorised to draw for as much more; Pennsylvania was furnished with cannon and military stores. Nor was a fleet wanting, equal to the rest of the preparations. In 1755 the mask was thrown off by both powers, and the dogs of war were let slip.

Space fails to follow General Braddock in detail. An imperious, impetuous Irishman, a strict disciplinarian, a man of the highest courage, he would probably have made his mark had his command been in Europe. Entick shall describe him to us:—'This gentleman, placing all his reliance upon the single point of courage and discipline, behaved in that haughty and reserved way that he soon disgusted the people over whom he was to command. His soldiers could not relish his severity in matters of discipline, and, not considering the nature of an American battle, he shewed such contempt towards the Provincial forces, because they could not go through their exercise with the same dexterity and ability as the regiment of Guards in Hyde Park, that he drew upon himself their general resentment.' The writer finds in his notes the following passage, whose author, he cancannot at this moment trace—'When the minds of men were exasperate with the thrill of national dishonour, for the first and last time does Braddock's name appear, staining with its shameful character the pages of history.' Such has been the general verdict. Braddock died, beaten; his family connections were not the most highly placed, and people spit upon him. Washington, whose mortal mould we have discerned above, had the opportunity of retrieving his dishonour; circumstances favoured him, and he is now a hero, nay a demi god, the Father of his Country. Let us at least consider in Braddock's case that, with the exception of Virginia, the Colonial Governments would provide no money and few men; that he could get no transportation; that the whole endeavour of the American people seemed to be to make money out of the expedition, so that Washington (whom he took as his *aide-de-camp*) had to say: 'They are a people who ought to be chastised for their insensibility to danger and disregard of their sovereign's expectations.' In fancy the battle scene can be readily conjured up as clearly as if Braddock and Washington were here in the flesh. After great delay, Braddock approaches through the forest Fort Duquesne. About ten miles from this point he is to ford the Monongahela river. Knowing that Indian spies are all about him, he judiciously displays his strength, and all the pageantry of old-fashioned European war is seen in the heart of the American backwoods. With bands playing, with their scarlet uniforms blazing their brightest in that July sun, the colours of the regiments gaily flying, with gleaming musket barrels and a fine display of artillery, their

towering bear-skin caps seemingly making giants of the men, whose step is as ponderous and measured as on parade, the army crosses the stream, expecting that night to reach the goal, towards which, after gnawing delays, they have plodded for so many hot and weary marches. On the other side, the French commander doubts whether to evacuate the fort or not, but De Beaujeu, the captain in command, popular with Indians and men, Indian himself as to attire, begs hard to be allowed at least to make an effort at resistance. He has reconnoitred the whole country, and thinks there may be chances. Leave is reluctantly granted, and, filling the hearts of his savage allies and of his militia with his own love of daring and confidence they leave the fort. Almost too late for them. Braddock has gained the top of the river bank; he has but seven miles now to go; he seems to have a nearly level country before him, though densely wooded, but a couple of gullies, one on either side, he has failed to reconnoitre, he does not, perhaps he could not, know of their existence. In one of these the French forces, which have just had time to reach it, lie *cachées*. It flanks for several hundred yards the line of march. Suddenly rings out a volley. With the first shot, off go the Pennsylvanian carters, saving their precious skins, as they did at Bull Run the other day, but rendering orderly retreat and thereafter rallying impossible. The British, of course, return the fire, but except that De Beaujeu is seen to spring forward, killed, it is well-nigh ineffectual. Again, with a dropping fire, the British ranks are thinned. The grenadiers see no enemy, they gaze up into the trees to find him; from the ground, from every bush, the deadly missiles come. True to their discipline, some of them rally, they huddle themselves together; Washington begs of Braddock to let the Provincials do some tree fighting on their own account; some attempt it; but Braddock, raging with anger at what he thinks is mean skulking for shelter, is seen striking the men with his sword and ordering them to form line for an advance. Himself shot through the lungs, he refuses to order a retreat. Stunned, mentally, by the unexpected reverse, so fatal to his own pride, his prospects, and his army, he still urges the clearing of the ravine by artillery. We see the horses killed; the men able to stand back to back and die with resignation, but not to take an initiative. Finally Colonel Dunbar orders a retreat, and one-third of the host alone reach the protecting shores of the Monongahela. We can see the scene; but let us refuse to cast dirt at Braddock. Let us pity him rather, as a football of fortune.

The other side is eloquently given for us by Edwards in his history of the campaign:—

'An hour before sunset the French and Indians returning to the fort halted within a mile's distance, and announced their success by a joyful uproar, discharging all their pieces, and giving the scalp halloo. Instantly the great guns responded, and the hills around re-echoed to their roar. Pushing hastily on, the majority of the savages soon appeared, blood-stained and laden with scalps, and uncouthly arrayed in the spoil of the army. Tall grenadiers' caps surmounted their painted faces, and the regimental colours trailed disgracefully at their heels. With less disordered pace the French succeeded, escorting a long train of pack horses borne down with plunder. Last of all, and while the parting light of day lingered on the beautiful bosom of the Ohio, appeared a small party who had dallied behind to make the needful preparations for the crowning scene of horror. Before them, stripped perfectly naked, their faces blackened and their hands bound behind their backs, with reluctant steps, were driven twelve British regulars, on

whom God's sun had shone for the last time. Delirious with excitement, their barbarous conquerors could hardly wait for the tardy night to consummate their unhallowed joy. A stake was at once sunk on the opposite bank of the Alleghany, whither the crew repaired, the prisoners lost in dumb sorrow at the surprising fate which they now began to comprehend. Here, one by one, they were given to the most cruel and lingering of deaths. Bound to the post under the eyes of their remaining comrades and of the French garrison who crowded the ramparts to behold the scene, they were slowly roasted alive. Coals from an adjacent fire were first applied to various parts of the victim's person. Sharp splinters of light, dry pine wood were thrust into the flesh and ignited, to consume and crackle beneath the skin, causing the most exquisite tortures. His trunk was seared with red-hot gun-barrels; blazing brands were thrust into his mouth and nostrils; boiling whiskey was poured in flames down his throat, and deep gashes made in his body to receive burning coals. His eye-balls were gradually consumed by the thrusts of pointed sticks or the application of a heated ramrod, and the warrior was prized the most highly who could furthest prolong sensibility in his prey and extract a renewed cry of anguish from the wretch who had almost ceased to suffer—his weary soul hanging upon his trembling lips—willing to take its leave, but not suffered to depart. The last expedient was generally to scalp the poor creature, and on his bare palpitating brain flash gunpowder, or throw a handful of live ashes.'

Let us imagine the influence upon men's minds of such a calamity as this. To the first stunning effect followed a clenching of the teeth, a determination of all brave and patriotic men to spend their fortunes and their lives to redeem the disaster. Poor Braddock, dying, gently murmured, 'Well, who would have thought it, we must be prepared and beat them another time.' And herein, at least, every British heart beat in unison with his.

Meantime, at Beauséjour, the British were successful. A French priest, Le Loutre, who had spent his life in attending more to politics, in keeping alive the disaffection of the Acadians, was the ruling spirit of the siege. When they were asked to join the French troops, the first who came forward said, they were willing to bear arms for the French, but for their security they must have positive orders to arm and defend the fort under pain of serious punishment in case of disobedience. This the commandant complied with, sending orders to the effect to all the captains of militia. After the capture of the place, Col. Moncton ordered the Acadians to come into the fort. He offered them pardon on condition of their taking the oath of allegiance; they gave up their arms but refused the oath.

If we now take up Murdoch's History of Nova Scotia as a guide, it will soon lead us to the termination of this long paper.

At the Governor's house in Halifax (which had been founded in 1749, and was at once made the seat of government), were read memorials from the Acadians regarding the return of their arms. The commandant at Fort Edward, through whom they were delivered, said that for some time they had been civil and obedient, but at the delivery of the memorial to him, they had treated him with indecency and insolence. The Halifax people thought they had received information of a French fleet being in the Bay of Fundy—as any hope of French assistance led them to display an insolent and unfriendly feeling. The signers of the memorial were asked to come as a deputation to Halifax. On their doing so, after some preliminary conversation, they were asked to take the oath of allegiance, but they replied they were not come prepared to answer on this

point, and they wished to go home to consult their people. This was refused; they retired to consult, and, returning, said they were ready to take it conditionally. They were told the conditional oath had been disapproved of by the king, and the council could not accept any oath but an absolute one such as all other subjects took. They still declined, were allowed that night to reconsider, and in the morning refused again.

The council, after consideration, were of opinion 'that directions be given to Captain Murray to order the French inhabitants to choose and send to Halifax new deputies, with the general resolutions of the said inhabitants in regard to the oath, and that none of them for the future be admitted to take it, having once refused to do so, but that effectual measures ought to be taken to remove all such recusants out of the Province.' In about three weeks the resolution of 207 Annapolis River people came in: 'We here send thirty delegates, but we enjoin upon them not to engage upon any new oaths.' The deputies were called in, and said they could not take any oath, 'except what was formerly taken, which was with a reserve that they should not be obliged to take up arms, and if it was the King's intention to force them to quit their lands, they hoped they should be allowed a convenient time for their departure.' They were told they must either take the oath without any reserve or else quit their lands, for that affairs were now at such a crisis in America that no delay could be admitted, and if they would not become subjects, to all intents and purposes, they could not be suffered to remain in the country. They replied they were determined, one and all, rather to quit their lands than to take any other oath than they had done before. A week later, memorials came in from Pizequid (Windsor), signed by 102 inhabitants, and from Mines, by 203, both refusing peremptorily to take the oath of allegiance to the King of England. After mature consideration, it was unanimously agreed that to prevent, as much as possible, their attempting to return and molest the settlers that may be set down on their lands, it would be most proper to send them to be distributed amongst the several colonies on the continent, and that a sufficient number of vessels should be hired with all possible expedition for that purpose.

About this date, Lieut.-Governor Phips, of Mass., in a letter to Col. Lawrence, commenting on the defeat of Braddock, says: 'I must propose to your consideration whether the danger to which His Majesty's interest is now threatened will not remove any scruples . . . with regard to the French neutrals, as they are termed, and render it both just and necessary that they should be removed.'

Lawrence, writing to Moncton, mentioning the resolve of removing the French of Mines, Annapolis, &c., says—

'And as to those about the Isthmus, most of which were in arms, and, therefore, entitled to no favour from the Government, it is determined to begin with them first.'

The distribution was to be very systematic:

From Annapolis,	300	were to go to	Philadelphia.
	200	"	New York.
	300	"	Connecticut.
	200	"	Boston.
From Mines,	500	"	N. Carolina.
	1000	"	Virginia.
	500	"	Maryland.

Lawrence further writes:—

'The inhabitants, pretending to be in a state of neutrality between His Majesty and his enemies, have continually furnished the French and Indians with intelligence, quarters, provisions, and assistance in annoying the Government, and while one part have abetted the French encroachments by their treachery, the other have countenanced them by open rebellion, and 300 of them were actually

found in arms, in the French Fort at Beauséjour, when it surrendered. . . . As their numbers amount to near 7000 persons, the driving them off, with leave to go whithersoever they pleased, would have doubtless strengthened Canada with so considerable a number of inhabitants, and as they have no cleared land to give them at present, such as are able to bear arms must have been immediately employed in annoying this and the neighbouring colonies. To prevent such an inconveniency, it was judged a necessary and the only practical measure to divide them among the colonies where they may be of some use, as most of them are healthy, strong people; and as they cannot easily collect themselves together again, it will be out of their power to do mischief, and they may become profitable and, it is possible, in time, faithful subjects.'

At Grand Pré, the men were assembled in the church, and were there informed by General Winslow of the King's intentions. He said that through His Majesty's goodness they had 'liberty to carry off their money and household goods. . . I shall do everything in my power that these goods be secured to you; also that whole families shall go in the same vessel, . . and make this remove as easy as His Majesty's service will permit.' At Chignecto resistance was made, and the houses were all burned, the British losing several killed and wounded. One of the transports was taken possession of by the passengers, carried into the River St. John, and burned. About 500 skulked in the woods and projected an attack on Annapolis in the spring, which did not take place, and in memorials they sent to Quebec they clearly justify the British action by representing their constant loyalty to France. This is, however, the closing scene. In 1758 the French were everywhere worsted, and in 1759 the *coup de grâce* was given to the French Empire in America by the capture of Quebec.

THE GREAT SPIRIT.

BY META, SIMCOE.

WHERE is thy dwelling, Mighty Spirit? Tell!
  Hast Thou a secret home beyond the reach
Of thought that's limited? Or dost Thou dwell
  Within our grasp, yet deigning not to teach
Our darkened minds of thine abiding place?
  O Infinite and Just! this human heart
Will not presume to ask to see Thy face,
  But teach, O teach me, where and what Thou art.
Methinks I feel Thy breath in ev'ry breeze
  That fans the earth, and in the constant light
Of sun and moon my fitful vision sees
  The glimmer of Thine eyes supremely bright.
Yes, Thou art ev'rywhere, and these are Thee.
  Whatever Thou hast formed, now bears a part
Of Thy great self; in all things I can see
  Something that claims the worship of my heart.
And so will I adore, unseeing still
  The centre of supernal majesty;
And all my life with adoration fill,
  For if I worship aught, I worship Thee.

CLINKER.

A PROSE IDYL.

BY ST. QUENTIN, TORONTO.

CHAPTER I.

CLINKER lived on King Street. Gaining her living by most shameless acts, of which, nevertheless, Clinker was not ashamed; on the contrary, she gloried in them.

Some people, I notice, always glory in shameless things, doubtless feeling that, being destined for such, they are fulfilling destiny; and it is right for a man to glory in filling greatly his appointed sphere.

Therefore the shameless glory. And I, having frequently observed this to be the case, have derived just edification from it. This is why the thistle rears its haughty head while the violet is lowly. It is also the reason why the full-stemmed weeds flourish so bravely while the scented flowers need much care and watering.

Some people, I remarked, always glory in shameless things; Clinker was one of these people.

I doubt whether it was a glory derived from a conscious reasoning on her part, that 'being born a weed, I will be a notable one.' This is, no doubt, the course of reasoning which the weeds pursue, while the timorous flowerets are content with being fair, not caring to be notable. Clinker, I cannot help thinking, reached her result by intuition, and not by reasoning. This I think because of her age.

Clinker's age was eleven. Only eleven, and yet her arts were manifold and very wicked.

Such of these arts as came under my notice I will retail, though the artist-instinct and the inimitable execution which belonged to Clinker cannot be retailed.

I retail them as a tablet to her memory. Clinker was eleven, and she sold papers.

Two things by no means reprehensible in themselves, you will notice, and yet —, well, with her genius, it was a broad enough foundation to rear a very reprehensible structure on.

The manner in which I became acquainted with Clinker was after the following:

I was walking, as I sometimes do when the afternoon is waning, and handsome dresses and faces are thickening, on the south side of King Street. I must confess that on this occasion I was not alone. Unfortunately, and, as it subsequently proved, to my ultimate loss of much peace of mind, I had a companion of the fair persuasion. And I was using every art which is known to men below to advance myself in her good graces. I was weak enough to be most ignobly desirous of appearing well in her eyes.

Sic semper tyronibus! Boys will do these things, you know.

This thing was not unnoticed as I passed—unconsciously passed—by the observant Clinker. May Clinker paid even especial attention to it, saw her opportunity, and marked me for her victim; basely, cruelly, marked me for her victim. Took advantage of this momentary and most regretted

weakness, and saw in it a prospect of gain.

So that suddenly I, who a moment before had only one companion, found myself joined by a second; suddenly discovered myself to be the centre one of three, and we three were doing King Street together.

I was conscious of this third without looking directly at her. An instinctive presentiment of impending evil kept my eyes averted. But a third was there; who it was I did not know. I know now, too well.

It was Clinker.

It was, of course, necessary to ignore this third, and my conversation at once grew astonishingly animated. I talked frantically, perhaps wildly; at the same time, I kept my eyes with most unholy dread away from the third, whom I did not know.

I knew only a dead chill was creeping over my heart. The high gods sometimes warn men thus—and in dreams when that fatal moment has arrived when the gates of peace are past forever.

A cold chill was creeping over my heart; why, I could not tell. I can tell now. It was a warning the high gods had sent to tell of those gates of peace closing behind me.

At the same time, in my inner soul, I felt that presently there would come a horrible pause in the conversation, and then—

The pause came, I shuddered involuntarily. Then the pause was filled—not by me, not by my friend, but by Clinker.

'Please sir, Pa died yesterday.'

I did not hear of course, and renewed or tried to renew the conversation. At the same time I knew that it was no use.

'And please sir, Ma is sick in bed.'

I could not help hearing this, and calmly turned my gaze full upon the little girl, as if for the first time conscious of her existence.

The day came when I paid for that attempt to ignore Clinker.

But as it was I went on talking. In vain, as my sinking heart told me. Fate hung over me.

'And I have nine little brothers, sir, an' five on 'em with measles.'

I paused in my talk. The picture of those nine little brothers rose up involuntarily before me. I wondered many things of them. I wondered if they had all snub noses, and a vision of those nine little brothers engaged in deadly conflict for the possession of the one pocket-handkerchief belonging to the Clinker family filled me with delight.

'Please sir, we have no money to bury Pa.'

This recalled me from my wondering, and reminded me that I must get rid of this pertinacious young woman. Perchance, if I had been alone, I might have sworn. Nay, who knows I might even have told this little girl that I did not believe her. Not being alone, I fumbled in my pocket.

Clinker observed my uneasiness.

'And there is nothin' in th' house sir, t' eat.

Clinker, you see, was a shameless little girl. For Clinker's Pa wasn't just dead, and her Ma wasn't sick, and she had no little brothers. At least, this was my opinion.

'Please sir,' and here Clinker began to cry, ''aven't had nothin' t' eat three days.'

Worse and worse Clinker.

'And Pa will lick me if I go home an' no money.'

Then Clinker's Pa must have the art of reviving with rapidity.

'And Ma 'll whale me.'

Which it is to be hoped she does, if only to show how a really moral invalid can triumph in an emergency over any amount of physical prostration.

'And please sir, won't you pity a poor orphan who is alone in the world?'

Really this is very contradictory, Clinker. How can I believe you? Worse, how am I to get rid of you?

I suddenly turned to Clinker. I place ten cents in her hand.

Clinker departed.

'Poor child', I said compassionately to my ompanion—though I was not, I now confess, expressing my real sentiments—'Poor child, I guess she has a pretty hard time of it.'

Thus, you see, I gained a reputation for philanthropy.

But Clinker had rather made game of me, and I was wroth, neither do I candidly consider myself a philanthropist.

Was this the last of Clinker?

CHAPTER II.

AGAIN the sinking sun was shining down the length of the street. Again—oh! to further loss of peace of mind. I was not alone. Again I was most eager to be agreeable.

Which, in passing, you will excuse the digression while I remark how very curious it is that men show their admiration for women in this way. For if a woman is beautiful, why so also are some pictures I know of; but men do not chatter away to a picture to show their admiration. Or if a woman has an eminent wit, why so also have some books I have heard of! But men prefer letting the book talk rather than themselves. I think a man should be silent and rather grave before a woman he thinks greatly of.

This is my private opinion. It is probably wrong. Anyway, I never act on it. This, however, would you believe me, is the very reason why I think it right. Because—privately—if it were a wrong opinion, I would be *sure* to act on it. It is a very happy thing when a man knows himself so certainly as to make himself thus sure and infallible in his discrimination of the right and wrong in opinion.

However, I have been leaving the sun shining and myself eager to be agreeable all this time.

But a cloud comes over the sun, and a chill in the air, and a pause in the conversation.

Why did I turn pale suddenly?

Why turn cold?

'Please sir, Pa died yesterday.'

I turned.

Clinker was there, looking up with shining, innocent eyes.

'And Ma is sick in bed.'

Those innocent blue eyes! how winningly they looked up at me! and the little red mouth parted in its entreaty. The roll of papers lay under her arm unfolded, and the little faded shawl, with its many colours running into one another, clad the small timid shoulders.

Has wickedness always got such eyes and such gentle grace? I would almost then be wicked.

Or was it only the get-up of one of Nature's actresses, with the sweetness in her eyes, and the genius in her brain?

Faith! In little Clinker's case I know not what it was. I only know that I looked at her admiringly a minute, and then with anger.

At the same time I put my hand in my pocket and fumbled about.

'And I have nine little brothers, sir—'

Oh Clinker! I had no smaller change, and I handed her a quarter, and as she went away I smiled sadly and said: 'Poor little child. I daresay her life is not a happy one.'

While inwardly I vowed vengeance, all the time gaining additional sanctity for philanthropy.

Did I ever see Clinker again?

CHAPTER III.

IT was Saturday afternoon, and I was hurrying along the promenade.

I was alone.

Yet not quite alone, for acquaintances were all before and behind me.

When I heard the dreaded patter of little feet at my side.

I knew my time was come.

At the same time I vowed that vengeance had arrived.

'I will put up with it no longer,' I said. 'I will tell her that she is a little humbug.'

'Please sir—'

'Clinker, I have heard all that before; your Pa is not dead, your Ma is not sick, you have no little brothers; go away.'

How dreadful I felt at having had to parade the street so many minutes with this little shameless girl.

But I had spoken and avenged myself now; I had told her how well I had seen through her naughty, lying ways, her base and indefensible tricks. She knew now that her innermost soul in its wickedness lay bare to me.

A glow of pride rose in my heart; she would try it no more on me now.

She would feel abashed by my sternness and depart.

No!

She had not gone yet; she was trotting along by me still.

Perhaps she had not heard.

'Clinker,' I said, 'go away; you have no Pa, you have no Ma, you have no little brothers; go away.'

Surely she would be abashed now.

I did not know Clinker.

Slowly she turned her face upward, her little head was put mockingly to one side; she put out her wicked lips; she turned her saucy eyes to me; she pouted and then—laughed—yes, positively gave a merry little ringing laugh!

'Now go away Clinker,' I repeated, sternly.

'Please sir,'—boo—boo—'a poor orphan,'—boo—boo—'nothin' t'eat three days,'—boo—boo—boo, ending with Clinker's holding her apron to her eyes.

What could I do there, in the middle of King Street?

Acquaintances were constantly passing and looking curiously at me. How could I go on with this little base thing trotting by my side crying? I had no change—I said so—I coloured with vexation; I groaned in anguish of spirit, at the same time I had to do it, anything to get rid of her; I gave her a dollar bill—all I had—I told her never to come near me again.

'Mind, Clinker, never come near me again.'

Did she?

CHAPTER IV.

It is three months later.

I shall leave Toronto to morrow.

Leave friends and home and family.

I can endure it no longer.

I am actually and really a prisoner.

I dare never venture out of the street door, nor among the friendly ways and paths of men. All I see of life is from behind the curtain, which I wrap round me before looking out.

I dare never open the front window.

I dare never be seen standing at it.

I did it rashly one day, and no sooner was I there than that little red shawl and the saucy face appeared weeping across the road, with the apron up, and calling on me to remember her nine little brothers.

Since that dreadful day, when I spoke sternly to her and handed her a dollar bill, Clinker has never left me.

I am haunted by her.

I could not go on King Street, but she would appear trotting confidently beside me.

She followed me to my office, and when I shut the door, sat on the steps.

I went to a Lacrosse match once. How she got in I do not know, probably through a hole in the fence, but there, on the grand-stand, she addressed me, and told me I should be glad to hear two of her little brothers were better, but—boo—boo—&c., &c., till I came and put some money into her hand.

It was a familiar thing for my

friends to see me everywhere with this little girl.

They began to ask for introductions to her. They inquired if her mother had quite consented to the engagement.

They frequently congratulated me on my good fortune.

I can stand it no longer.

I am perfectly helpless.

My valise is packed beside me, I almost think I shall go to-day.

It would gain me a day at any rate. One day of peace, and rest, and freedom from trouble.

Oh! how I long once more for peace, for rest; to go where newsboys and newsgirls are unknown, and red shawls have not been invented.

Where fathers and mothers and brothers are not recognised, and measles is a thing unheard of.

Goodness! what is that at the front door?

Through the window it looks as if a red shawl were fluttering there!

Merciful heavens! Oh! *who* is that ringing the door-bell?

It *cannot* be—yes it is! Where is my valise? Oh, here! Let me get out.

I grab my valise, jam on my hat, open the front door suddenly, and fly past a little figure standing there.

I just see in my haste that it has on a red shawl, that its head is bare, that it has a roll of papers under its arm.

Never mind! I am off now. Good bye! I am on my way to the station. I will soon be away from the accursed city.

Hulloah? What's that?

CHAPTER V.

WHAT indeed!

Street-urchins were running past me in the opposite direction to the one I was pursuing.

I paused a moment in my flight to see what was the matter.

There was a large crowd in my rear, and those in the centre seemed straining to see something, while those on the outskirts were evidently discussing the same.

An accident I suppose, said I to myself, and I was heading again for the station when a thought struck me, and wheeling about I made straight for the crowd.

'What is it?' I asked of those nearest me.

'Nothing; just a little girl run over.'

Just then a movement in the crowd disclosed to me a little red shawl.

And this little red shawl was the centre of attraction.

In a moment I was by it, and leaning over it.

'I know the little girl,' I said. 'Call a cab.'

I leant over the little motionless body.

The papers were still held tight to her side under her arm, the shawl had fallen a little off, and the white lips and the eyes were closed.

The face was pale and a little drawn, and the forehead and lips were moist with the water they had dashed on her.

'Room there! How did it happen?'

The crowd fell back a little while two or three voices answered. 'She was runnin' 'cross the road and a butcher's cart did it for her. I was standin' close by, an' seed the 'ole thing, *and*, sez I, it's a accident, and *so* it was.'

These men were evidently philosophers, they said it was 'a accident' and *so* it was.

Could anything be more conclusive? Daniels all, with prophetic instinct, they said it was 'a accident,' and *so* it was.

At the same time a policeman and a cab came up.

'The gentleman knows her,' said a voice or two.

'Where does she live?' I asked the policeman.

'Near the Don, facing the marsh.'

'I think I will have her taken to the hospital.'

The policeman thought so, too, as also those Daniels. But just then the eyes opened. I think they saw nothing of the crowd but only my face bending over her. She recognised me at once, and a slight weary smile passed over the lips as her eyes closed again.

'She said somethin' sir.'

'What is it, Clinker?'

'Home!'

'Very well,' I said, and together we lifted her into the cab.

'Send a lad straight and get a doctor,' I said to one of the Daniels, 'she has fainted again. Send him straight to the Don, any policeman will show him the way, and I will pay expenses.'

'I will that, sir, send him straight away.'

And then I and the policeman drove off with Clinker stretched on the seat opposite.

I suppose when I left the house in such a hurry Clinker tried to follow me and got run over. I don't know, because I never inquired, but enough was brought out afterwards to make me sure this was the way. Poor little girl anyway, I said to myself as we drove along, I'll see now, whether she has nine little brothers or not.

When we did approach the Don it seemed Cabby knew where she lived, too, for he drove up close to an old cabin with rags stuffed through the broken windows and geese cackling before the door.

Some neighbours came out to stare at the cab, and as we carried Clinker in, a kind old body hobbled after muttering to herself.

She helped me to make Clinker comfortable on the pallet, telling her to 'luk up, luk up,' but Clinker could not 'luk up' or even across the room where an old, childish man sat crouching over the fire.

Was there anyone else but the old man who lived with Clinker, I asked.

No; no one else, and Clinker was his only support, and small thanks the old man gave her, always complaining what would he do now? Clinker had got on so well lately, some kind gentleman in the city had taken a fancy to her!

I suppose that means me! I thought to myself. Yes, I suppose I have been rather kind to her, and I looked at the pale figure lying on the pallet with all the red gone from her lips and the light from her eyes.

When the afternoon had waned, the doctor come and gone, I knew Clinker would not live through the night, and I determined to sit up till the end.

The old grandfather did not seem to understand much what was going on but sat rubbing his hands over the fire and casting frightened glances at me every minute, but scarce one to the dying little bread-winner.

Clinker had not spoken since that one word 'home,' but moaned restlessly now and then.

And then the night fell and the old lady who had tried to make things comfortable left us alone. From her I learnt that Clinker's mother had died two years before, and she had supported the old man since. She had no little brothers and never had.

Then I lit a bit of candle and sat by the bed, the old man sitting still over the fire giving me his frightened glances.

I drew my chair close to the pallet and watched. I watched many hours.

It was about midnight. I think I had fallen into a doze when I awoke suddenly.

I felt a trembling hand on my shoulder; then I looked up and saw the old man looking curiously into my eyes.

'Wus it you wus koind t'er? Wus it you she telled me uv 'gen an' agen?'

'I suppose so.'

He looked at me a moment more wonderingly, and then went back to his seat at the fire, but gave me no more curious glances, only looking silently at the pale ashes.

I did not doze again, but watched on.

Once or twice Clinker half turned moaning. Then later the last bit of candle went out and left us alone in the darkest dark before the morning.

I could not see her face or the figure over the fire-place. Then, by-and-by, through the window the white light began to steal in.

The cabin stood right near the lake where the river joins it. As I looked out, a mist lay on the water, chill and white, but the cold dawn still left the room half in shadow.

The old man in his chair slept in the shadows. But on Clinker's face the light crept.

I drew nearer to her and watched in a kind of apathy.

It seemed hard to recognise this pale, dying child with the saucy paper-seller; harder to imagine that this paper-seller was the unfailing support of that unknowing old man.

Anyway, I watched as more light stole in.

Then I saw Clinker as it were wake up. She opened her eyes and fixed them on me, but with no look of recognition.

The recognition came in a minute, and a lurking, tired smile played on her lips as her eyes closed again.

I leant over and whispered, 'Well, Clinker, how do you feel now?'

She did not answer for a minute.

Then the lips quivered again beneath the little laughter playing on them.

Then—'Please sir, I have nine little brothers, and five——'

But that was too much for her, and she seemed to have lost consciousness a moment, for her face was so still, and I was getting uneasy, when she opened her eyes again and turned a little.

Then her eyes grew large and questioning.

'You mustn't talk, Clinker.'

'Pa and Ma,' she said, slowly.

I answered nothing. Then I saw the lips moving again, and the ghastly shadow of a smile stirred her mouth once more.

I put my face very close, and heard the words she was trying to whisper.

'The nine little brothers—there.'

'Where?' I was going to ask, but watched her eyes instead where they wandered away from me and over to the dark corner where the old grandfather lay crouched in his chair sleeping.

I looked, and her meaning was quite plain as her eyes and lips both repeated 'there' over again.

'Oh! he is your Pa and your Ma and your nine little brothers,' I said to myself, wonderingly.

Then I looked back at Clinker. She lay perfectly still now, with her eyes closed, but that ghastly little smile still on her lips.

She did not move for many minutes.

I put my hand on her forehead suddenly, and then rose hastily and went to the window.

The mist was rising from the lake as the sun-rise breeze came over and drove it up the river. And some of the clouds above were getting a flush of red on their skirts.

The old man still lay sleeping in his chair. Clinker, too, lay wrapt in sleep with that strange smile on her mouth.

But Clinker's sleep was a longer and a stiller one than his!

'REMEMBER ME.'

BY ESPERANCE.

REMEMBER thee? Ere yet the sun
Has its diurnal race begun,
Thy name is on my lips, in prayer
That I thy future lot may share;
For thoughts of thee come with the light
To supplement the dreams of night.

Remember thee! When in the sky
The noontide sun is riding high,
And up and down the busy street
I hear the tramp of many feet,
My poor heart yearns with quickened pain,
To hear *thy* footstep once again.

Remember thee! When in the west
The glowing sun has sunk to rest,
And kindly twilight stoops to lay
A mantle o'er the sleeping day,
I stand and watch the paling sky,
And think how brightest hopes may die.

Remember thee! When day is done,
When evening's shadowed hours have run,
When midnight's banner is unfurled
And silence cloaks the sleeping world,
I clasp my hands in tearful prayer,
Committing thee to Heaven's care.

Remember thee! From break of day
Till night again has passed away,
In weal or woe—on memory's shrine
Reigns one dear image, that is thine!
Small need to say: 'Remember me!'
When *every hour* I think of thee!

* * * *

'Remember me!' Ah, now these words,
Which once you spoke and seemed to mean,
Are but to you a hollow form,
And that you spoke them but a dream!
Whilst I—through all the years to be—
Shall evermore remember thee!

YORKVILLE.

'THE MARVELS OF SCIENTIFIC LOGIC.'

BY 'G.,' TORONTO.

THE splendid triumphs won by physical science since its disenthralment by Bacon from the shackles of religious bigotry, and more especially the advances she has made within the last comparatively few years, must be acknowledged by all. These triumphs have been so magnificent, these advances have been so gigantic, that we might almost be excused, if, in our amazement, we should cry out: 'Is there anything too hard for Science?' These triumphs can be denied only by the ignorant; they can be contemned only by the ungenerous; they can be ignored only by the bigoted and the ungrateful.

But while all this is true, while science has delivered herself from the fetters of slavery, and thus nobly shown herself worthy of all freedom, is she not inclined, and especially in these days, to forge for others the very chains which she herself so joyously, and with such determination, long ago cast off forever. Knowledge has been wonderfully increased by the untrammelled freedom of the senses; science, in the raptures of her felt liberty and power, declares that all knowledge, except what the senses afford us, is a phantasmic dream. Relief from a tyranny of mind is but the prelude to the more loveless tyranny of matter. Complaining bitterly of the one-sided dogmatism which regards man as made in the image of his Creator, and as the destined heir of immortality, science treats us to a dogmatism even more one-sided, a dogmatism which makes man the foolish sport of undesigning chance. If there is any slavery involved in a belief in the 'Unseen, science offers us no more satisfactory substitute than the still more abject slavery involved in a cringing submission to a shallow and soulless 'seen.' Casting aside the idea of a God as the fetish of ignorant superstition, and in this way getting rid of any ultimate test of truth, science laughs to scorn, as the very climax of unthinking folly, the notion of *faith* in the teachings of a Paul; but she demands the most implicit trust in all the observations and surmisings of a Huxley. Scouting Jesus of Nazareth as a person wholly ignorant of the real wants and cravings of humanity, she presents to us the eyes, nose, ears, fingers and palate of Darwin, of London, and calls on us to fall down and worship, strongly recommending us, at the same time, to fill ourselves both for time, and for eternity—if there is any—with what husks our own senses can secure.

