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THE CANADIAN MONTHLY.

THE
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND
NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOLUME I.
JANUARY TO JUNE.



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THE
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. I.]

JANUARY, 1872.

[No. 1.

INTRODUCTORY.

WHERE several attempts have failed, the success of a new attempt must always be doubtful. But it is hoped that the effort to give an organ, in the form of a periodical, to the intellectual life of Canada, is now made under better auspices than before. There has been of late a general awakening of national life, which has probably extended to the literary and scientific sphere: of the large number recently added to our population, the ordinary proportion may be supposed to be writers or readers; and special circumstances have favoured the present publishers in obtaining literary assistance in the conduct of their Magazine.

The plan of paying for all contributions, adopted by the present publishers, will, besides its more obvious advantages, secure to them that perfect liberty of selection which could not be enjoyed by the managers of periodicals conducted on the other system.

The chief promoters of the enterprise feel that, at all events, the creation of a worthy periodical for Canada is an object import-

ant enough to warrant them in expending some labour and encountering some risk. They are confirmed in this conviction by the favour with which this project has been received, and by the generous and patriotic support already afforded.

To deal with Canadian questions and to call forth Canadian talent will be the first aim of the managers of the *Canadian Monthly*. But they will seek in all quarters the materials of an interesting and instructive Magazine.

The utmost latitude will be allowed to contributors in the expression of opinion, as well as in the choice of subjects; but the Magazine is not open to party politics or to party theology; nor will anything be admitted which can give just offence to any portion of the community.

Having a national object in view, the managers of the Magazine will sincerely endeavour to preserve, in all its departments, a tone beneficial to the national character and worthy of the nation.

THE TREATY OF WASHINGTON.

BY CHARLES LINDSEY.

A GENERAL settlement of all disputed questions between two such nations as England and the United States may well be cause of international congratulation. Family quarrels are proverbially bitter, and the two peoples are near enough akin to give vehemence to their inevitable wrangles. A list of old, unsettled scores was liable to be converted into a cause of quarrel, at the most inopportune moment. The satisfaction arising out of the settlement, may, on the one side or the other, be tempered with the feeling that too little has been obtained here, and too much sacrificed there; that the rough balance struck, in the somewhat incongruous mingling of questions, which bore no relation to one another, and in which third parties were interested, has left just causes of complaint. A simpler and more natural way of proceeding would have been to conclude in form, as there are in fact, two treaties; but, as in 1818, it was found impossible to settle one question without bringing in others, so now, the central idea was to lump every thing together, and apply the sponge to the aggregate score. The settlement will avert all immediate causes of uneasiness as to the continuance of peace, and it has somewhat ameliorated the tone of international criticism; but it will neither change the respective characters of the two nations nor bring about the millenium. Nor can we, looking closely at the stipulations, and contrasting them with the omissions of the treaty, congratulate ourselves that international morality has made a marked advance, or that this country has received new securities against the annoyance of irregular invasion. The great merit of the treaty is that it removes,

for the time, every serious ground of dispute; but no arrangement that could be made now could prevent new complications arising in the future. If, in many respects, all available guarantees to that end are taken, in one particular, as we shall hereafter see, there is a manifest failure on this point. The best terms obtainable were probably secured, but while the work entrusted to the Commissioners is, in the main, satisfactory, it is, in some respects, open to grave objection.

The British High Commissioners, appointed on the sixteenth February, 1871, to settle all questions of difference with the United States, comprised Earl de Grey, Sir Stafford Henry Northcote, Sir Edward Thornton, Sir John Alex. Macdonald, and Mr. Montague Bernard, Professor of International Law at the University of Oxford. The American Commissioners were: Mr. Secretary Fish, Mr. Robert Schenck, Mr. Justice Nelson, of the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Ebenezer Hoar, and Mr. George H. Williams. Any three of the British Commissioners would, by the powers conferred upon them, have been sufficient to conclude a treaty. Of discretionary power they had little or none; as the references made, from time to time, to their government clearly show. The Joint High Commissioners first met on the 27th February, and concluded their labours on the 6th May.

In the settlement of the Alabama question, England has accepted rules of international law which she holds were not in force at the time of the occurrences out of which the American claims arose. This sacrifice may be compensated, in a pecuniary sense, and

in that sense only, by the advantages which a great maritime nation like England may, in future, reap from the following rules becoming obligatory on the two contracting powers :—

“A neutral Government is bound—

“First, to use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equipping, within its jurisdiction, of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or to carry on war against a Power with which it is at peace; and also to use like diligence to prevent the departure from its jurisdiction of any vessel intended to cruise or carry on war as above, such vessel having been specially adapted, in whole or in part, within such jurisdiction, to warlike use.

“Secondly, not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of a renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms, or the recruitment of men.

“Thirdly, to exercise due diligence in its own ports and waters, and, as to all persons within its jurisdiction, to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations and duties.”

It would not be difficult to understand the acceptance of an *ex post facto* rule, by one party to the contract, if the other came under a similar obligation. But we look in vain for any thing like reciprocity here. The case of the Fenian raids was of a more flagrant character than that of the Alabama. All that could be urged against England was that she may have failed to use due diligence to prevent the sailing of that famous corsair. A vessel can be fitted out with a secrecy which is impossible in setting on foot a land force. The Fenian raids were organized with the greatest ostentation of publicity, in a time of peace. The municipal laws of England, on the subject of neutrality, were feeble compared with those of the United States. The govern-

ment of the latter country on the occasion of the first Fenian raid, stood silently still till the soil of Canada had, after weeks of loud-trumpeted preparation, been invaded. Then it issued a proclamation. Having so completely failed in its duty, there was more reason that it should pay the damages occasioned by these raids than that England should pay the Alabama claims. In refusing to do so, it stands condemned by international law, by its own municipal laws, and by its early traditions in the days of Washington, Jefferson, and Randolph. England not only pays but apologizes for the depredations of the Alabama. The contrast is more striking than agreeable.

Let us look at the Fenian raids question in the light of the past, and we shall see how the United States of to-day performs its national obligations compared with the way it performed those obligations at the close of the last century. No nation ever pushed to a greater extent the maxim that individual citizens have no right to be at war while their government is at peace. The early statesmen of the Republic contended that the restriction extended not merely to masses of men, but included every individual citizen. Nor did they rest content with declaring the rule: they sought to enforce it. In 1793, when war existed between England and France, the French contended that they had a treaty right to enlist men for the naval service in the United States. And they tried to put this alleged right into force. An American citizen, Gideon Henfield, was arrested by his own government and tried for having taken service, illegally, on the French cruiser *Citizen Genet*. Besides being an old revolutionary soldier, he pleaded ignorance of the law he was accused of violating, and expressed contrition for his conduct; and he was, probably for these reasons, acquitted by the jury. The arrest gave occasion for the Government to make a public exposition of the law on the subject of private citizens making war on their own

account. Besides being punishable because his conduct was in violation of treaties, by which the United States stipulated with other countries, that there should be peace between their citizens and subjects, Attorney General Randolph declared every such offender was indictable at Common Law, because his conduct brought him within the description of persons disturbing the peace of the United States. And Jefferson, who was at the time Secretary of State, laid down the rule in words which ought never to be forgotten. "For our citizens," he said, in an official communication to the French Minister to the United States, "to commit murders and depredations on the members of nations at peace with us, or to combine to do it, appeared to the Executive, and to those whom they consulted, as much against the laws of the land as to murder or rob, or to combine to murder or rob, its own citizens, and as much to require punishment, if done within their limits, or where they have a territorial jurisdiction, or on the high seas, where they have a personal jurisdiction, that is to say, one which reaches their own subjects only." He gave notice that the laws would be enforced against all persons so offending, whether citizens or aliens within the jurisdiction of the Republic and enjoying the protection of its laws. The argument against an individual citizen going to war on his own authority was that what one might do all had the same right to undertake; and if this were allowed the nation might find itself at war without the authority of the Government.

The right to restrain individual citizens, and the arguments by which it was upheld, now find few defenders. The Americans afterwards confined their restriction to bodies of men, intending to act together against any power with which the Government was at peace.

When we apply these facts to the case of the Fenian expeditions, and to the refusal of the Washington Government to give com-

penation for the injuries Canada received therefrom, it is difficult to find any reason for being jubilant over this part of the treaty, as indicating an advance in the principles of international justice and morality. The Fenian raids were organized under circumstances very different from those in which individual American citizens joined the French standard in 1793. There was no war in progress; no flag for the Fenians to take shelter under; no government for them to transfer their allegiance to. The pretence, which was not allowed, at the former epoch, in time of war, of divesting themselves of the character of American citizens and transferring their allegiance to a foreign sovereign by the mere act of engaging in his service, could not be set up by the Fenians. They were a lawless band of marauders, composed of American citizens and persons under the protection of American laws; incapable of accomplishing any thing beyond rapine and murder. Of the few leaders against whom legal proceedings were taken by their own Government, the punishment was only a form, equally without reality or deterring influence. For this great international wrong—this invasion of our territory in a time of profound peace—the Americans neither make apology nor would give compensation. England, we are given to understand by a speech of Mr. Gladstone, stands vicariously charged with the damages. So Canada will be paid. It makes no difference to us, we may be told, in a money point of view, whence the compensation comes; but it makes a vast difference in the guarantees of future security whether or not a nation, bands of whose citizens have committed unprovoked outrages on our soil, holds itself amenable to the rules of international law and the plainest principles of justice. The practical immunity of the offenders could hardly fail to serve as an encouragement to them; the national disavowal of responsibility may put the whole nation in a temper to believe that raids on

the territory of a country coterminous with the Republic may at any time be made a safe diversion from the dull routine of every day life. We know, as a matter of fact, that before the treaty has, in all its parts, gone into operation, another raid by American citizens has been made on the frontier of the North-West. If this last raid was thoroughly contemptible, it involved the Dominion in the expense of sending up a hundred men to Fort Garry.

The opening of the United States market to Canadian fish reconciles to the treaty the class who have the greatest and most direct interest in the fisheries: the fishermen of Canada. Their views of the arrangement are at once coloured and circumscribed by their interests. They know that it is to their advantage to have free access for the products of their industry to the nearest, and in some respects the best, market. They have no sympathy with a feeling that would bar the American market to them, unless these fisheries could be converted into a make-weight in securing a general reciprocity of trade, which American statesmen show no disposition to grant. The unpopularity of the fishery articles of the treaty with other classes is, in a measure, compensated by their ready acceptance by the fishermen. The latter are most nearly interested; the former most numerous. Nova Scotia, whose greatest material interest lies in her fisheries, was brought into the confederation in a manner which her population deeply resented. She complained that she was dragged into an union about which her people were not fairly consulted; that undue restraint was put upon her will. The sullen gloom inspired by that event had not been wholly dissipated; and it would have been highly impolitic to act as if other parts of the Dominion had a greater interest in the fisheries of the Province than her own fishermen. As between the fishermen of the two countries, the Canadian appear to be better satisfied than the American; and

it is not improbable that the complaints which went up from Barnstable and Plymouth, Massachusetts, to Congress in 1806, at having to meet the competition of British Colonial fish, in American markets, may be repeated.

When they were excluded from the United States, by high duties, the fishermen of Nova Scotia were loud in their demands for a strict enforcement of the prohibitions of the Convention of 1818. In 1836, the Local Legislature passed an Act authorizing officers of the Government to board American fishing vessels found hovering within the prohibited limits, and to remain on board till the vessels moved away. That Province was foremost in urging the exclusion of Americans from the Bay of Fundy and Bay Chaleur, and in denying them the right to navigate the Strait of Canso. The Local Legislature claimed the right to prevent foreign vessels passing through that strait, where, it was complained, they cast bait to lure fish, and by this means negatively contravened the treaty.

More than a quarter of a century ago, the British Government would have thrown open to the Americans all the Bays over six miles wide, if it had not been for the assurance of Lord Falkland, then Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, that the measure would create deep-rooted dissatisfaction both in that Province and New Brunswick. Nova Scotia deprecated any concession to their rivals; and insisted on their being held to a strict construction of the treaty. And in 1845, excepting only the Bay of Fundy, she succeeded in bringing over the Imperial Government to her views. She sometimes employed as many as four armed vessels for the protection of the fisheries; and she was loudest of all the colonies in demanding from England an increase of naval armaments. While she contributed four, her sister Province, New Brunswick, in 1852, tardily furnished two; and Canada, not exceeding in this respect

the efforts of the little island of Prince Edward, did not furnish more than one vessel. When to these was added a naval force of English steamers and sailing vessels, for the avowed purpose of preventing encroachments on our fisheries, a storm arose in Congress. The more fiery of the Senators, including the most responsible among them, the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, treated the collection of this naval force as an "insult and indignity to the whole American people." This fleet, they said, must have some ulterior object. War was freely spoken of as a possible result. But the American Executive took the matter more calmly, and instead of sending the whole home squadron into our waters sent only the frigate *Mississippi*.

This threatening aspect of affairs had been mainly brought about by the pertinacity with which Nova Scotia had insisted on the treaty being executed, in its full rigour. That the fishermen of this Province should accept the treaty of Washington, as a boon, shows how fully they appreciate the opening of the American market to the products of their industry. It is the more remarkable that this should occur among a people whose political passions have for four years been inflamed almost to the highest pitch consistent with the preservation of order.

If we have given away, on new terms, those fisheries which, on a previous occasion, were accepted by American statesmen as an equivalent for a more general yet necessarily limited reciprocity of commerce, it does not follow that under the altered circumstances, we have not done the best we could. The treaty of 1854, never long popular with the Americans, was finally abrogated by Congress. The chief objections urged against it were its restricted scope and its alleged one-sided character. It admitted our raw produce to American markets and excluded their manufactures from ours. The latter were chargeable with duty; the first was free. This discrimination was,

unreasonably, but not the less pertinaciously, held to be unfair; for it is one thing to enter on the free list raw products which serve as food, or enter into manufactures, and altogether another thing to admit along side of them completed manufactures. Many nations, when there is no question of treaty stipulations, make a difference between the two classes. They find it advantageous to obtain raw produce on the cheapest terms; whether in the shape of food or materials, to be worked up into manufactures. American politicians and manufacturers failed to recognize the necessity of discriminating in this way between different articles of import. The treaty having been legally terminated, the Cabinet of Washington, through Mr. Seward and Mr. Secretary McCulloch, declined to discuss proposals for any new arrangement from which manufactures should be excluded. And in any case, they refused to enter on negotiations for a new reciprocity treaty. They proposed reciprocal legislation as a substitute; and they insisted on placing raw materials and manufactures on the same footing. These terms Canada rejected with an unanimity that was unbroken by any voice of dissent loud enough to be heard amid the general din. To have admitted American manufactures free would either have involved a loss of revenue, with which it was impossible to dispense, or a discrimination in favour of the United States and against all the rest of the world, England included. So far, the objection urged by Canada was reasonable. But it went beyond this, and embraced legislative reciprocity in any and every possible form.

Under like circumstances, when all the resources of diplomacy had been exhausted, England once tried the expedient of reciprocal legislation with success. And, as in this case also, it was the United States that had to be dealt with. The questions to be settled were questions of commerce and navigation. There was, in the words of Canning, an evident conviction among the

diplomats, on both sides, "that here existed an unconquerable difference of principle, and it was by that difference, rather than by an irreconcilableness of interest, that a satisfactory arrangement was rendered hopeless." Under these circumstances, England passed an Act of Parliament which contained proposals to be carried into effect on their being reciprocated by Congress, or the authority of other nations, as respected the nations so reciprocating. In this way, England, from 1823 to 1830, overcame a difficulty which had baffled negotiation and survived the exhausted efforts of diplomacy to remove.

But whether Canada were right or wrong in refusing to try the experiment of reciprocal legislation, the fact remains that she did resolutely and persistently refuse. The statesmen of Washington were not less persistent in refusing to negotiate a new reciprocity treaty. In 1871, as in 1867, they refused to listen to propositions for galvanizing into new life the treaty of 1854, which they had strangled amidst loud exclamations of national delight. We might have insisted on holding the fisheries as a latent reserved power; but in that case, the only certain result would have been continued disputes about encroachments, while it would have rested with the authorities at Washington to give, or refuse to give, the only equivalent for which we could have consented to part with them. If they had, for four years, refused our terms, we could not point to any time in the future when they would accept them. As a means of repurchasing the conditions of the old Reciprocity Treaty, or anything like them, it would have been a blind self delusion to rely on the fisheries.

We do not forget that, in 1851, the President declined to negotiate, and suggested a regulation of the commerce of the two countries by reciprocal legislation; and that this objection to the mode of proceeding was overcome three years later. But the

circumstances were then different. No previous treaty had existed to become unpopular, and be terminated with the assent of all parties in the Republic.

We have, then, to consider the Fishery clauses on their merits; and without prejudice in favour of an alternative arrangement, which the stern facts oblige us to look upon as impossible. The facility with which excuses could be found for objecting to the British interpretation of the Treaty might be made a dangerous source of mischief in the hands of politicians willing to subordinate all questions to their personal success. The claim made by Americans of a right to fish in the large bays, which Mr. Webster, when Secretary of State, admitted was not tenable on a strict construction of the Treaty, had long, and especially since 1842, been a fertile subject of dispute. It was reserved to General Butler to encourage American fishermen to encroach on the in-shore fisheries, within the three mile limit, and to use force to repel attempts at capture. Before giving this advice he had been their District representative in Congress, and had latterly been living for some months among the fishermen on the coast of New England, whose good will he was now doubly anxious to secure in view of a prospective election, in which the gubernatorial chair of the State would be the object of contest. It is possible that he may have heard from those fishermen how some of their progenitors, in the last generation, resorted to acts of violence, akin to those he recommended; and that they escaped all punishment. Of the nine American vessels captured in 1824, by Captain Hoare, of Her Majesty's brig *Dotterel*, one was retaken by her crew, and two others were rescued by the joint efforts of their crews and an armed party from Eastport, Maine. When the British Government complained of these proceedings, its communication remained unanswered a year and a half; and when afterwards, waiving any demand for the

punishment of the persons concerned in the outrages, it asked an acknowledgment of the wrong done, even that satisfaction does not appear to have been given.

In the interval, between the exchange of ratifications and the action of the Dominion Parliament necessary to give full effect to the Treaty of Washington, the opportunity was availed of by the owners of the American fishing schooner, *E. H. Horton*, seized in September, for a violation of the fishery laws, and lying in Guysborough harbour, awaiting an investigation before the Court of Admiralty, to act upon the rash advice of Gen. Butler. On the night of the 8th October, in the absence of the guards, she was cut from her moorings and taken in triumph to Gloucester, Mass., where her arrival, after this outrage, was cause of much wild local excitement and rowdy rejoicing. But the act does not command much sympathy outside of the circle of interested fishermen and their immediate neighbours. General Butler, in making so rash an appeal to men proverbial for their ignorance, and liable by the accidents of the season to find their venture unrewarded, must have known that he was sowing seed on a soil that might possibly prove alarmingly fertile. If he encouraged them to take forcible possession of the shore fisheries, they would easily persuade themselves that any attempt to exclude them from Bay Chaleur was alike unreasonable and illegal. If the claim to fish in that Bay rested on an application of the principles of international law, we think it likely that it would have been tenable. But the question, which had previously given much trouble, depended for its solution on the interpretation of the Convention by which the Americans renounced the right of taking fish within three miles of any bay as well as of any creek or harbour. The English interpretation was that the three mile line must be drawn from the headlands; an interpretation which the Americans, unable to prove incorrect, were never willing

to accept. In 1845, the British Government, while adhering to this construction, conceded to them the privilege of fishing in the Bay of Fundy; but it was with the condition that they should not go within three miles of the entrance of any other bay on the coasts of Nova Scotia or New Brunswick. The United States, through its minister, Mr. Everett, accepted the concession, but denied that to be a favour which had been contended for as a right. It mattered not that the Americans had themselves applied the term bay to a water of their own, Delaware Bay, nearly as wide as Bay Chaleur, and treated it as the exclusive property of the nation. The British ship *Grange*, captured in Delaware Bay, by the French frigate *Embuscade*, in 1793, was demanded for restoration by the Washington Government, on the ground that the capture had taken place in the neutral waters of the United States. And France, at a time when she was in a sufficiently contentious mood, complied without a word of objection, by the pen of Citizen Minister Genet, the most contentious of mortals. But this question of the right of fishing in the Bay of Chaleur always remained, like an open fester, which stubbornly refused to yield to treatment. And it is possible that we have not seen the last of it; for it would revive with the termination of the Treaty of Washington.

A factitious importance was formerly attached to the fisheries from the belief that they were the best nurseries for the naval marine of the countries by whose people they were prosecuted. This notion was not confined to any one country: it prevailed alike in France, in England, and the United States. Bounties on fish were formerly, and are sometimes now, defended on this ground. A nation largely engaged in fisheries and having but a limited commercial marine, might seek among fishermen the materials with which to man its navy; but it is difficult to believe that the fisheries now form the best, or even a good school of naval

seamanship. Now that the navies of the world are formed largely of steamships, often armour plated, there is very little to be learned in a fishing smack that would be of use in the naval service. A fisherman will learn to keep his feet in a rough sea, and will not be liable to be prostrated by sea sickness like a landsman; but he learns not much else that would be of use in the navy. The merchant marine, though an imperfect, is a better school. How many British American fishermen are annually drafted into the English navy? Very few at all; directly, scarcely any. The habits of the fishermen are eminently sedentary. The great majority of them return, year after year, when the season's venture is over, to the same spot. England no longer encourages this supposed nursery for seamen by bounties: Canada, of all these British Provinces, did so, before Confederation, and her fishery never attained respectable dimensions. France may gain something to her navy by the Newfoundland fisheries, because they are largely followed by a home population, who once a year visit their native country. And though Daniel Webster may have been in the right when he flattered the American fishermen by giving them credit for success in naval encounters, it is very doubtful whether, with the modern way of conducting naval warfare, this will ever be true in future. As for Canada, she has not yet become burthened with the cost of maintaining a navy; and if some day, she should find it necessary to do so, and the fisheries were as good a resource as has been alleged, she would be found to possess abundant raw material for the purpose.

President Grant's opening message to Congress, in 1870, gave rise to a suspicion that he had taken his tone, on the Fishery question, from General Butler, without going to the length of his supposed mentor; and showed a tendency to increase the number of difficult and irritating questions arising under the Convention of 1818. His bill of

complaint had but slender ground of justification; much of it none at all. He set out by alleging that it had been customary for the British or Colonial authorities to warn American fishermen not to trench on what he called the technical rights of Great Britain; but that this practice had not been followed when the Parliament of the Dominion resolved to grant no more licenses to Americans to engage in our shore fisheries. This complaint of want of notice is not a new one. It was made by Minister Everett, in 1842, when British rights were enforced in the Bay of Fundy; and it was made by Senator Mason, Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, in 1852, when an extra protective naval force of British vessels had been sent to the fishing grounds. As the Americans had, as far back as 1845, been allowed the liberty of fishing in the Bay of Fundy, this privilege, we may admit, should not have been withdrawn without notice, if at all. There is nothing in the Canadian Fishery Act of 1867 to exempt this Bay from its purview. But the President made no complaint on this score; and it is possible that the fact of the prior concession had escaped his notice, as it seems to have escaped the notice of the Canadian Parliament. The chief reason for abolishing the license system was that that it was not honestly carried out; that for one licensed vessel there were several poachers, and the difficulty of distinguishing between the two classes was very great.

Another objection made by President Grant was that, though the treaty obligations of the United States were towards England, Canada exercised a delegated power to seize and condemn American vessels hovering within three miles of any creeks or harbours; that she, an irresponsible power, exercised her authority harshly and with a view to producing political effect on the Government of Washington.

If the authority to seize American vessels hovering in forbidden waters, were exercised

by Canada, the President threatened in loose and general terms, that the authorities of the Republic would take steps to enforce what he called American rights. Whether in the shape of an Imperial or Colonial enactment, or both, the substance of the provision here denounced had existed ever since the first Act of Parliament was passed to give the treaty effect; and this is the first time that the American Government made it the ground of a like intimation. The President might fairly claim that, as the treaty was made between the United States and England, each country is entitled to look to the other for a fulfilment of its obligations. But is Canada no part of the British Empire? In point of fact, whatever seizures were made were nearly all made by vessels belonging to the British navy. British subjects living in this part of the Empire might surely act in conjunction with those sent by the metropolitan power to see the treaty obligations enforced. The fishery laws of the Dominion cannot go into effect till they receive the assent of the Crown, in one form or another. A question might be raised whether an error was not committed in the Act of 1867. This Act is in part, a literal copy of an Act passed by the Legislature of Nova Scotia, in 1836. Both these Acts authorized certain officers to board foreign fishing vessels, found in any harbour of Canada or hovering within three marine miles of any of the coasts, bays, creeks or harbours; and to take certain prescribed proceedings afterwards. There can be no doubt about the right to capture vessels fishing within three miles of any of the places mentioned; for the enactment, so far only follows the wording of the treaty. But whether a vessel preparing to fish would properly be liable to seizure and condemnation under the treaty, as it was under these Statutes, is a question that might fairly have been raised. But we do not find that it ever was raised till the Convention had been in force twenty-three years. In 1841, Mr. Forsyth, American

Minister in London, brought this along with other objections against the Nova Scotia Act of 1836, apparently in ignorance of the fact that this provision did not originate with the Legislature of that Province, but had first been embodied in an Imperial Statute passed the very next year after the treaty was concluded. No objection was then made that the prohibiting of foreign vessels from preparing to fish within limits which they could enter only for other purposes, was beyond the scope of the treaty; and for nearly a quarter of a century, this provision was practically acquiesced in by the Americans. In all the long diplomatic controversies which grew out of these fisheries, we find no further reference to this question till it found a place in the list of grievances presented by President Grant to Congress: good evidence that he was making the most of his material.

That functionary also complained of the provision requiring a vessel found within a harbour to depart, on being warned to do so, within twenty-four hours. These foreign fishing vessels had a right to go into harbours to buy wood and obtain water; but they might be subjected to such restrictions as would be necessary to guard against their abusing this privilege. Was the requirement that a suspected vessel should leave within twenty-four hours a necessary restriction? In 1842, the English law officers of the Crown gave an opinion on the legality of another form of restriction. To the question, whether American fishermen had the right to enter the bays and harbours of Nova Scotia for the purpose of purchasing wood and obtaining water, when they had provided neither of these necessaries, in their own country, at the commencement of the voyage; or whether they had a right to do so only when their original supply of these articles had been exhausted: the answer was that the liberty of entering for these purposes was conceded in general terms, unrestricted by any conditions express or

implied, and that none such as those suggested could be attached to its enjoyment. But this is quite consistent with the clearly expressed right to impose such restrictions as might be necessary to prevent any abuse of the liberty, whether by illegal trading, or catching or drying fish ; and we do not think that, in case of a suspected vessel, having no further apparent reason to prolong her stay, the requirement that she should depart within twenty-four hours would be an act of undue rigour. But the provision is one that is liable to abuse, and requires the exercise of an equitable discrimination in its enforcement.

President Grant claimed for American fishing vessels a general right of trading in the ports of the Dominion ; a claim, which, during the more than half century, which the Convention has been in force, was never advanced before. He seemed at a loss to know whether the denial of this right was based on the British construction of the treaty : if it was, he could not acquiesce in it ; if it was founded on Provincial Statutes, he felt at liberty to ignore them, all the dealings of the Republic, on this subject, being with England and not with Canada.

The Canadian Statute to which exception is taken goes, on this point, neither beyond the Imperial Act of 1819, nor the Convention of 1818, both of which state, in so many words, that the fishermen of the United States may enter the harbours of certain specified portions of British America, "for the purpose of shelter, and repairing damages therein, of purchasing wood and obtaining water, and for no other purpose whatever." The prohibition could hardly have been stronger, though it might have been expressed in more positive terms ; it might, like the Treaty of 1798, between England and Spain, have engaged the party receiving the right of fishery, near the possessions of the other, to take measures to prevent this right being made a pretext for illicit traffic.

All trade by one nation with the colonies of another was then illicit ; and for this reason British subjects, in carrying on fisheries in the Pacific, were to keep ten marine leagues from the Spanish possessions.

When the Convention of 1818 was being negotiated, President Grant says, the American Commissioners opposed a proposal to render fishing vessels with goods on board liable to forfeiture, with their cargoes. Rush, one of the American negotiators, in his elaborate *Memoranda*, makes no such statement. And in any case, the Treaty must carry its own interpretation. It is plain from the language of the Convention, that a fishing vessel cannot engage in general trade ; and it would be a suspicious circumstance if she were found with goods on board not required for the purposes of the voyage she was ostensibly prosecuting. But she could be condemned only on proof that would satisfy the Admiralty Court that she was engaged in illegal trading. This question still possesses a living interest ; for, far from being settled, it is in no way affected by the Treaty of Washington. Complaints of American fishing vessels engaging in smuggling are older than the Convention of 1818 ; but when we are asked to believe that the fifteen hundred of them which were employed in the Labrador fishery, in 1812, were smugglers of tea and coffee, it is impossible not to be convinced of exaggeration, since we cannot conceive where they found their customers. Owing to the much greater price of nearly all articles of consumption in the United States, than in Canada, the business of smuggling by fishing vessels must now be very limited. Goods could be much easier carried the other way ; but as Canadian fishing vessels are not likely to avail themselves of the barren liberty of fishing in American waters, there is no danger of smuggling in that direction.

When President Grant asked Congress to arm him with power to suspend the Bonding Act of 1846, and to interdict Canadian

vessels from entering the ports of the Republic, as a means of retaliating assumed wrongs, in case they should be committed, we fear he did so for the purpose he attributed to the Dominion; to put pressure on this Government for political purposes. Whether that helped him or not, he has so far obtained his object as to have secured for the American fishermen, in a treaty requiring the indirect approval of the Parliament of the Dominion, the much coveted liberty of fishing along the Atlantic coasts of the whole of Canada, Prince Edward Island, and, if its Legislature assent, of Newfoundland. The extent of the compensation to be given to Canada for the cession of this liberty to the United States will not be known until the whole question is passed upon by a Commission of Arbitration. The British Commissioners asked, but failed to obtain, a renewal of the former Reciprocity Treaty; nor did the proposal, when modified so as to embrace the reciprocal throwing open of the coasting trade of each country to the inhabitants of the other, with the freedom of the navigation of the St. Lawrence to Americans, meet a better fate. A counter proposal from the American Commissioners contained an offer to purchase in perpetuity access to the shore fisheries; and a million of dollars was the price named. The British Commissioners refused to make any arrangement which did not include the admission, duty free, of the produce of the British fisheries into the markets of the United States; and they said a million of dollars was utterly inadequate as a compensation.

And now came a most remarkable phase in the negotiations. The American Commissioners, after repeating their previous decision on a reciprocal tariff and the coasting trade, proposed that there be a free reciprocity in three articles, at once: coal, salt and fish, and, subject to the approval of Congress, lumber, after the first of July, 1874. This proposal was referred by the

British Commissioners to their Government, and rejected as inadequate, with the suggestion that lumber should, as well as the three other products, be admitted free at once, and that these concessions should be supplemented by a money payment. The Americans then, instead of making an advance on their previous offer, withdrew it, saying that it was more than an adequate compensation for the fisheries, and that it had been made entirely in the interest of a peaceable settlement and with a view to removing a source of irritation and anxiety. They followed up this backward movement by repeating the proposal of a money payment for the fisheries; and adding that the amount, if the two Governments could not agree what it should be, should be determined by an impartial arbitration. The British Commissioners, besides adhering to their former proposal to secure a free market in the United States for the products of our fisheries, insisted that any arrangement come to should be limited to a term of years. This last proposal of the American Commissioners, with the limitation contended for by the British Commissioners, was agreed to. British subjects received, in addition, the nominal privilege of fishing—shell fish excepted in this as in the other case—on the eastern coasts of the United States, north of the thirty-ninth parallel of north latitude, along the adjacent islands, and the bays, harbours and creeks; with permission to land and dry their fish, subject to the rights of private property and without interfering with American fishermen. The terms of this agreement are reciprocal; Americans obtaining access to those of our shore fisheries from which they were previously excluded, on precisely the same conditions.

This is not the first time our fishermen were admitted to part of the American coast fisheries; but the only time at which this liberty would have been of any possible value, it was withheld. Critics, who commented adversely on the Treaty of 1783, by

which the Americans received from England, besides an acknowledgment of their independence, the privilege of fishing on the coasts of British America, objected to this absence of reciprocity in an instrument the preamble of which declared "reciprocal advantages and mutual convenience" to be the only permanent foundations of peace and friendship between States. But the better opinion, even then, was that the Colonies lost nothing of real value by this variance between the professions of the preamble and the stipulations of the articles. When the question was subsequently mooted, the proposed concession was treated as of no practical value. The Treaty of 1854 gave the liberty of fishing on the American coast down to the 36th degree of latitude; but a matter of three degrees is of no consequence when there is no probability that any part of these waters will be used by British fishermen. A liberty of fishing in waters exhausted of fish long ago can be of no value to a people at whose doors lie the rich fisheries which had long been an ardent object of desire to Americans. There is one possible objection which the obtaining of this unprofitable concession may overcome; the objection to fleets of foreign vessels entering the private waters of our coasts, and penetrating far beyond the headlands towards the heart of the country. If this be an objection, on one side, it is balanced by a like concession on the other.

The admission, duty free, of our fish and fish oil into the markets of the United States is a real advantage; though to measure its money value may be a difficult task for the Commissioners by whom it will have to be decided. It has always, except during the period of the Reciprocity Treaty, been a subject of complaint among Nova Scotia and New Brunswick fishermen that the products of their industry were burthened with high duties on their entrance into the United States. In 1845, the British Government

addressed a complaint to that of Washington, on this subject; and some reduction was for a time made, as if, though not by stipulation or avowedly, in return for the concession of the liberty to Americans to fish in the Bay of Fundy. But whatever the value of the freedom of the United States market, assuredly it is not an equivalent for the liberty obtained by their fishermen of enjoying our shore fisheries on the same terms as our own people engage in them. It remains to ascertain the balance to be paid in money. The difficulty will be to appraise the concessions, on the one side and the other, and to strike a balance. That very difficulty would have prevented the Joint High Commission from deciding the point, though it would have been more satisfactory if a summary solution had been possible. It is true the same machinery—an arbitration—is to be used to determine the amount of the Alabama claims. But the cases are not parallel. The moment England consented to pay these claims, some joint authority for examining and passing upon them became necessary. But the fisheries constituted a property possessed on the one side, and participation in which was desired on the other; and it would have been better, if it could have been managed, to determine definitely the terms on which the coveted concessions should be made. There is no objection to arbitration in itself: the objection is to selling for a price afterwards to be ascertained; introducing an element of uncertainty where certainty should prevail. But we have no right to conclude that the money balance will not be equitably determined. It is beyond doubt that, if Canada had had the right to initiate the arrangement, this way of dealing with the question would not have been taken; and the bargain that has been made will be accepted only in deference to Imperial wishes and in the interests of peace between two nations which could not go to war without making a battle-ground of the Dominion.

Situated as Canada is, it can have no political connections which would not involve some sacrifices, on one side and on the other. In the absence of this fishery arrangement, unsatisfactory as it may be, all the old disputes that have arisen under the Convention of 1818 would revive; and, as we have seen, there is a constant tendency to add to the number, and an increased acrimony, at least on one side, in their discussion. Nothing is easier than to find a new interpretation of an old instrument; and the moment this is done the objection is raised that, acting in reliance of a meaning never before questioned, we have no right to capture offending vessels, since the difference is one to be settled by diplomacy. We may be thankful that we have got rid of this difficulty, though not on terms that we should have preferred.

