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ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

JUNE, 1882.

THE CONFUSED DAWN.

YOUNG MAN.

WHAT are the Vision and the Cry
That haunt the young Canadian soul?
Dim grandeur spreads, we know not why,
O'er mountain, forest, tree, and knoll,
And murmurs indistinctly fly.
Some magic moment sure is nigh!
O Seer, the curtain roll!

SEER.

The Vision, mortal, it is this—
Dead mountain, forest, knoll, and tree
Awaken all endued with bliss,
A native land—O think!—to be—
Thy native land!—and, ne'er amiss,
Its smile a sympathising kiss
Shall henceforth seem to thee.

The Cry thou couldst not understand,
Which runs through that new realm of light,
To Breton's and Vancouver's strand,
From many a lovely landscape bright,
It is their waking utterance grand,
The one refrain 'A native land!'
Thine be the ear, the sight.

OLD NEW WORLD TALES.

THE NORTHMEN IN AMERICA.

BY PIERCE STEVENS HAMILTON, HALIFAX, N. S.

II.

WHILE Thorhall, the hunter, as we related in the last number of THE MONTHLY, had gone off northward on an expedition which cost him his life or his liberty, Karlsefne, with Snorri Thorbrandson, Bjarni Grimolfson, and the rest of the company, went away, with the other ships, exploring southwards, or south-westwards, along the coast. They sailed along upon that course 'until they came to a river which ran out from the land, through a lake, out into the sea'—obviously the place which had been previously visited by both Lief and Thorvald. They found the river so shallow that it could only be entered at high water, Karlsefne, with all his people, sailed up into it; and they called the place Hóp. This name is derived from the Icelandic word 'hópa,' to recede, to fall back, and must be taken to mean a marine recess, an estuary, a 'joggin,' to use a local word believed to be peculiar to the Bay of Fundy. It is very curious that the Indians, who dwelt thereabouts, at the time the earliest post-Columbian European settlements were made, applied the name *Mont-harp* to a fine elevation rising from the shore of this bay; and that the expanded inlet is, to this day, called Mount Hope Bay. It was here that, as already mentioned, the European settlers of the early part of the seventeenth century, heard from the oldest Indians the tradition of some strange men, in time far past, having floated a house up the Pocasset river,

and having fought with the Indians of that period. It seems quite credible—even quite probable—that the name Hop, or Hope, as applied to the place in question, has been in continuous use by the inhabitants of that vicinity, ever since it was first bestowed by the Northmen in 1008.

They found there, where the land was low, what they called 'self-sown fields of wheat,' but vines upon the higher ground. Either this so-called wheat must have been maize planted by the savages, or it was the offspring of some grain sown by Leif, or Thorvald, in a former year. Karlsefne and his companions had taken their cattle with them to this place. They found that all the streams in the vicinity, as well as the tidal waters, abounded in fish; and there were numbers of various kinds of wild beasts in the woods. They had remained there for half-a month without anything notable having occurred, when, early one morning, they saw a host of canoes approaching. Not knowing what this might denote, the Northmen held out a white shield towards the approaching force, as a sign of peace. Whether the significance of the sign was understood, or not, the Skróelings—for such they were—landed, and remained with the Northmen for some time, curiously examining and gazing at them and at everything about them. Then they re-entered their canoes and pulled 'away to the northward, round the ness.'

Karlsefne and his people had set up their dwellings above the lake; some

of the houses were near the water-side, and others at some distance from it. There they remained for the winter; but notwithstanding that there was snow, their cattle were able to feed themselves upon the grass. With the approach of spring, again, one morning early, they saw a great number of canoes, 'coming from the south, round the ness; so many as if the sea was sown with coal.' They also—as was the case on the former occasion—had poles swung over every canoe. Again the white shield was exhibited by Karlsefne's people, when the occupants of the canoes joined them; and the two commenced to barter. These people preferred red cloth to anything else that the Northmen had to offer them; and for this they gave in return skins and furs. They also wished to purchase swords and spears; but this was wisely forbidden by Karlsefne and Snorri Thorbrandson. We are told that the Skroelings gave an entire fur skin for a piece of red cloth a span long, which cloth they bound around their heads, doubtless as an ornament. When the cloth began to fall short, Karlsefne's people used to cut it into smaller strips, not wider than a finger's breadth; but still the Skroelings gave as much for each of these bits as they did for the larger pieces. When the cloth became quite exhausted, Karlsefne hit upon the expedient of making the women take out milk porridge to the Skroelings, who, as soon as they had tasted the excellence of this new article of commerce, would buy nothing but porridge. 'Thus,' says the Saga of Erik the Red, which particularly mentions this circumstance, 'the traffic of the Skroelings was wound up by their bearing away their purchases in their stomachs; but Karlsefne and his companions retained their goods and skins.'

It happened, at length, that a bull which Karlsefne had, ran out from the woods, about this time, and roared aloud. At this the terrified Skroelings rushed to their canoes, pushed

hastily off, and paddled away southward, along the coast, in the direction from which they had first come. Nothing further was seen of them for three weeks. It would seem that the Skroelings must have considered the roaring of Karlsefne's bull as, if not an open declaration of war, at least a *casus belli*. At the termination of the three weeks, they reappeared in great force—'were seen coming from the south like a rushing torrent!' The poles, too, which were swung over their canoes, 'were turned from the sun, and they all howled very loud,'—both of which incidents were considered as demonstrative of hostile intentions. So, this time, Karlsefne's people hung out, not a white, but a red shield, which was equivalent to telling the Skroelings to 'come on!' They did *come on*—with a vengeance, it may be said. They hurled a shower of missiles upon the Northmen, having, it is said, slings, among their other weapons. A sharp conflict ensued. Karlsefne's men at length gave way to the overwhelming numbers of their foes, and 'fell back along the river for it appeared to them that the Skroelings pressed upon them from all sides; and they did not stop until they came to some rocks, where they made a stout resistance.' It seems that, when this retreat took place, Freydis—who, as we have seen, was the daughter of Erik the Red, and wife of one Thorvard—was unable to run so nimbly as the rest, because of feminine reasons. Seeing the others fall back, she scornfully cried out: 'Why do ye run, stout men as ye are, before these miserable wretches, whom I thought ye would knock down like cattle? and if I had weapons methinks I could fight better than any of ye.' Yet she followed them slowly as best she could, the Skroelings still pursuing her. At length she came across a man—Thorbrand Snorrason—lying dead, with a flat stone stuck in his head and a naked sword lying by his side. Freydis seized the sword, turned

upon the pursuing Skróelings, and, like a genuine she-Berserker, she drew out her breasts from under her clothes, dashed them against the naked sword, and fiercely met the advancing foe. The Skróelings became seized with a panic, turned instantly, ran off to their canoes, and rapidly rowed away. A goodly number of the Skróelings fell in this affair, but only two of Karlsefne's people.

An incident is mentioned, which must have occurred about this time, and which would indicate that these Skróelings knew nothing of the use of metals. They found a dead man, and an axe lay by him. One of them took up the axe and cut wood with it; and then one after another did the same, seeming to think that it was an excellent thing and bit well. Afterwards one of them took it up and made a cut at a stone, so that the axe broke. Then regarding it as useless, they threw it away.

Karlsefne and his people now began to feel discouraged at their prospects. The land, it was admitted, had many excellent qualities. Still, they feared that they should always find themselves exposed there to the hostilities of the aboriginal inhabitants. They determined, therefore, to take their departure for their own old country. But first they made an exploratory trip, northward and westward, along the shore of Narraganset Bay. At one place, they found five Skróelings, clothed in skins, and lying asleep near the water side; and with them there were vessels containing what was supposed to be animal marrow mixed with blood. Karlsefne's people conjectured that these five men had been banished by their fellow-countrymen. They killed them—of course. They make note of a certain ness—perhaps Chippinonet Point—where they found evidences of the place having been the resort of great numbers of wild animals. They then returned, probably south of the island, to Straumfjord; and there, as usual, they found abun-

dance of everything which they required.

Karlsefne himself then took one of his vessels and made an excursion northwards and eastwards, in search of Thorhall, the Hunter, who, it will be remembered, had, in the preceding year, obstinately sailed away in that direction. In the meantime, he left the remainder of his company either at Straumfjord or Hóp. Karlsefne sailed north, past Kjalarness (Cape Cod), and thence westward, with the land upon his larboard hand, and found woods everywhere, as far as they could see, with scarcely any open places. They found a river which fell out of the land from the east to the west, and they entered its mouth and lay by its southern bank. This was, no doubt, some inconsiderable stream, falling into Boston Bay; for it is stated that 'they looked upon the mountain range that was seen at Hóp, and that which they now found, as all one.' There can be no reasonable doubt that the 'mountain range' referred to, is that of the Blue Hills, which stretch through Norfolk County, from near Milton to the direction of Taunton River.

Of course Karlsefne returned without having seen, or heard, anything of the stiff-necked old Thorhall. Then he and his company spent their *third winter* in Vinland. 'There was born the first autumn, Snorri, Karlsefne's son, and he was three years old when they went away.' Troubles and dissatisfaction were already growing up in the little colony. To explain the causes of this, we cannot do better than to quote the Saga's own curt, but most intelligible, account of the real state of affairs—as thus: 'They now became much divided by party feeling, and the women were the cause of it; for those who were unmarried would injure those that were married, and hence arose great disturbance.'

At length (A. D. 1010), Karlsefne and his companions set sail from Vinland for their old home, with a fair

south wind. They touched at Markland, where they found five Skraelings—'one was bearded, two were females, and two boys.' They seized the two boys, and the others escaped. The boys they took with them, and taught them the language, and had them baptized. Our adventurers did not all succeed in reaching their far northern home, however. Bjarni Grimolfson's ship came to grief—near the southern coast of Ireland, as is supposed. He had but one available boat, which would only hold a part of the crew. They cast lots for their chances; and Bjarni was one who was assigned by lot to the boat. As commander of the ship, he might have selfishly taken such a place in the first instance. But now he, at the last moment, gave up his place to one who appealed to his pity and who, he thought, had some moral claims upon him. So Bjarni returned to the sinking ship, and died as a true hero. The boat, with a portion of the crew on board, at length reached Dublin in safety. Meanwhile Thorfinn Karlsefne, with his ship, arrived in due season at Eriksfjord, Greenland. There he passed the winter. In the following summer—that of the year 1011—he, with his wife Gudrid, went to his home at Reynisness, in Iceland. We often afterwards hear, in the old Iceland chronicles, of Karlsefne and his immediate descendants: but, so far as is known, here end his explorations in Vinland. He himself made a prosperous voyage to Norway, where he and his wife remained for a winter and were held in great honour by the first people in that kingdom. In the spring he returned to Iceland; but on the eve of his departure, there occurred this incident:—Karlsefne was on board his ship waiting for a wind when there came to him a man from Bremen, and wanted to buy his *house broom* (a vane, or weather cock, in the form of a broom). Karlsefne would not sell. The German offered half a mark in gold. Karlsefne tempted by such an offer,

closed with it. 'The Southern went off with the house-broom, but Karlsefne knew not what wood it was; but that it was *mausur* brought from Virland.' This *mausur* (speckled wood), undoubtedly means curled, or bird-eye maple. On his final return to Iceland, Karlsefne bought new lands at Glaumbee, and set up for himself a new dwelling, and there spent the remainder of his days as a highly respected and distinguished man. 'When Karlsefne was dead, took Gudrid the management of the house with Snorri, who was born in Vinland. But when Snorri was married, then went Gudrid abroad, and travelled southwards, and came back again to the house of Snorri her son, and then had he caused a church to be built at Glaumbee. After this became Gudrid a nun and recluse, and remained so while she lived. Snorri had a son who Thorgeir hight, he was father to Ingveld, mother of Bishop Brand. The daughter of Snorri Karlsefnesson hight Hallfrid; she was mother to Runolf, father to Bishop Thorlak'—who drew up the earliest ecclesiastical code of Iceland, published in the year 1123, and who probably compiled the accounts of Karlsefne's voyages. 'Bjron hight, a son of Karlsefne and Gudrid; he was father to Thorunn, mother of Bishop Bjarn. A numerous race are descended from Karlsefne and distinguished men; and Karlsefne has accurately related to all men the occurrences on all these voyages, of which somewhat is now recited here.'

There was yet another voyage made from Greenland to Vinland, and recorded in the 'Saga of Erik the Red,' of which we may give some brief account. We have seen that Freydis was a woman of the 'strong-minded' class. We have seen how she alone appalled and put to flight, a host of infuriated Skraelings. We have now to see how she further distinguished herself by the performance of deeds which may have made her the pattern

and example to the *Lady Macbeth* of a later age. Of Freydis and her husband, the old Saga tersely says: 'She was married to a man who Thorvard hight; they lived in Garde, where is now the Bishop's seat; she was very haughty, but Thorvard was narrow-minded; she was married to him chiefly on account of his money.'

After the return of the *Karlsefne* party from Vinland, there was much talk about expeditions to that country; as they appeared both profitable and honourable. That same summer, there came from Norway to Greenland a ship under the command of two brothers, Helgi and Finnbogi, who remained in Greenland for the following winter. Freydis then went from her home at Garde, and set herself persistently to the task of talking these two brothers into the project of making the voyage to Vinland and going halves with her in all the profits which should there be made. They agreed to her proposal. Then she went to her brother Leif, and begged him to give her the houses he had built in Vinland. But Leif answered, as he had on other occasions, that he would lend the use of the houses, but would not give them. Then it was agreed between Freydis and the brothers, that each party should take thirty fighting men in their ship, besides women. But here Freydis proved treacherous at the outset; for she hid five additional men in her ship, which fact was not known to the brothers until after they had arrived in Vinland. They sailed (A. D. 1011), having engaged to keep as close together as possible; yet still the brothers arrived at their place of destination a little before Freydis, and had taken up their effects to Leif's houses. When Freydis arrived, she had her ships unloaded and the effects taken, in like manner, up to the houses. She made the brothers tumble out their effects forthwith. 'To me,' quoth she, 'lent Leif the houses, and not to you.' Then said Helgi:—'In

malice are we brothers easily excelled by thee.' So they put up a separate building further from the strand, on the edge of a lake, and put their goods into that. Then all hands began to fell trees for the ship's return cargoes. By-and-bye winter came on. Then the brothers proposed to get up sports and have some amusements, according to the time-honoured custom of the Northmen. This was kept up for a time, until reports were circulated, and discord sprang up, and at length all visiting ceased between the houses of Freydis and the two brothers. 'One morning early, Freydis got up from her bed and dressed herself, but took no shoes, or stockings. She took her husband's cloak and put it on, and then went to the brothers' house, and to the door; but a man had gone out a little before and left the door half open. She opened the door, and stood a little time in the opening, and was silent; but Finnbogi lay inside the house, and was awake. He said: "What wilt thou here, Freydis?" She said: "I wish that thou wouldst get up, and go out with me, for I will speak with thee." He did so. They went to a tree that lay near the dwellings, and sat down there. "How art thou satisfied here?" said she. He answered: "Well think I of the land's fruitfulness, but ill do I think of the discord that has sprung up betwixt us; for it appears to me that no cause has been given." "Thou sayest as it is," said she, "and so think I; but my business here with thee is, that I wish to change ships with thy brother; for ye have a larger ship than I, and it is my wish to go hence." "That must I agree to," said he, "if such is thy wish." Now with that they separated: she went home, and Finnbogi to his bed. She got into the bed with cold feet, and thereby woke Thorvard, and he asked why she was so cold and wet. She answered with much vehemence: "I was gone," said she, "to the brothers, to make a bargain with them about their ship, for I wished to buy

the large ship ; but they took it so ill, that they beat me, and used me shamefully ; but thou ! miserable man ! wilt surely neither avenge my disgrace nor thine own ; and it is easy to see that I am no longer in Greenland ; and I will separate from thee if thou avengest not this." And now could he no longer withstand her reproaches, and bade his men to get up, with all speed, and to take their arms. So did they, and went straightway to the brothers' house, and went in, and fell upon them sleeping, and then took and bound them, and thus led out one after the other ; but Freydis had each of them killed as he came out. Now were all the men there killed, and only women remained, and them would no one kill. Then, said Freydis : " Give me an axe ! " So was done ; upon which she killed the five women that were there, and did not stop until they were all dead. Now they went back to their house after this evil work ; and Freydis did not appear otherwise than if she had done well, and spoke thus to her people : " If it be permitted us to come again to Greenland," said she, " I will take the life of that man who tells this business : now should we say this—that they remained behind when we went away." Now early in the spring, made they ready the ship that had belonged to the brothers, and loaded it with all the best things they could get, and the ship could carry. After that they put to sea, and had a quick voyage, and came to Eriksfjord early in the summer. Freydis repaired now to her dwelling, which, in the meantime, had stood uninjured. She gave great gifts to all her companions, that they should conceal her misdeeds, and sat down now in her house. All were not, however, so mindful of their promises to conceal their crimes and wickedness, but that it came out at last. Now, finally, it reached the ears of Leif, her brother, and he thought very ill of the business. Then took Leif three men of Freydis's band and

tortured them, to confess the whole occurrence ; and all their statements agreed. " I like not," said Leif, " to do that to Freydis, my sister, which she has deserved ; but this will I predict, that thy posterity will never thrive." Now the consequence was, that no one, from that time forth, thought otherwise than ill of them.'

The time is long past when any one can presume to express a doubt, much less dispute, that the Northmen from Greenland and Iceland, discovered and visited the continent of America—as now called—about the close of the tenth century, and continued to visit its coast for centuries afterwards. There is no incident, the record of which has been handed down to us, pertaining to the history of past time, of which we have more indubitable proofs than we have of these facts. Yet compilers of what is complimentarily called *History*, slavishly following each other in the same beaten track, as is too much their wont, have, hitherto and for the most part, shyly avoided engrossing upon their pages, the teachings of the Norse Sagas as veritable history. These Sagas and Norse chronicles require no apologies to be put forth on their behalf. Both in matter and in manner, they are far superior to any contemporary historical records. In fact, it will be found by those who give particular attention to such studies, that the historic truth of statements made by other contemporary, or nearly contemporary, European writers, has to be tested by the authority of these Norsemen. They, on such matters as they touch upon, are the standard, from and by which others are to be judged.

The physical and moral courage, the enterprise, and the comparatively high intellectual culture, of these Northmen, have already been indicated in this paper. Let us say a few words as to their capacities as seafaring men. It is not pretended that the Northmen, at the time of their discoveries west of the Atlantic, were

a barbarous people, and that they went to sea in skin coracles, or long-log canoes, or other craft only a little more ponderous and a little less unmanageable. To suppose that such was the case would be a great mistake. It is unquestionable that, in all which pertains to sea craft, the Northmen were, not only the first people in Europe, but the first in the world, of their period. They had not the compass, it is true; but it is equally true that they had cultivated the art of navigation to a very high degree; and when, instead of crawling about the shores, like navigators of the Mediterranean and Indian seas, they boldly dashed out into the wide ocean, it is proof positive that they must have been conversant with the modes of steering, and even determining their position with something approaching accuracy, by observation of the heavenly bodies. Again, in size and seaworthiness, their ships were far superior to what is supposed in the popular opinions of to-day. We have the best reasons for believing that the *langskips* (long ships) in which Leif and his followers fearlessly came tearing and foaming down the North Atlantic, to Markland and Vinland, were of heavier tonnage, better modelled, better built, and better equipped, than the wretched caravels with which Columbus first crossed the ocean, nearly five hundred years afterwards; as we are perfectly sure that the Norsemen who manned them, and were almost as much used to being on the brine as Mother Carey's chickens, were immensely superior, in all that belongs to seamanship, to the poor, land-lubberly Spaniards who composed the crews of Columbus. As we have already intimated, when people of such an adventurous and enterprising nature, had once made their way from Norway to Iceland, it had to follow, as a matter of course, that their next step must be to Greenland, and their next again to the great western continent beyond it. Those voyages and their conse-

quent discoveries having been made, it was not to be supposed that the Icelandic Norsemen, being the most learned and literary people then in Europe, and the most scrupulously particular in keeping their genealogical and local records of any in the world, would fail to inscribe the tale of such events in their chronicles. They did unboastingly and succinctly, but carefully, record those events; and the information thus perpetuated was afterwards acquired and more widely published by Adam of Bremen (*temp.* William the Conqueror, of England), Torfæus (himself an Icelander), Wormieus, and other revivalists of letters, in Europe. These last-named writers have been often quoted as authorities on other matters wherein they must also have derived their information from the Norsemen; but where they have mentioned the Norse discovery of Vinland, some modern readers have seemingly affected not to see, or have not comprehended such passages.

Although the veracity of these Icelandic accounts of the early discovery of the 'New World' by Norsemen, is unimpeachable, many readers may, not unreasonably, feel a curiosity to know why those Norsemen left upon this western land so few, if any, records of their sojourn here; why their visits to this country were discontinued; and why all information upon the subject was, for centuries, kept hidden from the whole world at large, as seems to have been the case.

It must be observed that these Norsemen, in discovering 'the New Land,' never supposed that they had done anything wonderful, anything the news of which should be loudly and widely trumpeted through the civilized world, or which was to materially influence the whole after history of the human race. They probably had doubts even as to the fact of their having been the first Europeans to make such discovery; for in that tenth century there was a rumour afloat

amongst them, of a land in the far west, called *Hvitramannaland* (White Man's Land), or *Írland it Mikla* (the Great Ireland), which had been frequently resorted to by the Irish—rumours which we, of the present day, must admit to be not without some apparent foundation. It was not a time when the minds of all the men, in the 'Old World,' were at all excited by, or turned in the direction of, geographical research. If, in the tenth century, the attention of the 'Old World' had been keenly alive to the consideration of geographical discoveries, as it was in the early part of the fifteenth, when the eyes of all Europe were watching the progress of the Portuguese down the western coast of Africa, we may rely upon it that, through the discoveries of Leif the Lucky and his followers, this so-called America would, by the time in which Columbus lived, have been as well known to the people of the Eastern Hemisphere as it actually is at the present day.