And truly, are we not bound by the very laws of our being, to accept as purest and most unadulterated gospel, the assertions of these same philosophers, to receive them with as frank and unwavering a faith as, nay rather with a faith infinitely more frank and more unwavering than, the reasonings of anyone else—of Paul, for example, or Newton? For, do they not tell us of what they have seen and smelt, tasted and handled, of this new word of life which they preach? Does not the whole constitution of nature compel us to believe that Haeckel has an *à priori* better claim on our attention as a speaker of 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,'

when he calls on us to believe *on his authority*, and on the authority of those whose senses teach the same lessons as his own, that man has the past of a brute behind him, and the future of a brute before him; that he is the lineal descendant of a cephalopod, and foster-brother to a monkey, a better claim, we repeat, than Paul, when he tells us that we are the sons of God, fallen indeed, but capable of being restored, capable of becoming co-heirs with Christ, and the inheritors of a blessed immortality? Is it not quite clear? What could be more so? Is it not *à priori* more reasonable to conclude that the infinitely little is the source of all things rather than the infinitely great; that the infinitely base is nearer to the Divine truth of things than the infinitely noble; that the infinite negations of a blind, unintelligent chance afford a more satisfactory explanation of the mysteries of existence, than the infinite perfections of a wondrous personality? Let it be settled then, on the authority of modern science, not that there is any dogmatism in her assertions, for does she not abhor dogmatism, but simply that a beginning may be made; let it be settled that truth, to be the truth at all, call it moral, or intellectual, or physical truth, or what you will, must be either seen, or smelt, or heard, or tasted, or felt. Nay more, science is not content with this; she goes further; she makes yet larger claims on human credulity. Quite apart from the notion of a thing's being true or false, science assures us that what cannot be brought under the cognizance of those five senses is really the non-existent. There is no use of putting in the saving clause 'for us,' the non-existent, for 'we' are the last resort, whatever is non-existent for us is absolutely so. This being granted, how beautifully simple everything becomes! It matters not that you may find yourself *conscious* of a something which convinces you of the extreme possibility, of the greatest conceivable probability, that at least there *may be* forms of existence which cannot be brought under this censorship, science sets down her foot and says no. And science, that revels in a perfect Paradise of undogmatism, is convinced that faith in the teaching of a Paul or a Luther is evidence of exceeding childishness, or, at best, of an undisciplined intellect; while implicit reliance in all her own vapourings is proof positive of a very seventh heaven of large-minded intelligence. And what must be the teaching of science regarding consciousness and any facts it may be supposed to deal with? Why, of course, it having been laid down as an unassailable first principle that whatever can neither be seen, smelled, touched, tasted nor heard, is the non-existent, it is in vain to appeal to what we call consciousness, for both eyes, nose, ears, tongue and finger are utterly at fault in seeking to discover it, always have been, and always will be. In the same easy way, what is sometimes regarded as the spiritual nature of man is got rid of. So is the existence of God. So is every form of intelligence higher than the human. So is every state of existence different from that to which man is accustomed. What an interesting picture is now presented to view! This automaton, this 'thing,' pulled hither and thither by what are conveniently termed 'laws,' this bundle of bones and fortuitous collection of atoms, this mysterious meeting place for wandering, homeless 'trains' of sights, and smells, and sounds, and tastes, and touches; this victim of chance and sport of the winds, by ploughman and philosopher called 'man,' is, like poor Mr. Punch, kept in almost perpetual motion. These merciless 'laws' give it no rest. It must for ever be staring about with its eyes, or poking here and there with its nose, or doing something with one or other of these infallible feelers which it has, or it ceases to be. If man rests, he not only darkens but goes out altogether. This automaton '*reasons*' too, sometimes; here too, of

course, as in everything else, in strict conformity to 'law'; and its reasonings, if for a moment we suppose them used by one of its brethren lower down in the scale of existence—the cocoon from which the butterfly springs, for example—would be somewhat as follows. 'I *see* nothing but what is immediately around me, I *smell* nothing but what I can perfectly explain, I have *no evidence* that there is any higher form of existence, or any loftier scale of intelligence, or any more exquisite spectacle of beauty than what my senses offer to my apprehension, *therefore* naturally I conclude *that there are none such.*' Of course we know the cocoon would be quite correct in his conclusions, that the stern logic of facts would amply justify any claims he might put forth to be considered an accurate and profound philosopher.

This then is the logic of science—of a kind. Whether it be of science of the highest kind, or only of science 'falsely so-called,' there may perhaps be room for difference of opinion. But can we wonder that some should devoutly exclaim 'Oh, if this indeed be science, if her claims to reverence and worship rest on such foundations as these, then from all such infirmities of the flesh and of the spirit, "Good Lord deliver us."'

Science has made many notable discoveries. She has dissected some few thousand dead bodies, or millions, for that matter of it. She has also made some more or less questionable experiments on living animals. She has pushed her observations into almost every corner of our globe, and as a result of these researches it has been strongly borne in upon her mind that there are really some very striking points of resemblance between the skeletons and the general bodily constitution of man, and of some of the lower animals. As some would phrase it, 'They are formed on the same plan,' '*Therefore*,' reasons science, 'there is *no* evidence of design, there is *nothing* to show that any intelligent mind conceived such and such a plan, or in any way put its conceptions into visible form.' 'Concerning one row of pins,' reasons science, 'the existence of another row of pins, a little larger, or a little smaller, or a little different in other respects, conclusively proves two things. First, that no intelligent mind was engaged in the manufacture of either row; Second, that the one was *evolved* from the other.' This may be 'advanced' modern science; but it is scarcely logic, either ancient or modern. Following out these marvellous 'trains' of thought and reasoning of hers to the proper logical conclusion, science sagely determines that certain teachings of such men as Socrates, and Plato, and Zoroaster, and Confucius and Paul, were but as the vague and fantastic visions of those who dream, the crude enquiries of persons not blessed with the happy knack of believing nothing but what they could see with their eyes, or squeeze between their fingers. Here is some of the wisdom which according to 'advanced' science is to revolutionize society, to show man what he really is, and what he may become, and which is sure, sooner or later, to upset any such nonsense as is contained in the words, 'In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.'

What an improvement this is now! 'A few billion years or so ago (a billion here or there makes very little difference), there was an atom, a protoplasmic granule.' How this atom came to be at all is one of these esoteric teachings which science keeps so closely to herself, but at any rate there it was. This mysterious globule, like Topsy, somewhat ''spected' it would grow, since it might just as well be busy as lie there and do nothing. So it set to work and grew. And it grew in this way. First of all, it split itself into two equal parts; then each of these parts in the same way split itself into two, and so on and so on, until by

this continuous process of splitting itself, or to speak scientifically, by this process of unceasing *fission*, it '*developed*,' and became an ascidian, or something like that; by-and-by a simian ape, and by-and-by a man, who stood, and gazing at himself in rapture, cried out from the depths of his amazement, 'Behold, I am a man!' This is all so simple, so natural, and clear, and in every way so 'rational,' that, of course, it puts all notion of design entirely out of court. Ordinary people, not versed in the wonders of scientific logic, might think that this manner of working in the protoplasm was no argument at all against design, but merely a disclosure of the way in which the designer carries out his purposes. But, 'Oh dear no,' says science. 'No such thing. By no means.' 'I immediately grant,' says she, 'that if you see a completely finished watch for example, all in good trim and beautiful running order, you may have some fair enough excuse for supposing that a designer has had some hand in the manufacture. But if you see the various little parts of which the watch is composed lying separate from one another, and gradually one little part being added to another little part, then just as certainly have you no right to think of a designer at all.' If science objects to this way of putting it, and claims that she still admits design, and a designer, even when the watchmaker is seen busily at work putting the parts together, will she then kindly locate the design and the designer? We see neither it nor him, nor do we smell them, nor taste them, nor touch them—how then does science know they exist? If design may be invisible, and yet none the less really existent in the case of the construction of a watch, how does science *know* that there is not some design in the construction of the watchmaker himself, just as invisible, yet no less real? Is the designer, which science admits to be engaged in the construction of the watch, a personal or an impersonal one? If she is not prepared to speak positively on this point, perhaps she will tell us whether the mind of any one of her votaries who is busy with the *design* of proving that there is *no* design, is a personal or an impersonal one? If she still refuses to give us a definite answer she will surely at least let us know how she comes to be so positive on some other points—the brute ancestry of man, for example. Surely the spirit of a man that is in him is highly worthy of attention, and any man of science should be able to speak with at least *as much* authority on that point as on what occurred so long before he was born.

But if science gets rid of the difficulty by categorically denying the existence of any design whatsoever, then the whole universe, the human part of it at least, is reduced to a state of idiocy, and the scientist who attempts to change the established order of nature is the greatest idiot of all, because he is going directly in the face of his own opinions, at least of what *ought* to be his opinions, if he is consistent and endeavouring to change what must have been potent in 'that atom' during the twilight of eternity, and which has been self-evolved thereby, according to the immutable 'laws' of fate.

But if science acknowledges that there is personality involved in the invisible design engaged in the construction of a watch, how does she *know*—not conjecture—she must leave that to religion—but how does she *know*, and how will she prove, that there is no personality involved in the equally invisible design of constructing a watchmaker or a universe? And if there may be design, and invisible design, and an invisible designer, engaged in the construction of the ascidians and the echinoderms, and the watchmakers and the naturalistic scientists, etc., how does science *know* that this invisible personality may not be able to carry out his purposes *with*-

out visible tools as well as *with* them, and how does science *know* that this is not actually the case? And if there should be such a personality, can science give any valid reason for the belief that he is in duty bound to reveal all his plans, and purposes, and methods of working to her? With all that dearth of lofty themes for the exercise of the poetical talent, which is so loudly complained of by many at the present day, we wonder that no one has seen fit to draw inspiration from the spectacle of that lonely bit of primeval protoplasm, so infinitesimally small, yet gifted with such boundless potentialities. Without beginning of days, or end of years, it is certainly the Melchisedec of the scientific world!

This scientific fancy of the *designless* and *undesigned* development of a *designing* creature called man, is surely one of the '*undesigned* coincidences' between science and unreason! The teachings of Plato, and of Paul, which link us to the ineffably perfect, to the transcendently noble, in one word, to the Divine, are to be given up, and in their place are to be substituted the teachings of Haeckel and others, teachings which join us irremediably to the dust, and bind us to the brute with fetters that cannot be broken. And on what authority? What testimony do these apostles of this new gospel advance to justify us in abjuring the ancient beliefs in the loftier nature and destinies of man? Simply the testimony of their own senses, and the senses of those who think along with them, that, and some very crude surmisings which they make about their various observations. If it is to be a mere setting of authority against authority in this way, of the assertions of Christ and Paul against those of Huxley and Darwin, if there be no authority higher and more infallible than the human, to which a last appeal may be made,—and science has swept away all such,—then at least we may say—

'Of two such lessons why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?'

One lesson at least science should by this time have taught both friends and foes alike, and that is a lesson of unsparing criticism, nor can she wonder if those who are not disposed to take her *ipse dixit* for everything, show a a settled determination to accept from her as truth, *nothing whatever*, except what is proved by evidence the most incontestable and convincing. If Paul was mistaken in his views concerning man's nature and destiny, it is at least as likely that neither Darwin nor Haeckel are perfectly infallible in theirs. If the cherished convictions and yearning hopes of millions of mankind are wholly without good foundation, and are inevitably doomed to disappointment, we may be pardoned for refusing to receive as indeed 'the Messiah which was for to come,' the surmisings of certain fortuitous combinations of material particles, 'developed' under very special circumstances, and self-styled 'naturalistic philosophers.' Let us turn, then, from the culture and learning of the first century as represented by the Apostle Paul, to the culture and learning of the nineteenth century as represented by Huxley, Darwin or Haeckel; from the untutored reasonings of the one, to the trained scientific reasonings of the others. Let us go from the Gospel of Salvation to the gospel of degradation, from the old 'gospel of the Son of God' to the new 'gospel of dirt,' and let us examine the arguments advanced by an apostle of one phase of the advanced thought of to-day. In his work on 'The Development of Man' Haeckel has these sentences:—

'From the fact that the human egg is a simple cell we may *at once infer* that there has been, at a very remote period, a unicellular ancestor of the human race resembling the amœba. Again from the fact that the human embryo originally consists merely of two simple germ-layers, we may *safely infer* that a very ancient ancestral

form is represented by the two-layered Gastræa. A later embryonic form of the human being *points with equal certainty* to a primitive worm-like ancestral form which is related to the Sea-Squirts or Ascidians of the present day.' What, now, is this we have here at the very threshold of the book! '*At once infer*,' '*safely infer*'—can it be that the great question of man's ancestry rests on no basis more substantial than 'inferences' after all, and on Haeckel's attempts to bolster up these 'inferences?' And how is it, then, that when we see a certain fact of to-day, we may so much 'at once infer' that another fact existed millions of years ago, that the two are indissolubly connected as cause and effect, that without the one the other could never have been? Why is the inference such a 'safe' one, that the existence of two simple germ-layers in the human embryo, leads inevitably to the conclusion that 'a very ancient ancestral form is represented by the two-layered Gastræa?' And if the 'certainty' with which we point to various 'primitive worm like ancestors related to Sea-squirts or Ascidians' is nothing more than 'equal' to the 'certainty' produced by inferences concerning Amœbas and Gastræas, we may be pardoned for doubting if that 'certainty' is of the highest order.

From the knowledge we have of our own ability to design, and from the necessity laid upon us of believing that the existence of a watch, a chair, or a bedstead, involves the previous existence of a designing mind, we might go further, and 'infer' that a very rational way of accounting for the existence of a flower, the moon and stars, or of man himself, is to presume the pre-existence of a designing mind mighty enough to conceive such things, and to put its conceptions into visible form. Can science show the groundlessness of such an inference, or *prove*, not merely assert, that there is no such mind? 'But' says science, and notice that at best we have only her word for it, as represented by Haeckel and others, 'such an inference would be absurd and without any foundation either in common sense or reason.' Because plants, animals and men grow by a process of continuous fission of ultimate particles, Haeckel 'infers' that there is no design evinced in their production, but only a process of evolution. We have quite as good grounds for the 'inference' that this process of fission is only the designer's *mode of working*. How would science show that the one 'inference' is scientific and in every way 'rational,' but the other wholly unscientific and irrational. It is no breach of charity to suppose, that like humbler people, Haeckel would just need to say that *in his own opinion* his own inference was the best. Doubtless this solution of the difficulty might be comforting to himself, not of necessity very satisfactory to others. We also might 'infer' that every system of laws involves the existence of a law-*giver*, that evolution itself, that is, the 'law' under which things are evolved, implies an *evolver*; but no, in the opinion of science, such inferences would be 'wholly unscientific.' They could not pretend to be nearly so 'rational' as some inferences of Haeckel's, for example, that certain phenomena in connection with *human life* at *the present day*, point inevitably to the conclusion that certain other phenomena, in connection with the *brute life* of millions of years ago, were the remote, indeed, but at the same time, the only efficient, causes of the former, the necessary antecedents without which these could not possibly have come into existence; and that, *therefore*, to suppose any designing mind in the matter, is unnecessary, and quite out of the question. Science in her own opinion having forever done away with the ancient phantasies of a revelation, and any form of intelligence higher than the human, what possible test has she, capable of convincing anyone, on subjects not open to the demonstrative evidence of the eyesight

that his own ideas are not just as reliable as her's? According to some of the teaching which is so prevalent just now, each man is inevitably wedded to his own opinions, and science has no excuse for supposing that mankind care to be troubled with unsolvable problems of her's rather than with those of anyone else. Haeckel and his school are particularly strong upon what they call 'the science of rudimentary organs.' The child-like 'faith' that is placed in this pillar of the new departure is very touching. There are certain muscles, it appears, and organs of the human body, for which, for the very life of him, Haeckel can conceive no use, and as any want of understanding on his part clearly points to the one great conclusion he is ever striving to establish, he immediately pronounces judgment,—a veritable 'thus saith Sir Oracle:' 'I and my fellow-believers can see no use for these muscles, *therefore* man is spontaneously "developed" from some brute or other that had a use for them, a use so evident that it could not have escaped our attention—had we been there to see, as in the case of John Gilpin.' This is so plain, and lays so slight a burden on man's powers of 'faith' that we may well wonder how darkness should so long have covered the land, and gross darkness the people.

The grand '*purpose*' of the 'advanced' scientific school is to hold up to the view of an admiring and regenerate world the great doctrine of '*Purposelessness*' or Dysteleology, or, in other words, one cherished '*purpose*' of Herr Haeckel's life is to prove the *absence* of '*purpose*' in the universe. If we are all so much the mere creatures of chance, if 'design' has so little to do with our own existence, and the existence of what we see around us, if 'purpose' is such a phantasm in this world, why do these philosophers write to us so much? Why do they not let us alone? No 'purpose' was involved in their formation, none in our formation, there can be no 'purpose' in their writing, and none in our reading it if they do write, why then so much waste of time and nervous energy, to say nothing of pens, ink and paper? At the best, all these teachings of science amount but to this, that when certain fortuitous combinations of material atoms, which it has pleased other and larger collections of similar atoms to call 'eyes,' are placed in certain circumstances, they undergo a modification called 'sight,' which, in this case, amounts to a number of little black marks on a white background 'only that, and nothing more.' As these 'eyes' turn themselves backwards and forwards, they 'see' more and more of these little marks, but nothing further. According to Haeckel there is no evidence of any design. Another fortuitous aggregation of atoms called a 'nose' next attempts to solve the mystery, but with like ill-success. And so with the other three 'infallibles' which are to do such wonderful things for the race. But, terrible to relate, none of them can detect anything but the mere little black marks—no design whatever. Any 'rational' man, then, with a scientifically-trained mind, will naturally say to himself: 'What is the use of wasting time poring over page after page of these things? I shall treat them as facts of nature ought to be treated. I notice that large numbers are almost identical in size and shape, and it would be a very good exercise to classify them accordingly. Indeed, I can't conceive how they ever came to be arranged in the order in which they now are. It is very absurd. No order or arrangement whatever, not the least evidence of design manifested. It is very astonishing, but I must do my best to rectify matters. And more especially must I do this because some people have got it into their heads that there is design here, and that these little marks mean something, and were

meant to mean something. What lamentable ignorance!' What, then, was Haeckel's 'design' in writing these big books of his, and *where* was it? Anyone seeing him at work would have observed nothing but a collection of 'atoms,' of a certain size and shape, and massed together in a particular way, busily engaged in a kind of automatic movement with another collection of atoms called a pen, on yet another collection called paper, the result being that this third collection took a somewhat different appearance from what it did the moment before. But this would be all. No unprejudiced onlooker could say that he detected any evidence of design on the part of the largest collection of atoms, for such design could be neither seen, smelled, heard, tasted nor felt. Nor could that collection of atoms itself give any reason for believing that it had any design on hand, for these tests would be equally at fault in its case; no microscope could bring the 'design' into view, no lancet could lay it bare to the gaze of admiring worshippers. Now, what is Herr Haeckel? Are matters in that direction *only* what they seem, or *something else?* Does what we are pleased to call matter conceal absolutely *nothing* in the case of the philosopher writing his books, or does it? Will science give a categorical answer. Yes or No?

If science says 'yes,' or if she grant merely that there *may be* some power behind that visible matter and working through it; something that directs the pen; something that is busy unfolding 'thoughts,' yet, itself all the while remaining invisible; if this be so, will science kindly enlarge the scope of its thoughts for a moment, and give us some valid reason, *why*, behind the visible and felt of nature as a whole, there may not be some unseen, no doubt, but none the less real, power working out *its* purposes? If science grants this she must go further, and grant that this power is a *personal* power, or she must deny her own personality, for both stand or fall on equally good evidence, or want of evidence. If she admits its personality, she admits all that is required, for she admits the existence of a Being, that to her at least is supreme, seeing that she herself forms part of the 'nature as a whole,' behind which, and through which that Being works. If she denies the personality of that power, then neither has she any better reasons for believing in her own personality, and why should any one trouble himself as to what an unreasoning, impersonal automaton either says or does?

But if on the other hand, science says 'no,' then, in her wonderful compassion for human ignorance, will she kindly tell us just exactly what is to be understood by that little word 'will,' the 'will' of man, and what also by these three other little words, 'I,' 'thou,' and 'he,' explaining to us in a perfectly clear and logical way, so that there can be no mistake, the various differences between them, and all the manifold relations they bear to one another. In short, let us have the whole mystery, if mystery there be, which has so long been thought to surround these words, let us have it, once and for all cleared up. Modern science objects to anything like mystery, to such mysteries for instance, as the existence of God, the fall of man, the immortality of the soul, and other little matters such as these. Of everything that is, 'superhuman, or supernatural,' she strives to get rid in the shortest and easiest way, by denying the fact. Now, here is a little mystery, human enough, surely, in all conscience; let science at once take microscope and scalpel, and set about its solution. If she does not find the process so very simple, denial of course is always sufficiently easy. The digging for wisdom which the wise man of old so earnestly recommended is seen to be quite a material process after all, and surely if perseverance in the work be only long enough and strong enough, it will in time be rewarded by a glimpse

of the virgin gold. Here then is a nice little lump of virgin gold if it can only be got at, quite a nugget. And indeed as science has at length got on the only straight and reliable road to knowledge, a road which is to be traversed as a hound traverses the highway—under the guidance of the nose —we may hope before very long to hear of the great and original discovery of the 'I.'

Science is loud in its condemnation of anything like dogmatism. Before closing this examination, let us take one more passage from Haeckel, and see if it be altogether free from that most objectionable quality. It is with reference to the great doctrine of Dysteleology or 'Purposelessness' that he thus writes: 'Almost every organism with the exception of the lowest and most imperfect, and especially every highly-developed vegetable or animal body, man as well as others, possesses one or more structures which are useless to its organism, valueless for its life-purposes, worthless for its functions. Thus all of us have in our bodies various muscles which we never use, *e. g.* the muscles of the surrounding ear, and parts immediately surrounding it. These are of great use to most mammals, but in man, etc., not possessing the power of pricking up the ears, useless. Our ancestors long ago discontinued to make use of these, *therefore* we have lost the power of using them. The very ancient fable of the all-wise plan, according to which the Creator's hand has ordained all things with wisdom and understanding,' the empty phrase about the purposive 'plan of structure' of organism, *is in this way completely disproved.* The favourite phrase 'the moral ordering of the world' is also shown in its true light by these dysteleological facts. Evidently a beautiful poem is proved false by actual facts. None but the idealist scholar who closes his eyes to real truth, or the priest, who tries to keep his flock in ecclesiastical leading strings, can any longer tell the fable of the 'moral ordering of the world.' It exists neither in nature nor in human life, neither in natural history nor in the history of civilization. The terrible and ceaseless 'struggle for existence' gives the real impulse to the blind course of the world. A 'moral ordering' and a 'purposive plan' of the world can only be visible if the prevalence of an immoral rule of the strongest and undesigned organization be entirely ignored." Now this of course sounds very well, very bold and philosophical, and all that, but what is the real force of it? Haeckel argues somewhat in this way: 'If there had really been an intelligent Creator in the universe, a Being capable of forming a design, and carrying it out, he would doubtless have disclosed all his plans and purposes to me, Haeckel. He would have left me in doubt or ignorance about *nothing.* He would have fully explained to my *why* he did this and this, and this, and *how* he did it. For example, he would have given me a full account of *why* he put certain muscles into man's ears without at the same time giving him the power to prick them up; whether, when he made man, he had any notions of beauty and fitness at all, which determined him to provide an external ear, rather than save himself a little extra trouble by creating a lot of crop-eared knaves. I have not had any such revelation—therefore there is no God.' For ourselves we rather think that when the Almighty made man He was not so much pressed for time as some seem to suppose. Time was not so excessively precious in those days that mere bald 'utility' was sure to carry the day against beauty. Of course there is great room for difference of opinion. To some the spectacle of a man without ears may be a much more beautiful sight than usually falls to their lot. But at any rate, we have grave doubts if the 'ear-muscle' argument against the existence of a designing Creator, or the 'purposive plan' of the universe, be a particularly strong one.

But to continue Haeckel's reasonings: 'There are a great number of things in this world that I cannot fully explain, *therefore* in my wisdom I conclude that there is no God, no evidence of design in the universe, and that any one who fancies there is design, is by that very fact convicted of childish folly, and a love for old wives' fables. It is *my opinion* that long ago certain *brutes* discontinued to make use of certain muscles, *therefore we have lost the power* of moving them;' *therefore* we may conclude that these brutes were our ancestors, *because* they had certain muscles and used them, whereas we have certain muscles but do *not* use them; *therefore* we have been "*developed*" from these brutes; *therefore* there is no design; *therefore* no designer; *therefore* no God; *therefore* no truth in many things mankind has hitherto been accustomed to believe.' In this way Haeckel settles the whole matter to his own satisfaction. He fancies that he fairly overwhelms the believers in design when, with a tremendous flourish of trumpets, he tells us that the 'Physiological functions, or vital activities concerned in the evolution of the individual, and of the race, are growth, nutrition, adaptation, reproduction, heredity, division of labour or specialisation, atavism and coalescence.' 'Well,' we may say, 'and what if they are?' Science, as represented by this school of philosophy, seems to suppose that she undoubtedly proves the foundationless absurdity of believing in the existence of design, because she shows the probabilities that, on condition that a plant or an animal grows, and is nourished, and is adapted to its sphere in life, and has been reproduced from others like itself, and has many of the qualities of its predecessors, the probability, that, if all this has taken place, it will be the animal it is, and none other. There is nothing very new or profound in all this. The probabilities all go to show that in such and such a case the animal will be just so and so and none other. Big words used in such a way prove nothing but that even philosophers may sometimes use words without meaning, or at least without seeing that the meaning of those they *do* use can very easily be turned against themselves. For what, it may be asked, are 'Growth' and 'Nutrition' and 'Adaptation' and 'Reproduction' but names expressive of 'laws' in accordance with which the designing mind works, just as a watchmaker constructs a watch in accordance with certain 'laws' of mechanics, or a violin-maker constructs a violin in accordance with certain 'laws' of sound. The unreasonableness or improbability of such a view cannot be shown. If Haeckel objects to the doctrine of design, or 'purposive plan of the universe,' simply because he has never seen such design, he is in the very same dilemma as regards 'growth' and 'reproduction,' etc. He has never seen 'growth' nor 'nutrition' nor 'reproduction.' Neither has he smelled them nor heard them, nor tasted, nor felt them. He has seen indeed that a thing *has grown*, that is to say, he has observed *a change*, which he calls, 'growth,' but 'growth' itself he has never seen. 'Growth' is a mere word expressive of a 'law' or mode of procedure. If he wishes to make any progress beyond the mere observation of the senses, he is as much shut up as the deist is to make inferences of his own, just as, in fact, he does. But with this difference: The deist 'infers' that the existence of things in nature necessarily involves the pre-existence of some creative mind mighty enough to harbour such conceptions and to carry his designs into execution. This being makes all things according to the counsels of his own will, just as the scientist does *as much as possible* according to the counsels of *his* own will, these counsels presenting to man the appearance of 'laws' or modes of procedure. The man of science also makes inferences, but ventures no further back than the 'laws,' and these 'laws' he endows with all sorts of wonderful capacities

One would almost take them for a sort of living creature. An animal, we are told, grows by the 'law' of growth; it is nourished by the 'law' of nutrition; it is 'developed,' in short, by the 'law' of development; or, to put the matter in other words, and with meaning equally clear, it grows *because* it does grow; it is nourished *because* it is nourished; it is 'developed' *because* it is developed. Now, if both are in this way shut up to their own inferences, in order to give anything like an adequate explanation of what seems to demand explanation, what possible test have the votaries of science but the test of individual opinion, by which they determine that the inferences of others are not just as logical and in every way as legitimate as their own? They naturally enough, perhaps, *think* their own opinions the best, but their thinking it does not make a thing so; nor will it go far towards making others believe it so, unless they support mere opinion by some of that more conclusive evidence which they so clamourously demand from believers in revelation, for example. If science asks us to reveal to her our God, let her first unfold to us those 'laws' of hers which she so intelligently worships; that mighty 'struggle for existence' which she deifies so largely. Let her *prove* that even such a struggle as that could not enter into the plans of a designing intelligence. If she demands demonstrative evidence of creation and revelation, let her furnish demonstrative evidence of development. But if she herself is forced to have recourse to inferences, let her support these inferences by reasonings so convincing that others will be compelled to acknowledge them as the most 'rational' ones that can be got. If she cannot fully explain the mystery of the natural that lies all around her, let her confess that for her at least the *super*natural exists, and let her learn humility. O, Science! great indeed is thy faith in thine own abilities, but not yet, at least, can we say, 'Be it unto thee even as thou wilt.'

A LOVE IDYL.

BY C. P. M.

GLORY of the summer night
Through the casement glimmered bright,
As its lustre long ago
Juliet lit on Romeo,
Stole upon the flowers that slumbered
Gave them kisses many-numbered,
Such cold kisses, years a-gone,
Dian gave Endymion;
But fairer things those happy hours
The moonbeams kissed than sleeping flowers.

One I loved was there reclining,
On her brow the moon was shining,
Falling like a zone of pearl
On the slim waist of the girl—
Argent lustre, faint and meet,
For her soft unsandaled feet!
Ah, that night! my soul is weary
Days and nights seem dark and dreary—
As that hour comes once again,
Wild with pleasure, weird with pain;
For her soft arms were around me,
And her slender fingers bound me:—

Fingers ever beating time
On my brow, to some old rhyme,
Some old song I was repeating,
Ever beating, beating, beating,
Till my heart pulsed sad and slow,
And to her I murmured low,
'Break the spell, O lady, pray,
I with thee no more may stay;'
But she twined her arms around me,
And her slender fingers bound me.

Still I see her through the years
Free from stain of Time and tears.
Torrents of her dark-brown hair
Thrown around me everywhere.
Eyes half-languid—face that shows
The clear olive mixed with rose—
Oh! what words will half express
All her lavish loveliness!
Duty cried in vain 'away'
Red lips kissing whispered 'stay;
None have watched us, none shall know
Why this hour I love thee so;'
And she clasped her arms around me,
And her slender fingers bound me:—

Yet I panted for the strife
And the battle-field of life;
Yet I longed one day to stand
Fighting for the dear old land;
By the side of some who love me;
With the trampled flag above me;
Yet I longed to live or die
In the ranks of liberty;
So in that lone hour was she
Life—ambition—all to me.

TORONTO.

THE PRINCIPLE OF COPYRIGHT.

BY E. LAFLEUR, MONTREAL.

SHOULD the rights of authors in their published works be considered as a right of property entitled to protection from the common law, or merely as a species of monopoly created and regulated by the legislature, and intended to promote the advancement of learning? This has long been a vexed question among philosophical jurists, and the literature of the subject reveals a great variety of opinion among the most eminent thinkers. During the last few years, especially, the general public has been admitted to the debate by nearly all the leading reviews; and such events as the appointment of the English Copyright Commission in 1878, the Congress of Men of Letters in Paris in the same year, and the repeated endeavours which have recently been made to establish International Copyright between all civilized nations, have been watched with keen interest and with a general desire for a definite solution. Whether or not this solution has been found, the discussion thus set afoot has at least had the result of eliciting a clear and unmistakable restatement of the points at issue, and of bringing to light all the arguments on both sides of the question. In controversies of this kind, where the dust of the fray so often hides the devices on the shields of the combatants, we can hardly overrate the importance of a clear apprehension of the problem, and an intelligent estimate of what has been done towards its solution.

But perhaps the most valuable outcome of this renewed consideration of the subject is the growing recognition of its vast practical importance. There have not been wanting writers of ability who have stigmatized it as an otiose and frivolous enquiry: one of those *ignes fatui* of metaphysics which have no bearing on the practical problems of life, and which, by their perennial recurrence, each time in a slightly different form, are ever tempting us away from the sure paths of ascertainable knowledge. Such was the opinion of Macaulay, who, in a brilliant but shallow piece of declamation, told the members of the House of Commons that they need not inquire into the nature and origin of property in order to vote on a measure relating to the rights of authors. 'I agree, I own, with Paley,' he says, 'in thinking that property is the creature of the law, and that the law which creates property can be defended only on this ground, that it is a law beneficial to mankind. But it is unnecessary to debate that point. For even if I believed in a natural right of property independent of utility and anterior to legislation, I should still deny that the right could survive the original proprietor. . . . Even those who hold that there is a natural right of property must admit that rules prescribing the manner in which the effects of deceased persons shall be distributed are purely arbitrary and originate altogether in the will of the legislature.' * A modern reviewer † who shares Macaulay's opinion both as

* Speech on Serjeant Talfourd's Bill, 5th Feb. 1841.

† Mr. Edward Dicey in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1878.

to the nature of property and as to the futility of the present inquiry, attempts to cut the Gordian knot of the controversy in a similar manner. His reasoning is briefly as follows :—'Since all property is but the creature of the law, it matters not whether we regard literary productions as property or merely as state rewards for the encouragement of learning. For what the law has made it may unmake, curtail, or regulate in the way which is most conducive to the public good.' Mr. Matthew Arnold, too, tells us* that if we go deep enough into the matter we shall find that there are no *natural* rights at all, but only law-made ones. Consequently, *cadit quæstio;* and literary men are only talking twaddle when they complain of invasion of their inalienable rights. Instead of assuming such a lofty tone they should endeavour to convince us that their claim is based on considerations of expediency.

Now it is quite possible for anyone to believe with these critics that all rights are creatures of the law, that law is ultimately based on expediency, and that the legislature can (in the abstract) do as it chooses with everyone's rights, and yet to understand the outcry of authors against the disregard of their rights, whether or not they choose to apply to them the epithets 'inviolable,' 'inalienable,' 'natural,' or any of the numerous meaningless adjectives which are so frequently employed in speaking of all kinds of proprietary rights. For if, following out Mr. Matthew Arnold's excellent advice, we go as deep as we can into the subject, we cannot fail to observe that, whatever be the origin of rights, there are some which are regarded as more stable and more enduring than others. It will be obvious, even to a superficial observer, that there is a vast difference between a law establishing trade regulations, and one providing for the disinherison of a man's successors after the lapse of a few years, or depriving a person of his goods and chattels during his lifetime. Violations of municipal regulations are lightly punished with a fine and are not recognised beyond local limits; but an infraction of proprietary rights is visited with the most severe retribution and gives rise to extradition if necessary. Mr. Matthew Arnold thinks that piracies of copyrighted works are no violation of property, but merely a miserable piece of *indelicacy* on the part of the Philistine middle classes. Hence the proper punishment in such a case is a high-bred contempt, and the government instead of passing copyright laws ought to direct its attention to the civilization of that wretched and odious *genus.* But as Mr. Matthew Arnold makes no difference between this and other rights, he ought logically to advocate the same kind of punishment for the Philistines who push indelicacy so far as to deprive us of our coats and purses. I have no doubt that such a theory would be very popular with the gentry in question, but in the victims of this policy it would hardly develop that sweetness of temper which Mr. Arnold desiderates so much.

The reason for this difference in the estimation of different classes of rights is not hard to find. Those rights which are based on wider generalisations and more complete inductions, and which have received the sanction of almost universal consent during a very long period of human existence, have come to be regarded with peculiar veneration, and are jealously guarded from encroachments. And accordingly, all legislatures are cautious about tampering with such rights, and will refuse to meddle unless the clearest proof is given that they are entirely out of harmony with the conditions of modern civilization. Now there is no right which is more universally recognised by the law of all civilized countries than that of private property. It is regarded as being at the basis of a large number of our social

* *Fortnightly Review*, March, 1880.

institutions, and every legislator knows with what caution it must be approached.

Expropriations, Insolvency laws, Compensation laws, and all such measures are regarded as high-handed and temporary expedients. Their only justification is the extraordinary and abnormal state of things which necessitates heroic remedies. The fact that they are acknowledged to be departures from strict justice, and are resorted to in peculiar circumstances only in order to prevent greater evils, is a conclusive proof that the importance of the distinction between some rights and others is not a mere figment of the jurists, but on the contrary is based on a real difference. We need not employ such words as 'inviolable,' 'inalienable,' 'natural,' and the like, in order to protect these rights from hasty legislation; we need only point out to incautious reformers that what they are proposing to abolish is inextricably bound up with a great many other institutions, and that until they are prepared to consider the question in all its length and breadth, and to offer us something less chimerical than the dreams of Communism, they must join with us in upholding and defending, for the present at least, a system which we are not ready to supersede. If, then, authors succeed in showing that their title in published works is undistinguishable from recognised rights of property and ought to be assimilated to them, they will assuredly place their pretensions on a very different footing, and their reclamations will command at least as much attention as those of the Irish land-holders at the present time.

But further, the convictions which guide us in framing our laws, will also dictate our moral judgments concerning infractions of the rights in question. Who does not see that, according as we believe an author's rights to be merely a sort of monopoly, unjust in principle and at variance with economic laws, but tolerated as a necessary evil, or else a title equal in sacredness to that by which a man holds the produce of his land and the work of his hands, we shall regard the same actions with very different feelings? While on the one hand we might look with some leniency, on an infraction of a monopoly which, to a great number appears as 'an odious tax on the most innocent of pleasures,' and punish the offenders with a fine; on the other hand, a conviction that proprietary rights have been invaded would justify us in giving the hard names of 'theft' and 'receipt of stolen goods,' to the unauthorized publication of a literary performance and the purchase of pirated editions, and in punishing the offences with the penitentiary.

I have said enough, I trust, to vindicate the inquiry which I purpose to make from the charge of futility and irrelevancy. My apology for devoting so much space to a rebuttal of this accusation is, that it seemed indispensable to make it clear at the outset that there *is* a real difficulty to be solved, when so many writers will have it that there is no case to go to the jury.