There is an apparent difference in the time for which the freedom of the navigation of the River St. Lawrence is granted to the Americans and that for which British subjects obtain a title to the navigation of Lake Michigan. The first is, in express terms, granted "forever;" the second for the period of ten years, during which the Treaty will be in force, and the additional two years, during which it would continue to exist after notice of its termination had been given. If no such notice were given, the time might be prolonged indefinitely; but this freedom of the navigation of Lake Michigan is liable to be terminated at the end of twelve years. Is this, then, so unequal a bargain as the difference between twelve years and forever? Can a Treaty, liable to be terminated, convey rights in perpetuity? The Treaty being the foundation of those rights, do they not fall with it? In case of the termination of this Treaty by war, would not the two parties to it be remitted to the positions they respectively held before the Treaty was made? There are cases of a precisely similar character, which seem to supply the answers to these ques-

tions. The Treaty of 1783 stipulated that the navigation of the Mississippi, from its sources to the ocean, should "forever remain open to the subjects of Great Britain and the citizens of the United States." After the war of 1812, the American diplomatists, at Ghent, refused to renew this article. When the Convention of 1818 was negotiated, this refusal was persisted in. The American negotiators argued that since it had been discovered that the source of the Mississippi was not in British territory, there was no reason why British subjects should have the freedom of this river. The use of the word "forever" in a Treaty of which all those parts not obviously of a permanent nature—as were those which recognized the independence of the Republic—had been abrogated by war, counted for nothing. The difficulty under which the American negotiators insisted on their point may be imagined, when it is remembered that, for other reasons, they were driven to the necessity of arguing that the war had not vacated the Treaty. And even while depriving of all value the word "forever," as used in the Convention of 1783, they, with bold inconsistency, refused to have any other word to mark the duration of certain fishery concessions they were then obtaining. But in spite of the use of this word, Rush admits that England would hold, in case of war, that the Treaty had been abrogated.

But if the difference between the effect of the words used in the cases of the navigation of the St. Lawrence and of Lake Michigan is only nominal, and if there be some possible conjunctures in which each party would revert to the position it respectively held before the treaty was concluded, we can conceive of no circumstances, in time of peace, which would render it desirable to attempt to exclude the Americans from the St. Lawrence. President Grant made it a subject of complaint that the Dominion claimed a right to deny to American citizens the freedom of this river. Something over

twenty years ago, the late Mr. Merritt did make a suggestion of this kind, in the Legislature, as regarded the artificial navigation, and the Inspector General—the Finance Minister of that day—gave it a momentary countenance. And in 1854, the United States Government discountenanced the idea of its citizens having a right to this navigation by making its acquisition a matter of treaty stipulation; and agreeing in an instrument, the major part of which could not be cancelled by notice for eleven years, that England should be at liberty at any time to recall the privilege. But our great object has always been to attract American commerce through this channel. This policy has grown into a tradition, and is in no possible danger of being reversed. Of the naturally navigable parts of this great highway, England has, through her Commissioners, recently disposed, without deeming the consent of Canada necessary.

Canada has nothing to gain by opposing the principle that a nation whose territory lies on the upper portion of a river, has a right to navigate that river in its entire length. The navigation of the St. Lawrence is of no value, without the use of the canals; and all that the Imperial Government has undertaken to do, in respect to them, is to urge upon the Dominion to allow American citizens to make use of them, as in fact they do, on the same terms as British subjects, an obligation of precisely the same import as that under which the Americans came, in 1854, in respect to canals which are the property of individual States. Whenever there has been discrimination against vessels which used only the Welland Canal, the object has been to draw the commerce of the Western States down our great water way to the ocean. We have only to look at the map of the northern part of British Columbia, hemmed in by a fringe of American territory, nowhere more than thirty miles wide, from latitude 54° 40' to above the parallel of 60°, a distance of over 440 English miles,

to be convinced that it is our interest to accept the claim of the Americans to a right to navigate the St. Lawrence, on the ground that, at some point, their territory borders upon its banks. On what other principle could British subjects have obtained a right to navigate the rivers which lead through the long strip of American territory, on the Pacific coast, to the British territory in the interior? The commercial value of this right will of course depend upon the nature of the country, climate included, to which the Yucan, the Porcupine, and the Stikine, one of the certainly, and all of them presumably, serve as highways. But if there be more navigable rivers in that distance, we ought to have been secured in the freedom of them also. The ground would have been completely covered by following the words of the Anglo-Russian Convention of 1825, which gave British subjects the right forever of navigating all streams which cross the boundary between the British possessions and Russian America. The three enumerated may be all the known rivers which fulfil these conditions; but the best known of them, the Stikine, was only discovered some forty years ago, and up to the time of the settlement of the Oregon dispute, Vancouver continued to be the principal authority for the geography of the Pacific coast. We can hardly be sure that only three navigable rivers cross this frontier strip of American territory. We have the authority of Sir George Simpson for the statement that most of the streams north of Frazer's river, possess the character of mountain torrents, fed in winter by the watery deluges of that climate, and in summer by the melting of snows; and he adds, incorrectly, no doubt, that the Barbine, the Nass, and the Stikine, are the only rivers that can be ascended to any distance. Their navigation is attended with considerable difficulty and danger. The conformation of the country would lead us to expect rivers not unlike those above described; for the mountain range has its summit, in

some places, nearer than thirty miles of the coast. The Stikine enters the ocean by two channels; one of which is navigable by steamers a distance of thirty miles, when the water is high; the other can be navigated only by canoes. Fort Stikine, built by the Russian American Company, was leased to the Hudson Bay Company about thirty years ago, with the right of hunting and trading as far northward, in the Company's territories, as Cross Sound, a range of about three degrees of latitude. Four or five thousand people were dependent on the fort for supplies; but the great mart for the Indians was an interior village one hundred and fifty miles from the ocean, whither the Indians went four times a year, to trade at the Hudson Bay Company's establishment. This shows that the navigation of these rivers is not destitute of commercial value. If it had been withheld from British subjects, and the Americans had succeeded in 1846, in their claim to all the territory up to $54^{\circ} 40''$, the British possessions to the north of that line would have been almost utterly valueless from want of communication with the sea.

New Brunswick, when not restrained by treaty, has been in the habit of imposing an export duty on American saw logs, floated down the river St. John; logs which had taken the water where one of the upper branches spreads out into the State of Maine. This duty, whatever it might be called, was really a tax on the use of the river; and it could not be allowed to remain in a treaty which gave the freedom of the Yucan, the Porcupine, and the Stikine to British subjects. The treaty of 1854, like that of 1871, abolished this duty. This tax was a local perquisite; and the Provincial Government will probably be compensated for the loss out of the Imperial exchequer. It would have been better to adhere to the prohibition contained in former, and perhaps existing, royal instructions, to colonial governors—for it is difficult to say when they have been revised—to assent to no law that

imposed a duty of export, rather than, as was done in the British North American Act, to grant to one of the confederated Provinces the right of interfering with a navigation which has an international character, under the pretext of levying an export duty.

There is a certainty attached to the new navigation arrangements which the treaty of 1854 did not assure. Under that treaty, England could at any time have withdrawn from the citizens of the United States, the privilege of navigating the St. Lawrence, and this act could have been retaliated by the exclusion of British subjects from the freedom of Lake Michigan. Nothing short of war can cancel the new stipulations, for a period of twelve years. It is noteworthy that the previous treaty gave the British Government greater power over the navigation of the St. Lawrence than it gave that of the United States over Lake Michigan: while the former could at any time have closed the St. Lawrence to American vessels the latter could only exclude British vessels from the American Lake after the British Government had provoked this retaliation by a specific act; and whenever it might have pleased England to remove the prohibition to navigate our great river, the corresponding privilege of navigating Lake Michigan would have revived.

The right of way overland, from Atlantic ports of the Republic to the territory of the Dominion becomes, for the first time, the subject of treaty stipulation. It is but a confirmation of the privilege of the United States Bonding Act, which has been in force a quarter of a century, and under which goods destined for Canada are entered at ports of the Republic, and sent forward without the payment of duty. The right of way overland, when it is essential to the country asking it, rests substantially on the same foundation as a right of way over water: convenience and necessity. To make it the subject of treaty arrangement, is

to admit that it does not exist as of right. By obtaining it for a period of twelve years, we are protected from a repetition of the menace that the privilege may be withdrawn at a moment's notice, in a period of profound peace. But if the treaty were abrogated, a liberty which did not previously depend on any treaty, would presumably lapse, though that could not happen without a repeal of the Bonding Act. It is difficult to say whether, in the long run, we shall gain or lose more by the inclusion of this subject in the new treaty. The Commissioners, acting for their respective Governments, went on a principle that finds a ready welcome with most negotiators : providing for the present and leaving the future to statesmen of the future.

In referring to arbitration the San Juan boundary question, the only possible means of settlement has been resorted to. There had long since ceased to be any hope in diplomacy. A reference to some third party was indispensable ; and there is no reason why the Emperor of Germany should not make a just award.

The treaty, though immeasurably valuable as wiping off the old scores which the two nations had run up against one another, is not without defects and omissions, more or less serious. The most conspicuous omission has already been noticed. The refusal to take cognizance of the Fenian raid claims of Canada was distinct on the part of the American Commissioners. The United States Government has not come under treaty obligations, though it had more than once done so before, to prevent its citizens from going to war with a Government with which it is at peace. Such a stipulation would necessarily have been reciprocal ; but its desirability arises from the frequent recurrence of raids by American citizens and persons living under the protection of the laws of the Re-

public, on the soil of Canada. That Government is bound by the law of nations, as well as by its municipal laws and its own early traditions, to which it has occasionally in later times been flagrantly recreant, to perform this duty. But it is not the less true that it is not always well or promptly performed ; and there was as much necessity to make it a subject of binding treaty obligation as to draw up rules to prevent future Alabamas playing havoc with the commerce of a belligerent. The question, raised by President Grant, of the right of American fishing vessels to engage in general trade, has been overlooked. The navigation of all the rivers that run through Alaska into British territory ought, in distinct terms, to have been secured to British subjects. It may be that the three mentioned are all ; but there ought to have been left no room for uncertainty. Better still would it have been if the principle that each country has a right to navigate, in their entire length, all rivers which touch at any point on its territory, had been declared of international obligation.

Of these omissions, the first is so serious as to impair, in some measure, the value of the general settlement, which cannot easily be overrated. There remain some matters for adjustment between two of the parties interested, England and Canada, whose interests are lumped together in the treaty. England stands charged with the Fenian raids claims, and, as the case was put before the Commission, not unjustly. The refusal of the United States Government to consider them was based on the fact that the question was not included by Sir Edward Thornton, in the preliminary correspondence, as among those with which the Joint High Commission would deal. Whatever the motive for the omission, the fact throws on the English Government the pecuniary, if not also the moral and political responsibility.

MARCHING OUT.

ON THE DEPARTURE OF THE LAST BRITISH TROOPS FROM QUEBEC.

AT evening the flag of the Brave was unfurled
 On the Citadel famous in story,
 And the war-drum whose note runs with day round the world,
 Beat its heart-stirring summons to glory.

But the flag in the sunset seemed sadly to wave,
 And the drum's martial tone spoke of sorrow;
 And we mournfully breathed our farewell to the Brave,
 For we knew they must part on the morrow;

Knew the dawn must behold the last gathering, the march
 That a bond of a century would sever,
 And hear the last echoes, as under the arch
 The column would tramp forth for ever.

Long we gazed on the bark as it flew from the shore,
 And fast on our hearts the thoughts crowded,
 Of the light of the Past that would guide us no more,
 Of the future in darkness shrouded.

Are ye borne to the north, to the south, to the east,
 To realms where fresh laurels are growing,
 Where new medals are gleaming for victory's breast,
 Where empire's bright tide is yet flowing?

Or seek ye in sadness, yet proudly, a land
 The sun of whose power is declining,
 Like Quebec's granite wall round her weakness to stand
 Against rivals their armies combining?

In advance or retreat, be your lot what it may,
 Duty's wreath still be yours the world over;
 May the spirit of Wolfe on the dread battle day
 O'er the ranks of his soldiers still hover!

Whom now shall the land ye have shielded so well
 From the near-lying foe find to guard her,
 When the red line no more is drawn out on the hill,
 When the gateway has lost its last warder?

Perchance in your fortress the foeman may stand
 And traduce in his triumph your story;
 But he never shall silence the rock and the strand
 And the river that speak of your glory.

YORK.

ANNE HATHAWAY: A DIALOGUE.

BY DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.

HARDEN.—You fancy Shakespeare to have been a very wise fellow.

DELINA.—I think of Shakespeare as the very wisest man that ever lived.

HARDEN.—Well, well, leave that aside for the present. We have, of course, his moralizing Jaques, his subjective Hamlet, his experienced Timon, his Falstaff, Richard, Iago, and all the rest; and can gauge his wit and wisdom as a dramatist. I speak of the man.

DELINA.—Speaking of him then as a man, I picture him to myself in his Stratford mansion at New Place,—not unlike Sir Walter Scott in those bright young Abbotsford days, before ruin came on his romance of a life;—genial, kindly, hearty, one of the most sagacious, far-sighted men of his time; respected by all for his shrewd common sense: and also, like Scott, asserting at times with quiet dignity his rightful place among the foremost of nature's noblemen.

HARDEN.—Your fancy is no photographer, but a court-painter after the fashion of the Elizabethan age, when royalty was pictured without shadows. You take your poet in sober middle age—when the wildest scapegrace gets some common sense,—after he has sown his wild oats; repented him of his youthful escapades in Charlevoix chace; and is looking, no doubt, for his next cut of venison, above the salt, at Sir Thomas Lucy's own table. But surely you will not deny that we know enough of Shakespeare's early pranks to feel assured he must have been a graceless young varlet.

DELINA.—Pardon me, but our gentle Shakespeare stands, in my imaginings of him, so far above all common humanity that it grates on my ear to hear his name associated, even in banter, with such language as you now employ. It is irreverent; I would almost say profane. But, taking you on your

own ground: you speak of sowing his wild oats: What are the facts? Shakespeare goes to London a mere youth,—we know not precisely how young; but he was only eighteen when he married Anne Hathaway—

HARDEN.—There you have it! Where's all the wisdom, the far-sightedness, the common sense you credit him with in that dainty procedure?

DELINA.—I shall discuss that point with you willingly. But let us consider first this sowing of his wild oats, of which you have spoken. He went, I say, a mere youth, fresh from his native village, right into the great London hive; and cast in his lot with Kyd and Greene, Peele, Lilly, Marlowe, and all the rest of the actors, and playwrights of his day. They were all University bred men. Lilly, a scholar, pluming himself on his fine euphuisms and pedantries, was Shakespeare's senior by some ten years; and doubtless looked down condescendingly enough on the Warwickshire lad. But, if Nash is to be credited, he was himself "as mad a lad as ever twanged;" in fact, "the very bable of London." As to Peele, and Kyd, and Greene, and Marlowe, they led the lives of rakes and debauchees; scrambled at the theatres for a living, and died in misery; Greene, a repentant, ruined profligate, at thirty-two; Marlowe, still younger, in a wretched tavern brawl. Shakespeare shared with them the same busy haunts of social life; as in later days with Ben Jonson, Drayton, and other wit-combatants of the "Mermaid" in Friday Street; and learned for himself what Eastcheap and its ways were.

HARDEN.—Well, and how did it end? In a fever brought on by the roystering merry-meeting with that same Drayton and Jonson, which finished your wisest and most

prudent of poets and men, and left rare old Ben to enjoy life for another score of years.

DELINA.—A wretched piece of village gossip, unheard of till half a century after his death. Shakespeare's will is dated a month before that, which in itself justifies the inference that his death was far from sudden. I conceive of him there, surrounded by his weeping wife, his daughters and sons-in-law, calmly dictating that simple confession of faith of England's greatest poet: "I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting."

HARDEN.—Poh! a mere lawyer's formula. Picture him rather—as Malone says,—with his weeping Anne at his bed side, cutting her off—not indeed with a shilling,—but an old bed! The simple truth is your wise poet made as foolish a marriage as ever ruined a man's prospects for life; repented of it when too late; and so forsook her, for London and the choice society of such clever rakes as you speak of.

DELINA.—The choice society, ere long, of the young Earl of Southampton, of the Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, as well as of Raleigh, Jonson, Drayton, Beaumont, Fletcher, and others of nature's peerage. The idea that Shakespeare—the calm, the wise, the gentle Shakespeare,—thrust into a formal testamentary document, set forth otherwise with such solemn earnestness, a poor insult to the wife of his youth, and the mother of his children, is too preposterous to be seriously entertained. Charles Knight has dealt with that scandal long ago. With all the gravity of Dr. Dryasdust himself, he gives you Coke upon Littleton to show that the best bed was an heirloom due by custom to the heir at law, and therefore not to be bequeathed; that Shakespeare's widow—an heiress in her own right,—had an ample dower from his land-

ed estate, and that the bequest, on which you would put so vile a construction, was really a substantial mark of respect according to the usage of that seventeenth century.

HARDEN.—You don't mean to pretend that you fancy Shakespeare ever looked otherwise than with irritation and disgust on the woman who took advantage of his youth and inexperience to beguile him into so preposterous a misalliance?

DELINA.—Shakespeare's marriage with Anne Hathaway was no misalliance. She was of gentle blood; and in her greater maturity suited the precocious genius of the young poet. I don't mean to deny that there is a certain amount of imprudence,—folly if you will,—in the marriage of a youth of eighteen to a young woman seven years his senior. But I have frequently noted the preference shown by thoughtful, gifted youths, to women considerably their seniors. If it were not for the prudence of the ladies, such alliances would be commoner than they are. Young Shakespeare probably found a wise counsellor, a sagacious critic, a discriminating admirer of "the first heirs of his invention," in Anne Hathaway, before either thought of anything but the pleasure of congenial society.

HARDEN.—Found in Anne Hathaway a wise counsellor! found in her a designing baggage, who took advantage of his youth to as well nigh ruin all his prospects for life as ever woman did since Adam's—

DELINA.—Come! come! You don't mean to make out her whom Milton styles "the fairest of her daughters,"—our good mother Eve,—the senior of her husband by seven years! But, to be serious; remember you, if there is one point more than all others, in which Shakespeare surpasses his contemporaries, it is in his delineation of woman.

HARDEN.—And, if I remember rightly, one of the earliest of these delineations is "the wondrous qualities and mild behaviour" of Kate the Shrew!

DELINA.—Well : Kate became a model wife.

HARDEN.—And so must we fancy did Anne Hathaway ; but I rather fancy both Petruchio and “our pleasant Willy,”—as Spenser calls him,—found themselves most comfortable when their charmers were a hundred miles off. Shakespeare at least put the road to London between them, and once there, it is not hard to find what he thought of young men marrying old wives.

DELINA.—Where, I pray you, does he ever allude to his marriage ? The very marvel of Shakespeare's dramas is that, with perhaps the solitary exception of “the dozen white luces” in Justice Shallow's coat-armour, and the Welshman's blundering travesty of it for the benefit of the “old coat” of the Lucys of Charlecote, there is not a personality noticeable in his whole writings.

HARDEN.—I said nothing about personalities. But what say you to the allusion in “Midsummer Night's Dream” ? That is one of his earliest comedies, you must be aware ; and contains interesting traces of the goings on in his own Warwickshire neighbourhood when he was a boy.

DELINA.—What allusion ?

HARDEN.—No better known passage is to be found in all Shakespeare's plays,—Ly-sander's melancholy inventory of the course of true love :—

“Either it was different in blood,
Or else misgraffed in respect of years.”

Do you fancy the poet was thinking very lovingly of his absent wife when he penned that line ?

DELINA.—I don't believe he was thinking of her at all. In the original, Hermia has her running comment on one after another of the reputed impediments : regarding each but as—

“A customary cross,

As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers ;”

and to this special one she responds :—

“O spite ! Too old to be engaged to young !”

It seems to me that Shakespeare has the best of it even according to your interpretation of his allusion.

HARDEN.—What say you then to the Duke's advice to Viola in “Twelfth Night” ? You can scarcely get over that, I think.

DELINA.—Repeat it.

HARDEN.—Let us have the book. Here it is :—

“Let still the woman take
An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart ;
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.”

There surely spoke the poet's own personal experience. You don't fancy he jumped to his knowledge of human character and motives by intuition, and with his eyes shut.

DELINA.—By intuition, I do verily believe ; though certainly not with his eyes shut.

HARDEN.—Well, but listen again. The Duke goes on thus :—

“Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent ;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower
Being once display'd, doth fall that very hour.”

If you can get over that there is no use reasoning with you.

DELINA.—Nay ; let us hear Viola's reply ; remembering that she is a youth, a “boy,” as the Duke calls her,—young Shakespeare, let us suppose.

“And so they are,” she says,

“Alas that they are so ;
To die, even when they to perfection grow !”

I don't think that chimes in very aptly with your theory of Shakespeare as the repentant Benedict, pillorying his own folly “for daws to peck at.”

HARDEN.—You will never persuade me that Shakespeare is not there putting his own experience to use, as one who had committed the very folly he warns against.

DELINA.—A most un-Shakesperianlike procedure. Pardon me, if I say that you must have given little study to the play as a whole. Viola, in her page's suit, looks a mere boy. The Duke, by right of his own matured manhood, constantly addresses her as such. There is a delicate humour involved in the page's comment on the account he gives of his imaginary sister's experience:

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek," &c.

Then he turns to the Duke,—a man, we may suppose, of some forty summers,—and asks:—

"Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more, but indeed
Our shows are more than well; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love."

Whereat the Duke, without any direct notice of the claim of manhood and its experiences, asks:—

"But died thy sister of her love, *my boy*?"

He has already, you will remember, selected the supposed page, as fittest by his very youth, to bear a message to Olivia; for, he says:—

"Dear lad,
They shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man."

There is no irony in this, be it remembered. The Duke is throughout addressing the supposed boy with kindly sympathy, though with a humorous sense of the incongruity of such a stripling having set his affections on a lady of the Duke's complexion, and about his years.

HARDEN.—She looks somewhat young, perhaps, to play the lover; but after all, not greatly more so than the Stratford youth of eighteen with his full blown cabbage-rose.

DELINA.—Not at all. Anne Hathaway at twenty-five would be in the bright bloom of womanhood; and, if with an intellect at all capable of responding to his genius, was well

calculated to captivate a youth of such rare precocity.

HARDEN.—*If* with an intellect!

DELINA.—I assume the woman of Shakespeare's choice to have had an intellect capable of estimating him in some degree at his worth. On no other theory can I account for her reciprocating his love. To her I believe he addressed the fine sonnet, which is meaningless otherwise:—

"I grant thou wert not married to my muse,
And therefore mayst without attain o'erlook
The dedicated words which writers use
Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue!
Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
And therefore art enforced to seek anew
Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days."

HARDEN.—You fancy he sent that to his absent wife, from London?

DELINA.—It seems to me a legitimate inference from the sonnet itself. I doubt not his love for her was the grand armour of proof which bore him scatheless through the temptations that wrought the ruin of so many of his gifted contemporaries. Why, Greene was making the grand tour through Spain, Italy, and where not, while Shakespeare was at home, courting Anne Hathaway; and who had the best of it? For one man that an early marriage cripples, I'll engage to find you a hundred that it has been the making of.

HARDEN.—I wonder if that is the sort of crippling that he refers to in one of his sonnets:—

"So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite!"

DELINA.—I should not wonder if it is. "Fortune's dearest spite" is a very Petrarchian fashion of speaking of just such a favour as a dear wife, and the welcome cares and duties it brings with it.

HARDEN.—Why, he ran away from her!

DELINA.—If he did, was it not to return and make her the sharer of a fortune worthy of her love, such as she in her turn might

call "Fortune's dearest spite?" Was there no place but Stratford where the prosperous poet could buy himself lands, and write himself gentleman? Had London and "The Mermaid," with Raleigh, and Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and all the rest of them, no attractions? As to the story of his flight from Stratford a disgraced man, there is not a tittle of evidence in its support; unless you think Walter Savage Landor, and his inimitable trial scene, good contemporary authority. Critics have been deceived with less excuse.

HARDEN.—Well! Well! I'll grant you, he never sneered at the Shallows, or made sport of "the dozen white louses" which so became the Knight of Charlecote's old coat! There are no Dogberrys in his plays! It is all a rauce-ado-about-nothing, this talk of youthful escapades. He loved a Justice, as Falstaff would have certified, better than "a Windsor stag, the fattest in the Forest."

DELINA.—Nay, but let us consider it seriously. Can you produce nothing more to the point than what you have yet advanced? If you are to credit Shakespeare with all the sentiments of his dramatic characters, you will indeed make him "not one, but all mankind's epitome." What say you to his Katherine, in Henry VIII.? If she and the bluff Tudor were "misgraffed in respect of years," the poet went out of his way—as a courtier at least,—when he made of her a model wife.

HARDEN.—You go wide afield, indeed, if Harry the Eighth is your model husband. But I still venture to think I have already advanced some pretty apt passages. Can you match them with one in support of your view—from Henry VIII., or that other pattern husband, Othello, or Crookback Richard, or Hamlet's uncle, or Benedict himself? Let us have it, no matter where you cull it from.

DELINA.—I grant you, the demand is a hard one. Gladly would we recover, if we

could, some clue to the personal history of this, the greatest of poets, and as I believe, the greatest of men. But his very dramatic power arises from the objective character of his mind. His was, moreover, too healthy and masculine a nature for morbid introversions of the Byronic type. But if anywhere an autobiographic glimpse is to be looked for, it is in his "sugared sonnets,"—as Meres calls them,—some of which were doubtless among the earliest productions of his muse.

HARDEN.—When you can make any sense out of that incomprehensible riddle with which some wiseacre introduced his sonnets to the world; and tell us who "*The onlie Begetter of these insuing Sonnets, Mr. W. H.*" is, to whom "*The well-wishing Adventurer in setting forth, T. T., wisheth that eternitie promised by our ever-living poet:*" it will be time enough to solve the remainder of the mystical puzzle. But what of the Sonnets? I thought the critics were pretty well agreed that the "*Laura*" of our Petrarchian sonneteer was one of the rougher sex. I have looked into them sufficiently carefully, myself, to know that Anne Hathaway's name is not to be found in the whole hundred and fifty-four.

DELINA.—Perhaps not. Yet Anne Hathaway may be. Wordsworth says of the Sonnet:—

"With this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart."

HARDEN.—And you still persuade yourself Anne had a place there?

DELINA.—I am more certain she had a place in Shakespeare's heart than in his Sonnets; for they resemble in their general character, other well-known collections of the time, by Daniel, Constable, Spenser and Drayton; and were, as Meres tells us, first circulated in manuscript among his private friends. Too much has been attempted to be made out of them. Some undoubtedly express the poet's own feelings. Others deal with fanciful loves and jealousies; or

dwell on the personal experiences of friends. But there, if anywhere, we have some insight into the inner life of the poet. You know the fine one where he chides Fortune :

“ That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breed.”

Petrarchian Sonnets, I am well aware, are sufficiently intangible things. I have tried to extract autobiographical material out of those of Wyatt and Surrey, as well as of Spenser : and know it to be something like getting sunbeams out of cucumbers ! Still some of the Sonnets of Shakespeare immediately succeeding that lament over his banishment from the favourite haunts of his boyhood's and lover's days, seem to me to acquire a fine significance as addressed to his absent wife :—

“ Alas ! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, ' Now I love you best,'
When I was certain o'er uncertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?
Love is a babe ; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth grow ?”

Fancy the young husband dwelling, in his absence, on the one disparity between them, of which officious friends would not fail to make the most, and so writing :—

“ Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.”

HARDEN.—You are ingenious, I own ; but you will admit that a score of other applications could be, and indeed have already been made to appear equally apt.

DELINA.—I am well aware of the perplexity the Sonnets have occasioned to critic and biographer ; and of the fashion in which some have dogmatized about them. Chalmers had no doubt they were addressed to the maiden Queen ! Dr. Gervinus, of Heidelberg, is not less certain that they are all, without exception addressed to Mr. W. H. This indeed he pronounces to be “quite indubitable” ; only he thinks Mr. W. H. was

not Mr. W. H., but a mystification for the Earl of Southampton—an idea of old date. Tyrwhitt, Farmer, Steevens, Malone, and others of the antiquarian type, only differ as to who the man was on whom Shakespeare expended all this amatory verse ; while Mr. Armitage Brown thinks they are not sonnets at all, but stanzas of some half dozen continuous poems to a friend and a mistress. Shakespeare had a nephew, William Hart, the son of his sister Joan. He had a patron William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to whom his literary executors dedicated his dramatic works, as one to whom their author owed much favour while living. There was a William Hughes in Shakespeare's time ; and one of the Dr. Dryasdusts—Tyrwhitt, I think,—made the grand discovery of his name in the twentieth sonnet, disguised under a pun bad enough to have been the death of old Sam. Johnson :

“ A man in hue all *Hews* in his controlling !”

Dr. Drake, another of the wiseacres, finds that Lord Southampton's name was Henry Wriothsley.—H. W., if not W. H.—and so thinks he has found the mystical initials of the dedication ; only reversed for the purpose of concealment ; and so we get back to the idea fathered so unhesitatingly by the Heidelberg Professor, and are no wiser than when we set out.

HARDEN.—Truly it is rather a narrow foundation to build a hypothesis upon ; as Lovel said when called in as umpire in the famous Pictish controversy at Monkbarons.

DELINA.—Not a whit, not a whit, say I, with the redoubted Oldbuck ; men fight best in a narrow ring ; and any one may see as far as his neighbour through a millstone, —provided only it has a hole in the middle !

HARDEN.—Pray then what do you believe about these same Sonnets and their only begetter ? Steevens has pronounced them to be too bad for even the genius of their author to make tolerable ; beyond even the power of an Act of Parliament

to enforce their perusal! Wordsworth says of the very same Sonnets: that in no part of Shakespeare's writings is there to be found, in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed. Who shall decide when doctors disagree?

DELINA.—Between two such doctors the choice is not difficult, I should think; and as to their interpretation, why should the Sonnets be judged by a different rule from those of Petrarch and Surrey, of Spenser or Drayton. Meres, who knew of them while still in private circulation, before 1598, in his "Wits' Treasury" calls them "Shakespeare's sugared sonnets among his private friends." That is simple enough. To him with all his knowledge of the man and the period, they were just such detached sonnets, written from time to time under varying emotions and external influences, as those in Spenser's Amoretti, in Daniel's "Delia," or in the "Idea's Mirror" of Drayton. Many of them were written in those earlier years in which he penned his "Venus and Adonis," and other lyrical pieces, before he discovered where his true strength lay. But long afterwards I doubt not he found in many a thoughtful mood:—

"'Twas pastime to be bound

Within the sonnet's scanty plot of ground."

until at length the whole were collected and printed by Thomas Thorpe,—the T. T. of the involved dedication,—so late as 1609.

HARDEN.—So far, I am very much of your mind. But who then was Mr. W. H.? Have you found in him the father of Anne Shakespeare, and so the only begetter of her and the sonnets too? A William Hathaway would be a match for any W. H. yet named.

DELINA.—I do not greatly concern myself about Mr. W. H. He certainly was not the poet's father-in-law; for his name was Richard. "Mr." in those days implied a University graduate: what if the said Mr. W. H.—to whom, be it remembered, the publisher, and not the author, makes his

quaint dedication,—was no more than some amateur collector, who had earned the gratitude of Thomas Thorpe, by augmenting Jaggard's meagre collection of "Sonnets to Sundry Notes of Musicke," printed ten years before? Printers and publishers in those old days troubled themselves as little about an author's right to property in his own brain-work, as any Harper or Harpy of the free and enlightened Republic of this nineteenth century. Initials are common on their title-pages. Mr. I. H. prints one edition of the "Venus and Adonis," Mr. R. F. another, Mr. W. B. a third, and Mr. T. P. a fourth. One edition of the "Lucrece" bears the initials I. H., another N. O., a third T. S., and a fourth J. B. Sometimes the mystery lies with the printer, at other times with the publisher. The sonnets of 1609 are "By G. Eld, for T. T., and are to be sold by William Aspley." Why should not the dedication have its share. Everybody who cared to know, could find out who I. H. the printer, or T. T. the publisher was; and probably Mr. W. H. was then no more important, and little less accessible.

HARDEN.—It may be so; and this Will o' the Wisp has led us a round, much akin to that of the old bibliomaniacs you refuse to follow:—

"Through bog, through bush, through brake,
through briar."

What of your promised glimpse of Anne Hathaway in these same sonnet-riddles?

DELINA.—Reading them with the idea of an absent husband responding to the regrets of one who deploras that time has her already at a disadvantage, I find a significance cast on many that were before as obscure, though not as barren, to me as they proved to the critical lawyer, George Steevens. Look for example, at the beautiful one beginning:

"Like as the waves make towards the pebbled
shore,

So do our minutes hasten to their end;"

and yet he comforts himself that his verse shall live to praise her worth, despite Time's

cruel hand. The same idea is repeated in many forms.

HARDEN.—And by many lovers—though they had not married their grandmothers!

DELINA.—If you can but jest, we had better drop the subject.

HARDEN.—I crave your pardon. I shall try to dismiss altogether from my mind the seven-years disparity between the boy-poet and his bride. Proceed if you please.

DELINA.—Not, if you are to dismiss from your mind that difference of age; though the sooner you rid your mind of the assumed domestic discord of which it has been made the sole basis, the better.

HARDEN.—I await your disclosures with unbiased impartiality.

DELINA.—Disclosures I have none. What can you make of scores of Wordsworth's sonnets, for example, but crystallizations of the poet's passing thoughts. So also is it with those Shakespearian gems. Sometimes they are his own thoughts, at other times he manifestly impersonated others. Let me direct you to one of the latter. I have repeatedly pleased myself with the fancy that Shakespeare penned the twenty-second sonnet as the expression of his absent Anne's feelings; cheering her thus, by putting her own thoughts in verse, when in some dependent hour she has recalled how time with her started unfairly in the race:—

“My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee,
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me;
How can I then be elder than thou art?
O, therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I not for myself, but for thee will;
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary,
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart when mine is slain;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back again.”

HARDEN.—You fancy this sonnet should be headed “*Anna Shakespeare loquitur!*”

DELINA.—It seems to me it might.

HARDEN.—And that the poet has himself in view in “all that beauty” he refers to!

DELINA.—I suppose him to be only versifying the thoughts of his wife; in fact, rendering one of her letters into a sonnet.

HARDEN.—An ingenious fancy, certainly; and not worse than some of the older hypotheses you reject. Better indeed than that of William Hart, the nephew, who was not born when some of the sonnets were written; or than William Hughes so ingeniously unearthed by Tyrwhitt out of a sorry pun! And you would find by a like process some definite meaning or other in each of those vague little abstractions.

DELINA.—Many of them are full of meaning and personal character. Look at the very one that follows:—

“As an imperfect actor on the stage,
Who with his fear is put beside his part.”

The personality is obvious in the 134th sonnet, where he puns, and sports with his own name. It is no less so in the 111th, where the poet complains of the fortune that forced him into public life; and why not also, when, as in the 97th sonnet, he bewails an absence that made the “summer time” and “the teeming autumn” seem to him like the freezing of old December; or again in the 98th:—

“From you have I been absent in the Spring,
When proud-pied April, dressed in all his train,
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything.”

HARDEN.—The story of Shakespeare's unhappy wedded life has been so long current, and so oft repeated, that I confess I have never before fully recognized how entirely it is an inference, or invention of later times. I shall turn a new leaf, and try to read the page on which you throw this novel light. But it will take some schooling before I can hope to reach your enviable state of faith; and without that I fear the sonnets must still remain a riddle. Perhaps I had better betake myself meanwhile to Niebuhr, and cultivate anew my school-boy faith in the loves of Numa Pompilius and the nymph Egeria.

JANUARY.

BY SAMUEL JAMES WATSON.

SNOWS wrap him like a mantle ; to his feet
 He binds the inland oceans ; around his waist
 He belts himself with rivers ; stinging sleet
 Goads his mad hurricanes to wilder haste.

The forests at his nod uncrown their heads ;
 The white fields shiver as they see him come ;
 His whisper rocks the valleys, and he treads
 Life out of all sweet sounds in snow graves dumb.

The grim north is his booming armoury,
 Wherein he forges tempests, which he hurls,
 From catapults of cloud, o'er every sea—
 Even to the wave that o'er earth's mid-line curls.

At night, from infinite depths of frost-filled sky,
 His stars look down with biting, sleet-cold gaze ;
 Charles'-wain wheels him through immensity,
 For him Orion's threatening splendours blaze.

For him Aurora shakes her ghostly spears,
 Over the day's grave, o'er the zenith's crown,
 Like phantom phalanx, marshalled by his fears
 Against the returning sun (in wrath gone down).

But, in Hope's sunshine, half his strength is shorn ;
 The spirits of the air whom he enslaves,
 Hope sees exorcised by sweet April's morn,
 By smile of flowers, and chorus-laugh of waves ;

By song of bird, by honey-hymn of bee,
 By the emblazoned rose in emerald set ;
 By fragrant buds, sun-sealed on every tree ;
 By the Dawn's pearl and Twilight's violet.

MARGUERITE KNELLER, ARTIST AND WOMAN.

BY LOUISA MURRAY.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE LUXEMBOURG.