The Northmen have, however, left behind them memorials of their former sojourn upon the western side of the Atlantic—monuments which commemorate indeed some of the most notable of the events mentioned above. The most remarkable of these is the so-called 'Assonet Rock,' found on the bank of Taunton River, in the County of Bristol, Massachusetts. Thus it is in the very heart of the Vinland of the early Norse adventurers; and is near by, if not in the very spot, where Leif, and, after him, Thorvald, Karlsefne, and Freydis, temporarily dwelt. However that may be, such celebrated Runic scholars and antiquarians as Finn Magnussen and Charles Christian Rafn have emphatically declared that the carving upon this stone is Scandinavian workmanship; and that, among other things, it commemorates the temporary settlement of Thorfinn Karlsefne, with the 151 companions he had with him after the desertion of Thorhall and the other nine; also the

battle of Karlsefne and his men with the Skrœlings. There are other Runic monuments in America, dating from the eleventh and twelfth centuries, where one would less expect to find them than on the Taunton River. They are to be found on the shores of Baffin's Bay, far up within the Arctic circle; and proofs are extant of the Northmen having had a station on the North side of Lancaster Sound, and even of having extended their explorations as far as the North Georgian Islands—the most extreme point reached, of late years, by the most successful of our Arctic Explorers.

The ground for wonder, as to this matter, is, not that we do not find more, but that we find any monuments at all, formally and purposely set up by these people in the Western Hemisphere. The whole population of Iceland, and the American colony of Greenland, even in the days of their greatest prosperity, amounted to only a handful of people. They never were in a position to plant any vigorous colony in Vinland, Markland, or elsewhere on the American main. On the other hand, any feeble attempt in that direction was almost certain to be at once crushed, or harassed into a state of chronic misery, by the savage aborigines, between whom and the Northmen, as we have seen, hostilities had commenced at the very outset of their intercourse. As another deterring cause, the Icelanders themselves soon became involved in intestine conflicts. As for any other European peoples taking part in such colonization—at the time they would have probably come to be pretty generally informed as to the nature of the Icelanders' discoveries, away to the west, late in the eleventh, or early in the twelfth, century—news was disseminated slowly in those days—that information would naturally pass them by as the idle wind. The thoughts of Europe and Christendom, in those times, did not dwell upon the west; they could not easily be directed tow-

ards the west, or interested in anything which had happened, or which might, could, would, or should happen, in that far west. On the contrary, all eyes were being turned towards the east—to Paynim land; for then it was that the Crusades were preached up and were hurling upon Asia more than all the spare energy, and bravery, and blood, and treasure, of Christian Europe. It is, therefore, extremely doubtful if the Northmen, or others acting under their instructions, ever made any very energetic attempt to establish a permanent colony, or if they ever actually made any notably large temporary settlements, in any part of America south of Greenland. Of all the natural products which they found in the new lands, that which they would most covet—that which they most needed, as it scarcely existed in Iceland and Greenland, was *timber*—to build their ships, their houses, and to form into household furniture. Doubtless, the next most important products, in their estimation, was the rich *peltry* with which the 'New Land' abounded. They cared but little for agriculture; and their desires, fed from that source, were easily satisfied. They were skilful and successful fishermen, of course, and had been for ages; and that is why they really did maintain continuous and flourishing settlements in Greenland, for centuries after Erik the Red first arrived there; and why, too, they planted stations away up at the head of Baffin's Bay. As for wealth, beyond the demands of necessity, they sought that in a widely extended foreign trade, now that they had ceased cruising as Vikings.

We infer then, that to supply themselves with timber and furs, would be the principal object of the Icelanders and Greenlanders, in their voyages to the American main, during the most of their time in which they had intercourse with that country. That some attempts at settlement were made is probable; but it is not pro-

bable that they were lasting. But as timber and furs came to be regarded as the principal, if not the sole, object of those voyages, it is obvious that they would eventually cease to extend them beyond Markland, a country which, as it presents itself upon the Atlantic seaboard, seems less eligible, perhaps, as a place of permanent settlement, than Vinland—especially as it was peopled by a race of aborigines at least equally fierce with those whom they had encountered in the latter, if not even more so. We soon find a new cause tending to counteract any primary persistency of the Icelanders in colonization views, if such really had existed. From a time commencing early in the twelfth century, we may observe a deterioration in the character of these people. The better class of them—the highly cultivated and the wealthy—the merchant hero who sailed his own ship, or his own squadron, gradually fell off from such adventurous pursuits; and the shipping and the trade of the country—what then remained of it—drifted into the hands of a comparatively ignorant and unenterprising class. Then the magnates of that whilome happy and most intellectual of republics, got into conflicts with each other, as already noted. First, there were jealousies and factions, then disputes, single combats, open battles, and unrestricted fighting generally; until, at length, Iceland obtained peace and insignificance—by falling back into allegiance to Norway. This was in 1261; and this people were never afterwards the highly cultured, independent, brave Icelanders of old.

To return—we know that Gardar, or Garde, in Greenland, became the see of a bishop, whose episcopate, as we understand, embraced all Greenland, east and west; and that there were built there numerous churches and a stone cathedral of respectable dimensions, the ruins of which may still be seen. We know that, in 1121, Bishop Erik made a visit to Vinland,

which may be supposed to have been included within his diocese. This would indicate the existence of some Norse settlements in Vinland, and probably also in Markland. We find in both countries—now New England and Nova Scotia—what are at least presumable, if not positive, evidences of sites of many of these—perhaps temporary—places of abode, in the *kitchen middens*, which are still found at many points along the Atlantic coast of both countries. That these accumulations, mainly of fish-bones and the remains of shell-fish, did not grow up about the abodes of the smoky-coloured aborigines is certain from the facts that such mounds contain also the broken remains of pottery; and that was an article of manufacture of which the latter knew nothing. We further know that voyages continued to be made—but how often we know not—between Vinland and Markland, on the one hand, and Greenland and Iceland, on the other, down to the autumn of the year 1347, when Edward III, was King of England, and the year after he and the Black Prince won the battle of Crecy. Then we come to a great blank.

There is nothing that looks incredible, or unreasonable, or even mysterious, in any part of this story of the discovery of America by the Northmen, in the tenth century, and of their continued intercourse with that vast country, and of their infinitesimally partial occupation of it during the four succeeding centuries—nothing except the sudden ending of it. That looks mysterious in the extreme. The last allusion we find, in the Iceland annalistic records, to any part of 'the new land,' by name is in the mention of the fact that, in the year 1347—as already intimated—a ship, having a crew of eighteen men, just from Markland, belonging to and bound for Greenland, was, by stress of weather, driven out of her course and into the outer Streamfjord, Iceland, in which vicinity the said ship, with a

number of others, remained for the winter.

Judging from what little we know with certainty about it, the final collapse and extinction of Icelandic colonization in the New World was owing, not to any one sole cause, but to several causes. In the first place, Iceland having now long ceased to be an independent nation, its once great and energetic, and enterprising men had become spiritless and, to a great extent, indifferent to the public weal. They had neglected the affairs of the colonies, and allowed them to drift into the hands of a low, ignorant, and incompetent class of men. Hence, from the middle of the thirteenth century, those colonies were in a languishing state. We learn that, whilst thus weak and defenceless, during the episcopate of Alf Bishop of Gardar—the time varies between different informants, from 1349 to 1379—the *Western Settlement* of Greenland (by which we would now understand the *North-ern, or North-Western*) was, no doubt unexpectedly and without preparation, attacked in force by the Skroelings. Here this name is, of course, applied to the Eskimos; for the Northmen applied the name of *Skroelings* to all the dark-coloured aborigines of the 'new lands' discovered by them, just as we, of this later age, with much less propriety, call them all *Indians*. In this affair the Skroelings killed eighteen Greenlanders, took two boys prisoners, sacked the place, and entirely broke up the Western (Northern) settlements (*Vestribygd*). *Eis-tribygd*, or the Eastern (properly Southern) settlement, held a precarious existence for a time longer. When Bishop Hendrich went to the colony, in 1388, he was informed that no ship had arrived there from the Mother Country during the previous year. The last bishop, so far as known, who ever resided in Greenland was Andreas, or Endride, Andreasson. He was appointed in 1406, and is known to have been resident at his episcopal

seat, at Gardar, in 1409. About this time, or very soon after, the settlement appears to have received its final death-blow. The three Scandinavian kingdoms had now become united under the Calmar Union; and Queen Margaret, and afterwards King Erik, in the plenitude of their new wisdom, had forbidden their subjects to trade to Greenland. Of course, the injunction applied as well to the 'new lands' farther west. The wars which, about the same time, were raging in Northern Europe, prevented foreign vessels from visiting the now outcast colony. Little was now wanting to complete its ruin; and that further disaster soon arrived.

We hear of Europe having been, at different periods, swept over by a terrible pestilence, known as the 'black death.' This plague committed tremendous havoc, in the reign of the English Edward III. Again it stalked over Europe in 1405, and subsequently in the reign of the English Henry IV. It is possible that this plague may have crossed over into the Norse settlements beyond the Atlantic; but we have no proof of the fact. We do know that it caused so great a mortality in England that, after its last visitation, great difficulty was experienced in procuring people to carry on the industrial pursuits of the country. To make up for this deficiency of workmen, certain enterprising Englishmen hit upon the cool expedient of sending out ships, and even fleets of ships, to the outlying regions of the realm of Denmark—which now included Sweden, Norway, Iceland, and their dependencies—and there forcibly seizing the inhabitants and carrying them away to England, where they were at once reduced to a state of virtual slavery. We find that this singular species of piracy and slave trade was forbidden, under heavy penalties, in 1429, by the Statute 8th Henry VI., which, it is to be hoped, put an end to the outrage. We infer that Greenland was the scene of one of

these raids; because there is extant a brief from Pope Nicholas V., addressed to the Bishops of Skalholt and Dolum, in Iceland, and dated in the year 1448, in which the writer describes and dwells upon the fact that, *thirty years before*—that would be A.D. 1418—the Greenland colony was raided by a fleet of ships and laid waste by fire and sword, and the inhabitants of both sexes carried away into slavery. The Pope does not, indeed, name the English as the perpetrators of these acts; but the fact of their occurrence, taken in connection with the bitter complaints known to have been made by the Danish Sovereign to the English King, and the already-mentioned English Statute of 1429, leaves little room for doubt upon that point.

It is said, in the brief of Pope Nicholas, just referred to, that some few Greenlanders escaped the hands of these invaders, and that some of those carried away prisoners were afterwards allowed to return—probably through the remonstrances of the Danish king—or in some way managed to effect a return. We even find that, in 1433, the Pope (then Eugenius IV.) had appointed a Bishop to preside over this remnant of a flock, in the person of one Bartholomæus. We do not find that he ever visited his diocese. But what became of the very last of that remnant? In all probability, finding themselves cut off from all trade and intercourse with their fellow subjects elsewhere, and unvisited by, and almost unknown to the rest of the world, they voluntarily abandoned their country; or they perished through hardship and want, aided by harassing assaults of their savage foes. The Eskimos themselves have a tradition, that the very last of the Northmen who remained there were an old patriarch named Igaliko, who, with his descendants, dwelt at Igalikofjord. The Eskimos, having determined upon the utter extermination of the Northmen, had made repeated assaults upon old Igaliko, but

were always signally repulsed. At length they hit upon an expedient which enabled them to advance undetected, at midnight, to the very dwellings of the Northmen, and where, at the time, they slept. They then set fire to the dwellings, and the inmates, as they rushed forth, were instantly killed by their Eskimo foes. All thus fell except Igaiko himself and his youngest son, whom the old man caught up in his arms, whilst he made his escape to the mountains. They pursued him, but in vain. He was never seen afterwards.

Thus ends the story of the Northmen in America.

But the result of these discoveries by the Northmen has not been told. Nothing is ever utterly lost, in the Universe. When the last settlement—the last appearances even of a settlement—of the Northmen had disappeared from Vinland, Markland, Helgeland, and Greenland; when the last face of anyone belonging to what we call the Caucasian race had vanished from the Western Hemisphere; that is to say, in the year 1477, and in the month of February, there landed at Hvalfjord, on the southern coast of Iceland, a strange man, named Christopher Colon—but whose surname has been latinized and popularized into Columbus. This curious man had, for years past, been haunted and goaded by a certain idea of the globular formation of the earth, and by a restless curiosity to know what corollaries might follow the proof of that fact. So he had come up to see these Icelanders—once, if not now, the boldest, best, and most experienced, and most enterprising seamen in the world—and to hear if they could give him any information in the matter. In a few weeks after his arrival at Hvalfjord, the Bishop of Skalholt would also be there, in the course of his annual visitation to that portion of the diocese. This particular year his visitation would probably be earlier than usual, for the winter of 1477 was one of un-

precedented mildness, ice and snow having been almost unknown throughout the island. In Iceland, the most hospitable of countries, a stranger like Colon, intelligent, dignified, eagerly enquiring for information, was sure to be introduced to the Bishop immediately on his arrival. Magnus Eiolfson, who was Bishop of Skalholt, in 1477, was also, and had been ever since 1470—Abbot of the Monastery of Helgafell. That place was the centre of the district from which most of the Icelandic adventurers had, during the previous five hundred years, sailed away to the west; and there were written, and there were still carefully preserved, the oldest documents relating to Greenland, Markland, Vinland, and all the west. This visit of Colon's to Iceland was made only twenty-nine years after the date of the brief of Pope Nicholas V., addressed to the same Bishop of Skalholt, or his immediate predecessor, calling his attention to the spiritual wants of the Christians still remaining in Greenland, and urging him to recommend some one as a Bishop to the then destitute settlement. It is, in the highest degree, probable that in this northern voyage of his, Colon had personal intercourse with seamen who had been in the Greenland trade, and some of whom had even made the more distant voyage to Vinland. In fifteen years after this trip to Iceland, Christopher Colon—or Columbus—set out from Spain, on that eventful voyage which has won for him the repute of Discoverer of a New World.

About the same time that Colon was thus pursuing his researches, there was another eccentric family, living down in Bristol in the west of England, and called Cabot. They—and especially one of them—a youth named Sebastian, were also curious on the subject of geodesy, geography, and maritime discovery. They were engaged in mercantile pursuits, and the town of Bristol had, at that time, large dealings with Iceland—larger

probably than all the rest of the three kingdoms taken together. Indeed its principal trade was with Iceland, and off the coasts of that island was the field of England's principal deep-sea fisheries. These young Cabots had, from their very childhood, opportunities of talking with Icelandic 'old salts,' who had been knocking about through all the Northern Seas, and some—perhaps many—of whom had made voyages to far-away Markland, or Vinland. So it happened eventually that those Cabots got leave from King Henry VII. to spend their money in an exploratory expedition—for that is about what the arrangement with that king amounts to. And so, young Sebastian Cabot—some say the father, John, also, but certainly young Sebastian—sailed away in the year 1497, almost due west, until he discovered, upon St. John's day of that year, and landed upon the coast of Labrador, and therefore on the Continent of America. Columbus did not have the fortune to see any part of that continent until 1498. Cabot afterwards cruised up to about the 63 parallel of latitude, and then down to the coast of Caro-

lina; and he, or others for him, called the whole of this extent of country simply 'the new found land,' just as the Northmen had formerly been in the habit of calling these western countries collectively by the same name (*Nýja fundu land*). Names became strangely applied and misapplied. This expression has become a proper name, and has become localized and limited to the British Island Province of *Newfoundland*, the 'Helluland' of the Norsemen. Conversely, we find the name of *America* originally applied to a part of the coast of Brazil, in compliment to one Americus Vespuccius, its supposed discoverer, now extended to the whole collective continents and islands of the Western Hemisphere.

NOTE.—To those having any acquaintance with the celebrated work of Prof. Rafn, it is scarcely necessary to say, that all the historical part of the foregoing paper which treats of the early voyages of the Norsemen in America, is taken from '*Antiquitates Americanae, sive Scriptores Septentrionales rerum Ante-Columbianarum in America*,' compiled by the late Prof. Charles Christian Rafn, the eminent Secretary of the Royal Danish Society of Northern Antiquaries.'

THE LOVE-LETTER.

WARMED by her hands and shadowed by her hair,
 As close she leaned and poured her heart through thee,
 Whereof the articulate throbs accompany
 The smooth black stream that makes thy whiteness fair,—
 Sweet fluttering sheet, even of her breath aware,—
 Oh let thy silent song disclose to me
 That soul wherewith her lips and eyes agree
 Like married music in Love's answering air.

Fain had I watched her when, at some fond thought,
 Her bosom to the writing closelier press'd,
 And her breast's secrets peered into her breast;
 When, through eyes raised an instant, her soul sought
 My soul, and from the sudden confluence caught
 The words that made her love the loveliest.

—D. G. ROSSETTI.

SOPHOCLES AS A POET AND TEACHER.

BY 'FIDELIS,' KINGSTON.

OF the half-dozen or so of great world-poets, whose works, to use an expression of George Eliot's—the 'centuries have sifted for us'—probably Sophocles is the least known and read. This is not surprising when we remember how few, comparatively, can enjoy a Greek poet in the original, while adequate translations are comparatively recent, and not yet very widely diffused. Sophocles need not, however, be an unknown author to any who have access to the translations of Professor Pumptre. For, while it is impossible really to *reproduce* any poem, and especially a Greek one, in another language, with so great a difference between ancient and modern turns of thought, this translation conveys, perhaps, as faithful a rendering of the spirit and poetry of Sophocles, as it would be possible to put into English. In the meantime, those who have been interested in the story of Antigone, may be interested in hearing something of the poet who has told it, and whom we may justly call the noblest poet of Greece.

Every country seems to have had its 'Augustan Age,' when political power, national status, philosophy, literature and art seem to blossom out at once into their fullest efflorescence. Such an age was the time when Sophocles lived and wrote at Athens. Pericles, Nikias, Alcibiades, Herodotus, Thucydides, Socrates, Phidias, Æschylus, Euripides, Aristophanes, were among his contemporaries. Leonidas came just before, and Plato just after. It would seem as if nearly all the great names, except the blind old man of Chios himself, grouped themselves

about this wonderful period—a galaxy dazzling enough to any student of classical history and literature. Great events, too, crowded as closely as great names. Sophocles could remember Marathon, and was leader of the Athenian chorus that celebrated the victory of Salamis. It is hardly too much to say that his lifetime witnessed the rise, decline, and fall of Athens, as a Hellenic power. We can scarcely wonder that so stirring a time should have produced the great poets whose names still overshadow so many of their successors, and who have immortalized the floating legends of Heroic Greece. Lovers of Mrs. Browning's poetry will scarcely require to be reminded of the allusion, in her 'Wine of Cyprus,' to Sophocles, and his three great rivals—

Oh, our Æschylus, the thunderous
How he drove the bolted breath
Through the cloud, to wedge it ponderous
In the gnarled oak beneath.

Oh, our Sophocles, the royal,
Who was born to monarch's place
And who made the whole world loyal,
Less by kingly power than grace.

Our Euripides, the human,
With his droppings of warm tears
And his touches of things common,
Till they rose to touch the spheres !

Sophocles grew up among just the influences best adapted to develop his genius—a time of great and stirring crisis, followed by an age of brilliancy for Athens, which might well kindle patriotism even in the dullest heart. Colonus, his birthplace—a village about a mile and a half distant from Athens—was not more remarkable for the natural beauty which he has immortalized in 'Œdipus at Colonus,'

than for the revered associations of the *genius loci*. From the sacred grove of the Eumenides, 'where man's foot never treads,' there was the fabled descent to Hades itself. The shrines of Poseidon and Prometheus were close at hand. As a boy he was trained in the exercises of mind and body, which developed the physical and intellectual superiority of the Greeks, and twice gained the prize of a garland in competition with his comrades. His Hellenic perfection of form, along with his other qualifications, secured for him, at fourteen, the distinction of being appointed leader of the Chorus at the celebration of the victory of Salamis. Poetry, art, and military glory combined their influence with religion and patriotism, to develop his youthful genius. He must have listened with quickening pulses and a poet's delight in true poetry, to the dramas of his master, Æschylus, which drew fascinated multitudes to the theatre on the great Dionysiac festivals, and were one of the main educating influences of the day. These sublime tragedies must have had no little influence on his own latent dramatic powers, which grew in silence, till at length the young poet, at the age of twenty-seven, produced his first drama—*Triptolemus*—and eclipsed his master. As years passed, he must have watched with keen æsthetic delight the growing glories of the Parthenon crowning the Acropolis, under the magic touch of Phidias—possibly even occasionally suggesting the subject or the treatment of a bas-relief. And as he grew older, he may often have lingered under the olives of the *Academia* to listen to the strange questionings of the great teacher, Socrates, on some of the same dark problems that had ever haunted his own mind, and with whom, despite great difference of temperament, he must have had so much in common.

In those early days of the drama, the tragedian had a great deal more to do than to write his tragedies. He

was, besides, not only stage manager and orchestra leader, but chief actor also. He must train the Chorus, provide the masks, decorations, and dresses, and arrange everything for its presentation in a manner fitted to please a most critical audience. Sophocles, however, did not act his own plays, partly because his voice was not strong enough for the great strain required in open-air acting—partly, as Professor Plumptre suggests, because he felt the functions of actor and author to be distinct. He introduced considerable changes into the form of the drama—discarded the trilogical form, by making each tragedy complete in itself, enlarged the number of speakers permissible on the stage at once, to three instead of two, and curtailed the inordinate length of the choral odes, making them at the same time more appropriate to the subject of the action, and more carefully elaborated. The drama, therefore, reached a perfection of form in the hands of Sophocles, which the Titanic but rather chaotic genius of Æschylus could not have given it. The two were indeed very different in their characteristics. Æschylus was an unconscious and sponstaneous genius. As Sophocles himself said, Æschylus did what was right without knowing why he did it, whereas Sophocles patiently worked out his conception with reference to the underlying principles of dramatic art, accomplishing a result which is considered the ideal perfection of the tragic muse.