It would be impossible, within the limits of this paper, to attempt anything like a history of opinion on the subject. It would be hard to decide which theory has the weight of opinion in its favour. The presumption against the idea of literary property as being of recent date in comparison with the antiquity of the conception of other forms of property, is repelled by the reflection that it could not, from its very nature, attract the attention of a rude and primitive people. As Mr. Gastambide says: 'Les causes de cette différence sont cependant naturelles. D'abord la propriété mobilière ou immobilière est aussi vieille que le monde; la propriété intellectuelle n'est concevable que dans une période très avancée de la civilisation, et aussi dans une époque de liberté.'* It was, in fact,

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* *Traité des Contrefaçons*, p. 2.

with the invention, and still more with the liberty, of printing, that the question assumed a practicable importance. Since these great events the literature of the subject has been steadily increasing, and both sides of the question have found distinguished advocates. Probably M. Renouard is right in saying * that legislators have, as a general rule, dealt with copyright on the assumption that it was a monopoly; while literary men and speculative writers have leaned towards the opposite opinion. But there are many exceptions to this statement. Thus the expression 'literary property,' which occurs in several of the European codes, points to an assimilation of literary productions to other kinds of property. Indeed, an article of the Code of Sardinia expressly declares that the productions of the mind are the property of their author.† In France, although a law was passed, after a long debate, on the 5th of July, 1874, to expunge from the code the word 'property' when used with reference to literary productions, yet up to that time the wording of the law was favourable to the pretensions of authors, and in spite of the changes, as M. Nion remarks,‡ most of the provisions of the Civil Code and of the Code of Procedure are inexplicable on the theory that the rights of authors are mere rewards for labour. Even in England, where (as in the Prussian code) the copyright enactments avoid the use of the word property, it is to this day a bone of contention among legal writers whether the celebrated Act, 8 Anne, c. 19, affirmed or denied the existence of authors' rights at common law, and whether the measure was intended to supplement or supersede the common law rights, if any existed.§

Nor is there a perfect unanimity among speculative philosophers. While on the one hand we count Voltaire and Diderot, and in our own day Mr. Herbert Spencer,* among the advocates of literary property, we have on the other side the imposing authority of Immanuel Kant. The Socialistic writers are, of course, only consistent with their principles when they declaim against the odious principle of copyright, and assert that ideas are as free and unsusceptible of appropriation as the air which we breathe.† They do not, however, make an exception of literary property, but consider it as an illustration of one vast system which is iniquitous and hurtful in all its aspects. Nearly all the writers who have opposed the recognition of literary property have drawn most of their stock arguments from the repertory of the Fourierists; but, as I have already remarked, such arguments labour under the fatal defect of proving too much.

In attempting to disentangle the thread of conflicting opinion on this subject, our first endeavour should be to see whether there are any points of real agreement between the conflicting theories. If we succeed in finding a common starting point, we shall be able to note with exactness where the divergences begin and to examine their causes. Now there seems to be one point on which all writers of any note are at one, namely, that what is called 'Copyright before publication,' is a right of property. The doctrine is thus laid down by Phillips:—'The term copyright in its popular, if not in its legal, acceptation, includes two

* *Droits des Auteurs*, I., p. 439.

† *Nion*, *Droits Civils des Auteurs, Artistes et Inventeurs*, p. 20.

‡ *Op. cit.*, p. 20.

§ In the leading case of *Donaldson* v. *Becket*, 4 Burr. 2408, the Lords decided, by a majority of *one*, that the Statute of Anne had taken away the common law rights, but the Judges would have been equally divided on this point had not Lord Mansfield refrained from motives of etiquette from delivering on this occasion the opinion which he had formerly expressed in *Millar* v. *Taylor*, 4 Burr. 2303.

* See especially *Social Statics*, ch. 11, and Mr. Spencer's examination before the Copyright Commission.

† The ablest exposition of the tenets of Socialists on this subject will be found in M. Louis Blanc's *Organisation du Travail*.

rights which differ widely in their origin, nature and extent. The frequent application of the term to each of these indiscriminately seems to have tended to an occasional inaccuracy of language in reference to one or other of them, and perhaps to some misapprehension of both. They are, it must always be remembered, distinct and several rights. Copyright-before-publication is the more ancient of the two. It is the exclusive privilege of first publishing any original and material product of intellectual labour. Its basis is property; a violation of it is an invasion of property, and it depends entirely upon the common law; the privilege is simply a right of user, incidental to the property exclusively vested in the absolute and lawful possessor of the material product.' * This principle may be regarded as established by the concurrent opinions of all legal writers on Copyright, and the jurisprudence of all civilized countries.† That this right of property is in the ideas themselves and not merely in the words in which they are clothed is also a well settled maxim. As Mr. Drone says: 'The words of a literary composition may be changed by substituting others of synonymous meaning; but the intellectual creation will remain substantially the same. This truth is judicially recognised in the established principle that the property of the author is violated by an unauthorised use of his composition with a colourable change of words; the test of piracy being, not whether the identical language, the same words, are used, but whether the substance of the production is unlawfully appropriated.'‡

To the doctrine above enunciated there are few objectors, and these may be safely challenged to point out any qualities essential to the exercise of the right of property which are wanting in literary productions. The *quæstio vexata* of the whole controversy is concerning the effect of publications on an author's rights. Publication, it is argued, is a making over to the public of the author's ideas, a cession of all his rights appertaining thereto. As soon as he publishes his work he loses all his common law rights, and enjoys only those conferred on him by the special Acts relating to Copyright. That such is the case in fact is admitted; but we have to inquire whether the present state of the law in this behalf is what it ought to be.

What then is the effect of publication on an author's rights? Taking it for granted that an author is the proprietor of his unpublished works, should publication curtail or destroy his rights, and, if so, to what extent?

It is clear that if the author loses any of his rights, it must be by voluntarily dispossessing himself of them by sale, gift, or otherwise, or else by circumstances, natural or legal, which are incompatible with their continuance after the act of publication. Postponing for the present the author's intentions, express or implied, let us inquire whether the act of publication carries with it a necessary and unavoidable deprivation of any of his rights. We can hardly avoid the conclusion that he *does* lose some of the rights which he enjoyed before publication, and that he loses these without his own volition, and as a necessary consequence of his own act. For, whatever may be his desires in the matter, it is perfectly clear that when he has once published his work he no longer has the exclusive possession of it: 'Semel emissum volat irrevocabile verbum.' He has completely lost his absolute control over his ideas, and cannot regulate their dissemination or stop their effect.

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* Law of Copyright, pp. 1 and 2. London, 1863.

† Mr. E. S. Drone's recent work on Copyright (Boston, 1879) may be consulted for a list of English and American authorities on this point. The French law is laid down by Renouard, 'Droits des Auteurs,' vol. i. p. 435.

‡ Page 79.

To this extent it must be admitted that his former rights have suffered a diminution. But with what show of reason or justice can it be pretended that because he loses a part, he must also lose the whole of his rights? That because he is perforce deprived of the *exclusive* possession of his property, he must also be held to have lost the right to derive the pecuniary benefit which his property might yield? What logical or juridical connection is there between these propositions? It might as well be argued that because a man loses his reason, he loses therewith, not merely certain civil rights which require the exercise of that faculty, but all his rights as a human being, all title, for example, to receive his sustenance out of his own property. How can it be asserted that because publication involves a loss of exclusive possession, it must entail a deprivation of rights which are not incompatible with the absence of such possession, as for instance, the right to the sole enjoyment of the profits derivable from the sale of an author's works? The clearest proof that there is no abstract or practical impossibility in the persistence of this right when the author has ceased to be the only holder of his thoughts, is the fact that during the brief period of protection granted him by the existing copyright laws, an author actually *does* enjoy exclusively the profits of his works. To those who urge that the public must in time become the owners of the author's thoughts according to the well-known legal maxim, that uncontrolled possession for a considerable time is changed by the law into proprietorship, it is a sufficient answer to quote the equally familiar rule that no one can prescribe against his title; and, as we shall see, the public holds the author's ideas under an implied contract which precludes the possibility of such prescriptive rights. Besides, the legal analogy above mentioned is far from perfect. The possession which gives rise to acquisitive prescription in material property is very different from the partial possession of the public in an author's ideas. For it cannot be denied that if the public has the use and enjoyment of a work, so has the author. This is a peculiarity of literary property which must not be passed over.

When the arguments adduced in support of the theory of *involuntary* loss of proprietorship fail to convince, the opponents of literary property change their front, and advance the theory that by publication an author *voluntarily* parts with all his rights in his book for the price which it brings. In other words, his adoption of the only means by which his work can become remunerative shall be deemed satisfactory proof of his intention to dispossess himself of such a benefit for a paltry and utterly inadequate consideration. He shall be presumed to convey for a few shillings a right which may be worth hundreds of pounds. The real nature of the contract between the author and the public is correctly stated by Mr. Drone: 'The author impliedly says to the reader, "I will grant you the perpetual privilege of using my literary production in return for a small sum of money, but on condition that you do not injure it and render it worthless as a source of profit to me, by multiplying and circulating copies. I will provide you with a manuscript or printed copy to enable you to read and enjoy the work. That copy shall be yours to keep for ever, or to dispose of as you please; but in the intellectual contents of the book you have simply a right of use in common with thousands of others. This property and the right of multiplying it I reserve to myself. It is worth $20,000; but I will admit you to a common use of it for one dollar.'* This 'common use' is afterwards explained to mean a right to 'all the enjoyment, improvement, instruction

* The Law of Copyright, p. 11.

and information to be derived from the book.' The thoughts which the book may suggest are legitimately his, but he has not the right to reproduce the original ideas of the author in such a way as to render them unprofitable. He must not publish a book whose chief value consists in borrowings from another person's work. He may in fact, make a *fair use* of other people's thoughts, and the precise meaning of this expression may be gathered from a consideration of adjudicated cases relating to piracies of copyrighted works. The intention of the author in publishing is obviously too clear to leave room for any doubt. The only question which might be raised is whether the same construction is put on the contract by the public. It seems pretty evident, however, that the purchaser of a book cannot mistake the intentions of the author in making the bargain. Does it ever really enter into the head of any book-buyer that he is getting, for four or five shillings, the right to publish the work of which he has purchased a copy? Can he imagine for a moment that the proprietor would part with such a privilege for such a price? As Mr. Justice Aston remarked in *Millar* v. *Taylor*,* 'the invasion of this sort of property is as much against every man's sense of it as against reason and moral rectitude. The buyer might as truly claim the merit of the composition by its purchase as the right of multiplying the copies and reaping the profits.'

But this doctrine of an implied contract between author and purchaser does not exist merely in *in foro conscientiæ*. It has been judicially recognised at least in England in all the leading cases on copyright, and the only reason why there is no copyright after publication at common law in England is, that the 8 Anne, c. 19, is considered as having abolished the previously existing common law right.† It appears to me, moreover, that the doctrine receives strong confirmation from a fact which seems to have been generally overlooked by the champions of literary property, and which exhibits the deniers of an implied contract in flagrant contradiction with themselves. I refer to the protection afforded by the law of nearly all countries to lectures delivered orally, precisely on the ground of an implied contract between the lecturer and his audience. To cite a single case out of a number which might be instanced, we find, in *Abernethy* v. *Hutchinson*,* where the plaintiff attempted to restrain the publication of lectures delivered orally, that Lord Eldon granted the relief 'on the ground of breach of an implied contract between the lecturer and his audience, that the latter would do nothing more than listen to the lecturer for their own instruction.'†

Now what is the difference between the publication of an author's thoughts in the form of an oral lecture, and their publication in the restricted sense of the term, namely, by printing them? The fact of the lecture being *orally* presented to the audience instead of *graphically* is unimportant. The only real difference is in the number of the public. When an author desires to address himself to a small audience, he employs the oral method of expressing his thought, but if he wishes his productions to be widely disseminated, he clothes his ideas in the more durable dress of written or printed characters. The implied contract is the same in both cases, and the author who adopts the latter method of making known his ideas does no act which can be construed into a waiver of the right

*4 Burr. 2303.

†See especially *Millar* v. *Taylor* sup. cit.; *Donaldson* v. *Becket*, 4 Burr. 2408; *Jefferys* v. *Boosey*, 4 H. L. C. 961.

*1 H. & T. 39, quoted by Phillips, p. 3.

†That the French jurisprudence on this point concurs with English decisions may be seen on reference to the following authors: Renouard, op. cit. Vol. I. pp. 131 and 145; Blanc, Contrefaçons, p. 283; Nion, op. cit. p. 85; Gastambide, p. 75; Le Jeune, Le Livre des Nations, 58.

granted him by law and approved by all thinkers, in his oral lectures. Until it has been clearly shown that in printing and publishing his work, the author manifests an intention of changing the terms of the contract, the public cannot be credited with entertaining the extravagant and unreasonable expectations ascribed to it by some writers, and which are in reality confined to a limited number of unscrupulous publishers. The school of which M. Renouard may be taken as the ablest exponent, must, in order to be consistent, either deny altogether the existence of an implied contract in the case of an oral lecture, or else admit its presence in the dealings between author and bookbuyer.

If the preceding analysis be correct, and the existence of an implied contract be satisfactorily established, our case is made out. For it is obvious that the right of multiplying a work and enjoying the profits of its sale is merely incidental to a right of property which has been curtailed indeed, but not entirely destroyed. It is no longer a privilege granted to authors against all sound economy merely because they are an interesting class, requiring encouragement, but a right of justice which the common law should enforce without the superfluous and questionable assistance of special enactments. I have already endeavoured to show the profound modification which our legislation and our moral judgments would undergo if this derivation of author's rights from property were generally received. Mr. Spencer* would cease to deplore 'the sad bluntness of moral feeling' implied in the policy which for the present prevails. There can hardly be any doubt that an immediate result of the general acceptance of this proposition would be, that no civilized nation could decently oppose itself to International Copyright.

This inquiry cannot be closed, however, without noticing an objection which is urged at great length, and with much apparent satisfaction, by the opponents of literary property. If literary productions are a species of property, it is argued, then this property must, from its very nature, be perpetual. This result is eagerly seized upon, and is considered as the *reductio ad absurdum* of the theory. The impracticability of a perpetual copyright and the intolerable evils consequent upon its recognition, supposing it were possible to enforce it, are triumphantly demonstrated, and from the untenableness of the conclusion, the fallacy of the premises is inferred. But we are by no means forced to admit that because ideas are property, all the privileges appertaining to this kind of property ought to be perpetual. We may freely admit that there are almost insuperable obstacles in the way of allowing the exclusive control over the publication of an author's thoughts to be vested perpetually in his heirs or assigns. One of the most injurious results of this system would be that in very many cases an author's heirs might, from ignorance, bigotry, or even worse motives, be induced to publish his works in a garbled and mutilated form, or even to suppress them altogether. In a *cause célèbre* † in our own day, we were presented with the very unedifying spectacle of the family of a distinguished thinker endeavouring by all means in their power to prevent the world from knowing his matured and definitive judgment on some of the most important historical and religious questions of the day. Had it not been for the illegal but *bonâ-fide* publication of the remarkable work, 'L'Espagne et la Liberté,' by the famous ex-père Hyacinthe, posterity would not have formed a correct estimate of the real convictions of Montalembert. Numerous cases will readily suggest

* 'Social Statics,' ch. xi., § 2.

† *La famille de Montalembert* vs. *La Bibliothèque Universelle*. See the April and May numbers of that review for 1877, for a full account of this interesting case.

themselves in which great injustice might be done to the memory of an illustrious author, not to mention the irreparable loss caused to the public, by allowing the privilege of reproduction to rest forever with the author's representatives. But what does all this prove? I have already observed that literary property has its peculiarities, and that if we deduce our conclusions by parity of reasoning from other forms of property, we are likely to go astray. Authors are far from desiring a law which would be prejudicial to their reputation, but they firmly insist on their title to the pecuniary yield of their work. It may be advisable to provide against the possibility of the evils above referred to, but the remedy need not touch the exercise of the only privilege which authors are interested in claiming.

When men of letters shall no longer be obliged to seek the protection of enactments which consecrate the vicious principle of monopoly, but shall go for redress to the common law, which says: '*ubi jus, ibi remedium*'—a new era will have opened in their history, comparable in importance to that which was ushered in by Milton's 'Areopagitica.' There are signs that such an era is not very far off, and that the literary profession will at length succeed in obtaining a recognised *status*. When such recognition does come, it must always be a source of pride and gratification to authors to reflect that their battles for civil rights have been fought, not with the sword, but with the pen, and that their Magna Charta has been obtained without the bloodshed which has so often stained the justest of causes.

IMPROMPTU LINES

Written in an old Album.

I KNOW not whose dear hands
  Have traced the lines upon these faded leaves:
Some still may bear in this or other lands
  The pilgrim's staff; some still may bind the sheaves,—
Earth's golden recompense of sweat and toil;
  Or, like the 'Good Samaritan' of old,
May bind a brother's wounds in 'wine and oil':
  But some, I know, in calm and restful fold,
Are clasped within the quiet of the tomb.
  Like faded rose-leaves in a chalice shrined,
Whose scent reminds us of their summer bloom,
  So these dear *Souvenirs* can bring to mind
The friends of other days, the tried, the true,
  And voices, hushed long since, breathe yet again
The love that never failed: dear, faithful few!
  Whose tender memory soothes our spirit's pain.

STRATFORD. M. A. MAITLAND.

THE TORONTO GIRLS' COTERIE.

PROCEEDINGS OF FOURTH MEETING, REPORTED BY LILY COLOGNE.

I TOLD the girls that I didn't choose to act as reporter at this meeting and begged them to let me off; but they only laughed and said that beggars were not expected to be choosers. I thought that was mean, so I said I wouldn't mind it so much only I disliked to write upon old brown wrapping paper, and when they wanted to know what reason existed that I should do so, I explained that of course I wanted the satisfaction of knowing that what I reported was worth the paper it was written on. I think that observation 'reached,' as the revivalists phrase it, the hearts of my hearers. Some of the girls whistled, the others looked off sideways and laughed. I think they might have looked at me. It is just as the poet says, that the great pleasure of making a remark which does not fall wholly flat, is to have the person who does you the honour of laughing at it look you fully in the face for one mirthful moment. The glance must be rapid, half surprised, and wholly radiant. Too much surprise would be insulting, and a lack of it would convey the impression that the remark laughed at was not in the first flower of its youth. Be that as it may, the Poet asserts, and I agree with her, that any girl who laughs with manifest unwillingness, and refuses to acknowledge by a glance the source from which her laughter flows, is

'Fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'

I hardly dared to quote the whole of that Shakespearean passage. It has been a stock quotation so long that it has lost all its original strength and flavour, and the soup made of it is apt to be insipid.

Our last meeting took place on a very warm afternoon, and I noticed for the first time the relation that exists between temper and temperature. As fast as one rises the other seems to follow. I was late getting ready, and that made me nervous, for I know the Judge thinks it almost dishonest to be careless about keeping appointments. Then I had to hunt for my button hook, and if there is anything I dislike it is cruising about on a voyage of discovery among all one's belongings in search of something which will be sure to turn up in the most absurdly probable place of all. In my hurry to fasten my boots I tore off a button, and in my hurry to sew it on I broke the needle. Even the donning of my favourite dress did not bring me unalloyed content, for I was haunted by the fear that Ma would say the waist was too tight. She says that regularly every time I wear it. She put my hat on for me, and fastened my gloves, and arranged a little bit of pink geranium at my throat—not that I cannot do such things myself, but sometimes my mother likes to do them for me and I like her to—and all without saying a word to mar the pleasure of the occasion. When at last I was ready to go, and she had not mentioned my waist, a great wave of unreasoning gratitude swept over me, and I just dropped my face on her shoulder a moment and whispered, 'Oh, Ma, you are a thousand times too good to me. I never appreciated the true worth and beauty of your character as I do at this moment!' She answered and said: 'Why, my girlie, if I were as good a mother to you as I ought to be I would

never let you wear this tight dress.' I didn't say anything then—I just turned and fled.

'Well, I declare, if here isn't little Lily, looking as prim as a postage stamp and as pretty as a chromo!' That was the kind of salutation I received when I came among the girls, and in the state of the weather and my nerves I did not find it a pleasant one.

'Now, Smarty,' I said, 'I haven't done anything to you, have I? Then what makes you want to torment me?'

'I beg your pardon,' returned the offender; 'I meant to be complimentary, but you are hard to please. However I take it all back, your clothes look as if they had been put on with a pitch-fork, and you're as ugly as sin—as ugly as virtue I mean. *Now* are you satisfied?'

'Lily may be satisfied,' observed the Judge, gravely, 'but I am not. Virtue is not ugly, and I don't like to hear you say so.'

'Well, I'll not say so; I'll merely think so.'

'Smarty says that,' remarked Grum, 'because she imagines it is smart, and not because it is true. She doesn't mean it.'

'Faith!' exclaimed Smarty; 'I don't know half the time what I do mean and what I don't, but it doesn't matter so long as I have Grum around to act as interpreter—and a dear, sweet charitable interpreter she is too.'

'I don't consider virtue downright ugly, but it is apt to be a little homely and frigid and prudish and monotonous—sometimes like an old maid whose age is no longer uncertain. Professional good people are apt to be neither attractive nor interesting. But I like them notwithstanding.' Thus spoke the Duchess.

'So do I,' said Grum, 'when they don't run by machinery. I can't bear cast-iron Christianity. Talk about being hardened in sin, it's just as bad to be hardened in virtue.

'Scoffer,' exclaimed the Poet, 'forbear!'

'You must let me have the last word on the subject,' said the Judge, 'and it is this: Nothing can be so ugly as sin, nor so monotonous, nor so unsatisfying. If goodness is not beautiful it is because the good people who practise it do not try to make it so. But I think for the sake of goodness we ought not to try lightly and frivolously to dispose of such serious questions.'

'And I think for goodness' sake we ought to dispose of all serious questions at once and forever,' said I. 'The weather is much too melting for us to be moralising.'

'How are you getting on with your reporting, Daffy Downdilly?' asked Doc.

I exposed my note book to view.

'That's very well,' said Grum, patronizingly. 'I shouldn't wonder but, like Goldsmith, you would write like an angel.'

'Why?' I questioned; for a compliment from Grum was rare indeed.

'Because, like him you talk like poor p——'

'Grum!' broke in Doc vehemently, 'you're too bad!'

'She's only indulging in bad-inage,' said Smarty.

There seems to be something doubtful about Grum's compliment, but its hard to say what. I really must devote some of my leisure time to the study of Goldsmith hereafter.

We went around to the back of the house, where a group of three well-grown trees offered a grateful seclusion from the impertinent gaze of the cold world and the hot sun.

'Tarry with me, I pray thee,' said the Poet to the Judge, as they walked on before, 'and let us recline upon this green sward, and give that repose to our noble Roman feet which they so greatly need after the fatigue and toils of the day.'

'Dear me!' exclaimed the Duchess, quite shocked at the appearance of two girls lying out on the grass together; 'what a spectacle!'

'What a pair of spectacles, you mean,' corrected Smarty.

'My ideal of enjoyment,' said the Judge, 'is to get out of conventional attitudes and conventional attire; to get into a gown and slippers which were designed and executed in the same spirit that animated the originators of the declaration of independence, and to look for hours together through green branches at the blue sky.

'Oh, I daresay,' said Grum indifferently. 'Yes, very fine.'

'I think so too,' said the Poet, 'but,' plaintively, 'I could wish that the nobly-developed waist of my friend the Judge did not completely obliterate all the scenery on the other side of it. I like a generous waist, but when you can't see a church steeple over it——'

But here the hand of the Judge was laid over the speaker's lips, and those two undignified creatures began to behave in a way that must in spite of the weather have made the Duchess's blood run cold.

'Oh, by the way,' said Grum, nodding at the Duchess, 'I have a bone to pick with you.'

'I never pick bones,' replied her Highness.

'Well, I have some fault to find.'

'You startled me!' was the sarcastic rejoinder.

'Don't be long finding it, Grum,' I said, 'for it is nearly time to go home.'

'It is right here,' remarked the adversary, taking up the September No. of the CANADIAN MONTHLY, which she had brought out with her. 'In the last sentence of your report, you say that "these were the only pleasant words between us." Now my dear friend, I should be sorry to catechise, but *do* you remember what particular sin it was that brought Ananias and Sapphira to an untimely end?'

'Oh, Grum,' cried the Duchess, half laughing and half distressed, 'I thought I said that there were no unpleasant words between us.' 'It must have been your elegantly illegible handwriting,' suggested the Poet.

'I suppose so,' admitted the Dutchess. 'I really cannot lay the blame to the printer or proof-reader — that would be a little too vulgar.'

'It doesn't matter,' said Doc, 'only we don't want people to think that we all share Grum's little weakness—that of disagreeing with everything and everybody.'

'Now Doc,' said Grum,' if you fancy that you can indulge in such remarks as that without repenting of them afterwards, I shall take the earliest opportunity of undeceiving you.'

'I heard lately,' observed the Judge, 'that our Coterie was not at all a fixed fact, but was merely the invention of a single individual.'

'Oh!' said we all; and over this instructive piece of news, we felt that we had a right to mingle our smiles.

Before we parted the Poet was prevailed upon to read a scrap of her rhyme, which the Judge had unnoticed taken from her pocket. She said it was unfinished, that she had not written a beginning or end to it yet, nor found a name for it, but we said that was all right. Then she said it wasn't fit to be seen, but we told her we didn't want to see it—we just wanted to hear it. So she finally read the following, and let me copy it :—

I tread through life the common way,
  A rocky path o'ergrown with cares,
And all who look upon me say,
  How hard this lonely pilgrim fares.
    They cannot see my wings that fly
    From stolid earth to starlit sky;
    That float me through the heavenly sky.

The tumult and unrest of life,
  Discords that are of life a part,
The warring elements of strife,
  I cannot hear: within my heart
    A song is swelling ceaselessly,
    Set to a strong, sweet melody;
    A sweet eternal melody.

O listless hands, O fevered head,
  O tears that flowed from tired eyes,
O bitterer tears that were unshed,
  O heart that stirred with longing cries,
    Where have you fled? where found release?
    Deep in the rising tide of peace;
    In the deep murmuring tide of peace.

THE PREROGATIVE OF THE CROWN IN COLONIAL LEGISLATION.

BY THOMAS HODGINS, M.A., Q.C., TORONTO.

'THERE is no Act of Parliament,' says Sir Edward Coke, 'but must have the consent of the Lords and Commons, and the Royal Assent of the King. Whatsoever passeth in Parliament by this threefold consent hath the force of an Act of Parliament.'[1] 'The King has the prerogative of giving his *assent*, as it is called, to such Bills as his subjects, legally convened, present to him,—that is, of giving them the force and sanction of a law.'[2] 'The Sovereign is a constituent part of the supreme legislative power, and, as such, has the prerogative of rejecting such provisions in Parliament as he judges proper.'[3] 'It is, however, only for the purpose of protecting the Royal executive authority that the constitution has assigned to the King a share in legislation; this purpose is sufficiently ensured by placing in the Crown the negative power of rejecting suggested laws. The Royal legislative right is not of a deliberative kind.'[4]

The legislative form of Acts of Parliament would imply that the Sovereign is the sole legislator, subject to the assent of the two Houses of Parliament: 'Be it enacted by the Queen's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the advice and consent' of the Lords and Commons; but this form, as other forms in our constitutional system, means that the Sovereign represents the State itself. The power of the Sovereign in name, is the public authority of the nation. All the supreme powers of the state, legislative, executive and judicial, are by the constitution, vested in him; but, in the exercise of all his powers, he is advised, directed and controlled by other state functionaries. He is named as the sole legislator;[5] but he can neither enact nor alter any law, but by and with the advice and consent of his subjects legally convened in Parliament. He is supreme in the administration of the executive functions of the nation, and in his name all treaties are made; but he can perform no act of executive power, nor exercise the Royal prerogatives, nor make a treaty, without the advice and assistance of others, who must assume the entire responsibility of his every act. He is the sole proprietor and universal occupant of all the land in the empire, but he 'cannot touch a blade of grass nor take an ear of corn' without the authority of law. He is supreme in the administration of justice, and in his official capacity is said to be present in all his courts; but though he should be personally present and sit on the high bench of one of his courts,[6] he could not deliver an opinion nor determine any cause or

(1) 4th Inst. 24.
(2) Bacon Abr. Prerogative, 489.
(3) 1 Blackstone, 261.
(4) Chitty on the Prerogative, 3.

(5) In the Statute *Quia emptores*, the King alone speaketh: *Dominus Rex in Parliamento*, &c., *concessit*.

(6) In the Court of King's Bench, the Kings of this realm have sit on the high Bench, and the Judges of that Court on the lower bench at his feet; but judicature only belongeth to the Judges of that Court, and in his presence they answer all motions.—4 Inst. 73.

motion, but by the mouth of his judges.[1]

What are called the Royal Prerogatives of the Sovereign, are those inherent executive powers and privileges with which he is invested as representing the highest public authority of the state, and which may be exercised within limited and defined constitutional usages by and with the advice which the law and the constitution has assigned to the Chief Executive Magistrate of the Empire. These prerogatives, therefore, as part of the executive powers of the State, are the official, not personal, powers of the Crown. They are derived from, and are part of, the grant of sovereignty from the people to the Crown, and are to be exerted for the advantage and good of the people, and 'not for their prejudice, otherwise they ought not to be allowed by the law.'[2] They form part of, and are, generally speaking, as ancient as the law itself, and the statute *De Prerogativa Regis*, is merely declaratory of the common law.[3]

The Prerogatives of the Crown extend to the colonies as an essential part of the constitutional system of government to which the people in the colonies, as subjects of the Crown, are entitled. The Prerogative in the colonies, unless where it is abridged by grants, &c., is that power which, by the common law of England, the Sovereign could rightfully exercise in England.[4] But in the colonies which have different and local laws for their internal government, the minor prerogatives and interests of the Crown must be regulated and governed by the peculiar and established law of the place. Though if such law be silent on the subject, it would appear that the prerogative, as established by the English common law, prevails in every respect, subject, perhaps, to exceptions which the difference between the constitution of the United Kingdom and that of the dependent dominions may necessarily create. By this principle, many of the difficulties which frequently arise as to the Sovereign's foreign or co-

(1) Sir Edward Coke thus rebuked James I. for asserting a prerogative right to judge whatever cause he pleased in his own person, free from all risk of prohibitions or appeals:

Coke, C. J. (all the other judges assenting) —By the law of England, the King, in his own person, cannot adjudge any case, either criminal or betwixt party and party. The form of giving judgment is *ideo consideratum est per curiam*; so the Court gives the judgment. So in the King's Bench the King may sit, but the Court gives the judgment. *Ergo*, the King cannot take any cause out of any of his courts and give judgment on it himself. From a roll of Parliament in the Tower of London, 17 Rich. II., it appears that a controversy of land between the parties having, been heard by the King, and sentence having been given, it was reversed for this—that the matter belongeth to the Common Law.

King James.—My lords, I always thought, and by my soul I have often heard the boast, that your English law was founded upon reason! If that be so, why have not I, and others, reason, as well as you, the judges?

Coke, C. J.—True it is, please your Majesty, that God has endowed your Majesty with excellent science, as well as great gifts of nature; but your Majesty will allow me to say, with all reverence, that you are not learned in the laws of this your realm of England; and I crave leave to remind your Majesty that causes which concern the life, or inheritance, or goods, or fortunes of your subjects, are not to be decided by natural reason, but by the reason and judgment of the law, which law is an art which requires long study and experience before a man can attain to a cognizance of it. The law is the golden met-wand to try the causes of your Majesty's subjects, and it is by the law that your Majesty is protected in safety and peace.

King James (in a great rage).—Then, am I to be *under* the law—which it is treason to affirm?

Coke, C. J.—Thus wrote Bracton: 'Rex non debet esse sub homine, sed *sub Deo et Lege*.'—Lord Campbell's Lives of the Chief Justices, v. 1, p. 231; 12 Coke, 63.

(2) The exercise of the Royal Prerogative by the Crown, has been held to be *ultra vires* in the case of Letters Patent under the Great Seal: *Long* v. *Bishop of Capetown*, 1 Moore's P. C. N. S. 411; in the case of an Order of the Queen in Council, *Attorney-General* v. *Bishop of Manchester*, L. R. 3 Eq. 450, and in the case of a Treaty with a Foreign Power, *The Parlement Belge*, L. R. 4 P. D. 129.

(3) Chitty, 4. This statute was repealed in part in 1863. See 1 Rev. Stat. (Imperial) 131. The Imperial Acts, 6 & 7 Vic. c. 94, and 15 & 16 Vic. c. 39, relate to the Prerogative in the Colonies.

(4) Chalmer's Opinions, 240.

lonial prerogative may be readily solved.[1]

In colonies acquired by conquest or cession, the Sovereign, in addition to the ordinary prerogatives, possesses a prerogative power of legislation, which may be exercised with or without the assistance of Parliament. But the Sovereign may preclude himself from this exercise of his prerogative legislative authority, by promising to vest it in a Governor and legislative assembly, and thereafter—even during the interval between the Royal Charter and the meeting of such assembly,—the Sovereign cannot impose a tax on the inhabitants,[2] nor exercise his prerogaive power of legislation within the colony.[3]

The authority of the Sovereign in each of the colonies is represented and executed by a Governor to whom are assigned such prerogatives as are essential for the government of the colony. The Governors of colonies are, in general, invested with royal authority. They may call, prorogue and dissolve the colonial assemblies, and exercise other kingly functions; still they are but the servants or representatives of the Sovereign.[4]

A colonial assembly cannot be legally convened without the Sovereign's writ of summons.[5] The Governor has no exclusive authority in this department of his office; the writ of summons for an assembly issues in the Sovereign's name, tested only by the Governor.[6] 'While the Province (Maryland) was in the hands of the Crown, who was *caput, principium et finis* of the General Assembly? the King, or his deputy, the Governor? Not the Governor; upon no principle can he be considered *caput vel principium*, for the assembly was commenced and was held by the King's writ of summons, attested only by the Governor. Nor upon any principle can he be considered *finis* of the General Assembly, for upon the death or removal of a Governor, the assembly did not, in law, cease and determine, but was kept alive by the King's writ and subsisted. Only the King then could have been *caput, principium et finis*; upon his demise a dissolution followed.'[7]

The Prerogative of the Crown, in assenting to Acts of a Provincial Legislature, may be legally communicated to the Governor of a colony.[8]

The extent of the exercise of the royal prerogative in the American colonies, prior to the Revolution ,will furnish some precedents by which the law of the prerogative in the colonies may be determined. The American colonies were divided into three classes. Eight—Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, North and South Carolina—were called Provincial Governments, and derived their governmental functions directly from the Crown, by Royal Charters. In these the Crown appointed the Governors. Three—Pennsylvania, Delaware and Maryland—were called Proprietary Governments, and derived their governmental functions through the grant made by Royal Charters to the proprietors of those colonies. In these the proprietors appointed the Governors, who appear to have exercised, *sub silentio*, their powers as if appointed by the Crown.[9] Two—Connecticut and Rhode Island—were called Charter Governments, and enjoyed, by Royal Charter, the democratic privilege of electing their Governors and assemblies by the votes of the freeholders. But by the statute 7 & 8 William III. c. 22, it was required that all Governors appointed in Charter and Proprietary

(1) Chitty, 26.

(2) A conquered country may be taxed by the authority of the Crown alone.—Chalmers' Opinions, 231.

(3) Per Lord Mansfield, C. J., in *Campbell* v. *Hall*, 1 Cowper 204. See also *Attorney-General* v. *Stewart*, 2 Merivale, 158.

(4) Chitty, 34. (5) Chalmers' Opinions, 327.

(6) *Ibid.* 323.

(7) Chalmer's Opinions, 326.

(8) *Ibid.* 310.

(9) Stokes' British Colonies, 23-4.