SOME years ago, a French painter of high celebrity stopped one day, in his hasty transit through the picture gallery of the Luxembourg, to look at the work of a young girl who was copying one of his own paintings;—"Madame Roland before the Convention." At first sight there was nothing remarkable about this girl. She seemed about four and twenty, but she probably looked older than she really was from her sallow complexion, and the still and thoughtful expression of her face. Her features were irregular with no beauty of colouring to redeem their want of harmony, and her dress was as plain and unpretending as her person—a grey stuff gown and a black lace handkerchief tied over her black hair formed her costume. Yet, after a glance at her work, the great painter thought her worthy of some attention. He looked at her scrutinizingly for a minute or two; then he turned again to the picture on her easel.

"This copy is admirably done, Mademoiselle," he said at last.

The girl never once looked up. She seemed unmoved by his praise.

"It is very nearly, if not quite, equal to the original," continued the great painter. "I even think you have infused a nobler and more characteristic beauty into the heroine's face and figure than you found in your model; and given a simpler and more unconscious grandeur to her air and expression. And I should be something of a judge," he added, with a smile, "for the

picture you are now doing so much honour to was painted by me."

The young girl started, and dropped her brush. Instead of swooping for it, she looked up at the speaker, who quietly picked it up and handed it to her. Cold and indifferent as she had seemed before, there was neither coldness nor indifference in the look with which she regarded him, as she took it.

"It is true, Mademoiselle," he said, smiling at her eager questioning face, "I am Eugene Delacroix, and it is also true that I see in you all the elements of a great painter."

A handsome fair-haired young man, himself an art student who had before noticed this girl, and been struck by her peculiarly absorbed look and manner, and evident devotion to her work, was standing near, and saw that these words made her eyes gleam and her face glow. It was not flattered vanity that called forth the unwonted brightness, it was the noble delight of finding her genius recognized by one whom she knew to be a master in her art and whose authority she never dreamt of questioning; a pure and grateful joy such as the timid Neophyte feels when his offering is approved by the Hierophant of the shrine at which he kneels. Then for a moment, while every feature was illumed by the inward flame "brighter than any light on sea or shore," the young student thought her beautiful. Whether the great master did or not, he was evidently much interested. He made a few criticisms on her work which the girl received with grateful intelligence, and before he went away he asked her name and residence. She readily gave both, but the

young student, still watching her, could not catch her words.

"With your permission, Mademoiselle, we shall soon meet again," said the great painter, "till then I say to you: Courage; a great career is before you."

The girl watched his retreating figure for a moment; then she passed her hand across her brow as if to calm her emotions, and turned again to her work. But her hand shook, a mist seemed before her eyes, and while she was still struggling for self-command, she felt a sharp tap on her shoulder, and saw the pale small face of a sprightly girl of fourteen bending over her.

"So soon, Clarie," she said with a sigh.

"So soon! so late you must mean. But you grow worse and worse. Here you sit painting day after day, week after week, month after month, I believe there is nothing else in the world that you care for. No wonder for Mère Monica to say you will make yourself ill. But how fast you are getting on, Marguerite," she exclaimed suddenly. "Thank goodness, it will soon be finished."

"Yes, but my work will not be finished with it, I hope. I have heard something to-day, Clarie, that will make me work harder than ever."

"What nonsense! you couldn't work harder than you do. But what have you heard?"

"I will tell you another time, perhaps. Now, I am ready to go home."

An elderly woman in a picturesque Norman cap and quaint black dress had accompanied Clarie, and now handed Marguerite her shawl. "Not what you need it to-day," she said in a brisk cheerful tone, "the air is so mild it is easy to see that summer is coming even in Paris, and the gardens are almost as sweet as the apple orchards in my old home. It will do you good to get into them out of this gloomy place."

"I don't know how she can bear to spend these bright spring mornings shut up

here," cried Clarie. "See how she looks back at that tiresome painting. Take fast hold of her, Mère Monica, and lead her away, or we shall never get her out of this dungeon." And, while she was speaking, she tripped on before, leading the way down the steep stone staircase, more quietly followed by her companions. They passed through the beautiful gardens where the trees were putting forth their first green leaves, and the earliest flowers beginning to open. Children and nurse-maids, soldiers in their uniforms, priests in their robes, students, grisettes, and representatives of nearly all the *bourgeois* classes of Paris, strolled up and down or sat on the benches. Clarie would have been glad to stay for a while and move among the gay groups that attracted her lively fancy, but Marguerite reminded her that their father would be lonely, and hurried on. Clarie reluctantly followed, and, looking back at some striking costume she had caught sight of as they were descending a flight of steps, her foot slipped, and she fell on the pavement with a sudden cry.

"Oh, Clarie, are you hurt?" exclaimed Marguerite, trying to raise her sister with a tenderness which showed there was at least one thing besides her art about which she cared.

"Yes, my arm," gasped Clarie. "Oh, don't touch me, Marguerite," she cried, in an accent of great pain; "let me lie here. Oh it pains me so much, it must be broken."

Marguerite turned white with terror, and Mère Monica wrung her hands in agony. Some passers-by stopped, but before any one else could offer assistance, the young student who had seen them in the Luxembourg, and who had followed them through the gardens, came forward.

"There is a surgeon living close by," he said to Marguerite, "let me carry Mademoiselle there. I will not hurt you," he said to the poor child, who was moaning piteously, "I will carry you very gently."

Raising the little one tenderly and dexterously in his arms he carried her to the surgeon's house, which was not a dozen yards away. Happily the arm was not broken, and the lotion which the surgeon applied soon relieved the pain. The young student, who gave his name as Maurice Valazé, then summoned a cabriolet in which Clarie was soon placed with her sister and Mère Monica.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle, but you owe me no thanks," he said, "are we not both artists, and should there not be fellowship between us. May I not call to-morrow to see how Mademoiselle Clarie is?"

"Yes, certainly," said Marguerite, "if you will take the trouble. My father will be so glad to see you and thank you."

"Then I shall not fail to come," said Maurice, and so they parted.

CHAPTER II.

SOMETHING ABOUT MAURICE.

MAURICE VALAZE'S father possessed a small estate in Provence, but as it was entailed on the eldest son, and his family was large, Monsieur Valazé père was not able to do more for Maurice than give him the means of living respectably while studying the art he had chosen as his profession. This was, however, sufficient to exempt Maurice from many difficulties which those poor students who are compelled to make art the "milch cow of the field," as well as the "celestial goddess," are obliged to encounter. And he did not misuse the advantages his independence secured him. His nature was high and refined, and not to be tempted by low pleasure or dissipation; his talents, enthusiasm, and skill in his art, were such as seemed to insure him future

eminence and fame; and at the same time he was so generous, frank, and spirited, that even the wildest of his fellow students loved him.

He was now preparing for a journey to Rome, where he intended to spend some years, hoping to find there, in marble, on canvas, and in those ruins which charm all who behold them into love with decay and death, the realization of those phantoms of grace and beauty which from childhood had haunted his imagination; and to learn from them the secret of concentrating his powers into some deathless form, through which he and all the world might recognize his right to participate in the immortal life of the children of genius.

For the last few days he had been making a study of some antique limbs and torsos which had been lately brought to the Luxembourg, and there he had first seen the young copyist, whose still steadfast face and intent absorption in her work had so greatly interested him. His excitable imagination had quickly exalted the slight service he had rendered Marguerite and her sister into something of a romantic adventure. He woke the next morning pleasantly excited as if he had found a fresh interest in life, and it was with a very agreeable sense of satisfaction that he arranged his hair and his dress at his looking-glass before setting out to pay his new friends a visit, and contemplated the reflection of the handsome face which he found there. In fact it would not have been easy to find a handsomer one any where; his hazel eyes were at once soft and brilliant, and his smooth broad brow and rich brown curls, and the clear pale hue of his complexion harmonized well with the refined and somewhat Greek type of his head and features; his figure was tall and perfectly well made; and all these advantages were scarcely marred by the careless carriage, the studied negligence of dress and the thick untrained beard and moustache of the modern art student.

CHAPTER III.

A FETE IN PARIS NOT AT ALL PARISIAN.

THE street in which Marguerite lived had before the Revolution been inhabited by people of rank and fashion. Its houses were Gothic, built with a strength and solidity to defy centuries of time, and with an artistic beauty and richness of ornament which would have filled Mr. Ruskin or any of his disciples with rapture, but the taste of later days having condemned their architecture as barbarous, they had been abandoned to that numerous class of persons who endeavour to support what is called a respectable appearance on narrow and precarious means. It was a very quiet street and tolerably clean, and as Maurice entered it, the evening sun half lighted up the antique buildings with a golden glory, half left them in soft and beautiful shadow, producing a variety of picturesque effects which delighted the young painter.

"Truly, this is not an unfit abode for an artist," thought Maurice, as he looked up at Marguerite's dwelling with its stone porch, its deeply embayed windows, and their rich ornamental tracery and mouldings.

The door was opened by Mère Monica, whose quaint figure and antiquated costume were in perfect keeping with the Gothic porch Maurice had been admiring, and the grey stone hall from which she had emerged. Her small, sharp, clearly marked features, and eyes full of quickness and life, were surmounted by a high Norman cap of white muslin, and her square figure was clad in a black petticoat and jacket, with a huge white apron; a bunch of keys, a pair of scissors, a pin-cushion, and some sort of knitting apparatus hanging at her waist. She received Maurice very graciously, and in answer to his inquiries told him that Clarie was much better. "Both the Demoiselles were in the garden," she said. "So was Monsieur, their father. Would Monsieur Valazé walk in

while she went to let them know he was come?"

Maurice followed her into the hall, which contained a table and chairs of walnut curiously carved, with a buffet to match. There was a high Gothic window looking towards the street, the upper part richly stained, crimson, blue, and gold; the lower half wreathed with a screen of living ivy, after the German fashion. In the recess of the window stood a large arm-chair, and a table on which lay two or three books and a German pipe. From the hall Mère Monica conducted him into a little sitting room, and, requesting him to wait there till she found Mademoiselle Marguerite, she opened a glass door and passed into the garden. This little parlour had an air of cheerful life and comfort about it which Maurice scarcely expected to find in that gloomy old house. It was furnished in a very inexpensive and simple style, but he fancied he could discern the fine taste and graceful touch of the artist in its arrangements. There was a pretty green and white paper on the walls, the curtains were of striped white and green chintz, the couches, chairs, and tables, though of very common material, were of forms that pleased even the fastidious taste of Maurice. There were some water colour landscapes in pretty wood frames, which he never doubted to be the work of Marguerite, and their merit increased the high opinion he had already formed of her genius. Vases filled with China roses gave a fresh and delicate brightness to the room, and on a stand near the window was a basket, the centre one mass of sweet violets, the sides wreathed with living ivy. Between the windows stood a small bookcase, and Maurice saw with surprise that most of the books it contained were English and German. As it seemed to him that Marguerite's hand and taste were visible in every other part of the room, he could not help concluding that these books had been chosen by her; yet, according to his ideas, some of them were calculated more

to puzzle than to enlighten the feminine intellect.

"I hope she is not too much of a *femme savante*," thought Maurice; but this fear was instantly put to flight as the glass door again opened and Marguerite entered. Her hair was plainly folded back from her forehead, and coiled round her head, and her dress, a grey gingham gown, was plain enough for any learned lady; but then it was fresh and spotless, neatly made, and neatly put on, and she looked so gentle and unaffected, spoke to Maurice with so quiet, yet so sweet a voice, shook hands with him so frankly, and invited him to the garden, where her father and Clarie were, so pleasantly, that he at once exonerated her from any unwomanly acquaintance with science and philosophy, and even forgot for the moment how little of the beauty he deemed essential to woman, she possessed.

The garden was large, well-filled, and in good order; a great abundance of vegetables grew there, and fruit trees were trained against the walls. In the middle was a trellised arbour, covered with grape vines, and in front of the arbour was a grass plot, bordered with beds of flowers. Early as the season was, pansies, auriculas, hyacinths and tulips bloomed there in profusion, filling the air with their delicious fragrance. Monsieur Kneller was sitting on the grass plot in a wheeled chair, and at his feet sat Clarie, her straw hat, gay with pink ribands, lying beside her, and her bruised arm in a sling. She was reading a volume of Beranger's poems to her father, but as Maurice approached, she tossed it away, as if glad to be released from an irksome task.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come," she exclaimed; "now I may stop reading."

"And I am glad that I may thank you for your kindness to this troublesome girl," said her father. "You will excuse me for not getting up to welcome you, when you know that I cannot rise without being helped."

Monsieur Kneller was at least sixty years

old, stoutly made, with a large head, much more German than French in its form, and something also of his German ancestry in his grave face and slow manner. He was instantly pleased with Maurice Valazé's pleasant looks and ways, as almost everyone was. Maurice had the gift of winning hearts, and ere long the little group in the garden were as good friends as if they had been known to each other for years. Monsieur Kneller was a passionate admirer of Beranger's lyrics, and he found that Maurice's knowledge and appreciation of that poet of the people was scarcely inferior to his own. Delighted with his young guest, he invited him to stay and take coffee, and suggested that as the evening was so summer-like, they should have a little fête in the garden; a proposal to which the girls eagerly assented, and which was warmly applauded by Maurice. Clarie ran into the house to coax Mère Monica to make some of her best cakes for the occasion, and when she returned her father sent her and Maurice to help Marguerite, who was gathering strawberries.

"You must make a basket for them, Marguerite," said Clarie, when they had gathered enough; "one like that you made on my birthday." And darting away, she returned in a minute with some vine leaves, which she threw into her sister's lap. With these the dexterous fingers of Marguerite soon wove a graceful and picturesque little basket, and, when it was piled high with bunches of the rich coral fruit, Maurice declared it was worthy of being made immortal.

"By whom?" asked Clarie, saucily.

"By me," answered Maurice,— "I intend to become a great painter, just for the purpose of transmitting this *chef d'œuvre* to the admiration of future ages."

"I don't think you will ever become a great painter," said Clarie, demurely; "you look too gay. If you were to see Marguerite, how grave she looks when she is painting."

"I have seen her," said Maurice.

"Oh, have you? Where, then?" exclaimed Clarie. "But of course it was in the Luxembourg yesterday."

"Yes, and before yesterday."

"Well, did you not notice how grave she looked?"

"Grave, do you call it? I should say rapt, inspired, like the muse of painting herself."

"Oh, indeed! that is a grand compliment, but Marguerite does not care for compliments."

"I am not worthy to pay her compliments," said Maurice; "but if I were as great a painter as Eugene Delacroix——"

"Ah!" exclaimed Marguerite, who had not seemed to hear them before, but now looked up with a vivid blush, and met Maurice's eager and sympathetic glance, "*you* heard him. I have sometimes felt since as if it was all a dream. But come," she added, hastily, "I must go and prepare the table, or Mère Monica will be here with her cakes and coffee before we are ready for them."

And when the table was spread with a snowy cloth, pretty pencilled china cups and plates, and bright spoons and forks, with delicious little French rolls, fresh butter and sweet cream, which Mère Monica always seemed able to provide as if by magic; when to these were added exquisite cakes and coffee, Marguerite's vine-leaf basket with its tempting store, and a bouquet of flowers in the centre; when these dainties were crowned by the good-natured hospitality of Monsieur Kneller, the girlish jousness of Clarie,

the brilliant sallies of wit and fancy with which Maurice, who was in a humour to enjoy everything and make others enjoy it also, enlivened the repast, and the quiet delight of Marguerite, a feast was provided which every lover of simple and natural pleasures might have envied.

Pleased and animated, Marguerite looked so much better than Maurice had till now thought she could ever look, that he began to consider her, if not pretty, yet something better. He remembered what the lady said whom Carlyle quotes when speaking of Varnhagen Von Ense's famous wife, Rachel, "Are not all beautiful faces ugly to begin with?" He now remarked that the shape of her head was fine and noble, and her forehead and brows beautiful; that her dark eyes were deep and soft; her smile sweet and bright, and her black hair glossy, silken, and abundant. Clarie was very unlike her sister, and Maurice thought much plainer. Her features were delicate, but her complexion was pale and sallow. Her thinness made her blue eyes look too large and too light, and her fair hair was all tucked away under a green silk net, which made her look almost ghastly. But, pretty or plain, Maurice liked his new friends, and this evening reminded him of the pleasant home-life he had left behind him in sunny Provence. He gladly accepted Monsieur Kneller's invitation to come and see them again; and left them at sunset, determined to do so as speedily as possible.

(To be continued.)

TWO CITIES.

BY J. C. H.

PART I.

A CITY rose in pride,—
 Vast were its wealth and merchandize ;
 From far, o'er lake and river glide
 Full many a craft, that to its side
 Still came and went ; while wondering eyes,
 Regarding, saw the reign of arts and peace,
 Nor feared such happy reign could cease.

But hark ! what rends the air ?
 O'er dome and spire flame follows flame ;
 Strong men aghast, the young, the fair,
 Run here, run there, but find despair ;
 Thus fall great plans of far-seen aim,
 Rich marts, high palaces, and dwellings fair ;
 Come days of toil and nights of care.

But soon again shall rise,
 Renewed, as bird of legend old,
 This city, where now only sighs,
 From widows, orphans, poor, arise ;
 Its bells shall joyful ring, ten-fold
 More great the glory of its future days
 Than was its early far-sung praise.

PART II.

A city higher still,
 And fairer far, and where my heart
 Can tell, most beauteous grew, each pinnacle,
 Bulwark, wali, tower, and citadel
 Of gold and gems in-wrought with wondrous art,
 A host of angels guarded from above ;
 Mystic their watchword—it was Love.

Wandering I stray, till dazed
 With varying scenes, then homeward turn,
 High on a hill I stood and gazed,—
 And gazed and stood, and cried amazed,—
 Has earthquake come, or fire to burn ?
 But lo ! the darkness breaks, the thick cloud: rise,
 Dear home ! I cry and feast my eyes.

And then I heard a call,—
 My name, and words of cheer :—“ Fond heart,
 “ Behold and learn, tho' darkness all
 “ Your dear hopes seemed to shroud ; the pall
 “ Has proved but clouds ; they opening part,
 “ And Love, the sun, with radiant hues now dyes
 “ The clouds you dreaded, as they rise.”

MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE.

BY H. ALLEYNE NICHOLSON, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.E.

THAT the earlier stages of man's history were passed under conditions little different from those of the brutes was an opinion held by many of the ancient writers. Horace expresses this view in a very definite form in the well-known and often-quoted lines :

*"Quum proroperunt primis animalia terris,
Mutum et turpe pecus, glandem atque cubilia propter
Unguibus et pugnis, dein fustibus, atque ita porro
Pugnabant armis quæ post fabricaverat usus,
Donec verba, quibus voces sensusque notarent,
Nominaque invenere; dehinc absistere bello,
Oppida cæperunt munire et povere leges."**

Even Rome, however, produced men who held a different opinion to the one expressed in this celebrated passage; and the nineteenth century, if it has not left the controversy just where it was in the time of Horace, has nevertheless failed as yet to arrive at a satisfactory conclusion as to man's place in nature. Now-a-days, every theory must be able to give scientific grounds for its existence, and vigorous attempts have been made recently to place the dictum of Horace upon a basis of scientific fact. It is the object of the present paper to examine how far these endeavours may be said to have succeeded; and in so doing it is not necessary to consider more than one of these attempts, Mr. Darwin's work on the "Descent of Man." It is to be borne in mind, however, that the limits of a Magazine article will only permit of allusion being made to some of the more

salient points of such a vast and intricate subject.

The difficulty which is generally felt as to man's place in nature, is well expressed by the different schemes of zoological classification adopted by different writers on natural history. Thus, some authorities place man in a distinct "sub-kingdom," or primary division of the animal kingdom; others give him the rank of a distinct class; others reduce his privileges to that of a separate order; whilst others, finally, consider that man's peculiarities are so few and so little marked that he may be considered as a subdivision of a common order with the monkeys. It is, therefore, worth our while to consider shortly what are the grounds upon which man's position in the zoological scale may justifiably be fixed, or, in other words, what points ought properly to be included in the zoological definition of man.

As to his mere anatomical structure, man differs from the man-like apes chiefly in his habitually erect posture; in having the hind limbs exclusively devoted to locomotion, whilst the fore-limbs are equally exclusively devoted to acts of grasping; in having a thumb capable of being brought in contact with the extremities of the other digits, whilst the great toe is *not* so "opposable;" in having no general covering of hair on the body; in having an even and uninterrupted series of teeth; and in having the largest, most highly developed, and most richly convoluted brain in the entire series of the quadrupeds. Many naturalists would consider, as we think with great reason, that these anatomical differences taken by themselves are amply sufficient to entitle man to claim at any rate the place of a distinct order in the

* "When animals first crept forth from the newly-formed earth, a dumb and filthy herd, they fought for acorns and lurking places with their nails and fists, then with clubs, and at last with arms, which, taught by experience, they had forged. They then invented names for things, and words to express their thoughts, after which they began to desist from war, to fortify cities, and enact laws."

Mammalian series. They are to the full as numerous and as weighty differences as those which separate any two allied orders of quadrupeds, and are much more striking than those which separate some of the orders. Temporarily, however, and for the sake of argument, we may admit that these differences are not such as to entitle man to a position in the class of Mammals more select than that of a mere family of an order containing also the monkeys; and we may next ask if these characters do indeed constitute the zoological definition of man.

All naturalists are agreed that the value of any given classification depends upon the extent to which it is "natural." That is to say, the value of any given classification depends entirely upon the extent to which it is grounded upon and takes into account *all* the characters of the objects classified. It is very easy and often very convenient to classify objects by some one character alone; and the more superficial and conspicuous such a character may be, the better will it be fitted for such a purpose. Classifications founded upon such single characters, ignoring the totality of the objects classified, are, however, stigmatized as "artificial," and have been now universally and finally abandoned by every science which has cut its leading-strings, and has attained to the power of walking alone.

The question, then, inevitably arises: Does the above classification embrace *all* the characters of man? Or, does it ignore some of his most important peculiarities, and thus brand itself as "artificial"? We do not think that two answers ought to be possible to such a question, and we may take an imaginary illustration in support of this assertion. Suppose naturalists were to unearth in some remote corner of the globe an assemblage of beings possessing all the physical characters of man—large-brained, erect, bipedal, and hairless—but wholly destitute of his higher characters, speaking no articulate language, using no tools, building

no habitations, ignorant of fire, and showing no mental powers higher than those of the monkeys. It may be said that such an assemblage of animals is an impossible conception, and that an animal with a human brain would of necessity exhibit the psychical characters of man. This, however, is begging the question, and we are not bound to accept such an assumption in an imaginary case. Let us suppose, then, that naturalists suddenly stumble upon such a race as the above—how are they to be classified? Are they to be placed unreservedly and unequivocally in the same group as *Homo sapiens*, or are they to be regarded as merely a peculiar group of the Apes, or may we consider them as transitional between man and the monkeys? Assuredly, those who maintain that man's zoological position is to be wholly determined by his anatomical, or so-called "zoological" characters, would be logically compelled to group this race with the family of "articulately-speaking men," and that, too, without any line of demarcation. Many naturalists, however, would declare that such beings, in spite of their anatomical structure were not *men*, and we venture to think that this conclusion would be backed by the common sense and innate feeling of the world at large.

We think, then, that any naturalist is justified, as a scientific man, in maintaining that all classifications of man by his anatomical characters alone are *artificial*, and as such are indefensible. Such classifications do *not* embrace the totality of man's organization, and can not, therefore, be natural. If, as most people would readily admit, a race of beings possessing man's physical structure, but not endowed with his mental characters, is not truly to be regarded as human, then man's zoological definition must be made to include something more than his mere physical and anatomical structure. *That* something is man's mental and moral constitution; and we repeat our belief that any naturalist is justified, without disparagement to either

his knowledge or his ability, in maintaining that man's psychical peculiarities are as much an integral factor of his zoological definition as his physical structure, or perhaps more so. We will not allow that mental characters do not come under the head of "zoological" characters, and we should be perfectly willing to have this principle applied to the whole series of the Mammals. If mental characters are characters at all, surely they serve to distinguish the objects which exhibit them, quite as strongly as the grosser and more palpable characters to be derived from anatomical structure; and if so, they certainly must be taken into account in any classification which pretends to be "natural." We are wrong from saying that, even in man, due prominence should not be given to the details of the physical organization. Such characters are necessarily almost the only available ones in the Mammals generally, and are undoubtedly of the greatest importance even in man himself. Few, also, would be disposed to doubt that the mental organization of an animal must be most closely and intimately correlated with its physical structure. If we knew thoroughly the laws of such correlation, then it would be amply sufficient to classify all animals, including man, solely by anatomical characters; for then the statement of the physical structure would instantly furnish the instructed naturalist with the key to the mental *status* of any given animal. It is needless to say, however, that in place of possessing any such thorough knowledge, our ignorance of the laws of correlation may fairly be characterized as profound. Indeed, when we come to the brain, and the nervous system in general, we may be said to know literally nothing as to the correlation of structure and function. We do not even know enough to secure assent to the very probable supposition that here a very minute and apparently trivial difference in structure may be correlated with an almost immeasurable difference in mental power.

It seems, however, that no more completely retrograde step has been taken in the whole of this discussion than the importation into this subject of the question whether the mind be the product of the brain, or whether the brain be merely the organ of the mind. It is difficult to conceive of any discussion more hopelessly idle and futile than this; since it is clear that the premises at present at our command will allow of either conclusion being logically arrived at. We know the material structure which we call the brain, we recognize certain phenomena which we call mental, and we have every reason to be certain that there is the closest connection between the brain of any animal and its mental phenomena. We have not, however, any means of determining with absolute certainty what is the nature of this connection; and if it be one of effect and cause, we have no single *datum* to determine which is effect and which is cause. We know the sequence of phenomena; we do not know which phenomenon precedes the other in point of time. It is just as scientific, therefore, and just as logical, to believe that the brain exists as an effect of the mind, as it is to believe that "the brain secretes mind as the liver secretes bile." The one opinion has no scientific advantage over the other; and it is at present very difficult to see how we can arrive at any absolutely unassailable conclusion upon this point, any more than upon many other kindred questions. In the meanwhile, at any rate, either opinion is open to the impartial and unbiassed reasoner, and each individual will adopt one or other view, just as he may be guided by the general tendency of his mind and the general drift of his studies.

It may not, perhaps, be out of place to point out here, that the discussion as to the nature of life and its connection with matter, rests upon a precisely similar basis. We recognize certain phenomena which we call "vital," as being exclusively manifested by living beings; and we recognise further that

these phenomena are never manifested except by certain forms of matter, or, it may be, by no more than a single form of matter. It is clear therefore, that there is the closest connection between vital phenomena and the "matter of life." It is a bold conclusion, however, from these premises to deduce that life is the result of living matter, or one of its inherent properties. We know the succession of phenomena, but we know no more; and it is just as logical to conclude that living matter is the result of vital forces. This may seem to be a digression as regards the matter in hand; but in truth the two questions are very intimately connected, and a final decision in one case would almost inevitably determine the other.

We have, then, arrived so far in our argument as the assertion that man's psychical characters ought to be taken into account in the determination of his zoological position; and that, indeed, they ought to have at least as much weight as his anatomical structure in deciding this question. We are aware that many eminent naturalists would deny this assertion *in toto*; but the question is at present certainly one of individual opinion, and no argument, as we shall see, can be carried out on such a subject without some such assertion on one side or the other.—Allowing, then, this assertion to pass, it becomes clear that the question of man's zoological position will turn ultimately upon the value which we attach to his mental characters; since man does not differ much in anatomical structure from the Anthropoid apes, but certainly does differ greatly from them as regards his psychical manifestations. Mr. Darwin, indeed, tacitly admits this; for he is obliged to base his argument wholly upon the assumption that the mental phenomena, moral and intellectual, exhibited by man differ from those of animals in *degree* only and not in *kind*. This assumption we may examine in detail, but it is well to bring forward one point prominently beforehand. If, as asserted by Mr. Darwin, man's psychi-

cal phenomena differ from those of monkeys or other Mammals in degree only, then by the logical necessity of Mr. Darwin's own hypothesis there is no mental difference, other than that of degree, between man and the lowest of the Vertebrate sub-kingdom, the degraded little fish known as the Lancelet. As Mr. Darwin has further explicitly declared his belief in a genetic connection between the Lancelet and those degraded Molluscs, the *Ascidians*, it follows that man's mental constitution does not differ *in kind* from that of a Sea-squirt. So far Mr. Darwin himself leads us, and we may rest contented here, but it would not be difficult to show that his theory leads us logically to the inevitable conclusion that man's intellectual and moral endowments do not differ in kind from those of a Sponge, or any still lower Invertebrate. It is quite true that it might be difficult to demonstrate any mental phenomena in a Sponge, at least we are not aware that any have hitherto been recorded. Still, all man's faculties must be present in the Sponge in an undeveloped condition; for Haeckel assures us that it is not difficult to show how the Polypes have descended from the Sponges, and the former have decided relationships to the lower Molluscs, whilst the last undoubtedly have connections amongst the fishes, and so, further, up to "the noblest work of God." No one, however, will be disposed to deny Mr. Darwin the possession of the "courage of his opinions," and it is possible he would not shrink from believing that all man's faculties are present, in germ, in plants, since the animal and vegetable kingdoms probably spring from a common progenitor.

Mr. Darwin prefaces his argument by the remark that "no classification of the mental powers has been universally accepted," without apparently recognizing how enormously such a state of things detracts from the value of any comparison of the mental constitution of man and the lower animals. Such a comparison is wholly within the domain

of Psychology, and Psychology has not yet agreed about her fundamentals! Psychology, in fact, as a science, if it can fairly be said to exist at all, is certainly as yet in extremest infancy. Surely this ought to induce caution in the acceptance of any solution of one of the profoundest problems to the consideration of which Psychology can at any time be called. Admitting that we are tolerably well acquainted with the constitution of the human mind, though assuredly we have yet much both to learn and unlearn even on this head, there still remains the fact that we are almost totally ignorant of the mental organization of animals. We have, of course, been able to observe and record a greater or less number of authentic mental phenomena, as exhibited by the lower animals. We know, however, absolutely nothing of the source and nature of these phenomena, and it is begging the whole question to assume that the mental phenomena of animals arise from a source of the same *kind* as those of man, merely because man himself thinks he can detect in their mental acts a certain similarity to his own. We should bear in mind, then, from the very outset, that the comparison between the mental powers of man and those of the lower animals is a comparison between one very partially known quantity, and another about which hardly anything is known and still less is universally agreed.—Taking the lower animals first, we meet with the very general belief, even at the present day, that the mental actions of animals are mainly, if not exclusively, to be ascribed to what is vaguely called “instinct.” Hardly any two writers have succeeded in agreeing as to what we are to understand by instinct; but we may here look at two definitions.—Mr. Darwin knows perfectly well what he means by instinct, for he understands by this term “inherited habit.” In spite, however, of the perfect clearness of this definition, Mr. Darwin speaks of the instincts of “self-preservation, sexual love, the love of the

mother for her new-born offspring,” and speaks of these as being instincts which man has in common with the lower animals.—Now, if an instinct be an inherited habit, it is clear that there must have been a time in the history of each instinct when the instinct was not; for the term “habit” implies a previous absence of habit. But, we cannot suppose it possible that there was ever a time in the history of man, or of any other species of animal in which sexual love did not exist; nor could we properly speak of the “habit” of self-preservation. Mr. Darwin, again, seems to us to have by no means happily evaded the difficulty of the peculiar instincts of sexless animals, such as worker-bees, and ants, which have no offspring, and which, therefore, cannot transmit acquired or inherited habits. The instincts, for example, of a worker-ant are wholly different from those of the queen, and yet the worker is the offspring of the latter. The instincts, again, of a soldier-ant differ both from those of the worker and from those of the queen, and yet the soldier is both neuter and the immediate offspring of the queen. We have, therefore, the queen, with one set of instincts, giving origin to other queens with the same instincts, and to workers and soldiers, each with peculiar instincts, and each incapable of transmitting these instincts by heredity.—To say that these instincts appear to arise “through the natural selection of variations of simpler instinctive actions” hardly seems to render matters much more perspicuous, and certainly deprives Mr. Darwin’s definition of instinct of almost its entire value.

At the very best, however, the proposition that instinct is “inherited habit” is an assumption, and is one in support of which no evidence of weight has been brought forward. That habits may become instinctive is certain, and it is equally certain that these habits may be transmitted in the way of inheritance. It by no means follows from this that *all* instincts were originally habits, nor does there seem any probability in such

a view. The late Professor Goodsir, on the other hand, one of the most profound anatomists that Britain has ever produced, defines instinct as "a collective term applied to those laws in virtue of which the psychical endowments of the animal are so adjusted in reference to its organism with its functions, and to all the necessary and contingent circumstances in its existence, as to enable them to work together harmoniously in the adaptation of means to ends, without self-consciousness." In other words, instinct is a collective term applied to those laws in virtue of which each species of animal acts in a definite and unvarying manner under given circumstances, its actions being performed "with unerring accuracy and without previous training."

Whatever definition of instinct be ultimately adopted, few of those who have studied the subject will be disposed to deny that animals, in some cases, exhibit phenomena which cannot rightly be called instinctive. Mr. Darwin concludes that animals exhibit emotions essentially similar to those of man: maternal affection, jealousy, love of praise, shame, wonder, curiosity, imitation, attention, memory, imagination, and reason; and the evidence, as regards most of these, will no doubt bear him out in his assertion. We may remark, however, *en passant* that it is an assumption that dreaming is an act of the imagination, and no other proof is adduced that animals possess this faculty beyond the fact that they certainly dream. As regards the faculty of reason, few unprejudiced observers will probably deny its possession to the brutes, though there are doubtless some to whom such an allowance would be distasteful. In reality, however, no stronger assistance could be given to the Darwinian theory of the descent of man than by an obstinate adherence to the untenable doctrine that animals possess nothing higher than mere blind and mechanical instincts.

The late Prof. Goodsir, indeed, whilst denying to the brutes the possession of a

reason comparable to that of man, nevertheless believed that it could not well be denied "that there is in the constitution of the brute an essence which is not material." He believed that this immaterial principle is the essential element of the animal, "failing which, the body of the animal would have had no existence," and that it is in this immaterial principle that "the instinctive consciousness of the animal subsists." He believed, however, that the immaterial principle of the brute is destitute of self-consciousness and, therefore, necessarily incapable of "intellectual movement;" so that "its so-called intellectual processes resolve themselves into mere suggestive acts. Its so-called thoughts, or trains of thought, are merely individual acts of objective consciousness connected by the determining law of its instinct. These acts of objective consciousness may be immediate—that is, induced by the actual presence of the object; or they may be mediate—that is reproductions of acts of objective consciousness, through the memory or imagination."

It is not necessary that we should accept all the views of this profound observer upon this subject; but the belief that animals possess a much higher mental organization than that usually allotted to them is one which is constantly gaining ground, and which certainly in no way interferes with the belief that man's mental powers are *sui generis* and wholly distinct in kind from those of animals. The admission of this cuts away from the Darwinian theory one of its strongest supports, for it deprives the evidence to be obtained from domesticated animals of almost all its weight. If animals possess a mental organization peculiar to each species, then there is no reason whatever why such an organization should not be influenced and improved by man. We know that we can influence and improve the physical organization of a horse or a dog, without thinking that we could convert either into an elephant or a monkey. We may believe

also, with equal reason, that we can influence and improve the mental powers of these animals, without thinking that we could ever teach them to do Euclid, or to write poetry. Because the psychical or mental organization of an animal is within certain limits plastic and capable of improvement or degradation, it by no means follows that its power of change is illimitable, however long a time be allowed for such a process.

On this theory, therefore, the truly marvellous mental phenomena manifested by the dog, and to a less extent by other domestic animals, lose almost their entire weight as bearing on the unity of man's mental organization with that of the lower animals. If such a unity is ever to be proved it must be by observations made upon wild animals in a state of nature. The mental phenomena exhibited by the domestic animals are the result of the action of man's personality upon their partially plastic organization; and no proof has yet been advanced to show that this plasticity extends beyond certain very definite limits.