It is remarkable that, with Sophocles, the period of greatest productiveness and perfection should have been the latter half of his life, to which all his extant tragedies belong. Had he died as young as did Byron, Keats or Shelley, we should have had little left to testify to his commanding genius. But he was only twenty-seven when he gained his great victory over Æschylus, who had reigned supreme as poet-laureate for a generation. The occasion of the contest was one of in-

tense interest, for it was much more than a competition between a junior and a senior poet. As has been well said, 'it was a contest between the new and the old styles of tragic poetry, in which the competitors were the greatest dramatists, with one exception, who ever lived, and the umpires were the first men, in position and education, of a state in which almost every citizen had a nice perception of the beauties of poetry and art.' The time was a politically exciting one. Cimon had just returned from the expedition to Skyros, bringing with him the bones of Thesues, and entered the theatre at the great Dionysiac festival at the moment when the Archon Eponymus was about to elect, by lot, the judges who were to decide the contest in which party feeling ran high. As the Athenian general with his nine colleagues entered, to perform the customary libations to Dionysus, the Archon, by a happy inspiration, fixed on the new comers, and administered to them the oath appointed for the judges in dramatic contests. They decided in favour of the young *débutant*, and Æschylus, mortified by the defeat, left Athens and retired to Sicily, where he died six years later, leaving his rival to reign unchallenged for twenty eight years, till he, in his turn, had to yield to his junior and inferior, Euripides.

It was in the very year before this defeat, that he brought out the finest of his extant dramas, the *Antigone*, which, as has been already said, gained him the crowning distinction of his life, his appointment as one of the ten of whom Pericles was leader, on the expedition against Samos, where he is believed to have come in contact with Herodotus. The exciting period of the Peloponnesian war, seems to have stimulated his poetic activity, and at its close we find him, like the other patriotic literary men of his time, endeavouring to resist the approach of anarchy, and stay the impending ruin by taking refuge in an oligarchy; not

from aristocratic predilections, but simply as a last resort. He seems to have assented to the Council of the Four Hundred, while, acknowledging the measure to be an evil one, simply because he saw no better course. *Edipus at Colonus* was his last tragedy—the subject having a special fitness for a poet who seems himself to have learned wisdom with advancing age—and, it would seem, contains the ripest fruit of his mellowing experiences. It is pathetically associated with the history of a family quarrel which must have very much clouded the happiness of his later life—caused by the jealousy his son and heir entertained of the regard of Sophocles for his grandson, Sophocles the younger. The living poet was even summoned before a court having jurisdiction over family affairs, on the ground that his mind was affected by advancing age. His answer was:—'If I am Sophocles I am not beside myself, and if I am beside myself, I am not Sophocles;' and then to recite the magnificent Choral Ode in which he praises the beauty of his native Colonus—which so impressed the judges that they dismissed the case and rebuked the unfilial plaintiff. As the drama in question was not then finished, it is probable that the scene between *Œdipus* and his son Polynikes contains traces of this bitter experience of his own of 'a thankless child.' Probably, too, the touching pleadings of *Antigone* for her brother may have been an echo of the pleadings of his own heart for the forgiveness of his undutiful son:—

He is thy child,
And therefore, O my father, 'tis not right
Though he should prove the basest of the
base,
To render ill for ill.

We may be sure that Sophocles forgave his son, though it would seem that his grandson and namesake, the younger Sophocles, was much more congenial to him in every way than any of his own four sons. The drama

of *Œdipus at Colonus*, was brought out by his grandson only after the poet's death, and it has been thought with much apparent probability, that the beautiful lines which describe the death of Œdipus, were either written by Sophocles in a sort of prophetic anticipation of his own decease, or were adopted by his grandson to describe the 'passing' of Sophocles in his ninetieth year. They, at all events, give what we may well believe to have been the appropriate close of the poet's life :

So was it. And 'tis great and wonderful
For neither was it thunderbolt from Zeus
With flashing fire that slew him, nor the
blast
Of whirlwind sweeping o'er the sea's dark
waves,
But either some one whom the Gods had
sent
To guide his steps, or gentleness of mood
Had moved the powers beneath to ope the
way
To earth's deep regions painlessly. He
died
No death to mourn for—did not leave the
world,
Worn out with pain and sickness ; but his
end,
If any ever was, was wonderful.

We can still imagine the deep emotion which this passage must have called forth when the last work of Sophocles was represented before an Athenian audience, after the death of the aged poet ; an event which must have caused such a sensation as the death of no modern poet could cause, since Sophocles stood out before the most cultivated public of his day as no poet or teacher can possibly stand out before any public in an age when teachers, through living voice and printed page, are almost as numerous as the taught. To the more earnest and religious minds, his loss would find the best parallel in the blank which will be left when Whittier shall follow his illustrious contemporary, Longfellow. To all, his death would be felt to mark the close of a distinct era of literature, of national existence,

even of religion. Greece never owned a second Sophocles.

In looking at Sophocles as a poet, we are not more struck by his commanding genius than by his purity, his reverence, his uniform elevation of tone. Few poets, ancient or modern, have left so little that the most fastidious reader could wish altered, and in the absence of evidence to the contrary, we may fairly presume that the blamelessness of his verse only reflected the blamelessness of his life. The fact that Aristophanes leaves him untouched by his satire seems to show that he was held in quite an exceptional respect as *sans peur et sans reproche* ; and though one or two not very well authenticated anecdotes seem to indicate that in his youth his nature had a sensuous tendency—the besetting weakness of the Greek—he seems to have completely overcome it in later life, and his extant poems show no trace whatever of any such element. And, as Milton said, that the man who would write a heroic poem must live a heroic life, we may fairly add, that to write pure and noble poetry, he must live a pure and noble life—a truth borne out by our knowledge of the lives of poets generally. He is said to have developed some fondness for money,—not unnatural for a successful poet, keenly susceptible to its manifold uses and powers, as more than one passage shows. Among his 'fragments,' we find the following, which is, probably, as true to-day as when first written :

Riches gain friends, gain honours, further
still,
Gain highest sovereignty for those who sit
In low estate. The rich have no men foes ;
And if there be, they still conceal their hate.
A wondrous power has wealth to wind its
way
Or on plain ground, or heights that none
may tread,
Where one that's poor, although 'twere close
at hand,
Would fail to gain the things his heart desires.

He seems to have found out, however, also, that 'the love of money is the

root of all evil,' for in *Antigone* we find Kreon saying :

Nothing in use by man, for power of ill,
Can equal money. This lays cities low,
This drives men forth from quiet hiding
place,
This warps and changes minds of worthiest
stamp
To turn to deeds of baseness, teaching men
All shifts of cunning, and to know the guilt
Of every impious deed.

As a publicist, Sophocles stands equally opposed to despotism and the spirit which would rashly disregard the claims of law and order in the name of liberty. The existing laws and rulers must be respected, even when they do wrong, and violent resistance to them must at least be deferred till all other means of redress have failed. Athens was a republic, and hated the very name of king, calling him *Tyrannus*. Yet the burden of the teaching of Sophocles is continually, 'Fear God and honour the king,' because his majesty represents the majesty of law. Theseus, the ideal ruler, thus reproaches Kreon :

Thou dost grievous wrong
To me and thine own nature and thy country.
Who coming to a state that loves the right
And without law does nothing, sett'st at
naught
The things it most reveres, and at thy will
By deeds of violence, wilt gain thine end.

In the *Antigone* he brings out most distinctly the two extremes to be avoided—that of the harsh despot who overstrains his authority, and that of a rash, though noble, defiance of 'the powers that be.' Kreon says, truly enough :

Anarchy
Is our worst evil, brings our commonwealth
To utter ruin, lays whole houses low
In battle strife, hurls men in shameful fight ;
But they who walk uprightly - these shall find
Obedience saves most men.

Hæmon thus remonstrates with Kreon:

That is no state
Which hangs on one man's will,
and, to Kreon's question :

The state, I pray,
Is it not reckoned his who governs it?
the reply is :

Brave rule ! Alone, and o'er an empty state !

Further, Hænon, by two striking similes, forcibly presents the evil consequences that flow from attempting to overstrain authority :

When winter floods the streams,
Thou see'st the trees that bend before the
storm
Save their last twigs, while those that will
not yield
Perish with root and branch. And when one
hauls
Too tight the mainsail sheet and will not
slack,
He has to end his voyage with deck o'er-
turned.

Here, again, we have the responsibility of the ruler strongly brought out :

And yet I blame not him: so much as those
Who reign supreme, for all a city hangs,
And all an army, on the men that rule.

In '*Aias*,' the contention between Kreon and *Antigone* is fought over again between *Agamemnon* and *Mene-laos* on the one side, and *Teukros*, the brother of *Aias*, on the other, who is determined to bury the dead *Aias* (*Ajax*), in defiance of the tyrannical *Atreidæ*, who rage and bluster as if they were absolute despots over all their brother chiefs. *Olyseus*, seeing the folly of their conduct, comes to the rescue, and pleads that they are transgressing a higher law :

Thou would'st not trample upon him alone,
But on the laws of God. It is not right,
To harm, though thou should'st chance to
hate him sore
A man of noble nature, lying dead.

And *Agamemnon* finally yields to the representation, though he says, naively and apologetically :

It is no easy task for sovereign prince
To weigh the claims of reverence to the
Gods.

A poet-critic lately said that the rank of a poet was to be estimated according to the truth of his 'criticism of life,' a test seriously objected to by another poet. The phrase, 'criticism of life,' is not a happy one, since the spirit of criticism is decidedly antagonistic to the poetic spirit, which is

synthetic and creative. But if Matthew Arnold meant, as he probably did mean, that a poet's claim to immortality was founded, to a great extent, on the way in which he deals with those great moral problems which oppress the heart of humanity in all ages, we believe the test is a true one. True poetry, indeed, cannot be merely didactic or sectarian. It deals not with the theories and dogmas which are the mere outward crust of truth, changing with the intellectual changes of generations. But it speaks out of the heart to the heart; and the poet whose heart is pure and true, will lead mankind to the things that are pure and true, and so establish his best claim on their memory, that of helping them to attain the truest happiness. Take a few examples. There is no doubt that Burns will be longest and most widely known by such poems as 'Scot's wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' 'A man's a man for a' that,' 'Auld Lang Syne,' and 'A Cotter's Saturday Night,' and that Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' will find an echo in the memory of mankind long after his more ambitious productions are comparatively forgotten. And Shakespeare himself is, by the multitudes who have not time to study him, more valued for such passages as 'The quality of mercy is not strained,' crystallizing a great truth, than for all his wonderful creative power and dramatic genius. But the truth must be crystallized, fused in the fire of the poet's genius, to find this sure lodgment in the universal heart.

Judged by this test, Sophocles may well be placed at the head of the classical poets. There are, indeed, some points in which, judged by the higher ethical standard that Christianity has established, we find even Sophocles wanting. Truth and sincerity are indeed everywhere exalted in his dramas; and the opposite, even when combined with the skilful diplomacy of an Odysseus—are made odious—a marked improvement on the Homeric

poems. In 'Philoctetes,' the ardent and ingenuous Neoptolemus revolts against, and in the end repudiates, the treacherous stratagem to which he is over-persuaded by Odysseus, and the poet evidently speaks his own sentiments in the reprobation of the 'crafty subtle words of guileful mind,' for which that wily schemer was famous. And Tennyson might have written the line,—

Be sure no lie can ever reach old age.

Yet here and there we see evidence of the close connexion between true morality and true religion, while Sophocles shows us how firmly the idea of right AS RIGHT is rooted in the human heart, and how closely it is associated with the religious instinct, he shows us, too, how the absence of the hope of a future life does act against its fullest development. Here is a passage that might be suggestive to those who hold that the destruction of man's belief in immortality would not affect injuriously the general tone of morality:—

It is not good to lie, but when the truth,
Brings to a man destruction terrible,
He may be pardoned, though his words be
base.

Of course, the Greeks did not disbelieve in future existence. The very tenacity with which the burial rites were regarded as absolutely indispensable—the horror which their non-performance excited, testified to their belief in that future existence which these rites were believed seriously to affect. But it was a mere existence, passive and colourless, which they associated with the shadowy realm of Hades. Antigone has no bright hope of a future life, no blessed reunion with those she loves to sustain her as she goes to her living tomb; all that she looks forward to is some vague existence beside them, which she seems to refer to the tomb itself quite as much as to an unknown 'under-world.' There was no 'sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection' to offer to

the desolate mourners at a Grecian tomb. It is hardly then to be wondered at, that, lacking the hope which has nerved so many Christian martyrs to face death rather than sacrifice truth, even a poet of the high moral tone of Sophocles should plead that when the truth must cost the only life worth calling such, a lie is at least pardonable.

Passing from death to marriage, it is curious that not one of Sophocles' extant tragedies turns on the passion of love, so fruitful a theme in modern poetry. The plot of the 'Maidens of Trachæ,' indeed, turns on the jealousy of Dyancira, on account of Hercules' espousal of Iole, but this scarcely constitutes an exception. But the modern conception of love, in its higher aspects, was entirely foreign to an age when woman was usually regarded as an inferior being, a possession rather than a companion, although Sophocles accords to her a higher place than did his contemporaries. And as true love, according to our conception of it, must be largely blended with reverence for its object, it would have been impossible for a Greek poet to represent it as either a Shakespeare, a Dante, or a Tennyson has done. The few references of Sophocles to the passion of love, treat it rather as a sinister influence; as for instance a fragment beginning—

A sore disease is this desire of love.

It may well be doubted indeed, whether, without the purifying influence of Christianity, we could ever have had what we now feel to be the only adequate conception of love between man and woman. Certainly the worship of Aphrodite could not give it. As Helen Faucit truly says, 'the ancients knew nothing of the passion of love in its purity, its earnestness, its devotedness, its self-sacrifice. It needed Christianity to teach us this, and a Shakespeare in the drama to illustrate it'.

As little could Sophocles rise to the Christian doctrine of forgiveness. 'An

eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,' is still in his tragedies the stern maxim that excludes the higher precept, 'Love your enemies.' But he could not rise above the spirit of his times, when society was only just settling down into organization and order. In the earlier times in which his tragedies are placed, the avenger of blood was a necessity, and individual vengeance the only sure mode of enforcing justice. Lynch law is a very undesirable kind of law, but it is at least better than no law at all. And the world had first to pass under the yoke of law before it was prepared for the Gospel. So individual retribution is carried in the tragedies of Sophocles to a point which almost revolts us. Clytemnestra, infamous as she is, almost excites our compassion when we see her son and daughter utterly unmoved by the slightest feelings of ruth for the mother, on whom they must avenge their father's murder. And Electra, though she is set before us as a noble character—loyal and faithful to the uttermost, second only to Antigone—becomes really repulsive, and, as it seems to us, unwomanly, when, unmoved by her wretched mother's piteous cry for mercy, she adjures her brother—

Smite her yet again,
If thou hast strength for it.

And when she greets him, fresh from the deed of blood, with the unrelenting inquiry—

And is she dead—vile creature?

we instinctively feel that no great poet of the Christian era would have put such language into the mouth of a heroine for whom he meant to enlist our fullest sympathy. Here and there, indeed, we catch a gleam of something like the teachings of forgiveness, but it is always qualified by some peculiarity of circumstances. When Antigone pleads with her father for her brother, Polynikes, she does so on the ground that 'he is thy child,' and therefore—

'Tis not right
Though he should prove the basest of the base,
To render ill for ill.

When Odysseus pleads with Agamemnon and Menelaus, to withdraw their opposition to the burial of Aias, they find it almost impossible to comprehend his motive or attitude, and he takes pains to explain that though he 'hated, while 't was right to hate,' he maintains that death should end hostilities—

It is not right
To harm, though thou should'st chance to hate
him sore,
A man of noble nature, *lying dead*.

Aias, indeed, says, with some cynicism, however—

I, indeed,
Have learnt but now that we should hate a foe
Only so far as one that yet may love,
And to a friend just so much help may give
As unto one that will not always stay,
For with most men is friendship's haven found
Most treacherous sailing.

And we are reminded elsewhere that—

To err, indeed,
Is common unto all, but having erred
He is no longer reckless or unblest
Who, having fallen into evil, seeks
For healing, nor continues still unmoved.

But we look in vain for forgiveness, pure and simple, as we find it urged by Portia in the 'Merchant of Venice.' And, indeed, we could hardly expect the moral beauty of forgiveness of injuries to be very apparent under a religion which attributed to its deities the most bitter and persistent vindictiveness, avenging small personal affronts on whole armies and peoples, not for the sake of punishing *sin*, or leading to repentance by timely chastisement, but simply out of what we familiarly term 'personal spite.' The idea of a God, just to punish because hating *sin*, yet ready to forgive because loving the sinner, was unknown to the Greek mind. The sublime conception of 'the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and

sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty,'—which was proclaimed in Judea two thousand years before, had not yet travelled beyond it.

But putting aside the details of the great question of morality, in which Sophocles could not be expected to rise very far beyond the standard of his age and country, nothing is more characteristic of his tragedies than the earnestness with which the Chorus—representing the poet's own ideal—always seeks to ascertain *what is right* in the circumstances. The distinction between right as *right* and wrong as *wrong* is as great and awful a truth to him as to the philosopher Kant. The mysterious but inevitable connection between *sin* and retribution, even to 'the third and fourth generation,' is vividly shown by him; while, at the same time, the misfortunes of the sufferers can almost always be traced to some mistake or moral dereliction of the present actors in the drama, to pride and obstinacy on the one side, and rash defiance on the other, or headlong passion, overweening arrogance, or irreverence towards the gods. But not less vividly does he portray the moral effect of contrition on the penitent, and the wonderful transformation of the avenging furies, through repentance and atonement, into the 'gentle powers' of purification and peace. It has been said, and truly, of the modern theatre, that 'silence, patience, moderation, temperance, wisdom, and contrition for guilt are no virtues, the exhibition of which will divert spectators.' But let us not forget that, for a brief period in the history of one nation at least, the drama was made the means of enforcing these very virtues. This is simply a fact—one of the many showing that 'the old order changeth, giving place to new,' and that 'one good custom' will never be allowed to 'corrupt the world.' Sophocles was emphatically a 'preacher of righteousness' to his generation, so far as his limited light could go; and he made the stage his pulpit, in days when the

pulpit did not yet exist. On the susceptible populace of Athens, gathered from time to time in the amphitheatre, his powerful dramatic teachings must have had such an effect as we can hardly estimate in days when the voice of the preacher has of necessity become so familiar to accustomed ears. In an age when impiety, lawlessness, and sensuality were advancing on Athens like a flood, Sophocles' strenuous teachings of reverence, obedience, moderation, must have done much to stem the tide, and, at least, postpone the evil day which too soon followed his death. As nothing was so strongly insisted on throughout his dramas as reverence towards the gods, we may be sure that such recklessly impious acts as the mutilation of *Hermæ* must have met with his strongest condemnation, and, doubtless, elicited some of the homilies on this point in which his works abound.

Looking back from the high vantage ground of Christian teaching, it is at first sight difficult to see how such a mind as that of Sophocles could accept what we now easily and scornfully call the *fables* of Greek mythology. Yet if we try to enter with a little sympathy into the position of Sophocles, with regard to the religion of his country and age, we shall see that it was not to be expected that he should cast aside forms which embodied what had been 'a living faith to millions,' and was a living faith to the most pious of his countrymen then. If even Socrates, in his last moments, could not resist the influence of veneration for the old rites which impelled him to dedicate a cock to Esculapius, still less could Sophocles, who was far more a poet than a philosopher, throw aside the influence of the old poetic myths that were so closely intertwined with his religious life. The symbols and rites of his day, such as they were, were the only expression of the deep-seated religious instinct which binds man to the invisible 'Heavenly Powers,' and lies so much deeper than any forms or sym-

bols—giving the hallowing touch influence of Divine sanction to—

The old moralities which lent
To life its sweetness and content,

and enforcing with the same sanction the eternal laws of right on the conscience of the people. Possibly his poetic intuition, while rejecting much that was puerile and unworthy in the Homeric conception of the gods, saw in the religious beliefs of his time

The imperishable seeds
Of harvests sown for larger needs.

At all events, Sophocles possessed nothing of the destructive spirit which would scornfully throw away what men revere and live by, while there is nothing to put in its place; and, accordingly, lack of reverence for the gods, profanity of action or speech, is constantly set before us as the fruitful source of evil in human life. That he 'who walketh haughtily' 'deserves an evil fate' is one of his axioms. Whether his spiritual insight may have acted as a converging lens to blend into the pure white light of monotheism the broken rays of polytheism, we cannot know. Probably he himself did not know exactly how far he believed the old myths, or viewed them as poetic impersonations. Zeus, at all events, he regards as the supreme ruler of Olympus, and frequently gives him some of the attributes of the one living and true God. Take, for instance, the following:

Thy power, O Zeus, what haughtiness of man

Could ever hold in check?

Which neither sleep that maketh all things old

Nor the long months of gods that wax not faint

Can for a moment seize.

But still, as Lord supreme

Through time that grows not old,

Thou dwellest in thy sheen of radiancy

On far Olympus height,

Through all the future and the coming years.

He frequently, throughout his works, refers to 'God' in the singular, and

sometimes also to the eternal laws of right, which he seems to make independent of Zeus himself, while yet he calls them 'the unwritten laws of God,' reminding us of the useless controversies which Christian philosophers and theologians have waged concerning a point which the human intellect is not competent to define. Of these, he says :

Yes, for it was not Zeus who gave them forth,

Nor justice dwelling with the gods below,
Who traced these laws for all the sons of men :

Nor did I deem thy edicts strong enough—
Coming from mortal man, to set at nought
The unwritten laws of God that know not change.