Governments, before entering upon the duties of their offices, should be approved of by the Crown.[1]

The Governors thus appointed or elected, exercised the power to call, prorogue and dissolve the colonial assemblies. 'The prerogative in relation to their General Assemblies is at least as extensive as ever it was in England. In respect to our Parliament, and this prerogative of the Crown, whatever the extent of it may be, every Governor, by his commission, is empowered to exercise in his particular Province.'[2] They, as the representatives or deputies of the Sovereign, and with the concurrence of the colonial assemblies, made laws suited to the emergencies of the colonies, but 'not repugnant or contrary to the laws of the realm of England.'[3] They, with the advice of the councils,[4] established courts, appointed judges, magistrates, and officers; pardoned offenders; remitted fines and forfeitures; levied military forces for defence, and executed martial law in time of invasion, war, or rebellion.[5] And in the Proprietary Governments, they exercised within their respective colonies all the usual prerogatives which in provincial governments belonged to the Crown.[6]

The form of enacting laws in the various colonies was not uniform. In some the Royal name was not used, and the enactment was declared to be made by the Governor, with the consent of the Council and Assembly.[7] In Maryland (a proprietary government) the form was: 'Be it enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the consent,' &c.[8] In Pennsylvania (another proprietary government) the form was 'Be it enacted by the Honourable —— Lieutenant Governor, and the Honourables Thomas Penn and Richard Penn, Esquires, Proprietors, by and with the advice and consent of the representatives of the freemen of the Province in general assembly assembled.'[9] Several of the Royal Charters and instructions provided that all laws passed in the several colonial assemblies, and assented to by the Governors, should remain in force until the pleasure of the King should be known; and each Governor was required to send to the King for approval, all laws so assented to, immediately after the passing thereof.[1] The laws so sent then received the express assent or disallowance of the Crown by an order of the King in Council.[2] But in the present Parliamentary Colonial Constitutions this course has been considerably varied, generally leaving the Governor power to give the Crown's assent, thereby superseding the necessity of an Order in Council, except for the purpose of disallowing.[3] So long as the prerogative of disallowance was not exercised, the Act continued in force under the assent given by the Governor, on behalf of the

(1) 'This statute was, if at all, ill observed, and seems to have produced no essential change in the colonial policy.'—Story on the Constitution, s. 161.

(2) Chalmers' Opinions, 239.

(3) 7 & 8 William III. c. 22, s. 9, enacted that all laws, by-laws, usages or customs in force in any of the Plantations repugnant to the laws of England, then or thereafter to be made in the Kingdom, 'so far as such laws shall relate to and mention the said Plantations,' are illegal, null, and void to all intents and purposes whatsoever. See also Imperial Acts 26 & 27 Vic. c. 84, and 28 & 29 Vic. c. 63.

(4) The Councils, in some colonies, had legislative as well as executive powers.

(5) Stokes, 155; Story, s. 159.

(6) Stokes, 22; Story, s. 160.

(7) Chalmers' Opinions, 310. In Jamaica, the general form seems to have been: 'May it please your most excellent Majesty that it may be enacted. Be it therefore enacted by the Governor, Council, and Assembly of this your Majesty's Island of Jamaica.' See further, Watson's Powers of Canadian Parliament, 138.

(8) Chalmers' Opinions, 302.

(9) Pennsylvania Archives, 1756-60, p. 121.

(1) Story, s. 171. Maryland, Connecticut, and Rhode Island were not required to transmit their laws for the approval of the Crown.

(2) Chalmers' Opinions, 340.

(3) Mills' Colonial Constitutions, 33.

Crown. But it was at one time a received maxim that the Crown could at any time, however remote, exercise the prerogative of disallowing any Colonial Act which had not been confirmed by an Order in Council. 'This, however, may now be numbered among those constitutional powers of the Crown which have been dormant for a long series of years, and which would not be called into action, except on some extreme and urgent occasion,'[1] and then only in cases where the Imperial Parliament had not placed a limitation upon this exercise of the prerogative. This supervision of the Crown over the legislation of the colonies, appears to have been claimed and exercised by virtue of the prerogative, and by virtue of the dependency of the colony on the Empire, in order that the laws appointed or permitted in the colony might not be extensively changed without the assent of the central authority of the State.[2]

The colonies (says Governor Pownall) had therefore legislatures peculiar to their own separate communities, subordinate to England, in that they could make no laws contrary to the laws of the mother country; but in all other matters and things, uncontrolled and complete legislatures, in conjunction with the King or his deputy as part thereof. Where the King participated in this sovereignty over these foreign dominions, with the Lords and Commons, the colonies became in fact the dominions of the realm.[3] 'These colonial legislatures, with the restrictions necessarily arising from their dependency on Great Britain, were *sovereign* within the limits of their respective territories.'[4]

(1) Howard's Colonial Laws, 26.

(2) This is substantially the judicial opinion affirming the right of appeal from Colonial Courts to the Sovereign in Council.—Vaughan's Reports, 290, 402.

(3) Pownall's Administration of the Colonies, 139.

(4) Story, s. 171.

Whatever constitutional usage may be deduced from these references to the extent and exercise of the Prerogatives of the Crown in the American colonies, it would appear that, although the power to appoint the Governors of these colonies was exercised by the Crown, the Proprietors, and the people, yet as the two latter derived their power primarily from the Crown, their appointments seem to have created no constitutional difficulty in vesting in their appointees, as Governors, the right to exercise the Crown's prerogative, so far as the same was requisite for the legislative function of their government. It seems to have been conceded even in days when Personal Rule was a marked feature in Imperial affairs, that, as the prerogative was vested in the Crown for the benefit of the people,[5] and for the exigencies of good government in the colonial domain of the Empire, that prerogative could be lawfully exercised by the Governor whether communicated to him by direct or indirect grant, or by necessary implication of law, and especially where, as a principle of constitutional law, the assent of the Crown was a pre-requisite to the making of colonial, as it was to the making of Imperial, laws; and thus the prerogative right to give or withhold that assent must have vested in the Governor acting for and as representing the Crown within the colony.[6]

The territory now forming the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec was placed under Provincial Governments from the first; and, although no representative assembly was established for

(5) The recognized modern doctrine is, that all prerogative rights are trusts for the benefit of the people.—Mr. Mowat's Memorandum Sess. Papers (Can.) 1877, No. 89. p. 95.

(6) A legal and confirmed Act of Assembly has the same operation and force in the colonies that an Act of Parliament has in Great Britain.—Chitty, 37. The legislative bodies in the dependencies of the Crown have *sub modo* the same powers of legislation as their prototype in England, subject, however, to the final negative of the Sovereign.—1 Broom's Commentaries, 122.

the former Province of Quebec, the prerogative in respect to legislation within that territory was maintained in the Quebec Act of 1774, which provided that every ordinance of the Governor and Legislative Council, within six months of the passing thereof, should be transmitted to England and 'laid before His Majesty for his royal approbation, and if His Majesty shall think fit to disallow thereof, the same shall cease and be void' (s. 14). In the Constitutional Act of 1791, 31 George III. c. 31, it was provided that in Upper Canada and Lower Canada, the laws should be enacted by His Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council and Assembly in each Province; and that all laws passed by such Council and Assembly, and assented to by His Majesty, or in His Majesty's name by the Governor or Lieutenant Governor of each Province, should be valid and binding (s. 2); and the Governor was empowered 'to summon and call together an Assembly for each Province' (s. 13), and to do other acts 'in His Majesty's name.' By the Union Act of 1840, so much of the former Act of 1791 as provided for constituting a Legislative Council and Assembly, and for the making of laws, within each Province, was repealed, and it was enacted that within the united Provinces Her Majesty should have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council and Assembly, to make laws for the peace, welfare and good government of the Province of Canada, such laws not being repugnant to that Act, or to such parts of the Constitutional Act of 1791, as were not then repealed. The Governor was empowered, 'in Her Majesty's name,' to summon and call together the Legislative Assembly, and to assent to, or withhold assent from, or reserve, Bills passed by the Council and Assembly.

The legislation in the former Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, and Canada (now the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec), was enacted in the name of the Sovereign, by and with the advice and consent of the Council and Assembly; and by 18 Vic. c. 88 (C. S. C. c. 5), it was enacted and declared that the form 'Her Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council and Assembly of Canada, enacts as follows,' should thereafter be used in all Legislative Acts. In the Provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island and British Columbia, prior to Confederation, the Royal name was not used in their Legislative Acts, but their legislation, nevertheless, affected the Crown's Prerogative in these Provinces.

The British North America Act established two separate and independent governments, with enumerated, and therefore limited, parliamentary or legislative powers. These dual legislative sovereignties take the place of, and exercise the functions and powers formerly vested in, what was practically one government. Each of the separate governments derive their legislative powers from the same instrument, and each, in a measure, is dealt with as if it related to a separate territorial government;[1] and the Act, neither expressly nor impliedly, confers upon either government a legislative jurisdiction over the other. The separate power to legislate on certain classes of subjects is declared to be 'exclusive.' 'Where the power to legislate is granted to be exercised exclusively by one body, the subject so exclusively assigned is as completely taken from the others as if they had been expressly forbidden to act on it.'[2] 'Where two legislative bodies exist, each hav-

(1) The Federal Government and the States, although both exist within the same territorial limits, are separate and distinct sovereignties, acting separately and independently of each other, within their respective spheres. —*Collector* v. *Day*, 11 Wallace, U. S. 113.

(2) Per Ritchie, C. J., *Regina* v. *Chandler*, 1 Hanney (N.B.), 557.

ing distinct and exclusive legislative powers, there must be care exercised by each to avoid encroachments by either body upon the exclusive powers of the other.'[1] 'As an abstract proposition it may be affirmed that if the Dominion Legislature were to enact that some of the matters vested in the Parliament—for instance "Bills of Exchange and Promissory Notes"—should be litigated only in a particular local court, and not in any other court whatever, such an enactment would be unconstitutional, because it would be an encroachment on the exclusive powers of the Provincial Legislature.'[2] 'A confirmed Act of a legislature, lawfully constituted, whether in a settled or conquered colony, has, as to matters within its competence, and the limits of its jurisdiction, the operation and force of *sovereign legislation*—though subject to be controlled by the Imperial Parliament.'[3] 'But in cases of concurrent authority, where the laws of the State are in direct and manifest collision on the same subject, those of the Union, being the supreme law of the land, are of paramount authority, and the State Laws so far, and so far only, as such incompatibility exists, must necessarily yield'[4]

In the creation of these dual governments, the statutory powers or prerogatives of the Crown were necessarily divided; some were assigned to the Dominion, and some to the Provincial, Governments, to the extent necessary for the complete and efficient exercise of the 'exclusive' authority of each.

It was not politically necessary, except for a harmless rhetorical purpose, to enact in the British North America Act that 'the Executive Government and authority of and over Canada is hereby declared to continue, and be vested, in the Queen.' Nor was it necessary, except as giving a key to what were to be the Governor-General's functions and jurisdiction in Provincial Legislation, to declare that 'the provisions of this Act, referring to the Governor-General, extend and apply to the Governor General for the time being, carrying on the Government of Canada *on behalf and in the name of the Queen.*' By constitutional usage, all Governors of colonies carry on their governments 'on behalf, and in the name, of' the Sovereign, as representing the chief executive authority of the State. In Canada, the Governor-General's assent to Bills, his appointment of Lieutenant-Governors, Privy Councillors, Judges and other functionaries, and his other acts of Government, within his jurisdiction, are 'on behalf, and in the name, of the Queen,' by and with the advice which the law and the constitution has assigned to him.[5]

It will, doubtless, be conceded that the Colonial Prerogatives of the Crown, may be vested by statute or Royal Commission, in a Governor-General or in a Lieutenant-Governor; some of such prerogatives *ex necessitate*,

(1) Per Harrison, C. J., *Regina* v. *Lawrence*, 42 Q. B. Ont. 174.

(2) Per Wilson, C. J., *Crombie* v. *Jackson*, 34 Q. B., Ont. 575.

(3) Per Willes, J., *Phillips* v. *Eyre*, L. R., 6 Q. B., 20.

(4) Per Marshall, C. J., *Gibbons* v. *Ogden*, 9 Wheaton, U. S. 130.

(8) 'The distinction drawn in the statute between an act of the Governor, and an act of the Governor in Council, is a technical one, and arose from the fact, that in Canada, for a long period before confederation, certain acts of administration were required by law to be done under the sanction of an Order in Council, while others did not require that formality. In both cases, however, since responsible government has been conceded, such acts have always been performed under the advice of a responsible ministry.'—Sir J. A. Macdonald's Memorandum, H. of C. (Imp.), 1878-9, p. 109. His Excellency's Ministers (whose recommendation is essential to action) are responsible, not merely for the advice given, but also for the action taken. The Canadian Parliament has the right to call them to account, not merely for what is proposed, but for what is done,—in a word, what is done is practically *their* doing.—Mr. Blake's Memorandum, Sess. Papers, (Can.) 1877. No. 89 p. 452. See also Todd's Parliamentary Government in the Colonies, p. 79, 341, 414.

may be held to belong to him by virtue of his office, as in the case of the Governors appointed by proprietors, or elected by the people, before referred to.[1]

But, without discussing this last point, enough may be found in the British North America Act to elucidate the extent of the Prerogative of the Crown in the local legislation of the Provinces.

It has been shown that the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors of the old American colonies exercised the Crown's prerogative of calling together the Legislative Assemblies in the Sovereign's name. In the former Provincial Governments of Canada, the Lieut.-Governors of Upper and Lower Canada, and of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and the Governor of Canada, were specially authorized 'in the Queen's name,' to summon the Legislative Assembly of these Provinces; and by section 82 of the British North America Act, this power is expressly conferred upon the Lieutenant-Governors of Ontario and Quebec, and by fair inference, from sections 88 and 129, upon the Lieutenant-Governors of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. The Imperial Colonial Regulations also provide that the Governor of a colony 'has the power of issuing, in the Queen's name, writs of summons and election to call together the representative assemblies and councils where they exist, and for the election of their members; and also that of assembling, proroguing and dissolving legislative bodies.'

The legislature, so summoned in the Queen's name, has exclusive legislative authority to make laws in certain classes of subjects defined by section 92 of the British North America Act, and which laws by the unrepealed clauses of the Constitutional Act of 1791, are to be 'assented to by Her Majesty,' or to 'be made by Her Majesty by and with the advice and consent' of the local legislature. These laws, which, by the Act of 1791, require the assent of the Crown, are the laws relating to 'the time and place of holding elections' (s. 25), repealing or varying laws then existing, or in so far as the same should thereafter be repealed or varied by temporary laws (secs. 33 and 50), altering the constitution of the Courts of Appeal of Upper and Lower Canada (sec. 34), varying or repealing the provisions of the Act respecting the Clergy Reserves (sec. 41), altering the law then established, with respect to the nature and consequences of the tenure of lands in free and common soccage (sec. 43). The Union Act of 1840, also provided that 'Her Majesty shall have power, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council and Assembly, to make laws for the peace, welfare and good government of the Province of Canada, such laws not being repugnant to this Act, or to such parts of the said Act [of 1791]. passed in the thirty-first year of his said late Majesty, as are not hereby repealed . . . and that all such laws, being passed by the said Legislative Council and Assembly, and assented to by Her Majesty, or assented to in Her Majesty's name, by the Governor of the Province of Canada, shall be valid and binding to all intents and purposes.' Of the classes of subjects, specially mentioned in this Act, which are now within the legislative authority of the Provincial Legislatures, are, the establishment of new and other electoral divisions, and alteration of the system of representation (s. 26), laws relating to or affecting Her Majesty's Prerogative touching the granting of waste lands of the Crown within the Province (sec. 42), amended by 17 & 18 Vic. c. 118, s. 6, the constitution of the Courts of Appeal, of the Court of Chancery for Upper Canada, and the place of holding the Court of Queen's Bench of Upper Canada

(1) The Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations communicated with the Governors of these colonies; and to the Lieutenant-Governor of Pennsylvania, if not to others, royal instructions were given.—Pennsylvania Archives, 1740, p. 616.

(sec. 43), the revenue and the charges thereon (s.s. 50-57). And it was provided that the words 'Act of the Legislature of the Province of Canada,' in the Act should mean 'Act of Her Majesty, Her Heirs or Successors, enacted by Her Majesty, or by the Governor, on behalf of Her Majesty, with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council and Assembly of the Province of Canada.'

These Imperial Acts were 'laws in force in Canada' prior to the passing of the British North America Act, and are therefore, by the 129th section, continued in Ontario and Quebec, as if the Union had not been made; and being Imperial statutes are not subject to be repealed, abolished or altered, by the Parliament of Canada or by the Legislature of the Province. The same section continued in force in Ontario and Quebec, the Provincial statute to which Her Majesty was an enacting party, under the Union Act of 1840, which declared that the laws should be enacted in the name of Her Majesty; and it also continued all the laws so enacted in the name of Her Majesty relating to the classes of subjects within the legislative authority of the Provinces, subject nevertheless to be repealed, abolished or altered, by the Legislature of the Province, according to the authority of that Legislature under the Act.

The powers, authorities and functions which, under these Acts, were, at the union, vested in or exercisable by the former Lieutenant-Governors of Upper and Lower Canada, and the Governor of Canada, are, by the 65th section, so far as the same are capable of being exercised after the union, in relation to the governments of Ontario and Quebec respectively, vested in, and shall or may be exercised by the Lieutenant-Governors of Ontario and Quebec respectively, with the advice and consent of the Executive Council of these Provinces.[1]

Without considering whether the Governors of the former colonies of America have established a constitutional usage respecting the prerogatives of the Crown,[2] either with or without Royal Instructions, it would appear that, by the express provisions of the B. N. A. Act, the Lieutenant-Governors of Ontario and Quebec are invested with the power to exercise such prerogatives of the Crown as were, by former Imperial and Canadian statutes, possessed and exercisable by the Governors and Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces which now comprise Ontario and Quebec; and that to the extent to which these statutory prerogatives were vested, these Lieutenant-Governors represent the Crown within their respective Provinces, in a higher and more real sense than the judges represent the Crown in the administration of justice—styled as they are, in legal proceedings and statutes, 'Her

(1) The following is the 65th section of the B. N. A. Act:—'All powers, authorities, and functions which under Acts of the Parliament of Great Britain, or of the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, or of the Legislature of Upper Canada, Lower Canada, or Canada, were or are before or at the union vested in or exercised by the respective Governors or Lieutenant-Governors of those Provinces, with the advice, or with the advice and consent of the respective Executive Councils thereof, or in conjunction with those Councils, or with any number of members thereof, or by those Governors or Lieutenant-Governors individually, shall, as far as the same are capable of being exercised after the union, in relation to the Government of Ontario and Quebec respectively, be vested in and shall or may be exercised by the Lieutenant-Governors of Ontario and Quebec respectively, with the advice, or with the advice and consent of, or in conjunction with the respective Executive Councils, or any members thereof, or by the Lieutenant-Governor individually, as the case requires, subject nevertheless (except with respect to such as exist under Acts of Parliament of Great Britain or of the Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland,) to be abolished or altered by the respective Legislatures of Ontario and Quebec.'

(2) Usage is, according to the British system, as obligatory as express enactment, where there is no express enactment to govern. Many constitutional rules have no other foundation than precedents.—Mr. Mowat's Memorandum, Sess. Papers (Ont.) 1874, No. 19, p. 3.

Majesty's Judges;' the 'Queen's Justices,' or 'Judges of Her Majesty's Courts.'[1]

In defining the legislative authority of the Parliament of Canada, the Act in effect prescribes that the legislative form of enactment shall be the Queen, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and House of Commons; and it was proper so to prescribe, for the Legislatures which preceded it, had no uniformity in their enacting forms. But in the Provinces each Legislature was left to the form of enacting laws which the prior constitutions had either prescribed or allowed.[2]

The provisions of s. 54 of the B. N. A. Act, as made applicable by s. 90 to the Legislature, read as follows: It shall not be lawful for the Legislative Assembly to adopt or pass any vote, resolution, address, or bill for the appropriation of any part of the public revenue, or of any tax or impost to any purpose that has not been first recommended by Message of the Lieutenant-Gevernor.

This clause might read as a rule of procedure, but for the recognition which it gives to a constitutional doctrine in Parliamentary Government,—'that no moneys can be voted in Parliament, for any purpose whatsoever, except at the demand, and upon the responsibility, of Ministers of the Crown.'[3] The reason of this doctrine has been thus stated: 'The Crown, acting with the advice of its responsible Ministers, being the Executive power, is charged with the management of all the revenues of the country, and with all payments for the public service. The Crown, therefore, in the first instance, makes known to the Commons the pecuniary necessities of the Government, and the Commons grant such aids or supplies as are required to satisfy these demands; and provide by taxes, and by the appropriation of other sources of the public income, the ways and means to meet the supplies which are granted by them. Thus the Crown demands money, the Commons grant it, and the Lords assent to the grant. But the Commons do not vote money unless it be required by the Crown; nor impose or augment taxes unless they be necessary for meeting the supplies which they have voted, or are about to vote, for supplying general deficiencies of the revenue. The Crown has no concern in the nature or distribution of taxes; but the foundation of all Parliamentary taxation is—its necessity for the public service as declared by the Crown, through its constitutional advisers.[4]

Thus there is directly introduced in-

(1) It is evident, therefore, that in a modified, but most real sense, the Lieutenant-Governors of the Canadian Provinces are representatives of the Crown.—Todd's Parliamentary Government in the Colonies, 42.

(2) A distinction is said to exist between the terms 'Parliament' and 'Legislature,' in the British North America Act, by which some undefined superiority in power or privilege belongs to the former over the latter. But the House of Commons of the one, and the Legislative Assembly of the other, are called into existence by the same instrument; and they represent, for separate powers of legislation, the same authority—the people. And by the judgment of the highest Court of Appeal, binding on the colonies, it has been decided that colonial legislative bodies have not the inherent Parliamentary powers and privileges of the Imperial Parliament; and that, in the absence of express grant, the *lex et consuetudo Parliamenti*, which is inherent in the two Houses of the Imperial Parliament, does not belong to colonial legislatures—nor even the power to punish for contempt, which is inherent in every court of justice as a Court of Record. But by the 18th section of the B. N. A. Act, amended by the Imp. Act, 38 & 39 Vic. c. 38, the Parliament of Canada may by statute clothe itself with Parliamentary powers and privileges.—See *Doyle* v. *Falconer*, L. R. 1 P. C. 328; *Keilly* v. *Carson*, 4 Moore's P. C. 63; *Fenton* v. *Hampton*, 11 Moore P. C. 347; *Landers* v. *Woodworth*, 2 Sup. Ct. Can. 158; Chalmers' Opinions, 265. See also as to the terms 'central legislature' and 'local legislature,' Imp. Acts, 32 Vic. c. 10; 33 & 34 Vic. c. 52; 37 & 38 Vic. c. 27.

(3) 1 Todd's Parliamentary Government, 428. 'It is clear that every petition and motion for a grant of public money should, on the ground of economy, and for the safety of the people, be initiated by the responsible Ministers of the Crown.'—182 Hans. 598.

(4) May's Privileges of Parliament, 584.

to the Provincial Legislative procedure, the well recognized Prerogative of the Crown is asking from the people in their Assembly, the supplies necessary to carry on the Executive Government of the Crown in the Province, in the same manner as supplies are demanded in the Imperial and Dominion Parliaments.

In view of the express enactment, that the Executive Government and authority of and over Canada is vested in the Queen, and that the Governor-General carries on that Government on behalf and in the name of the Queen, it cannot be contended that his assent to Bills in Canada, or the Lieutenant-Governor's assent to Bills in the Governor-General's name in the Provinces, is other than the Queen's assent. The Queen cannot be personally present in the Imperial as well as the Colonial Legislatures, to give the Crown's assent to Bills; nor can the Governor-General be personally present, to represent the Queen, in the Dominion as well as in the Provincial Legislatures, to give the Crown's assent. Whatever might be the contention as to the position and functions of the Lieutenant-Governors if the section, making him a part of the Provincial Legislature, stood alone,[1] that position is made a delegated or representative one by the construction which has been given to the clause (s. 56 with s. 90), which reads that when the Lieutenant-Governor assents to a Bill in the Governor-General's name, he is to transmit such Bill to the Governor-General. In no other place in the Act is the official assent of the Governor-General referred to; and it is introduced there more as regulating procedure than as conferring an independent right; and from that consideration, as well as from the express words of the statute, which show that the Governor-General has only derivative or representative, and not absolute, powers and functions in legislation, it may fairly be conceded that the common law of the Prerogative respecting the Crown's assent to Bills—and without which it is admitted, they can have no validity[2]—has it not been abrogated in respect of the legislation of the Provincial Legislatures.

This right of the Crown to give or withhold the Royal assent to Acts of Parliament is possessed by the Crown as part of the Royal Prerogative. The Imperial Parliament therefore in dealing with that prerogative, in respect of colonial legislation, provided that that assent should be required to Acts of the former Legislatures of Upper and Lower Canada, and Canada, and impliedly or expressly has placed the same condition on Provincial legislation, and has thus continued that prerogative in the Provinces. 'It is a well established rule that the Crown cannot be divested of its prerogative, even by an Act of Parliament passed by the Queen, Lords and Commons, unless by express words or necessary implication. The presumption is that Parliament does not intend to deprive the Crown of any prerogative, right or property, unless it expresses its intention to do so in explicit terms, or makes the inference irresistible.'[3]

It might also be urged that the classes of subjects which are within the legislative authority of the Provincial Legislatures necessarily make the Crown a part of those legislatures. They have power to alter the terms of the Confederation Act as to their own

(1) There shall be a Legislature for Ontario, consisting of the Lieutenant-Governor, and one House styled the Legislative Assembly of Ontario (s. 69). In Quebec there is a similar provision, but giving two Houses (s. 71). In Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the constitution of their Legislatures is continued subject to the provisions of the Act (s. 88).

(2) No Acts of Colonial Legislatures have force until they have received either the assent of the Governor in the Queen's name, or the Royal assent when reserved and transmitted for consideration.—Cox's British Commonwealth, 525.

(3) Per Gwynne, J., *Lenoir* v. *Ritchie*, 3 Sup. Court Can. 633.

constitution — an exercise of sovereignty, heretofore exercisable by Imperial statute or Royal Charter. They can exercise the power of taxation, which is an incident of sovereignty.[1] They control the sale of the Crown domain —lands, timber, mines, minerals and royalties,—the revenue from the sales of which were supposed to form part of the hereditary revenues of the Crown,[2] and they possess that right of eminent domain which is defined to be one of these reserved rights of sovereignty.[3] They have power to pass laws affecting property and civil rights in the Province 'to the same unlimited extent that the Imperial Parliament have in the United Kingdom.'[4] They also establish Courts of Civil and Criminal Jurisdiction, one of which, now within their legislative jurisdiction, was called 'His Majesty's Court of King's Bench.' in an Imperial statute,[5] and from which Courts all writs issue in the name of the Queen; and their criminal courts have the right to try the subjects of the Crown for their life or liberty.[6] 'The jurisdiction of the colonial judicatures, in point of law, invariably emanates from the King under the modifications of the colonial assemblies.'[7] And it may be said that they are called 'Her Majesty's Courts,' in the Imperial Act, 25 Vic. c. 20, which prohibits writs of *Habeas Corpus* to issue out of England to any colony where *Her Majesty has a lawfully established court or courts of justice* having authority to issue writs of *Habeas Corpus.* The power to abolish these 'Queen's Courts' or to alter their titles or jurisdiction, rests with the Provincial Legislature.

The conclusions from the foregoing review would seem to be: (1) That to the extent of the powers and prerogatives of the Crown, capable of being exercised in relation to the Government of the Provinces, by virtue of the express or implied grant of such powers and prerogatives by the Imperial and Canadian statutes, the Lieutenant-Governors represent the Crown in their respective Provinces. (2) That to give the force of law to the enactments of the Provincial Legislatures, the Crown's assent is requisite. (3) That the Crown, in calling their Assemblies and assenting to their laws, is a constituent part of the Provincial Legislatures.

The discussion of the question involved in this paper might be pursued further, and take a wider scope than has been accorded to it. But what has been here suggested may lead to a more accurate and thorough review of our constitutional system, and of the extent of the Prerogatives of the Crown —exercisable as 'the will of the people,'[8]—in each of the Governments established by the Confederation Act.

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(1) *McCulloch* v. *State of Maryland*, 4 Wheat. U.S., 316; *Leprohon* v. *City of Ottawa*, 2 App. Ont. 522.

(2) The Imperial Act 15 & 16 Vic. c. 39, recites doubts that the revenues from the sale of Crown Lands in the colonies were part of the revenues surrendered by their Majesties King William IV. and Queen Victoria, on the passing of the Civil List Bills of 1830 and 1837; and recites that the *lands of the Crown* in the colonies have been hitherto granted and disposed of, and the moneys arising from the same, whether on sales or otherwise have been appropriated by and under the authority of the Crown, and by and under the authority of the several colonies. The Act then provides that the appropriations of such revenues to public purposes within the colonies shall be valid, provided that the surplus of such hereditary casual revenues not applied to such public purposes, shall be carried to and form part of the Consolidated Fund. See also the Union Act of 1840, ss. 42 and 54.

(3) Bump's Notes of Constitutional Decisions, 179.

(4) Per Strong, J., *In re Goodhue*, 19 Grant, Ch. (Ont.) 452.

(5) Union Act of 1840, s. 42 and see C. S. U. C., c. 10.

(6) The (Provincial) Courts are the tribunals of Her Majesty charged with the execution of all laws to which she has given her sanction, in virtue of the new constitution.—Per Fournier J., *Valin* v. *Langlois*, 3 Sup. Ct. Can. 59.

(7) Chitty, 33.

(8) In a democracy, the exercise of sovereignty is the declaration of the people's will.—Plowden's *Juva Anglorum*, 232.

It has been justly remarked that the erection of a new government, whatever care or wisdom may distinguish the work, cannot fail to originate questions of intricacy and nicety; and these may, in a particular manner, be expected to flow from a constitution founded upon the total or partial incorporation of a number of distinct sovereignties. Time alone can mature and perfect so composite a system; explain the meaning of all the parts; and adjust them to each other in a harmonious and consistent whole.[1]

(1) The Federalist, No. 82.

THE GANE-AWA' LAND.

BY A. M. R.

[In the extreme North of Scotland—in the Orkney Islands especially—'The Land o' the Leal' is called 'The Land o' the Gane-Awa.']

OH! fair is the Land o' the Gane-Awa',
Fairer than eye o' the earth-born saw,
Till he's passed through the gates o' the living and dead.
There is rest in the Land o' the Gane-awa—'
Nae storms beat there, nae cauld winds blaw,
But the tired han' rests and the thocht-rackit head,
And the ingathered flocks nae disturber dread,
For the wings of oor God are aboon them spread.

There's fadin' nae mair wi' the Gane-awa',
The bluims o' eternity ever blaw
In the blissfu' God-keepit gairdens there;
Nae shadow or clood in the clear blue lift,
And heaven's saft breezes ken nae shift:
A rippleless calm is its sea evermair,
Nae billow of trouble, or toil or care
Breaks on the shores o' that land so fair.

O, would I were there, wi' the Gane-awa',
For the shadows o' even' begin to fa',
And the warld is lanesome as it can be
When a' that I lo'ed are awa' frae me.
The wife o' my heart an' her bairnies three,
In the Gane-awa' Land them a' I'll see
An' blithe will oor meetin' an' greetin' be,
To live evermair whar' they never dee,
In oor Father's hame in Eternity.

ECCENTRICITIES OF A BOARDING-HOUSE.

BY HAYDON HOLME.

I.

IT has often been our lot to experience the annoyances of hotel-life. Once we ruled a suite of apartments, and thought ourselves somebody in consequence. We have grumbled and growled at the restraints of home-life, but never until the time of which we are now going to write had we known what it was to be one in a boarding-house.

Perhaps the house we were at, properly speaking, we ought not to call a boarding-house. We were told soon after our first week there that ours wasn't a 'Boarding-house.' 'It was a — a — that is to say—,' the lady of the home could neither find nor coin a word to suit her idea of what it really was, but, anyhow, it wasn't a boarding house. This was satisfactory, so we made no reply. The house was one, was the first one, of a row of six quondam rough-casters; they were now bricked up all round with brick of a particularly red colour. It was a two-and-a-half storey house; had a large bay window, two large bed-room windows, and one small attic window, for a frontage, hidden from view by the usual melancholy looking shutters of green. An all wall side, and a behind—well, as 'twas hidden from sight by other buildings, not necessary to say. It was on Groater Street, and by right of succession was numbered fourteen.

We had heard of 14 Groater Street, long before we made its aquaintance, as a very good place to stay at; the board was good—three daily papers had said so numbers of times—the boarders respectable, attractions in the way of unmarried 'eligiblesses,' and 'the comforts of a home offered,' and we were advised, if we didn't believe all this, to go and experience the truth of it by expressing ourselves, bag and baggage, to give 14 Groater Street a trial. The adviser was a friend—we flattered ourselves that he was—so we thought we might trust him. Before taking his advice, we casually happened to look at our directory for 14 Groater Street, found it in its proper order under the G's, and then we turned to the C's for the name of the tenant at that address. What we read alarmed us so much that we must give it to the reader, and if it fails to alarm him or her—well—all we can say is it alarmed us. We read, 'Crowes, Mrs., wid Jas.' 'Wid Jas,' what was that? What could a 'wid Jas' be? We turned to our Webster. Over the leaves of him to the W's. Looked right through from beginning to end, then from end to beginning, but no 'wid Jas' could we find. Unsuccessful after another careful search, we thought an explanation could be got from the J's, and became still more alarmed when no 'Jas' rewarded our look through that letter's words. We then thought of our friend, and began to try and remember whether, by word or deed we had ever injured him that he should consign us without any preparation to such a dreadfully-sounding something as a 'wid Jas.' That a 'wid Jas.' was a very dreadful something we didn't doubt, especially since Webster had no track of it. We congratulated ouselves upon our escape, and men-

tally decided to think no more of 14 Groater Street, with its undefinable tenant; anl to this day we might have remained in ignorance of the house's inside, had not accident interpreted what neither Webster nor our own knowledge of things could do. When the accident happened we were told that we were a 'stupid,' or something similarly expressive, for not knowing better, and that anybody ought to have known what 'wid Jas' meant. We will suppose, then, that everybody does know, which will save us the trouble of explaining.

We entered our boarding-house as a boarder, one terribly hot summer evening; the sun all day long had been throwing down his most intense heat, sending the thermometer up some thirty degrees higher than was necessary to have had the temperature comfortable, and at 6.30 took an offered seat at the table, when the following introductions were given :—

Mrs. Crowes was the presenter:

'We Miss Lane, we Miss Sadie Lane, we Mr. Hendryson, we Mr. Dimmelow, we Mr. Bertie Dimmelow, we Mr. Stitches, we Mr. Arches, we Mr. Dupernay.'

We made our bow as each name was called, and listened attentively to the different voices say, 'How d'ye do?' 'Good evening'—and once or twice a weak nervous voice forgetful of the time of day, murmurs an almost inaudible good morning. Introductions are capital fun sometimes. Nothing gives us more amusement than to form one of a number at a drawing-room gathering, and to note how the last arrivals endure the martyrdom of a lengthy list of introductions. 'Tis very seldom you come across one who can be sufficiently self-composed under such circumstances as to acknowledge each one presented without blundering. We have seen often neatly dressed, slightly moustached, slimly built young men enter a drawing-room, and stand facing the company, feeling about as comfortable as a condemned culprit, waiting on the scaffold for the hangman's finishing touch; they become conscious of having hands that don't seem to hang naturally no-how, their feet too are sadly in the way, hands and feet soon have their position altered, one of the former probably gets sent into a pocket and the other is given a moustache or watch-chain to play with. A presentation is made. The unnerved one bows, and although the hour may probably not be far from midnight, says, 'Good morning.' Another name called, he is uncertain what to say this time—repetition gives the impression of nervousness, so he can't say 'good morning,' he ventures 'How,' and then some strange impulse sends the poor fellow off the track and makes him conclude the sentence with 'Good evening.' Here sensible of the disconnectedness of this remark, he blushes himself into a perspiration, and dare not again open his mouth to address any of the succeeding 'introduced,' he shuffles about as though on springs, nodding his head before the name is given and not doing so when it is; invariably bowing to the wrong person, and occasionally, probably as a special mark of his appreciation of that particular one's acquaintance, giving two bows to the same person. When the misery is over, the poor fellow scrambles into a seat without waiting for one to be offered him, and with more haste than politeness. Feels ill for remainder of the evening.