Up to this point, then, in our enquiry we may admit that man and the lower animals show differences of degree only and not of kind; both alike exhibiting certain fundamental emotions and instincts, along with the power of reasoning and the faculty of memory. Before going on to consider if there is any proof of the same community between man and brutes as regards the higher faculties, we may pause to consider a point which seems highly adverse to Mr. Darwin's theory. Upon this theory, we ought beyond all doubt to find the highest mental development in those animals which are themselves highest in the zoological scale, and nearest to man in physical structure. It may very fairly be doubted, however, if this holds good, even within the narrow limits of the Mammals. It may fairly be doubted, for instance, if the highest of the Anthropoid Apes can be compared as regards his mental development with the dog

or the horse, or even the elephant. Much stress need not, however, be laid on this, for it may be said that this depends on the different opportunities of mental improvement enjoyed by each. A very much greater difficulty is presented to us when we consider the case of some of the lower animals which unquestionably owe none of their peculiarities to man's influence or man's interference. If we take the case of some of the ants, and more especially the various species which are known to make and keep slaves, we are in the first place dealing with Invertebrate animals, whose nervous system is of a very low type, only doubtfully presenting anything which can be compared with the brain of the Vertebrates. And yet, they present mental phenomena of the most striking nature, and which certainly can not be set down to mere instinct, at any rate not according to Mr. Darwin's definition.—The Russet Ant (*Formica rufescens*), for example, habitually keeps slaves which are captured when young. These slaves belong to a wholly different species, yet so entirely do they forget their instincts or "inherited habits," that they actually devote their lives to their masters, feed them, build their nests, bring up their young, and defend them with the utmost bravery. They show no recollection of their own species, and manifest no desire to return to their own people. Being of no developed sex, they cannot, of course, transmit these qualities to any descendants; and, for the same reason, the masters can only keep up their stock by constantly making fresh captures. The masters, on the other hand, accept the services of the slaves in every particular, except that they go alone on their slave-making expeditions. That this system was one which was not born with the species is shown by the fact that long holding of slaves has completely demoralized the masters, who can no longer even feed themselves without assistance. Were it not for the slaves, therefore, the species would die out. If we admit that the system of

slave-making is an inherited habit—as indeed it almost certainly is in part—there must have been a time when the species dispensed with such artificial aid, but we fail to see any adequate explanation of the change. The change must certainly have been in opposition to previously contracted habits and instincts, and could hardly have arisen without some exercise of reasoning. That the behaviour of the slaves cannot be ascribed to instinct—if instinct be but “inherited habit”—is quite certain; since their conduct is by no means in accordance with any habits they could have derived from their parents. That the conduct of the masters is not wholly instinctive seems also almost certain, the delicate touch of nature, betrayed by their not allowing their willing slaves to accompany them on slave-making expeditions, being almost human.

To those who, like the present writer, believe that animals have certain mental endowments, each according to his kind, and apart from what is ordinarily called instinct, the romantic history of the slave-making Ants offers no difficulties. It appears, however, to present an almost insuperable bar to the theory of the evolution of man's mental faculties out of those of the lower animals. If, as before said, the germs of man's faculties are present in the lower animals, then most certainly we ought to find the nearest approach to man's mental phenomena in the animals nearest him in anatomical structure. Upon this theory we should hardly expect to find any psychical phenomena comparable to those of man, except in the highest Vertebrates; and the advocates of this view might have fairly explained the absence of high mental powers in all lower than the Mammals, by saying that these alone possessed a brain in any way comparable to that of man. Here, however, we have an *Invertebrate* animal, further removed in anatomical structure from the lowest Vertebrate than man himself is, exhibiting a sequence of mental phenomena

which—whatever their true nature may be—are of at least as high a character as those exhibited by any quadruped whatsoever in an undomesticated condition. It may be doubted, indeed, if any domesticated Mammal has ever exhibited phenomena so strictly human; for no cases seem to be on record in which one species of Mammal has succeeded in making another species work for it.* It will not do to say that the one set of actions are instinctive and another set of the same, or of a higher, order are actuated by reason. Whatever theory we adopt, we must apply the same reasoning to all cases, and from this point of view it seems impossible to concede the possession of reason to the Apes, and to deny at least an equal amount of it to the Ants. Nor is it a sufficient explanation to say that these are “social instincts” arising from the fact that Ants live in communities; since this leaves untouched the fact that no social Birds or Mammals have exhibited anything higher in point of mental development. From whatever point of view we look at it, it would seem that either the Ants, as Invertebrate animals, are much more clever than their type of nervous system should permit, or the Apes and other Mammals are far less clever. The same conclusion may be reached by a consideration of many other phenomena in the marvellous history of Ants, to say nothing of White Ants or Bees, but the case here chosen will be sufficient for its purpose.

Let us pass on now to consider very briefly some of the points in which man is asserted to be superior to the lower animals, so superior that he differs from them in kind and not in degree only. According to Darwin, these points are “that man alone is capable of progressive improvement; that he alone makes use of tools or fire, domesticates other

* The Jackal has sometimes been spoken of as the “Lion's provider”; but there is no reason to believe that jackals have any connection with lions other than that caused by their anxiety to secure the leavings of the stronger beast.

animals, possesses property, or employs language; that no other animal is self-conscious, comprehends itself, has the power of abstraction, or possesses general ideas; that man alone has a sense of beauty, is liable to caprice, has the feeling of gratitude, mystery, etc; believes in God, or is endowed with a conscience." Many of these alleged peculiarities are so palpably dependent and consequent on others of the same list, or are intrinsically of such secondary importance, that it will be sufficient to confine our attention here to two of them, namely man's self-consciousness, and his moral sense. The possession of language will not be touched upon here, partly because, at best, language is merely an outward and visible sign of something far deeper, and partly because there are phenomena in certain diseases, more especially in *aphasia*, which appear to have been overlooked by Mr. Darwin, and to be utterly fatal to his beliefs as to the origin, nature and development of language.

As regards the presence of self-consciousness, as distinguishing man from any and all animals, we can not do better than shortly consider the views advocated by Goodsir, in his admirable lectures on the "Dignity of the Human Body," without entering into any discussion as to the extent to which these views may be defended. According to this eminent observer, man consists essentially of three elements—a corporeal, a psychical and a spiritual. The psychical element of man agrees in its nature with the immaterial principle of animals, and is the seat of his instinctive consciousness. To this psychical element is due the form and structure of the human body; and in it "are based all those instincts, emotions, appetites and passions which, stronger, keener and more numerous than in the animal, were conferred on man for his higher purpose and greater enjoyment, so long as subject to his higher principle; but which have, under his freedom of choice, become the sources

of misery and death." The human organism properly so-called is the combination of this psychical element with the corporeal mechanism. It is "the animal in man" and is the only point in which man resembles the animal. In addition, however, to his corporeal and psychical elements, in which he resembles the animal, man possesses a spiritual principle or rational consciousness, in virtue of which he becomes *self-conscious*.—Self-consciousness, in turn, implies the exercise of thought; since it "involves a comparison and judgment regarding two things, neither of which we can think down or out of existence—namely, the self which thinks, and the self which is thought of." In virtue of this self-conscious spiritual principle, man alone of all the organized beings on the earth, is capable of disobeying the laws of his psychical principle or organism; man alone is capable of thought and speech, "the phonetic expression of thought"; man alone "is impressed with the belief of moral truth and divine agency," and alone possesses a will properly so termed. "At this point we reach the solution of the question as to the essence of humanity. With an animal body and instincts, man possesses also a consciousness involving Divine truth in its regulative principles. But along with this highly endowed consciousness, the human being has been left free to act either according to the impulses of his animal or of his higher principle. The actual history of humanity, of its errors, its sufferings and its progress, is the record of the struggle between man's animal and Divine principle, and of the means vouchsafed by his Creator for his relief." This possession by man of a form of conscious principle higher than and distinct from that of any animal "leaves no place for man in any conceivable arrangement of the animal kingdom."

Such, stated in the briefest and baldest manner, are the views entertained by one of the greatest anatomists which this century has produced, as to the constitution of man

and his proper place in the world which he inhabits. It were doubtless easy to point out that many of these views are more or less of the nature of unprovable assumptions. It were easy, however, to point out a similar defect in many of the views entertained by his opponents. We prefer, therefore, to abstain from all comment, merely remarking that it is a noteworthy fact, that views acceptable to all advocates of a Spiritual Philosophy should have been arrived at, by a wholly independent line of thought, by one whose life was devoted to the study of man's physical structure.

It remains only very cursorily to consider how far man's possession of a "moral sense" can be said to distinguish him from animals. By the term "moral sense" is understood the conception of *right*, or, in the words of Darwin, the comprehension of all that "is summed up in that short but imperious word *ought*, so full of high significance." The presence of a moral sense, or of a conception of right, has long been advanced as one of the most striking characters by which man is distinguished from the brutes; since animals certainly have no comprehension of the meaning of the word "ought." Animals, however, appear to have some idea of what is *useful* to them, as they possess the power of experiencing both painful and pleasurable sensations. Animals can, therefore, be taught in many instances either to perform certain acts, or to abstain from the performance of others. Those who regard man's faculties as differing from those of animals in degree only, have sought to break down the barriers which distinguish the moral sense, and have endeavoured to show that the conception of *right* is at bottom but an expanded and developed comprehension of what is *useful*. This is absolutely essential to the view that man, in his totality, has been evolved out of the lower animals. How a perception of expediency becomes converted into a sense of right might at first sight appear a somewhat puzzling problem. We will,

however, give the views of those who hold that this conversion has actually taken place, in the terse and vigorous language of St. George Mivart:—

"They say that 'natural selection' has evolved moral conceptions from perceptions of what was useful, *i. e.*, pleasurable, by having through long ages preserved a predominating number of those individuals who have had a natural and spontaneous liking for practices and habits of mind useful to the race, and that the same power has destroyed a predominating number of those individuals who possessed a marked tendency to contrary practices. The descendants of individuals so preserved have, they say, come to inherit such a liking and such useful habits of mind, and that at last, (finding this inherited tendency thus existing in themselves, distinct from their tendency to self-gratification) they have become apt to regard it as fundamentally distinct, *innate*, and independent of all experience. In fact, according to this school, the idea of 'right' is only the result of the gradual accretion of useful predilections which, from time to time, arose in a series of ancestors naturally selected. In this way, 'morality' is, as it were, the congealed past experience of the race, and 'virtue' becomes no more than a sort of 'retrieving,' which the thus improved human animal practises by a perfected and inherited habit, regardless of self-gratification, just as the brute animal has acquired the habit of seeking prey and bringing it to his master, instead of devouring it himself."

It appears to us that this debasing and degrading view of man's morality is one, the refutation of which might safely be left to the innate feelings of the great bulk of mankind. That virtue is but a sort of *retrieving* is an opinion which is hopelessly at variance with the knowledge which, we should hope, most men intuitively possess as to their moral constitution. The theory, however, is one which must be met upon scientific grounds, and it is satisfactory to believe that the

balance of even strictly scientific evidence is decidedly opposed to it. We have not space here to enter into a discussion of the arguments which may be brought forward to prove man's possession of a moral sense, different *in kind* from anything possessed by any brute. It will suffice here to give in a summary form some of the leading objections urged against the Darwinian view of this question by Mr. St. George Mivart. This able writer rejects the view that man's moral sense is merely a developed form of a perception of what is useful, upon the following grounds:—

1. The utmost degree of morality which could be produced upon the strictest Darwinian principles by "natural selection," extends only to what is useful to the species or individual. The first perceptions, however, as to the propriety of many acts admittedly right would either have been useless to the species, or at any rate so slightly useful that they could never have been preserved and perpetuated by natural selection. In other words, "natural selection might possibly give rise to beneficial habits," but could never generate any genuine sense of right.

2. There is no possibility of accounting for the *beginnings* of perceptions which might ultimately be evolved into a moral sense.

3. Many actions admittedly right are certainly not useful to the community, at any rate in a savage condition (*e. g.*, the preservation of the aged and the infirm).

4. The present sense of right actually

and explicitly excludes the notion of expediency or of personal benefit.

5. The actions of brutes, even when good as regards their effect on the community, are "unaccompanied by mental acts of conscious will directed towards the fulfilment of duty;" and are, therefore, only *materially* moral, but not *formally* so.

6. It is wholly unnecessary to assume that man is endowed with any innate perception of *what particular acts are right*. It is quite enough to believe that he has an innate perception of there being a "higher" and a "lower."

We may, in conclusion, add that man's possession of a moral sense carries with it the melancholy pre-eminence that to man alone is it given to do wrong. Man alone of all created beings can offend against the laws of his organism, and on him alone of all animals is thrown the responsibility of choosing whether he will live according to the "higher" or the "lower" impulses of his nature. Other animals may offend against laws which *we* have laid down; but their offences are committed in obedience to the laws of their own organism. Other animals fulfil the laws of their being completely and "instinctively," having no power of departing from these laws. Man alone is enabled to determine when he ought not to act in obedience to the impulses of his appetites and passions. Man alone has free will, and man alone is conscious of its possession and of the duties which thereby devolve upon him.

THE MOCKING-BIRD.

BY CHAS. SANGSTER.

THE mocking-bird sits in the old apple-tree,
 Jovially, jauntily singing ;
 Who trills a daintier song than he ?
 With a wilder gush, or a deeper glee,
 Fresh from his glad heart springing ?
 Up steps my passionate oriole,
 And sings till you'd think the bird had a soul,
 So mellow, and deep, and rich the strain—
 Song-mist and sweet showers of music rain.

The mocking-bird hears, in the old apple-tree,
 The oriole's dainty singing,
 When all at once, like a master, he,
 My plain-dressed herald of minstrelsy,
 High up the maple springing,
 Pours forth a song just as full of soul
 As that of my passionate oriole :
 Wild and mellow, and deep and strong,
 He has every note of my dear bird's song.

He has a rare touch of grave humour, too :
 Up in the maple perching,
 Hiding, and singing a score of songs,
 Until the birds appear in throngs,
 Each for its own mate searching.
 Now like an absolute bird of prey,
 Scaring the terrified flock away ;
 Sudden the flutter, the flight absurd—
 Is he not laughing, the jovial bird ?

My robin peers out from his cage in the hall,
 Strutting, and fluting loudly ;
 Rapid and clear is his morning call,
 Graceful and cheering his madrigal,
 Bird never sung more proudly.
 Back to the apple-tree flies my thrush,
 Strikes a fine chord through the calm and hush,
 That follows my robin's melodious strain,
 And gives him his strophes all back again.

Bobolink whistles his treble note,
 Rossignol sings a minute ;
 Delicate airs up the ether float,
 Melody pours from each vocal throat,
 Tanager, jay and linnet.
 Let them all flutter in plumage bright,
 Warble and sing from morn till night,
 Still, my plain mocking-bird there in the tree
 Proves himself master of minstrelsy.

THE CAVALRY CHARGES AT SEDAN.—THE AUTUMN MANŒUVRES.—
THE MORAL THEY CONVEY.

BY LT.-COL. G. T. DENISON, JUNR.

THE years succeeding great wars have always been marked by an increased impetus given to military science and literature. The success of the victors and the causes which produced it, as well as the lessons taught by the failure of the vanquished, point out with equal force to those nations, which have occupied the position of bystanders, the faults to avoid and the reforms to adopt.

The victories of Frederick the Great caused his army to become the model for Europe, and revolutionized the tactical and to a certain extent the strategical science of war. His plummet line and pace-stick are still retained in modern armies, although, at the present day, we do not attain the precision of drill which gave to Frederick's army a power of tactical manœuvring which no other has ever acquired; although the system which arose out of it, and which required it, is a thing of the past. Napoleon also imprinted upon the warfare of his times the impetuous and dashing spirit of his military genius; while, in the Autumn Manœuvres just completed in England, we see the effect of the late war between France and Germany.

The English Government are taking a lesson from Prussia, and are imitating the field manœuvres by which the Prussians obtained that skill in the real practical work of campaigning which contributed so much to their success. The system hitherto adopted in our army has been simply ridiculous. Officers and men were taught with great care the routine of interior economy, elementary drill, field movements, &c., on rules laid down with mathematical precision. The

time devoted to duty was occupied in learning and continually repeating and practising complicated manœuvres conducted upon the most rigid rules. This was all right as far as it went, but instruction should not have ceased there, as it practically did. The system was bad in its results. The faculty of thought was never exercised, the power of reasoning never brought into play. On the contrary, they were distinctly and positively ignored and their use forbidden. Stolid obedience to orders, and a rigid adherence to routine and red tape were considered the highest type of military discipline and the best evidence of efficiency. The phrase "a soldier has no right to think" became a maxim the importance of which, it was supposed, could not be overrated.

The effect of this upon the intellect has never been properly appreciated. Officers living all their lives in an atmosphere where the repetition of apparently unmeaning duties forms the every-day occupation, where rule and line have laid down in advance the manner of performing every minute detail, cannot acquire that decisive, vigorous promptitude of judgment and fertility of resource so necessary in the ever-changing conditions of active operations. The greatest natural talents must certainly feel the depressing and rusting effect of want of exercise.

It is a common remark that old army officers or men rarely succeed in business undertakings in civil life; and it is as frequently said that life in the army, in time of peace, unfits men for ordinary employments outside of mere routine. How can it be otherwise with men carefully trained never to think?

Nothing could be more ill-judged than the present system. One might as well teach a child his alphabet, teach him every letter and its pronunciation, make him go over it day after day and year after year, and then on examination expect him to read without ever having taught him to spell, as to make officers repeat manœuvres year after year and expect them by inspiration to know how to apply them practically, in the ever-varying contingencies and trying straits of actual war. Sir Henry Lawrence well says, "No ; it is not elementary knowledge "such as barrack life or regimental parades "that can give that which is most essential "to a commander—it is *good sense, energy, "thoughtfulness and familiarity with inde-*
pendent action. * * * * *

"It is not by three times a day seeing "soldiers eat their rations, or by marching "round barrack squares, that officers learn "to be soldiers, much less generals."

One of the general officers in the late autumn campaign, speaking of the advantage of it to a correspondent of the "Times," said, "It teaches us to think,"—a remark almost pathetic in its honest simplicity.

The Prussians found out the secret of this weakness, and seem to have been the only nation to have seriously set themselves to remedy the evil. They invented a method of exercising their armies as near as possible approaching the real operations of war, by opposing two forces against each other, and by employing a staff of umpires to decide disputed points and to settle which side was entitled to the credit of the victory. There was a continual struggle of wits between the officers and men of the opposing forces, and consequently they were obliged to think, and to decide promptly and clearly their course of action in difficult and continually changing circumstances and conditions. Their practice-campaigns were in fact grand dress rehearsals of the part they afterwards played in earnest, and with such marvellous

success upon the plains of Bohemia and France.

We regret to find that almost all the English papers make the same complaint, that the manœuvres in Hampshire were not free enough—that even generals commanding were tied down to a great extent to certain fixed conditions. There seems to have been too much constraint—too little freedom and dash. It is nevertheless a matter of congratulation that a step has been taken in the right direction.

The lesson conveyed to England on this point, applies with equal force to us in Canada. We have a well drilled volunteer force, thoroughly equipped and armed and composed of active and intelligent young men ; but our staff officers are almost all imported from the regular service, and the whole English system, with its rules, regulations, manœuvres, uniforms and pipe-clay, has been adopted by us as closely as it can be imitated.

In the Camp at Niagara last June, there were assembled nearly 5,000 men, consisting of one regiment of cavalry, 3 field batteries and 11 battalions of infantry. The force was in excellent condition, and the regimental and company officers deserve the greatest credit for the strength, efficiency and general good appearance of their corps. The management of the camp, however, and the method of drilling adopted, formed a brilliant illustration of the old-fashioned principles of routine and red tape. The whole sixteen days were occupied in continually repeating parade and field movements. It was professed that everything was done "as if it were in actual war," yet there was no chain of outposts covering the camp as would be absolutely necessary before an enemy ; there were no videttes posted, no patrols sent out, no reconnoitring or scouting duty explained or taught. There seemed to be no attempt made to instruct the force in those duties of covering a camp, a bivouac or a line of march, on the proper

performance of which their safety would depend during nineteen days out of every twenty of active hostilities.

Our authorities should take advantage of the experience of the late war in this particular, and give our volunteers an opportunity of learning, by field campaigning with umpires, those practical duties, the knowledge of which is so necessary to the safety of an army in the field.

The war seems also to have settled conclusively the hitherto vexed question as to the inutility of cavalry of the line in modern warfare. Heavy cavalry has been continually decreasing in value in the same ratio as the weapons for the projection of missiles have been improved. Before the invention of gunpowder, the cavalry then (under the feudal system) composed of knights and men-at-arms, formed the main portion of armies, and infantry were practically powerless to oppose them.

The invention of gunpowder gave the infantry a projectile weapon of far greater range and power. About the middle of the 16th century, the Spanish musquet was invented. It was a large unwieldy weapon, fired from a rest with a cushion or pad to relieve the force of the recoil. Its bullets pierced the best coats of mail. The Duke of Alva introduced it into the war in Flanders about the year 1550, and, soon afterwards, opinion so completely changed that defensive armour was for a time looked upon with contempt. Cavalry were consequently much lightened in their equipment, in order to increase their mobility and enable them to diminish the effect of the bullets as much as possible, by shortening by increased speed the interval between their arriving within range of fire and the moment of contact in the charge.

Cuirasses were afterwards re-introduced, and have been often used since that date. It is stated that Gustavus Adolphus, at the battle of Leipsig, could not conceal his uneasiness when he compared the accoutre-

ments of Pappenheim's cavalry, who were completely cased in armour, with his own, who were for the most part destitute of such protection. The result proved that these iron-clad warriors were more formidable in appearance than in reality.

Maurice of Nassau, Prince of Orange, gave cuirasses to his cavalry, but it was as a protection against the Spanish lancers. We find also that the cavalry of Frederick the Great comprised 13 regiments of cuirassiers, 12 of dragoons and 10 of hussars. But Seidlitz, his great cavalry general, does not appear to have had much confidence in his cuirassiers. General Warnery, his bosom friend and compeer, in his "*Remarques sur la Cavalerie*," published in 1781, says, "Seidlitz, whose regiment ought for the useful (*pour le solide*) to serve as a model to all the cavalry of the universe, Seidlitz, I say, admitted that, in a march of moderate length, he could not with his regiment resist 600 good hussars."

The Emperor Napoleon revived the heavy cuirassier at the commencement of the Empire, by giving cuirasses to several of his cavalry regiments, and by decree of the 24th December, 1809, he also gave them to the regiments of carabineers.

Great as is Napoleon's authority on all military questions, his opinion on this point is now entirely out of date. From the first use of gunpowder, for some three hundred years, the infantry musket had not attained any great perfection of precision, rapidity or range. The flint-lock muskets of Napoleon's era, were much the same as they had been since their invention, which took place so far back as 1630, and were not much more deadly than the matchlock which preceded them. It is only of late years that rifles have been brought into use, which seem to have arrived at perfection of aim, range and rapidity of fire. These rifles render it almost impossible for cavalry to charge over the space which intervenes between a line of infantry and the extreme

range of their weapons, without being destroyed in the attempt.

Cavalry officers have lately theorized to a great extent upon the question of the effect of the breech-loading rifle upon the future employment of heavy cavalry. Some of them admit that, under most circumstances, charges of cavalry against the long-range rifle could not be made, but hold the view that contingencies must occur and chances arise where the impetuous charge would be followed with great results. We have shut our eyes too long to the fact that while the speed of the horse and weight of the man have remained stationary, the precision of aim, length of range, and rapidity of fire of the new rifle have increased to such an extent, as to destroy the conditions which formerly made cavalry charges so important an element in winning battles.

An article in the "Saturday Review" of the 7th October last, on "the tactical lessons of the Autumn Campaign," is a good illustration of the theories held on this question of cavalry charges. It says:—

"We have learnt that cavalry of every description is as necessary a component of an army as it ever was, but that it must be handled and organized in a new fashion. At present our cavalry leaders are but mere apprentices, and the glorious arm at their disposal was in the recent campaign rather an incumbrance to the army than otherwise. In the intervals between the battles, the light cavalry very imperfectly performed their duty as purveyor of intelligence, and on the day of battle, the chief object of every one appeared to be to get our squadrons out of the way, both of harm and of the other branches of the service. It is very evident that masses of cavalry will for the future be only used exceptionally, and that they must be kept in reserve until the decisive moment. * *

"By a sudden swoop on the flank, however, or even a direct attack, where from the nature of the ground, the enemy's fire

"cannot take effect until within 200 yards' distance, great things are still to be effected. In the concluding battle of our sham campaign, we had a proof of this. A body of cavalry suddenly appeared on the brow of a hill and dashed at the skirmishers of the 42nd Highlanders, who, startled at the apparition, hastily proceeded to form rallying squares. The dragoons were, however, upon them before they could complete the movement, and had the contest been a real one, would have sabred them to a man. The Highlanders have been blamed for forming squares. They ought, it is said, to have remained steady, and have trusted to the effect of their fire. Setting aside, however, the moral effect of the sudden appearance of a body of horsemen charging down at full speed, the Highlanders could not at the outside have fired more than twice, and that hurriedly, and, under any circumstances, they would have been annihilated."

The above is the most common theory on this subject. We will now quote an account of the French cavalry charges at Sedan, from a letter received by the writer of this article from a distinguished officer who was with the Prussian army during the earlier battles of the war. This officer, who has himself seen much service, says:

"The question of cavalry charging infantry with breech-loaders is, I think, settled conclusively by this campaign. Wherever it has been tried—by the 8th and 9th French cuirassiers at Woerth, by the 7th Prussian cuirassiers at Vionville, on the 16th of August, or by the two French Light Cavalry brigades on their extreme left at Sedan—the result has been the same—a fearful loss of life with no result whatever.

"General Sheridan was an attentive eye-witness of the four charges made by the French Light Cavalry, at Sedan, and gave me a most minute account of them. I examined the ground most carefully only

" thirty hours after, while the dead men and
 " horses all lay there, so that I formed as
 " correct an idea of it as if I had seen it.—
 " The first charge delivered by the 1st
 " French Huzzars, was made under the most
 " favourable circumstances possible. They
 " were very well handled. As the Prussian
 " infantry skirmishers, in advance of the main
 " body, came over the hill behind which they
 " had been waiting, they were led round
 " under cover of the brow till they got com-
 " pletely *in rear* of, and on the right flank of
 " the skirmishers. They thus got within one
 " hundred yards of them before they were
 " seen, and then charged most gallantly, sweep-
 " ing down the whole line. But, even under
 " these advantageous circumstances, the
 " charge had no result worth speaking of.—
 " The Germans ran into knots and opened
 " fire; a very few who ran to the rear, say
 " twenty-five or thirty, were cut down. On
 " the other hand, the fire of these clumps
 " and rallying squares completely destroyed
 " the huzzars. The two rear squadrons
 " wisely swerved off and regained the shelter
 " of the hill. Those who went down the
 " line were all killed, wounded, or driven
 " down on the Prussian side of the slope
 " into a village and there captured. It did
 " not delay the advance of the Prussian in-
 " fantry five minutes. The succeeding
 " charges made by the 1st, 3rd, and 4th
 " Regiments of Chasseurs d'Afrique, and the
 " 6th Chasseurs came to nothing, though
 " they were most gallantly and perseveringly
 " made. The Prussians simply waited for
 " them in line till they got to one hun-
 " dred and fifty yards, and then just mowed
 " them down with volleys. They were shot
 " down before they could get within 50 yards.
 " It was a useless, purposeless slaughter. It
 " had, practically, no result whatever. The
 " hill side was literally covered with their
 " dead, and the bodies of their little grey Arab
 " horses. These two brigades of five regiments
 " must have lost quite 350 killed, besides
 " their wounded and prisoners. There can

" be no greater calumny than to say they
 " did not charge home. General Sheridan as-
 " sured me they behaved most nobly, coming
 " up again and again at the signal to charge.

" They were sheltered from fire till the
 " last moment, were carefully handled, and
 " skilfully and bravely led. The ground
 " they charged over was not more than four
 " hundred yards, yet the result was virtually
 " their destruction as a military body, with-
 " out any effect whatever.

" I took great pains to ascertain the facts.
 " A friend of mine, whom I had known in
 " Africa ten years before, was a major com-
 " manding two squadrons of one of these
 " regiments. He showed me the roll of
 " his two squadrons, with each man's name
 " marked off. The result was fifty-eight men
 " of all ranks left effective, out of two hun-
 " dred and sixteen that went into action.—
 " The whole time they were under musketry
 " fire must have been under a quarter of an
 " hour. So much for charging against breech-
 " loaders."

A comparison between the circumstances
 of the charge on the skirmishers of the 42nd
 Highlanders and this charge on the Prussian
 skirmishers will show the parallel in the two
 cases to have been almost complete. They
 form a good illustration of the difference be-
 tween theory and practice.

The fact is our Cavalry force must be re-
 organized. The Life Guards, splendid men
 and well horsed as they undoubtedly are,
 are nevertheless mere relics of the feudal
 age in their equipments. Imposing in their
 appearance upon peaceful parades, and as
 escorts in State ceremonials they may be;
 but they are useless in modern warfare,
 loaded down as they are by armour designed
 as a protection against missiles long since
 disused. One of the old German Emperors
 is said to have remarked that " armour pro-
 tects the wearer and prevents him from in-
 juring others." The first part of this saying
 no longer holds good, but the latter is almost
 as appropriate as ever.

There is another element in modern warfare not always considered that will materially affect this question. In the time of Frederick the Great, when Cavalry reached the highest point, and exercised the greatest influence on the result of actions, armies fought on open fields, pioneers levelled the ground, made roads for the columns, and removed obstructions; and one could overlook a whole battle-field. In the future, the deadly effect of the Infantry weapons will necessitate a careful attention on the part of officers to avoid level plains and to obtain cover for their men. Armies will rather choose broken and intersected country for their operations, than where no protection or cover can be obtained. The spade will be more used than ever, and breastworks will often be employed, and in such situations Cavalry cannot make effective charges.

Sooner or later, heavy Cavalry will have to be done away with, but the late civil war in America, fought over a country much like our own, has shown that there is looming up in the future a species of light cavalry—the Mounted Riflemen—which is destined to play a great part in the wars of the future. A force of this nature properly equipped, and armed and drilled so as to give them the greatest possible advantage from the improvements in fire-arms, will be a most useful auxiliary to armies, not only in lines of battle where they might in case of need be used dismounted, as they were continually during the war in the Southern States, but more particularly in partizan warfare, reconnoitring, outpost duty, and all that which the French include under the term "*Les opérations secondaires de la guerre.*"

It has been often said that Canada is so much cut up with fences and woods that Cavalry could never operate in it. This is doubtless true with reference to heavy Cavalry, but the same statement does not apply to Mounted Rifles. It is in intersected, broken and partially wooded country that the mounted riflemen can operate to the greatest

advantage where their movements can be concealed, their horses kept under cover, and their sharpshooters obtain protection.

Canada is peculiarly suited to this style of fighting, and it is a gratifying reflection that this arm of the service is especially adapted to defensive warfare, which is the only kind of hostilities that we are ever likely to be engaged in. Although there is no service which requires so much individual intelligence, we have as good material from which to organize a force of Mounted Rifles as can be found in any part of the world. In the young farmers of this country we find a class owning their farms, accustomed to out-door life, and possessing, in addition to physique and intelligence, two great qualifications for a dragoon, namely, a good seat on a horse, and a general knowledge of the use of the rifle. A small amount of drill and a little practical training in outpost and reconnoitring duty, would make these young men a most valuable force for defensive war.

The value of such a force swarming around an invading army cannot be overestimated. We can hardly over-rate the assistance given by the Uhlans to the Prussian invading columns, nevertheless they would have been infinitely more useful had they been trained and armed as mounted riflemen. As soon as the French *franc-tireurs* were organized this was clearly shown, for the Uhlans were afterwards always accompanied by bodies of Infantry, who were required to dislodge those partizans from villages and woods where the Cavalry could not reach them mounted. On the other hand, Bazaine was shut up in Metz on account of the inefficiency of his light Cavalry, who failed to warn him of his right flank being turned and his communication being threatened, until it was too late for him to retreat.

Applying these examples to ourselves, it is evidently important that we should have a strong body of Light Cavalry in

Canada. Our present force is entirely too weak in proportion to the other branches of the Service. Jomini says Cavalry should constitute one-sixth of an army. Gen. MacDougall, in his "Theory of War," says one-fourth. We have positively less than one-thirtieth, and that in a country where a large number of our Infantry volunteers actually ride their horses to drill, and leave them tied to fences and under driving sheds while they are being taught Infantry manoeuvres in the drill rooms.

The late war, as well as the wars in the Crimea, in Italy, Denmark, and Austria have taught us another lesson. They have shown that the millennium has not yet arrived.— They have shown that the security of States depends mainly on their own inherent strength and determination, and upon their warlike skill and preparation for defence. We have a great future before us, if we can but preserve our independence as a people.

The northern portion of this continent is destined to be the home of a great and powerful nationality. It is our duty therefore, now, in the youth of our Dominion, while it is gathering strength under the protection of the Mother-country to lay the foundations of military power. As long as our people are defensively warlike, we have the best safeguard for peace. It is our duty to let other nations see that while we desire to live on friendly terms with our neighbours and with the whole world, nevertheless if any attempt be made to deprive us of our independence and our national existence, it will be met by the whole energies of a determined and united people, organized, armed and led so as to give the utmost possible effect to our small population. A thorough organization, and a confident, self-reliant spirit is all that is required to secure the peace which we all desire.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF SCIENCE.

FROM THE OPENING OF THE SECOND BOOK OF LUCRETIVS.

'TIS sweet, when tempests lash the tossing main,
 Another's peril from the shore to see ;
 Not that we draw delight from other's pain,
 But in their ills feel our security :
 'Tis sweet to view ranged on the battle plain
 The warring hosts, ourselves from danger free :
 But sweeter still to stand upon the tower
 Reared in serener air by wisdom's power ;
 Thence to look down upon the wandering ways
 Of men that blindly seek to live aright,
 See them waste sleepless nights and weary days,
 Sweat in Ambition's press, that to the height
 Of power and glory they themselves may raise.
 O minds misguided and devoid of light,
 In what a coil, how darkling do ye spend
 This lease of being that so soon must end !

Fools ! What doth nature crave ? A painless frame,
 Therewith a spirit void of care or fear.
 Calm Ease and true Delight are but the same.
 What, if for thee no golden statues rear
 The torch to light the midnight feast, nor flame
 The long-drawn palace courts with glittering gear,
 Nor roofs of fretted gold with music ring,
 Yet hast thou all things that true pleasure bring—

Pleasure like theirs that 'neath the spreading tree
 Beside the brook, on the soft greensward lie,
 In kindly circle feasting cheerfully
 On simple dainties, while the sunny sky
 Smiles on their sport and flowrets deck the lea,
 Boon summer over all. Will fevers fly
 The limbs that toss on purple and brocade
 Sooner than those on poor men's pallets laid ?

And as to chase the body's ills away
 Wealth, birth and kingly majesty are vain,
 So is it with the mind's disease : array
 Thy mail-clad legions on the swarming plain,
 Bid them deploy, wheel, charge in mimic fray,
 As though one soul moved all the mighty train,
 With war's full pomp and circumstance : will all
 Set free the mind to dreadful thoughts a thral ?

Crowd ocean with thy fleets, a thousand sail ;
 Will thy armada banish from the breast
 The fear of death ? If then of no avail
 Are all these baubles, if the soul's unrest
 Yields not to bristling spear or clashing mail,
 If haunting Care climbs an unbidden guest
 To Power's most awful seat, and mocks his gown
 Of gorgeous purple and his radiant crown—

Delay no longer Reason's aid to try,
 Since Reason's aid alone can mend our plight
 That walk in darkness, and, like babes that cry
 With silly terror in the lonesome night
 At their own fancy's bugbears, oftentimes fly,
 Mere grown-up babes, from bugbears of the light.
 These shadows not the glittering shafts of day,
 Must chase, but Science with more sovran ray.

G. S.

CURIOSITIES OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.

WASHINGTON AND JUMONVILLE.

BY W. J. ANDERSON, LL.D., QUEBEC.

IN his second series of *Maple Leaves*, published in 1864, M. Lemoine gives a very interesting paper under this heading, taken from the New York *Historical Magazine*, which may be looked upon as a review of de Gaspé's account of the same affair, as given in his *Les Anciens Canadiens*. M. Lemoine also has given under the title, "Defeat of Washington at Fort Necessity," Bell's translation of Garneau's account of that affair, preceding it by his view of the Jumonville *rencontre* also.

As M. de Gaspé has concluded his statement by asking the reader to judge, whether he has not succeeded in rescuing his grandfather's memory from the accusation of being a spy, we shall, by and by, return to his interesting and generous attempt.

We shall then be in a better position to decide "whether there is a discrepancy, easily explained," between the tradition of his family "and the truth of history." In the meantime, to be in a position really to understand the question at issue, which is *not*, was Jumonville a spy, but was Washington guilty of *guet à pens*, a cold blooded murder, we will state the actual position of affairs, before this first act in what has been called the *Seven Years' War*.