They are not of to-day nor yesterday,
But live for ever.

And again he says, in words that seem almost like an echo of a Hebrew psalm, written ages before :

O that my fate were fixed
To live in holy purity of speech,
Pure in all deeds whose laws stand firm and high

In heaven's clear ether born,
Of whom Olympus only is the sire
Whom man's frail flesh begat not,
Nor ever shall forgetfulness o'erwhelm,
In them our God is great and grows not old.

There is, indeed, a fragment extant, quoted by Justin Martyr from Sophocles, which unmistakably proclaims the unity of God ; but it is considered to be of very doubtful authenticity :

In very deed and truth God is but one
Who made the heaven and all the seat of earth,

The exulting sea and all the strength of winds.

But we, poor mortals, wandering in our hearts

Set up poor cheats to soothe our soul's distress,

Carved images of God in wood and stone,
Or forms of well-wrought gold or ivory,
And, offering sacrifice to these with rites
And solemn fasts, we think we worship him.

But whether or not Sophocles was something of a neo-Platonist in advance, or whether he simply accepted the old rites as the only available form

of religious expression, it is plain, at all events, that he strongly felt the need of the motive power and the strength and consolation which religion can supply to man. We hear much about Hellenic joyousness, and unconsciousness of evil ; but it is clear enough, from the expression of its inner experience by its truest poets, that Hellenic life was not all physical enjoyment—that it was not always sunshine among its vines and olive groves. On the contrary, Greek tragedy is proverbially the deepest tragedy, and no thought is more frequent in Sophocles than the uncertainty of earthly bliss. He repeatedly warns his hearers to count no man happy before his death, and tells us that

'Tis an old saying told of many men,
Thou can'st not judge aright the life of man,

Or whether it be good or bad to him
Before he die.

But the consoling truth that this life is a discipline and education is not only implied in the structure of the dramas, in which the calamities that follow wrong-doing induce humility, self-distrust, submission and patience, but is also put definitely into striking words :—

O children, noblest pair,
Be not so vexed in mood,
With what from God has come
Working for God throughout.
The path ye tread ye need not murmur at.

So Œdipus learns humility and content through the severe lessons of his life, Kreon casts aside his haughty self-will and irreverence towards the Gods, and Philoctetes, leaving his natural grudges and bitterness behind, goes to find healing and fulfil his duty in assisting to accomplish the capture of Troy, impossible without him.

Some noble words of Charles Kingsley's seem to apply so appropriately to Sophocles as a religious teacher that we quote them here, as beautifully expressing a great truth as yet too little appreciated.

'They will find in the Greek, the Persian, and the Hindoo; in the Buddhist and in the Mohammedan Sufi; the same craving after the absolute and the eternal, the same attempt to express in words that union between man and God, which transcends all words. On making that discovery, if they have not already made it, two courses will be open to them. They can either reject the whole of such thoughts as worthless, assuming that anything which Christianity has in common with heathendom must be an adulteration and an interpolation; or when they see such thoughts bubbling up, as it were spontaneously, among men divided utterly from each other by race, age and creed, they can conclude that those thoughts must be a normal product of the human spirit, and that they indicate a healthy craving after some real object; they can rise to a tender and deeper sympathy with the aspirations and mistakes of men who sought in great darkness for a ray of light, and did not seek in vain; and can give fresh glory to the doctrines of the Catholic (Universal) Church, when they see them fulfilling those aspirations and correcting those mistakes; and in this case, as in others, satisfying the desire of all nations, by proclaiming Him by whom all things were made, and in whom all things consist; who is The Light and The Life of men, shining for ever in the darkness, uncomprehended, yet unquenched.'

It would be an interesting speculation to imagine how Sophocles would have received, had he lived some four centuries later, the teachings of the remarkable foreigner, who came to declare to the men of Athens, Him whom they 'ignorantly worshipped.' Would not his keen-spirited insight have recognised the truth, paraphrased by Keble in the words:—

Immortal Greece, dear land of glorious
lays,
Lo here the unknown God of thy uncon-
scious praise.

But however this may be, those who believe with Augustine that the essence of the thing called the Christian religion has always been in the world:—that God has never been 'far from any one of us,' even those who were wandering in the midst of heathenism, that He has never 'left Him self without a witness,' and that 'in every nation, he that feareth God and worketh righteousness,' has been 'accepted with Him;' and who also believe that God, in His providential guidance of the nations, has gradually prepared the way for the full development of the Sun of Righteousness, will readily place such teachers as Sophocles, with their grand glimpses of eternal truths, among the 'school-masters' to bring the world to—

Sit at the feet of Christ—
And feel the heavenly Alchemist
Transform its very dust to gold.

NON POSSO.

LET me go hence, for that which once has been
No more can be.
Let me go hence, before the changing scene
Has saddened me.

Before the summer roses all are dead,
 The green grass slain :
 Before the warmth of summer suns has fled,
 And life is pain.

The dying flush of happy summer days
 Would break my heart ;
 The glory of sweet sunlit ways
 Should see us part.

For roses fade ; the greenest leaves must die
 And surely fall :
 The warmest suns grow cold ; and winter's sky
 Will darken all.

I would not see it die, this happy year,
 So fair, so sweet :
 I would not see the leafy woods grow sere
 Where now we meet.

Let me go hence, and see it in long dreams,
 My year of joy.
 Let me go hence, nor wait until it seems
 A faded toy.

Yet, still, your kisses burn upon my lips,
 (Your breast to mine)
 They thrill me to the very finger-tips,
 The lovers' wine :

Love's passion still is yearning in your eyes :—
 What ! leave you so ?
 Nay, if I linger on until it dies,
 I *cannot* go.

Although I know the change some day must bring
 To you and me ;
 Although I fear to feel its cruel sting,
 Its misery.

How *can* I say farewell ? Ah me ! I stay,
 Although I fear.
 To-morrow,—sweet heart ! Let us take to day
 To-morrow,—dear.

MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL REMINISCENCES.

BY JOHN HECTOR, TORONTO.

MY father, before emigrating to Canada, lived during the season in London. We were a musical family. My sisters were taught singing and music by the best masters; my brother was a member of the Philharmonic Society. For myself, I was taught to play on the guitar and to use it as an accompaniment to my small, thin voice. In a word, we were all encouraged to cultivate our musical tastes. I was a great frequenter of the Italian Opera House, and my recollection carries me back to the delightful evenings I have spent there.

The first time I heard Madame Pasta was in the opera of *Medea*. Apart from her 'divine' singing, she was, without a doubt, the finest tragic actress of her day. From the scene where she places a hand on the head of each of her sons and breaks forth with the words, 'Miseri Pargholetti,' until the end of the tragedy, her singing and acting were truly most thrilling and magnificent. At least they were so to my mind and to every other 'fanatico per la musica.' I heard her frequently afterwards in *Tancredi* and other operas, but I never was so much enchanted as with her performance of *Medea*. Years passed, and I did not hear her again until she took her final leave of the stage. She sang four selections from different operas—*Medea* among them. Her voice was, of course, much impaired; but even Madame Grisi was heard to exclaim, 'Who, now, can compete with her, although her voice has so failed?'

Pasta had a handsome countenance, expressive and capable of strong emo-

tion at the more thrilling parts of her performances. Her figure was pleasing, and she moved with grace. Her hands might be said to speak.

I first heard Grisi in, I think, 1837, in *La Somnambula*. She was then remarkably handsome, and her figure, although on a large scale, was finely proportioned. She was so handsome that Lord C——, among her many admirers, became rather too *empressé* in his attentions, and had to fight a duel with Signor Grisi. Her voice was charmingly mellifluous. In those days I think she appeared to the best advantage in *La Somnambula*; afterwards her great role was *Norma*. She sang in a number of the operas which were then in vogue, and was ably supported by Rubini, Tamburini, Lablache, and a host of other fine singers. Among these I remember Madame Schreder-Devrient. She was a German by birth, married to a Frenchman, and acquired a very high celebrity in Beethoven's opera of *Fidelio*, by her singing and acting.

I was present when Grisi took her final leave of the stage. It was thought injudicious in her to have chosen the role of Donna Anna, in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*. The part is rather that of a girl than of an elderly person. Her voice had been failing for some years, and the exertion of singing and performing through the whole of a long piece was evidently beyond her powers. Mario—who was then, I think, her husband—aided her greatly. No one could surpass him in beauty of voice; and in love scenes he was perfection. I heard him afterwards, with Patti, in *Martha*, a light

opera, partly founded on the air of the 'Last Rose of Summer.'

I heard Jenny Lind sing at concerts, but never in an opera. I have no doubt many of the readers of THE MONTHLY will recollect hearing her at the concerts she gave in Toronto.

I regret much that I never had an opportunity of hearing either Sontag or Malibran. With the exception of these two brilliant stars, I believe I have heard all the best singers of the day.

As to instrumental players—I mean on the violin—I heard Paganini, De Beriot, Vieuxtemps, Ole Bull, Griessbach and others. Of these Paganini was *facile princeps*. He first appeared at the Opera House in London. Many of its trustees were opposed to its being used for other than operatic performances. Eventually it was announced that he would play a selection of pieces—some of them his own compositions. The house was very crowded, and as he advanced upon the stage he was greeted with loud applause. He made three very low bows—and when he placed the violin to his shoulder he smiled upon it with the greatest satisfaction, as if it had been his fairy or his guardian angel. I think he began by playing the *Carnival de Venise*, which was one of his stock pieces. He was very pale and thin, his black hair parted in the middle, and curling down the back of his head. His face was cadaverous, attributed to having been for many years in an Italian prison, on a charge of some political offence. One could not help noticing the extreme length of his fingers. Altogether he had a weird appearance.

On the second night that I heard him, while he was playing, a roll of music took fire in the orchestra, and made quite a blaze; although he observed it, he continued to play with the same serenity. This reassured the audience and the fire was soon extinguished.

He had the most extraordinary power over the instrument. At one time cajoling it to produce the most

delicious notes 'in linked sweetness long drawn out,' at another, as it were, whipping it, until it shrieked and sobbed, and groaned and moaned. In a word, if ever a violin spoke in varied moods, it was the violin of Paganini.

Some few months after the death of the late king, her present Majesty honoured the Opera House with a visit. She had held a Drawing-Room during the day, and the majority of the audience were in court dresses. When she entered her box Madame Grisi sang the first verse of the *National Anthem*. The sight of the audience standing, displaying diamonds, feathers, beautiful dresses, and sparkling orders was quite thrilling. The beauty of some of the women could not be equalled in any other metropolitan city in the world. In one of the boxes, seated side by side, were Lady Seymour—who had won the prize for beauty at the Eglinton Tournament—and her sister the Hon. Mrs. Norton, who was, in my opinion, far more intellectually beautiful than Lady Seymour. The three 'fair foresters' were also pre-eminently beautiful. The Countess of Blessington was also there—surrounded by notabilities, Comte D'Orsay, Trelawny, and others. The Countess was then handsome, and her figure had not attained the large proportions it afterwards acquired. The Count was certainly one of the handsomest men of his day, and was, as Byron described him, 'un cupidon déchainé.' There was another remarkably handsome man, one of the Stanleys, with a peculiar oval face, who looked for all the world as if he had stepped into life from one of the picture frames of his ancestors in the Knowsley Gallery.

It is to be regretted I think that the standard of music cannot be a little raised among the amateur lady singers of Toronto. Some of them sing ballad songs very pleasingly. Some time since, I heard an attempt made by a lady to sing a passage from the Opera of *Orfeo and Eurydice*. If sung

with taste it is one of the most wailing, mournful airs in the whole *répertoire* of music. Orféo is in a most distracted state and begins the air with the words 'Ché faro senza Eurydice,' and then he calls her, again and again—pausing for her answer. The lady sang the air as if it had been a jig—the word 'Eurydice' followed fast and followed faster—so quick and increasing were the 'dirges' of his despair. One felt doubtful whether Orféo or the lady was most to be pitied.

My theatrical reminiscences go as far back as the performances of Edmund Kean in *Richard the Third* and *Macbeth*. I was too young at the time to fully appreciate the beauty of his acting. Yet I must have felt some inspiration from it, as I was for some time after constantly bothering my brothers and sisters to hear me declaim from both plays. Macready's acting always appeared to me to be stiff and artificial. It is true he declaimed well, but one could never lose sight of the fact that it was Macready, not the character before one.

Of all actors who lost their self-consciousness and individuality, I think Fechter was in this respect admirable. Hamlet himself was before the audience, Fechter acted so naturally. Until his time no one had performed the part of the Prince so well. He played some one hundred and fifty nights, and people never seemed tired of hearing him. Young, in his day, performed the part well and gracefully, but his acting was far inferior to Fechter's.

The first Charles Mathews used to give most amusing entertainments. He was always ready to catch the flying follies of the day. For instance, *Charlotte and Werther* had been translated from the German into English, and there was among foolish people quite a craze for everything sentimental. Mathews, in ridicule of this, personated a German cook dressed in a white bib and tucker, with

a white nightcap on his head. He read a few passages from the book—the most extravagant and nonsensical he could pick out. Then he clasped his hands, raised his eyes, and exclaimed, 'Oh! Charlotte, Oh! Werther—Oh divine sensibility! Hulloo there, have you skinned those eels?' The answer, 'Yes,' came from Mathews, who was a great ventriloquist. 'Are they all alive?' 'Yes.' 'Is the water hot—boiling hot?' 'Yes.' 'Then put in the eels at once. Oh Charlotte! Oh Werther, Oh divine sensibility.'

He stood behind rather a high table upon the stage, and it was surprising to see the rapidity with which he changed his dresses.

His son, the late Charles Mathews, was also a talented actor. His acting improved much after his marriage with Madam Vestris, who had been for many years on the stage. She was always a charming actress, full of life and spirit.

I was at the theatre when Fanny Kemble made her *début* as Juliet. When she first came on the stage, she looked dreadfully pale and nervous, and it was not until the applause, which lasted for some time, had ceased, that she partially recovered her self-possession. Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, she performed the part—particularly the balcony scene—very finely. Her youth gave her great advantage over her contemporaries who were playing the same part.

While staying at an hotel in New York, I was introduced to Captain Marryat, who had lately arrived from England. A party was formed to go and see Keeley and his wife in some farce. At supper, on our return, Captain Marryat, after praising the acting of the Keeleys, said that he could not help remarking upon the difference between the subordinate actors in the States and those in England. He thought the actors in the States seemed to play with more energy, and strove to do every justice to their

parts. In England, the actors who took second or third-rate parts showed carelessness, and were generally apathetic and listless. He had a great knowledge of plays and of actors, and I think there was a good deal of truth in his observation.

The French actors were also very careful in learning and studying their parts. They acted most conscientiously. A French *troupe* used to visit London during each season. I recollect Mademoiselle Mars was in one of them. She must then have been

between sixty and seventy, as she had performed before the first Emperor Napoleon. She continued to take juvenile parts, and acted them with surprising youthfulness. Mademoiselle Ste. Ange was a delightful actress, and there were many finished performers in the *troupe*. It was a great treat to them act Molière's comedies.

If I were not tiring the readers of the MONTHLY, I might add some further sketches, but I feel that it is time to leave off.

EVENING IN JUNE.

BY T. W. S., NEW DURHAM.

THE glow of eve is fading from the west,
 The wind is softly playing through the trees,
 The birds and lambs are folded to their rest,
 And flowers sleep, unroused by humming bees.

The blue above grows deeper, deeper still ;
 The rosy west has changed to sober gray ;
 More shady grow the hollows, and the hill
 Looms larger as the daylight fades away.

The stars come forth like sparkling diamonds bright,
 Casting their beams through endless realms of space,
 And view our lovely world with still delight ;
 While silv'ry lakes reflect the moon's bright face.

Oh ! day is very beautiful in June,
 With waving trees and grass and birds and flowers,
 But night seems more harmoniously in tune
 With chords that vibrate in our pensive hours.

LITERATURE CONNECTED WITH THE CANADA PACIFIC RR.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

THE Canadian Pacific Railway will be completed, we hope and believe, long before Sir John Macdonald will have an opportunity of looking down on it from over the shining verge of hovering clouds. The building of a railway across the continent has evidently been one of the Prime Minister's most cherished projects, and indeed it is a work which, for magnitude and usefulness, will have distanced all others.

Long prior to the existence of the Dominion of Canada, the germinal idea of a great route across that portion of the continent over which the flag of Canada rules, stirred in the minds of men on whose attention its geographical and physical advantages were forced; and on the facts connected with the Canadian Pacific Railway the history and literature which gathered round that idea cast an interesting and instructive light. Over this great work, which from rail to rolling-stock will be as much as anything in the world of to-day, the expression and emblem of nineteenth century conditions, the tangible evidence of a new order of things in politics, in society, in mechanics, there comes from the earliest dawn of New World history, a large imperial air, with the scent in it of social and political forces which have disappeared. We are witnessing the progress, the oldest may hope to behold the completion, of an undertaking, which will bring the Pacific, and with the Pacific, China and the East, nearer to the Atlantic and to Europe, than would have been possible by any of the routes, the thought of which for more than two centuries filled men

of enthusiastic foresight and constructive imagination with visions of a boundless trade with the East. It is not possible for a cultivated man to think of the day when the traveller shall take his ticket in Halifax to be carried across the Dominion to Victoria, and thence to Hong Kong, without recalling Sebastian Cabot in 1512 in the palace of Ferdinand, planning under the monarch's eye an exploration of the North-West Passage to Asia. The Courts of Henry IV., of Louis XIII., and of Louis XIV. were often occupied with projects for the discovery of a passage through the interior of the continent to the Grand Ocean, with China, of course, as the ultimate objective. These projects were taken up with renewed ardour under the Regency, and the Regent had the refusal of the same plan which afterwards carried Lewis and Clark to the Columbia. The early French explorers were full of the idea of finding a river which should conduct them to the Western Sea. In a very curious tract written in French—The Log-book of Jean Alphonse de Xantoinne, first pilot of Roberval, published in 1542, we read of the Saguenay: 'I believe that this river comes from the China Sea (*mer du Cathay*) for here it issues with a strong current and runs with a terrible tide.' In a history published in 1609, the French possessions in North America were described as bounded on the west by the Pacific Ocean. In 1612, Charles de Bourbon, Lieutenant-General in New France, commissioned Champlain to build forts as far in the interior as he could penetrate with the object of

finding a practicable road to China and the East. La Salle conceived the idea of opening a way to China and Japan through the lakes and rivers of Canada, and the village and rapids near Montreal took their name of Lachine from his grand but abortive enterprise. The story of the Verendrye, father and sons, is one of scantily requited efforts which are among the most stirring and touching in the annals of heroism. All their endeavours seemed about to be crowned with success, when on the 1st of January, 1743, the brothers saw the Rocky Mountains rise before them. On the 12th of the same month the Chevalier de la Verendrye prepared to ascend them to contemplate, from their summits' the sea which he knew to be on the other side. He was doomed to disappointment. Dissensions having broken out among the tribes inhabiting that part of the country, he was forced to return without experiencing the joy which the sight of that ocean two centuries earlier had filled the hearts of Cortez and Balboa. On the 22nd July, 1799, Sir Alex. Mackenzie wrote on the Rock which separates the Prairie of the Centre from the Pacific Slope, his name, whence he had come, and the date. The feat was worthy of record. The centenary of that day however will not have arrived when railway cars, with all modern appliances, will wind through one of the passes of those mountains. This great consummation was what many of the modern but worthy successors of previous projections whose names should never be forgotten in Canada, desired to see. But they fell like the advance guard of an army over whose bodies other men march to victory.

Poor and crude as the United States were fifty years ago, as compared with their wealth and advancement to-day, and as England was then, they were yet far ahead of the mother country in their readiness to take in the far reaching consequences of Stephenson's invention. A portion of

the New York Central was chartered in 1825; what was not inaptly styled the railway mania struck Massachusetts in 1826, Pennsylvania in 1827, and Maryland and South Carolina in 1828. The Baltimore and Ohio Railway was begun July 4th, 1828.

Amongst us a few minds were conscious of the importance of the new era which was at hand, and we find Mr. Henry Fairbairn writing in 1825 to the newspapers, and proposing a railway system for Canada in connexion with that of the United States. He had some fair idea of the extent of the net work of railways which would one day vein the Republic, and the magnitude of attendant results. If the advantages which were coming into being in the United States were to be successfully contended with, this could only be effected by building similar works here, so as to bring to the Atlantic the agricultural exports of the colonies, and to secure the stream of emigration which otherwise would be rapidly diverted to the United States. We now know the stream of emigration, nor any fair portion of it, was not secured, and in fact many years elapsed, and many battles were fought with ignorance and prejudice before the Intercolonial Railway was built, and Mr. Fairbairn's early suggestions translated into fact.

In 1829 Commissioners were appointed by Sir G. Arthur, Lieutenant-Governor, and the Legislature of Upper Canada, to survey the waters between the Ottawa and Lake Huron in order to test the practicability of effecting a navigable communication between the two.

One of the earliest of those who stated the policy of a part rail and a part water route was a young officer of Engineers, who, some thirty years ago, published a pamphlet entitled 'Canada in 1848.' The pamphlet was written at Bytown, now Ottawa, the Capital of the Dominion. No place in the whole country is more calculated to impress its great possibilities

on the mind, and in the amplification of his title, Lieutenant Synge states, that his object is to examine the existing resources of British North America, and to put forth considerations for their further and more perfect development. At this period, famine had brought cold and hunger and misery into thousands of homes in the United Kingdom, and the young officer desired that the British Colonies might be further developed in such a manner as to furnish a practical remedy for the prevailing distress and provide for their defence.