Our first tea was passed in almost complete silence, characterized by nothing more than frequent 'may I trouble you's? 'Thanks!' 'Thank you!' and 'Excuse me!' So we took the opportunity to study, as well as we could, each one of our new acquaintances. As soon as tea was over, we adjourned in company with all the other boarders, not including Messrs. Stitches, Arches and Dupernay, to lounge about the door steps. Mr. Hendryson and Miss Lane coupled and occupied one step, Miss Crowes and Mr. Dimmelow, together, monopolized another step.

Mr. Bertie Dimmelow and Miss Sadie Lane, armed each other's neck, and were on the bottom step, while Mrs. Crowes presided over all the couples, and all the steps on the top step. We just stayed long enough to notice this much, and then, well, we won't go so far into details as to say what we did.

In a very short time we got very friendly with all at 14 Groater Street. It never takes us long, after becoming acquainted with people, to get to 'know' them; and as soon as we 'knew' our sisters and brothers of the 14 Groater Street board, we began to take a most particular interest in the house.

In Mrs. Crowes we found something to interest more from the very fact of that something in Mrs. Crowes amounting to almost nothing. She was a little woman, transplanted from one of the Southern States, of rather good figure, fresh but very insipid face, thin, small, straight nose, large grey-green eyes, little shapeless mouth, an indifferent set of teeth, and hair rapidly becoming grey. At table, Mrs. Crowes seldom spoke. We never heard her offer an opinion about anything, unless it was on that very safe topic the weather. Her quietness may have been the natural result of having nothing in her to make her otherwise. She herself accounted for it by saying that past trouble was the cause of it. We would have been inclined to favour this reason could we consistently have done so; we couldn't; because Mrs. Crowes was too fond of repeating the details of her troubles. Everything she would tell—even the most sacred secrets of the absent 'unbreathing.' True sorrow likes to have none to share or sympathize; but no heart-sorrow can possibly be so called if it lays bare its sorrow before the whole world without license or distinction. Then her manner, when talking 'troubles,' was repulsive; there was nothing refined or delicate about her. Those who had long parted from her to tread the uncertain path were, seemingly, only remembered for their faults; fretfully, complainingly, alluded to, and on their lifelessness she threw the whole blame for her present poverty-stricken life. The constant ever-present expression on Mrs. Crowes' face was that of a pouting child; her mouth's lower lip lapped over its top one always when her features were at rest, and this, probably more than anything else, gave the expression; her nose, if we may so speak of it, was a complaining nose; it was nearly straight, had one slight ridge about half way down; this was the part—the ridge was—that seemed to be complaining. It looked as though it wanted to get higher up or go lower down, and, since it could do neither, had adopted a fit of the blues, which it will never part with. In interesting contrast with this dissatisfied nose were the grey-green eyes which we have referred to: they were of a certain kind of grey-green whose colour would be difficult to describe, so we won't attempt to picture them, though if we call them sea-sick coloured eyes, we think nothing better would describe them. Then these indefinitely-coloured eyes were rimmed with a circle of black, and, somehow or other, always made us uncomfortable when they looked our way, especially at night-time, when they glared most unpleasingly.

Mrs. Crowes was very changeable and most inconsistent. Oftentimes we have heard her make remarks which, if not agreeing with the ideas of those to whom addressed, she would cancel by others entirely opposite. It was a very small matter to have her alter her opinion three times in succession. You hear her say something—don't agree with it—no more does she—then begin to qualify your disbelief, gradually believing what she led off with, and, nothing daunted, Mrs. Crowes will change cars again. In domestic matters, Mrs. Crowes was just the same; she changed her servants once a week for two months,

and once a fortnight for the next three; one day praising them, the next day parting with them. We never knew her to have a servant which she didn't say was the best girl that ever worked for her, and the worst girl that ever went out to service. The most pitiable feature of Mrs. Crowes' character was the lack of discipline she showed in the education of her daughters. She had two, Fanny and Patty, and anything these two wanted they had only to sulk and pout for, and they were sure to get it. This sort of cruel kindness has results of a not very attractive nature before many years of it pass. Fanny, Mrs. Crowes' eldest daughter, at the time of our becoming acquainted with her, had just about passed her seventeenth year. She was a little, slightly-made, half-formed creature, with a head small as a large-sized doll, and about as empty. Her hair was inclined to be black, but uncertain whether to remain brown, and in keeping with her eyebrows, what little there was of them. Her features were childishly small; a flat-bridged, shapeless nose, a pretty, kissable mouth, with quick-passioned lips, and a chin so small that less of it and there would have been none at all. She had merry, laughing eyes of greyish brown, clear, and, a great pity, they would have made quite a handsome set-off to her plain, though pleasing, features if one of them had not the unfortunate drawback of being malformed. She had a cast in her eye. It was not very perceptible unless seen from a distance; at table it would not be noticed, except when something or other had tended to ruffle her, and then, her features sullenly at rest, the defect became painfully manifest. She kept concealed by a fringe of hair a forehead which, when deprived of its cover had the singular effect of giving to her face an appearance like that of a Chinese baby. Her smile was her best, and we might as well add, her only attraction; her face was made for smiling, and its owner was quite conscious of this, at least we should imagine so, since we scarcely ever saw her without her smile. Many mouths smile, and the smile is becoming; but when extended into a laugh, either an idiotic or unpleasing expression is given to the face. Not so with Fanny's mouth; it smiled a pretty smile; it laughed and made her positively charming. We cannot say much of Miss Crowes' accomplishments or attainments, because she had nothing of either for us to mention. She had seen little of school, had left at a time when most girls begin in earnest to learn something, with acquirements sufficient to enable her to know the difference between a verb and a substantive, to do a multiplication sum without bringing it to an incredible total, to be positive that Holland was a Dutch possession, and Queen Victoria the reigning sovereign of Great Britain. She had become early impressed with an affectionate regard for unpetticoated humanity, which soon showed itself in the person of a most ordinary specimen of the race for whom she professed undying love. Him she fondly hoped and openly confessed she would marry, and indeed she might so have done, had not a half-witted youth of raw, uncouth appearance, in harmony with the enfeebled condition of his intellect, succeeded in alienating her affections and succeeding to them. They plighted their troth, wrote each other letters of impassioned adjectival eloquence—he was boarding in their house, by-the-by, but that did not prevent epistolary love—called heaven to register their vow, and six weeks afterwards 'bust up' with a word duel of terrible and fierce invective. A little interval and Miss Fanny was again in the toils, out again, in again, once more out, and at the time of our meeting, was negotiating for another trial. She did not seem to be particular to whom she gave what she would call her love; if it was only to a male she was satisfied, whether that male were an idiot or an express

driver. Her uncontrolled passion for 'fellows' had seemed to have had the effect of rendering her incapable of doing anything else but spoon and write love-letters. We noticed that in the house she did very little, almost nothing, and would complain if given an hour of household stitching to do, though she would spend a month over a pair of slippers for some favourite 'he.' She was in fact incapable of giving her mind to anything of a substantial nature; to get through a good novel, even, was a most difficult task for her, and if she did get through it, it would not be in less than six weeks' time; she had application in nothing, was entirely devoid of anything that meant mind, and gave great promise of eventually becoming one of Pope's women, who have no character at all. She could talk about nothing but trifles, was always ready for pleasure of no matter what kind, never knew what to do with the time when no pleasure was to be had, would burst into tears if disappointed of any expected enjoyment, and was so intensely selfish as to think that everyone ought to give way to her in everything. We derived much pleasure from watching Fanny at table. At times she had a sort of superfluous wit, which she would use to the best advantage, would even attempt sarcasm, but this she was very poor at, and she was so ridiculously sensitive, that if it were returned she would go from the room in tears. Sarcasm must be able to stand sarcasm, and this Miss Fanny could not do. Fanny had a sister, and Mrs. Crowes another daughter. Fanny's sister and Mrs. Crowes' other daughter was called Patty; she was four years the junior of Fanny, and though only a child of about thirteen summers had the intelligence of a girl of more than her sister's age. She had a rather queer face, nothing pretty about it, very bright eyes and flat features. She had an uncontrolled aversion for everybody masculine; gifted with quick perception, she never missed a chance of 'takingoff' people, and many was the time we ourselves, who take a peculiar pride in not saying or doing anything that would lay us open to sarcasm, have had to acknowledge the result of Patty's merited shafts. And yet she was only a child; but such a child that many long out of their childhood would not be able to withstand Patty's retort. We had seen all who had seats at our table—in particular Mr. Hendryson and the two Dimmelows, looking most uncommonly small after receiving sarcastic attention from Patty — completely nonplussed, and unable to stem the current of laughter running the round of the table by a suitable reply to her remark. For her sister, Miss Patty had a sort of supercilious contempt, which showed itself in constant sneers, and occasional struggles to scalp her, when Fanny had dared to rouse to an unusual degree her temper. Patty had inspired Fanny with an affectionate reverence for her which amounted almost to fear; and we have often been amused when we have seen Fanny slighted by some one make for her sister's assistance, and hover round her applauding with continual smiles the quick and appropriate retorts Patty made to her antagonist. Thus frequently Fanny's battles were fought by proxy, and to Patty was she much indebted for this kind of valuable service. Like her sister, Patty was wilful and would have her own way; unlike her sister she was always getting it, both from her mother and from Fanny. If the latter wouldn't yield to her, Patty would instantly fly at her, and make for her hair, grasping a handful and holding on like grim death until she got what she wanted. Of course Fanny's loves were enjoyment to Patty, though she seldom taunted her sister with them, unless she was in any way inconvenienced by them. Literature of a fictitious nature, Patty would devour with all the eagerness of a nabob at dinner; and for one book read by her sister, Patty had read a hundred. Sensible in many things, we could not help liking Patty,

and it will much surprise us if she does not develop into a decently clever girl.

We were not long at 14 Groater-street, before we began to notice our house was divided into two parties. It was not by any special arrangement, but simply an understanding between the Lanes, the Dimmelows, Hendryson, and the Mrs. and Misses Crowes, that they formed a circle to which the two divines (Arches and Dupernay), and the one lawyer, Mr. Stitches, were entire strangers. We ourselves sided with neither; kept aloof from both sides, seeing everything, saying nothing, 'knitting' like Dickens' Madame Defarge. The former were the 'House,' the latter the 'Opposition;' the former were arranged on the east side of the table at meals, with Mrs. Crowes presiding at the north end; the latter were seated along the west side, having Mr. Stitches for their leader, occupying the south end chair. Whether any unpleasantness had taken place between these parties before our time we cannot say; nor could we find out, though we tried hard to get to know from the most communicative of our boarders, Mr. Stitches and the Dimmelows. We only learned, and this came out by accident, that Mr. Stitches, annoyed at the irregularity of their meals, in particular, the six o'clock dinner, which for two months was never served until generally after seven, had, to use an expressive phrase, 'gone for' the lady of the 'home' like a hot blister. She, the L of the H, had taken the matter before her 'family,' as she called 'the house,' they discussed the matter openly before Stitches, and Stitches, becoming excited, did not use church prayer-book language, as Mark Twain is so fond of phrasing it, and too freely gave utterance to disagreeable truths. But so it was; whatever may have been the real cause we cannot possibly say, war had been declared between the two sides. Whenever the House made a joke and laughed, the Opposition looked at each other and cynically smiled, and whenever the Opposition made a mistake, and itself looked awkward, the House would smile it into a profusion of blushes. If one side could get an opportunity to sneer at the other, it never missed it; and whichever side left the table first, was laughed out of its chair, and out of the room, generally having the pleasure of hearing some affectionate remark passed on it before it got well into the hall. Each meal was a repetition of the preceding, consisting of a general reap-up of past disagreeables and awkwardnesses, alluded to by obscure hints and ambiguous remarks. This pleasing state of affairs was never varied by any friendly interchanges between the sides, but was continued all along, until our boarding-house broke up.

Mr. Hendryson, of the 'house,' was one of Mrs. Crowes' oldest boarders, in fact, we believe he was the first that entered 14 Groater St. as a boarder, when that place was advertised as a good, comfortable home for homeless young men. We knew Mr. Hendryson when we were clothed in all the innocence of short frocks and long drawers; or rather, we were acquainted with him—we cannot say we knew him—because we remember to have had a strange, unaccountable fear of him, and had we 'known' him, this fear would never have existed. We, somehow, always liked to be in his presence, and never tired looking at him, yet still we would turn as uncomfortable as his Imperial Majesty the Czar of all the Russias would in his bed at sight of some unknown intruder entering his chamber at dead of night, whenever he looked our way; and if perchance he were to address us, we are mindful how his doing so would upset the ordinary working of our heart. His influence over us continued after his departure, and for hours afterwards brothers and sisters, cats and dogs, marbles and tops, had no attraction whatever for us. We can't describe him as he was at this period of our existence; we only re-

member him to have had a large, awfully-solemn-shaped head, big, soft, brown, gentle eyes, a great sepulchral tone of voice, little to say, and a song called 'I'm afloat.' In course of time Mr. Hendryson left our part of the globe , and got afloat to a foreign shore. We heard of him occasionally through the medium of the postal union, and our big brother, who corresponded with him. Years rolled on, and one bright, sunny—no, one cold, windy—morning, about the close of a very fair sample of the chilling dreariness of an English sunless summer, we ourselves stood, handkerchief in hand, heart in mouth, and tears in eyes, on the deck of a huge traverser of the mighty deep, waving last farewells to pas and mas, brothers and sisters, uncles and aunts, cousins and friends, church spires and chimney tops, Liverpool and England, ticketed for the same land to which our friend, Mr. Hendryson, had preceded us. As we bounded along

'Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,'

we thought of Mr. Hendryson and 'I'm afloat.' We hummed and whistled the latter until our throat was hoarse, and our whistle blown away; and in due course we increased the population of the land of the setting sun by landing on its soil. We pitched our tent by Ontario's waters, in a city that might be beautiful, but which isn't; in sight of a large sandbank, marshy, unshaded, intensely hot, and the home of a man skilled in the use of a pair of oars, called an island, but which isn't; and amongst a people who would be aristocrats, but who aren't.

In this city we came across Mr. Hendryson, and our heart forgot to throb when he looked at us, spoke to us, and asked us how we were. We tossed about the city, staying at different places, until we finally settled at Mrs. Crowes—wid Jas—at 14 Groater St., as per the recommendation of our friend previously referred to, and were rather surprised to meet there—Mr. Hendryson. We soon began to take particular notice of him who had in our youthful years had so great an influence over us. We watched him intently, we made inquiries about him, we kept him constantly in our mind; we got well posted in his every movement; we heard he was in love; we must know his girl; we did know his girl, it was Miss Lane; we breakfasted on him, lunched on him, dined on him, and before long 'had' him.

Seated at the table, Mr. Hendryson looked a six-footer standing in his boots. A good judge of height would see his measure was about five feet seven inches. Nature, when she thought of him, gave him a very long back, but finding she had not legs in stock to correspond, mounted him on a pair that were very much too short to be proportionate to his trunk. Hence the delusion. His head was large, unusually so. It was a well-shaped, handsome head, covered with close-cut, curly hair, black as jet, soft as velvet; a good, broad, square forehead, smooth as a mirror, its only fault being that it looked more intellectual than its owner was; eyes large, of a beautiful dusk brown, well set at proper distance from each other, arched by well-marked brows of raven black; nose a little too heavy, and too ridged to be Grecian, with a Roman beginning and mongrel ending, inasmuch as its last ridge had a slight upward tendency; a good-shaped mouth, which, however, needs the small black moustache that rounds the top of it to make it look handsome; clear cut chin, and an altogether that gave to his face an expression some would think awfully clever, others stupidly dull.

We have often attempted to draw Mr. Hendryson out, but could never get much satisfaction from his conversation. He seldom spoke, and his replies were generally no more satisfactory than 'Is that so?' uttered in

the old, slow, sepulchral drawl. We never heard him come out with anything original, except once. The occasion was—we can't remember—we thought we knew it—it has gone. We are sorry. He was not well read, we think; with perfect truth we might say he was not read at all, though he had a small collection of pretty good books, for in all our six months' acquaintance we have no recollection of ever seeing him with any one of them in his hand. Occasionally we have been by when something like literature was seemingly interesting him, and after a quarter of an hour, when he had finished with the book—he never read longer than ten minutes at a time—we have, as though without any purpose, casually picked it up, and have invariably found the book or magazine, as the case might be, of the very lightest possible literature. We have no reason to believe he had ideas beyond his business and his lady. Certainly nothing else appeared to have any interest for him, and when separated from both of these, time seemed to hang as heavy over him as remorse over a condemned criminal. It is within our recollection that the even tenor of his existence would sometimes be relieved by an occasional visit to an exhibition of the brute force of humanity, as given by professional wrestlers, boxers, quondam prize-fighters, &c., who make a living by catering in this way to the low animal nature of mankind, or to a lecture where some well-known sensational lecturer was to deliver, with the tongue of superficial eloquence before a crowded audience of generally unthinking humanity, who are well able to digest the frothy surface matter they give their twenty-five cents to hear, a series of jokes, anecdotes, and sparkling inanities, largely advertised on flaming posters as a lecture under some smart catchpenny title. To both of these kind of meetings he would go for just the self-same purpose; both gave pleasure, both interested, both passed an hour away easily, and an equal amount of benefit was derived from them, inasmuch as both were forgotten in less than twenty-four hours. Sunday mornings were terrible times for him. He had not his business; he had not his lady, she being called away to help a church choir. Mr. Hendryson was lost. He made the day as short as possible by rising at eleven, sauntering through a lazy toilět, then loitering over breakfast until the hour for meeting his lady arrived. After dinner he and his lady would adjourn to kisses, hugs, and drowses in an arm-chair; and by the heartiness and loudness of their kisses, the powerfulness and protractiveness of their hugs, the unanimity of their being, as illustrated by both slumbering at the same time, would ensample the delights and beauties of love. The afternoon thus passed, Mr. Hendryson and future Mrs., at the call of tea, would slowly propel their respective selves forward with what little energy their soporific condition would allow, and with what assistance and encouragement each got from the other in the way of sundry jerking shoves, and frequent stoppages for an exchange of kisses on the way from their sitting-room into our boarding-house dining-room. In the evening Mr. Hendryson would attend his lady as far as the church gates, she having to leave him there, as her presence elsewhere was required for materially assisting the musical part of the service, and having taken a very back seat in the church, Mr. Hendryson would then, being incapable of doing anything else, make comfortable preparations for a sleep, as soon as the announcing of the text gave leisure for his doing so. We have, at the close of a Sunday evening, been somewhat surprised and intensely amused when at times Mr. Hendryson would criticize the doings and movements of other boarders in the house during the day; and, mindful of the profitable manner in which he himself had spent

it, we have known him to express his entire disapproval that so and so should (for no matter what object he went, whether for instruction or information), have attended a sacred concert at some Roman Catholic church, and for a quarter of an hour he would discourse on the sin of lightly observing the Sabbath. A fortnight previous to this he may have spent a Sunday afternoon boating on the lake. We have said the expression of Mr. Hendryson's face by some might be thought awfully clever, by others stupidly dull. We ourselves have seen him at times when we could hardly believe 'neath that intellectual forehead lurked not thought, originality, and splendid capacities for nurturing the higher functions of the intellect; his quiet reserve, the calm philosophy that beamed from his large thoughtful eye, the measured utterance and dignified bearing, seemed to argue against our unbelief; but another time we would dine with our eyes upon him, and wonder that we could be so blind to the real interpretation of our friend's face as to mistake his quiet reserve for other than a confession that he had nothing in his empty head to make him otherwise, his large, stupidly vague, and meaningless unexpressive eye to give any other impression; his slow, sepulchral drawl, for more than what it was, a consistent characteristic of a sluggish, unambitious nature. He looked a paragon of learning, we thought, when we first knew him; he looked a parody, we thought, when, a few months later, we knew him better. The liking we had for Mr. Hendryson when very young will, however, never die out; we cannot say why not, but suppose it must be a case of Dr. Fell, slightly reversed—

'I do not like thee, Dr. Fell,' &c., &c.

We know him—not Dr. Fell, Mr. Hendryson,—to be so thoroughly honest that we could trust him with anything, no matter what; we would never doubt his word, and though too much loving has made him most egregiously selfish, we honestly believe, when called upon to do it, he would sacrifice all personal feelings to benefit another in any way. We have seldom seen him in a temper, not that he hasn't got one; but having so very little energy within him, he gives us the impression that he is altogether incapable of sustaining the extra exertion of giving way to it.

Hendryson was in love; we think we have said so before; he was not only in love, but at some no very distant date he had intentions of getting the name of Miss Lane changed into Mrs. Hendryson. The loves of these two must have been a constant source of enjoyment to the opposition; it certainly was to us. They were of lovers the most ridiculously and childishly loving; they sat together of course at table, and it was so pretty to see them at tea; they would drink out of, and playfully put pieces of bread, cake, or cheese into each other's cups; sometimes essay to drink both at once from the same saucer; embrace and kiss every five minutes; call each other naughty, and make pretence to have been injured, then cry, and for a time refuse to be comforted or reconciled, with other sweet innocencies so nice and so interesting to all present. We must describe Hendryson's lady, Miss Lane. Putting aside her 'spooniness,' which was in reality called into being by Hendryson's soft-heartedness, there was no one at 14 Groater Street, for whom we had a greater respect than Miss Lane. That isn't saying much though, but still it suffices to say that we had respect for her. It would not explain quite enough to say that we liked her, and it would give a wrong impression to say that we loved her. There was not that about her personal appearance that would please, much less attract. She was of average height, large build; her face was small, very round, very full, and if, as some say, nose characterizes mind, she must have had a superabundance of it.

Her's was a very large nose; starting from the forehead with a ridge, it gracefully curved its way until dangerously near meeting the upper lip, when it stopped short and sharp like the beak of a parrot. Her mouth was small, sternly set, indicating determination, decision, and firmness. She had a good forehead, large and high. A face that, as we have said, would not please; at first sight, certainly not, but we think it might after getting used to it. We never saw it—the face—but it greeted us, and others too, with a smile so genuine, so everything good, that we could not, if we would, help liking its owner; and then her smile was so much in harmony with her disposition, it was in fact the visible, always-present duplicate of her disposition, given to her to help the smiled-upon to keep in mind the invisible. She treated all alike, high and low, the clever and the insignificant; to all alike courteous and condescending. Careless and indifferent to public opinion, she was not afraid to do things right, proper, and truly womanly, but which conventionalism considers out of the pale of its world of shallow, sham, heartlessness and unreality. She had wit and sarcasm enough to discomfort anyone, but never, save when the conduct of her victim called for it, did she use either. Even then she knew well how to temper justice with mercy. We noticed as a peculiar feature of Miss Lane's character that she always sided with the weaker party, if anything happened to make any one in the presence of others and herself look what we may call sheepishly awkward. By her well-timed interference and skilful suppositions, she would set at ease the discomfited, and her clever wit and happy retort never failed if necessary to turn the tables upon the browbeater. She was an always-ready, never-tiring champion of distressed humanity; and then Miss Lane was clever. She was well-educated, well-read, and gifted with conversational powers of no slight worth. She was a perfect musician, a complete mistress of the duties of a hostess, a faultless lady in the drawing room; hers might have been the character of which to have loved Steele said was a liberal education. We never knew any one that knew Miss Lane and didn't like her. We wouldn't have known any one that knew Miss Lane and couldn't appreciate her. The Opposition, even though she was of the House side, all liked her, and all had occasion to do so, since it was she who kept her side from going too far with sarcasm and sneers at the expense of the legal and theological occupants of the Opposition benches.

Besides the Hendryson-Lane love, we had another couple in our boarding house whose fondness for each other caused, if anything, more amusement to the House. The other couple that loved was, female, Fanny Crowes; male, Redward Jaynes Dimmelow. Fanny Crowes we have already noticed; Redward Dimmelow we now come to notice. He was called Red for short. How we did like little Red; he was so funny, and so uncommonly original in his funniness that the whole House and Opposition liked him. He was a British boy; according to law still an infant—not quite twenty-one; of short and rather stumpy build, not much more than five and a half feet high; his face was about as broad as it was long; he had little blue eyes, that always closed when he laughed; large oratorical mouth; florid complexion, and a nose, such a nose! Nature had intended it for a rather passable nose, and a passable nose it had been until Red was about fourteen, when a cricket ball, struck with fatal accuracy, had caught in on the side and end, slightly damaging its perpendicular. Singularly enough a little later on another cricket ball struck with similar accuracy, lighted on the same place and still further damaged its perpendicular; a third time did a cricket ball make for and hit the same part of Red's nose, and probably a fourth might have done the same

thing but that by this time the in-the-way piece of cartilage had been completely knocked round and out of the way. No nose will allow a cricket ball to strike it three times without rebelling, and so Red's nose must not be blamed for having turned itself so much out of the perpendicular as to make of itself a very irregular, almost shapeless mass. However, despite his much cricket-balled nose, Red was not a very bad-looking fellow. It was at table that Red showed most to advantage. Then he had such a long list of anecdotes, jokes, &c., that day after day he kept the whole table in roars of laughter. He amused us a whole month with tales about a dog he once owned; each meal brought some fresh dog tale, until we began to wonder when Red's dog-days were coming to an end. After the dog was used up Red had some thing else ready for us. He was a walking comic paper, and his stock of 'funninesses' never seemed exhausted. Every evening when his tea was over, Red would waltz round and round the room—he always felt happy when his feet were slippered with tight fitting patent leathers—jumping over chairs, summersaulting, and never passing the younger Dimmelow but he would try how near he could whisk his hand over his head without touching the head. Oftentimes, of course, he caught the head a pretty hard hit. The younger Dimmelow naturally resented being thus scalped, and would start up from a bite at a piece of bread and go for the interesting skip-about pretty lively; a scene generally ensued. Two pairs of legs and four arms, for the space of nearly five minutes, wildly tossed about the floor in unutterable confusion. The fight over, Red would resume his antics, and commence a series of gymnastic feats with the tables, chairs, and lounge, winding up with a recitation from the table as platform. Red was awfully fond of reciting. Whether he could recite we won't say; anyhow he was satisfied that he could, and three or four times a week would favour the house with a recitation, generally of the blood-and-thunder style. It was after having vowed eternal affection for seventeen girls at different periods of his existence, ringed the engaged finger of two, and almost promised to do the same kindness for three others, that Red had finally made up his mind that none of the female sex held his heart so much in bondage as Mrs. Crowes' Fanny. He accordingly negotiated, found she was negotiable, and the next day called upon heaven to register the vows of himself and latest. Heaven, however, had been called upon to do the same thing so frequently that we very much doubt whether the registration was effected. At the time Red became Fannied, he was receiving and forwarding love and kisses to another Fanny called Louisa, who dwelt far, far away, 'o'er the glad waters of the dark blue sea,' as Byron sings. This Louisa was in due course notified of the moon's change, and to the notification was appended a postscript, reading something to the effect that 'your sorrowful Red hopes his ex-Louisa won't take the separation too much to heart.' Red was a slightly conceited Red, and thought so much of himself that he was quite convinced that all those about whom he had once spooned and sighed, also thought so much of him that they would never get over his loss. In particular, this Louisa he thought would never survive the receipt of his 'changed cars;' in fact, he openly confessed his satisfaction, that the news would prove very detrimental to her health, and likely lay her low for months. It may have surprised him, we don't know, it must have annoyed him, we are sure, when not two months after the Red-Louisa correspondence ceased, information was received by Red's brother that the supposed heart-broken Louisa was about to marry another Red for whom she had long entertained an affection as ardent as ever.

The loves of Red and Fanny very aptly illustrated the saying that 'love's course seldom runs smooth;' the prime

reason for its not doing so in their case was to be found in Fanny herself. We have before spoken of the changeable nature of this young lady's heart; so it was quite natural that she should, on the least encouragement from another male, transfer her affections. From Bertie Dimmelow, a brother—the younger by two years—of Red, she got so much that it soon found its reward in Fanny's complete surrender, Bertie's triumph, and Red's dismissal. Red, being of a very excitable and impulsive nature, could scarcely contain himself. He almost went mad; kept so for two days, finally settling down into a terrible state of melancholy. He refused all attempts to get him to eat, appeared at meals with a face as long as a counterskipper's yard-arm and as yellow as the jaundice; at night tossed restlessly to and fro in his bed, sleepless and sick at heart. We heard his monotonous moan for a whole week of nights, from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m. the next morning. He once sharpened his razor, felt its edge, and—got no further. He next made for the bay one early morn e'er the sun had scarce opened its heaven of light upon another day, and taking a short, hurried run, stopped as he reached the water's edge. All this time the younger brother—we afterwards learned, thanks to the over communicativeness of Redward Jaynes—had been fooling around Miss Fanny just for sheer amusement, delighting in the state of mind his interference had thrown Red into. This young eighteen-year old piece of impudence, it seems, took an intense pleasure in tormenting and provoking his elder whenever a chance offered. Oftentimes we have heard Red threaten to break his head, and never did head deserve breaking so often as that youth's did. Bertie's unparalleled cheek stopped at nothing, so that it surprised no one in the house when every one in it learned that he had been making love to Red's girl. Bertie had only been out from England some few weeks when we met him at 14 Groater Street; he was, consequently, something of a greenhorn, but, like most greenhorns, thought the world of himself, walking the streets with a most condescending, supercilious air, as though owner of all the land, instead of an uncertain five or six dollar a-week clerkship.

A slimly built youth, fair-haired and blue-eyed, with a face as innocent as a baby's, some called him pretty, others sweet. We took an interest in him for many reasons, though we didn't like him. He amused us; he tried so hard to be witty, liked much to to attract attention, and was happy when he raised a laugh; then we discovered he would be sarcastic, and he never missed a chance of getting off a little sarcasm, such as it was—rather mild at all times. One reason why we didn't like him was, because he was—we thought so—such a terrible hypocrite; he seemed always, so to speak, to be looking two ways. Then there was a certain something else about him—we did't know what; but it was expressed in his walk. Going down the street he seemed to have his head down, and, somehow or other, at the same time, seemed to have it up; he always hugged the edge of the sidewalk, and had a most undecided tread that we didn't like. His very innocent look we distrusted; then, when he spoke, he spoke slowly, seemingly uncertain what opinion he should offer in order to agree with your's. He was too watchful, too restlessly observant; his look, his smile, his walk, his talk, his all about him, had what we may call a 'doubleness' in it. We wouldn't trust him. In conversation, at times, he was good; he said things once in a way that denoted thought, and gave occasion for us to believe that he might grow up a little above the average man.

Miss Fanny was only destined to receive the love of Red's brother about a fortnight; at the end of that time

we happened to interrupt a scene that was taking place in our boarding-house dining-room. The hour was eleven, a.m.; the *dramatis personæ* were Bertie Dimmelow, Fanny Crowes, and Redward Jaynes. We were passing the room on the way to our bed. Fanny was kneeling on both knees, Red was kneeling on one knee, both looked highly tragic; the younger Dimmelow, seated on a chair in a serio-comic attitude, seemed to be listening to another vow his brother was troubling heaven to register. We heard a loud sounding kiss, immediately followed by Red's voice, in a delirium of ecstacy, repeating 'Mine, mine for ever,' three times, without stopping, to which Mr. Bertie pinaforically added, '"hardly ever, Amen;"' from all of which circumstances we came to the conclusion that the recently divided couple had again become one. Such proved to be the case; and for the next month or so, a more loving little couple than Red and his Fanny could not have been found in a six days' march. A few days after the re-union, the two hit upon the idea of setting themselves a course of study. It was certainly not a bad idea, since it would have done neither of them any harm if both could have begun their education entirely anew. Desirous of being systematic in their workings, they got up a routine; we were by special favour privileged to see it. Our memory may be a little at fault, but still we have a recollection that it was made up of something like the following:

Monday evening	from	7.00 to 7.15, Greek.
"	"	7.15 " 9.45, Recreation.
Tuesday	"	7.00 " 7.15, French.
Tuesday	from	7.15 to 9.45, Recreation.
Wednesday	- -	Recreation.
Thursday	from	7.00 to 7.15, Latin.
"	"	7.15 " 9.45, Recreation.
Friday	"	7.00 " 7.15, Singing.
"	"	7.15 " 9.45. Recitations and Recreation.
Saturday	"	Whole holiday.

It very forcibly struck us that there was a certain amount of ingenuity displayed in the get-up of this routine, which college boys of the present day would not fail to appreciate if a similar allowance for 'recreation' relieved the heavy studies of their daily classes.

Red and Fanny set to work in downright earnest; they shut themselves up in our dining-room, and, after making a great display of paper, pens, ink, and a small library of books, on a certain Monday evening sat down to Greek. As neither of them knew anything about Greek except Red, who was perfect in the alphabet, they naturally found 'Greek' pretty difficult stuff, and five minutes of the alloted fifteen had not passed before they were locked in each other's arms, hugging, kissing, and talking very 'un-Greeky;' they continued thus until long after nine, quite forgetting the evening's other study, 'recreation.' We are of opinion every other evening's work was simply a repetition of the first, until in a very short time the two found the extreme severity of the tasks they had allotted themselves beginning to tell upon their health, so they were compelled to adjourn 'studying.' They took a three months' holiday, and when the three months expired, extended the holiday for another three. Classes were never resumed.

(To be continued.)

THE RETURN OF APHRODITE.

BY GRANT ALLEN.

DEEP in Cythera a cave,
  Pealing a thunderous pæan,
Roars, as the shivering wave
  Whitens the purple Ægean :
There to astonish the globe,
  Terrible, beautiful, mighty,
Clad with desire as a robe,
  Rose Aphrodite.

Never again upon earth
  Like her arose any other ;
Got without labour or birth,
  Sprung without father or mother ;
Zeus, from his aëry home,
  Seeing the roseate water
Lift her aloft on its foam,
  Hailed her his daughter.

Sweet was her shape, and is now ;
  Sweeter the breath of her kisses ;
Delicate ivory brow ;
  Wealth of ambrosial tresses ;
Mouth that no favour denies ;
  Cheek that no ardour abashes ;
Languishing eyelids and eyes,
  Languishing lashes.

Seeing her luminous face
  Shine as the ocean that bore her,
Every nation and race
  Worshipped her, falling before her ;
Chaplets they culled for her fane,
  Fairer than any can cull us ;
Greece gave her Sappho's refrain,
  Rome her Catullus.

Soft was the sound of their lyre,
  Luscious their lay without cloying,
Till, as a billow of fire,
  Crushing, consuming, destroying,
Wasting her wines in their spleen,
  Spilling her costly cosmetics,
Swept the implacable, lean
  Horde of ascetics.

Darkness they spread over earth,
  Sorrow and fasting of faces ;
Mute was the music of mirth,
  Hushed was the chorus of Graces :
Back to the womb of the wave,
  Terrible, beautiful, mighty,
Back with the boons that she gave,
  Sank Aphrodite.

Down the abysses of time
  Rolled the unchangeable ages,
Reft of the glory of rhyme
  Graven in passionate pages ;
Sad was the measure, and cold,
  Dead to the language of kisses ;
Sadly the centuries rolled
  Down the abysses.

Now in the ends of the earth
  Tenderer singers and sweeter,
Smit with a ravening dearth,
  Cry on the goddess and greet her :
Cry with their rapturous eyes
  Flashing the fire of emotion ;
Call her again to arise
  Fresh from the ocean.

Hot as of old are their songs,
  Breathing of odorous tresses,
Murmur of amorous tongues,
  Ardour of fervid caresses ;
Trilled with a tremulous mouth
  Into the ear of the comer,
Warm as the breath of the South,
  Soft as the summer.

Under the depth of the wave,
  Hearing their passionate numbers,
Piercing her innermost cave,
  Waken her out of her slumbers,
Soothed with the sound of their strain,
  Beautiful, merciful, mighty,
Back to the nations again
  Comes Aphrodite.

—*Temple Bar.*

WHAT IS MONEY?

BY G. MANIGAULT, LONDON, ONT.

THE people of Canada have lately been rudely awakened to a doubt as to the sufficiency and soundness of their currency; and, from the multitude of suggestions thrown out in many quarters, it seems that they now seek a circulating medium that shall be at once abundant yet valuable, cheap yet sound, securing full wages to labour, high prices for produce, a low rate of interest; and all this without throwing burthens on the tax-payers. In short, they want a National Currency.