In 1753 the Ohio Company opened a road from Virginia into the Ohio Valley, and established a plantation at Shurtie's Creek. France and England were then at peace. There was no friendly feeling between the colonists of the two nations, but a jealousy of each other's encroachments, particularly on the Ohio, which was claimed by both. Duquesne, then Governor General of *New France*, was aware of the

objects of the Ohio Company and resolved to defeat them. Early in the spring, he sent a strong body of troops and Indians from Monireal, to reinforce the western posts and establish forts in the Valley of the Ohio. These were met at Niagara by an envoy from the Six Nations, who warned them not to proceed. On the other hand, the aid of Sir Wm. Johnston was solicited to assist in repelling the French encroachment. The French commander disregarded the warning, and established fortified posts at Erie, Waterford, and Uenango. On this, Dinwiddie, Governor of Virginia, selected George Washington, then just of age, to proceed to Uenango, and demand the reasons for the invasion of the British territories in a time of peace. Washington was accompanied by Christopher Gist, agent of the Ohio Company, an interpreter and four attendants, making a company of seven. On his way he attended a council of Delawares and Shawnees, when it was resolved that a deputation should accompany Washington, and again require the French to quit the territory. On arriving at Uenango the message was delivered, and the French made no secret of their intention to take possession of the whole valley. Washington from thence proceeded to Waterford, and St. Pierre, the commander, at once replied to his summons, "I am here by orders to which I shall strictly conform. I am ordered to seize every Englishman in the valley of the Ohio; and I shall certainly do it." Washington turned his face homewards, and leaving all but Gist at Uenango, steered by aid of his compass across the country. They suffered much hardship, and Washington made a

narrow escape for his life, having been fired at by a lurking Indian at only fifteen paces. Luckily the Indian missed and was captured by Washington, who, strange to say, notwithstanding the protestation of Gist, spared and released him. They arrived safely at Shurtie's Creek, and the Ohio Company at once commenced the building of a Fort at the *Fork*, and Washington proceeded to Alexandria to recruit. He received from Dinwiddie a Lieut.-Colonelcy of a regiment of one hundred and fifty men "self-willed and ungovernable," and was instructed to join him at the *Fork*, and "*to make prisoners, kill or destroy all who interrupted the English settlements.*" Washington proceeded with due despatch, but before he could reach Mill's Creek, the French, under Contrecoeur, had compelled the English at the *Fork*, thirty-three in number, to capitulate and withdraw. Contrecoeur occupied and fortified the post, which he called *Fort Duquesne* in honour of the Governor-General.

An Indian Chief, known as *Half King*, sent word to Washington to hasten to his assistance, with this warning, "Be on your guard, the French intend to strike the first English whom they shall see." The next day Washington was informed that the French were only eighteen miles distant, at the crossing of the *Youghiogony*. He hastened to the Big Meadows, where he hurriedly threw up an intrenchment, forming what he called "a charming field for an encounter." He then sent out scouts, and on the morning of the 28th of May, Gist brought in information that he had seen the trail of the French within five miles of the post. About 9 a.m. of the same day, *Half King* also sent a messenger to say that the French were lurking in the neighbourhood. Bancroft, the American historian, says, "*that by the rules of wilderness warfare, a party skulking or riding, is an enemy.*" Washington, who, though young, well understood this warfare, marched in the darkness

of night and in rain, single file, through the woods and joined *Half King*, when it was decided to go together and at once attack the invaders. Two Indians discovered their lodgment away from the path, and concealed among the rocks. This was at 7 a.m., and arrangements were immediately made with the Indian chiefs to fall upon them by surprise. Seeing the English approach, the French flew to arms, when Washington gave the word "Fire"; at the same time discharging his own musket. An action of about a quarter of an hour ensued: ten of the French with Jumonville were killed, and twenty-one were made prisoners. This is the substance of the story of this tragedy as related by Bancroft and McMullen. According to the horrid practice then prevalent in American warfare, the dead were all scalped by the Indians, and a scalp sent to each of the tribes urging them to rise.

Here is the account given by Garneau:—"M. de Contrecoeur received intelligence that a large corps of British were advancing against them, led by Col. Washington. He forthwith charged M. Jumonville to meet the latter, and admonish him to retire from what was French territory. Jumonville set out with an escort of thirty men; his orders were to be on his guard against a surprise, the country being in a state of commotion, and the aborigines looking forward for war; accordingly his night campaigns were attended by great precaution. On May 17th, at evening tide, he had retired into a deep and obscure valley, when some savages, prowling about, discovered his little troop, and informed Washington of its being near to his line of route. The latter marched all night in order to come unawares upon the French. At daybreak he attacked them suddenly; Jumonville was killed along with nine of his men. French reporters of what passed on the occasion declared that a trumpeter made a sign to the British that he bore a letter addressed to them by his

commandant; *that the firing ceased*, and it was only *after he began to read* the message which he bore, *that the firing recommenced*.

"Washington affirmed on the contrary that he was at the head of his column; that at the sight of him the French ran to take up arms, and that it was *false to say* Jumonville announced himself to be a messenger. It is probable there may be truth in both versions of the story; for the collision being precipitate, great confusion ensued. Washington resumed his march, but tremblingly, from a besetting fear of falling into an ambushade. The death of Jumonville did *not cause* the war which ensued, but only hastened it."

We do not always agree with Garneau, but we willingly accept this as a reasonable and strictly impartial statement of the case; but we must also hear what de Gaspé has to say. He tells us that many years after the conquest, and when Col. Malcolm Fraser had become an intimate friend of his family, his grandfather was discussing with him the question of the devastations in which he had borne a part, and that he had excused himself by saying, "*à la guerre comme à la guerre*. How could we help it, my dear friend, war is war." When his grandmother, who was present, spoke, saying "War is war, but was it fair to kill my brother Jumonville, as Washington your countryman did at Fort Necessity?" "Ah, Madam," replied Fraser, "for mercy's sake, do not for the honour of the English, ever again mention *that atrocious murder*." De Gaspé goes on to say, "I once slightly reproached our celebrated historian M. Garneau, with passing lightly over that horrible assassination. He replied that it was a delicate subject, and that the great shade of Washington hovered over the writer, or something of that kind." This might be, but that he felt it incumbent on him to clear the memory of his great uncle Jumonville, because the tradition in his family was, "Jumonville presented himself as the bearer of a sum-

mons requiring Major Washington, commandant of Fort Necessity," to evacuate that post erected on French territory, that he raised a flag of truce, showed his despatches, and that nevertheless the English commander ordered his men to fire on him and his small escort, and that Jumonville fell dead with a part of those who accompanied him."

After admitting and endeavouring to explain the discrepancy of introducing Fort Necessity, which did not exist, till *de post facto*, he asserts that it had no bearing on the question of the assassination, and adds, "No one is more disposed than myself to render justice to the great qualities of the American hero," and that, in discussing it with his family, he had been in the habit of excusing Washington on account of youth, and expatiating on his virtues and humanity, and was only compelled to draw the deplorable event from oblivion, when Washington made it necessary, by seeking to clear himself, by publishing several years after the catastrophe a memoir, in which he blackened Jumonville's reputation, by asserting that he had been prowling for several days around their post, and that he had to consider him as a *spy*. On reading carefully M. de Gaspé's statement and reflecting that the unhappy event occurred in 1754, that Garneau first wrote in 1845, and that M. de Gaspé himself did not publish his account till nearly a century after the event, when he himself was in extreme old age, we cannot but think that his formerly clear intellect and honourable mind had begun to be clouded. We shall for the present leave M. de Gaspé, but it will be necessary to quote one more passage, because we shall have to refer to it by and by: "Washington should never have signed a capitulation where the words assassin and assassination are thrown in his face."

We could not understand the meaning of this sentence till we read the capitulation itself, which will be found in Dussieux' "*Le*

Canada sous la Domination Française," published in Paris, 1862. We will refer to it in due course, but wish, in the first place, to give a summary of the affair as related by Dussieux, who tells us that the authority for his statements will be found in unpublished documents in the Archives of the Marine and War Departments in Paris. His relation of the state of things in Europe and America, at the commencement of 1754, accords with the statement at the commencement of this paper. We will commence, however, at the point where Contrecoeur commissioned Jumonville to carry the summons to the English to withdraw from the Ohio. He commences by assigning as the reason, why he, the simple bearer of a flag, was attended with an escort of thirty-four men, that he had to traverse, though in French territory, forests which were frequented by hostile Indians. He then states that Jumonville was surprised about 7 a. m., of the 28th, "by Washington's command; he was killed with nine others, and the rest were either taken prisoners or escaped. That this was probably the result of a system pursued by the English colonists, and that the murder of Jumonville was caused by an error or failure in taking proper precautions to ascertain the character of the party, as alleged by English writers." He admits that Governor Dinwiddie asserted "that Washington had done no more than his duty in protecting the territories of His Majesty; that Jumonville had entirely departed from the ordinary practice of the bearer of a flag of truce, and, that if Washington had committed any fault in attacking him, it could only be charged as an imprudence."

He then quotes Bancroft, but as his quotation accords with our own, we need not repeat it. He concludes the English side by citing Washington's letters, wherein he says "that he considered the English territories invaded by the French, and that active war existed, as they had attacked and taken Ensign Ward prisoner; that he was ordered

to advance and repel the invaders, who on seeing his party, rushed to their arms; that, on his giving the order to fire, a combat of a quarter of an hour ensued, in which the French had ten men killed or wounded, and twenty-one taken prisoners; that he had one man killed and three wounded; that it was utterly false that Jumonville made any attempt to make it known that he was the bearer of a flag; and that there was no murder, but that it was a surprise and skirmish, common in fair warfare."

Dussieux, having thus made known the sentiments of "the enemy," then refers to French documents, especially to Contrecoeur's letter to the Governor General, to the effect that, "at seven in the morning, they were surrounded, and after two discharges of musketry by the English, Jumonville, through an interpreter, intimated that he had something to say. The firing ceased; and the Indians who were present say, that while he was reading the summons, he was shot in the head, and that unless they had rushed forward to prevent it, the English would have cut the whole party to pieces."

It is to be borne in mind that Contrecoeur is writing of Indians in Washington's party; Jumonville's escort consisting solely of Canadians.

Then we have the testimony of L'Abbé de L'isle de Dieu, who wrote to the Minister of Marine that he had heard, "that, when it was known that the English were on the march, an officer, with thirty-four men, was sent to summon them to retire, and that, while he was reading the summons, he was fired upon, and himself and seven others killed and the rest made prisoners; and that it was very evident that it was a cold-blooded murder." Duquesne, writing to the Minister, says, "I have assumed a great responsibility in not sending forth fire and sword, after the unjustifiable attack on Jumonville's party." Dussieux likewise says that Berger and Parent, two of Jumonville's party who had been taken prisoners,

and were returned to France in 1755, confirmed all the circumstances of the assassination, and he sums up by giving Vaudreuil's letter to the Minister, from which we extract the four following paragraphs :

"1st. That nine men with M. de Jumonville were assassinated by Colonel *Wemcheston*, and his troop of Indians and New Englanders.

"2nd. That M. Drouillon, officer, two cadets and eleven Canadians were sent to London.

"3rd. That Sieur Laforce, an excellent and brave Canadian, was detained a prisoner in Virginia.

"4th. That six other Canadians were sent to Martinique ; two of whom, on their return, had informed him of the cruelties which had been practised on them by the English."

Further, Dussieux mentions that the affair produced a profound sensation in France and Europe, and that, four years after, Thomas published a poem in four Cantos, entitled *Jumonville*, in which were given all the traditions, which he was now making known, and that even Voltaire could not restrain himself, but wrote to the Marquis de Courtivron :—"As to the English, I have heard nothing more since they *assassinated* our officers in America, and have become pirates at sea."

Before we make any comments we prefer to give some account of what immediately followed, and which must be looked upon as a natural sequence. After his *rencontre* with Jumonville, Washington, while waiting for reinforcements which he immediately sent for, employed himself in making a road. The expected aid did not arrive, but he was at length joined by an independent company from South Carolina. McKay, the Captain of this, as he held his commission direct from the King, refused to recognize the authority of the Virginian commander, and declined to serve under him. In the meantime Contrecoeur, determined on vengeance, collected a force of six hundred

Canadians and one hundred Indians, whom he placed under the command of Coulon de Villiers, brother of Jumonville, and according to Dussieux, gave him orders to proceed at once to attack the English and to destroy them altogether if he could, or in part, in order to avenge the *assassination* which had been committed, in violation of the most sacred laws of civilized nations. That should the English have retired, he was to follow them as far as, in his judgment, the honour of the King's arms required, and in case he found them intrenched and saw that he was not able to attack them, then he was to ravage the country; but notwithstanding the unheard-of crime of Washington, he on his part was recommended to be guilty of no cruelty, but that if he should be able to meet and defeat them, and take any prisoners, he was to send one of them to announce to the English commander, that, if he would retire from the territory and surrender the prisoners he had taken, the French troops would be ordered not to regard them for the future as enemies. This order is dated Fort Duquesne, 28th June, just one month after the first *rencontre*.

Washington, not having received the reinforcements he had applied for, was unable to advance on Fort Duquesne as originally intended, but fell back on the stockade at the Great Meadows, which had been named Fort Necessity. Little judgment had been shown by him in the selection of this spot, for though the ground round the stockade had been cleared for the space of sixty yards, it was completely commanded by two eminences clothed with wood. All authorities, French and English, agree on this. These eminences were taken possession of by the enemy on the morning of the 3rd July, and every soldier found there shelter, from which he could in perfect safety, fire on the occupants of the Fort beneath. The assault was at once made and, according to Bancroft, was maintained for nine hours in the midst of heavy rain. Thirty of the Eng-

lish had fallen, and only three of the French, when Jumonville, fearing that his ammunition would give out, proposed a parley.—Bancroft continues, “The terms of capitulation which were offered were interpreted to Washington who did not understand French, and, as interpreted, were accepted, and on the 4th of July the English garrison, retaining all its effects, withdrew from the basin of the Ohio.”

We now let Dussieux speak again; “M. Villiers conducted matters with great energy. Fort Necessity was defended by five hundred English and nine pieces of cannon, and after ten hours’ combat in heavy rain, our musketry forced the English cannon to cease fire. The English had ninety either killed or mortally wounded, and a great many slightly, and they resolved to capitulate.

“We have come, said M. de Villiers to Washington, to avenge an assassination, not to imitate it.”

We have before us the text of the capitulation, and, under all the circumstances, we cannot suppose, that there will be anywhere found such another document.

De Gaspé tells us that when Jumonville’s affair became known, “a cry of horror and indignation resounded through all Canada, and even Europe,” and Contrecoeur at once despatched de Villiers to avenge his brother’s assassination. How was it done? De Villiers had a superior force; his enemies, including the chief culprit, were overcome and completely in his power, if we are to credit one of the accounts. Did he avail himself of his position and hang Washington as he ought, if he believed him to be the cold-blooded villain which it is asserted he was? No! says the magnanimous brother, “*I have come to avenge an assassination, not to imitate it.*”

Here is how he avenged it, according to the text of the capitulation, which is signed as follows: James McKay, George Washington, Coulon Villiers.

“As it is our intention not to disturb the

peace and good understanding at present existing between two friendly princes, but only to *avenge an assassination* of an officer, the bearer of a message and his escort, and also to prevent any establishment on the territories of my master the King.

“From these considerations I am willing to accord grace to the English in the Fort on the following conditions:—

“Art. 1st.—The English Commander will be permitted to withdraw, with the whole garrison, and to return in peace to his own country, and we undertake to prevent any insult from the French, and, so far as we can, from the Indians who are with us.

“Art. 2nd.—We permit them to depart, carrying with them everything that belongs to them, with the exception of Artillery which we reserve.

“Art. 3rd.—We accord them the honours of war; they shall march out with colours flying and one small piece of artillery, as we wish to prove that we desire to treat them as friends.

“Art. 4th.—When both parties shall have signed the capitulation, the English flag shall be lowered.

“Art. 5th.—To-morrow at sunrise a French detachment shall take possession of the Fort.”

The sixth Article recites, that, as the English had but few horses and oxen, they were free to put their effects *en cache*, leaving as guards any number that they chose, till such time as they could collect sufficient animals for transport, giving their parole not to erect any work, during one year counting from that date.

“Art. 7th.—As the English have in their power, an officer, two cadets, and other prisoners made at the time of the *assassination* of Jumonville, they promise to return these with a safeguard to Fort Duquesne on the Ohio, and, in surety for the performance of this Article, as well as of the treaty generally, MM. Jacob Van Braam and Robert Stobo, both captains, will remain as

hostages, till the return of the aforementioned French and Canadians. We oblige ourselves on the other part, to send back, in safety, the two officers left with us, in two months and a half, etc., etc."

This was signed in duplicate.

It has been remarked that Captain McKay's signature preceded that of Washington, by which it would appear that he had asserted his right of precedence, as a Royal officer.

M. de Gaspé says that Washington should never have signed such a capitulation. His friends assert that he never did. Or, if he did, that a fraud had been practised on him, as he did not know a word of French till many years after. But the capitulation is inconsistent with itself. It permitted a man charged with an atrocious, cold-blooded murder, to march out with all the honours of war, "as they wished to prove their desire to treat them as friends." This capitulation, too, is granted by the brother of the murdered man, who was specially sent in command, that he might avenge his brother's blood which was crying from the ground.—The history of the world does not afford such another instance of Christian conduct. Is any reliance to be placed on the testimony of Indians, who had most probably been active participators in the slaughter? We have read many instances of the whites being unable to restrain their Indian allies, but this is the first case in which we are told that, unless the Indians had rushed forward to prevent it, the whole of Jumonville's party would have been cut to pieces. Dussieux is evidently incorrect as to the numbers under McKay and Washington. He says there were 500; another French Canadian historian, Garneau, says 400. We have no means at present of ascertaining the exact amount. All we know is that Washington had under him one hundred and fifty men. The number of Captain McKay's Independent Company is not stated; Lord Mahon says the whole force was 400. It is

curious to note how completely Garneau differs from Bancroft, Dussieux and others in his narration. He says, "Contrecoeur, on learning the tragic end of Jumonville, resolved to avenge his death at once. He put six hundred Canadians and one hundred savages, under the orders of the victim's brother, M. de Villiers, who started directly. Villiers found on his arrival at the scene of the late skirmish, the corpses of several Frenchmen; and near by, in a plain, the British drawn up in battle order, and ready to receive the shock. At Villiers' first movement to attack them, they fell back on some intrenchments which they had formed and armed with nine pieces of artillery. Villiers had to combat forces under shelter while his own were uncovered. The issue of the battle was doubtful for some time; but the Canadians fought with so much ardour, that they silenced the British cannon with their musketry, and, after a struggle of ten hours' duration, obliged the enemy to capitulate so as to be spared an assault. The discomfited British engaged to return the way they came; but they did not return in like order, for their retrograde march was so precipitate, that they abandoned all, even their flag." Whom are we to credit?*

In closing this paper we wish to say, that as neither of the parties had power to declare war or peace, the articles of capitulation, even had they contained nothing which could be objected to, were of no effect, and according to the interpretation of public law were in no respect binding. On the contrary, in such cases, the government of the country of either party objecting, required and commanded its subjects to pay no respect to it, but to act as if they had never been parties to it. We mention this here as it may have something to do in forming our estimate of the conduct of Robert Stobo, whose case we next propose to bring under review.

* Garneau also says that the British loss was 58 and the French 73.

PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.

Nessun maggior dolore
 Che ricordarsi del tempo felice,
 Nella miseria.

Dante: L'Inferno, V. 41.

BY JOHN READE.

Author of "The Prophecy of Merlin and other Poems."

I NESTLED in the quick, warm breast of Hope
 And saw, as in a mirror-telescope,
 A wide and happy prospect—star on star
 Of golden promise, glittering afar,
 Till night was gemmed with glory.

Then there came
 From the abyss of heaven a meteor flame
 Of dazzling beauty, brighter than the day;
 And, as it came, shed showers of golden spray
 O'er all the earth, which died not as it fell,
 But, with the murmur of a vesper bell,
 Rose drawing shapes of beauty from the earth,
 Such as, of old, in Eden had their birth.
 And then Hope rose and took me by the hand
 And, smiling, led me through my Fairy land
 To where my princess was—a happy way,
 All bright and sweet with flowers.

The princess lay
 Sleeping—so fair the beauty of the place
 Seemed centred in the wonder of her face.

Entranced I stood and speechless in my love,
 Fearing the rustling of a leaf would prove
 My bliss a mockery.

Softly as a flower
 Opens its eyes, awaked by April shower,
 She opened hers. Francesca, they were thine,
 Ruthlessly beautiful as deadly wine
 Which smiles and kills! I drank that wine and fell—
 And Hope fell too and darkness as of hell
 Clouded and blotted out the blessed light,
 And all was dreary, hopeless, starless night.

Yet Love, which hath slain me, Death cannot kill,
And, love, though thou art slain, thou lovest still.
So Love hath conquered all and we by love
Are to each other all here as above.

Thou sayest it is grievous to recall
The happy past in this our cruel fall—
I think not so, Francesca ; unto me,
Who have no hope, dear is the memory
Of that sweet time when first thy lips to mine
Were pressed in ecstasy of bliss divine.

Thou still art mine, Francesca ; I am thine ;
With all my soul thy soul I thus entwine—
As rest together in one grave our frames,
As live together in the world our names.
Is it not better to have loved and died,
Than, never loving, all unloved, have sighed
In vain for love,—as he, the cruel one,
Who for our love has made us here atone ?

Oh ! for one ray of that supernal light
That I might gaze upon the beauty bright
Which was my life, *my death* ! Nay, I forgive.
Without thee, darling, think not I would live !

Forgive me thou, Francesca. I to thee
Have been the cause of all this misery.
Oh ! weep not, darling ! Yet it is in vain
To bid thee weep not in such bitter pain.

Mayhap we may not alway suffer thus.
Christ in His mercy yet may pity us
And send at least a respite to our woe.
O God ! the winds again begin to blow
Francesca ——— !

AN HISTORICAL NIGHT IN THE OLD CANADIAN PARLIAMENT.

BY S. J. WATSON.

AT three o'clock, on the afternoon of Wednesday, June the 15th, 1864, Mr. Wallbridge, Speaker of the Legislative Assembly of the Province of Canada, took the chair. Before he declared the sitting of that day to be closed, an event took place which delivered the death-blow to the system of government under which that Legislative Assembly was authorized to exist as representing the people of the provinces of Upper and Lower Canada. The weather that afternoon was warm even for the City of Quebec. The rock, on which the Parliament House stood, was hot to the touch; the sky above was without a cloud to break the eye-paining monotony of its burning blue; the streets were airless and sultry; and on the great river there was scarcely a breath of breeze to entice a ripple into play. The sultriness outside could be borne; inside the Parliament House, the sense of heat was almost overpowering. But, in spite of the oppressive atmosphere, the great majority of members were in their places; for the current of politics at that time was turbulent. The opposing parties were almost equally balanced; and in case of battle it was difficult to guess at the result.

As soon as the preliminary routine business was finished, the Hon. A. T. Galt, at that time the Minister of Finance, rose to move that the Speaker should leave the chair, in order that the House might go into Committee of Supply. This proposition at once brought to his feet the Hon. A. A. Dorion, one of the leaders of the Lower Canadian Opposition. He stated that during the last night on which the Committee of Supply sat, some curious revelations were made concerning a sum of one

hundred thousand dollars advanced by the Province in 1859 to redeem bonds of the City of Montreal, but, in reality, given to the Grand Trunk Railway Company. The Financial Commission (a Committee of Investigation appointed by Parliament), had elicited the particulars of this transaction, but on account of the manner in which the liability had been transferred from one account to another, no opportunity had been afforded of bringing the whole matter before the representatives of the people. He argued that the Province was in serious danger of losing this sum, unless instant measures were taken to recover the money from those on whom the responsibility should be placed. He informed the House that, in the year 1859, the City of Montreal had issued, to the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway Company, bonds to the amount of \$100,000. Owing, however, to an arrangement between the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Railway and the Grand Trunk, the latter corporation assumed the task of paying the bonds. It failed in its engagement, and the Province redeemed them out of its own exchequer. This payment had for its sole authority an Order in Council; the Order in Council had for its foundation a report of the then Finance Minister—the Hon. Mr. Galt. This report recommended that the bonds should be redeemed by the Province, and should be held by the Receiver-General until the advance was repaid, and until Montreal should make good its indebtedness to the Municipal Loan Fund. In the month of September following the issue of the bonds by the City of Montreal, although the city had only fulfilled its obligation as to the Loan Fund indebtedness,

the bonds which the Government were bound to retain, until its advance was repaid, were handed over by the Receiver-General to the Treasurer of the City of Montreal. In December, 1859, the Hon. Mr. Galt, being in England, wrote to one of the officers of his department, stating that the financial agents of the Province had acceded to his desire to charge the Province with the sum of \$100,000. After this time, the sum was not mentioned in the communications of the financial agents. Further, no action was taken by Hon. Mr. Galt, up to the time when the Ministry with which he was connected, resigned their seats, May, 1862, to put this matter right. But in the December of 1862, Mr. Galt's successor, Hon. Mr. Howland, the present Lieut.-Governor of Ontario, finding that the accounts of the Provincial agents did not agree with those in the Receiver-General's office, called the attention of the financial agents to the fact. They answered, stating that they knew nothing of the transaction. In his evidence before the Financial Commission, Hon. Mr. Galt stated that he had made the arrangement, previously referred to, when in England, and that Mr. Baring—one of the financial agents—and Mr. Blackwell, Managing Director of the Grand Trunk, were present. The Hon. Mr. Holton, who was Finance Minister, at the time the Financial Commission was in session, transmitted to Baring and Glyn, a copy of the evidence given by the Hon. Mr. Galt. They replied that no member of their firm had any recollection of authorizing the payment in question. They further added that as Hon. Mr. Galt was very methodical in conducting all business matters with them, they had no doubt that had there been any such agreement as was alleged, it would have been reduced to writing. Mr. Dorion observed, in conclusion, that the question now was whether the Province should lose the \$100,000; and it had also to be decided upon whom the liability rested, and what

steps should be taken in order to recover the money. He laid particular stress on the fact that the money had been given away without the authority of Parliament, and finished by moving an amendment to the effect that the Speaker should not leave the chair.

This amendment was seconded by Hon. Wm. McDougall. The seconder sat, of course, on the Opposition benches. He was regarded by the House as a good debater, and as an aspirant for political fame, there were few of his compeers who seemed destined for much higher success. The Reform party regarded him as a man who, in the future, might win his way to one of the grades of leadership. And the Government side feared his facility of declamation and rapidity of attack—even though one of the members of the Administration, Hon. T. D. McGee, not very long before, had styled him, in the course of a caustic speech, "one of the most overrated men in the house." On this occasion, Hon. Mr. McDougall did not make a speech; but merely contented himself with seconding the motion.

The Government, though taken by surprise, at once saw the full scope of the amendment; and accepted it as a resolution of want of confidence. And so the debate began, and continued all that sultry afternoon. The discussion was dry by nature. There was no opportunity for brilliant speech-making; for Demosthenes himself could not wax eloquent over the multiplication table. Very few of the best speeches are ever heard in Parliament during the prosy interval that comes between three and six o'clock. Sunshine and eloquence seem, in our age, to be antagonistic to each other. One might as well try to make Hamlet and his fortunes appear to advantage on a stage without gaslight, as to evoke eloquence out of Parliamentary speakers before the evening lamps are burning. Hamlet must have the foot-lights blazing, and the back-ground in shadow, before he can "sport his suit of sables."

Though well acquainted with the modes of Canadian Parliamentary warfare, and having had his full share of experience in receiving and delivering assaults, the Hon. Mr. Galt addressed the House with more than ordinary manifestation of feeling. In the first portion of his remarks, he boldly took up the gauntlet that had been flung at his feet. He said that, from the manner in which the motion had been brought, it might be judged that the intention was anything but friendly; and he would meet the intention in a like spirit. The mover of the motion had spoken as if a discrepancy between the accounts of the Financial Agents and the accounts of the Province, had been first discovered by Hon. Mr. Howland in September, 1862. But this was not correct; as he (Mr. Galt) had stated in his evidence before the Financial Commission. The information as to this discrepancy had reached him a few days before he left office. On learning it, he requested the Auditor-General, Mr. Langton, to draw the attention of his (Mr. Galt's) successor to the matter, as it was a thing that required immediate action. He regretted deeply that any misunderstanding should have arisen with reference to what took place in London between the Financial Agents and himself. If the motion were carried, how would it affect the Government? He asked the House if it supposed that an attack on one member of the Government would affect them all? If he were the objectionable individual in the Government, he would call upon his opponents to take the manly ground and declare that his presence made the Ministry undesirable to the House and to the country.

Hon. Mr. Holton then took the floor. His long Parliamentary practice enabled him to perceive that what had at first appeared to promise nothing but a skirmish, was about to develop into a pitched battle; and he knew well how to accelerate that result. He began his remarks by denying that the motion of his friend, Mr. Dorion, was in the

nature of a personal attack. But he (Mr. Holton) would ask the House, nevertheless, to pronounce its condemnation on the Ministerial act of Mr. Galt, when that gentleman was formerly in office. Mr. Galt, in order to defend himself, had made a charge of dilatoriness against his successor, Mr. Howland. This charge implied laxity with regard to this whole transaction; and afforded ample justification for the motion. In respect to Mr. Galt's complaint, that the act of a former Government should be converted into an attack upon the present Government, he (Mr. Holton) held that the present one was, in every respect, merely a resuscitation of the old Cartier-Macdonald Coalition. Mr. Holton proceeded to say that this was the first time, since the facts were ascertained, that the matter could be brought before the House. The transaction did not appear in the Public Accounts of '59, '60 and '61; its true character lay concealed until the Financial Commission had commenced their labours.

Hon. Mr. Howland next addressed the House. He could always, on such occasions, plead with full justification the excuse of Marc Antony—as to his being no orator. He was barely audible in the back benches; in the public galleries, his utterances were only heard in broken whispers. Still it was necessary that he should meet the charge of negligence implied in the speech of the ex-Finance Minister. Mr. Howland assured the House that Mr. Galt's charge, that he (Mr. Howland) had not acted with sufficient promptness in ascertaining all about the \$100,000, was unfounded. He then proceeded to show that, as soon as the matter came under his notice, he prosecuted inquiries with the utmost diligence. He asserted that the charge of dilatoriness came with a bad grace from Mr. Galt; who, from the year 1859 to 1862, when he left office, was not aware of the discrepancy between the books of the Province and those of the Provincial Agents, with reference to an item

so large as \$100,000. It was unfair in Mr. Galt to assail his successor for not having collected the money, when he (Mr. Galt) had left no evidence against the parties who were liable to pay it. He remarked that the City of Montreal, for which the payment was made, was well able to reimburse; yet the Government had released that city from its obligations. The only other party liable was the Grand Trunk, and he did not think the late Government—that of Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald and Hon. Mr. Dorion—would be much blamed for not obtaining money from that source. On the other hand, Mr. Galt was much to blame for putting the country in such a position that the Grand Trunk was the only source to which to look for the \$100,000.

The lull in the discussion came at six o'clock in the evening, when the House rose for recess. In no city in Canada did the people evince more interest in politics than in the Ancient Capital. In that city, where society has had longer time to become settled than anywhere else in Canada, the taste for politics has descended from father to son, and become intensified in the transmission. A change has come since Confederation. The Parliament House is still there; but it is like Cape Diamond, stripped of its armament—it is a memory and nothing more.

The House had scarcely risen for recess when it was known over the city that a motion of want of confidence in the Government was under consideration. Half-past seven has arrived, and the public galleries are filled to overflowing. The members are in their places. Most of them wear an air of seriousness; the banter and jocularity, which usually prevail before the Speaker enters the House, are not apparent to-night. There seems to be a general presentiment that the vote will lead either to a "deadlock" or a dissolution of Parliament.

While the Speaker is yet absent, let us see who are the principal personages in the

House. Sitting behind the first desk, on the front row at the right hand of the Speaker's chair, is the Hon. John A. Macdonald, the leader of the House. His face, always mobile, is, if taken as a mirror of what he experiences to-night, an index of something more serious than usual. His action is partly nervous and partly constrained. He is not engaged, as is his wont, in chatting with his colleague, the Hon. G. E. Cartier. There is no member in the House more capable of concealing behind a careless exterior the responsibilities of government than is the Hon. John A. Macdonald; but to-night he looks grave; his face is pale, and its expression anxious. He keeps darting rapid glances over the House; and, at intervals of seconds, looks nervously towards the door through which the Speaker will enter.

To the right of the Hon. John A. Macdonald sits the Hon. George E. Cartier. As regards the number of his followers, he is the strongest man in the House. On other occasions he seems to know it; but to-night he is not in his usual merry and conversational mood. He has a face indicative of power, and any one looking at it, even in its repose, can see that it is expressive of purpose and strength of will. There is little about it to connect it with the faces of Southern France; it has neither their fullness nor their weakness. It is a Breton, square-framed physiognomy, an excellent type of that hard-headed Northern French sea-faring race which first colonized Canada—a race akin to our own, not only through origin, but also through love of adventure and stubborn tenacity of purpose. The Hon. Mr. Cartier does not seem at ease. The resoluteness of look which always marks him is changed to anxiety. His manner, however, is not so nervous as that of his colleague. Instead of turning himself in his chair to see how his supporters muster in the back benches, he rests with his arms on his desk, and remains gazing fixedly across

the House at the seats occupied by the leaders of the Opposition.

The Hon. A. T. Galt sits to the right of the Hon. Mr. Cartier. In the Legislative Assembly there is no face to be compared with his for wearing a perpetual smile; but, to-night, it is evident that he considers himself deeply aggrieved personally by the motion now under discussion, and his looks are clouded. He has numerous sympathizers amongst his friends on the Government benches. He appears to be aware that the political fate of his colleagues depends upon his own. He evidently intends to deal his heaviest blows before the vote is taken. He is a fluent speaker, and in gift of language the equal of most debaters.

Beside Hon. Mr. Galt sits Hon. Thomas D'Arcy McGee. His strongly marked features are lit up with the excitement of coming battle. He leans back in his chair, gazing up at the ceiling, and seems unconscious of the crowded galleries, and inattentive to the conversation going on around him. He is expected to speak to-night; for he is the oratorical bulwark of his party. In quickness of reply, in impromptu discussion, in dexterity in the lesser combats of Parliament, his own leader, Hon. John A. Macdonald, is his superior; so also is the Hon. A. T. Galt. The same may be said if he is put in comparison with the Hon. Geo. Brown or the Hon. Mr. Holton, both of whom are masters of all the tactics by which an Opposition is allowed, by rules of Parliament, to defend itself against the power of a majority. But the Hon. Mr. McGee, in a set speech, where he is not obliged to enter into details, or to weigh down the wings of his imagination with the burden of statistics, need fear no man in Parliament, or out of it. He is master of four of the weapons in the armoury of an orator—memory, fancy, humour, sarcasm. He is always pleasant to hear; his voice is well managed, and ever under his control. In a debate suited to the range of his powers,

which are better displayed in generalizing than in analyzing, the subject fairly absorbs the orator, and possesses him as the god was wont to possess the Pythoness.

On the first seat, in the front row to the left of the Speaker, sits the Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald. He is the oldest member of the Legislative Assembly. Every visitor is familiar with his face and manner. He sits bolt upright in his chair, talking with apparent unconcern to those around him; but it is evident the unconcern is only assumed. Little in the House escapes the glance of that watchful Highland eye. His face is relaxed almost to a smile; but there is an amount of firmness about the mouth which indicates that he is prepared to utter that monosyllable,—the salvation of a tempted politician as well as of a tempted woman—the word “No.”

To the left of the Hon. J. S. Macdonald, sits his former colleague in the Government—Hon. A. A. Dorion, the mover of the amendment. He is an object of a great deal of attention to-night, but he appears not to notice it. His smooth, well-shaped face is expressive of confidence. He seems prepared to break a lance with the Hon. A. T. Galt whenever the latter shall choose to challenge him. He has this advantage over the Finance Minister, that he is master of both languages; for he uses the English tongue with a precision and fluency to which no other French Canadian member of the House can lay claim.

Beside the Hon. Mr. Dorion sits the Hon. L. H. Holton, Finance Minister during the latter part of the Administration of Hon. John S. Macdonald and Hon. Mr. Dorion. Hon. Mr. Holton is calm as usual. His face, massive and intellectual, wears a look of profound repose. His style is brief and practical—every sentence well poised, straight as an arrow in its directness, rounded and resonant, compact and logical.