Lieutenant Synge glances with a sigh at the Ashburton Treaty, and with scorn at the general ignorance regarding the question involved in that treaty. To prevent similar occurrences 'a general interest in the immense Empire inhabited by our countrymen is essential.' He pays a splendid testimony to Canadian loyalty, and rebukes those persons who hastily and ignorantly throw doubts on its enduring fibre. He denounces 'spontaneous emigration.' The scheme for accomplishing the varied objects he had in view, he was enabled to state in a sentence: 'the formation of secure, rapid, and complete—that is, independent—communication throughout the country.' He commences with the Halifax and Quebec Railway into which other lines would flow. From Quebec to Montreal a steamboat communication was already established. For the continuation of the trunk line he thought the Ottawa was preferable to the present route, both on military and commercial grounds. 'The moral, political, and commercial effects of a central trunk communication removed from the frontier cannot be easily overrated.' He then proceeds to discuss the alternative of an unbroken water route to the head of Lake Superior, *via* the Ottawa, overcoming the Chaudière and other rapids, or a mixed rail and water route.

Arrived at the head of Lake Superior he looks to the west. The natural

facilities for a water communication render that policy very tempting, and in spite of his judgment, he would have decided very unwillingly against it, did not the very unrivalled richness of the land come to his aid, which rendered it certain that besides the active occupation of unobstructed waters, it can command a railway from the mouth of the Kaminstiquia to the Lake of the Woods, the line touching at Rainy Lake. For the present, the railroad might terminate at Rainy Lake to be again resumed at the first rapid of the River Winnipeg, whence it would run to Fort Garry. From Lake Winnipeg our author again looks west along the Saskatchewan, from the extreme point rendered accessible by whose waters the passage of the Rocky Mountains would prove a stimulant to endeavour. He adds that the time of accomplishing this would depend on the progress of civilization from the east—and the sagacity of this remark we shall, a few pages later, see exemplified. 'It might have been greatly hastened by a simultaneous settlement from the western coast, but England's ministers have there surrendered all territory of agricultural value.' But he warns statesmen and the public against underrating what remains.

Four years later—in 1852—the same writer meanwhile having become Captain, read a paper before the Royal Geographical Society in which a route, composed in part of rail and in part of water was again advocated, but with more detail, and this time with a firm hold of a line with its western terminus on the Pacific.

'The proposed communication consists of component parts, each of which is in itself complete and independent, opening a new and distinct feature of the country, and forming separately a profitable and reproductive work. Each part is characterized by these distinctive features, and by marks of superiority over competing routes, similar to those which distinguish the

entire proposed inter-oceanic communication. Every part of the chain may, therefore, rely on its intrinsic merits, and is capable of separate execution. That execution would, however, be the most profitable, and for every reason the most desirable, which would most speedily open the country, and effect the communication the whole way to the Pacific!

In an appendix he compares in respect to advantages for reaching Australia and the East the proposed route with the Indian route of that day, *across* the Isthmus of Suez, not *through* the Suez Canal, with the Central American route across the Isthmus of Panama, with the route by the Cape of Good Hope, and demonstrates the superiority of that through British American territory.

In 1849 Major Robert Carmichael Smith, who, like Lieutenant Syngé, had dwelt in the country, published a remarkable letter to his friend, the author of 'The Clockmaker,' for the purpose of bringing before the public a 'British Colonial Railway Communication' between the Atlantic and the Pacific, 'from the magnificent harbour of Halifax in Nova Scotia to the mouth of the Frazer River.' Like all the early projectors, his theme is empire. Would England hesitate with such a power as steam at her command? Would the expenditure of a few millions check the noble work? As an answer to this question he asks what are the expenses of a war? The very length of the railway would be in its favour: he has the authority of the *Quarterly* that the working details of a railway are invariably well executed in proportion to their magnitude. Instead of allowing New Brunswick, Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto to make a number of small railways, he calls on England to assist them by planning and arranging 'one grand route and system of lines throughout the whole country' under a Board of fifteen, of which three would represent England, three

the Hudson Bay Company, three Canada, three New Brunswick, and three Nova Scotia. The railway would be built by convict labour, the convicts being guarded by soldiers of six or eight years' service, who, after a certain term would be rewarded by grants of land. Our author's idea of the first step to be taken is most practical.

'We will suppose, in the first place, active, intelligent, and scientific young men to be sent to the Rocky Mountains, to ascertain the best spot at which to cross them, and the best port (if the mouth of the Frazer River will not answer) on the western shore of North America, within, of course, the Hudson's Bay Companies territory, for a great commercial harbour and railway terminus. Then let a grand line of railway be marked out from Halifax to that spot, and let all local towns or districts that have sufficient capital and labour to undertake any part of the line, have the benefit of the profits of the whole line, in proportion to the parts they may finish. No convict labour need interfere with them. But in such districts as are at present so thinly inhabited as to have no working population, and no capital to expend, let the work be commenced by England, by her capital, and her convicts, and let government encourage and facilitate the formation of a great Atlantic and Pacific Railway Company, by obtaining from Parliament a national guarantee for the completion of the work; first, of course, having entered into arrangements with Hudson's Bay Company, and her North American Provinces, for the security of such sums of money as may be advanced by way of loan from Great Britain.'

He quotes largely from the Rev. C. G. McKay, with the view of emphasizing the attractions of the country for settlement, and the necessity for stimulating emigration to Canada, and he goes so far as to say that £200,000,000 (\$1,000,000,000) might be well

spent in making a road from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Shortly after the appearance of Major Smith's pamphlet, Captain F. A. Wilson, and A. B. Richards, of Lincoln's Inn, published a book written with great grasp and power: 'Britain Redeemed and Canada preserved.' The authors were not railway projectors so much as social reformers and Imperial politicians. England seemed to them enfeebled and sinking under the weight of pauperism and crime. Fully sensible of the Imperial advantages of a railway across the continent, they proposed to make the act of its constitution a blessing to the United Kingdom, by emptying her prisons on to the route, and thus utilizing convicts and preparing them for honest careers. To restore the 'ailing and weakened parent' to health and reassured longevity, all that was necessary was to convert British American provinces into a bridge between Europe and Asia. In the fifth chapter, an eloquent and cogent appeal is made for a Canadian Pacific Railway. If the Whitney scheme was fraught with such prodigious benefit for the American community, why should not a like scheme, carried out on British territory, be still more fruitful for England paramount in both seas?

Early in 1851 Mr. Allan McDonell, of Toronto, one of the boldest and ablest of all those who have occupied themselves with this question, pressed a scheme, thoroughly worked out, on the public and the Legislature. He published a pamphlet entitled: 'A Railroad from Lake Superior to the Pacific: the Shortest, Cheapest and Safest Communication for Europe with all Asia.' He interested one of the most brilliant statesmen of the day (the Honourable Henry Sherwood) in the project, and a company was formed, called the Lake Superior and Pacific Railroad Company. On the 17th of June, Mr. Sherwood obtained leave to bring in a Bill to Incorporate this Company. The Bill was referred to

the Standing Committee on Railways and Telegraph Lines, whose chairman was Sir Allan MacNab. A paper, prepared by Mr. McDonell, and in substance the same as his pamphlet, was laid before the Committee. Though Mr. McDonell grows eloquent on the vast wealth and imperial splendours which rise before his imagination in contemplating Indian fleets and Chinese argosies, he does not forget the development of this country and its great possibilities. He wants to keep what he calls the 'ocean diadem' on England's head, but, as will be seen, his practical, yet enthusiastic, mind takes fire at the future of Canada and the 'diadems' she may one day wear.

Mr. McDonell intended, like Lieut. Syngé, whose little tract he had read, to utilize our water highways. Our portion of the continent lay directly in the way of the commerce passing between Europe and India. With a ship canal around the falls and the Sault Ste. Marie, 'we have, through our own territories, the most magnificent inland navigation in the world, carrying us one half way across this continent.' By means of a railway to the Pacific from the head of this navigation, a rapid and safe communication would be formed, by which the commerce of the world would undergo an entire change. Mr. McDonell, seeking to alarm England points to the line about to be constructed by Mr. Whitney. England was to commerce what the principle of gravitation was to the material world, that which regulated and upheld all; but a railroad through the territories of the United States might deprive her of her supremacy. He urges the necessity of immediate action which would result in settling lands capable of sustaining population; the great West would be penetrated, and the streams of commerce, turned from 'boisterous seas and stormy capes,' would flow peacefully to our shores on the Pacific and through the interior. The principal feature of his plan was that the Gov-

ernment should sell to a chartered company sixty miles wide of the lands from the Lakes to the Pacific at a reduced rate, or at such a rate as should be paid for obtaining its surrender to the Crown by the Indians.

Mr. McDonell's scheme was worked out with great detail, consistency and force; but the Standing Committee rejected his proposal, and reported that the application for a charter was premature. Mr. McDonell foresaw all the evils which would attend building so great a line as a government work. The writer made enquiries about this gentleman, and learned that he was considered an enthusiast

in his day. So it ever is. The man who sees farther than his fellows is always misunderstood. Only for the blind conceit of his contemporaries and the generation immediately succeeding, we should have been, in the matter of a trans-continental route, beforehand with the people of the United States, and, instead of five millions, should be counted by ten millions, or by yet larger figures.

The struggles of succeeding projectors are generally known, and to all newspaper readers the history of the Canada Pacific Railway for the last twenty years is as familiar as A. B. C.

THE ST. LAWRENCE.

BY 'GARET NOEL,' TORONTO.

CHILD of the lake, bold river, rolling down
 With changeful current to the distant sea,
 Giant stream of a giant country as a sun
 Rising through time in youthful majesty,
 Were but its children grand and free as thee,
 As all that bounteous Nature here hath wrought,
 Methinks this land a Heaven on earth should be
 The home of liberty, a shrine for thought,
 Wearied by no long past but with young wisdom fraught.

But now the night is past, and with the morn
 Methinks we touch far-fabled fairy land,
 For sure such scene is of enchantment born,
 And for a happier race than mortals plann'd,
 As the blue Heaven upon a morning bland
 Oft islanded with fleecy clouds is seen,
 So from the wave that sleeps on either hand
 Islands smile upward, crowned with foliage green,
 And fair as ere fay-haunted isle of old, I ween.

Here curbs the river aught of turbulence,
 And woos in silence all the summer day,
 Till as *we*, deeply loving, yield the sense
 Of self, and image forth a dearer sway;

So in the patient waters sleep alway
 Reflections of the loveliness they prize,
 Low wooded isles their various forms display,
 Till looking downward close beneath us lies
 A trembling paradise of mingled earth and skies.

And here, methinks, one might awhile be hidden
 From the sad turmoil of our human race,
 And gentler thoughts would come and go unbidden,
 And peace and soft tranquillity have place ;
 And years would leave no bitter, scathing trace,
 And friendship be a thing serene and holy,
 No trivial dust that passing winds efface,
 A mock to make men grieve at human folly,
 Seeing a gift so pure the slave to interest solely.

Now as a sea-god waken'd from a dream,
 Who upward springs rejoicing to the sun,
 And shakes his glittering locks in morning's beam
 Speedeth the river from its idyl on ;
 But dark and troublous are its waters grown,
 Swifter they fly, till as a trembling flock
 That here and there at danger's touch are strewn,
 They rush in panic outward from the shock,
 Or wrought to madness boldly leap th' opposing rock.

And there is war around us as of men
 Who, dauntless, brave a foe invisible,
 And backward driven assault again, again,
 So rush the waters, and the rocks repel
 But may not conquer, now with rolling swell
 Of conscious vict'r'y, and anon with shriek
 That seems of mortal pain and fear to tell,
 The waters in white foam around us break
 And still from rock to rock their downward journey take.

Till now we tremble on the last dread steep,
 And lo ! through Heaven the rolling cloud appears,
 As Nature, still in harmony would keep,
 Flash follows flash, and thunder greets our ears
 As plunging downward the swoll'n river rears
 Its waves in torture from the rocks that lie
 As foes beneath it, till our pathway clears,
 And, once more free, the waves spread joyously
 Into a lake whose pleasant shores delight the eye.

And downward rolls to meet another tide
 That through green banks hath found a beauteous way,
 As two that love not journeying side by side
 The waters joined their various course display,
 Or darkly wrought or emerald in their play,
 And borne by many an island foliage crowned,
 A city greets us ere the close of day,
 And where Jacques Cartier wood and wildness found,
 Peace, wealth, and commerce spread their happiest fruits around.

YOUR HOUSE AND MINE : ÆSTHETIC OR NOT ÆSTHETIC ?

BY D. FOWLER, EMERALD.

THE above is a question which comes home to us all—to all of us, that is, who are householders. What we want is a comfortable, convenient, cleanly, bright, light, cheerful, healthy house; an every-day, all-day-long, all-the-year-round house; cool in summer, warm in winter; shaded when the sun blazes, open to all his cheering, exhilarating influence when he shines with milder beams; flooded with day-light in the short days. Can all that has been enumerated be possible in one house? It is all possible. Add to it all the good taste and æsthetic beauty that you can, the more the better; but sacrifice to it any of the qualities that have been mentioned, and, depend upon it, all the good taste and æsthetic beauty that ever existed will not compensate you for the loss. Is there any danger of such a loss? I think there is; a loss of light, of day-light. Now, the light of heaven, as we call it, is the greatest and cheapest of all divine blessings. (Not the cheapest, though, when your windows are taxed, as they used to be, and are still, for aught I know, in England; certainly a daring flight of impost.) Light is the source of life, cheerfulness, health; of colour and beauty, of clear complexions and ivory shoulders; of the preservation and prolongation of eyesight; of cleanliness, for, 'not to put too fine a point upon it,' darkness means dirt. How can you tell whether anything is clean or dirty if you have not plenty of light to see it by? How can you make it clean if you have not light enough to see when you have done it? For this reason kitchens, of all places, should

be most amply lighted. Not that æsthetic decoration is likely to darken kitchens much, but this is a little bit of advice earnestly given, by the way.

'Well, but,' you will naturally ask, 'what can æsthetic decoration have to do with the darkening of a house?' That is what I am going to try to show. I shall be able, I hope, to give you both sides of the question, and, for that purpose, enter Mr. Cimabue Brown. He needs no introduction; we all know him. He is the archpriest of the æsthetic cult. He has been mercilessly held up to ridicule in *Punch* week after week, and has been made the butt of shrieks of laughter from theatrical audiences. He is popularly supposed to fall into ecstasitic veneration of a bit of cracked old china; to worship sunflowers as *they* worship the sun; and to hold peacock's feathers to be the basis of housekeeping. All this has roused Mr. Brown at last. He lately published a paper, called 'Mr. Cimabue Brown on the Defensive.' He shows admirable temper, and takes it all in excellent good part. He writes so cleverly and brightly, and with so genial a humour, that it would be a treat to the readers of the CANADIAN MONTHLY if I could transplant his defence bodily into the magazine. As it is, I shall have to indulge them with copious extracts. Mr. Brown rides a hobby. Admit that he does. So do most of us, though it be but a donkey sometimes. Mr. Brown has so light a hand and so firm a seat, and has the animal so well under control, that we cannot but admire his horsemanship. I am not able, in the space at my disposal, to follow him through

his whole ride, but must limit myself to that part of it which lies nearest to his own residence which he describes so feelingly, and to yours or mine, which, it must be confessed, he does not spare.

Mr. Brown disclaims the absurdities into which æsthetics have been carried by some extravagant devotees. 'Every great revolution is accompanied by some excesses; the Reformation had its Anabaptists and its Iconoclasts; the Puritan movement had its fifth monarchy men and its naked prophets.' Then he says, 'Don't you know that caricature is, in its own nature, exaggeration, and that neither I am nor any other "æsthete" is one-twentieth part as ridiculous as Mr. Du Maurier makes us out to be? Do you really suppose that any one of us talks the marvellous jargon that Mr. Gilbert puts into our mouths in *Patie ce*; or that we really dress our wives in such ridiculous costumes, or worship lilies, or dedicate our days to the study of the intense? All that is just the playful nonsense of our satirists.' Again, 'in spite of *Patience* and *Punch*, and all the rest of it, the æsthetic revolution is an accomplished fact. It is here, there and everywhere *en évidence* before our eyes. I can't walk from my club up St. James's Street without seeing it staring at me from every shop window in London. I can't go into a friend's house without observing it in every room, from the entrance-hall to the attics. I can't travel about the country without noticing how it pervades every village in England. I can't go to the theatre without finding it put bodily upon the stage. I can't buy a comic paper without running up against it in nonsensical misrepresentation. Say what you like of it, there it is, an unmistakable fact, growing, like Jcnah's gourd, before our very eyes, and spreading so wide that it overshadows all the land with its sunflowers and its pomegranate blossoms. And I say to myself, all the time, with some complacency I

acknowledge, "All this is the work of our set."

Mr. Cimabue Brown, you see, is not half-hearted in his advocacy; he has the full courage of his opinions. 'Fifty years ago,' he continues, 'art in England was practically all but unknown. People generally understood that it had something to do with the National Gallery and the Royal Academy; and that it was very expensive; and that, in order to know anything about it, you must be born to the inheritance of an ancestral picture-gallery, and must travel abroad to Rome and Florence. As to the possibility of its having any connection, then or ever, with their own every-day lives, they would as soon have speculated on the possibility of every English child talking classical Latin, and every agricultural labourer spending his spare cash on the purchase of Elzevirs or Bodonis. Art meant pictures and statues; and pictures and statues were *spécialités* for the same class which could afford to keep French cooks, and thorough-bred race-horses, and domestic chaplains, and a score of gamekeepers. For themselves, they were perfectly content to live in ugly houses, with ugly wall papers and ugly furniture; while the interests of literature, science and art were sufficiently considered in three mouldy-looking illustrated books on the drawing-room table, a few coarse lithographs hung upon the wall, and a squeaky piano in the corner, with an arsenic-green satin lining behind the cheap veneered network which overhung the key-board cover.'

Ah, now, then the hobby became restive, and for the moment, the rider's seat was not quite so firm. 'Fifty years ago' may be to Mr. Brown the dark ages before 'he was born or thought of,' but those within whose ken that remote period comes must stand up for their birthright. Clementi, Broadwood, Stoddart and Colard had lived or were living, and certainly did not turn out 'squeaky'

pianos. The age of 'coarse lithographs' had not yet begun, nor that, I think, of the 'arsenic-green.' And, as for 'cheap' veneering, the reign of 'cheap and nasty' has certainly set in since that time. Æsthetic or not æsthetic, cheap and paltry imitations of every kind have advanced *pari passu* with Mr. Cimabue Brown's progress of art, and are, at this very moment, in full swing. This is merely just a hint to Mr. Brown not to allow his hobby too much head; to ride him with a curb; a snaffle will hardly hold him. 'It was in those hopeless and hideous days,' proceeds Mr. Brown, 'that I and my fellow-workers grew up. As young men, we began to feel that this was not all quite right. We were not born to the inheritance of picture-galleries, nor were we dukes or Manchester manufacturers, that we should buy old masters, and give commissions to sculptors for preserving our own amiable features in marble busts. Most of us were decidedly far from rich. But we had an idea that something might be done to make English home-life a little more beautiful, a little more cultivated, and a little more refined than it used to be.' And a most admirable idea, too, my dear Mr. Cimabue Brown; and I trust you will accept my right hand of good fellowship offered in all sincerity upon it. Who would not wish you good speed in an undertaking so harmless, so praiseworthy, so excellent in its promised results?

You further say to us, 'there are a few serious objections, however, sometimes urged against the great contemporary æsthetic movement typified by my unworthy personality, about which objections I should like to say a few words in passing, now that I have got you fairly button-holed in a corner by yourself. The first of them—a very common one—is that we æsthetes are sworn enemies to colour. There never was a greater mistake on this earth. We revel in colour; we perfectly roll in it; we live in the midst of green,

and blue, and scarlet and purple all our days. Nobody who has seen the interior of a really good modern æsthetic house could ever afterward seriously commit such a ridiculous blunder as to say that it was "dingy," or "gloomy," or "faded-looking," as a thousand unthinking critics assert unhesitatingly every day. I think I can see the origin of this absurd misconception. Young ladies and gentlemen walking down Oxford Street glance into the windows of a famous red-brick shop, near the lower end of Orchard Street, and see there some elony cabinets, some Persian blue and white pottery, some yards of dark-green velvet with an inexpressibly faint undertone of peacock-blue. They contrast these sober shades with the staring reds and blues and yellows in the carpets, wall-papers, satin covered chairs, and other noisy upholsteries in various adjacent windows of the old-fashioned sort; and they come to the conclusion that æsthetic people hate colour. They forget that these things are but the ground tones of the whole finished picture, and that in a full-furnished æsthetic house they would find them so interspersed with pictures, pottery, flowers, decorations, and the dresses of women and children, that the entire effect would be one of peculiarly rich, deep and harmonious colouring. As a matter of fact, it is the Philistine house which eschews colour. There white—dead, cold, pale, cheerless white—forms the background and key-note of the total decorative effect. The ceiling is white all over; the wall-paper is white, with a few patches of regularly-disposed gold ornamentation in geometrical squares. The mantel-piece is of white marble; the carpet has a white ground, sprinkled with red and blue roses. The cheap chromolithographs, which do duty for fine art, have broad white margins; and there is no deeper colour to balance and neutralize this chilly general tone. The place of honour over the hearth is filled by a great gilt mirror, which re-

flects the white ceiling. The chairs and sofas are covered in pale blue satin; the vases are in whitish glass; the ornaments are Parian statuettes, alabaster boxes, and white-spar knick-knacks. There is hardly a bit of colour in the whole room, and whatever there is consists of crude masses of unmitigated blue, red and yellow, isolated in great harsh patches, amid the prevailing sea of inhospitable white. The place seems contrived on purpose to repel one by its utter unhomeliness.

Perhaps the hobby has taken the bit in its teeth now, just a little.