I have read many communications made by individuals, and many resolutions adopted by public and *quasi* public bodies, on this subject, and in my simplicity I find much that I cannot understand, and more that I cannot assent to. The whole theory of a National Currency, which is to banish gold and silver from circulation, and abolish them as the standards of monetary value, seems to me to be a complicated tissue elaborately woven out of a confusion of ideas as to values, as to the nature of trade and contracts, and as to what things Governments can, and what they cannot, do.

Having at hand one of the most laboured lucubrations on a National Currency, I will make some quotations from it, with some comments on its errors.

Here are some of the flashes of electric light which the writer throws on the subject:—

'Money is a creature of a stamp or the law, irrespective of any material of an innate or intrinsic value supposed to be contained in such. It is the Government stamp that makes money of value, no matter of what material it is made.'

'The State reserved its sovereign right of making the people's money, and by becoming responsible for it.'

Now, the historical and financial truth is, that as soon as the exchange of commodities, by barter between savages, rose to the dimensions of commerce, traders felt the need of some convenient representative of value and medium of exchange; and they had recourse to the precious metals, gold and silver, these being valued and treasured by all nations—why, we need hardly stop to inquire. Being attractive to the sight and touch, being durable, malleable, easily melted and moulded into useful and ornamental forms, limited in quantity, of small bulk, and easily transported, these metals were obviously the most convenient representatives of value in all countries. Long before any Government or any large dealer in these metals thought of coining them, pieces of gold and silver, given and taken by weight, formed the 'current money with the merchant.'

When at length Governments undertook to coin money, they did not undertake to fix its value. To this day, in coining gold and silver, the Government only certifies, by its stamp, that these coins are of a certain weight and purity of metal, and exactly like the other pieces issuing from under the same die. The Government does not pretend to fix their value. That depends upon the natural laws of trade, and the condition of the market

for commodities and services, where and when the coin passes from hand to hand.

As to '*the State's reserving its sovereign right of making the people's money*' we do not know what Governments claim this monopoly. The people of Canada are quite at liberty to make their contracts and payments in English, French, German, or United States money, if they choose to do so. According to this writer's notions of money, the chartered banks here manufacture the people's money, in the shape of bank bills; and some successful gold miners in the United States and elsewhere have been in the habit of coining their bullion, stamping it with their own die, to certify the weight and purity of the metal. All that they have to avoid is imitating the die of the United States or of any other Government. To do so would render them liable to the penalty of counterfeiting.

The way gold and silver get into circulation is this: As the certificate of the Government as to the purity and weight of the coin is more to be relied upon than the certificate of any individual or corporation, he who wishes to turn his bullion into money carries it to the Government mint, and for a very small per centage, to cover the cost of coinage, has it assayed, melted, purified from excess of alloy, and coined for him.

Again, this writer tells us that 'The Government reserves the right to fix the length of the yard, the specific gravity of the pound, the size of the bushel, and the *value* of the dollar.'

This writer has very confused notions as to the nature of value. The Government fixes the weight and purity of the coin, but it has no more power to fix the value of a gold or silver coin than the value of a bushel of wheat, or of an ox or a sheep. Value is the result of labour and skill applied to some useful end, for which men are willing to give other valuables in exchange. A labourer, by doing some useful work, creates value for which men are willing to pay wages. Labour laid out on land may turn unprofitable acres into a valuable farm. The farmer, by the industrious and skilful cultivation of a field, grows a crop of wheat, thus creating value for which others are willing to pay. Another, by skilful breeding and feeding, may rear a herd of cattle or a flock of sheep, and create value in that way. A skilful mechanic may create value in the shape of waggons, or ploughs, or other implements. An enterprising labourer may go to the gold regions, and toil and dig for gold, certain that for all the gold he gets, other people will give him value in exchange. But the Government is not employed in creating value. It can find its full and best employment in giving security to, and administrating justice among, the people who live under its rule, In making money, the Government does not create value. If it coins gold and silver, a very small percentage covers the expense of the coinage; the value lies in the material coined. If it issues paper money, it does not create, but simply transfers, already existing value, mortgaging as much of the tax-payers' property as may be necessary to pay the claims of the holders of the government paper, whether bills or bonds.

Again, this writer says: 'Take a farmer who hires *A.* and *B.* to work for him at $10 a month each; at the end of the month he pays *A.* a couple of sovereigns, and *B.* a $10 bill on one of our banks; *B.* can buy on the market just as many necessaries of life with his paper money, as *A.* can with his gold.'

So he can; but does not the writer see why it is so? If *B.* prefers gold to paper, he can go to the bank and demand gold; the bank dare not refuse it for fear of being put into bankruptcy.

From the essential nature of a currency, all paper money consists of promises to pay on demand something

of value, or at least to receive it at a certain value. If the holder of the paper money has no legal means of enforcing the fulfilment of the contract on the face of the bill, he has no security that he will be paid. If the bill be issued by a bank, the holder of it can compel the bank to cash it or go into bankruptcy; but if the bill be issued by the Government, the holder has no means of compelling payment. Even if the government paper money be receivable in payment of public dues, Governments have so often issued such an amount of this paper money that only a small part of it could be absorbed in the payment of these dues. This has happened in Russia, Austria, France, and elsewhere, and more than once in the United States.

We know of no Government that has ever attempted to fix the value of money. This would have been something like decreeing that a dollar shall be equal to a bushel of wheat, or a quarter of mutton, or seven pounds of butter. Many Governments indeed, have attempted to fix their paper money at the standard of gold and silver, and then make it a substitute for them, to the exclusion of these metals; and all of them have utterly failed.

This writer asserts that 'Nothing has fluctuated in the market during the last fifteen years like gold.'

'Gold and silver have always increased in a greater ratio than other commodities.'

It is true that with the progress of geographical discovery and mining enterprise, the quantity of gold and silver in use has accumulated more rapidly than most other commodities, and through centuries and tens of centuries their purchasing power has been falling, It took less gold or silver to buy an ox or a bushel of wheat in the time of Julius Cæsar or of William the Conqueror, than now. But this fall in value, from increase in quantity, has been gradual, except at two particular eras, the first in the sixteenth century, when a great influx of the precious metals into Europe ensued from the Spanish conquests of Mexico and Peru. The second era, less marked in its effects, in the middle of this century, from the great yield in the gold regions of California and Australia. Except at these periods the increase in quantity, and consequent decline in value, of the precious metals have been very gradual, little affecting contemporary pecuniary interests within any one century; while the prices of all those annual productions necessary to human sustenance and the maintenance and progress of civilization have fluctuated greatly from year to year in every country, the value of gold and silver varies almost imperceptibly from one year to another. The bulk of commodities are produced to be consumed, and perish in their use. But the precious metals are for the most part preserved for their uses, and the small acquisitions of each year are added to the great accumulations of past years, little affecting their quantity and value.

This comparative stability of value in the precious metals, is one of the chief of the many qualities rendering them peculiarly fit for the measures of value in commercial exchanges.

We cannot conceive where this writer learned that '*Nothing has fluctuated in the market during the last fifteen years like gold.*' Has he been watching the fluctuations of the United States paper currency of which, within the last eighteen years, it sometimes took $200 and sometimes much less to purchase $100 in gold; and has he mistaken the fluctuations of the paper currency for the fluctuations of the standard by which its value was measured?

Another fact may have helped to mislead him. The United States are a gold producing country; but the value of gold has been artificially depreciated there by the protective tariff policy, which aims at selling every thing to every body abroad, and buying nothing

from any body abroad; so that the successful miner cannot use his gold in purchasing the productions of any foreign country but at great loss.

This writer tells us that 'all governments ought to issue their own legal tender paper money, the quantity to be limited by Act of Parliament, and kept steadily at the same rate of increase as that of the wealth and population.'

'The production of the precious metals would soon cease, were their circulation as money confined to the producing countries, or if they were sold by the ounce, as wheat is by the bushel.'

'The proper material for money—it would seem that for convenience the lightest material should be used, and one that has no use in the arts and sciences, in other words, one that has no commercial value.'

This National Currency must represent some thing that has value. The government cannot promise to pay 1—or 5—or 10—or 50—nothings! Shall a dollar bill, no longer representing coined silver, now represent a bushel of wheat, or two bushels of oats, or a quarter of mutton, or a square rod of land, or an able-bodied labourer day's work? For no man will sell any thing for this bill, until something of value stands behind and endorses it, to give it a definite value. And all these useful and therefore valuable things we have named as endorsers, are of very fluctuating values. What shall these government promises represent, gold and silver being banished?

This writer tells us that 'Money is valuable in proportion to its power to accumulate value by interest.'

'The law of interest or percentage on money as much governs the rent or use of property, and consequently the reward of labour 'as the law of gravitation governs the descent of water.'

'Interest at two per cent is a higher rate of interest than a people can afford to pay.'

'What we want now is a National Currency, at such a low rate of interest, that the labour and production of the country will be fully rewarded, and thus bring prosperity to all.'

We hope the writer understands what he means in these sentences. In our simplicity we do not. But we have observed that where and when interest is low, wages are usually low, and where interest is high wages are usually high. Who is to lend money at two per cent? Individuals will find more profitable employment for their cash. Will the Dominion Government lend its national currency to all who wish to borrow at two per cent, and thus bring prosperity to all? Has this writer discovered the means of turning Canada into the Utopia of Sir Thomas More?

This writer next tells us that 'increasing the volume of the currency by legal tender would not derange values.'

A currency is needed to make payments on that portion of the property in the country which is changing hands. As all the sales in the year do not exceed at the utmost the value of one-third of the property and produce in the country, and as each portion of the currency may be used in ten or twenty transactions of sale and purchase, it has been estimated that the value of the whole currency of a country seldom equals one-thirtieth, perhaps, not one-fortieth, of the value of all the property there.

A Government issuing paper money, may increase the nominal amount of the currency *ad libitum;* it can double it, quadruple it, make it twenty-fold what it was, but it cannot permanently increase the purchasing power of the currency in the slightest degree. It can only raise the nominal prices of all commodities to any height. But the twenty-fold millions of the new issue will buy no more commodities than the original millions did. This has been proved in many cases besides that of the French *Assignats*, which depreciated until a thousand francs would not pay for a pound of butter. I have seen, in old houses in the United

States, trunks, half full of 'Continental money' paper issued by the United States Congress during their war with England for their independence, and the history of this currency runs parallel with that of French *Assignats*. And similar instances have occurred in the United States and elsewhere of late years.

This writer tells us that 'no government, however, should make a currency of a material of which it cannot supply a quantity adequate to the wants of the people; for it cannot be necessary to have a representative of value scarce, so long as there is an abundance of actual value susceptible of representation—such for instance as the property of all British North America.'

The National Currency is then to represent landed property instead of specie. Whose landed property? Are the lands of the farmers to be mortgaged for the redemption of any amount of National Currency which the Government may see fit to issue, on unforseen emergencies, for the furtherance of sanguine enterprises, or the maintenance of extravagance or corruption in the administration? Is this currency to be redeemed in detail by exchanging it for an acre or two from each farm in the country?

The currency of a country and the material elements that compose it, are not usually furnished by the Government. And where Governments have undertaken to provide a currency, they have always been playing tricks with it, to the defrauding of those who receive it in payment. Without going back to heathen antiquity, the very names expressing money in Europe prove this. The English pound was originally a pound Troy of silver, and equivalent to sixty-six shillings; now the pound sterling is so reduced in weight by successive degradations, that it is worth only twenty shillings. The French did worse. The *livre* or *franc* was originally a pound of silver; but step by step the government mint brought it down so low, that it will take more than seventy livres or francs to weigh a pound. A similar gradual degradation of the weight of the coins from the government mints, can be traced in the languages of other countries; to say nothing of the frequent debasement of the purity of the metal. The latest instance known to us of this kind of fraud occurred in the United States silver coinage three years ago. The Government bought $34,118,973.26 worth of silver bullion, and made out of it silver coin to the nominal value of $39,685,688.00, expecting to make a profit of $5,566,714.-74. But I understand that this speculation or peculation, has not proved successful; for as the value of silver coin is simply the value of the pure silver in it, and this coins falls fifteen or sixteen per cent. short of the due amount, people decline to apply for it, and the bulk of it is left in the mint.

In latter times Governments have tampered less with the coinage, but perpetrated their frauds upon the people by the issue of paper money, promising to pay coin on demand, and often utterly failing to redeem that promise. The untold millions of French *Assignats* afford one instance, although the confiscated lands of the emigrant nobles were assigned as collateral security. The untold millions of United States continental money afford another. The Russian paper *ruble*, now depreciated so far below the silver *ruble*—affords a third instance. The Bank of England notes which the Government made a legal tender during the war with France, robbed creditors of from 30 to 40 per cent. of their dues. The United States Treasury notes, made a legal tender during the war of secession, robbed the creditors yet more largely. Almost every Government in Europe and America has afforded proofs of the fraudulent nature of a government legal tender paper currency. In a word, it is the worst currency a people can be saddled with.

Is the Dominion Government wise

and honest beyond all others? Short as its life has been, has not the administration of its powers at times fallen into the hands of men little to be trusted in policy or finance? Why should we urge it to the exercise of powers which other Governments have not only failed to use beneficially, but always perverted to purposes of fraud?

If we trace the origin of paper money, we may arrive at some sound principles as to its uses, and as to the limitations of its usefulness.

A bill of exchange is an order to pay a stated sum, addressed to a foreign or distant correspondent, on whom the drawer of the bill has money claims or credit. This bill is sold to some one who has use for the money at the place on which the bill is drawn. If the bill is cashed by the party on whom it is drawn, it has served all the purposes of coin without the expense and risk of transportation. If the bill is not cashed it is worthless abroad, and the holder must look to the drawer of it for indemnification. We do not know how long bills of exchange have been in use. Possibly the merchants of Tyre and Sidon used them before the days of King Solomon.

A bank bill is a promise made by a banking company to pay, on presentation of the bill at their counter, so much in gold or silver coin. The bill, passing from hand to hand, serves uses very similar to that of a bill of exchange. The moment any doubt arises as to the promise on the face of the bill being kept the holder carries it to the bank counter and demands cash. Any delay in cashing it depreciates its value. A permanent failure to pay renders it worthless, even if it be a bill on the Government Bank and a part of the National Currency.

A bank bill originally represented an amount of silver or gold coin, which it was inconvenient or hazardous to carry about one's person. In this, their original purpose, they are exceedingly useful. But here the use of paper money ends, and the abuse of it soon begins. In order to make money cheaper and more plentiful, Governments permitted the issue of bills for small and smaller amounts—bills for $5, for $2, for $1; then for 50cts., for 25 cts, and in the United States many years ago, bills for 12½ cts. and 6¼ cts. entered largely into the circulation. Most of this rubbish, which perished in the hands of the users, was clear, but dishonest, gain to the banks or the Government that issued it, and the loss of so much value to the community, and especially to the poorer classes. But as it disappeared, new batches of these shin-plasters took its place.

But these small bills effectually drove out of circulation the coin—the real standards of monetary value. The people, who know what money is, always keep their silver and gold, which has a value always and everywhere, and most of it ultimately goes abroad, and they pay away their paper money of only local, and often of doubtful, value. Thus an inferior currency always drives a sounder currency out of circulation. This has happened everywhere, Canada not excepted.

It is absurd to talk of gold and silver as a cumbrous currency. Every man who wears a watch carries about with him, a weight equal to from $30 to $50 in gold, and from $2 to $3 in silver. Whoever complained, however, of being burthened with the weight of a watch?

But this writer, whom we have quoted so often, has a positive antipathy to gold and silver. He would gladly outlaw them, and banish them from the realm, and leave us no available standard to test the value of the flood of the national currency paper with which he would inundate the country, until it became as cheap and valueless as the French *Assignats*.

How much delighted this writer must have been on reading the decision of the United States Supreme

Court, which decreed that contracts to deliver gold expressly were fulfilled by paying the nominal amount in United States legal tender bills. But what does he say now, when he sees the United States, after suffering for eighteen years the varied evils of a fluctuating and depreciating National Currency of legal tender paper, have lately, by great efforts and at great sacrifices, raised their currency to something like a par with gold? Yet they have only succeeded by depreciating the value of gold through a fiscal legislation that discourages its exportation, by preventing the importation of that which would pay for it. The United States are still wandering in the financial mazes of a National Currency, and are not yet out of the wood.

The country which enjoys the soundest currency at this day, and for years back, is England. But it is not a National Currency in this sense —that the Government *furnishes* the currency. Any one who has bullion can send it to the Mint and have it coined at a trifling cost. The Government thus merely furnishes, by the stamp of the die, a certificate as to the purity and weight of the metal. The Government issues no paper money. The Bank of England is not allowed to issue any bills for less than five pounds (about $25), and must pay in gold every one of its bills presented at its counter. The consequence is that the paper currency really represents the value promised on the face of the bill; but the Government is not responsible for the debts of this great banking company.

Notwithstanding the number of banks which have failed, defrauding and ruining multitudes who have accepted their worthless bills as money (thus the Bank of Glasgow failed two years ago for thirty millions of dollars, and the Bank of the United States, in 1837, for more than fifty millions), yet the amount which the people have lost by all these bank failures, would not make ten per cent., perhaps not five per cent., of the losses sustained by the depreciated and often-repudiated paper currency, which their own Governments have forced upon them.

No people can safely confide in a currency of promises to pay on demand, issued by the Government; for there is no higher authority to be appealed to for the enforcing of the fulfilment of these promises; and this easy mode of raising funds, perpetually tempts the administration to improvidence, extravagance, and corruption. But the Government may safely permit banks to issue promises to pay money (but not in small bills), for it can provide safe-guards to enforce the keeping of these promises. The natural law-controlling trade, and the rivalry of the banks with each other, will assist in keeping their issues within bounds.

There is something dangerously fascinating to the popular mind in this notion, that money can be made plentiful, yet retain its value, so that everybody can be accommodated, and the country made prosperous, simply by a Government issue of large quantities of legal tender paper money. Yet this notion is quite as visionary and false as that which spurred on the alchymists of old to labour at transmuting the baser metals into gold.

From the essential nature of money, it is impossible to make the currency at once plentiful, that is, abundant for everybody, and, at the same time, a sound representative of value. But if the Canadian currency be somewhat wanting in soundness, two simple measures will reform it.

1. Let the Government gradually, but not slowly, call in its own issues of bills, beginning with the lowest in value.

2. Let the Government gradually, but not slowly, prohibit banks and all others from issuing promises to pay on demand any sum below $10.

THE LEGEND OF ST. HILDA'S BELLS.

BY HEREWARD.

FROM the pleasant vale of Whitby, by the German Ocean shore,
Floats the sweetness of a legend handed down from days of yore,
When that hardy North Sea Rover, Oscar Olaf, Son of Sweyn,
Swooping down on Whitby's convent, bore her Bells beyond the Main—
Far away to where the headlands on the Scandinavian shore—
With reverberating thunder—echo Baltic's sullen roar;
And sad the night-winds o'er the Yorkshire fells
Bemoan'd the absence of St. Hilda's Bells.

But the storms of Scandinavia, (Dane and Viking's sea-girt home),
Smote the Baltic's angry breakers, lash'd them into seething foam,
Whose white-crested, heaving mountains drove the saffron-bearded Dane
(Him the Saxons feared and hated, Oscar Olaf, Son of Sweyn)
Drove him back to cloister'd Whitby, and the German Ocean wave
Rolls and breaks with ceaseless moaning o'er the North Sea Rover's grave:
Aye, rolls and breaks, as when it moaned the knells
Of Oscar Olaf and St. Hilda's Bells.

Oft the Nuns and Mother Abbess of St. Hilda's lofty fane
Sighed to hear the silver chiming of the Convent Bells again;
Oft the herdsman on the moorland, and the maiden on the lea,
Mourned the missing iron songsters borne away beyond the sea;
For it seemed as though the accents of the dear old Bells no more
Would be heard in pleasant Whitby by the German Ocean shore,
That evermore the North Sea's surging swells
Would drown the music of St. Hilda's bells.

Aves, Credos, Paternosters, pleaded at St. Hilda's shrine,
(Sacred altar where the franklin's and the villein's prayers entwine,)
These, and presents rich and goodly, to that convent old and quaint,
Touched the heart of good St. Hilda, Saxon Whitby's Patron Saint;
For 'tis writ in fisher folk-lore at her word old Ocean bore
On his crest the ravished songsters, stranding them on Whitby's shore;
And oft again o'er Whitby's woodland dells
Was heard the sweetness of St. Hilda's Bells.

Years have fled a-down the ages since those nigh-forgotten times;
But each New Year's Eve the waters echo back the convent chimes,
And—'tis said—the youth who hears them, ere the coming year has fled
(Flinging single life behind him) shall have press'd the nuptial bed;
Sweet belief, and quaint old legend, wafting long-forgotten lore
From the pleasant vale of Whitby by the German Ocean shore,
Where strolls the ancient fisherman who tells
Of Oscar Olaf and St. Hilda's Bells.

TORONTO.

IN THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

BY JOSEPH POOLE, WINDSOR, N. S.

'For it may be
That while I speak of it a little while,
My heart may wander from its deeper woe.'
—TENNYSON : *Œnone.*

THE days are nearly all dark. Now and then comes a little while in which I can think, and speak, and see things as they are. But these moments of light fly quickly; and even while they last are haunted by the fearful dread of returning darkness. And if it is ever possible to keep down this dread, I can still have no pleasure, for my mind becomes so overwhelmed by the flood of sad recollections, that escape, even in the blindness and wildness of delusion, are welcome to me.

I have been made a sort of plaything of fortune. My life has been something like the punishment of Tantalus. Happiness seems always to have been just within my grasp; I reach forth my hand to take it, and it is gone! Nature, too, has played her pranks with me. Like 'poor, proud Byron'—if I may compare small things with great —I present, mentally and physically, a series of curious, almost revolting, contrasts. But I will not speak of these. Let me only say, that endowed with qualities which, I am confident, would have enabled me to fill, with some degree of credit, any position in life, by a strange mental affliction I am forever prevented from being of use to my fellowmen.

Of my mother I have no recollection whatever. She died when I was an infant in arms. My father was a lawyer, and we lived in Queensborough, a quiet old-fashioned Canadian town in the Maritime Provinces. He had inherited an ample fortune which had been increased by close attention to his profession. I know that he loved my mother most fondly, and at her death all the affection which he had for her he transferred to me. I never felt the want of a mother's care, for he, as Hector to his wife, was father and mother and all to me.

From childhood I was subject to fits of temporary insanity. These fits, though not of long duration, were frequent in occurrence; a shock, a fright, or even a word or unusual sound, being sometimes sufficient to bring one on. This, of course, effectually kept me from associating with boys of my own age, but with my father I was never lonely; he never grew tired of teaching me, of talking and walking with me. We were all in all to each other, and the few years in which I enjoyed that love were the happiest in my whole existence.

Until I was fifteen I had no tutor. Too delicate to go to school my father had been my only master. At that age, however, a gentleman was engaged to take charge of my education and I ceased to be under the direct control of my father. His duties toward me being thus lightened, he gave himself to his profession more completely than ever. I also worked hard, for I found that companionship among my books which was denied to me among my fellows.

As I grew older my father and I

gradually drifted away from each other. I had no love for his studies nor he for mine; our tastes differed and our interests diverged. I felt the separation keenly at first; but he did not seem to mind. I know that he loved me as well as ever; but I was not all to him that I had been. I became jealous and fretful, but he did not seem to notice it. What troubled me most was the thought that we could never again be to each other what we had been. I could not become a little boy again, and it was the love and care that he had given me as a little boy that I wanted. Like every interest I have ever had, my affection for my father was morbid and exacting in the extreme.

When I was about twenty years of age, I began to grow stronger than I could ever have hoped to be; I had not had one of my fits for over a year, and in other ways I had improved. One morning my father called me into his room—

'Henry,' said he, 'I have been thinking for a long time that you had better go to college, Dr. Murray tells me you are quite strong enough, and it will do you a great deal of good to mix with other men. You cannot live here always like this.'

This was a great shock to me, I hated to go abroad, and it was like death to me to be separated from him.

'That is what you want,' I cried. 'You want me to get strong so that I can go away from you and be no more trouble to you; then you will marry and I will be away, and will not annoy your wife. Why don't you tell me that you want to marry? You are tired living with me and you know it; but there was a time when it was not so. You did not want me to go away then; but you are very different now.'

'I have no intention of marrying at present, Henry,' replied my father, 'at the same time let me tell you that it is by no means improbable that I may; perhaps it will be better for you to have a mother; still we need not talk of that yet.'

'I will never have a step-mother,' I answered; 'I will never even call your wife my friend; you want me away. Very well then, I will go to college. Does that satisfy you?'

'It will do you good, Henry,' was all I heard him say, as I hurried from the room.

In the autumn I went to King's College, in Nova Scotia. It was a dreary time; the dying summer; the falling leaves, the 'calm decay' of all things around, and my own lonely position, a stranger among strangers, combined to give me a feeling of utter desolation; a feeling which was made ten times more bitter by the idea that he, whom I loved best on earth, had ceased to care for me. The days dragged on slowly and wearily; nothing gave me pleasure, and I am sure I gave none. My father wrote me kind, long letters, in return for which I sent cutting, short replies. I tried to see if my coldness would draw from him one word of reproach but it did not; if he felt any sorrow he gave no sign of it.

I did not go home at the Christmas or Easter vacations. In the spring my father visited Montreal, returning home by way of Windsor, where he remained for our Encœnia. During the summer he spent much of his time from home, chiefly in Montreal and Ottawa. When the autumn came, I was glad to go to back to Windsor.

Shortly after my return to college, my father again went to Montreal, and in a few weeks I received a letter from him, in which he announced his engagement to a lady of that city; he gave me no particulars about my future step-mother, and I asked for none; I wrote a cold formal note of congratulation, and never again mentioned the subject in any of my letters. This was the only occasion on which my father showed that my actions could wound him; I had pretended to take no more interest in his wife than in the merest stranger, and I think he never forgave me for it.

The marriage took place just before Christmas. From several sources, I learned that my step-mother had been a Mrs. Allan, a widow, with a grown-up daughter. They had once been wealthy, but since the death of my father's predecessor, they were in rather poor circumstances. The daughter, I heard, was not to live in Queensborough, but to remain with her friends in Montreal.

In the following summer I returned home for vacation. My letters from my father had lately become so rare and so formal, that I knew nothing more of my mother than what I have stated. I found her to be rather a stout person, middle aged, good-natured, good-mannered and ordinary.

Contrary to my expectation and intention, I liked her very much; she was invariably kind to me, and studied my comfort in a way which was particularly pleasant; I liked to talk with her, and I think she really cared for me. My father, too, was pleased that we agreed so well; and something of our old familiarity was established between us.

As the summer wore on two events happened which changed the whole of my subsequent life; the one was the recurrence of those fits of temporary insanity, which caused the doctors to decide against my returning to college; the other was the sudden death of my father from apoplexy.

I will not dwell on those sad, dreary days. The shock was greater to my mother than to me; it almost seemed at one time as if she could never cheer up again, and I sent word to her daughter to come to us immediately; before her arrival, however, my mother recovered her spirits, and Miss Allan delayed her coming until the autumn.

It was a cold, windy day, in the end of September, when Gertrude came to Queensborough. We drove to the station to meet her. She travelled from Montreal with some friends whom my mother seemed to trust.

Naturally I had thought a good deal about her, and had formed some idea of what she was like. Our preconceived notions of persons and things are almost sure to be wrong; I had imagined a short, stout, fair person, somewhat like my mother. The woman I met in the station, therefore, not a little surprised me. I was not in the waiting-room while the greeting between my mother and her daughter took place, but as I entered a few moments after, a tall, graceful, elegant girl came forward and held out her hand. Her figure was emphatically what the French call *svelte*; her complexion was of that delicate nut-brown tint, so celebrated by the old ballad-singers; her hair was brown, and her eyes were brown too; large, deep, serious eyes they were. Perhaps her features were a little too small; but they never seemed so to me.

As she held out her hand, her lips were slightly parted, but not in a smile. Neither of us spoke. The meeting seemed to both of us, I think, full of seriousness and meaning; a meeting, I felt, that should have taken place long before.

I was next introduced to a tall, grey-bearded, elderly man, a man who would have been handsome had it not been for his piercing, restless eyes, which gave an expression of anxious, almost evil, unrest to features otherwise clear-cut and classical. This gentleman promised to call on us during his stay in Queensborough. My mother thanked him for taking care of her daughter, and we said good-night.

During the drive home, and, in fact, throughout the whole evening, Gertrude scarcely spoke to me, nor I to her. She talked little, and what she did say was addressed to her mother. There was a simple stateliness about her which I have rarely seen in a young woman, and which could not fail to make her a noticeable woman wherever she might be. She had spoken little to me, but just before she went to her own room she came

forward to where I was, holding out her hand with indescribable grace.

'You are very good to let me come to you,' she said, in a soft, low voice. 'I hope we shall like each other, brother.'

'Let us love each other,' I answered, warmly.

'Perhaps,' she said, and a faint, mournful smile flickered on her face.

The next morning was bright and warm and I took Gertrude over the house and grounds. The house was an old-fashioned wooden one, large, square and low, with verandahs around three sides. A large garden extended at the back and a lawn in front, while hedges and trees screened us from the road.

We had been over all the premises, and sat down at last in one of the lawn seats. She gave a little sigh and said :

'How quiet and peaceful it is here! And, indeed, I need quiet. You don't know how I longed all summer to get away from the busy, dusty town.'

'I am glad you like it,' I answered. 'I hope you will always consider this your home.'

'Home! It is a long time since I have had a home. You can't call boarding-houses, and shabby boarding-houses at that, by such a name. My life has not been a very pleasant one.'

'Whatever I can do to make it so now, I shall always be glad to do,' I said.

'Thank you, Henry; I am sure you will always be kind. But it doesn't seem real that I can have fallen among friends. People always have seemed to take such a pleasure in slighting me. I suppose it must ever be the case when one is poorer than one's acquaintances.'

'But it could make no difference to you what others thought or said about you?'

'Yes; it did make a difference to me. When one is rich one can do what one pleases. But a poor girl has to bear taunts, and cuts, and snubs, and smile as though she did not see them, because she knows that her position in society depends upon the caprice of those who are pleased to patronize her. And position in society is almost as necessary as daily bread to those brought up as I have been.'

'You will find nothing like that here, I hope.'

'No. Everything speaks of peace and contentment here. It is so different from the rushing, foolish life I have been leading. But I was tired of it long ago, only I had to go on. There was nothing else for me to do; and when one's life has run in a groove it is hard to get out of it. We shape our own courses, but when once those courses are shaped, it is difficult not to follow them.'

'But you have got into a new course now; will it be hard for you to follow that?'

'I don't know. I like it now because it is novel, but when once I become used to it I may wish to be away again. Did you never feel a restless something within you that seemed to drive you on to do something, you could not tell what? Do you know what it is to desire the unattainable, and to be unable to submit to what you know must be borne?'

As Gertrude was speaking a cab drove up the avenue and the gentleman whom I met at the station alighted. He walked across the lawn to where we sat, and my mother, on seeing him, came from the house. I could not help noticing the look of pleasure which suddenly flashed in Gertrude's eyes as she saw the stranger; nor could I fail to perceive the coldness of my mother's greeting. After a few minutes' ordinary conversation, she said, in a tone that revealed a meaning deeper than the words implied :

'You will be going back soon, I suppose, Mr. Egerton?'

'Not very soon,' he answered, with slow emphasis.

'Oh!' she said, in a tone of displeasure and surprise.

'May I speak with you a moment?' he asked, turning to Gertrude.

She led the way into the house without a word. I saw that there was an understanding between all three, and thought I guessed what it was about.

'Who is this man?' I asked of my mother when they were out of hearing.

'He is an old friend of her father's,' she replied, with as much indifference as she could assume. 'He has always been very kind to Gertie.'

'Does she like him?'

'I believe so.'

'*Very* much?'

'I think she does,' still indifferently.

'Can he mean to take Gertie away from us so soon?'

'Oh dear, no!' she said, with a nervous little laugh. 'He is old enough to be her father, and besides, he has a wife and three children.'

This somewhat relieved me; but I was, nevertheless, a little puzzled. He remained with Gertie an hour or more, and at the end of that time drove away, without seeing my mother or me again. During the morning, as I was sitting on the verandah, Gertie came out and sat beside me.

'Do you mind,' she asked, 'if I take the carriage this afternoon? I want to go to the town, as I have some shopping to do.'

'Certainly, I don't mind,' I replied. 'Order the carriage whenever you wish it. Shall I tell your mother you are going? She had better go with you, had she not?'

'Oh no, Henry! Please don't tell her. I shall do very well by myself.'

In the afternoon she drove away alone.

A month passed away, on the whole very pleasantly. Gertrude and I became fast friends. She interested me more than I ever thought anyone but my father could. She made a great difference to us. It did not seem the same house, nor did I seem to live the same life, as before. It was not that she was lively, or gay, for she was never that. On the contrary, she was invariably quiet, serious, and reserved. One would almost have said that she had lately undergone some great trouble, for she wore that air of calm dignity which grief brings to some natures and which is so graceful and touching in a beautiful woman.

We always spent our mornings together. Sometimes we took long walks into the country or around the shores; sometimes we drove, or rode, or stayed quietly at home to read. They were very pleasant those fine October mornings spent with such a beautiful companion. But the afternoons—we never spent them together. Every afternoon, without an exception, Gertie drove into town alone and returned alone. She never once mentioned where she had been, or what or whom she had seen, and no one else spoke of it. There seemed to be a tacit understanding between all three that the subject was not to be broached. I could not but have a pretty correct idea of whither she went, and, if for no other reason than to avoid scandal about her in the town, I thought she ought not to go there. At first I hoped that it would soon end, and that it would be unnecessary to speak about it. But seeing it go on for a month or more I naturally became anxious, and at last determined to speak to my mother.

One evening she was arranging something on the mantel-piece, and Gertie was out of the room. I went over and leaned upon the mantelpiece, and tried to look straight in her face.

'Mother,' said I, calling her for the first time by that sacred name, 'where does Gertie go when she drives into town?'

She blushed a little and tried to speak carelessly.

'To Mr. Egerton's, I suppose.'

'I thought so,' I replied; 'and if he is a married man, as you say, is it quite right for her to go to him as she does?'

'No; at least I suppose not. But he has always been so kind to her I really don't see what harm there can be in it.'

'There may be no harm in it, but in a small place like this we should take every possible precaution against scandal.'

For a moment she seemed to be thinking, and did not speak.

'You are right, Henry,' she said at last. 'But Gertie looks on him quite as a father.'

'We are Gertrude's natural protectors now, and she has no need of others,' I replied. 'If Mr. Egerton wishes to see her let him come here like an honourable man.'

She held down her head, and when she looked up again there were tears in her eyes.

'I will speak to Gertrude,' she said, 'but don't say anything to her yourself.'

'Very well,' said I; 'Gertie's own good is all that prompts me to speak of the matter.'

We said no more about it, and my mother left the room. The same evening, as Gertie said good-night and took her candle to go to her own room, my mother followed her out. From where I sat I could see them cross the large square hall to the stair-case. Gertie turned round with an air of displeasure, as though she anticipated something. She looked very queenly as she stood at the old-fashioned staircase, holding her train in one hand and a candle in the other.

'I told you he must go away,' said my mother in a whisper, but loud enough for me to hear. 'Henry has spoken to me, and he must go at once.'

I can never forget the look that Gertrude cast back at me. Anger, pride, contempt, were all expressed on that lovely face. I did not think that she could have looked so; but I admired her more in her wrath than ever I had before.

'And if I choose that he should not go?' cried she, 'who is to dictate to me?'

'Then you must bear the consequences,' said my mother, as the haughty, angry woman swept up the stairs.

The next morning Gertrude was only a little more quiet than usual; that was all. No allusion was made by any one to what had happened the night before. In the afternoon she drove away as usual; something told me that it was for the last time, and I hung uneasily about the place until she returned.