Near the Hon. Mr. Holton sits the Hon. George Brown. In the House, or in the

whole country, there is not a man better versed in the intricacies of the political puzzle of the times—the Canadian finances. He has a talent for figures, and an eye not to be cheated even in the smallest and best concealed expenditures. He is expected to make a speech to-night, and, if so, the Finance Minister will meet his match, for the chieftain of the Upper Canada Liberals is a speaker of uncommon power.

In close proximity to the Hon. George Brown, sits Mr. Alexander Mackenzie. He has given proofs of ability, is characterized by great industry and has that faculty, as valuable in politics as Napoleon the First found it to be in war—the faculty of taking into account the most minute matters of detail. He speaks frequently, and what he says is trenchant and well-argued.

The clock indicates that it is a quarter to eight, and in a few moments more the Sergeant-at-Arms, bearing the mace, enters, followed by the Speaker. The debate is resumed, and waxes warm. Hon. Mr. Cartier rises and addresses the House in the French language. He speaks vigorously. He charges his opponents with personal motives in moving and seconding the motion; and argues that the Finance Minister is not to be held accountable for any result arising from the granting of the \$100,000.

Mr. Denis follows the last speaker, and also uses the French language. He is heard with impatience, for he merely re-echoes the arguments of his leader.

After the last speaker sat down, Mr. Christopher Dunkin rose. His status in the House is peculiar. He is known to be a man of considerable logical ability, ingenious in argument and not easily to be talked down; but his influence is not commensurate with his experience in public life. He is a rapid and untiring talker; but he seems to feel that the motion may lead to a crisis, and that he owes it to his position, as an Independent member, to speak briefly and to the point. He began by expressing re-

gret that the motion should have been brought forward. Then he proceeded to state that the facts had shown a very lax administration of the Finance Department; when, for so long a period the Finance Minister had allowed the liability of the Province for \$100,000 to remain without a scrap of paper to bind the parties, while the accounts of these parties showed that they did not admit the debt. He also commented on the circumstance that Parliament had been kept in the dark about this matter. He finished by saying that when unmistakable facts like these were brought under the notice of Parliament, he could not refuse to say that such an advance of money, and such a concealment of the facts, were not in accordance with our system of responsible Government. This speech, though not remarkable for any political boldness, was one of the events of the night. As has been already stated, the two parties were almost equally balanced. During the time that had elapsed since the motion of the Hon. Mr. Dorion was made, there had been opportunity for ascertaining with almost certainty how the vote of each member of the House would go. It was whispered about the corridors and committee rooms, that the defeat or success of the motion would depend on the vote of Mr. Dunkin. Up to the moment he began to speak, it was not known on which side his vote would be given. The speech settled the matter. He would vote against the Government. In view of the anticipation that Government would be defeated, the interest in the debate grew deeper.

Mr. Isaac Buchanan, a well-known member of the House, rose to oppose the motion. Mr. Buchanan was always heard with attention. He admitted that the Government had redeemed the bonds of the City of Montreal; but that city, in return, had paid its indebtedness to the Municipal Loan Fund, which was not done in any other instance.

Hon. Mr. McGee followed Mr. Buchanan. But the occasion was not one of those on which he could best display his gifts of oratory; for in such a debate as the one now engaging the attention of the Assembly, there was no room for imagination, or figures of rhetoric. He began by saying that the motion was hostile to Montreal, and that the accusers of that city were those whom it had rejected. He failed to see that, in the transaction before the House, there was any ground for condemnation. He thought it was unmanly to make an attack on one member of the Government on account of a matter that took place five years ago, during the existence of another Government. He informed the House, that although the assault was specially directed against one member yet all the members of the Government would feel bound to stand by him; and, throughout this controversy, make the case their own. Whatever the decision of the House might be, he had no doubt that the verdict of the intelligent public opinion of the country would be that the present motion was both frivolous and vexatious.

The debate went on, and the wave of speech swelled, and now and then threatened to break into the bitter spray of personal-ity. The hour was now growing late, but the debate showed no signs of coming to a speedy conclusion. Mr. Cameron, a friend of the Government, sought to neutralise, by an amendment, the motion of Hon. Mr. Dorion.

The Hon. George Brown, here raised a question of order. It was to the effect that an amendment to an amendment to go into committee of supply, could not be received. The Speaker decided in favour of the objection raised by the Hon. George Brown. The motion of Mr. Dorion was opposed by the Hon. John Rose, a speaker who always won upon the House by his suavity and good temper. Mr. Rose—now Sir John Rose—was a Conservative in politics, and

as such had held office. But he was not now in the Ministry. He was a fluent speaker, and his good temper often served him in cases where argument would have been demanded of other men. He rose to oppose the motion of Mr. Dorion. He styled it unfair and unnecessary, and argued that it was wrong to endeavour to fix responsibility on Mr. Galt.

After some remarks from Messrs. Rankin and Street, the Hon. John A. Macdonald rose. He is a master in the art of swaying the feelings of his followers. His speech had in it more of the pathetic than the defiant or recriminative. He accepted Mr. Dorion's motion as amounting to one of want of confidence; then raising his voice and looking first toward his own back benches, and then glancing across the House at the Opposition, he said:—"We are a band of brothers and will stand or fall together."

Mr. Cartwright announced his determination to oppose the motion of Mr. Dorion. He was followed by the Hon. Mr. Galt. There was nothing of the apologetic or the timid in his speech. He declared warmly that, though the object of the motion was to drive him from public life, it would not accomplish that intention. Mr. Thomas Ferguson, one of their most staunch friends, came to the defence of the Government and was followed by Mr. Scatcherd. The hour was now half past eleven, and as soon as Mr. Scatcherd resumed his seat, there arose cries all over the House "divide, divide,"—"call in the members, call in the members." The Speaker, after waiting for a few moments to see if any gentleman wished to address the House, gave directions to call in the members. At this moment the excitement on the floor of the House was so great as to reach the utmost verge of Parliamentary decorum. In the public galleries, so absorbing was the interest, that not a sound could be heard from the hundreds who occupied them.

The members are in their places, and the

Clerk of the House begins to take the vote. First, he calls out the names of those on the Government benches ; then the names of the members on the opposite side. He then sits down to add up the numbers. For the few moments during which the Clerk is engaged over his list, there is profound silence in every part of the building. The hush of expectation is almost painful in its depth and intensity. A few seconds pass, and then the Clerk rises to his feet and announces the result : "Yeas, 60 ; nays, 58." These words were the doom of the old Constitution.

The Hon. John A. Macdonald rose, and said : " I move that the House do now adjourn." The motion met with no opposition ; all were silent, and at a quarter of an hour before midnight the Speaker left the chair. The sequel to this vote is briefly told. On the afternoon of the next day, as soon as the House had assembled, Attorney-General Macdonald stated on behalf of himself and his colleagues that, after the vote of las

night, they considered their position was so serious affected, that they had felt it their duty to communicate with His Excellency on the subject. He then moved an adjournment of the House until next day. Hon. John Sandfield Macdonald pressed for further information as to the course the Government intended to pursue. But Hon. George Brown pleaded that, in view of the difficulties with which the Government had to contend, the House should allow them ample time for deliberation. The motion for adjournment was carried.

The result of the matter was that a correspondence began between the Government and the leader of the Upper Canadian Opposition. Thence came a Coalition, entered into solely for the purpose of extricating the Province out of the constitutional embarrassment arising from the equal political strength of parties. Then followed the Quebec Conference ; then Confederation.

LOVE IN DEATH.

From the Poem of Catullus—" Ad Calvum de Quintilia."

IF aught we do can touch the silent bier,
 If death can feel and prize affection's tear,
 Thy wife, my friend, cut off in beauty's bloom,
 Joys in thy love, more than she mourns her doom.

TRANSLATIONS AND SELECTIONS.

THE END OF "BOHEMIA."

An Essay on the part played by Literature and Journalism in the recent Events in France. By E. CARO. Translated and abridged from the "Revue des Deux Mondes" for the "Canadian Monthly."

WE have just escaped a new species of barbarism—a lettered barbarism, for, let it be well known, this last assault upon civilization was nothing else. Its sinister army was headed by writers, some of whom were men of talent, wits even who had enjoyed a certain renown, and could still hope for one more hour's celebrity on the Boulevards. This is one of the peculiar features of the recent events. Till then the insurrectionary battalions had generally been recruited amidst the working population, under the command of ordinary barricade generals such as Barbès, or of veteran conspirators like Blanqui. This time, we see appear at the head of this mock-government, a list of names belonging originally to the civilized world, to literature, science, and the schools. The statistics of the liberal professions which have furnished their quota to the Commune of Paris show that the profession of medicine, the public schools, the fine arts, go hand in hand with an abundance of unavowable professions. The men of letters however prevail; we find them everywhere in the Commune and its surroundings. The troupe, that for two months gave such lugubrious performances at the Hotel de Ville, was chiefly composed of journalists, pamphleteers, and even novelists. It was indeed a gypsy creature that thus invaded the government. The "Bohème" was officially born in May, 1850, in a preface by Henry Murger; and it was again in May, 1871, that we saw it fall on the bloody pavement where it had played its part in an ignominious tyranny. And yet, it had entered the world in a most inoffensive manner: it began with a burst of laughter in a garret. After twenty-one years of a life which soon ceased to be innocent, and wherein idleness and vanity vied for

the upper hand, it found its end behind a barricade, and breathed its last in a cry of despair and rage, leaving to the world an abhorred name and a moral enigma, which we will here endeavour to solve.

This Bohemian life did not originate with Henry Murger; he only discovered it, and revealed to us its little mysteries. He presented it so full of innocent gaiety, so charmingly careless, so delightfully indiscreet, that one would have been ill-natured indeed to cross such fine spirits, ever ready to fly off in songs at the first sunbeam, or at the first breath of spring. The critics and the public agreed in bidding the writer and his work welcome, and "Bohemia" was accepted as a sprightly revelation.

Around the Luxembourg and under its lilac trees gathered, years ago, a group of writers without reputation, painters without commissions, and poor musicians, who, united by the bonds which a wandering companionship generally forms, dreamed together in the small circles where they met, of fortune and brilliant destinies. Along with these chimeras they indulged also in the very positive satisfaction of demolishing any already established renown, growing reputation, or consecrated talent with which they happened to meet. These men, closely examined, were in reality very pitiable objects. They considered themselves the martyrs of art, and their historian, to conceal the rather distressing side of their existence, throws into it mirth, spirit, sentiment, above all, that supremely irresistible grace which covers all deficiencies—youth. Thus far "Bohemia" was comparatively an innocent institution: its gypsy heroes were only rebels against art whose austere worship they desecrated by their follies,

and whose high conditions—seriousness of thought, continuous effort, dignity of life—they ignored. After them came the rebels against society, the so-called “réfractaires,” and the comparative innocence came soon to an end. How was the transformation brought about? Simply thus: a needy literature became, by a fatal transition, a literature of envy. Already in the first stages of “Bohemia” we see the germs of these passions; inability aggravated by idleness, exasperated by absurd pretensions, sharpened into a kind of a perpetual irony against every thing that labours and rises; lastly, a fixed determination to consider no one more in earnest than themselves, and horror of common sense pushed to a systematic infatuation. Transport now these instincts of the literary “Bohemia” into the midst of the political world, into the heated atmosphere of passions and the hatred they engender; add to it the fixed idea of reaching by all possible means the summit of power and fortune, the deplorable emulation which the spectacle of triumphant ambition and scandalous riches excite in certain minds: throw all these seeds into bilious temperaments, into restless and scoffing minds, into consciences long since hardened against scruples of any kind, and you will see what deadly harvests will spring up.

In the midst of these threatening symptoms appeared a curious manifestation which simple minds might well have hailed as remedial. A sudden change is felt in the light literature which heretofore had usually provided the public with small scandals, and hand to hand news. A purifying breath of generous wrath seemed to have come over the souls of fashionable authors, and there was a momentary hope that the press was going to become a school of morals. Certain ardent novelists who till then had amused the public, turned all at once moralists, pamphleteers, satirists, and well nigh converted the people. To be sure there was cause enough for using the whip against the “French of the Decadence.” It would have been useless to deny that this epoch apparently so brilliant, with so dazzling a society, was undermined by a strange evil various in its forms, irresistibly contagious, and that in listening one could hear as it were the vague sound of an approaching ruin. Those insane joys and frivolities, that feverish pleasure-seeking, that mania for immediate fortune seemed

so like a challenge to fate,—fate which suffers no immoderate prosperities, and always chastises them through their own excesses—that there was cause enough for patriotic anxiety. The Paris of M. Hausmann, the Bois de Boulogne seen on horse-race days, the insolent ostentation of the wealth of France spread before the eyes of jealous Europe in the Palais de l'Exposition; in short, the excess of luxury and of expenditure lavished by the hands of improvident power in evident complicity with a large portion of the nation, called indeed for rebuke; and it is not to be wondered at that austere indignation should have aroused the country to a sense of its danger. But that the very men who had most contributed to the decay of the people's morals and reason by the amiable recklessness of their works and ideas should come out as its reformers, was rather startling. Was their wrath genuine? Were they indeed inspired by a feeling of morality superior to the one they condemned? We have a right to inquire. Satire is of real worth, and produces the desired effect only when it springs from the higher regions of the soul, and from a love of justice. The Juvenal who is not a stoic is hardly much more than a declaimer. No, these redressors of wrongs were, as time has proved since, nowise animated with the desire of making virtue reign in the land. There was first the passion for the easy popularity which polemics, and especially abusive polemics, procure in a country like France; and as success increased, these self-styled philanthropists took advantage of it. How convenient and agreeable to overthrow one order of things and build up another, where one would have a chance of becoming master and tyrant! Little did these men care for liberty or the assertion of popular rights; all they aimed at was the despotism of the crowd in the place of the power overthrown; they hoped to rule through and with the people. The real name of this Nemesis was not justice but envy.

We have mentioned the two first phases of the French “Bohemia,” a suffering and a militant stage: in the third stage it comes out triumphant. This triumph dates from the elections of 1869. The nomination of Rochefort to the Legislature marks in fact a new era in the destinies of “Bohemia.” It is from this moment that feverish clubs are founded, and disturbing

newspapers are spread over the country. These clubs were nothing else than revolt in a state of permanence, or rather revolt on exhibition every evening; and their newspapers, a perpetual call to arms in every section of Paris. This loud voice of the political "Bohemia" reached much further, and stirred the masses much more profoundly than the official rhetoric and restrained wrath of the parliamentary Opposition. The most famous ringleaders of the crowd were Bohemians who had been trained for political life in the so-called literary cafés; why so called, it were hard to tell. In the history of recent events we have not taken sufficient account of that education in eccentric babble, and extravagance of speech around tables where the most pretentious vanities of the Parisian "Bohemia" were wont to meet; and yet it seems a fact beyond doubt that many of the episodes of the last sad times can be traced to these gatherings. To give an example of this table talk, we will quote what one of these "Bohemians," well acquainted with Bohemian morals, from having steadily practised them, says in reference to the regular visitors of these cafés:—

"After having tramped all day in the mud, they come and plunge up to the neck in discussions. Liquor is called for, and the paradoxes flare up. They want to show that they too, the ill shod and ill clad, are as good as any one else. Conquered in the morning, they become in their turn conquerors at night. Vanity is satisfied; they become accustomed to these small triumphs and lofty babblings, to these endless dissertations and little dashes of heroism. The tavern table becomes a rostrum. They talk there under the gas light the books they should have written by candle light; the evenings pass away, the days pass away; they have talked thirty chapters and have not written fifteen pages."

We have not sufficiently heeded this political generation that had passed its apprenticeship in the cafés of the Cité, and on the Boulevards, and which, on a certain day, spread over all France with its strange morals, its bold tropes, its small stock of learning, its unlimited conceit, its unhealthy flow of spirits borrowed from the glass of absinthe. This perfidious liquor has had no small share in the disorganization of the Parisian brain. The Faculty of Medicine was already alarmed about it when the political events

of the last years justified its fears. The physical and moral hygiene of a nation are much more closely related than we suppose: we but indicate here one of the most dangerous maladies of our civilization. The absinthe produces in Paris orators and politicians, as the opium in China makes ecstatic dreamers: both amount to about the same thing, with this difference, that the mute ecstasy induced by the Eastern narcotic is only a slow suicide, and its victims do not inflict upon their country the scourge of despotic nonsense and impious madness; their dream, whatever it is, remains untold; they do not endeavour to realize it over ruins and bloodshed.

It was in the clubs that these tavern orators first sprang up. Those who watched their meetings with some attention, observers who did not go there as to a show, but as to a clinical lecture, could see that the most applauded orators were of two kinds: intelligent workmen, who had read much, but at hap-hazard, without guidance, overloading their memories with all sorts of indigestible stuff and anti-social declamations, and students, old Bohemians, who had long since abandoned all study and connection with the School of Law or Medicine, to devote themselves to transcendental politics and humanitarian regeneration. Add to this already very respectable group, a few physicians without practice, lawyers without cases, professors without pupils, editors of short-lived newspapers, all the pariahs of the liberal careers, "who carry their M.A. diplomas in their threadbare coat-pockets," and you have what constitutes the staff of the clubs which, for the last two years, have amused sceptical Paris and horrified all reasonable people, and who, by disturbing the mind of the nation, prepared the 18th of March. The literary element of these meetings, fully rivalled in radicalism of ideas (if such a name can be given to such things), the oratorical contingent furnished by the working classes.

There was, however, a capital difference between the two. The orator-workmen were men who studied little, and treated these social questions at random; but they were sincere—they acted from a sense of conviction—they brought into the cause what might be called the probity of unreasonableness. The others, the Paris "irreguliers," had not even that excuse. Their folly was a wilful folly; the most insane propositions were to them means of duping the people and

arriving at success. They aimed solely at that sordid popularity which might be called the prize of extravagance. They intoxicated each other by speech-making and ready applause. They commenced by being merely artists in eccentricity, and ended by becoming desperadoes.

At the same time flourished the press of the revolutionary "Bohemia." It had commenced with the "Marseillaise" and ended with the "Mot d'Ordre," and the "Cri du Peuple." What this press was, may be easily conjectured. The money question played a far more important part in it than the idea question. The traffic in lies and scandals became a lucrative business, and we know of infamous newspaper articles that secured as many as four extra editions a day.

In what such principles finally end, we have seen, and the world still shudders at it. One might trace the gradual descent of some of these journals. They proved schools of public demoralization before they became the secret laboratories and offices of public robberies. The first stage in this fatal descent is marked by an absolute want of seriousness—by a complete disrespect for everything time-honoured—by a most fanciful cynicism. The second opens a period of perpetual agitation, and an attempt to revive the reign of terror by abuse pushed to hyperbole, by the most violent polemics substituted for a dignified discussion of ideas. In the third stage, the journal becomes the most active instrument of this new reign of terror, which it has so loudly invoked, and for which it has so industriously laboured. We may well ask what influences have brought "Bohemia" to such a degree of moral and intellectual depravity? What has driven to madness and crime these vanities, at first so inoffensive? It may be accounted for in many ways; one of the chief causes, however, is the literary influence of the times; it is that which transformed the literary adventurer into the political adventurer, ready to dare anything in order to acquire wealth or power. Yes, the modern novel may claim a large and heavy share of responsibility in the recent events. The examples it gave of elegant scoundrelism and intellectual depravity, have dazzled and fascinated a number of feeble minds whom the uncertain morality of the society and time in which we live but ill-protected against their own evil propensities. Many of

the unfortunates who had received no other moral education than the one they found in these books, conducted themselves through real life, as if they lived actually in that world of coarse and corrupting fictions which the sensational novel had created for them. They determined to get along in the world at all hazards, and remove the obstacles they could not overcome. Another influence of which account ought to be taken in the moral history of the last times, is that of the singular philosophies which have invaded and ruled literary Bohemia. To designate them by their true name, and without much ceremony, we shall simply call them Atheism. Heaven forbid I should carry the weighty questions which have divided philosophers into the domain of politics, nor would I insult the doctrine of Rationalism by supposing it destined to become the official philosophy of the Commune! But we cannot deny that its various disciples, the men who prepared the 18th of March, had for many years adopted some of its theories, and these had been boisterously published in their sheets and in their books. A flood of small periodicals, styled literary, appeared and disappeared at different periods, concealing under different names the same monotonous phraseology—the same doctrine repeated over and over again, and paved thereby the way for the slowly advancing Encyclopædia of the New School. Around the chief of the latter, the capitalist of the sect, gathered the larger brains of the school, the thinkers, all those that had advanced far enough in their studies to handle with impunity dangerous formulas. United with the partisans of Positivism, vagrant disciples of experimental science, they formed a large battalion, well prepared for intellectual struggles, until the hour for political struggles should strike. Among the writers that played in this new Encyclopædia the parts of those who wrote in the former one, endeavouring, as that did, to bring about a social renovation by a renovation of ideas, we can easily recognize the magistrates, the ædiles, the great office-holders of the Commune, and even those of the socialistic Republic ensconced since the 4th of September in some of the municipalities in Paris.

The teaching of this school was not purely theoretical, confined to special sheets which no one read, or to that monumental Encyclopædia which but few consulted; it descended briskly

into the political papers of the party, and even into the popular clubs. But there, in order to appear with advantage, it had to undergo a certain transformation; it had to put aside the pedantries of the physiologist, the dissertations about first and final causes of the professor of Atheism; the learned reasonings of doctors on the physiological conditions of the phenomenon called soul; the clever demonstrations of the chemist, who explains the mystery of life without needing to have recourse to that old hypothesis called God; the assertions of the critic in regard to the quantity of bile or blood it takes to write a poem, a drama, or a sermon. All these heavy doctrines, passing through the crucible of the Parisian mind, evaporated into light clouds that fell back upon the press in a shower of fine ironies and sharp sarcasms against old beliefs, old superstitions, the old fogies of philosophy and superannuated gods. Down it came like a thick and piercing hailstorm, upsetting the old order of things and making room for a new one. It was a great treat for the idlers; never before had grave subjects and long-honoured people been handled so cavalierly. All this did not as yet present any great danger; but look a few rounds down the ladder, and you will see what the tendency of all this impious babble and flippant raillery will be. I have followed with a sad curiosity the degradation of an idea, from the literature of elegant circles down to that of hovels, where it died in some mob newspaper, and was finally thrown into the rag-picker's basket; I have followed it in its sad wanderings through journals of the most varied origin, tone and size, down to the "Père Duchêne." The distance between refined scepticism and gross abuse is shorter than one would think. Never before had such treacherous and varied means been employed to demoralize the people and destroy in them all faith and ideal, creating a vacuum in their minds without providing the wherewithal to fill it again, except by unlawful pleasures and unwholesome appetites.

This sketch, hastily drawn, is evidently incomplete, but on the whole it is exact. We should have to go far back, in the history of our national education, to find the origin of the revolutionary sentiments blended in our minds with the first intellectual impressions we have received. We know only two sorts of history, and those but indifferently: that of classic an-

tiquity and that of the French Revolution. All the rest has gradually been wiped out; but these two groups of events move and live in our imagination; they stand out in bold relief on a vague ground of extinct notions and languid memories. We mix the heroes of ancient republics with those of our present history; it becomes a sort of illustrious company that haunts our minds with graceful attitudes, with sublime speeches on republican virtues, on liberty, on the country. All is on a large scale, larger than nature; it assumes superhuman proportions through our feverish sentiments, our indomitable pride, our language where the man is lost in the hero; all this is lit up by too glaring a light, and placed in a perspective of immortality. It is a world slightly overdone, somewhat declamatory, which resembles nothing that has really existed, and which is the result of our classical education, combined with the fictions for which the French Revolution furnishes inexhaustible themes. This is the basis of our political education, such as most Bohemians acquire in the colleges and schools, amidst the rough struggles of life, and the great dangers of modern society, in the conflict of their poverty with the wealth displayed on all sides, and its accompanying power, the lustre of which dazzles their eyes and attracts their wild dreams. All serious study concerning the conditions of social existence, the progress of nations and the price at which this progress is bought; all deep meditation on the true laws of history, on the feebleness of certain big words, on the vanity of certain formulas, on crimes disguised under pompous names, all this was unknown to them. The judicial, truthful history of the Revolution was not to their mind; they cared very little for the teaching of the masters that had brought it back to a true perspective by reducing its men to just proportions. They wanted something more fanciful. It was not the drama of ideas that pleased their frivolous and feeble minds—it was the tumult of facts, the agitation on the public squares, the scenes of the Convention, the horrors of the Conciergerie; nay, they delighted in the mere theatrical paraphernalia of the Revolution, its stage effects, its scarfs, its feathers, its trumpery; they relished particularly its pompous harangues and violent language, its sudden vicissitudes of fortune, splendours and ruins, passing before them as in a dazzling and sinister dream brought out in their eyes the

grand idea, illumined by the blue-lights of poetry and rhetoric, and perceived from afar as in an apotheosis.

Our generation has been fed too much on these spectacles, this phantasmagoria, in which the French Revolution becomes a drama of scene shiftings and high-sounding phrases. Who was it that thus flattered these frivolous imaginations by presenting to them false ideals in regard to the events and men of that time, when the plainer duty was to bring them to a proper conception of human morality? Who was it fostered, in violent and feeble minds, so morbid an enthusiasm for an epoch where such great and noble aspirations were so foolishly compromised, so sadly sullied; for an epoch one must beware of commending, for fear of becoming an accomplice in the unatoneable crimes of the past, or in baleful imitations for the future? The answer may be found on all lips. We know some of these poets and rhetoricians who have wilfully transformed history, in order that they might glorify it with their endless dithyrambics, or their unreserved amnesties. These are the real culprits.

Thus sprang up among us the religion, or rather the idolatry, of the so-called infallible, impeccable, immaculate, Revolution; a worship supported by the imagination even more than by passion. The Revolution has its theologians, its mystics, and fanatics, its hypocrites even, without whom a religion is not complete. Everything concerning it is holy and sacred; the right by which it is most honoured, is to imitate it on all points. Its pompous rhetoric, the bluntness of its language, its big phrases, the attitudes and gestures of its personages are all reproduced with a labourious exactitude. Most happy are they who, by dint of study and observation, have succeeded in seizing upon some of the features of these consecrated types! Each endeavours to cut himself out a part in this history, and take out from the great picture some figure under which he may introduce himself to the public. We have had Camille Desmoulins again, his very devil-may-care gait, and cruel impertinence, minus his better parts, his fits of true sensibility, and the chivalrous promptings of his soul. You have shuddered at recognizing Danton's loud voice; the same sonorousness and power; but its lightning effects were wanting. Marat, too, was seen crossing again the bloody stage

of public events, but the real Marat would have shuddered at the puppet trying to impersonate him: the new one only succeeded in defaming his prototype, persecuting and denouncing his victims instead of executing them. Barrère was seen no later than yesterday, the same as ever, a honey-tongued revolutionist, ready at any time to tune his flexible soul to the key of almost any event. All this resembles a bloody masquerade, a lugubrious and atrocious jest. It is but a miserable parody! '93, minus its ardent convictions, an artificial '93; and since it has been asserted that the reign of terror was a religion, let us say that this new reign of terror through which we have just passed is far more monstrous and criminal than the first, for it is a religion without faith. It is through such ideas and examples, taken from high quarters, through this revolutionary eloquence so applauded in books, in the theatres, and on the rostrum, that this "Bohemia," already undermined by its own vices, was brought to ruin. But, however severely we may judge it in its downfall, we must not forget that a large share of the responsibility rests with the illustrious personages who were linked with it, who courted its journals for their own selfish ends, lavishing upon it their most approving smiles, their most delicate flatteries, carrying on with the poor fools a commerce of adulation and coquetry that captivated them completely. Proud of the appreciation of those they considered their betters, the poor wretches trumpeted all round the civic virtues of their patrons, and opened to them a way to easy triumphs. It was an active propaganda and a fatal contagion. We repent of it now; may it not be too late!

The men of '93 had this advantage over the feeble comedians that have tried to imitate them, that their hearts burned with patriotism. Where do you find any trace of the same sacred flame among the modern Jacobins? The country, they said (and clubs and cafés applauded the witticism),—the country is but a post guarded by a custom-house officer. Is it to be wondered that some of our soldiers should later have remembered such speeches and behaved accordingly?

All this makes up our present history.

Add to these diverse influences the complacency of a petulant middle class applauding, without foreseeing the end, the work of social demolition; add the profound indifference of society absorbed in business, money and

pleasures, without thought for anything else; and, below this surface already undermined, the ardent passions of fanatics digging the abyss wherein we well-nigh perished, in sympathy with the over-excited appetites of the multitude and the conspiracy of the "Internationale," and you will no longer wonder at the depth of our fall, and at the number of ruins that cover now the soil of France.

The events themselves illustrate the moral of this essay. One of the most essential conditions upon which the regeneration of France depends now, more essential even than the form of the institutions which are to govern us, is a reconstruction of the literature and the press, a reconstruction based on seriousness of thought, on hard work, on dignity of life, on mutual respect

between the writers themselves, and above all, on an absolute respect for ideas. But for this it is evidently necessary that there be no longer a confusion possible between the healthy liberal ideas which represent civilization through liberty and justice, and the false anti-social ideas which represent a return to barbarism by arbitrary acts, violence and crime. To effect this, it will be very necessary in future to guard against idealizing under the charming names of fancy, of independent life and freedom, the unwholesome passions and the disorders in the morals and brains which have thrown out of their orbits, and hopelessly destroyed, talents intended by nature to be devoted to the making of "Vaudevilles" or to landscape painting, and not to the getting up of revolutions.

THE LAST TOURNAMENT.*

BY ALFRED TENNYSON, D.C.L.

(From "The Contemporary Review" for December.)

DAGONET, the fool, whom Gawain in his
moods
Had made mock-knight of Arthur's Table Round,
At Camelot, high above the yellowing woods,
Danced like a wither'd leaf before the Hall.
And toward him from the Hall with harp in
hand,
And from the crown thereof a carcanet
Of ruby swaying to and fro, the prize
Of Tristram in the jousts of yesterday,
Came Tristram, saying, "Why skip ye so, Sir
Fool?"

For Arthur and Sir Lancelot riding once
Far down beneath a winding wall of rock
Heard a child wail. A stump of oak half-dead,
From roots like some black coil of carven snakes
Clutch'd at the crag, and started thro' mid-air
Bearing an eagle's nest : and thro' the tree
Rush'd ever a rainy wind, and thro' the wind
Pierced ever a child's cry : and crag and tree
Scaling, Sir Lancelot from the perilous nest,
This ruby necklace thrice around her neck,
And all unscarr'd from beak or talon, brought

A maiden babe ; which Arthur pitying took,
Then gave it to his Queen to rear : the Queen
But coldly acquiescing, in her white arms
Received, and after loved it tenderly,
And named it Nestling ; so forgot herself
A moment, and her cares ; till that young life
Being smitten in mid-heaven with mortal cold
Past from her ; and in time the carcanet
Vext her with plaintive memories of the child :
So she, delivering it to Arthur, said,
"Take thou the jewels of this dead innocence,
And make them, an thou wilt, a tourney-prize."

Towhom the King, "Peace to thine eagle-borne
Dead nestling, and this honour after death,
Following thy will ! but, O my Queen, I muse
Why ye not wear on arm, or neck, or zone,
Those diamonds that I rescued from the tarn,
And Lancelot won, methought, for thee to wear."

"Would rather ye had let them fall," she cried,
"Plunge and be lost—ill-fated as they were,
A bitterness to me !—ye look amazed,
Not knowing they were lost as soon as given—"

* This poem forms one of the "Idylls of the King." Its place is between "Pellican" and "Guinevere."

Slid from my hands, when I was leaning out
Above the river—that unhappy child
Past in her barge : but rosier luck will go
With these rich jewels, seeing that they came
Not from the skeleton of a brother-slayer,
But the sweet body of a maiden babe.
Perchance—who knows?—the purest of thy
knights
May win them for the purest of my maids.”

She ended, and the cry of a great joust
With trumpet-blowings ran on all the ways
From Camelot in among the faded fields
To furthest towers ; and everywhere the knights
Arm'd for a day of glory before the King.

But on the hither side of that loud morn
Into the hall stagger'd, his visage ribb'd
From ear to ear with dogwhip-weals, his nose
Bridge-broken, one eye out, and one hand off,
And one with shatter'd fingers dangling lame,
A churl, to whom indignantly the King,
“ My churl, for whom Christ died, what evil
beast
Hath drawn his claws athwart thy face? or
fiend?
Man was it who marr'd Heaven's image in thee
thus ?”

Then, sputtering thro' the hedge of splinter'd
teeth,
Yet strangers to the tongue, and with blunt
stump
Pitch-blacken'd sawing the air, said the maim'd
churl,

“ He took them and he drave them to his tower—
Some hold he was a table-knight of thine—
A hundred goodly ones—the Red Knight, he—
Lord, I was tending swine, and the Red Knight
Brake in upon me and drave them to his tower ;
And when I call'd upon thy name as one
That doest right by gentle and by churl,
Maim'd me and mau'd, and would outright
have slain,

Save that he sware me to a message, saying—
‘ Tell thou the King and all his liars, that I
Have founded my Round Table in the North,
And whatsoever his own knights have sworn
My knights have sworn the counter to it—and
say

My tower is full of harlots, like his court,
But mine are worthier, seeing they profess
To be none other than themselves—and say

My knights are all adulterers like his own,
But mine are truer, seeing they profess
To be none other ; and say his hour is come,
The heathen are upon him, his long lance
Broken, and his Excalibur a straw.”

Then Arthur turn'd to Kay the seneschal,
“ Take thou my churl, and tend him curiously
Like a king's heir, till all his hurts be whole.
The heathen—but that ever-climbing wave,
Hurl'd back again so often in empty foam,
Hath lain for years at rest—and renegades,
Thieves, bandits, leavings of confusion, whom
The wholesome realm is purged of otherwhere,—
Friends, thro' your manhood and your fealty,—
now

Make their last head like Satan in the North.
My younger knights, new-made, in whom your
flower
Waits to be solid fruit of golden deeds,
Move with me toward their quelling, which
achieved,
The loneliest ways are safe from shore to shore.
But thou, Sir Lancelot, sitting in my place
Enchair'd to-morrow, arbitrate the field ;
For wherefore shouldst thou care to mingle
with it,
Only to yield my Queen her own again?
Speak, Lancelot, thou art silent : is it well ?”

Thereto Sir Lancelot answer'd, “ It is well :
Yet better if the King abide, and leave
The leading of his younger knights to me.
Else, for the King has will'd it, it is well.”

Then Arthur rose and Lancelot follow'd him,
And while they stood without the doors, the
King
Turn'd to him saying, “ Is it then so well ?
Or mine the blame that oft I seem as he
Of whom was written, ‘ a sound is in his ears’—
The foot that loiters, bidden go,—the glance
That only seems half-loyal to command,—
A manner somewhat fall'n from reverence—
Or have I dream'd the bearing of our knights
Tells of a manhood ever less and lower ?
Or whence the fear lest this my realm, uprear'd,
By noble deeds at one with noble vows,
From flat confusion and brute violences,
Reel back into the beast, and be no more ?”

He spoke, and taking all his younger knights,
Down the slope city rode, and sharply turn'd

North by the gate. In her high bower the
Queen,
Working a tapestry, lifted up her head,
Watch'd her lord pass, and knew not that she
sigh'd.

Then ran across her memory the strange rhyme
Of bygone Merlin, "Where is he who knows?
From the great deep to the great deep he
goes."

But when the morning of a tournament,
By these in earnest those in mockery call'd
The Tournament of the Dead Innocence,
Brake with a wet wind blowing, Lancelot,
Round whose sick head all night, like birds of
prey,
The words of Arthur flying shriek'd, arose,
And down a streetway hung with folds of pure
White samite, and by fountains running wine,
Where children sat in white with cups of gold,
Moved to the lists, and there, with slow sad
steps
Ascending, fill'd his double-dragon'd chair.

He glanced and saw the stately galleries,
Dame, damsel, each thro' worship of their
Queen
White-robed in honor of the stainless child,
And some with scatter'd jewels, like a bank
Of maiden snow mingled with sparks of fire.
He lookt but once, and veil'd his eyes again.