'Now,' triumphantly exclaims Mr. Cimabue Brown, 'just contrast such a room as this with my little drawing-room at Hampstead. Our ceiling is covered with a pretty continuous distempered design; our walls are broken into a high decorative dado of storks and water-plants beneath, and a small upper piercing above, with geometrical interlacing patterns in a contrasting hue. Our floor is polished at the sides, and has two or three different rugs placed about between the chairs and tables. So every bit of the framework of the room is simply full of colour—subdued, pleasant, restful colour for the most part I allow, with unobtrusive patterns which do not solicit or fatigue the eye, but still most unmistakable colour, as different as possible from the poverty-stricken white of utter Philistia. Then we have a few pictures hung upon the upper piecing; a few decorative plates fastened against the wall; a cabinet with Venetian glass and good old Chinese porcelain above the dark-red mantelpiece; and a hearth set above with green and blue Persian tiles. We have chairs and sofas covered with pretty tapestry; we have a few crewel-work anti-macassars (which I myself detest, but endure for Mrs. Cimabue Brown's sake); we have flowers in abundance; and on reception nights we have the dresses and faces of women enlivening the whole scene. If you were to drop in at one of our Wed-

nesday evenings, I'm quite sure you would say you never saw so much colour crowded into a single room in all your life before. Only the colour is not dispersed about indiscriminately in great solitary patches; it is harmonized and subdued, and combined into a single decorative chromatic effect.'

I am here very reluctantly compelled to part company with Mr. Cimabue Brown. There is much more that he says, which is as well said as what I have quoted; but I have endeavoured to do him full justice, and to put his case sufficiently and fairly before the reader. He is an enthusiastic advocate of the prominent æsthetic agitation, of which we now hear and see so much. With a great deal that he says we must all of us entirely agree; but I am certain that the style of decoration which he describes would diminish the daylight in any room in which it was carried into practice. And I am equally convinced that that is a fatal objection. In all ordinary domestic rooms there is no superabundance of light; very frequently there is a deficiency. I have already put in a very strong claim for ample daylight in a house, and have endeavoured to show what inestimable advantages are to be derived from it. In all rooms a large proportion of the light is obtained, not directly, but by refraction; and in this refraction a white ceiling is a most important factor, and of the most advantageous and agreeable kind, the light being refracted from it downward upon any work upon which you may be engaged. Now change this white ceiling for any 'distempered design' and, just in proportion as that design is removed from white, so do you lose the light in your room. The same reasoning applies to the walls; the further they are removed from white the less light the room becomes. So with all surfaces, of whatever description, about the room. But this is not all. There is quality and quality of

colour; there are certain qualities of colour which swallow up the light, and other certain qualities which refract it. Examples of both may be given in a blanket and in a satin dress. Now, what Mr. Cimabue Brown means by 'subdued, pleasant, restful colour,' is that quality of colour which swallows up the light, which is dull, does not shine. If, then, we are to give up what Mr. Brown calls 'dead, cold, pale, cheerless white,' and substitute for it 'subdued, pleasant, restful colour,' it follows, as a matter of course, that we must lose almost, if not quite, all of our refracted light, and our room will be very considerably darkened. I will give a very simple example of what I mean. In a house, which I have the pleasure of frequenting, there is a large folding screen, which the mistress tells me is fashionable, for the exquisite reason that screens of all kinds are common in Japan. Until lately this screen was covered with some pale bright material. I cannot say that I liked the look of it; the effect was poor. Going there again, the other day, I was somewhat surprised to find my usual place at table, near to the screen, much darkened, so that I had some ado to see what was on my plate. After a while I discovered the cause. The screen had been æstheticised. It was now covered with some material of a deep, dark, dull crimson, of æsthetic quality, 'subdued, pleasant, restful colour.' It had a 'decorative dado of storks and water-plants beneath' (only, unfortunately, the water lilies were quite as large as the storks, in true Japanese style), and 'a small upper piercing above with geometrical interlacing patterns in a contrasting hue.' It was precisely in accordance with Mr. Brown's description. It is true that it was greatly improved in appearance, and had become a really handsome, ornamental piece of furniture. Here, then, we have the whole case before us—the screen, as it had been, not beautiful, but useful as a

receiver and dispenser of light, or, as it is now, much better to look at, but very decidedly producing an inconvenient loss of daylight. The choice lies between æsthetic beauty and eating your dinner in comfort. *Utrum horum major accipere.* Because, consider. Multiply the effect produced by the change in the screen by that of all the objects about the room, beside the walls and the ceiling, and all you have left is a twilight, a sort of a clear-obscure. I cannot agree with Mr. Cimabue Brown that white must, of necessity, be 'dead, cold, pale, cheerless.' There is white and white; there is lime whitewash, and there is pleasant, agreeable, warm white, such as many of the wall-papers are, or used to be, with just a suspicion of gold about them. But I need not dwell upon this in my own person, as it happens that I can adduce on my side the authority of a very distinguished man. Every one has heard of Mr. Millais, R.A., the famous artist. We are told of 'merchant princes,' we might now add painter princes, of whom Mr. Millais is one of the very foremost. He may be classed with Titian, whose brush, as is related, was picked up for him by the Emperor Charles V., with the graceful compliment, 'There are many kings, there is but one Titian;' or with Sir Peter Paul Rubens, who was a great courtly gentleman, and an ambassador between kings; and who, it may be added, was a remarkably handsome man, and had two beautiful wives (one at a time I mean), whose portraits by his own pencil have come down to us. But, great as these men were, it may very well be doubted whether their gains were equal to those of Mr. Millais, who is said to make an annual income of ten or twelve thousand pounds sterling—say from fifty to sixty thousand dollars. We should have nothing to do with Mr. Millais' income, and it would be an impertinence to inquire into it, but what comes to us through the public press may be quoted without

impropriety. In the November number of the *Magazine of Art* for 1881 there is a notice of the prices of two pictures by Mr. Millais, painted within the last few years, namely \$17,500 and \$19,500 respectively. The dimensions of one of these pictures, as stated in 'Academy Notes,' are five feet by three, and the other would probably be of the same size. The subjects are not elaborate, and the manner of painting has the appearance of being rapid, so that probably the two pictures would not represent half a year's work, and fully bear out the above report. Moreover, the *Illustrated London News* has published an advertisement, to the effect that the price of a forthcoming picture by Mr. Millais, similar, we may infer, to 'Puss in Boots' or 'Cherry Ripe,' for their Christmas number, is to be three thousand guineas—say \$15,000. It has also been stated that the portrait of Lord Beaconsfield, by Mr. Millais, for which he had only four sittings, shortly before Lord Beaconsfield's death, was purchased by the Right Hon. W. H. Smith for two thousand guineas. Such prices as these, in connection with artistical honours of all kinds may be taken as a sufficient indication of Mr. Millais' high rank as an artist. So that we may accept him as a great authority as to what is really beautiful, and may suppose that no one would be more likely to appreciate the full value of daylight upon which his work so mainly depends. The *Magazine of Art* has been lately publishing articles entitled 'The Homes of our Artists,' and in the number for last May is a description of a palatial residence which Mr. Millais has built for himself in one of the most choice situations in London, with illustrations of the staircase, drawing room, studio, and fountain. The author, Mr. John Oldcastle, writes about it as follows:—'We English, who consider ourselves *par excellence* the people of good sense, are a curious people for extremes. If we get a good

thing, we fling ourselves into the passion of it, do it, overdo it, work it to death, rend it, empty it out, and trample it underfoot. So with the needful, welcome and admirable fashion of taste in furniture and wall-papers. It might have spread reasonably and gently over the whole country, and made the entire aspect of English home-life delightful, unvulgarising a domestic nation (which is no small good, because, while people know themselves to be vulgar and vulgarly surrounded, their homely virtues were apt to have a repulsive flavour, and also loftier virtues were felt to be out of place), and serving incalculably the cause of high art by educating the eyes of a whole people in the joys of colour and the laws of form. But the British enthusiast was too strong—and too absurd. His day of frenzy must pass, and art in the house, as a fashion, must pass with it. Still, the peacock and the lily are not less beautiful because they have been made a ridicule by æsthetic poseurs; so will the happy repose of tertiary backgrounds, and the splendid accents of bold yet subtle Oriental colour, and the simplicity of lines and the rightness of ornament. Meanwhile, these good things are somewhat ridiculous—a fact to which we must resign ourselves. Our great satirical draughtsman has laughed at them wittily, and our actors have mimicked them ignorantly, and a very large number of sensible men are sick of the subject. Among those, we suppose, must be placed Mr. Millais, who has built himself an artist's house into which the æstheticism of the day does not enter; no, not by so much as a peacock's fan. Only a few feathers, if we mistake not, in a single vase of Oriental blue-green upon the drawing-room mantelpiece, serve to remind him of the peculiar flash and play of colour which most of us have learned to think so beautiful. Thus the great red house at Palace Gate is, above all things, remarkable for absence of every kind

of affectation. It is scarcely picturesque, though not an impossible house to put into picture. It is stately and prosperous,' &c., &c. Further on, Mr. Oldcastle writes: 'Nearly all the walls are of variegated whites—cream-white, ivory-white, milk-white. Those who are accustomed to this whiteness in a glowing climate, who know that nothing could be more broad and picturesque than the effectiveness of a greenish or creamy-white wall in Italian sunshine and Italian shade, full of golden reflected lights, checkered with the fine shadows of Italian vines, and accentuated by dark Italian objects—a black *chevelure*, a brown face, or a huge indistinguishable old picture—may be incredulous of the beauty of a background of whitewash in England, where the grey lights of London days, and the sunshine at half power, which is the greatest glow we ever receive in the fullest midsummer, would seem to require some surface less dependent upon the colours of the atmosphere. Nevertheless, Mr. Millais' warm white rooms have the great merit of making the most of what light there is for seeing purposes, nor will the eyes which most delight in the distinctively English tones of sage-green find fault with the whiteness here, where the surrounding objects are in no case suggestive of the quaint, tender, and shadowy colours of the last century.'

Here, then, we see how doctors differ. We have before us two great authorities. Mr. Cimabue Brown has studied the subject, and understands what he is talking about. On the other hand, here is a celebrated painter, who knows the nature of half lights and half shadows if ever any man did, for no picture was ever yet painted without both (except, indeed, that of Queen Elizabeth, who commanded that her portrait should be painted without shadow, which, by the bye, was just like her), and he has no idea of introducing them artificially into his house, at the expense of the daylight, which

he seeks, as every painter does, to infuse into his colours. We might imagine Rembrandt to have liked a dark house, but then there has been but one Rembrandt, and we are not likely to see another. It is to be particularly observed that our authorities differ as to the 'white,' upon which Mr. Brown is so especially severe—that is, the white ceilings and the white walls, not, be it remarked, a glaring, cold, cheerless white, but a soft creamy white, relieved with just a suspicion of gold. The more white, the more daylight, that is certain; and the more daylight, the more health, the more lilies and roses on the cheeks of beauty. Ladies may choose to sit in a half-darkened room, with their backs to the light, when the mischief has been done, but, in the name of all that is attractive, forestall the mischief, make and retain daylight, sunshine complexions; do for yourselves what nothing but artifice can do for you, when the harm has been done and the day has gone by, for ever. Shut up the most beautiful flower in a dark cellar, and see what becomes of its colour; take it out into the sunshine, and revel in its radiant charms. So it is with feminine beauty. Flowers are, beyond question, the most beautiful things in the world. How do they come into being? In the bright, pure, open air and the broad sunshine, in floods of daylight. So is it with the lilies and roses of humanity. They can only bloom by the same process.

As an essential part of the same subject, I wish to say a word about verandas. Any opposition to them will be met with an outcry, I am very well aware. They have so many recommendations, I shall be told. So they have. But they have more than equivalent disadvantages. First and foremost, and above all, they shut out the sunshine in winter. That is inexpiable. At all seasons they give an unfavourable direction to the light entering a room. If a house has any

architectural pretension whatever, a veranda never harmonizes with it ; it cannot ; it is a mere flimsy excrescence, or an incongruous addition stuck on. Shade must be had in the great heat of summer, you say. Admitted. But there are many kinds of blinds which answer the purpose well enough, and, what is more, accommodate themselves to the time of day. Best of all, however, are shade trees. They are all that can be desired. They can be planted just exactly where they are most wanted. In summer they are highly ornamental, full of natural beauty, which no veranda that was ever designed could reach ; and they harmonize perfectly with any building, in any style. In winter they are bare, it is true, but even then not without natural beauty, and entirely innocuous. Then they shade the whole walls, or nearly, and so keep, not certain rooms only, but the whole house cool. Here, as in all else, there must be moderation. The trees must not be too thick nor too near the house. In cities they are often both, and very perniciously so. To be sure, trees take time to grow, and a veranda can be put up at once. But have a little patience ; it will not be much tried. While you are eating and sleeping, and going about your business, your trees will be growing into

height and breadth and beauty, and into all that you could have best hoped, invaluable for every quality. It need not be said that, in dull weather and in the short days of winter, a veranda darkens a room most seriously, let alone keeping out every gleam of sunshine, at that season worth its weight in gold.

Though not strictly belonging to the subject, may I add a hint which will be found well worth consideration. I learnt it myself from an old Canadian when I was a young one, and others, may, if they will, learn it from me. Opportunity serving, put up a pavilion or a summer-house, in the shade, sufficiently handy to the summer kitchen, large enough for six or eight persons to sit round a table, and take your meals there in the warm season. You will find it delightful, and every body that comes to your house will like it. You will not have many flies, and it will keep them out of the house, as they will not find their meals spread for them there. It is far better than a tent ; I have tried both ; *experte crede*. A tent is much hotter and closer. The floor of the summer-house can be swept and washed. The turf under a tent becomes trodden, worn and sour. The summer-house may be of open lattice-work, more or less, according to taste and shelter from wind.

UNSHELTERED LOVE.

LIKE a storm-driven and belated bird
That beats with aimless wings about the nest,
Straining against the storm its eager breast,
So is my love, which by no swift-winged word
May enter at her heart, and there be heard
To sing as birds do, ere they fold in rest
Their wings still quivering from the last sweet quest,
When with their song and flight the air was stirred.

Oh, if some wind of bitter disbelief,
Some terrible darkness of estranging doubt,
Keep it from thee, oh, now, sweet Love, reach out
Thy hand and pluck it from this storm of grief :
It takes no heed of alien nights and days,
So in thy heart it finds its resting-place.

—PHILIP BOURKE MARSTON.

HIS PICTURE.

BY 'ESPERANCE.'

I HAD to paint the arching blue ;
 The golden sunshine of July
 Just tinging with an amber hue
 The lazy cloudlets flitting by ;

I had to paint the velvet lawn
 Swift sloping to the river-side,
 Wherever from the early dawn,
 The shifting shadows wander wide ;

I had to paint the house that made
 A fitting background to the scene,
 As, half in sunlight, half in shade,
 It faced us with its white and green ;

I had to paint the spreading trees
 That told their length upon the grass,
 I *could not* paint the whispering breeze
 That pushed the boughs aside to pass.

But nought besides could I omit
 And make my picture strictly true ;
 Some call the painting 'queer' and 'quaint,'
 Yet those who like it are not few.

But when *I* look at it I see
 Nor house, nor river, lawn or sky,
 Although the scene comes back to me
 Through three-and-twenty years gone by !

For underneath yon flow'ring thorn
 Stands all the picture holds for me ;
 To you 'tis but a graceful form,
 Whose equal every day you see ;

But when I saw her standing there,
 That summer day of long ago,
 The dusky masses of her hair
 Drawn backward from the brow below ;

The star-depths of her hazel eyes,
 Illumined with a greeting light,
 All shining with a glad surprise,
 That put the old reserve to flight ;

Whilst trembling lips and flushing cheek
 Gave answer to my yearning love,
 Till there was little need to speak
 The secret of our hearts to prove !

Ay ! when I saw her standing there—
 The blossoms drooping o'er her head,
 The sunlight resting on her hair
 The velvet sward beneath her tread—

I drew my breath in sheer amaze
 That beauty such as this could be,
 Forgot the rudeness of my gaze
 And only thought : ' Is this for *me* ? '

I clasped the hands outstretched to meet
 The eager, joyous grasp of mine,
 ' God's blessing be upon thee, Sweet !
 For all my manhood's love is thine ! '

Ah, then I saw the crimson tide
 Flush upward from the blushing cheek,
 And knew that I had won my bride,
 Though not a word her lips could speak.

I did not wait to hear the ' Yes,'
 For well I knew what it would be,
 I prayed again that God would bless
 The treasure He had given me. . . .

The sun sank lower in the west,
 The water caught its latest beam,
 And from the ripples on its breast
 Flashed back again the golden gleam ;

The stars stole softly to the sky,
 The while the kindly evening breeze
 Breathed forth a gentle lullaby,
 To soothe the sighing, sobbing trees.

I cared not that the sun had set,
 That night was dark'ning o'er the lea,
 For life had but *one* thought as yet,
 And day and night were one to me !

I only knew that I that day
 Had won my Love to be my *Wife*—
 What ? Did I wed her do you say ?
 God raised her to a *higher* life.

TORONTO AND ITS EARLY THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

BY GEORGE M. HARRINGTON, TORONTO.

THE following paper is intended to be as close and faithful a review as laborious search can make it of the dramatic and other similar events which occurred in 'York' before the incorporation, and in 'Toronto' since that ceremony made the place a city and Lyon Mackenzie a mayor. It is not within the memory of the 'oldest inhabitant,' nor is it recorded either in print or manuscript, that any place of entertainment (if we except the ordinary taverns) was opened in York until 1820. During that year the ball-room of an hotel, situated on the north side of King Street, near Sherbourne Street, was fitted up as a theatre, and the 'legitimate' was fairly patronized as long as this primitive temple of Thespis remained in existence. The first manager was an enterprising gentleman who had recently arrived from England, and he was succeeded by one or two others before the drop-curtain had fallen on the last scene. It cannot be ascertained how long this theatre continued to exist; but it could only have been for three or four years; and then, perhaps, interruptedly, for as early as 1825 a new theatre was opened at the corner of Market Lane, on the north side, towards the market (St. Lawrence's). As in the previous instance, it was only a ball room fitted up for the purpose of dramatic representations, the ball-room being an apartment in an hotel, of which a gentleman named Frank was the proprietor. The hotel was an unpretentious white frame-building, in which nothing more intellectual than political debates had previously been held, and the ex-

temporized theatre was approached by a stairway on the outside. Messrs. Archbold, Talbot, and Vaughan were the managers respectively. Mrs. Talbot, wife of the second-mentioned, being a very pretty woman, as well as a fair actress, was exceedingly popular with the young bloods of York at that date. The chief and favourite characters in her *repertoire* were 'Cora,' in *Pizarro*, and 'Little Pickle,' the *title rôle* of a comedy. A son of Mr. Vaughan, a young lad of about eighteen years of age, was drowned in the Don during the term of his father's management. He met his death while on a fishing excursion. The night before the accident occurred, young Vaughan acted the part of 'Roderigo,' in *Othello*, and it was subsequently considered a strange coincidence that the line 'I will incontinently drown myself' should have been put into his mouth only a few hours before his violent withdrawal from the stage in which all are actors. He was personally well liked, and many were grieved that the drama of his life should have ended in a tragedy. The theatre to which attention is now being drawn was a very slight improvement upon its predecessor. The ceiling was low, the stage was small, the 'properties' were very limited in extent, and the orchestra generally consisted of one individual, a Mr. Maxwell, who is thus described in Dr. Scadding's 'Toronto of Old':—'A quiet-mannered man, who wore a shade over his eye, in which there was a defect. He was well-known and esteemed for his homely skill on the violin.' Frequently assemblies were

held here, at which the *élite* of the town, composed of the Governor, his family, other officials connected with the Government, the officers of the garrison and their wives, and the municipal authorities and their families, were present. Three years had passed since the establishment of this place as a theatre, when a terrible incident occurred in connection with it, which afterwards appeared to give an air of ill-repute to it. There are persons yet living in Toronto who can remember the affair. It occurred on a summer night during the year 1828. It appears that a young man, named Charles French, had made himself obnoxious to the more rabid members of a political party under the patronage or influence of the 'Family Compact.' A man named Nolan, who had frequently appeared as a sort of bully in the interests of his party, counted French as a personal enemy, and endeavoured to annoy him or quarrel with him on every occasion that presented itself. On the night in question he met French as the latter was leaving the theatre. It was thought at the time that Nolan was waiting for him until the conclusion of the performance, knowing that he was at the theatre on this evening, but whether this supposition was correct or not was never learned. As French afterwards alleged, at his trial, Nolan addressed to him some insulting epithets, and then raised a weapon of some kind to strike him. French immediately drew a pistol and fatally shot his assailant. He was arrested, tried, and condemned to death. Petitions for a reprieve were extensively circulated and signed; but they had no effect. The afternoon preceding the day appointed for the execution a meeting of the Executive Council was held to consider the question of reprieve, but the members dispersed without taking action in the matter. Yet the efforts on behalf of the unfortunate young man were not relaxed, and, still hoping for a reprieve, Gov-

ernor Maitland called a meeting of the Council at midnight, but all attempts to obtain a reprieve were in vain. Young French was hanged on the following day, on the spot which now forms the site of the building occupied by Messrs. Rice Lewis & Son, on the corner of King and Toronto Streets.

From 1830 until 1842 there was no regular place of amusement—that is, no place in which dramatic performances were given for a sufficiently long period to be recognised as and called a theatre. For a short time during 1833 a frame building, situated on King, near Jordan Street, which had been used as a Methodist church, was changed from an altar to God to a temple to Thespis. But it was soon closed up.