As she drove up to the door I went to hand her from the carriage. I saw at a glance that something unusual had happened. Her lips were almost bloodless, her face was pale, and her eyes had a stony, unconscious stare, which spoke of a great grief she was determined to suppress. Without a word she passed to her own room, and did not come down again that day.

Late in the evening I sat in my bed-room in the dark thinking about poor Gertie and her trouble and of what I could do to help her. All our bedrooms opened on to the balcony, which ran along the side of the house. Suddenly I heard Gertie's window open, and she came out to walk. For nearly half an hour I watched the tall figure pass and re-pass my window. At last I determined to speak to her. Opening the window I stepped out, and waited for her.

'Gertie,' I said, 'what can I do for you. Tell me.'

'Nothing,' she answered, in a voice strangely unlike her own.

'Think,' I returned. 'You know I would do anything to save you from even a little trouble. Can you not make a friend of me? Won't you trust me?'

She did not answer, but dropped wearily into one of the balcony seats, with a sigh that was almost a moan. I sat down beside her and took her hand. Suddenly she started from her seat, took a step forward, and grasped the balcony rails.

'I cannot bear it,' she cried. 'It is too much. I will go away. Order

the carriage. I will go away; I will not stay here.'

'Gertie,' said I, putting my arm around her and trying to place her in a seat, 'try to be calm.'

She sprang away from me.

'Calm?' she cried. 'How can I be calm? How can I sit here and be calm, and know that in a few hours it will be all over? And I could stop it now if I would. But I must go on living your dull life here—all alone. And just because I am poor. If I were rich I *would* do it; I would do it in spite of you all. You have no power over me—none of you. You could not stop me. And what do I care for the world? What right has any one to say whether I ought to do this or that, right or wrong? What I chose to do would be right if only I had money. But I have none, and it must be all over—for ever. Yes, that is the worst of it. If it were only for years I could bear it and wait. But forever and ever! Oh! it is too cruel!'

'Don't say so, Gertie,' said I, trying to console her. 'There must always be hope.'

'No; there is no hope. Even when we die it will be always the same. There is no hope anywhere. I have to submit to what will never be changed—and I can *not* submit. Oh! I wish we could both die now!'

She clasped her hands and looked forward in dry-eyed despair into the night. It was very piteous. Like a poor caged bird, beating its wings against the bars which it cannot even bend, she opposed her own will to a fate which she knew to be unchangeable. For a few minutes neither of us spoke. I had had my own trouble, and I knew where I had always found a soothing relief for all rebellious and despairing moods.

'Gertie,' I said, gently, 'there is one who will help you if you will only ask Him.'

'Who? she asked, turning round, and as if interested.

'Don't you know? I think you do.'

'Oh, yes!' she answered, impatiently. 'There is no use in that. I cannot pray; I never could.'

'But won't you try now?'

'No. It would do no good. If I could pray at all I would pray that things might be changed. But it is too late for that. They can never be changed—never, never.'

'But He will help you to bear what cannot be changed.'

She turned around and caught both my hands.

'O, Henry!' she exclaimed, wearily, 'don't speak of it. I have not lived the life that you have lived. I am not good, but you are. I am a wicked, worldly woman, and must remain so. Don't let us talk any more.'

She took my arm; I led her into her room, and lit a candle. Can I ever forget that haggard, yet lovely face, and those wild, brown eyes? I shall see them always, even when I die. O, my poor Gertrude, when I think of what you suffered during those few hours, I can forgive you everything.

I could not but admire the manner in which Gertie bore herself on the day after this wretched night. The same quiet, stately air, the same half-sad smile, the same grave, serious expression characterized her. She was a brave woman. None but a brave woman could have shown such perfect mastery of her feelings or such consummate self-control. No one but myself knew how she was suffering, and my sole thought was how I could help her. If some good man, now that Egerton had gone, would come and win her love? If I could be that man? My heart gave a great bound; but I put the notion aside at once. What could a beautiful, high-spirited woman care for a half-mad, moping invalid like me?

The weeks slipped by quickly enough—happy, quiet weeks they were for me, but very monotonous and dull for poor Gertie, I think. As the winter came

on, Queensborough society began its season. Our society was not very select, but it was passable. It was very old-fashioned, and held firmly to the somewhat stiff English etiquette. Every winter regularly the same people gave balls and dinners, to which the same people always came. I thought Gertie would like to 'go out,' and insisted on her doing so. Although caring little for any kind of society, I always went with her. She was greatly admired, and had many ready to throw themselves at her feet. At first she liked the excitement, but she soon grew weary of it. Nothing seemed to interest her, except the arrival of her letters from Montreal.

We lived on a large island, and in winter when the crossing was bad, we were often without mails for two or three days, sometimes for even as many weeks. On such occasions it was painful to witness Gertrude's dejection and despair. No amusement that we could think of was sufficient to arouse in her the slightest interest. She would sit for hours without speaking, staring blankly out at the blinding snow; or would pace restlessly through the house, as though she were a prisoner eager to be out of it.

At times, however, she would cheer up a little; and then she was most kind and tender to me. I was by this time quite in love with her, and she was aware of it. I scarcely knew how to interpret her kindness — one day it would inspire me with hope, at another it would only make me more certain that we could never be anything but brother and sister.

Once that winter we had been without any mails for nearly three weeks —the weather had been so bad. Every day the boat did not cross brought a new disappointment to Gertie. With most persons the oftener disappointment comes the less they feel its bitterness. But it was not so with her. The probability that a thing will happen of course heightens hope and expectation. Every new day she was more hopeful than the last, and the pang was consequently harder to bear.

At last, on a wild, stormy, cold morning, the mails came in. It was too frightful a day to send any of the servants to town; but I could not resist the look of dumb pleading in Gertie's eyes. Through the deep snow-banks, and in the face of the bitterest wind, I made my way to the post-office. There were letters for my mother and myself, but none for Gertrude. It seemed bad enough to come into town, but it was worse to go back with such news. She met me at the door with eager, outstretched hands.

'There is no letter,' I said, as quietly as I could.

'No letter?' she said.

I shook my head.

'There *is* a letter. I know there is a letter—and you are keeping it from me. Oh, you coward! to keep a letter!'

I was staggered. Before I had time to reply she had gone to her room. At mid-day she came down to dinner, but did not speak to me. She was very pale, and I could see that she was suffering the most intense disappointment.

In the afternoon I resolved to go to town again, though the storm had not abated. The clerks were sometimes careless, and a letter might have been mislaid.

My mother and Gertie came into the hall as I was wrapping up.

'Henry, you shall not go,' cried my mother.

'Yes, yes; let him go,' said Gertie with eagerness.

'For shame, Gertrude,' I could hear my mother say as I closed the door.

She was right after all; there was a letter which had not been put into the box with the others. I returned home with a lighter heart than I had had for three weeks. Gertie did not meet me this time, but I sent the letter to her.

I went into the sitting-room and sat down all alone, watching the snowstorm, and thinking of Gertrude. I

had my back to the door, and heard no one enter. Suddenly a soft, low voice said :

'Henry !'

I turned round and saw Gertie at the door. She advanced half way into the room and stopped, as if in hesitation. I rose and went towards her.

'Henry, I have come to beg your pardon,' she said, with her head bent, and her cheeks on fire, as I had never seen them before. 'I have been very selfish and unkind—and—and will you forgive me ?'

'Don't you know,' I said, 'it is my greatest pleasure to do anything I can for you ? You have only to command.'

'But I have no right to command,' she answered, and I could see tears in her eyes as she spoke.

I thought the time had come at last.

'Gertie, dear,' I said, taking her hand, 'won't you give me the right to do things for you ? You know I love you. Do you think you could make a great sacrifice, and become my wife ?'

She took a step back from me, and turned very pale.

'I did not think of this,' she answered slowly, 'and—and—I must have time to think.'

'Take time to think,' I replied. 'I know I have little to offer you, but you will have my whole love, even if I am only a——'

'Madman' I was going to say, but I was too agitated to utter the word.

'I will tell you to-night,' she said, as she turned to leave the room.

That evening, as I sat in the twilight, my mother came in and sat down beside me.

'I am very sorry to hear what you have done,' she said, quietly. 'I would have spoken to you before, but I thought it was too soon. It is too late now; and you will never take back your offer ?'

'Never, unless Gertie gives it back.'

'And she will not do that. You don't know her as I do. I hope you never may ; but you will—I am sure you will. I am her mother and your's, and it is right that I should warn you. She will marry you ; and do you care to know why ?'

'Why ?'

'Because you are rich. She will do anything for money ; and she has no heart. For years she has been in love with John Egerton, and he with her. All Montreal knows it, and I know it. I thought her coming here would end it, but it has not, for she cares more for him than ever. She will marry you because you are rich, and she thinks that she can master you, and make you do what she pleases. But I know she will not do that, and you will both be unhappy. I say this only for your own good, Henry ; and it is my duty to say it.'

'If Gertie will entrust her happiness to me, it is a great gift, at any cost,' I replied.

'She thinks that money will bring her happiness. She is trying to secure her own happiness, and she will ruin your's. That is all that can ever come of it.'

She left me, and I tried not to think of her words. But over and over again they would return. It was if someone had tried to blacken the fairest character that ever existed, or to persuade me that the lily was not pure. I waited patiently for the summons to hear Gertrude's answer. At last she called me into the drawing-room.

She stood under the light, and I could see the play of her beautiful features.

'I have considered, Henry,' she said, 'and—and if you think that I can make you happy——'

'Then you do love me, darling,' I said.

Then, and not till then, I completely forgot my mother's words.

We were married early in the spring. For our wedding-tour we went to Montreal. I would much rather have remained quietly at home, but

Gertrude wished to visit her friends, whom she had not seen for so long. I tried my best to dissuade her from it, but without success; her whole heart seemed to be set on it. Seeing her so determined, I became just as anxious for the visit as she was, but from different reasons. My suspicions were aroused. A stronger man would have put them aside at once, but I did not. I watched and mused on them, I fed them and nourished them, till I had got myself into such a state that the worst certainty would have been better. But in justice to myself I must say that, as subsequent events showed, my suspicions were well-grounded.

We intended staying two months in Montreal. As Gertie said, she had many friends, and all of them seemed to try their best to treat us kindly. Every night during the first month we had engagements of some kind. Gertie used to remark in her half-sarcastic way the difference between her present and her past position in society there, and the graceless manner in which some of her friends recognised that difference.

I cared nothing at all for the gaieties we went through, and took my part in them more from a sense of duty than from anything else. A man will do a great many disagreeable things when he knows they are expected of him. But the more we went out the more morbidly jealous I became. Everywhere we met John Egerton, and Gertie might almost be said to spend all her evenings with him; for in crowded rooms those who wish it can always secure the same seclusion as passengers in thronged thoroughfares. They seemed to have a recognised right to each other's society, much in the same way that two engaged persons have. I knew that people talked about my wife acting so, and sneered at me. I was confident that Gertie cared more for that man than for me, her husband, and yet I dared not speak to her. That which created in me only a feeling of pity for her as an unmarried girl filled me with mad jealousy now that she had become my wife. And yet I seem to have loved her more. I think I loved and hated her at the same time—that is what makes jealousy.

At first I tried to disguise my feelings, hoping that I should get over my suspicions; but as the days glided on I no longer cared to conceal them. I grew sullen, silent, and morose. Gertie perceived this change but took not the slightest notice of it. She did not even ask me if I were unwell, and she never spoke of Egerton.

One evening we were at a large ball at the house of one of the leading ladies in the city. Gertie looked unusually lovely—dressed in some sort of a cream-coloured dress with brown velvet. Throughout the evening Egerton seemed never to leave her side; I could do nothing but stand and stare at them. I knew that attention was attracted both to my own conduct and hers, but I cared little for that. I was standing by a door watching Gertie and Egerton waltzing; suddenly I heard my own name, and two men came up and stood behind me watching the dancers, apparently without recognising me. They were talking about my wife.

'She's a queer one,' said one of the two. 'Old Egerton ought to be ashamed of himself. But one would think the girl would give up that sort of thing now.'

'Why?' asked the other. 'They like each other, and why shouldn't they have as much of each other's company as they can get, if only for the sake of old times?'

'What sort of fellow is the husband?'

'Oh! lots of money, you know. Good old Nova Scotian family, but, between ourselves, they say he is not quite all there, something wanting in the upper storey; you understand? But lots of money you may be sure, if Gertie Allan knows her business, and I think she does.'

'I wonder what he thinks of this strong—friendship?' he asked with a sneer.

'He lets her do pretty much as she likes. That's always the way with these rich, retired, weak-minded fellows. She's head of that family, I imagine. What is it Vivien says about King Arthur? "Sees what his fair bride is and does, and winks." Well, that's what our friend does—he winks.'

I could stand it no longer. I saw Gertie sitting down with Egerton. I rushed across the room to where she sat.

'Come away from this,' I muttered savagely.

She looked at me in some surprise, but quickly recovered herself.

'Very well, Henry,' she said quietly; 'you look tired and I am tired too.'

During the drive to the hotel neither of us spoke. When we got to our rooms I threw myself half sitting, half reclining on a lounge. Gertie, having taken off her wraps, entered the sitting room. She came and sat down beside me and took my hand in both hers. Leaning forward she half whispered:

'My boy must be a good boy, he must not be jealous when there is no occasion.'

Her face was quite close to mine, there was a smile on her lips, but a strained, anxious, look in her eyes.

'How do I know there is no occasion?' I asked. 'What proof have I?'

'What proof? My word.' She answered, drawing herself up proudly.

'I cannot trust you.'

'Henry, what do mean?'

'You have deceived me. I can never trust you again.'

'Deceived you?'

'Yes. You have broken a vow; or rather you have taken a vow which you never intended to keep.'

'And what vow, pray?'

'The vow to honour and love your husband. Did you ever hear of that?'

'Is it my fault that I have broken it? Suppose I have tried to keep it—and God knows I have—and suppose I have found nothing in you to honour or love, is that my fault?'

'If you cannot honour me,' I replied, stung to the quick by her words; 'you can at least respect the name you bear. A woman has nothing but her good name—I have given you mine—you need not have disgraced it.'

'How dare you?' she cried, blushing a deep crimson.

'You have become a common talk—' She took a step towards me, and seemed to peer into my face with a wicked, malicious smile.

'You are not responsible for what you say,' she hissed. 'You are a madman.'

The blow was aimed in the right place. For a moment it stunned me, but when I came to my senses I was cooler. One thing was quite clear to me—we must return home immediately; at all events we must leave Montreal. While I had been making this resolution Gertie had walked into another room. I went to the door; she was standing by the table in the centre. I tried to speak as coolly as possible.

'You had better make all necessary arrangements,' I said; 'we leave for home to-morrow evening.'

'You cannot mean it, Henry,' she said in low, thrilling, pained tones.

'Certainly I mean it,' I replied.

'I will not go with you. I cannot go back to that dreary life again. I cannot go; it is impossible.'

'You are my wife; you will do as I desire.'

'Leave me then,' she said, and I went away.

Though much against her will, Gertrude made all her preparations to return home quietly and, apparently, cheerfully. We drove to the houses of a few of our most intimate friends to say good-bye, and in no word or deed did she betray the least disinclination to leave Montreal. Circumstances, she said, had compelled us to leave for home sooner than we had expected. That she felt any regret at doing so no one but myself could possibly imagine. She made her fare-

wells calmly and serenely, without any greater or less show of feeling than the occasion seemed to demand. Had all our plans been made by herself she could not have carried them out with more alacrity. But alone with me she was different. It was not that she made any resistance to what I had commanded; on the contrary, she took every means whereby we might not be delayed. But she was silent, cold and proud. All that day she scarcely spoke to me except when it was absolutely necessary that she should.

During the journey home I tried to make her forget what had happened and to be friends with her, but she met every effort that I could make with a chilly haughtiness which made me almost desperate. As we approached our journey's end, I leaned over to her, as she sat opposite me in the car, and whispered.

'Are we to be like this always?'

'Like what?' she asked.

'Are we never to be better friends?'

'We are quite friendly enough for me,' she replied.

'You are satisfied then?'

'Perfectly.'

When we had settled down at home, Gertrude became more distant and unhappy than ever before. A deep melancholy seemed to press upon her. She scarcely ever spoke to her mother or me. No work, no amusement, could ever allure her from the gloomy thoughts to which she seemed always a prey. I, at last, gave up even trying to please her. She who formerly had made our house so pleasant, now made it just as unpleasant. I could not bear to see, day after day, that beautiful face, sometimes with a look of utter, hopeless misery, and sometimes calm and cold as marble. Whole days I would absent myself from home, but my coming or going never seemed to arouse the slightest interest in her; she never even asked me where I had been.

But the more she became opposed in spirit to me, the stronger grew the desire in me to crush her. If she could not love me I determined she should fear me. I watched the mails carefully to see that she received no letters from Egerton. For a while I watched in vain, but at last one did come. Gertie was at her desk writing, and I took it to her. She looked up as I entered the room. I threw the letter on the table.

'Understand, Gertrude,' I said, 'you are to receive no more letters from this man.'

'Who can prevent it?' she asked, proudly.

'I can, and will.'

'You!' she replied in a tone of the most contemptuous scorn.

I said nothing more on the subject, but resolved to take even stricter precautions, so as to intercept any others that might come from him.

The days slipped by, and it was midsummer again. Gertie's unhappiness did not decrease, nor did my burning jealousy. But there were times when I would have given all I possessed in the world for a smile or a kind word from her.

One evening I sat on the balcony just outside our bedroom window, how long I sat there I cannot say; but I think I must have fallen asleep; when I woke it had grown quite dark, and the light from our room shone out on the balcony; I got up and looked in through the window, Gertie was in there, arrayed in a long white dressing gown, her hair in a tangle of brown curls falling over her shoulders, with her hands clasped before her; for a minute she gazed intently at a miniature painting, which was propped upon the table by a book; then she began to pace the floor, backwards and forwards, apparently in the deepest distress. An intense longing to be loved by this grand creature, my wife, stole over me; opening the window noiselessly, I entered; her back was towards me, but she turned round sharply;—

'Ha! you watched me!' she cried

in a frightened voice, snatching up the miniature.

'No Gertie, I did not watch you; I would never wish to be a spy upon your actions, if only there could be a little more confidence between us.'

She hung down her head and said nothing.

'I would do anything for you,' I continued, 'if you would only let me; let us both turn over a new leaf, dear, and be friends; think of the years we will probably have to spend together.'

'Yes, think of them!' she cried.

'We are only just beginning them now, and if we are commencing like this, how shall we go on, and what will the end be? O Gertie, think of that. We are young, and can change ourselves now; but it will soon be too late for that! Don't let us make misery for each other, you were made to be happy, and my happiness is in yours; if you cannot love me, you can let me love you, and we, at least, can be kind to each other; and the day may come, in God's own time, when you will learn to care for me a little.'

'No, I can never do that,' she cried passionately; 'you don't know me, or you would not speak so; if I had any way of annulling my vows I would do so this very night; O Henry! if you have any pity, if you wish to be kind to me, send me away from you, let me go back to him—'

'Gertrude,' I cried reproachfully, 'is this the appeal you make to me—your husband.'

'Yes; you are my husband; but there is no real bond between us; I would give anything to be free again; I knew I could never love you, but I did not think I could hate you as I do. Is there no way in which I can be free again!'

'Yes, I will kill you, for you might as well be dead!' I hurried from the room; I felt that if I stayed longer I might do something which I would regret; a certain burning in my brain, and a peculiar metamorphosis which seemed to be taking place in all things, warned me that reason was forsaking me; while I had still sufficient control over myself, I went into my own room and locked the door; I threw myself on the little bed, and surrendered myself to what I knew must follow. Ordinarily, I cannot recall what happens, or what I think when I am in this state, but this time I had a dim recollection of fearful, horrible visions of Gertrude, not my own beautiful Gertrude, but a woman with her face, only old and ugly. I knew that Gertie was in the next room, but still she seemed present with me; all the while I kept saying to myself, 'she might as well be dead.' I must have lain there a long while, because the moon rose late, and by-and-by I saw its beams steal across the floor; I can remember getting up then and saying aloud, 'The time has come;' then, perfectly conscious of what I did, but yet unable to resist the impulse which moved me, I went silently down stairs to the dining-room and procured a sharp carving knife; I came up-stairs again and entered Gertie's room; she was in bed and asleep; the place was perfectly silent, and the moonbeams fell right across the bed; I stood beside her, watching the play of light on the glittering blade; suddenly she made a slight movement and awoke.

'Henry is that you?' she asked.

'Yes,' I answered, 'I have come in to kill you.'

I sat down on the bed, and took both her hands in one of mine. She could not move, and dared not scream.

'You would not kill me, Henry?' she said piteously.

'Yes.'

I held the knife high so that the moon shone on it.

She shut her eyes, and screamed for very fright. Hearing her voice made me laugh. I sat on the bed laughing loud and long. The noise woke my mother, who stole into the room. As soon as I saw her, I got up and went out by the door that communicated with my own room, laughing all the

while. I undressed then and went to bed. I could hear them lock and bar every door, but it only made me laugh the more. All night long, those two frightened women sat there, shivering and trembling. I fairly shook with inward laughter as I heard their voices.

In the morning I was better, but I could recollect every circumstance of the previous evening. Gertrude remained in her own room and would not see me. To show that I was all right again, I walked into town for the mail. There was a letter for Gertrude from John Egerton. I procured a pen and re-addressed it to him. When I got home the carriage was at the front door, and I met Gertrude dressed for going out. She would have passed me without speaking, but I would not allow it.

'Do you see this?' said I showing her the letter, and the changed direction.

She looked at it, and then at me.

'You will repent this,' she muttered in a low, hard tone, 'bitterly, bitterly.'

Without another word she entered the carriage and drove away.

For three days afterwards I did not see her. She shut herself up in her own room, never leaving it.

On the third afternoon, pretending that I did not care, I took my gun and went out to shoot. But I did not fire a shot. I lingered around the fields for an hour or two, and then returned to the house. As I approached from the opposite side to the general entrance, I saw a man walk slowly up the avenue. As he drew near I recognised him. It was John Egerton. With a cry of joy my wife, rushed from the house and threw herself into his arms. I raised my gun and fired. I can remember no more.

Many days passed after that of which I have no recollection whatever. When reason next returned, I found myself in a strange room, bound to a bed with ropes. There were attendants in the room, and my mother sat by the bed.

'Henry do you know me?' she asked.

'Yes, mother. Where am I?'

'You are not well, dear, and—and—we thought it better——'

At that instant my eyes fell upon the window—the big window with iron bars.

'The mad-house!' I cried.

It was indeed the mad-house, the place which my imagination had always pictured as the most horrible in the world, where I had always feared that I should come. In my frenzy, I tried to break the cords which bound me, but I saw the utter uselessness of that.

'Henry, for God's sake try to keep quiet!' cried my mother.

'Yes mother, I will be quiet."

I lay back trying to recall the past. I remembered everything distinctly.

'Where is Gertrude!' I asked.

There was no answer.

'Tell me the worst; I can bear it. Has she left me?'

'O my boy, don't think of her; she is not worthy of it!'

'Has she left me.'

'She has left you. You were too good for her; don't think about it.'

I lay for a while in a sort of dream. The certainty was a little sickening, but it did not greatly move me. One gets so used to pain after a while that its effect becomes deadened, and new shocks make but little impression.

'And did she go without leaving one word for me?' I asked after some time.

'She left you this,' said my mother, drawing a letter from her pocket.

I opened it eagerly and read the following:—

'Forgive me Henry if you can. I was not fit to live with you. It is better that I should go away. True love could never exist between us. Try to forget me—you are free—marry again, for I am dead to you. Think of me as dead. Be kind to our mother. Good-bye for ever. GERTRUDE.'

The days pass slowly here. I have got used to my surroundings, and I shall never leave them till I die. And that will soon be. I feel that the shadow of death has fallen upon me; I belong more to the world of spirits departed than to earth. I look upon my past as from a great distance, as a soul might view the events of its life in the flesh. The end must be very near at hand.

THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

BY 'FIDELIS,' KINGSTON.

OH, whip-poor-will,—oh, whip-poor-will!
When all the joyous day is still,
When from the sky's fast deepening blue
Fades out the last soft sunset hue,
Thy tender plaints the silence fill,
Oh, whip-poor-will,—oh, whip-poor-will!

In the sweet dusk of dewy May,
Or pensive close of Autumn day,
Though other birds may silent be,
Or flood the air with minstrelsy,
Thou carest not,—eve brings us still
Thy plaintive burden,—whip-poor-will!

When moonlight fills the summer night
With a soft vision of delight,
We listen till we fain would ask
For thee some respite from thy task;
At dawn we wake and hear it still,—
Thy ceaseless song,—oh, whip-poor-will!

We hear thy voice, but see not thee;
Thou seemest but a voice to be,—
A wandering spirit,—breathing yet
For parted joys a vain regret;
So plaintive thine untiring thrill,
Oh, whip-poor-will,—oh, whip-poor-will!

Oh, faithful to thy strange refrain,—
Is it the voice of love or pain?
We cannot know thou wilt not tell
The secret kept so long and well;
What moves thee thus to warble still,—
Oh, whip-poor-will,—oh, whip-poor-will?

—*Scribner's Monthly.*

ROUND THE TABLE.

MORE 'CONFIDENCES'—STILL MORE CONFIDENT.

IT is just awfully good of that dear 'genuine old maid' to try to enlighten me, as she does in the September number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY. Of course I contrived to draw 'Mr. Charlie's' attention to it as soon as possible. I think a good deal of Charlie's opinion. Here is, pretty much, what he said about it. 'She's a good old soul evidently, but just as evidently she has not been in business; if she had, she would have known better than to talk that twaddle about "business men at the top of the tree" who have reached that airy situation by "counting truth and honour of infinitely more value than gold." Society is simply not in a state to permit of such men rising to the top. It ought to be, but it isn't. There are many merchants, traders and professional men who fully correspond to her description. It is upon these, as a basis, that the other kind erect themselves. They couldn't do it otherwise; for without a solid basis of honesty and integrity somewhere, trade would cease. Hath your monitress never seen the Eastern proverb: "The meanest reptiles are found at the tops of the highest towers?" To this an English philosopher has added, "there is always a judicious expenditure of slime in the process of climbing." Adherence to right and duty does not always find personal success as its reward. Instead of reaching the top of the pillar, it sometimes stops short at the pillory. All history is against the good old lady's award. Few, if any, of the men who have best served the age they lived in have died rich, and many have not even lived respected. It is so still. Nor do such men complain. Why should they? How can any one whose chief aim is to be of use to others—to the world at large—expect anything else than to be "used up?" But they differ from our "old maid" friend in this, that they don't deny, or ignore, even to themselves, the limited extent of their financial success. If they did, their several bank accounts could be brought up in evidence to convince any unprejudiced jury.'

So much for Charlie. Isn't it odd that I should remember his words so exactly? But there is a kind of impressive white-heat style about him when he is roused that burns into one's memory. For myself, I think my 'genuine old maid' adviser—and I am sure she is 'genuine' in her advice—does not meet my case very well in those she cites. Both her instances are married women who, at the death of their husbands, found a path they had already partially cleared for them. That they had pluck enough to follow it up is 'greatly to their credit,' and just goes to show what possibilities there are in us women. What I asked, and again ask, is, why are not such paths opened up to us by our teachers and parents from our earliest days—why are we not trained to usefulness — independently of the question of marriage altogether? Is it not true that *un*married women also have frequently proved themselves capable of 'business enterprise and trade success,' as Charlie would call it? Then further, if I am to be 'too dutiful a daughter to go against the wishes of my mother and attempt any employment of which she would not approve, why is not my mother to be so dutiful also as to point me to, and educate me for, some employment of which she *would* approve? Why is it that most mothers, aware that even the much-lauded matrimony implies duties which may possibly eventuate in running a book or drug store, utterly omit to educate their daughters so as to be *useful* as well as *ornamental*? What have I done, too, that 'a genuine old maid' should turn me over callously 'to cultivate my music' as the only means of possible livelihood? I have already said I have no special talents in that line; and it is notorious that women already over-crowd that profession. Does she advise it because she knows that only in that walk of life, or in 'governessing,' will I be free from part of that social

ostracism which society bestows on women who work for bread? It is exactly that attitude of society which I wish to see altered. I am glad to hear that the change 'is coming apace.' I had not noticed it. It ought to come; and then, perhaps, it will bring with it more just views regarding the duties of a mother. For when women have learned to mix more with each other in mutually sharing the toils of daily life, and, without lowering the standard of true ladyhood —*i. e.* refinement—have thus diffused it more easily among all classes, it may be quite possible to find a woman, as pure in heart and as cultivated in its expression as the mother herself, to tend and lovingly care for the children of several mothers while these are thus left free to do suitable work in the business or professional world which shall enable them to support their offspring. I fancy division of labour among women is as needful as among men. Some men are specially fitted for the internal guidance of affairs —domestic business-work, if one may call it so—such as office work, storekeeping and management, or the research, or study-part of professional life. Others are equally well suited to external occupations and the rougher kinds of handicrafts, agricultural or mechanical. Each department is alike honourable. Each class is of the greatest use to the other. Each helps the general sum of results attained. A similar division is needed among women. Women are not all of the same genius, though each is a woman; men are not all of the same genius, though each is a man. Cultivation and refinement, either in a man or woman, does not alter that natural bent of his, or her, genius. It merely makes its special outflow more perfect and beautiful. A cultivated mechanic will show his cultivation and refinement in the mechanism he constructs or plans. A refined lady, however highly cultivated, still longs to use her cultivated natural powers in work performed. When opportunity for this has been given by a wise and natural division of labour among women, then my 'Kinder-Garten' dream may possibly be realized, and the woman to whose genius the care of children is a delightful work, giving full scope to all the refinement and culture she can attain, will be allowed to help other women to be useful also according to their natural bent. Then, not on man only, will the whole weight of supplying the world's necessities be thrown; for women will be able to do their share.

Let me confess that, in much I have said, I may be unconsciously quoting Charlie; still, even if I am, that does not, in *my* opinion, make the ideas any less sensible. And if 'a genuine old maid' wants to set me right again, I've half a mind to leave it to 'Mr. Charlie' to fight it out. If he could convey on paper the expression of heartfelt enthusiasm he wears when he talks about it, I almost think that 'genuine old maid' would fall in l—— ; but of course she wouldn't! Such ridiculous nonsense! Still she might!!! On second thoughts I won't let Charlie reply. I'll do it myself, if need be.

'A GIRL OF THE PERIOD.'

'A HUSBAND'S RESPONSIBILITY FOR A WIFE'S DEBTS.'

A REJOINDER.

AT our last social gathering we were told by 'F.' that 'of course it may be said, and with some show of plausibility, that this decision that a husband is not to be held liable for debts contracted by his wife, without his distinct authority, is the natural corollary of the decision that a wife's property is not to be taken to pay her husband's liabilities. But there is a very great difference between the two cases, and there ought to be an equally great distinction. The assumption which underlies the mutual relations of husband and wife is the idea that the former is the bread-winner and protector, the latter the loaf-giver or home provider.' Is she? What loaf? It cannot be the one of which he is the winner. They cannot both give the same bread. Where does she get it? She does not buy it and pay for it, because, if she 'happens to have property of her own, it is an accidental circumstance not supposed to be contemplated in the ordinary arrangements of social life.' We are told that he who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, is a true benefactor of mankind. What must she be who makes two loaves of bread stand where only one stood before. Not to speak it profanely, we have here a new miracle of loaves. One loaf plays two parts, and ministers to two functions. It appears first as the

provision of the bread-winner, and next as that of the loaf-giver. Never was a loaf made to go so far. This is cut and come again with a vengeance. This is certainly to 'turn his earnings to the best account.' Such housekeeping as this enters upon the supernatural. You have only to carry the same conjuration into beef-steaks, breeches and boots, or whatever else may be required for 'home provision,' and you have Fortunatus' Purse at once. This is surely the quality which will command the 'matrimonial market' of the future. These will indeed be *valuable* wives. Plain or dowdy, no matter, these are the girls who will ride triumphantly over the heads of all the belles in town.

Stay though!

Will there be outward marks or indications by which the possessors of these super-uxorial powers will be known? If not, men will be as much at a loss as ever, and the proverbial eel may slip through their fingers after all.

We are told that the wife's 'contribution of *time and labour*' (?) are 'her fair share of the family burden.' Allowed at once; 'fair' is good. Equal is another matter. I have looked into Adam Smith and MacCulloch and Ricardo, and I find that there is labour which is productive and labour which is non-productive. The husband's labour is productive. The wife's labour is non-productive. We may again quote 'there is a great difference between the two cases, and there ought to be an equally great distinction.' The husband's work means money. It can be turned into bread and butter. And, when half-a-dozen hungry little mouths are gaping round the table, it is not difficult to estimate the importance of him who fills them. The phantom bread of the 'loaf-giver' will not be found to fatten.

To the victor the spoils. To the labourer his hire. To the bread-winner his meed of thanks. Why grudge it to him? Why set up this woman of straw, this 'loaf-giver,' to filch away half his credit from him? The wife may be all that is excellent and admirable in her own sphere, she may be all that is beautiful and lovable, but she is not the bread-winner nor the loaf-giver. What warm-hearted woman, what true mother does not take delight in the thought that it is the husband of her choice, the father of her little ones, who ministers to them?

We are taught to speak of our Father in Heaven. Beware how you lower by one iota the attributes of fathers on earth. There is profanity in it.

A. B. C.

ART AS REPRESENTED AT THE AUTUMN FAIRS IN CANADA.

As coming more under the notice of the writer of this article than any of the minor industrial gatherings, the Toronto Exhibition of 1880 will naturally form the basis of remarks incited by personal observation of the general display made by those artists and would-be artists who aspire to represent their country in what they fondly hope may be called a National Exhibition. How far this is so let us proceed to consider. In the first place a careful examination of the walls or even a perusal of the catalogue makes plain the rather unpleasant fact that many, we may almost say the bulk, of the best names in Canadian Art do not show themselves. Why is this? Why is it that, instead of embracing the capital, or apparently capital, opportunity for putting itself directly *en rapport* with its patron, the public, the artistic profession holds aloof, and persistently refuses, in spite of the golden baits held out in the shape of money prizes, shaken and dangled as it were before the eyes of needy but proud men, in spite, we say of such temptation these men keep their wares hidden away in their own rooms, refuse to bring out their bantlings to bask in the sunshine of popular favour and to accept the reward which the 'bourgeois mind' of the directors of Industrial Fairs naturally think should prove irresistible to sane and intelligent beings. This question we will answer. The facts are these. Artists well know that under existing arrangements to send their works to the Exhibition means not only that they will have to run the gauntlet of much careless handling, thereby incurring damage, but what to their sensitive minds is far worse,—it really amounts to setting them up as targets for such incompetent marksmen as are usually selected as judges to fire their random shots at in the shape of immense glaring, red, blue and yellow prize tickets, missles which have a most provoking habit of striking the worst pictures; and so persistently year after year has this been the case that it has become the general custom with the few visitors

who possess any knowledge of art to totally disregard the prize awards in forming their estimates of the respective works. Now, inscrutable as this may be to the uninformed mind, there is much good reason in the view taken by the artists of this matter. We believe the different branches of industry in all the other departments of the Exhibitions have a controlling voice in their management, while the directors seem to think that the artists either have not sufficient intelligence to do this or they imagine they possess too much. Accordingly, they do not trust the management of the Art Gallery to artists, but try to do it themselves, and the result of course is a plain and decided failure,—failure to satisfy or obtain the confidence of the profession, and certain failure to present anything like as creditable an Exhibition as should be put before the public.