The sudden trumpet sounded as in a dream
To ears but half-awaked, then one low roll
Of Autumn thunder, and the jousts began:
And ever the wind blew, and yellowing leaf
And gloom and gleam, and shower and shorn
plume
Went down it. Sighing wearily, as one
Who sits and gazes on a faded fire,
When all the goodlier guests are past away,
Sat their great umpire, looking o'er the lists.
He saw the laws that ruled the tournament
Broken, but spake not; once, a knight cast
down

Before his throne of arbitration cursed
The dead babe and the follies of the King;
And once the laces of a helmet crack'd,
And show'd him, like a vermin in its hole,
Modred, a narrow face: anon he heard
The voice that billow'd round the barriers roar
An ocean-sounding welcome to one knight,
But newly-enter'd, taller than the rest,

And armour'd all in forest green, whereon
There tript a hundred tiny silver deer,
And wearing but a holly-spray for crest,
With ever-scattering berries, and on shield
A spear, a harp, a bugle—Tristram—late
From overseas in Brittany return'd,
And marriage with a princess of that realm,
Isolt the White—Sir Tristram of the Woods—
Whom Lancelot knew, had held sometime with
pain

His own against him, and now yearn'd to shake
The burthen off his heart in one full shock
With Tristram ev'n to death: his strong hands
gript

And dinted the gilt dragons right and left,
Until he groan'd for wrath—so many of those,
That ware their ladies' colors on the casque,
Drew from before Sir Tristram to the bounds,
And there with gibes and flickering mockeries
Stood, while he mutter'd, "Craven crests! O
shame!

What faith have these in whom they swear to
love?

The glory of our Round Table is no more."

So Tristram won, and Lancelot gave, the
gems,
Not speaking other word than "Hast thou
won?"

Art thou the purest, brother? See, the hand
Wherewith thou takest this is red!" to whom
Tristram, half plagued by Lancelot's languorous
mood,

Made answer, "Ay, but wherefore toss me this
Like a dry bone cast to some hungry hound?
Let be thy fair Queen's fantasy. Strength of
heart

And might of limb, but mainly use and skill,
Are winners in this pastime of our King,
My hand—belike the lance hath dript upon
it—

No blood of mine, I trow; but O chief knight,
Right arm of Arthur in the battlefield,
Great brother, thou nor I have made the world;
Be happy in thy fair Queen as I in mine."

And Tristram round the gallery made his
horse
Caracole; then bow'd his homage, bluntly say-
ing,

"Fair damsels, each to him who worships each
Sole Queen of Beauty and of love, behold
This day my Queen of Beauty is not here."

Then most of these were mute, some anger'd,
one

Murmuring "All courtesy is dead," and one,
"The glory of our Round Table is no more."

Then fell thick rain, plume droopt and mantle
clung,

And pettish cries awoke, and the wan day
Went glooming down in wet and weariness :
But under her black brows a swarthy dame
Laught shrilly, crying "Praise the patient
saints,

Our one white day of Innocence hath past,
Tho' somewhat draggled at the skirt. So be it.
The snowdrop only, flow'ring thro' the year,
Would make the world as blank as wintertide.
Come — let us comfort their sad eyes, our
Queen's

And Lancelot's, at this night's solemnity
With all the kindlier colours of the field."

So dame and damsel glitter'd at the feast
Variously gay : for he that tells the tale
Likens'd them, saying "as when an hour of
cold

Falls on the mountain in midsummer snows,
And all the purple slopes of mountain flowers
Pass under white, till the warm hour return'
With veer of wind, and all are flowers again :"
So dame and damsel cast the simple white,
And glowing in all colours, the live grass,
Rose-campion, bluebell, kingcup, poppy, glanced
About the revels, and with mirth so loud
Beyond all use, that, half-amazed, the Queen,
And wroth at Tristram and the lawless jousts,
Brake up their sports, then slowly to her bower
Parted, and in her bosom pain was lord.

And little Dagonet on the morrow morn,
High over all the yellowing Autumn-tide,
Danced like a wither'd leaf before the hall.
Then Tristram saying, "Why skip ye so, Sir
Fool?"

Wheel'd round on either heel, Dagonet re-
plied,

"Belike for lack of wiser company ;
Or being fool, and seeing too much wit
Makes the world rotten, why, belike I skip
To know myself the wisest knight of all."
"Ay, fool," said Tristram, "but 'tis eating dry
To dance without a catch, a roundelay
To dance to." Then he twangled on his harp,
And while he twangled little Dagonet stood,

Quiet as any water-sodden log
Stay'd in the wandering warble of a brook ;
But when the twangling ended, skipt again ;
Then being asked, "Why skipt ye not, Sir
Fool?"

Made answer, "I had liefer twenty years
Skip to the broken music of my brains
Than any broken music ye can make."

Then Tristram, waiting for the quip to come,
"Good now, what music have I broken, fool?"
And little Dagonet, skipping, "Arthur, the
King's ;

For when thou playest that air with Queen
Isolt,

Thou makest broken music with thy bride,
Her daintier namesake down in Brittany—
And so thou breakest Arthur's music too."

"Save for that broken music in thy brains,
Sir Fool," said Tristram, "I would break thy
head.

Fool, I came late, the heathen wars were o'er,
The life had flown, we sware but by the shell—
I am but a fool to reason with a fool,
Come, thou art crabb'd and sour : but lean me
down,

Sir Dagonet, one of thy long asses' ears,
And hearken if my music be not true.

"Free love—free field—we love but while we
may :

The woods are hush'd, their music is no more :
The leaf is dead, the yearning past away :
New leaf, new life—the days of frost are o'er :
New life, new love to suit the newer day :
New loves are sweet as those that went before :
Free love—free field—we love but while we
may."

"Ye might have moved slow-measure to my
tune,

Not stood stockstill. I made it in the woods,
And found it ring as true as tested gold."

But Dagonet with one foot poised in his
hand,

"Friend, did ye mark that fountain yesterday
Made to run wine?—but this had run itself
All out like a long life to a sour end—
And them that round it sat with golden cups
To hand the wine to whomsoever came—
The twelve small damosels white as Innocence,
In honour of poor Innocence the babe,
Who left the gems which Innocence the Queen

Lent to the King, and Innocence the King
Gave for a prize—and one of those white slips
Handed her cup and piped, the pretty one,
'Drink, drink, Sir Fool,' and thereupon I drank,
Spat—plash—the cup was gold, the draught was
mud."

And Tristram, "Was it muddier than thy
gibes?
Is all the laughter gone dead out of thee?—
Not marking how the knighthood mock thee,
fool—

'Fear God: honor the king—his one true
knight—

Sole follower of the vows,—for here be they
Who knew thee swine enow before I came,
Smuttier than blasted grain: but when the
King

Had made thee fool, thy vanity so shot up
It frightened all free fool from out thy heart;
Which left thee less than fool, and less than
swine,

A naked naught—yet swine I hold thee still,
For I have flung thee pearls, and find thee
swine."

And little Dagonet mincing with his feet,
"Knight, an ye fling those rubies round my
neck

In lieu of hers, I'll hold thou hast some touch
Of music, since I care not for thy pearls.
Swine? I have wallow'd, I have wash'd—the
world

Is flesh and shadow—I have had my day.
The dirty nurse, Experience, in her kind
Hath foul'd me—an I wallowed, then I wash'd—
I have had my day and my philosophies—

And thank the Lord I am King Arthur's fool.
Swine, say ye? swine, goats, asses, rams and
geese

Troop'd round a Paynim harper once, who
thrumm'd

On such a wire as musically as thou
Some such fine song—but never a king's fool."

And Tristram, "Then were swine, goats, asses,
geese,

The wiser fools, seeing thy Paynim bard
Had such a master of his mystery
That he could harp his wife up out of Hell."

Then Dagonet, turning on a ball of his foot,
"And whither harp'st thou? e'p down! and
thyself

Down! and two more: a helpful harper thou,
That harpest downward! Dost thou know the
star

We call the harp of Arthur up in heaven?"

And Tristram, "Ay, Sir Fool, for when our
King

Was victor wellnigh day by day, the knights,
Glorying in each new glory, set his name
High on all hills, and in the signs of heaven."

And Dagonet answer'd, "Ay, and when the
land

Was freed, and the Queen false, ye set yourself
To babble about him, all to show your wit—
And whether he were king by courtesy,
Or king by right—and so went harping down
The black king's highway, got so far, and grew
So witty, that ye play'd at ducks and drakes
With Arthur's vows on the great lake of fire.
Tuwhoo! do ye see it? do ye see the star?"

"Nay, fool," said Tristram, "not in open day."

And Dagonet, "Nay, nor will: I see it and hear.
It makes a silent music up in heaven,
And I, and Arthur and the angels hear,
And then we skip." "Lo, fool," he said, "ye
talk

Fool's treason: is the king thy brother fool?"
Then little Dagonet clapt his hands and shrill'd,
"Ay, ay, my brother fool, the king of fools!
Conceits himself as God that he can mak
Figs out of thistles, silk from bristles, milk
From burning spurge, honey from hornet-combs,
And men from beasts.—Long live the king of
fools!"

And down the city Dagonet danced away.
But thro' the slowly-mellowing avenues
And solitary passes of the wood
Rode Tristram toward Lyonesse and the west.
Before him fled the face of Queen Isolt
With ruby-circled neck, but evermore
Past, as a rustle or twitter in the wood
Made dull his inner, keen his outer eye
For all that walk'd, or crept, or perched, or flew.
Anon the face, as, when a gust hath blown,
Unruffling waters re-collect the shape
Of one that in them sees himself, return'd;
But at the slot or fewmets of a deer,
Or ev'n a fall'n feather, vanish'd again.

So on for all that day from lawn to lawn
Thro' many a league-long bower he rode. At
length

A lodge of intertwisted beechen-boughs
Furze-cramm'd, and bracken-rooft, the which
himself

Built for a summer day with Queen Isolt
Against a shower, dark in the golden grove
Appearing, sent his fancy back to where
She lived a moon in that low lodge with him:
Till Mark her lord had past, the Cornish king,
With six or seven, when Tristram was away,
And snatch'd her thence; yet dreading worse
than shame

Her warrior Tristram, spake not any word,
But bode his hour, devising wretchedness.

And now that desert lodge to Tristram lookt
So sweet, that, halting, in he past, and sank
Down on a drift of foliage random-blown;
But could not rest for musing how to smooth
And sleek his marriage over to the Queen.
Yerchance in lone Tintagil far from all
The tonguesters of the court she had not heard.
But then what folly had sent him overseas
After she left him lonely here? a name?
Was it the name of one in Brittany,
Isolt, the daughter of the King? "Isolt
Of the white hands" they called her: the sweet
name

Allured him first, and then the maid herself,
Who served him well with those white hands of
hers,
And loved him well, until himself had thought
He loved her also, wedded easily,
But left her all as easily, and return'd.
The black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes
Had drawn him home—what marvel? then he
laid
His brows upon the drifted leaf and dream'd.

He seemed to pace the strand of Brittany
Between Isolt of Britain and his bride,
And show'd them both the ruby chain, and both
Began to struggle for it, till his Queen
Graspt it so hard, that all her hand was red.
Then cried the Breton, "Look, her hand is red!
These be no rubies, this is frozen blood,
And melts within her hand—her hand is hot
With ill desires, but this I gave thee, look,
Is all as cool and white as any flower."
Follow'd a rush of eagle's wings, and then
A whimpering of the spirit of the child,
Because the twain had spoil'd her carcanet.

He dream'd; but Arthur with a hundred
spears

Rode far, till o'er the illimitable reed,
And many a glancing plash and sallowy isle,
The wide-wing'd sunset of the misty marsh
Glared on a huge machicolated tower
That stood with open doors, whereout was roll'd
A roar of riot, as from men secure
Amid their marshes, ruffians at their ease
Among their harlot-brides, an evil song.
"Lo there," said one of Arthur's youth, for there,
High on a grim dead tree before the tower,
A goodly brother of The Table Round
Swung by the neck: and on the boughs a shield
Showing a shower of blood in a field noir,
And therebeside a horn, inflamed the knights
At that dishonour done the gilded spur,
Till each would clash the shield and blow the
horn.

But Arthur waved them back: alone he rode.
Then at the dry harsh roar of the great horn,
That sent the face of all the marsh aloft
An ever upward-rushing storm and cloud
Of shriek and plume, the Red Knight heard,
and all,
Even to tipmost lance and topmost helm,
In blood-red armour sallying, how'd to the King,
"The teeth of Hell flay bare and gnash thee
flat!—

Lo! art thou not that eunuch-hearted King
Who fain had clipt free manhood from the
world—
The woman worshipper? Yea, God's curse,
and I!
Slain was the brother of my paramour
By a knight of thine, and I that heard her
whine
And snivel, being eunuch-hearted too,
Sware by the scorpion-worm that twists in hell,
And stings itself to everlasting death,
To hang whatever knight of thine I fought
And tumbled. Art thou King?—Look to thy
life!"

He ended: Arthur knew the voice; the face
Wellnigh was helmet-hidden, and the name
Went wandering somewhere darkling in his
mind.

And Arthur deign'd not use of word or sword,
But let the drunkard, as he stretch'd from horse
To strike him, overbalancing his bulk,
Down from the causeway heavily to the swamp
Fall, as the crest of some slow-arching wave
Heard in dead night along that table-shore
Drops flat, and after the great waters break

Whitening for half a league, and thin themselves
 Far over sands marbled with moon and cloud,
 From less and less to nothing ; thus he fell
 Head-heavy, while the knights, who watch'd
 him, roar'd
 And shouted and leapt down upon the fall'n ;
 There trampled out his face from being known,
 And sank his head in mire, and slimed themselves ;
 Nor heard the King for their own cries, but sprang
 Thro' open doors, and swording right and left
 Men, women, on their sodden faces, hurl'd
 The tables over and the wines, and slew
 Till all the rafters rang with woman-yells,
 And all the pavement stream'd with massacre :
 Then, yell with yell echoing, they fired the tower,
 Which half that autumn night, like the live
 North,
 Red-pulsing up thro' Alioth and Alcor,
 Made all above it, and a hundred meres
 About it, as the water Moab saw
 Come round by the East, and out beyond them
 flush'd
 The long low dune, and lazy-plunging sea.

So all the ways were safe from shore to shore,
 But in the heart of Arthur pain was lord.

Then out of Tristram waking the red dream
 Fled with a shout, and that low lodge return'd,
 Mid-forest, and the wind among the boughs.
 He whistled his good warhorse left to graze
 Among the forest greens, vauc'd upon him,
 And rode beneath an ever-showering-leaf,
 Till one lone woman, weeping near a cross,
 Stay'd him, "Why weep ye?" "Lord," she said,
 "my man
 Hath left me or is dead;" whereon he thought—
 "What an she hate me now? I would not this.
 What an she love me still? I would not that.
 I know not what I would"—but said to her,—
 "Yet weep not thou, lest, if thy mate return,
 He find thy favour changed and love thee not"—
 Then pressing day by day thro' Lyonesse
 Last in a rocky hollow, belling, heard
 The hounds of Mark, and felt the goodly hounds
 Yelp at his heart, but, turning, past and gain'd
 Tintagil, half in sea, and high on land,
 A crown of towers.

Down in a casement sat,

A low sea-sunset glorying round her hair
 And glossy-throated grace, Isolt the Queen.
 And when she heard the feet of Tristram grind
 The spiring stone that scaled about her tower,
 Flush'd, started, met him at the doors, and there
 Belted his body with her white embrace,
 Crying aloud, "Not Mark—not Mark, my soul !
 The footstep flutter'd me at first : not he :
 Catlike thro' his own castle steals my Mark,
 But warrior-wise thou stridest through his halls
 Who hates thee, as I him—ev'n to the death.
 My soul, I felt my hatred for my Mark
 Quicken within me, and knew that thou wert
 nigh."
 To whom Sir Tristram smiling, "I am here.
 Let be thy Mark, seeing he is not thine."

And drawing somewhat backward she replied,
 "Can he be wrong'd who is not ev'n his own,
 But save for dread of thee had beaten me,
 Scratch'd, bitten, blinded, marr'd me somehow—
 Mark?"

What rights are his that dare not strike for them?
 Not lift a hand—not, tho' he found me thus !
 But hearken, have ye met him? hence he went
 To-day for three days' hunting—as he said—
 And so returns belike within an hour.
 Mark's way, my soul!—but eat not thou with
 him,

Because he hates thee even more than fears ;
 Nor drink : and when thou passest any wood
 Close visor, lest an arrow from the bush
 Should leave me all alone with Mark and hell.
 My God, the measure of my hate for Mark
 Is as the measure of my love for thee."

So pluck'd one way by hate and one by love,
 Drain'd of her force, again she sat, and spake
 To Tristram, as he knelt before her, saying,
 "O hunter, and O bower of the horn,
 Harper, and thou hast been a rover too,
 For, ere I mated with my shambling king,
 Ye twain had fallen out about the bride
 Of one—his name is out of me—the prize,
 If prize she were—(what marvel—she could
 see)—

Thine, friend ; and ever since my craven seeks
 To wreck thee villanously ; but, O Sir Knight,
 What dame or damsel have ye kneeled to last?"

And Tristram, "Last to my Queen Paramount,
 Here now to my Queen Paramount of love,
 And loveliness, ay, lovelier than when first

Her light feet fell on our rough Lyonesse,
Sailing from Ireland."

Softly laugh'd Isolt,
"Flatter me not, for hath not our great Queen
My dole of beauty trebled?" and he said,
"Her beauty is her beauty, and thine thine,
And thine is more to me—soft, gracious, kind—
Save when thy Mark is kindled on thy lips
Most gracious; but she, haughty, ev'n to him,
Lancelot; for I have seen him wan enow
To make one doubt if ever the great Queen
Have ;eided him her love."

To whom Isolt,
"Ah then, false hunter and false harper, thou
Who brakest thro' the scruple of my bond,
Calling me thy white hind, and saying to me
That Guinevere had sinned against the highest,
And I—misyoked with such a want of man—
That I could hardly sin against the lowest."

He answer'd, "O my soul, be comforted!
If this be sweet, to sin in leading-strings,
If here be comfort, and if ours be sin,
Crown'd warrant had we for the crowning sin
That made us happy: but how ye greet me—
fear
And fault and doubt—no word of that fond tale—
Thy deep heart-yearnings, thy sweet memories
Of Tristram in that year he was away."

And, saddening on the sudden, spake Isolt,
"I had forgotten all in my strong joy
To see thee—yearnings?—ay! for, hour by hour,
Here in the never-ended afternoon,
O sweeter than all memories of thee,
Deeper than any yearnings after thee
Seem'd those far-rolling, westward-smiling seas,
Watched from this tower. Isolt of Britain
dash'd
Before Isolt of Brittany on the strand,
Would that have hill'd her bride-kiss? Wed-
ded her?
Fought in her father's battles? wounded there?
The King was all fulfill'd with gratefulness,
And she, my namesake of the hands, that heal'd
Thy hurt and heart with unguent and caress—
Well—can I wish her any huger wrong
Than having known thee? her too hast thou left
To pine and waste in those sweet memories?
O were I not my Mark's, by whom all men
Are noble, I should hate thee more than love."

And Tristram, fondling her light hands, re-
plied,
"Grace, Queen, for being loved: she loved me
well.

Did I love her? the name at least I loved.
Isolt?—I fought his battles, for Isolt!
The night was dark; the true star set. Isolt!
The name was ruler of the dark——Isolt?
Care not for her! patient, and prayerful, meek,
Pale-blooded, she will yield herself to God."

And Isolt answered, "Yea, and why not I?
Mine is the larger need, who am not meek,
Pale-blooded, prayerful. Let me tell thee now.
Here one black, mute midsummer night I sat
Lonely, but musing on thee, wondering where,
Murmuring a light song I had heard thee sing,
And once or twice I spake thy name aloud.
Then flash'd a levin-brand; and near me stood,
In fuming sulphur blue and green, a fiend—
Mark's way to steal behind one in the dark—
For there was Mark: 'He has wedded her,' he
said,

Not said, but hiss'd it: then this crown of towers
So shook to such a roar of all the sky,
That here in utter dark I swoon'd away,
And woke again in utter dark, and cried,
'I will flee hence and give myself to God'—
And thou wert lying in thy new leman's arms."

Then Tristram, ever dallying with her hand,
"May God be with thee, sweet, when old and
gray,

And past desire!" a saying that anger'd her.
"May God be with thee, sweet, when thou art
old,

And sweet no more to me!' I need Him now.
For when had Lancelot utter'd aught so gross
Ev'n to the swineherd's malkin in the mast?
The greater man, the greater courtesy.
But thou, thro' ever harrying thy wild beasts—
Save that to touch a harp, tilt with a lance
Becomes thee well—art grown wild beast thy-
self.

How darest thou, if lover, push me even
In fancy from thy side, and set me far
In the gray distance, half a life away,
Her to be loved no more? Unsay it, unswear!
Flatter me rather, seeing me so weak,
Broken with Mark and hate and solitude,
Thy marriage and mine own, that I should suck
Lies like sweet wines: lie to me: I believe.
Will ye not lie? not swear? as there ye kneel,

And solemnly as when ye sware to him,
The man of men, our King—My God, the power
Was once in vows when men believed the King!
They lied not then, who sware, and thro' their
vows

The King prevailing made his realm:—I say,
Swear to me thou wilt love me ev'n when old,
Gray-haired, and past desire, and in despair."

Then Tristram, pacing moodily up and down,
"Vows! did ye keep the vow ye made to Mark
More than I mine? Lied, say ye? Nay, but
learnt,

The vow that binds too strictly snaps itself—
My knighthood taught me this—ay, being
snapt—

We run more counter to the soul thereof
Than had we never sworn. I swear no more.
I swore to the great King, and am forsworn.
For once—ev'n to the height—I honour'd him.
'Man, is he man at all?' methought, when first
I rode from our rough Lyonesse, and beheld
That victor of the Pagan throned in hall—
His hair, a sun that ray'd from off a brow
Like hillsnow high in heaven, the steel-blue
eyes,

The golden beard that clothed his lips with
light—

Moreover, that weird legend of his birth,
With Merlin's mystic babble about his end,
Amazed me; then, his foot was on a stool
Shaped as a dragon; he seem'd to me no man,
But Michael trampling Satan; so I sware,
Being amazed: but this went by—the vows!
O ay—the wholesome madness of an hour—
They served their use, their time; for every
knight

Believed himself a greater than himself,
And every follower eyed him as a God;
Till he, being lifted up beyond himself,
Did mightier deeds than elsewhere he had done,
And so the realm was made; but then their
vows—

First mainly thro' that sullyng of our Queen—
Began to gall the knighthood, asking whence
Had Arthur right to bind them to himself?
Dropt down from heaven? wash'd up from out
the deep?

They fail'd to trace him thro' the flesh and
blood

Of our old Kings; whence then? a doubtful
lord

To bind them by inviolable vows,

Which flesh and blood perforce would violate:
For feel this arm of mine—the tide within
Red with free chase and heather-scented air,
Pulsing full man; can Arthur make me pure
As any maiden child? lock up my tongue
From uttering freely what I freely hear?
Bind me to one? The great world laughs at it.
And worldling of the world am I, and know
The ptarmigan that whitens ere his hour
Wooes his own end; we are not angels here
Nor shall be: vows—I am woodman of the
woods,

And hear the garnet-headed yaffingale
Mock them: my soul, we love but while we
may;
And therefore is my love so large for thee,
Seeing it is not bounded save by love."

Here ending, he moved toward her, and she
said,

"Good: an I turn'd away my love for thee
To some one thrice as courteous as thyself—
For courtesy wins women all as well
As valour may—but he that closes both
Is perfect, he is Lancelot—taller indeed,
Rosier, and comelier, thou—but say I loved
This knightliest of all knights, and cast thee
back

Thine own small saw 'We love but while we
may;
Well then, what answer?"

He that while she spake,
Mindful of what he brought to adorn her with,
The jewels, had let one finger lightly touch
The warm white apple of her throat, replied,
"Press this a little closer, sweet, until—
Come, I am hunger'd and half-anger'd—meat,
Wine, wine—and I will love thee to the death,
And out beyond into the dream to come."

So then, when both were brought to full
accord,
She rose, and sat before him all he will'd;
And after these had comforted the blood
With meats and wines, and satiated their hearts,
Now talking of their woodland paradise,
The deer, the dews, the fern, the founts, the
lawns;

Now mocking at the much ungainliness,
And craven shifts, and long crane legs of Mark—
Then Tristram laughing caught the harp, and
sang:

"Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bend the brier!

A star in heaven, a star within the mere !
 Ay, ay, O ay—a star was my desire,
 And one was far apart, and one was near ;
 Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that bow the grass !
 And one was water and one star was fire,
 And one will ever shine and one will pass.
 Ay, ay, O ay—the winds that move the mere.”

Then in the light's last glimmer Tristram
 show'd
 And swung the ruby carcanet. She cried,
 “The collar of some order, which our King
 Hath newly founded, all for thee, my soul,
 For thee, to yield thee grace beyond thy peers.”
 “Not so, my Queen,” he said, “but the red
 fruit
 Grown on a magic oak-tree in mid-heaven,
 And won by Tristram as a tourney-prize,
 And hither brought by Tristram for his last
 Love-offering and peace-offering unto thee.”

He rose, he turn'd, and flinging round her
 neck,
 Claspt it ; but while he bow'd himself to lay
 Warm kisses in the hollow of her throat,
 Out of the dark, just as the lips had touch'd,
 Behind him rose a shadow and a shriek—
 “Mark's way,” said Mark, and clove him thro'
 the brain.

That night came Arthur home, and while he
 climb'd,
 All in a death-dumb autumn-dripping gloom,
 The stairway to the hall, and look'd and saw
 The great Queen's bower was dark,—about his
 feet
 A voice clung sobbing till he question'd it,
 “What art thou ?” and the voice about his feet
 Sent up an answer, sobbing, “I am thy fool,
 And I shall never make thee smile again.”

BOOK REVIEWS

AMERICANISMS ; THE ENGLISH OF THE NEW
 WORLD. By M. Schele de Vere, LL.D., Pro-
 fessor of Modern Languages in the University of
 Virginia, author of “Studies in English,” etc. New
 York: Chas. Scribner & Co.

It seems that both Mr. Marcy, the United States
 Secretary of State, and the Czar of Russia, when in
 a towering rage against England, ordained that the
 “English” language should be superseded in docu-
 ments by the “American” language ; a proof, per-
 haps, that demagogic despots are as liable to out-
 breaks of silly and undignified passion as despots of
 the ordinary kind. The term “American,” as ap-
 plied to themselves by the people of the United
 States, is, moreover, a usurpation against which all
 the other inhabitants of the Continent have a right
 to protest. If a language distinct from that of Eng-
 land has been formed in the States, let it be called
 Yankee : or if that name is wanting in dignity, by
 some other name which correctly denotes the fact.

Large additions have undoubtedly been made to
 the English language in the United States. Of these
 additions Dr. de Vere gives a very full and interest-

ing account, classifying them under twelve heads,
 which are the titles of his chapters :—“The
 Indian,” “Immigrants from Abroad,” “The Great
 West,” “The Church,” “Politics,” “Trade of all
 kinds,” “Afloat,” “On the Rail,” “Natural His-
 tory,” “Old Friends (old English words) with New
 Faces,” “Cant and Slang,” “New Words and
 Nicknames.”

The Indians, like other exterminated races, have
 left melancholy monuments of themselves in the
 names of the great landmarks. But they may also
 be said to have given a few words to the language.
Yankee itself is now allowed to be *Yengee*, the Indian
 mispronunciation of *English*. The headquarters of
 the Democratic party in New York are their *wigwam*,
 and Tweed is their *Sachem* as well as their “Boss.”
Tammany was the seat of an ancient Indian chief,
 who, it seems, was party to a sale of the territory
 which is now Rhode Island, on terms very like the
 Tammany contracts of modern times. *Pow-wow* has
 also pretty well effected a lodgment in the lan-
 guage.

Of the immigrants, the Dutchman has given be-

sides plenty of local names (including *Bowery*, now the Alsatia of New York, but "once the pleasant *Bowery* or garden-bower of Dutch governors"), some general words; e. g., *overslaugh* (from *overstaan* to skip) for preferring an outsider over the heads of those entitled by seniority. A more familiar instance is *boss* from the Dutch *baas*, an overseer. "I suppose the Queen is your boss now," said a Yankee stage-driver to Lord Carlisle. "I did not *boss* the job, it was sister," cried a Yankee child five years old, when he wanted to charge his sister with being the aggressor in a quarrel. The French words are not many; but *grairiz* and *sault* (now pronounced *soa*) are from that source. Some French local names appear in strange masquerade: *Bois Brûlé* is *Bob Ruly*, *Chemin Couvert* is *Smack Cover*, *Rivière du Purgatoire* is *Picketwire*. With plenty of French fashions, some French phrases have also found their way. A Confederate soldier who was picked out of a ditch, where he lay apparently dead, at Gettysburgh, told General Lee that he was not hurt or scared, but "terribly demoralized." The Spaniard has contributed *negro*, *mulatto*, *quadroon*, and its bastard derivative *octoroon*. He seems also to have contributed *flibuster*, the verb of which has now the political sense of manœuvring to delay a final vote. More Spanish words, such as *ranche*, a farm, and *stampede* (*estampida*) are coming from California and New Mexico. The German, though he has added so vast an element to the population, has not added, according to Dr. De Vere, a dozen important words to the language, so rapidly has he been absorbed into Yankee-dom. One well-known German word is *lager*: while *loafer* (*läufer*) expresses the dislike of an industrious people for those who lead an irregular and unsettled life. From the negro come *Buckra*, and indirectly *marooning*, which originally denoted the life of a runaway negro in the wilds, but is now used for picnicking. The Negro English, however, is a dialect of itself, and has acquired through the negro minstrelsy a place in literature. Dr. de Vere goes so far as to say that "America owes the negro no small gratitude for the only national poetry which it possesses, as distinct from all imitation of old English verses and all competition with the English writers of our day." The Chinaman is bringing in a little Canton jargon, such as *first-chop* for *first-rate*; and *kootoo*, or *koatou*, low bowing, is a Chinese word. But the introduction of Chinese words and of the Chinaman himself will be difficult while the feeling of the people in the West against him remains what it is now. Dr. de Vere cites a set of resolutions which he says were actually moved, though not carried, in the Legislature of Oregon in 1870. "Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon:—Section 1. No Chinaman shall be allowed

to die in this State, until he has paid \$10 for a new pair of boots with which to kick the bucket. Section 2. Any Chinaman dying under this Act shall be buried six feet under ground. Section 3. Any Chinaman who attempts to dig up another Chinaman's bones, shall first procure a license from the Secretary of State, for which he shall pay \$4. Section 4. Any dead Chinaman who attempts to dig up his own bones, without giving due notice to the Secretary of State, shall be fined \$100."

"The Great West," says Dr. de Vere, "has impressed the stamp of its own life even more forcibly (than New England) in the speech of its sons. Everything is on such a gigantic scale there that the vast proportions with which the mind becomes familiar, beget unconsciously a love of hyperbole, which in its turn irresistibly invites to humour. Life is an unceasing activity there, and hence speech also is racy with life and vigour. All is new there to those who come from older countries or crowded cities, and hence new words are continually coined, and old ones receive new meanings; nature is fresh and young there, and hence the poetic feeling is excited, and speech assumes unconsciously the rhythm and the elevation of poetry." From the chapter which follows, and from our own experience of Western talk, we should say that humorous hyperbole, rather than elevated poetry, was the characteristic of the West. Land settling has produced some terms, humorous but not poetic. "Any man who has married a lively blonde, and sees himself reflected in two blue eyes, has thereby made himself sure of heaven, having *preempted* two quarter-sections of it and settled on the same." *Locate* has been the unhappy parent of a line of similar barbarisms, such as *orate* and *donate*, culminating, or rather reaching the lowest abyss, in *vocate* and *missionate*. The terms derived from pioneer life are legion: *Stump oratory* is among them, and so, we presume, is *axe-grinding*. To *save*, i. e., to make safe by shooting dead, is, it seems, a term of frontier hunting and warfare. "I calculate, Mr. Hossifer (officer) that *war* the most decisivest and the most sanguinariest fight you ever seen in all your born days, We boys, we up and pitched in thar and we give the yaller bellies the most particular Hail Columby. We chawed 'em all up; we laid 'em out colder nor a wedge; we *saved* every mother's son of 'um—we did that 'ar little thing, boss." *Honey-fugling*, used for *kissing* by the classic lips of Susan B. Anthony, is a term, it seems, of Western bee-hunting. A question having been propounded by a philological enquirer in *Harper's Monthly* as to the meaning of the phrase, the answer was, "It is cutting it too fat over the left."

The language of the New England Church, as well as the temper of the New Englander, bears traces of

the fact that with the Puritans "antagonism was the normal condition of life." The great object was to differ in phraseology, as well as in customs, from the old country. The peculiar extravagances of religious enthusiasm in the new world, have also produced some new terms, such as *jerks* for religious convulsions. The terms *Hard Shell* Baptists, and *Soft Shell* Baptists, grotesquely denote one instance of the universal disintegration, which, under the action of liberalizing influences, is taking place in all the Churches of the United States from the Episcopalian to the Quaker. Mormonism and Spiritualism are the latest sources of religious additions, if religious additions they can be called, to the English of the New World.

From politics have come a host of terms, all of them vulgar, and almost all of them denoting something tricky and roguish. The political vocabulary of our neighbours is pretty well known here. Our readers may, however, be glad to be informed that the term *gerrymandering*, denoting the fraudulent division of a State into districts, so as to give the party which has the minority in number a majority of the votes, is derived from the name of its inventor, Mr. Elbridge Gerry, a prominent politician of the State now adorned by General Butler. *Buncombe*, *log-rolling*, *lobbying*, *land-grabbing*, *ballot-box stuffing*, *repeating*, *ring*, are too well known. *Pipe-laying* is less familiar; it was derived from a scheme for importing voters from Philadelphia into New York, which was concealed under the form of a contract for laying water-pipes from the Croton aqueduct. The etymology of the *caucus*, which under the system of party government, has practically superseded the constitutional legislature, is lost in philological night. The term has been wildly derived from *scyphus*, a divining cup! A *pincher* is "a bill which promises to secure a pecuniary reward to those who are interested in its defeat." A *rooster* (our cousins are too delicate to say *cock*) is "a bill which will benefit the legislators, and no one else." The vocabulary is of course rich in new terms for illicit gains, *chicken-pie* being one of the latest. We knew what *wire-pulling* was, but we did not know that peculiar skill in it was called *sculdiggery*. To *crawfish* is equivalent to *ratting* in English. *Sound on the goose* seems to baffle etymology; but it means sound on the main question. *Highfalutin* is equally puzzling to the philologist, who desperately struggles to find a derivation for it in *high-flying*, *high-floating*, and even in the Dutch *verlooten*—to flay by whipping. *Spread-Eagleism*, on the contrary, calls for no philological research. As a practical illustration of its meaning Dr. de Vere gives an extract from the Report of Legislative Proceedings in Indiana—"The American people—and we are proud to call ourselves that—are

rocked in the bosom of two mighty oceans, whose granite-bound shores are whitened by the floating canvass of the commercial world; reaching from the ice-fettered lakes of the north to the febrile waves of Australian seas, comprising the vast interim of five billions of acres, whose alluvial plains, romantic mountains and mystic rivers rival the wildest Utopian dreams that ever gathered round the inspired bard, as he walked the Amaranthine promenades of Hesperian gardens, is proud Columbia, the land of the free and the home of the brave." *Free soil*, *free labour* and *free love* are terms of which the first two are pregnant with evil memories of the past, while the last is full of evil omen for the future. *Skeddadle*, a word of the civil-war, has been pretty well incorporated into the slang portion of the English language. Its etymology seems to be satisfactorily traced to the Scotch or Scandinavian language, in both of which the word means to spill water or milk from a pail.

"Trade of all kinds" has, of course, contributed its quota. Dr. de Vere has the candour to admit that "if the English are a nation of shop-keepers, the Americans are *not unmindful* of the same source of wealth." He, however, charges to the account of England the phrase *Almighty Dollar*, begging Englishmen to recall the first lines of Ben Jonson's epistle to the Countess of Holland:—

"Whilst that for which all virtue now is sold,
And almost every vice, *almightie gold*."

But the omnipotence of gold, though not of greenbacks, has been the complaint of all lands and ages. "Money itself," says Dr. de Vere, has in the United States, as in England, more designations than any other object, liquor alone excepted." He admits, however that the English Slang Dictionary does not comprise *John Davis*, *Ready John*, *spondulics*, *dooteroomus* or *doot*, *tow*, *wad*, *hardstuff* or *hard*, *dirt*, *shimplasters*, *wherewith*, *shad scales*, or *scales*, *dye-stuffs*, *charms*, *stamps*. *Bogus* is rather unexpectedly derived from the noble Italian name *Borghese*, borne by an itinerant drawer of fictitious notes, checks and bills of exchange, whose genius merited a monument in our language since he succeeded in swindling Yankee smartness out of large sums. *Skimming* is resorted to whenever the merchant is *short*; and *short* is a word of large significance and great practical utility. "A common practice is to withhold a little of a poor sewing-girl's pay from week to week, on the plea of being *short*, and when a handsome aggregate has been reached, to boldly deny the debt." As to the vocabulary of liquors and liquoring, we really must disclaim for the backward and torpid old country anything like rivalry with the foremost of nations.