Early in the autumn of 1842 a large hall in the North American Hotel, situated on the corner of Front and Scott Streets, was fitted up as a theatre. The stage, scenery and properties were still on a very humble scale, but a considerable advance had been made in providing intellectual entertainment. Messrs. Dean & Forrest were the managers, and the first piece produced by them was *London Assurance*. In the advertisement announcing the performance it was stated that a Miss Clemence would dance *La Cachuca*, and the evening's amusement would conclude with a farce called *Sudden Thoughts*. The box entrance was on Front Street, and the pit and gallery entrance on Scott Street. Admission—box, 3s. 9d.; pit, 2s. 6d.; gallery, 1s. 3d. On October 1st of the same year Dean & Forrest's company united with Mr. Braham and Son, and produced the opera of *Guy Mannering*, Mr. Braham, sen., assuming the role of 'Harry Bertram.' A vocal concert followed. The name of Miss Clemence frequently appears in the local press of that time as an exponent of fancy dancing. A lady named Mrs. Noah was the leading attraction at the new theatre, and an editorial note in the Toronto

Herald said that she was 'the best actress Toronto had ever seen'—a rather doubtful compliment, as it conveyed very little information concerning the actress's histrionic abilities. On October 4th she was tendered a benefit, the advertisement reading that Mrs. Noah (late Mrs. McClure) would appear in Sheridan Knowles' play of *The Love Chase*, and in a melodrama entitled *The Lady of the Lake*. About the same time a vocal and instrumental concert was given in the City Hall by Signor Nagel, a pupil of Paganini, and first violinist to the King of Sweden. For two weeks, commencing Saturday, 15th October, a panorama, representing views of the Storming of Seringapatam, the Battle of Trafalgar, and Captains Parry and Hooper's last voyage to the Arctic regions, was on exhibition in a large building erected for the purpose on King, between Bay and York Streets. The entrance was from the Waterloo Buildings, and the price of admission was 2s. 6d. for the front seats, and 1s. 3d. for the back seats—the reserved chair is comparatively a modern innovation. The season closed on October 13th, when a performance was given for the benefit of Mr. Forrest, one of the managers. At the City Hall, on October 25th, Mrs. Gibbs, formerly Miss Graddon, gave what was styled a *Soirée Musicale*. Single tickets were 5s. each, but a gentleman accompanied by two ladies was admitted for 10s.

With the new year the house in which theatrical representations were given received a new name, and was thenceforth styled Theatre Royal. On Wednesday evening, 18th January, 1843, was given the first of a series of dramatic entertainments by the officers of the 83rd and Royal Artillery Regiments in aid of local charities. The comedy of *Charles II.* and a farce, *The Irish Lion*, were presented on that occasion, together with 'a variety of singing and dancing,' according to the wording of the

advertisements. Under the latter were included an Irish song by Mr. Deering, and a Highland fling in costume by a Miss Fitzjames. The band of the 83rd Regiment formed the orchestra. In commenting upon the performance, a contemporary journal stated that the part of 'Mary' in the farce was taken by Mr. Portal (an officer in the 83rd), and naively adds that 'the ladies were in raptures at her acting, and the gentlemen waxed eloquent in praising her ankles.' The tickets were placed at 3s. 6d. currency, rather a high figure for a general admission, but possibly raised in view of the charitable object. The officers composing this company afterwards gave occasional performances, under the title of garrison amateurs, and were assisted by two or three ladies, who assumed some of the female characters. Rockwell and Stone's circus appeared in the city on the 17th, 18th and 19th of July, occupying a space of ground between the 'Pavilion' and the Ontario House Hotel, and giving what they called 'a novel, classical, and highly amusing entertainment.' The principal attraction was Mynheer Leyden, the Dutch giant. On August 11th and 15th concerts were given in the City Hall by a Mr. Wallace, who called himself leader of the Anacreontic Society in Dublin, and director of the Italian Opera in Mexico. He met with moderate success, and was followed, on the 6th September, by Signor Bennis, who was assisted by the band of the 93rd Highlanders. That famous ventriloquist and magician, Signor Blitz, gave performances at the City Hall on November 22nd, 23rd, and 24th.

After the display of legerdemain, there was a dearth of amusement for some time, and not until the 18th of July, 1844, was a public entertainment given. On that date a foreign nobleman, Baron de Fleur by name, styling himself pianist and inspector-general of military music to the Em-

peror of Russia, gave a vocal and instrumental concert in the City Hall, assisted by several amateur vocalists. There was a large and fashionable attendance, the rank of the principal performer having, doubtless, something to do with the success of the entertainment. The baron, in conjunction with a Mr. Edwin W. Bliss, subsequently started a music academy, at No. 40 Yonge Street; but the partnership did not exist very long, and both gentlemen opened rival establishments. The celebrated violinist, Ole Bull, 'had the honour to announce to the gentry of Toronto'—as per advertisements—a grand concert at the City Hall, on the 23rd July, 1844. On this occasion the band of the 82nd, a regiment recently arrived in the city, made its first appearance in connection with and assisting in public entertainments, but during the two years in which the corps formed portion of the garrison of Toronto, the services of the band were frequently required, and, with the permission of the commanding officer, Colonel Mackay, were as often forthcoming.

Not until the year 1845 was drawing to a close, did the necessity of a regular theatre become so apparent as to lead to the erection of a building purposely constructed for dramatic representations. In the meantime the City Hall, and the Government House on King Street west, were each made the rendezvous of amusement-seeking citizens; and during this period the names of Messrs. Henry Phillips, Frazer, and Sloman, Mrs. Seguin, and Mr. Seguin, the Misses Sloman, and Signors Antognini and Sanquiroco figured in the announcements of vocal and instrumental concerts, while prominent among the specialties exhibited were panoramic views of the heavens, a musical box representing a complete band, Swiss Bell Ringing, a menagerie with Herr Driesbach, the lion tamer, and monstrosities of human nature in the persons of Mr. and Mrs.

Randall, the Scotch giant and giantess, whose combined height was over fourteen feet, and their weight over seven hundred pounds.

On Monday evening, 12th January, 1846, the Lyceum Theatre, situated on the site of the present Royal Opera House, King Street West, was opened by the Toronto Amateur Theatrical Society. The play selected for the occasion was *The School for Scandal*, a piece which, by a strange coincidence, was performed on the opening night of the Grand Opera House some few years ago. In the new theatre there was accommodation for five hundred, and the scale of prices during the early part of its history was, box, 5s.; pit, 2s. 6d. The members of the theatrical society above referred to were styled 'Gentlemen Amateurs,' and they did not confine the display of their abilities to Toronto, but gave occasional performances in Hamilton. One of these gentlemen, Mr. Lennox by name, was tendered a benefit on the evening of the 28th of April, *Rob Roy* forming the *pièce de resistance*, and the farce, *The Review*, concluding the entertainment. In the former the realism of the representation was considerably heightened by the fact that the English troops supposed to appear in the play were actually present in the persons of some members of the 82nd regiment. The city band formed the orchestra. May 8th was a red-letter day in the history of the 'gentlemen amateurs' of Toronto, for on that date an amateur theatrical society from Hamilton gave a very creditable performance at the Lyceum, playing two pieces, *Douglas* and *The Married Rake*. Early in May it was announced through the press that the 18th instant would be 'positively the last night' of the season, when Mr. Mirfield, with a view to the comfort of the audience, would have the house ventilated. But like many other 'last night' announcements since then, this one was a 'snare and a delusion,' for

it was subsequently advertised that the celebrated actress, Mrs. Harrison, being on her way from New York to Montreal, was present in the city, and had been prevailed upon to favour the citizens with a performance for one night only, on the 19th instant. She was assisted by the Mr. Lennox previously referred to, Hotzbue's play of *The Stranger* being produced. Mrs. Harrison, however, was prevailed upon to remain longer than the term of her announcement, for she appeared on one or two other occasions before finally leaving for Montreal. On June 1st, the Lyceum was first opened under a regular professional management. Mr. Skerrett, who hailed from different theatres in the north of England, grasped the helm of theatrical affairs in Toronto by opening the Lyceum for a short season. His experience as manager, however, was like unto that of many others holding a similar position in Toronto since his time. His expenses were far in advance of his receipts, and the season came to an abrupt close before the date at first appointed. The fault was not his own, for he brought a good dramatic company, in which was included his wife; but his efforts to provide a high class of dramatic entertainments were not sufficiently appreciated, and he left the city with an unfavourable impression of its inhabitants. During the season he advertised the early appearance of Miss Celeste, a *première danseuse* from Niblo's, New York, but that lady failed to fulfil her engagement, although a considerable sum of money had been advanced to her by the management of the Lyceum. The press frequently appealed to the public to sustain Mr. Skerrett in his enterprise, and on one or two occasions lodges of the Masonic Society visited the theatre in a body, but yet the unfortunate manager lost heavily. The season closed on the evening of June 26th, and after the performance Mr. Skerrett, who appears to have been an eccentric cha-

racter with a philosophic turn of mind, made a valedictory speech, replete with amusing allusions to his recent financial disasters. He stated that he had settled all claims against him, and in reference to the payment of the members of his company for their services he recited a few verses of his own composition. It will be observed that they are written after the manner of Wolfe's poem, 'The Burial of Sir John Moore.'

Not a guinea remained, not a one pound note,
As they to their hotels hurried;
Nor left me in pity one farewell shot,
In the chest where nothing lay buried.

Few and short were the words they said—
And those not the words of sorrow,
As cheerfully off with their money they fled,
And I not a rap for the morrow.

Slowly and sadly I sat me down,
With my hand on my upper storey (striking forehead),
And I felt as I pressed my only crown,
That cash was better than glory.

Mrs. Skerrett, who, during her short residence in Toronto, had made an enviable reputation as an actress, was called before the curtain at the conclusion of her husband's address. A peculiar feature of the theatrical advertisements during the period referred to was that, in every issue of the papers, special attention was called to the fact that 'the theatre was thoroughly ventilated,' and there was 'no admission behind the scenes.' The next name occurring in the amusement annals of the city is one familiar to many Torontonians during nearly half a century. George Vandenhoff, the celebrated elocutionist, gave readings from Shakespeare at the *Old City Hall*—for now it was so called, as a new one had been erected—on the 10th July, 1846. The price of admission was \$1, showing that American monetary terms were now beginning to be used. A few evenings afterwards, July 24th, a concert was given in the Government House, by Leopold de Meyer, a pianist of some repute. For four days during the following month

Howe's circus provided recreation for the residents of the city and vicinity, when Madame Marie Marcarte (a name bearing a suspicious resemblance to the familiar McCarthy) was announced as 'the beautiful and daring equestrienne,' while Dan Rice performed the duties of clown at the entertainment. For over a year following, there was experienced a great dearth of amusements, but the little provided was, with a single exception, confined to theatricals. The Lyceum was reopened, 16th September, by the gentlemen amateurs, when *The Poor Gentleman*, under the synonymous title of *Canadian Virtue*, was the principal piece selected, the performance concluding with the farce called *His Last Legs*. On this occasion the band of the 81st Regiment, by permission of the Colonel, Sir Charles Chichester, formed the orchestra. On the 2nd, 5th, and 6th of the following month, the performances were enlivened and varied by the exhibition of dancing, by a Miss Rosalie Hill; the Polka, then recently introduced, being advertised as a specialty. The Old City Hall was again called into requisition on the 5th November, Mr. Wall, a blind harper, giving a concert under the patronage of the Rev. Dr. McCaul. Several amateur vocalists tendered their services. After a lapse of a month the Lyceum was reopened, December 18th, when the amateur theatrical societies of Hamilton and Toronto united to present a comedy, entitled *King O'Neill*, or the *Irish Brigade*, and a farce, with a title which could bear considerable abbreviation, viz., *Did you ever send your Wife to the Falls?*

With a view, probably, to reimburse himself for losses previously sustained in the city, Mr. Skerrett considerably overlooked his former expensive experience, and returned to the Lyceum in June, 1847, bringing with him, as a kind of loadstone with which to attract back to his pockets the precious metal of which he had been deprived, the eminent tragedian, Mr. J. W. Wal-

lack. A series of Shakespearian plays were then produced, with a result which completely satisfied the enterprising manager.

For two years there was a dearth of dramatic entertainment in Toronto. Managers and proprietors of 'shows' seemed shy of the city, but when the tide returned it was overwhelming. Not until April the 29th, 1850, was the Lyceum again devoted to its legitimate purpose. On the date mentioned, Mr. De Walden, who was previously employed as stage manager by Mr. Skerrett, assumed the position of director, and secured, as his first attraction, an actress of some reputation, named Miss Mary Duff. The pieces presented were styled, according to advertisements, 'petite dramas and elegant comediettas.' The Hill family, Mr. and Mrs. Charles and Miss Rosalie, formed part of the company, and frequently appeared in the Lyceum for a long time afterwards. On May 7th a minstrel *troupe* appeared for the first time in Toronto. The members of the company were styled 'Nightingale-Ethiopian Serenaders,' and they performed under the management of a Mr. George Harvey. In contradistinction to the 'black vocalists,' a company called 'White Serenaders' appeared at the Lyceum for three nights, commencing July 8th. They were accompanied by the famous Christy's Minstrels. But it has been omitted to mention that during De Walden's management the theatre received an addition to its name, and was called the Theatre Royal Lyceum; a month subsequent the first of the trio of words was dropped, and thenceforth the place was known as the Royal Lyceum. Mr. T. P. Besnard, a gentleman who, in former years, had frequently assisted at amateur theatrical performances, was the next manager or lessee of the Royal. He opened the theatre on the 13th July, with the Martinetti Family, in pantomime and incidental ballet. This company remained for a couple of weeks, and

their farewell performance was given under the patronage of the officers of the 71st Highlanders, as that regiment then formed part of the resident garrison. The Royal Lyceum continued under Mr. Besnard's management until the close of the year, but did not remain regularly open. During the period here included, there were several performances held, prominence being given to the names of Mrs. Mossop, Mrs. Kinlock, Milles. E. & C. Kendall, Mr. Fleming, and the Hill family. There also appeared at the Lyceum Mons. Adrien, the magician; Miss Eliza Brienti, vocalist; a panorama of Edinburgh; and a company of Swiss Bell ringers, who gave their exhibitions in 'native' costume. On the 9th August, a visit was paid to the city by the Mayor and a number of citizens of Buffalo. On this occasion a 'big bill' was presented at the Lyceum, and by permission of Colonel Sir Hew Dalrymple, the band of the 71st was again allowed to act as orchestra. It was during this year that the Temperance Hall is first heard of in connection with public entertainments, for, on November 11th, an Indian concert of vocal music was given in that place, by Mr. Dsyacs Rokwoho and his sisters, Misses Sosanenh and Yogonwiea. It is to be hoped there was more music in the voices than in the names of the dusky vocalists. For the next two years there was again a comparative dearth of amusements, and during that time no person of importance in theatrical life appeared in the city.

Whatever dramatic performances or other entertainments took place during the following year and a half must remain unrecalled to mind at present, for it is found impossible to learn anything about them. The thread is taken up again, however, with the year 1852.

Mrs. Emma Bostwick gave a concert at the Royal Lyceum on August 20, 1852, assisted by Mr. Henry Appy (violinist to the King of Hol-

land); and shortly afterwards a panorama of the World's Fair, then in progress in the Crystal Palace, London, was exhibited by the widely-known showman, Mr. P. T. Barnum.

Messrs. and Miss Frazer, the Scottish vocalists, appeared at the St. Lawrence Hall, May 17, 1853. In April of the same year the management of the Royal Lyceum was taken in hand by Mr. John Nickinson (father of Mrs. Charlotte Morrison, recently of the Grand Opera House). Two months later is first heard the name since very familiar to the residents of Toronto, for on June 13th Mr. C. W. Couldock commenced a week's engagement, during which a Shakespearian play formed the chief attraction at each night's performance. The dancing of the Misses Cook, two young *danseuses* who had recently made their appearance in Toronto, formed a pleasing interlude between drama and farce. On Friday, June 17, Mr. C. W. Couldock received a benefit, on which occasion *Hamlet* was selected for representation, when, 'in order to give proper effect to this sublime creation of the immortal bard of Avon,' no other piece was played. At this time the prices of admission were as follows:— Dress circle, 2s. 6d.; upper box, 1s. 10½d.; pit, 1s. 3d. Sand & Quick's circus, with the late Billy Pastor as clown, gave exhibitions on July 8th and 9th. The enterprising Mr. Nickinson next attempted opera, producing Bellini's *Norma* on the 8th of July with encouraging success. The prices were raised to meet increased expenses, ranging from 7s. 6d. to 2s. 6d. On the same evening St. Lawrence Hall was used by the temperance lecturer, Neal Dow, for the purpose of explaining the system and working of the Maine Liquor Law. The next name occurring is one possessing some slight interest, as its owner has since risen to an advanced position in the line of art she had chosen to follow. In a concert given, under the management

of Mr. Jaell, 15th July, Camilla Urso, then a little girl of ten or twelve years of age, was announced as a special attraction. Her execution on the violin was compared with that of Ole Bull. A peculiar feature in entertainments was advertised in connection with Spalding & Rogers's circus, which was exhibited in the city on the 29th and 30th of July. At the performance every night, in addition to the usual circus attractions, 'a melodrama was acted and comic ballets were danced.' As an evidence of the rapid advance which theatricals were making in Toronto, it is stated that on July 15, on the occasion of a performance under the patronage of the Toronto Yacht Club, a new drop-scene would be used. This addition to the 'properties' was sketched by Mr. W. Armstrong, C.E., and was painted by Mr. Burton. It 'represented the bay as seen from Mr. Widder's gate'—a piece of information doubtless intelligible to Toronto's inhabitants at that date. About this time Mr. Nickinson opened a theatre in Hamilton, which, during the term of its existence, seems to have been properly encouraged. The Lyceum, having been closed for a couple of months, re-opened September 9th, with *London Assurance* and *The Irish Tutor*. This opened the second regular season under Mr. Nickinson's management. The Siamese Twins, Chang and Eng, each accompanied by one of their children, paid the city a visit on October 3rd and 4th. They were exhibited in St. Lawrence Hall, and the price of admission was 7½d. After this came a panorama, representing Adam and Eve in Paradise. Ole Bull reappeared November 23rd, giving, perhaps, the first of his since celebrated 'farewell concerts in America.' He was assisted by Signorina Adelina Patti (then termed the musical phenomenon), and Maurice Strakosh, pianist. Mons. Grau was the manager.

The Nickinson sisters, Charlotte

and Eliza, made their first professional appearance in April, 1854, and became at once deservedly popular. Of this year there is nothing of much importance to chronicle. The amusements offered to the public were panoramas of the Canadas, of the Eastern War (the Crimean), and of the River Thames, all exhibited in St. Lawrence Hall; a concert by Herr Griebel, Franconi's Hippodrome, Sanford's Burlesque Opera Troupe, Legerdemain, by Macallister, the Wizard; and the Maddern Family of specialists. To judge by Macallister's advertisements he would readily be taken for an arrant humbug. He stated that his wife, by whom he was assisted, was a Parisian lady of noble family; and that he was accompanied by a private secretary, servants, and numerous assistants. The entertainments, which were of the usual gift character, were given in the French and English languages; but it is difficult to surmise what purpose could here be served by this display of linguistic knowledge. Theatrical advertisements during the year 1854 wound up with the legend, 'God save the Queen,' '*Vive l'Empereur des Francais*,' in recognition of the alliance between England and France, whose armies were then ranged side by side in the Crimea.

Having thus closely traced dramatic and other similar events up to the end of the year 1854, it is scarcely necessary to particularize, with day and date, the performances given by artists who subsequently appeared. The period mentioned is a comparatively recent one, and after it theatrical affairs are familiar to the major portion of Toronto's theatre-going public. It will be sufficient, therefore, to recall the names of the prominent professionals who have visited the city from that time to the present, reserving for a detailed recital those events possessing a more than ordinary interest. The season of 1855 was opened at the Royal Ly-

ceum by Madame Rose Devries, who gave a concert from operatic selections; and on Monday, July 2nd, of the same year, the clever author and actor, the late John Brougham, made his first appearance in Toronto, remaining for one week. The *Irish Lion* was the principal piece in his repertoire. Early in the spring, a certain strong-minded female, named Miss Lucy Stone, who disclaimed marriage as a necessary rite between the two sexes, gave a series of lectures on 'Woman,' in St. Lawrence Hall. Her advent created no little excitement in the city. However, despite her energetic advocacy of woman's right to an impartial distribution of her affections, the fair lecturer herself was subsequently led to the hymeneal altar, but under protest (?) so it was stated. Mr. D'Arcy McGee also gave a series of lectures in the same hall a short time afterwards. Among the stars engaged by Mr. Nickinson during the season, were Mr. and Miss Caroline Richings, Miss Louisa Howard, and Mr. Henry Farren, Mr. G. K. Dickenson, and Mr. G. S. Lee. The name of W. Davidge occurs Nov. 26, when he appeared at the Royal in *The Poor Gentleman*, and in the *Wandering Minstrel*. He was engaged for a week. Miss Charlotte Nickinson was tendered her first benefit on November 12th. In addition to the Misses Cook already mentioned, the services of Monsieur and Mdme. Bouxary, terpsichorean artists, were secured for the season ending with the spring of 1856. Chief among the other attractions offered during the year 1855, were concerts by Mdme. Theresa Parodi and Mdme. Amalia Patti, and Paul Julien and August Goekel; North's Circus and Myer and Maddigan's Menagerie; and Curran's Ethiopian Opera troop. But the year was destined to close with a painful tragedy, which for a short while was adverse to the interests of theatricals. For the Christmas and New Year's holidays, a spectacular piece called *The Enchanted*

Isle, an adaptation of *The Tempest*, had been prepared. Miss Rosa Cook, the younger of the two sisters before referred to, had assumed the rôle of a fairy, and was attired therefor in a dress of light muslin. The exposed situation of the stage rendered necessary the presence of a stove at each side, and in passing one of these Miss Cook's skirt caught fire. In an instant she was in a blaze. She gave a cry of terror and rushed towards the second fly. Mr. Petrie, one of the company, who was dressed for the *King*, tore off his heavy cloak and put out the flames. For a moment the manager, Mr. Nickinson, thought it was his youngest daughter, and supposing the flames were stifled raised the cloak. They again burst forth but were immediately extinguished. This happened out of sight of the audience, but those in front became aware of the excitement inside the wings, and raised a cry that the house was on fire. Many rose from their seats and prepared to leave, but Miss Charlotte Nickinson, with great forethought, came forward and explained that there was no danger. This reassured the audience, and those who had prepared to leave resumed their seats. Mr. Nickinson then made his appearance, and after explaining the nature of the accident, stated that the performance would be discontinued. The theatre was speedily cleared. The unfortunate girl was carried to her dressing-room where she received medical attendance. Her dress was completely burnt, and from the first it was evident that her injuries were of a very serious nature. She remained unconscious until her death, which took place at half-past four o'clock the following (Friday) morning. Her father, the leader of the orchestra, was a witness of the accident. The theatre remained closed until New Year's night, and on Thursday evening, January 17, 1856, a benefit was tendered Mr. Thomas Cook as a sort of salve for his daughter's

tragic death. On this occasion, the overture was composed by the beneficiary, the services of the company, including Mr. Nickinson and his daughters, and Mons. and Madame Bouxary, being given gratuitously.