Artists, though unlike other men in many respects, and we freely admit the comparison is not in *all* respects and always in their favour, have still, a keen sense of justice, and their sensitive nature will not allow them to brook the handling which they often meet with from vulgar wealth. The situation seems at present to be this that unless a marked reform takes place in the system of Exhibitions the best artists will more completely withdraw their support, and the Exhibitions lose what is perhaps, and certainly might be, the most pronounced attraction of their buildings. Let it not, however, be inferred from what has been said that there were no good pictures in the Toronto Crystal Palace this year, the new Vice-President of the Ontario Society of Artists would alone redeem it from this charge ; and besides that gentleman's work we noted several very meritorious pictures by members of the Society and others ; though it is whispered that unless a change be made in the management and the prize system abolished there will be much fewer of these to be seen next year. Loan collections, too, though a very good device in some cases, to fill up as on this occasion, cannot be depended upon for a repetition year after year as this course would soon exhaust the local works, and after experience of lending it is found that owners become more chary and refuse again to contribute. For a permanent annual display there is no resource but the work of our own studios and there is no valid reason why these should not furnish such a collection as would give delight to both the public and the special class strictly called lovers of art. One incident of the Exhibition in Toronto, it is pleasing to record, was that the leading journals, both the chief newspapers of the Province, warmly took the matter up and advocated a somewhat similar reform to that urged here. The situation bears a rather cheering aspect when we remember the number of Exhibitions which now call for contributions from the easels of Canadian artists. In May there is the Art Union Exhibition of Toronto ; then follows that of our new Royal Canadian Academy, which next year will be held in Halifax, at about midsummer, which brings us round again to the Toronto Industrial (provided that be put on a desirable basis); and then the Art Association of Montreal intends holding at least one exhibition of Canadian work each winter. These opportunities for coming before the art world will be something in advance of the advantages offered to art in times past. Let us hope that in the future we may have a much more brilliant field to offer to talent and genius than we could but a short time ago have expected to hold out. * * *

BOOK REVIEWS.

The Life and Work of William Augustus Muhlenberg, by ANNE AYRES. New York : Harper & Brothers ; Toronto : James Campbell & Son.

It was fitting that the life of such a man as Dr. Muhlenberg should be written ; it was also fitting, and indeed necessary, that it should be done by one who was both intimate with him and thoroughly understood him. He was a great man, great as a schoolmaster, philanthropist and organizer, while his simple and unostentatious piety and his

quiet, indomitable energy and useful career made him beloved by all who knew him. Hundreds of men, many of whom have risen to eminence in the United States, owe their intellectual training to him; while St. Luke's Hospital in New York and St. Johnland, a model village, not far from the same city, are lasting monuments of his loving spirit and persevering mind. He belonged to that school of thought in the Protestant Episcopal Church to which he gave the name of Evangelical Catholic—a sort of æsthetical Low-Churchism. During his long life, extending over eighty years, he came into contact with many leading ecclesiastics and scholars both in America and Europe. The book before us is written by one who knew him personally for more than thirty years, and contains not only a very good summary of his life, but also many of his wise sayings and practical suggestions, extracts from his publications, some of his hymns, and a large number of amusing and instructive anecdotes. It is a volume that few will take up and leave unread.

Vivian, the Beauty, by MRS. ANNIE EDWARDES. Appleton's New Handy Volume Series. New York: D. Appleton & Co; Toronto: Hart and Rawlinson.

This is a superlatively silly tale. Vivian Vivash, for such is the title-rôle heroine's impossible name, is an English professional beauty of the present day. If we are to accept all the society papers tell us about these professional toasts as gospel truth, we must admit they are a sufficiently ugly outcome of our boasted civilization. But the ladies who occupy so much space in photographers' windows and the columns of *Truth* and *Vanity Fair* are modest and retiring compared with the study Mrs. Edwardes puts before us. It is conceivable that, in very clever hands, such a study might possess some pyschological value; but the shallow yet exaggerated manner in which the subject is treated in these pages only moves one to disgust. The tendency of the 'profession' no doubt does not point towards the most delicate refinement of character and conduct, but Vivian is painted as bluntly, personally and unreasonably rude. The 'beauty' whose tastes are pampered and whose fancies are met and anticipated by her admirers, naturally becomes more or less selfish. Vivian, however, does not content herself with this, but shows her self-seeking, her disregard of others, and her readiness to sacrifice the comfort and happiness of her companions for her own ends, in the most open and unblushing manner. Mrs. Edwardes, in her anxiety to show the profundity of her acquaintance with the symptoms of this modern social gangrene, overshoots her mark, and by making Vivian Vivash talk openly of the tricks of the 'profession,' she thoroughly convinces us that her knowledge of the class in question is derived from the public journals and not from any occult source of information. It would be perfectly impossible for three English people, one a lady in her own right, and the other a baronet of good family, to sit down at a stranger's table, as the precious trio do in the present case, and deliberately insult everyone present. Nor would even a 'foil' like Lady Pamela Lawless venture to mouth such a piece of buffoonery as she is credited with when she introduces the party to the astonished inmates of Schloss Egmont. The tale is as stale as the characters are intended to be novel, and the general result entirely unworthy of having even a waste half-hour bestowed upon it.

Russia, before and after the War: by the author of "Society in St. Petersburg," translated by EDWARD F. TAYLOR. No. 112 Franklin Square Library. New York: Harper Bros. Toronto: Jas. Campbell & Son.

Various as are the phases of European politics we may safely affirm that nearly all their issues are affected more or less by the possible or probable future action of Russia. The Slavophil may see in that huge empire a vast regenerative force, the adherent to a policy of Turco-Anglican supremacy may regard it as a treacherous enemy to be baffled by cunning diplomacy, but both and all alike will agree that we should seize every means of acquiring some real information as to the internal economy of Russian society and the motives which will probably shape its conduct in the events of the immediate future. For such pur-

poses the present work deserves serious attention.

It is difficult to get at the truth about Russia. To the foreigner, its imposing mass, apparently moving to war or peace at the imperious dictate of a single will, presents an impression of overwhelming unity and unanimity which would seem to be irresistible. But in truth this effect is but attained by a rigid superficial discipline, beneath whose mask of steel play all the convulsed and contradictory impulses of opposing opinions and parties, which would freely show themselves upon the political countenance of a more civilised nation. Of late years we have seen much of this and have been able to guess more. The foreigner has, in some respects, attained a better point of observation than is afforded to native Russians, whose press is fettered and who are denied by the rigorous censorship of the post-office scissors what stray light might be derived from foreign newspaper comments. Between the revolutionary sheets of the Nihilists and the licensed inanities of the privileged press, the subjects of the Czar find but few organs of enlightenment.

Much has been written about the Universities of Russia, and the unruly nature of the students. Our author speaks of them from personal experience, and his account is sufficiently disheartening. When he matriculated at St. Petersburg in 1855, discipline, form and rigid adherence to rule in the perpetual wearing of the semi-military uniform were the most distinctive marks of Collegiate existence. After the perfunctory examination on entrance was over, the appropriate formula of admission was "You may order your uniforms." Here a motley crowd of Russians, Georgians, Germans, Crimeans, and even Jews were hustled with threats along the most antiquated roads to learning. The professors held the agreeable position of spies and watched at the theatres by turns to catch any lawless student who ventured to appear in the wrong uniform.

All interest in events of public importance was dead. The evil news of the capture of Sebastopol did not so much as break the current of small talk or excite any expression of feeling, and topics of literature, science and art were unable to attract the attention or conversation of the *alumni*. Since that time half concessions have been tentatively made, and, not succeeding, the authorities have tried repression and a return to the old military system. As it is, the students feel they must stand by each other in the most mutinous excesses, lest all the reforms so grudgingly conceded them should be once more swept away. Our space will not enable us to do more than say that this book contains much useful information on the state of Russian parties for the last quarter of a century.

A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities. By WILLIAM SMITH, D. C. L., being a continuation of the 'Dictionary of the Bible,' in Two Volumes. Illustrated. Toronto: Willing & Williamson. 1880.

Dr. Smith's well-known Dictionaries of Classical Antiquities and of the Bible have done for students of these subjects the service of collecting an immense variety of learning, the result of encyclopædic study and rare critical acumen. The value of these works has long been established, no one can begin to read for classical honors without the one; the other is equally necessary to the clergyman who seeks to enjoy the results of the vast wealth of modern learning in reading the Bible. A similar good work is aimed at by the present book, whose two handsome volumes are richly and profusely illustrated. What the Dictionary of the Bible has accomplished for the Biblical Period, the Dictionary of Christian Antiquities accomplishes for the student of Church History. The difficult task of impartial treatment has been fulfilled as far as possible—this we have tested by examining the articles written on two words which furnish a crucial test, 'Bishop' and 'Baptism.' On the former, while no opinion is expressed as to the existence in sub-apostolic times of the separate office or jurisdiction of the Bishop, as distinguished from that of the Presbyter, every salient evidence as to the nature of the office is fully given; the reader is furnished with all the facts of the case and is left to form his own conclusion. For all the details of Church history, for all the steps of that marvellous evolution of the mediæval aristocratic hierarchy from the primitive communion of the catacombs, this Dictionary gives all that the student might seek, at vain expense of time and money, through

libraries of works like that of Bingham. The 'Dictionary of Christian Antiquities' has reference to a period which has interest for all Evangelical Churches, and for all students of Biblical Literature. A more limited field is left for a Dictionary of the Middle Ages, a connecting link with a Dictionary of the 'Reformation Period,' and perhaps another of 'Modern Thought,' both of which might well fill a place inadequately occupied by such partial and inaccessible books as Peter Bayle's on the one subject, or the late George Cornewall Lewis's clever but doctrinaire work on the other.

This Dictionary, moreover, supplements our few good books on Church History—Milman's of the Latin Church and Robertson's less satisfactory book on the Three Primitive Centuries. It does this in a far more accessible form, and is full of interesting information on points which bear so closely on the genesis of our civilization and culture.

The greatest credit is due to the Toronto publishers, Messrs. Willing & Williamson, for the enterprise shewn in their arranging for a Canadian edition of so important a work, as well as for the admirable manner in which they have placed it before the public.

The Story of an Honest Man. By EDMOND ABOUT. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson, 1880.

M. About has, in the present work, turned his versatile talents to the fabrication of a tale in the manner of the already classical fictions of M.M. Erckmann-Chatrian. There is the grandfather, the old volunteer of '92, who is nick-named *La France* from his patriotic spirit, a spirit which induced him to run away from his family in 1814 by stealth to join the army that defended the sacred French frontiers.

He was a peasant, and his son, Pierre Dumont, was a carpenter, whose humanitarian notions earned him the title of 'my fellow creatures.' Evidently the lover of the aristocratic novel or the seeker after delineations of fashionable life may as well turn away at once from these pages. They contain those full details of life in a country district and in a small provincial town, in which modern French fiction finds such a charm. The deep-seated love which the peasant proprietor feels for his mother and for the little patch of mother-earth which supports the family, has of late found many exponents. It must surely be the sign of a demand for literature among people of this class, when we find skilled writers like M. About devoting themselves to the production of such elaborate studies of every-day life in the middle and lower ranks of French provincial society.

The hero of our tale gives us his first recollections, commencing with his old grandfather, his smooth-shaven face, bronzed by exposure to a reddish hue, and his fair hair 'which had never made up its mind to become white,' falling in curls upon his neck. The Dumont family are a sort of peasant-aristocracy, and pride themselves on the clannishness with which they hold together, and the care with which they hand down the family virtues from generation to generation. Dumont, the father, is a successful carpenter and machinist, with a contriving head and generous heart, which keeps him rather poor while assisting his less fortunate brothers and sisters. Still he has achieved a better position than that of his father, and the earliest lesson he inculcates to little Pierre is, that he, too, must follow the great law of progress and surpass his own father's successes.

Pierre goes to the local college, a miserable institution, where Greek and Latin are badly ground into the boys, and a most wretched management seems contrived to stunt and cripple both bodily and mental growth. Perhaps some of the most interesting pages in the tale are those which speak of the college and of the wonderful advances that are made when a new principal is installed in 1844, who upsets all the old rules and breathes the air of life into the institution. It will not do to follow our hero's adventures in detail much further.

Lovers of the now fashionable art of porcelain painting will be attracted by hearing that he goes into the crockery and majolica business, and earns laurels as a designer and manufacturer. At the close of the tale—swoop! down comes the Prussian horde of invaders, and the 'honest man' volunteers, as his grandfather did before him, to assist in repelling the invasion.

This must, we fear, be the conclusion, *de rigueur*, of all such biographies for

the next ten years or so; the details of death, wounds, or successful return being varied to taste. On the whole the translation is much more carefully done than usual;—we have only marked one glaring fault, 'revolutionary *memories*' instead of 'revolutionary *memoirs*.'

Little Comedies. By JULIAN STURGIS. Appleton's New Handy-volume Series. No. 59. New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

Six minute plays, averaging thirty pages apiece, and these pages rather widely printed; plays too, with a cast of two, or, at the most, three characters to unfold their plots. Such slender things as these may well be called *little* comedies.

They are slightly constructed and small in their dimensions, and can no more satisfy a healthy dramatic appetite than a mouthful of puff-crust would appease the hunger of a school-boy fresh from the cricket field.

But, if we set aside the two pieces called 'Half-way to Arcady' and 'Mabel's Holy Day,' which are both couched in verse, and are, to our mind, inferior to the rest, we shall find that these ephemeral productions may possibly fulfil a purpose. Every one knows the rage for parlour acting, which afflicts at times the best regulated communities, often leaving as distinct marks of its ravages as an epidemic of influenza or erysipelas. In such cases a dose of Mr. Sturgis's patent preparation may prove efficacious, and will, at any rate, lessen the inconveniences endured by the patient and applausive audience. It is hard, indeed, if the worst amateur company that ever entertained felonious designs upon the *Lady of Lyons* cannot muster two decent actors who could undertake such a trifle as 'Picking up the Pieces' or 'Heather.' The rest of the would-be performers will feel far more at home on the front benches, pulling the unlucky two into tatters than they would have felt on the boards, impersonating comic servants, obtrusive confidants, old men and yokels with impossible dialects.

Mr. Sturgis is at his happiest when he portrays the latest phases of fashionable do-nothingism or the affectations of modern art. The male interlocutor in 'Heather' is puzzled to account for his love for that healthy, irrepressible and vulgar flower. High Art tells him it is too assertive. 'It is not a sun-flower; it does not even wish to be a sun-flower; it is not wasted by one passionate sweet desire to be a sunflower; it seems to be content with itself.' Only those of our readers who have seen how the sunflower is hunted to death by the artists of the school of Burne-Jones will entirely appreciate this little bit of satire.

The passage which we have quoted occurs in a soliloquy addressed by the hero to his dog, modelled much after the fashion of the celebrated talk between Launce and his cur in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona.* We rather like the quaint way in which the lover's ridiculous substitute for a flower discloses itself in the following bit of musing:—'She loves me—she loves me not,—she loves,—no; she—but I perceive you do not like me to *pluck hairs from your tail!*'

Mr. Sturgis's dialogue is often smart and telling, but he aims too much at imitating the Shakespearean repartee as indulged in by such characters as Beatrice and Benedict. A few examples, taken at random from 'Fire-flies,' will show our meaning. Bice and Bino meet masked, and do not know each other. Bice remarks that many a mask hides wrinkles.

BINO. 'Not yours, on my life! Your mouth is not old.'

BICE. 'No younger than my face, I give you my word.'

Further on she says: 'You wear a mask on your mouth.'

BINO. 'Nay, 'tis but an indifferent mustache.'

BICE. '*A most delicate fringe for fibs.*'

Thomas Moore, his Life and Works, by ANDREW J. SYMINGTON. New York: Harper & Brothers; Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

This little sketch forms a companion volume to the 'Life of Lover,' by the same author, which we lately reviewed in these columns. It is written in a similar vein of genial appreciation, and contains, as did its forerunner, an agreeable mixture of anecdotal biography and extracts from the author's works.

Thomas Moore was born in 1780; his

parents being trades-people at Dublin. Although Lord Byron, who knew and loved the poet well, was able to say of him with truth, that 'Tommy dearly loved a lord,' yet 'Tommy' was never forgetful of his old father and mother, or desirous of concealing the position from which he sprung.

Had the poet been less gifted with the social arts that endeared him to the first circles of English fashion, he might perhaps have taken a more practically decided stand as an Irish patriot than he did, and his political verse might have rung with a truer, sterner tone; but in no other respect does it appear that he was injured by his intimacy with the lettered aristocracy of the time of the Regency.

The days of patronage were hardly over, for Moore was not twenty-three years old and had published scarcely anything of note, except his translations of the Odes of Anacreon, when Lord Moira procured him an Admiralty post at the Bermudas. The duties of his office could be performed by deputy; but Moore crossed the Atlantic to take possession and appoint a *locum tenens*. On his way home he visited the States, Niagara and Toronto, and passed down the St. Lawrence, a trip to which we owe the charming 'Canadian Boat Song,' so well-known to our readers, and the lines to Lady Charlotte Rawdon, in which he speaks of the spot—

> 'Where the blue hills of Old Toronto shed
> Their evening shadows o'er Ontario's bed.'

Soon after his return he married, and went to reside near Dovedale, in Derbyshire. The 'Twopenny Post-bag,' a collection of satires, was his principal work of this period, although the Irish Melodies were being written, arranged to music, and put before the public from time to time; the first being published in 1807. So great a reputation did Moore obtain from these occasional poems that, in 1814, Messrs. Longman agreed to pay him £3,000 for a poem which was then unwritten, and as to the merits of which they consequently could not form an opinion. In three years (Mr. Symington says four, but the dates do not bear him out) the poem, Lalla Rookh, was completed and reached six editions in as many months.

In 1818, Moore became financially embarrassed through the defalcations of his deputy at Bermuda. It was thought well for him to spend some time in Paris out of the way of the unpleasant company of Sheriff's officers, till his creditors could be settled with. He was soon able to return, a free man again, and never was in actual need of money afterwards, although it is true that his generous, open-handed mode of living prevented him from saving anything out of the £30,000 he was calculated to have made by his pen alone.

It is impossible to commit to paper an adequate conception of Moore's wit, humour, and fancy. Much of his brilliancy was expended conversationally, and is to a great extent lost to us. His satirical and humorous poems, however, remain, and the structure of their verse and the curious surprises of their rhymes often recall to our memory the famous legends of Thomas Ingoldsby.

Mr Symington has not given many extracts from the poet's correspondence; here is one phrase that brims over with warm Irish affection, an affection that *must* be playful and can no more help showing itself by a smile than can some different natures help showing *their* fondness by suppressed grumblings. Moore is going home to his mother and writes to her that the thought of it will '*put a new spur on the heel of his heart.*'

If the letters of Moore are not laid heavily under contribution, his diary has not been forgotten, and well might we expect these stores to be rich which are to be found in the daily records of a man who passed his life with Rogers, Byron, Sydney Smith, Luttrell, Erskine, Lord Mahon, and Lord John Russell. A few examples will suffice, and must serve to wind up our notice without further apology.

26 July, 1821.—'Luttrell told a good phrase of an attorney, "I am sorry to say, sir, a compromise has *broken out* between the parties."'

11 June, 1823.—'Foote once said to a canting sort of lady that asked him if he ever went to church, "No, madam; *not that I see any harm in it!*"'

21 Sept., 1826.—'Quoted the saying of a Spanish poet to a girl, "Lend me your eyes for to-night; I want to kill a man."'

2 July, 1827.—'Lord Lansdowne received a letter from Ireland, speaking of the "Claw of an Act," evidently thinking that *clause* was plural.'

Health. By W. H. Corfield, M. A., M.D. (Oxon), &c. New York : D. Appleton & Co. : Toronto : Hart & Rawlinson. 1880.

These Lectures were originally delivered at the Society of Arts, under the auspices of the Trades' Guild of Learning and the National Health Society. Although very well adapted to the purposes for which they were delivered, we have not been altogether able to pursuade ourselves that their reproduction in book-form was really needed, either in London or New York. If we take the first seven chapters, we find they contain just the same sort of elementary description of our nervous system, of the respiratory organs, of the bony framework of our bodies, &c., as is to be found in any good introductory work on Physiology. It is quite right that such information should be given, over and over again, in the shape of lectures to people who will never have a chance or the inclination to open a book upon the subject. But it is quite another thing if every lecturer who can describe the valves of the heart is to have a shorthand reporter, as Dr. Corfield had, to jot down his account as something too precious to be lost.

The latter half of the book, containing the author's views on pure air and water, wholesome food, good drainage, epidemic diseases, and sanitary devices generally, is less hackneyed and more likely to prove of use. To an American public the Doctor's opinions will occasionally prove a little distasteful. They will not relish the stern disapproval with which he regards their favourite box-stove, which he condemns on account of its drying the air, and producing an undue amount of carbonic oxcide gas, besides the smell of hot iron which it diffuses about the room. Neither will they like the condemnation of muffins, crumpets and new bread, which are so very indigestible, says Dr. Corfield, from their doughy nature as to go sometimes by the name of 'sudden deaths.' This little bit of spite will be naturally regarded as a slap at the Yankee preparations of dough and paste, which, because they are barely cooked once, are usually called 'biscuits' by our logical neighbours across the line.

The first part of the book would have been improved by a few diagrams, but the only illustration it contains from first to last is a very simple one of two squares of different sizes, which might easily have been left to the imagination of the reader. The point it is intended to elucidate is the excessive liability of young children to suffer from external cold. He says very truly that the smaller the child the greater proportion will its surface bear to its bulk. He proves this to demonstation with his two cubes, one ten times larger than the other, and winds up, in the true spirit of the scientific demonstator, who is not happy unless he can add the Q. E. D. to his problem, 'What is true of a cube is true of a baby!'

The old joke about seeing as far as most men through a millstone must be abandoned, if we are to accept the statement made (on p. 222) upon the authority of Professor Pettenkofer, that a candle can be blown out through a brick, if (mark me, there is much potency in your *if*) you only concentrate the breath on one point. In our own parlour experiment we have always found this to be exactly the point where the difficulty comes in. The Professor must be a very great man, for we find him quoted further on as doubting if the celebrated Broad street pump at Westminster really did cause the cholera in that neighbourhood, although people who had water supplied to them from it at a distance were attacked by the disease and the epidemic passed away soon after the pump was closed up. It requires all the abilities of a 'great German hygienist' to be able *not* to see so clear a connection between cause and effect. Probably it would not shake his doubting soul at all if he were informed that the pump in question drew its sparkling but death-dealing waters from the subsoil of what was once a pest-house field, originally given by Sir Walter Raleigh to the corporation at a time when the snipe flitted over the fields which are now covered with the bricks of Broad street and the stucco façades of Regent street. Here the dead-cart had discharged its ghastly load, year in and year out, as the plague paid its passing visits to St. Martin-in-the-Fields and the parishes outside the city walls. And long after the last bellman had chanted his dismal stave, 'Bring out your dead!' the poison germs so carefully stored away beneath the sod had once more betrayed their presence, and gone forth to reap their harvest, some fifty, some a hundred-fold.

A History of Classical Greek Literature. By the Rev. J. P. MAHAFFY, M. A. New York: Harper & Bros.; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

The progress of archæology during the past thirty-five years, in its effect on Greek literature, can be strikingly seen by comparing the well-known work of Dr. K. O. Müller with these volumes of Professor Mahaffy. In our day the pickaxe and shovel have become tools of refined research. At one time literary conjecture threatened to crush out of life all positive knowledge. Was the subject the topography of Troy? Presently the heap of literary guess-work rivalled the mounds of the Trojan plain; but Dr. Schliemann's pickaxe has revealed how slightly related the contents of the literary mound were to the contents of the other. So at Mycenæ; and when Schliemann gets to work at Sardes and Orchomenas there will be rare fun in store for godless scoffers. Even at an earlier date some ludicrous mishap befel the critics. The position in its trilogy of the Æschylean drama, *The Seven against Thebes,* was a favourite subject of lucubration among the Germans: the discovery of the Medicean didascatiæ revealed the fact that of all the guesses only one was correct; but this particular guess had long ago been abandoned by Hermann, its author! On the other hand, some far-sighted prophecies of the earlier scholars have been verified in a most interesting, and indeed remarkable, manner. The inscriptions lately disinterred by Curtius at Olympia prove the lost Greek letter *digamma* (representing our *w*) to have been commonly used in Elis; while Cesnola's excavations at Cyprus exhibit it in the Cypriote syllabary as late as the fourth century B. C. The Cypriote syllabary also carries forward to the same date the letter *yod* or *y,* which, at a much earlier era, had become quite lost to the Hellenic alphabet.

In archæology, the most trivial 'find' often involves far-reaching issues. An iron nail, or even a rust-stain, implies an epoch in civilization. The wall-scribblings and etchings of ancient loafers at Pompeii have thrown new light on old Roman life; and thus these idle *graffiti* on the crumbling stucco have come to rank with solemn treatises on bronze or marble. About the middle of the 7th century B. C., Greek soldiers were serving under the king of Upper Egypt, Psammetichus, or Psamatichus, as they spell him oft. Once they beguiled an idle hour by scrawling five or six lines of Greek on the leg of a colossal figure that stands near the modern Abu-Simbel. This ancient *graffito* exhibits by no means the oldest alphabetical forms, and the really archaic Greek writing may have long preceded. Modern opinion had generally settled down to the belief that Homer's poem MUST have been preserved by professional reciters who handed down these treasures from one generation to another for between two and three centuries. By the discovery of this inscription the entire controversy has been re-opened, and many other disturbing facts have followed in quick succession. The student will thank Professor Mahaffy for his artistic *coup d'œil* of the general Homeric question, and for his *résumé* of the great discussion that has now in various phases lasted for more than twenty-three centuries. German criticism, from Wolf's famous Prolegomena down to the present, has for the most part been consistently destructive, but sometimes mutually destructive: it has, of course, denied the unity of authorship in the Iliad and Odyssey conjointly, or even singly: it has even challenged the poetic merit of Homer's most admired passages. The parting scene of Hector and Andromache—the most famous passage in any literature—has in all ages touched the heart and extorted admiration; but, in our day, a German critic declares it the interpolation of an inferior hand! Mr. F. A. Paley has in some points outrun even German scepticism; but English criticism has sometimes been too conservative. Colonel Mure contended for the unity in authorship of the whole of each poem, while Mr. Gladstone stoutly affirms the personality of Homer, his historical reality, and his authorship of both poems. Dr. Schliemann's realism laughingly offsets the prevailing German scepticism: on the one hand, the very existence of the Homeric cities is disputed; but Dr. Schliemann would show us now actual Troy and Mycenæ; he can scarcely refrain from identifying the very necklace of fair Helen and the sceptre of lordly Agamemnon. Our present author adopts Grote's Homeric theory, but with important modifications. Thus viewed, the Iliad known to us incloses much of the original Achilleïs, but seve-

ral heroic lays have been, if we may so say, grafted on it at various points, openings being effected by some severe pruning. These grafts have seriously altered the form and foliage of the original poetic growth. In the original plan, Hector and Patroclus must have had places of high courage and renown, one as the formidable antagonist, the other as the honoured companion of Achilles. In the present Iliad, they have receded to the second or third place in heroism. Hector has been humiliated to exalt the pedigree of certain Greek families, which, in the historic period, affected to trace their descent from Diomede, Ajax or Agamemnon.

The personality of Homer being surrendered, our author awards the place of honour in Greek literature to Æschylus, whose language he finely characterizes as "that mighty diction in which the epithets and figures come rolling in upon us like Atlantic waves."

The chapter on the Greek Theatre is especially valuable. It notices the inscriptions recently disinterred at Athens, and edited by Komanudes; it also embodies the author's personal explorations at the sites of ancient theatres where the acoustic and scenic arrangements are still quite apparent. In the great theatre of Syracuse, whose capacity ranged from 10,000 to 20,000 auditors, Professor Mahaffy found that a friend talking in his ordinary tone could be heard perfectly at the furthest seat, and that too with the back of the stage open. Here is something for modern architects to meditate on.

In his low estimate of the poetry of Pindar, and the philosophy of Socrates, our critic will probably find some eager antagonists, but his arguments exhibit a front that is not very assailable.

His orthography shows some playful eccentricities: why write *rythm* and not *ryme*, and *retoric;* if we adopt Nikias and Kimon, why retain *c* in Alcibiades!

LITERARY NOTES.

A new edition of the Works of Father Prout (the Rev. Francis Mahony) is about to be published in popular form by the Messrs. Routledge.

A well-conceived and suggestive work on Self-culture, moral, mental and physical, has just been published from the pen of Mr. W. H. Davenport Adams, bearing the title of 'Plain Living and High Thinking.'

A volume entitled 'Passages from the Prose Writings of Matthew Arnold,' has just been brought out in England. The selections are classified under the following divisions: Literature—Politics and Society—Philosophy and Religion.

Mr. Francis Parkman's forthcoming work on 'Montcalm,' dealing with the final struggle between the English and French colonists in Canada, is, we learn, in an advanced stage of preparation. The volume, it is stated, will begin with the Peace of Aix-la-Chapelle and end with the capture of Quebec and the death of Wolfe.

The Duke of Argyll has projected a series of papers on 'The Unity of Nature' which are to appear serially in the *Contemporary Review.* When completed they will form a complement to his Grace's notable book 'The Reign of Law,' and will doubtless be an important modern addition to the theistic side of the argument from Design in Nature.

A Work on 'Egypt, Descriptive, Historical, and Picturesque,' from the German of Prof. G. Ebers, is announced to appear in about forty monthly parts, from the press of Messrs. Cassell & Co., of London. The work is to be illustrated by eight hundred drawings which are said to be of unexampled magnificence and beauty.

'A sensible, well-written book, showing a real knowledge of the subject, and containing many hints likely to be serviceable to beginners in Literature,' on the subject of 'Journals and Journalism,' has just been issued in England, by Mr. John Oldcastle. Messrs. Field & Tuer are the publishers.

The third and fourth volumes, completing the work, of Mr. Justin McCarthy's 'History of our Own Times' have just appeared in England. They cover the period from the accession of Queen Victoria to the General Election of 1880. The fourth and concluding volume of Mr. John Richard Green's 'History of the English People' has just been issued by Messrs. Macmillan, of London, and Harper Brothers, of New York.

Mr. W. Fraser Rae, the translator of Taine's 'Notes on England,' and the author of 'Westward by Rail,' 'Columbia and Canada,' &c., has just commenced a series of biographical sketches of the founders of New England, to be published in *Good Words*. The first of the series, on John Winthrop, the father of Massachusetts, appears in the September issue. Mr. Rae is at present on a visit to Manitoba and the North-West.

The October number of *The Bystander* reaches us as we are about to go to press, and we cannot refrain, before closing our pages, from calling attention to the high excellence of the new issue. Its appearance lays the reader under further and weighty obligation to the distinguished writer from whose pen it proceeds. The notable subject dealt with in the new number, as was to be expected, is 'the Pacific Railway Agreement,' and this and a disquisition on 'Freedom of Discussion,' which follows it, are handled with a freshness, originality, and vigour which makes a powerful impression upon the reader. Detractors may make light of the work to which the writer of *The Bystander* has addressed himself, in issuing this serial, but no sane reader of the publication can fail to appreciate the profound thoughtfulness of its articles, or doubt the influence which such fearless and independent criticism can have upon the thought and opinion of the country. We can but note here two other articles in the present number which are especially worthy of perusal—one on 'the Presidential Election,' and the other a reply to Mr. Pringle's 'Defence of Ingersoll.' The first of these is marked by keenness and accuracy of observation, and an intimate knowledge of the history of Parties in the United States; the other by a broad catholicity and a remarkable effectiveness in dealing with the phantoms of Modern Doubt. The service which this periodical is rendering to the literature of Canada which, like the nation itself, is only in process of formation, is simply incalculable. To the journalist it is a mine of thought and a life-long education in criticism and the art of saying things. To the politician and the people generally, it is at once a guide and an inspiration.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

ODE IN MEMORY OF ADELAIDE NEILSON.

'Ave et Vale.'

AH! lost star of the stage, into the night, sunk where no eye shall see!
Past that gate of the grave, darkness of death husheth and hideth thee;
Thou whom all of the gods graced with their gifts, bidding each charm be thine,
Aphrodite in form, voiced like a muse, filled as with fire divine,
Shall we see not again, hear thee no more, never beholding now
Those fair tresses of gold, never again, crowning the queen-like brow;
Shall no Juliet now speak with her lips, win with the charm she wore?
Shall not Rosalind's voice wake into life, passion and pathos more?
Farewell, thou whom we loved, true is the word, that which the Seers have sung,
Be not envious at death, they whom the gods grace with their love die young;
So pass, star of the stage, into the night, there, where for all who dwell
It is well, we are sure, therefore, for thee, sure it is also well.

—CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

TORONTO.

An old coachman meets his master at a Scotch railway-station, having had several 'halves' during his wait. Master, sniffling: 'What's this, John? I get the smell of whiskey off you again!' John: 'Weel, weel, my lord, I've felt the smell o' whuskey aff you mony a time, and I ne'er said ocht aboot it!'

CANADA.

All-worthy Offspring of Earth's noblest, Thou!
Bold in thy blameless life and staunch-knit frame
(Through which full course, as thy stout deeds proclaim,
The healthful currents that from freedom flow),
Thou stand'st among the nations! On thy brow
Beams Virtue's diadem, whose jewels bright,
Kept by thy jealous care, a peerless light
Unwavering shed. With equal balance, lo,
At thy right hand sits Justice, Mercy-crowned!
Thy hand-maid Honour; while firm at thy side
Stands armoured Loyalty, pointing with pride
To thy Imperial Mother o'er enthroned!
Champion of Justice, Truth and Liberty,
As they are great, so shall thy glory be!

—R. Rutland Manners.

'See here,' said a fault-finding husband, 'we must have things arranged in this house so that we shall know just where everything is kept.' 'With all my heart,' sweetly answered his wife: 'and let us begin with your late hours, my love. I should dearly love to know where they are kept.' He let things run on as usual.

Two grandsons of a late millionnaire had quarrelled, but were reconciled not long since over a good dinner and a bottle or two. Quoth one of them to the company, after the other had departed, 'That is my brother, you know. We have had a difference, but it is all settled, you understand. Same blood in his veins as in mine, you perceive. He can have a hundred pounds from me if he wants it. Yes, by George, he can have a thousand! Yes, ten thousand—if he gives me the securities!'

Sir Humphrey Davy, when a raw, awkward young man, once found himself in the company of a number of literary men much older than himself, and the conversation turned on the poetic beauties of Milton. In the middle of a declamation of one of the poet's finest passages by an enthusiastic admirer, Davy interposed the infelicitous remark that he 'never could understand Milton.' 'Very likely, sir,' said one of the company witheringly— 'nothing more likely; but surely you don't mean to blame the poet for that?'

During a debate in the American House of Representatives on a bill for increasing the number of hospitals, one of the Western members arose and observed, 'Mr. Speaker, my opinion is that the ginerality of mankind in gineral are disposed to take the disadvantage of the gineralty of mankind in gineral.' 'Sit down,' whispered a friend who sat near him: 'You are coming out of the same hole you went in at.'

The *Mémoires de Madame de Rémusat* contain many capital stories, but none neater in repartee than that of Bonaparte and Grétry. Bonaparte was in many respects less great than some of his admirers have given the world to understand. One of his favourite tricks was to disconcert people by pretending to forget them, just as at one time he took immense pains to captivate his soldiers by always managing to recollect them. He used to go round the ladies of his Court and enjoy the amusement of throwing them into confusion by asking them, 'Pray, who are you?' Gentlemen who attended his receptions in a semi-official way were exposed to similar interrogations. Grétry, a member of the Institute, frequently attended the Sunday receptions, and the Emperor was always coming up to him and asking his name. One day Grétry, who was tired of this perpetual question, answered the Emperor's rudely-uttered 'And you, who are you?' by replying, 'Sire, I am still Grétry.' Ever afterwards the Emperor recognised him perfectly.

A BALLADINE.

She was the prettiest girl, I ween,
That mortal eyes had ever seen;
Her name is Anabel Christine,
Her bangs were curled with bandoline,
Her cheeks were smoothed with vaseline,
Her teeth were brushed with fine dentine,
Her lace was washed in coaline,
Her gloves were cleaned with gasoline,
She wore a dress of grenadine,
Looped over a skirt of brilliantine.
Her petticoat was bombazine,
Her foot was shod with kid bottine,
Her wounds were healed with cosmoline.
She sailed away from Muscatine
In a ship they called a brigantine.
She flirted with a gay marine
Till they reached th' Republic Argentine,
Where they were married by the Dean,
And lived on oleomargarine.

—*Scribner.*