"Afloat" is said to have contributed *schooner*,

soon in New England being used to express the skipping of stones thrown so as to skim over the surface of the water. It has certainly contributed *flummadiddle*, a nautical mess, at the mention of which New England fishermen lick their chops, and among the main ingredients of which are pork-fat and molasses. *Aboard* used with reference to a land conveyance is also an innovation. To go *ahead* is English enough; but when a New York journal remarked that "in this complication of European difficulties a favourable opportunity was offered to American *go-aheaditiveness*," it enriched the maternal tongue at the same time that it painted American character. We should have thought that to the list of "Afloat" might have been added *bust up* and *gone up*, which sound like word-pictures of steam-boat travelling in the States:—

Coroner—"Witness, when did you last see deceased?"

Witness—"The last time ever I saw deceased, as I was a *goin' up* I met 'im and the smoke-chimney a *comin' down*."

On "The Rail," democracy, afraid of saying first and second class, has been obliged to draw on its magnificent imagination for such splendid aliases as *Palace Cars* and *Silver Palace Cars*; and at last we suppose it will come to *Gold* and *Diamond*. The *Cowcatcher* depicts the unfenced state of an American railroad, and *baggage-smasher* too well describes the American porter. The verb *telescope* is a railroad word of still more unpleasant import. "The frequency," observes Dr. de Vere, with scientific calmness, "with which trains collide on American railways has led to the use of the word for the purpose of designating the manner in which, on such occasions, one train is apt to run right into the other, as the smaller parts of the telescope glide into the larger."

"Natural History," of course, supplies a number of special terms. But *big bug*, for a person of consequence, is an addition to the general language; and so is *rooster* "an American ladyism," which has so far supplanted the less lady-like term that an English traveller professes to have heard of "a *rooster* and *ox* story." The unapproachable qualities of the *skunk* have also given him, as was his due, a place in the language beyond the mere pale of natural history.

"Of "Old Friends with New Faces," there is a very long list. What was good English when the Pilgrim Fathers left England has, in many instances, since become obsolete or provincial. When an American lady tells you that she "dotes on *bugs*," meaning that she is fond of entomology, her language is perfectly classical, though archaic. A number of peculiar modes of spelling also, such as *becase* and *bile* (for *boil*), are not vulgarisms, but archaisms. Of all the perplexing words to a native of the old country in America, the most perplexing is *clever*. "This troublesome word," says Dr. de Vere, "a favourite with our race wherever they are, can neither be traced back to an undoubted derivation, nor defined in its meaning beyond cavil: used in England generally for good-looking (?) or handy and dexterous, it means in Norfolk, rather, honest and respectable, and sounds there like *claver*. In some districts of Southern Wales it indicates a state of good health; in a few southern counties perfect clearness and completeness, and in other parts, as with us, courtesy and affability. The American pet word *smart* has however largely superseded it in our speech, and

only in Virginia and some parts of the South *clever* is still much used in its old English meaning of skilful at work and talented in mind." *Transpire* for *occur* is not an old friend with a new face, but an old friend with face horribly distorted. John Randolph was quite right when he called out to a speaker in Congress who had used it repeatedly, "If you say *transpire* once more, I shall *expire*." *Gentleman* and *lady*, as might have been expected, "have no longer in America any distinctive meaning." The Duke of Saxe Weimar was asked, "Are you the *man* that wants to go to Selma?" and upon assenting, he was told: "Then I'm the *gentleman* that is going to drive you." Nothing sounds more intensely vulgar to an English ear than the universal substitution in the United States of *lady* for *woman*. "Wanted, two competent sales-ladies." Dr. de Vere cites a distinguished writer as authority for the statement that an orator said in a public meeting where bonnets predominated, "The *ladies* were the last at the Cross and the first at the Tomb."

The heading "Cant and Slang," also presents an *embarras de richesses*. We like *flambustious* (showy), *slantendicular* and *sockdolager*—the last said to be a corruption of *doxology*. But our favourite on the whole is *catawampous*. A political character in the Legislature of Missouri, attacked by a host of hostile orators, was said to have been "*catawampously* chewed up." Then again, the great West, with "the matchless features of nature on the largest scale ever beheld by man, &c.," plays a great part; but "the low-toned newspaper written for the masses," in the opinion of Dr. de Vere, plays a still greater part. The degradation of a national language in point of fact generally keeps pace with the degradation of national character, of which it becomes in turn no important source.

The last heading is "New Forms and Nicknames." New nicknames of course must be invented for new persons and places. But we protest against such "new forms" as to *erupt*, to *excourt*, to *resurrectionize*, to *itemize*, to *custodize*, to *resolute*, as barbarism in the very deepest sense of the word. The terms *clergywoman* and *chairwoman* (President of a Woman's Rights Meeting) are still more repulsive, though not on philological grounds.

We are much indebted to Dr. de Vere for his work, and beg leave to commend it to all British tourists in the United States, as the means of acquiring a familiarity with the idiom which cannot fail to render them acceptable to the natives. We trust that it will also find its way into the hands of the Archduke Alexis, who may then win all hearts by promising that between the bear and the eagle the British lion shall be *catawampously* chewed up.

THE FIRST ENGLISH CONQUEST OF CANADA; with some account of the earliest settlements in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, by Henry Kirke, M.A., B.C.L., Oxon. London: Bemrose & Sons.

We have here from Mr. Henry Kirke, author of *Thurstan Mezerell*, the first detailed history, by an English writer, of the First English Conquest of Canada, in 1629. There are numerous French accounts of that event, in which the hero, Captain David Kirke, whose name is so transformed as to be barely recognizable, and whose career is ranked among the buccaners of America, is painted in no

enviable colours. The namesake of that conquering Captain does full, if tardy, justice to his merits. Captain David Kirke, with two brothers, Lewis and Thomas, sailed up the St. Lawrence, with half a dozen vessels, the largest of which was only 300 tons, and made an easy conquest of the starving garrison of Quebec. Kirke, who had acted under letters of marque, was greatly disgusted, when despoiled of the fruits of his conquest by the restoration of Canada to France. That Government agreed to pay him an indemnity of £20,000, of which he never received a farthing. The £60,000 which the backers of Kirke had advanced to set the expedition afloat was all lost. Kirke got an empty title and a grant of Newfoundland, which he lived to see revoked. In telling the story of Kirke, the author has drawn much of his materials from State papers in the Record Office. The history of Canada can be written only by one who has access to these papers; and let us here urge the necessity of copies of them being obtained for the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa. With the Paris documents already there, they would complete the materials out of which our national history can be written. When off the track of the main story, Mr. Kirke is content with very secondary materials; relying on the authority of Macgregor and Haliburton, authors of our time, when he might have consulted the voyage of Cartier and the History of Les-carbot. He writes for Pontgravé, Pontgravé; Gaspé, Gaspé; and Saguenay, Saghanny; he fails to identify the island of St. John with that of Prince Edward, and Bacailos with any place. He supposes Bacailos to be the Indian name of codfish. If he had consulted Lescarbot (ed. 1618) he would have read: "*Quant au nom de Bacailos il est de l'imposition de nos Basques, lesquels appellent une morue Bacailos, et à leur imitation nos peuples (Indians) ont appris à nommer aussi la morue Bacailos.*" It is certain that the word came from Spain or Portugal; whether it were first applied by Biscayan fishermen, or by Corte Real, the Portuguese navigator. But in spite of this, and other omissions and minor errors, Mr. Kirke has given us the best and most authentic account of the deeds of his namesake. The policy of restoring Canada to its original owners in 1632, he strongly condemns; but surely he does not sufficiently reflect that if it had been retained then, it would almost certainly have followed the fortunes of the other English Colonies in 1776.

WOMEN; OR CHRONICLES OF THE LATE WAR.
By Mary Tucker Magill. Baltimore: Turnbull Brothers.

The thread of the story in this book is slight; but it serves to connect a series of very vivid pictures of life in the South during the war for Southern independence. It is another proof that, though the extension of slavery may have been the motive of the leaders of Secession, the conflict, once commenced, became on the part of the Southern people a real struggle for national existence, carried on with fervent patriotism and unbounded self-devotion. It is evident, too, from this among other manifestations of Southern feeling, that, though crushed under the heel of the conqueror, Southern patriotism still lives and glows; lives and glows perhaps even with sufficient intensity to carry in itself the earnest of ultimate

independence. It was always said that the women exceeded the men in enthusiasm, and this book confirms that impression; indeed, the display of female patriotism seems to have been carried to such a length as partly to justify the Federal Commanders in sometimes thinking less of the privileges of beauty than of the necessities of war. We get portraits from the life of several notable men, and descriptions of several notable scenes. There is Stonewall Jackson, of course, idol of every Southern heart and eye, "with his tall, gaunt figure, ungainly in its proportions, awkward in its movements, sitting erect with military stiffness upon his saddle, with his sharply defined and resolute features, and eye of mild hue but gleaming with fire. There is Ashby, whose portrait might almost be taken for one of Graham of Claverhouse. On the Federal side there passes before us, among other forms, that of General Cluseret, late General of the Parisian Commune, then, according to his own account, representing European Republicanism in the Federal camp. He appears at Winchester, issuing a requisition upon the depleted larders of the town for five thousand pounds of bacon, and threatening that if the bacon were not forthcoming by the time specified, the town should be given up to the soldiers. 'Citizens, conduct the Republic, one and indivisible, to the suspected citizens' strong-box.' But perhaps the most interesting thing in the volume is the description of Richmond after the entrance of the Federal conquerors, of the suspense respecting the fate of General Lee's army, and of the reception of the news of his surrender.

"Very little allusion was made from the pulpits to the condition of affairs: indeed it had been forbidden so far as prayers for the Confederacy were concerned; but no order could govern the nation's heart, and many an anguished supplication ascended to heaven from those altars for the little band of fugitives whose cause was even then beyond the reach of prayer.

"One old Baptist minister prayed:

"O Lord, thou who seest our hearts, knowest what we so earnestly desire, but dare not specify in words, Grant it, O Lord, grant it!"

"About eight o'clock at night, the tense nerves of the people vibrated painfully at the sound of a gun, and before its echoes died away another followed, and another and another, until sixty were counted. It was a salute to celebrate some triumph. What could it be? They dared not think. At last the suspense grew too horrible to be borne; even certainty could be no worse.

"Ellen Randolph, opening her window and seeing a Federal soldier passing by, called out:

"Can you tell me the meaning of those guns?"

"What say?" said the man, approaching the window.

"Can you tell me the meaning of those guns?" repeated the young lady, tremulously.

"Yes, ma'am: them guns is fired to celebrate the surrender of General Lee's army."

"He heard something like a gurgling, choking sound as the figure disappeared from the window. It was the dying gasp of hope in the young heart.

"After some days the disbanded soldiers of the dead cause began to flock back to the city, with bowed heads and bleeding hearts. They told with eloquence which alone is the offspring of true feeling, of the last hour of the life of the Army of Northern Virginia; of the hard ships of the march, when the expected rations failed to reach them, and how the soldiers were obliged to

scatter in order to get food to save them from starvation. How they lived for days on raw corn and even roots, but still the thought of surrender was far from them; and how when the hour for meeting the enemy arrived, and they were rushing on to the conflict, suddenly the field seemed to be alive with white flags, and their old warrior General riding into their midst, the tears streaming down his cheeks, said:

"I have done what I could for you; I can do no more."

"Then hardy soldiers fell down in his pathway, and were not ashamed of their tears; and the officers seeing the terrible suffering of the Commander-in-chief, who must take the responsibility of action, showed their love for him by striving to share it, and many a strong man bowed his head over the hand of the noble old soldier in deeper reverence and love than in the days of his greatest triumphs."

"In a few days General Lee returned to the city, and his friends flocked around him to testify their love and sympathy; and truly he was grander in the moment of defeat than he had ever been at the head of his conquering armies; and never had he been so entirely the leader of the Southern people, whom he swayed by his moderation and wisdom into like action."

"In the delirium of the moment thousands would have sought foreign homes, talked wildly of Brazil and Mexico. But he ever advised all to remain and accept the situation which was inevitable, and do their duty as became good, honorable men, hoping for better times in the future. For himself he nobly refused wealth and honors, preferring to set the people who so loved him the example of a life made noble by misfortune, and of a greatness which could know no fall."

"Choosing for his profession in life the simple duties of an instructor of youth, he led young men into the battle of life, and showed himself the great General in instructing them how to overcome its difficulties and perils by a dependence upon the Captain of their salvation. And here in his home among the hoary hills of his native State, beside the grave of his former comrades, he found the happiness he sought in the paths of duty; and when at last he laid his honored head down to rest, the people whom he had served so faithfully mourned him as a father, and wept again as for the second loss of the cause of the South."

We repeat that the story is slight; the interest of the book lies in the descriptions. But the descriptions are not only interesting, but historically valuable as giving us the woman's view of the war.

CUES FROM ALL QUARTERS, or Literary Musings of a Clerical Recluse. London: Hodder and Stoughton; Boston: Roberts Brothers; Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

This extremely entertaining work is evidently the fruit of many years' plodding in the field of literature. The author has not only read extensively but thoughtfully also, and with a purpose beyond the amusement of a leisure hour. The result is a book that may be opened any where and read at any time with pleasure and profit. Each chapter is a little treasury of choice thoughts from the best writers, judiciously selected and skillfully fitted together to illustrate the subject immediately in hand. The plan cannot, in

strictness, be called original; books of a somewhat similar character have appeared before, but in none of them do we remember to have seen combined with a felicitous choice of topics, evidence of reading so extensive or a moral purpose so clearly kept in view. We heartily recommend "Cues from all Quarters" to the notice of our readers as a delightful and instructive book. We can only refer here to one subject treated of in this work. In a chapter entitled—"The Brute World, a Mystery" there are some reflections which will be favourably received by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. "Mrs. Jameson avows her impression that in nothing do men sin so blindly as in their appreciation and treatment of the whole lower orders of creatures. To the affirmation that love and mercy towards animals are not inculcated by any direct precept of Christianity, she answers that surely they are included in the spirit; though it has been remarked that cruelty towards animals is far more common in Western Christendom than in the East. With the Mahometan and Brahminical races, she adds, humanity to animals, and the sacredness of life in all its forms, is much more of a religious principle than among ourselves. Bacon does not think it beneath his philosophy to point out as a part of human morals, and a condition of human improvement, justice and mercy to the lower animals—"the extension of a noble and excellent principle of compassion to the creatures subject to man." "The Turks," he says, 'though a cruel and sanguinary nation both in descent and discipline, give alms to brutes and suffer them not to be tortured.' To Mrs. Jameson, then, who was apt both to think freely, and to speak frankly, it appeared as if the primitive Christians by laying so much stress upon a future life in contradistinction to this life, and placing the lower creatures out of the pale of hope, placed them at the same time out of the pale of sympathy, and thus laid the foundation for this utter disregard of animals as being our fellow creatures."

Those who are fond of curious speculations and are at a loss to account for the acts, motives and feelings of the lower animals will do well to carefully read this chapter—"Paradoxical or not, preposterous or not, the hypothesis of an after-life of the brute creation has been sometimes mooted, sometimes favoured, sometimes actually taken up, by accredited apologists for the Christian religion. Leland, in his strictures on Lord Bolingbroke, admits the supposition of brutes having 'immaterial, sensitive souls, which are not annihilated by death.' Bishop Butler, the author of the Analogy, pronounces an objection to one of his arguments, as implying by inference, 'the natural immortality of brutes to be no difficulty; since we know not what latent powers and capacities they may be endued with.' John Foster, the great John Foster, the Essayist, thus apostrophises in his journal a wee warbler of the woodlands:—"Bird! 'tis a pity such a delicious note should be silenced by winter, death, and, above all, by annihilation. I do not and I cannot believe that all these little spirits of melody are but the snuff of the grand taper of life, and mere vapour of existence to vanish for ever." He would or could have criticised with sympathy Le Maire's *Amant Verd*—the hero of which has been mistaken by half-awake commentators for a man, whereas 'twas an Ethiopian bird, Marguerite of Austria's pet parouquet, which died of regret, Miss Costello says, during its mis-

truss's absence, and which the poet represents as received into 'an imaginary Paradise of animals, where many readers who have lost and mourned similar favourites would be sorry to fancy they were transported.' Samuel Rogers, the poet, could 'hardly persuade' himself that there is no compensation in a future existence for the sufferings of animals in the present life—for instance, said he, 'when I see a horse in the streets unmercifully flogged by its brutal driver.'"

"By the light of philosophy, we know nothing about the matter either way; the brute world is a mystery, yet it is a beautiful school of philosophy (though it has few disciples) which teaches man to say of most things: 'It may be so, and it may be otherwise; it is a point on which I only know that I do not know,

Behold we know not anything
We can but trust—

or fear, as the case and our own disposition may chance. 'I hope there is a heaven for them,' said the late Mr. Æsop Smith of his horses."

Southey in his verses on the death of a favourite old spaniel says:—

"But fare thee well! Mine is no narrow creed;
And He who gave thee being did not frame
The mystery of life to be the sport
Of merciless man. There is another world
For all that live and move * * * a better one!
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain con fine
Infinite Goodness to the little bounds
Of their own charity, may envy thee."

In the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, the Shepherd says:—
"I have never been able to persuade my heart and my understanding that dowgs haena immortal sowls." And then, pointing to Brontë, "his sowl *maun* be immortal." "I am sure, James," rejoins Tickler, "that if it be, I shall be extremely glad to meet Brontë in any future society." "The minister wad ca' that no orthodox," resumes the Shepherd. "But the mystery o' life canna gang out like the pluff o' a cawnle. Perhaps the verra bit bonny glitterin insects that we ca' ephemeral, because they dance out but ae single day, never dee, but keep for ever and aye openin and shuttin their wings in mony million atmospheres, and may do sae through a' eternity, The universe is aiblins wide aneuch."

LITERARY NOTES

Canadians review, with justifiable pride, the material progress of the land in which they live. In spite of the ignorance displayed by many of our countrymen at home, and the misrepresentations of our neighbours across the line, Canada has, at length, secured the favourable attention of the world. In the natural order of events, this result was inevitable. The energy of men in conflict with the forces of nature, interesting while in progress, is never doubtful in its issue. Within the memory of some not yet past their prime, the face of the country has undergone a marvellous transformation. The area of cultivated soil, at first a mere fringe upon the skirts of the wilderness, has gradually extended many miles from the frontier. The rude farming of the early settler has given place to a thrifty and intelligent agriculture, by which the resources of the land are more fully developed and less wastefully employed. Similar evidence of progress is manifest in the improvement of stock and in the general use of labour-saving machinery. The vast frame-work of railways, whose giant limbs will soon stretch from ocean to ocean—the important and growing interests of manufacturer and merchant—the commercial marine, now third or fourth only in the shipping-list of the world—are all, for the most part, the work of the last five and twenty years.

The literary life of Canada, properly so called, is of more recent date. In point of time, the material progress of every country necessarily precedes the intellectual; indeed, they stand to one another somewhat in the relation of cause and effect. Whether the settler values or despises mental culture, let him

only be industrious and provident, and he will be an unconscious instrument in its advancement. Every acre of wild land cleared by the axe of the woodman, every bushel of grain taken to the rude mill on the creek, every little hoard saved from the fruits of toil, will contribute to the intellectual progress of the generations to come. Fortunately ample provision has long since been made in Canada for the education of the whole people. The struggle in England—begun in Parliament, thence transferred to the school-boards, and now, it appears, to be relegated to Mr. Forster and the House of Commons—seems strange to us who have for years enjoyed a national system established upon a firm and equitable basis. We hold in just esteem the energy of those who first hewed out a pathway for civilization in the forest; ought we not to remember with gratitude the men who laid broad and deep the foundations of our Common and Grammar Schools systems, or dedicated to superior education the universities and colleges of the Dominion? The inestimable value of these institutions is fully admitted, so far as it can be easily traced in the growing intelligence of the people, the general respect for law and the order and propriety of our social and domestic life. These advantages lie upon the surface; but, important as they are, they do not adequately measure the results of general culture. To trace its subtle influence moulding individual minds, and, through them, developing silently and almost imperceptibly the intellectual life of the nation, would be an impracticable task. Still a fair estimate of general results may be drawn from a comparison of the literary condition of Canada at the

present time with that of any period, not too remote, in the past. To enter at length into such a comparison would carry us beyond our present purpose; we shall, therefore, content ourselves with a brief reference to a few points of contrast. The first and most obvious, is the immense improvement in the typographical execution of our books and periodicals. Whatever literary merit may have been possessed by the essays and lectures of twenty years ago, the manner in which they were embalmed for posterity, was sufficient of itself, to repel all but the most curious readers. How folks managed to wade through those dreary pages of rugged typography, imprinted on smoky-brown paper, passes understanding. Up to a still more recent date, our Canadian schools were dependent upon the American publishers for many of their elementary school-books. The geographies, such as Morse's and Olney's, had been written apparently with the special purpose of glorifying the great Republic; and even the reprints of European histories were sent forth with a sting for us Britishers, in the shape of a one-sided narrative of the wars of the United States. Thus our youth left school entirely uninstructed in the geography of their country, and quite unconscious that it had a history with which Canadians ought to be familiar. By the enterprise of publishers in Montreal and Toronto this reproach has at length been taken away. Of the great advance made by the newspaper press we have not space to enlarge on the present occasion; but to the rapid growth of the book-selling and publishing trades, we must devote a few words. It is to be regretted that we have no record of the works which have issued from the press during the last thirty or forty years. A catalogue, or much better, a collection of them, would afford valuable material for our literary history. In the absence of either, we may safely assert that until within the last decade, the Canadian publishing trade had no existence worthy of the name. The pamphlets and treatises of former days fell still-born from the press. The reading public was too limited to warrant the risking of capital in so precarious a venture. With the exception of a few standard works of a religious character, our books, generally professional, with a dash of popular poetry, were invariably American reprints. Meanwhile, as wealth accumulated, opportunities for culture presented themselves to a larger number of those who, by taste or ability, were inclined to literary pursuits. Thence arose the intellectual life amongst us. The readers of to-day are not as those of past times. They are no longer contented with the dole which satisfied their predecessors half a generation ago. The range of study has grown wider, and taste is becoming critical, if not fastidious. There is an evident desire to keep up with the knowledge of the time, and although the *helluo librorum* has not yet made his appearance in Canada, there is a general demand for the latest and noblest fruits of contemporary intellect.

In this department of the Magazine, we propose to give a carefully prepared summary of current literature in so far as it is readily accessible to Canadian readers and likely to command their attention. Those works which appear to require more extended notice or to deserve a more formal introduction to the public, will find a place in our Book Reviews. These, together with the shorter references here, will afford a tolerably complete guide to the literature of the month. As we especially desire to stimulate and en-

courage active talent and enterprize, we intend to give prominence to works issuing from the Canadian press, and we shall feel obliged, if publishers will assist us in making our Canadian section as full and comprehensive as possible. The CANADIAN MONTHLY will be distinctively native in its tone and character, and therefore, we hope to receive the hearty co-operation of the friends of literature, all over the Dominion.

In attempting to take a general view of contemporary literature, we naturally give precedence to works bearing upon the subject of Religion. To make a judicious selection from the voluminous mass of publications in this department is, by no means, an easy task. The prevalence of the critical spirit in theology, as in other branches of science, has caused the production of a class of books reflecting the varied phases of individual or partizan opinion. Within a brief period, no less than eight treatises have appeared on the life and mission of our Saviour. Of these, the works of Dr. Pressensé and Mr. Beecher are worthy of note; although they cannot be called critical. The work of Dr. Lange is far more satisfactory in this respect, and will doubtless be accepted as the evangelical authority on this subject. In company with these, we may place the *Conferences of Père Lacordaire on God and on Jesus Christ*. In the former, the learned Dominican discusses the work of creation, and also the rational and moral nature of man; in the latter, three chapters are devoted to a refutation of rationalism. As, however, the father views religious questions from the rigid stand-point of his Church, and in the spirit of a mystic, his reasonings will scarcely convince any not already persuaded. "Human Power in the Divine Life," by the Rev. N. Bishop, is an attempt to reconcile philosophy and religion. The author's object, to use his own words, is to "aid those who, like myself, have been, for years, perplexed by expressions in theology which have no corresponding expressions in the philosophy of the human mind." Of works which have so far secured popular approval, as to attain the honour of a second edition, we may note—Dean Howson's "Companions to St. Paul;" Mr. Stanford's "Symbols of Christ;" and Mr. Dale's "Lectures on the Ten Commandments." M. Guizot has published a work entitled "Christianity in reference to Society and opinion;" but, as it has not yet reached us, we have no means of pronouncing upon its merits. Miss Charlotte Yonge's "Scripture Readings" are well adapted to family use. The series before us extends to the death of Moses, and includes some portions also of the book of Job. Critical difficulties are not discussed at length; but they are honestly stated, and solutions of them suggested. "Musings on the Christian Year," also, by Miss Yonge, with Sir J. T. Coleridge's "Life of Keble," will be interesting to students of the most popular sacred poet of our time. Mr. Field's "Stones of the Temple, or Lessons from the Fabric and Furniture of the Church," is a contribution to art from the High Church party. The work, which is profusely illustrated, contains much that is valuable to those interested in sacred architecture. Passing to religious biography, we may simply mention Rev. Mr. Stephen's "Life of St. Chrysostom," with portrait, published by Mr. Murray. Tyerman's "Life of John Wesley," now in course of republication by Harper Brothers, is the first biography of the founder of the Methodist society, written by one whose entire sympathies are

with his subject, and who possesses literary abilities adequate to the task. The author is a Wesleyan minister, who having had the opportunity of consulting materials hitherto inaccessible, has used them with skill and discretion. In this connection we may notice a little work which has reached a fourth edition, entitled, "John Wesley in Company with High Churchmen." Its object is to show that Mr. Wesley held the highest views regarding the sacraments, prayers for the dead, apostolic succession, &c. This is done by reprinting passages from his works. A Wesleyan journal in England appears to admit the correctness of this writer's inferences, but refuses to acknowledge Wesley as a pope. "If Methodists," says the *Watchman*, "believed in the personal infallibility of John Wesley, the argument of this book would be conclusive." Two Presbyterian biographies have appeared during the month, both of considerable interest. The one records the "Life and Ministry of the Rev. Dr. Chas. Mackintosh, of Tain and Dunoon," and is especially valuable for a preliminary sketch of the evangelization of the Northern Highlands. The other is the "Life of the Rev. Dr. Cooke," a name familiar in the annals of the Irish Presbyterian Church. There has been a tendency of late years—stimulated by the recent movement in Germany—to examine critically the doctrines and polity of the early Church. Of the works on this subject, two recently published are worthy of note—Dr. Killen's "Old Catholic Church, down to the establishment of the temporal power of the Pope;" and the "History of the Christian Councils to the close of the Council of Nicæa," from the original documents, by Dr. Hefele, Bishop of Rottenburg. Dr. Dörner's "History of Protestant Theology," is a valuable contribution to church history. It is not a chronicle of events; but a critical examination of the literature of Protestantism, with a view of proving that, with many external differences, it possesses a substantial unity. The writer is evidently familiar with the philosophy and theology, not only of Germany, but also of England and Scotland, and has carefully investigated their latest phases in our most recent literature. Mr. Hunt's "History of Religious Thought in England, down to the close of the Eighteenth century," in many respects resembles Dr. Dörner's. It is liberal and judicial in tone, and affords evidence of extensive learning and research. The first volume, which has just appeared, concludes with Hobbes and Baxter. Mr. Hunt does not affect to write without bias, but he claims that he has avoided inferences, wishing rather to state facts honestly; believing that, in every case, the inferences he would wish to draw will be made inevitably by all impartial minds. "Sects and Heresies," by the Rev. Mr. Blunt, editor of the "Annotated Book of Common Prayer," promises to be a useful book of reference. Dr. Döllinger's "Fables respecting the Popes of the Middle Ages," is a *réchauffé* of a previous work; nevertheless, it will attract general attention at this present juncture. "The Boston Lectures for 1871" somewhat resemble the series issued by the Christian Evidences Society in their aim and method. The "Bampton Lectures" (1871), by the Rev. G. H. Curteis, have for their subject, Dissent in its relation to the Church of England. Bishop Colenso, it would seem, has not succumbed beneath the blows of his legion of opponents. He has again appeared in the field with an additional part (vi) of his celebrated work. Not content with this, however, he has unmasked a new battery, in

the shape of a critical examination of the "Speaker's Commentary." We observe that Mr. T. L. Strange, formerly a judge at Madras, has also published a review of the same work.

It is possible the Bishop may be lost sight of, by reason of the Darwinian controversy, which is still raging fiercely. A second edition of Mr. Mivart's "Genesis of Species" has made its appearance; and in addition, a little *brochure*, entitled "Homo vs. Darwin," has been published. A favourable critic claims that it completely demolishes Mr. Darwin; as it is now being reprinted by arrangement in Philadelphia, our readers will soon have the opportunity of judging it for themselves. On the other hand, Prof. Huxley, with characteristic impetuosity, has assailed Mr. Darwin's critics in the *Contemporary Review*. In physical science the learned Professor is unassailable, and it is to be regretted, therefore, that he should expose his weak side in discussions on theology, psychology, or ethics. A man is seldom successful as a disputant in any department of study investigated only for destructive purposes. To Prof. Huxley, perhaps, more than to any other living physicist, we may apply Mr. Mill's words—"Physiologists have had, in full measure, the failing common to specialists of all classes; they have been bent upon finding the entire theory of the phenomena they investigate within their own speciality, and have often turned a deaf ear to any explanation of them drawn from other sources."

"The Desert of the Exodus, or Journeys on foot in the Wilderness of the Forty Years Wanderings," by the Rev. E. H. Palmer, is the fruit of Ordnance Survey and the Palestine Exploration Fund. "Jerusalem, the city of Herod and Saladin," an interesting work on a cognate subject, is also from the pen of Mr. Palmer, assisted by Mr. Besant. "Rome and the Campagna," by Mr. Burn, Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge, gives the most complete and satisfactory description of the antiquities of Rome yet given to the world. Like the two works just mentioned, it is splendidly illustrated, and contains, in addition, twenty-five maps and plans. "Japan," is the title of the first issue of Messrs. Scribner & Co.'s "Illustrated Library of Travel, edited by Bayard Taylor." It is an interesting work, presented in an attractive form, with upwards of thirty full-page engravings. Of popular works on science we may cite Tyndall's "Fragments of Science for Unscientific People," which has passed through several editions; the "Manchester Science Lectures for the People;" Proctor's "Light Science for Leisure Hours;" and Prof. Helmholtz' "Popular Lectures for the People." "The Earth," by Elisée Reclus (reprinted by the Harpers), is an illustrated work on physical science written in an extremely attractive style. A competent English critic declares that, if he were condemned to a sick-room for six months with the choice of half-a-dozen books, he would be well content with this as one of them. The text-books of "Zoology" and "Geology," by Prof. Nicholson, of University College, Toronto, have been handsomely reproduced by Messrs. Appleton. They are to be followed, we understand, by a third, on the subject of "Biology." In mental science, the first place should unquestionably be conceded to the works of Bishop Berkeley, edited by Prof. Fraser, of Edinburgh University, and printed at the Clarendon Press, Oxford. In the last number of the *Fortnightly Review*, Mr. John Stuart Mill contributes an appre-

ciative article on Berkeley's philosophy. As an introduction to the study of his works, Mr. Mill's paper will be found exceedingly useful. Speaking of the Bishop's merit as an original thinker, he claims "that of all who have employed their minds to metaphysical inquiry, he is the one of greatest philosophical genius." "Ueberweg's History of Philosophy" (vol. i.) is the first issue of Scribner's "Theological and Philosophical Library." It is translated by Prof. Morris, of Michigan University, and edited by President Porter of Yale College and the Rev. Dr. Schaff. It is a work of great learning, and, like all the valuable philosophical works we owe to Germany, gives abundant proof of great critical power and indefatigable research. This volume reaches to the close of the fifteenth century. Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh, recently delivered four lectures on "Ethics," at the Royal Institution. These have been published in a collected form, as "The Four Phases of Morals"—"Socrates," "Aristotle," "Christianity," and "Utilitarianism." The Professor is an intuitionist, and, therefore, falls foul of John Locke, as a matter of course. His book will be read with interest; although it sometimes lacks dignity of tone and accuracy of thought, or, at any rate, of expression.

Of recent contributions to the department of History, Mr. E. A. Freeman's "Historical Essays" and his "Norman Conquest," are especially to be noticed. In the latter work, now in course of publication, we have, as nearly as possible, a model of the spirit in which history ought to be written. The author is sound in point of learning, reliable and discriminating in judgment, and a thorough enthusiast in his department. Moreover, his style is natural and vigorous; hence he has succeeded in bringing out the figures of "Harold" and "Godwin" in relief before his readers with a distinctness which leaves nothing to be desired. "Edward I.," by the author of the "Greatest of the Plantagenets," should be mentioned. It is founded upon the former work of the same author, and was doubtless written to fortify his position against the hostile attacks of the critics. "The Councils and Ecclesiastical Documents relating to Great Britain and Ireland," edited by Messrs. Haddan and Stubbs; and "The Charters and other illustrations of English Constitutional History, down to the reign of Edward I.," edited by Prof. Stubbs, are extremely valuable collections of historic materials, arranged with a running commentary, showing their value and bearing upon the events to which they refer. Of the recent war in Europe, two important narratives are in course of publication—"The Franco-Prussian War," by Captain Hosier, of which Division four is announced; and

"The War for the Rhine Frontier," by Colonel Rustow, formerly of the Prussian army, but now a resident of Switzerland. Rustow's first volume concludes with the last effort of Marshal Bazaine to break through the beleaguering Germans at Vionville, and his final retreat within the works at Metz.

In Biography there is as usual an abundant supply of greater or less merit. Four able articles published in the "Catholic Monthly," by J. F. Meline, form the basis of an interesting book on a subject which would seem to be inexhaustible. "Mary, Queen of Scots, and her latest Historians," is the title of the work. Its tone will be understood from the following remarks of Mr. Wm. Cullen Bryant's paper in the *N. Y. Evening Post*:—"A strong case is made out, against Mr. Froude, of the perversion and even falsification of documents;" and the reader "cannot follow the arguments of Mr. Meline, without the conviction that truth has rarely been more recklessly disregarded than in the brilliant chapters of Mr. Froude's history, which refer to Mary's reign and execution." "The Life of Sir Henry Lawrence," one of the ablest and most sagacious of our Indian viceroys, has been written by the late Sir Herbert Edwards and Mr. Herman Merivale. "The Life of Charles Dickens," vol. I. (1812-42) is the work of Mr. John Forster, the biographer of "Goldsmith," and the "Statesman of the Commonwealth." The task could not have been committed into more competent hands. Mr. Landseer's "Life of William Bewick," the artist,—who is not to be confounded with Thomas Bewick, the celebrated engraver on wood—is chiefly valuable for the anecdotes and gossip concerning the authors and artists with whom Bewick came in contact. The same may be said of the Rev. W. Harness's "Literary Life," and to a less extent, of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Lives of the Kembles." The subjects of the latter are, of course, interesting in themselves, apart from the world in which they moved. "A Shadow of Dante: being an Essay towards the Study of Himself, his World, and his Pilgrimage," is an able and interesting introduction to the works of the great Florentine. Miss Rossetti, its author, belongs to a family distinguished both in art and literature. The subject of Dante they have made peculiarly their own, and the present volume is an additional evidence of their enthusiastic devotion to it. We can only refer our readers to Mr. Arthur Helps' "Life of Cortez," Mr. J. Morley's "Voltaire," and Mrs. Oliphant's "Life of Montalembert." It may also be worthy of note that the "Memoirs of Talleyrand," suppressed during the Napoleonic regime, are at length to be given to the world.

NOTE:—We have been compelled, from lack of space, to present the Literary Notes in an incomplete and unfinished state. For the same reason, our Record of Current Events and the Science and Art Summary, are entirely omitted, and several Book Reviews of interest reserved for the present. These deficiencies we hope to remedy in our next number.