The following are the names of the dramatic 'stars' appearing at the Royal during the year 1856:—J. B. Roberts, Miss Charlotte Wythes, Miss E. Bridges, Mr. Neafie, Mrs. Ann Senter, Miss Georgiana Hodson, J. W. Wallack, Miss Fanny Morant, C. W. Couldock, J. Collins, and Mrs. Melinda Jones. Den Thompson made his first appearance on January 29th of this year, performing in *Paddy Miles' Boy*, and dancing in what was styled *Pas de Matelot*. A young *debutante*, named Miss Avonia Stanhope Jones (the name suggests a reversion of the natural order of events—a patrician beginning with a plebeian ending), appeared at the Lyceum, July 5th, and was favourably spoken of. The well-known song, 'Bobbin Around,' was first introduced about this time. It was made a specialty of by Miss I. Nickinson, who sang it nightly for the diversion of contemporary play-goers. Towards the close of the year it became apparent that an enlargement of the theatre was necessary. The subject was frequently ventilated in the newspapers of the period, and suggested as beneficial to the Lyceum, as the place was but poorly supplied with air. Other attractions presented during the year, other than regular dramatic performances, were Zavis-towski's *troupe* of ballet dancers and pantomimists, Pine & Harrison's Opera Company, French Mountaineer (Bear-nais) Singers, and Julia Pastrana, the bear-woman, all of which appeared in the St. Lawrence Hall.

Mrs. Macready fulfilled an engagement at the Lyceum, commencing December 15th. Her first appearance was made in the *School for Scandal*. With reference to the performance on December 26th, the term 'boxing

night' was used for the first, and we think for the last, time in Toronto.

A few well-known names occur in the year 1857; Messrs. Ben G. Rogers, F. S. Chanfrau, George Holland, and Mdme. Lola Montez, are the principal ones appearing, while the others are Messrs. Archer, Penniston, Bass, James Bennett, Henry Lorraine, McFarlane, Gardiner Coyne, Mr. and Mrs. Pounceforth, Miss Emma Stanley, Miss Woodbury, and Mrs. McMahon. All these personages played 'star' engagements at the Lyceum. Mr. George Holland, whose burial in New York some few years ago occasioned considerable ill-feeling between members of the theatrical profession and the pastor of a certain Church in the American metropolis, gave his first performance in Toronto on July 8th, 1857. Even at that day he was called the 'veteran actor;' and, in fact, he did connect the stage of a former generation with that of the then present day. That celebrated adventuress—perhaps notorious would be a more fitting term—Mdme. Lola Montez, Countess of Landsfeldt, filled a four nights' engagement, commencing July 21st, her *repertoire* consisting of *Lola Montez in Bavaria*, *Charlotte Corday*, and the old standard, *The School for Scandal*. It was her first visit to Canada, and in a financial point of view, it was eminently successful. The theatre was crowded every night. Of her abilities as an actress, the press spoke favourably, but commented in a disparaging manner upon the play in which Lola figured as the heroine. Describing her appearance, a journal of the time said that she was 'of middle size, with jetty ringlets and full black eyes. A fascinating and earnest expression of countenance, a graceful carriage, a voice low, but rendered very attractive by a foreign accent, and the earnest impulsive manner in which she speaks. Instead of a strongly formed, determined looking woman, she is an effeminate

and handsome creature.' Although originally and pre-eminently a *danseuse*, she gave only one exhibition of her skill while in the city. This course was necessitated by the limited space afforded by the stage. After the conclusion of her last night's performance she addressed the audience in the following terms: 'Ladies and gentlemen, I could not take leave of you without saying a few words. In the first place, I learn that some gentlemen in this city have been at infinite pains to spread a report that I am not the real Lola Montez, of Bavarian history. While returning thanks to those very officious gentlemen for their trouble on my behalf, allow me to say that there are very many persons in the United States—Russians, Germans, Italians, and Frenchmen—who have seen me in Bavaria and other foreign countries, and there are hundreds of Englishmen who can testify that I am the veritable Lola Montez, and none other. On my own behalf, I also assure you that I am, indeed, the same and identical Lola Montez of Bavaria, except that I hope I am much improved since then. Having established my identity, I would thank you for the kind manner in which you have received me during my stay here. To the manager—Mr. Nickinson—I would especially express my indebtedness for the great desire shown by him to make my stay here as pleasant as possible. The theatrical company also deserve my thanks for their consideration and desire to make me comfortable while among them. I am an old stager now, having been on the stage since 1842, and therefore can speak from experience when I say that Mr. Nickinson's company—although most of the members are young—embraces ladies and gentlemen of promising talent. Again, I would thank the audience for their kind reception of me. To the Toronto Press, I have also to say a few words; but it is not to thank its members—excepting one person. Let me say to the Press of

Toronto a word of advice. The stage may be made an instrument of much good, and it is the province of the Press to watch over it and encourage it, and I hope that the Press will take down my words and act up to them.' The report then went on to say that 'the intense silence that ensued when Lola commenced to speak of the Press was broken by a burst of applause, as, in conclusion, she bowed, and extending her hand to Captain Nickinson, retired, frequently acknowledging the applause vouchsafed to her.'

Miss Mathilda Heron and Miss Jane Coombs, two well-known names in the annals of the American stage, appear in the announcement of the Royal Lyceum for the year 1858. The great comedian, Charles Matthews, filled a three nights' engagement, commencing July 1st, his bill for each night consisting of *Cool As A Cucumber*, *Patter vs. Clatter*, and *Who'll Lend Me Five Shillings?* During the following month he was re-engaged for two weeks, and continued to play to a good business. A new place of amusement, called the City Theatre, was opened on October 30th, in Ontario Hall, Church Street, by Mr. William Petrie, formerly a member of the Lyceum company. It does not appear to have met with sufficient encouragement, for it was closed after a brief existence. Frank Hardenburgh was the chief member of the company.

It has been omitted to state that in the previous year, October 13th, 1857, the scale of prices at the Lyceum was altered, being made to read:—Boxes, \$1; pit, 2s. 6d.; upper boxes, 1s. 3d.; but this queer combination of American and old-country coinage was not permitted to remain long, for in the following week, October 19, the prices were changed to 50c., 37½c., and 25c., for boxes, upper boxes, and pit respectively. During 1858, Mr. Owen Marlowe assumed the management of the Lyceum, having previously married a daughter of the lessee, Mr. John Nickinson.

The last performance of the Amateur Dramatic Company, heretofore mentioned, was given on the evening of March 31st, 1859—the *Hunchback* being the play selected. In the same year, commencing April 30, the names of Mr. and Mrs. Owen Marlowe appear associated in the management of the Lyceum. Mr. Den Thompson was a member of their company. Mr. W. A. and Miss Lyon, James Ponisi, Miss Charlotte Thompson, Miss Davenport, Mr. and Mrs. Wallack, and Mr. Barry Sullivan, were the stars appearing under their management. The latter gentleman, Barry Sullivan, opened, on July 13th, with *Richelieu*—a Miss Elise de Courcy assuming the role of 'Julie.' Mr. John Nickinson was also engaged in the support. In connection with this engagement, it may be of interest to mention that the subsequent fate of the Royal Lyceum was nearly being anticipated on the night of July 21. A fire broke out in the cellar, near the dressing-rooms, about half an hour after the performance had concluded. Fortunately, it was discovered and put out before much damage had been done, and the theatre was open as usual the next evening. During this year there appeared at the St. Lawrence Hall, Miss Agnes Sutherland, the Scottish vocalist. Sanford's opera troupe, Parodi's opera troupe, and Louise Well's dramatic and equestrian troupe, also appeared at the Lyceum, under the Marlowe management. The celebrated tight-rope performer, Mons. Blondin, gave a series of performances at the theatre, commencing August 7th. The rope was laid across the stage over the pit.

Miss Elise de Courcy, who visited the city in support of Barry Sullivan, announced, October 9th, 1859, that she had engaged the Royal Lyceum for a period of five years. The theatre would be closed for a month to allow of certain improvements being made. It was reopened November 2nd, with new act-drop, enlarged boxes, and new scenery, and the scale of prices ran:—Dress

circle, 50c.; family circle, 37½c., or lady and gentleman, 50c.; pit, 25c.; boxes, \$5. The season opened with *The Honeymoon* and *Robert Macaire*. It does not appear, however, that Miss de Courcy's enterprise was at all remunerative, for the theatre had passed out of her hands long before the five years had elapsed. Cool Burgess's Chicago Minstrels are heard of for two nights, December 16th and 17th.

The Royal closed again for improvements on January 28th, 1860, and reopened February 6th, with Adah Isaacs Menken, the popular and yet peculiarly unfortunate actress. In the lecture field, as represented by St. Lawrence Hall, appeared Elihu Burrit, March 15th, and Bayard Taylor, March 29th. In order that the people of Toronto might fully understand the versatility of talent with which she was gifted, Madame Lola Montez again appeared in the city, this time in the character of a lecturer, holding forth on the follies of 'Fashion.' In anticipation of the Prince of Wales' visit to the country, the Lyceum was reopened, April 30, under the management of Mr. John Nickinson, and was thenceforth to be known as the Prince of Wales' Theatre. Cooper's opera troupe was the first attraction announced, with Miss Annie Milner as *prima donna*. Mr. Brookhouse Bowler was one of the company. On the evening of May 15, and during the engagement of this troupe, a laughable scene occurred in the middle of the performance. The daily papers found space for lengthy reports concerning it. It appears that a young couple, who were evidently from the country and enjoying their honeymoon, visited the theatre on the evening mentioned and occupied front seats. Apparently not satisfied with even this close proximity to the stage, or otherwise sighing for a quiet corner to themselves, the young man applied for and obtained the use of a private box. Accompanied by his adored one he entered the box, and, pushing aside the curtains, both

sat down in full view of the audience. Desiring not only comfort but luxury, the youth signed to the maiden, and, in response to the motion, she seated herself on his knee and placed her arms lovingly around his neck. Then, with cheeks pressed close together, they settled down to enjoy the music of the opera. The audience fairly screamed with laughter, but the happy pair, in blissful unconsciousness that they were the objects of the audience's mirth, continued to occupy their mutually enjoyable position until expostulated with by the manager. Adelina Patti, in conjunction with Signors Brignoli, Ferri and Junca, gave a concert at St. Lawrence Hall on May 28th, 1860. On the same date the Holman family made their first appearance in Toronto, at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, or Lyceum. They went by the name of 'The Holman Juvenile Opera Company,' and its members were the Misses Sallie and Julia and Masters Alfred and Benjamin. They achieved success, being favourably received by both press and public. A criticism in the *Leader*, the morning following their first performance, styled them 'truly remarkable children.' At the St. Lawrence Hall, the celebrated cantatrice, Madame Anna Bishop, gave concerts on September 5th and 6th, assisted by F. Rudolphsen and F. A. Hogan. She was followed by Mr. Sam. Cowell and Miss Effie Germon. John C. Heenan, who was travelling round the country on the strength of the reputation gained by his recent fight with Tom Sayers, gave a sparring exhibition at St. Lawrence Hall, on November 6th.

In the way of entertainments, the year 1861 was opened by a couple of lectures, the first by D'Arcy McGee, January 9th, and the next by 'Grace Greenwood.' No less than three minstrel troupes appeared during this year at the Royal Lyceum—for the theatre had again resumed its old name—viz., Wood's, Duprey & Green's, and Christy's. They introduced into Toronto

the famous old negro melody, 'Dixie's Land.' After being closed for a month, the Lyceum opened under a new management—Little & Co.'s—on April 13th, a stock company having been engaged. John Chester, Charles Dillon, Edwin Adams, and Charles Barras played 'star' engagements under the new management, and among attractions offered were leger-de-main by Professor Anderson and the Spanish dancers, Isabel and Juan Ximenes. The Fabri Italian Opera Troupe gave a concert in the Temperance Hall, and to the St. Lawrence Hall came the Holman Troupe in Parlour Opera, McEvoy's Panorama of Ireland, Tom Thumb (Oct. 21, 22, 23 and 24), Madame Anna Bishop, and the Wild Men from Borneo. Van Amburgh's circus also visited the city. 'The Royal' again came under new management during the season of '61. James Fleming, was manager at this period, but the exercise of his managerial duties was discontinued at the close of the year. Mr. Allan Halford appeared as a member of the company during this year.

Mr. Henry Linden succeeded Mr. Fleming in the management of the Lyceum, and his first stars were Miss Mary Shaw, *comedienne* and vocalist, and Miss Matilda Hughes, *danseuse*. The engagement between Miss Shaw and Mr. Linden terminated very abruptly, in consequence of a disagreement arising principally from a performance given by gentlemen amateurs of the 30th Regiment. During this year the *Octoroon* enjoyed a run of nearly three months at the Royal. Mr. Siddons gave a series of readings at the St. Lawrence Hall, followed by L. M. Gottschalk, pianist, and Wm. Connolly, the Irish piper. The dramatic events occurring in Toronto during the following twenty years, which would bring us down to the present day, are familiar to, and were probably enjoyed by a majority of its citizens who still reside in the Queen city. Therefore no purpose

would be served by reference to them in this article. The minstrel performances given by the non-commissioned officers of the 16th Regiment are, perhaps, alone worth mention, because these entertainments, given in

the old Government House, were not open to the general public. They were generously patronized, however, by the men and officers of the battalion, and by such friends as those they chose to invite.

TO A MAYFLOWER.

BY F. M. RAND, FREDERICTON, N. B.

SWEET herald of the bright, warm spring,
Mid winter's fastnesses a king,
To thee the winds their homage bring.

Half hidden in thy dark green bed,
I see thee raise thy timid head,
Trembling as with tears unshed.

And all unkingly is thy mien,
Thy shrinking in thy robes of green,
Rather a pale fair nun than queen.

An hundred fancies quickly chase
Each other in swift elfin race,
While I lie dreaming of thy face.

A shell from some far southern sea,
A brooklet naiad, I fancy thee,
Uprising dim and mistily.

A rare pink pearl of softest hue,
A summer morn while yet the dew
Lies heavy on the earth born new.

My dream-thoughts see the morning sky,
The faint stars quivering ere they die,
The rose-tinged clouds which swiftly fly.

A village maid with downcast eyes,
In whose pure cheeks the blushes rise,
Whose face lights up with shy surprise.

And last of all, I see in thee
An Angel form whose voice to me,
Whispers of immortality.

FREE THOUGHT AND RESPONSIBLE THOUGHT.

BY W. D. LE SUEUR.

THE publication of Mr. Mill's book on "Liberty" marked probably the culminating point of the modern worship of free enquiry. Up to that time the demand for intellectual freedom had never been fully satisfied; and the powerful plea put forth by Mr. Mill was therefore enthusiastically welcomed by all forward looking minds as the precise statement of the case which their intellectual position required. The errors of the past, it was then felt, had been largely due to the restrictions imposed on thought; complete liberty of thought was consequently the chief thing necessary for the successful pursuit of truth and the reconstruction, on a sound basis, of philosophy and of human life. Let men but be allowed to think freely, and give free play to their several individualities, and a new and better order of things would speedily arise. This phase of thought, which, as remarked, had its culmination at the date of Mr. Mill's celebrated treatise, shows to-day signs of diminished and perhaps diminishing force. It is rare to find such enthusiasm for the abstract idea of liberty as was common a generation or half a generation ago. What Mr. Mill in his 'Autobiography' represents as having happened to himself, in regard to the high hopes he had entertained of the adoption of 'liberal' ideas in legislation has happened to many since in regard to their fond anticipations of the effects of unchecked freedom of thought. Mr. Mill acknowledged with regret that an extended franchise, free trade, and other radical reforms had not made such a wonderful change in the state

of the nation as he and others had counted on; and in like manner many to-day are coming to the conclusion that thought may be very free, so far as the absence of civil or social restraints can make it so, and yet very unproductive. Those who incline to this view of the matter do not deny that freedom of thought is in itself a good thing; they only say that like other good things it is liable: 1. to non use, and, 2. to abuse. Give a man a freedom which he does not care to exercise, and what better is he? Give him a freedom that he is not fit to exercise, and what better is he? Nothing, but possibly the worse. Let us therefore look a little into this matter of free thought and see what there is in it, and what conclusions it is safe to form respecting it.

Thought may be defined sufficiently well for our present purpose, as the activity of the knowing faculty in man. How man knows, how the blending of subject and object is accomplished in the act of knowledge, or what are the true relations of object and subject, are problems with which the highest minds of every age have successively grappled, but the exact solution of which is probably as distant now as ever. Fortunately I do not need to await a solution before adopting such a practical view of the matter as serves the purposes of every-day thought. We place on one side the observing, reflecting, mind; on the other an objective universe in which that mind seeks its aliment. The mind absorbs the universe and ideally re-creates it. Knowledge is the mental reproduction of an external, or assumed external order. When

we are confident in our power to think of things *as they exist* we say we know them. If, however, we look a little closely into the matter, we shall see that the mind progressively makes the order which it seems to discover in the universe. Arrest the thinking faculty at any stage, and what shall we find it doing? Trying to discover the explanation of something, in other words trying so to conceive a new fact as to make it harmonize with an already existing scheme of thought. That is to say, the mind has established a harmony amongst its previous observations; the new fact as it first presents itself threatens to disturb that harmony, and the question then is: is there not some other way of viewing it which will bring it into harmony with what is already known or assumed to be known? The apparent backward movement of the planets was a disturbing fact of this nature in regard to the primitive geocentric theory of the heavens; and as that theory was too firmly rooted to be easily shaken, or rather, as the means for a complete revision of it were lacking, the disturbing fact was reduced to order by the very ingenious theory of epicycles. That theory was not destined to hold good for all time; but it held good at the time, and that is really as much as we can say for any theory we adopt—that it harmonizes with the sum of our existing knowledge. Whether it will harmonize with the knowledge of some future age it would be rash in us to attempt to predict; for the system that seems to us unshakable to-day may, through some extension of our knowledge, have to be as thoroughly reconstructed as have been the ancient views of astronomy. At whatever point, as I have said, the progress of thought may be interrupted, we shall find two things—first, that the mind has already created a certain order of thought for itself; and second, that it is trying to build more and more of the universe into the system so established. Every now

and again it has to tear down a large portion of its work, in order to build on a better place and a wider foundation; but still the work goes on—the great work of giving laws to phenomena, and creating ideal unity out of actual diversity.

This is not only the *work* of the mind; it is its life; it is the one law of its being. Mind is only mind in so far as it progressively knows, that is, in so far as it progressively enters into things, and so moulds and masters them, as to be able to *think* them. The mind digests facts, and turns them into a vital current of rational thought. A fact—as some apparently supernatural manifestation—which the mind cannot digest, acts as a poison upon the system, and may result in insanity or death.

Such being the course of thought, a progressive reduction of facts to a rational or thinkable order, we are, perhaps, prepared to understand what are likely to be the most favourable conditions for vigorous and successful thought. One condition certainly will be the common pursuit of truth by a multitude of minds. Instead of thought being, as so many seem to imagine, a purely individual thing, it springs almost wholly from the social nature of man. What a man thinks—if he thinks sincerely—holds good, or should hold good, not for himself alone, but for all men; and in our social intercourse we instinctively presume that the impressions made on us by outward facts are shared by others. But as we all err more or less in the conceptions we form, it is manifest that the most satisfactory progress will be made in thought where there is the freest possible social comparison of views, and where men most frequently remind themselves that thought is not destined to serve merely individual purposes. Thought will make its best advance when men consciously or unconsciously try to think together, and not when the tendency is to think as far apart as possible.

The ideal of many so-called free-thinkers is an independent life of thought for each individual, the cultivation by each of a little area upon which no other man shall have a right to set a foot. Each, as it were, puts up a notice on his lot : 'These are my opinions. Trespassers will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the law.' Now, most certainly, I do not believe in trespassing upon a man's intellectual premises against his will ; but I am strongly of opinion that, just in so far as a man thinks in this separated spirit, will he think to no purpose, or to worse than no purpose. After all, a man cannot think in this spirit ; he may think that he thinks, but he doesn't think. To think, as before explained, is to construct, to build in, to harmonize ; and nobody goes to this trouble for the mere sake of self-assertion. The man who has a strong impulse to think, desires to think with others, or at least desires others to think with him ; for he knows that whatever is true is true for all, and that whatever is important is important for all.' He does not therefore seek to fence himself off from the rest of mankind, but takes up his work as a continuation of what others have done before him. The real work of thought is too full of interest, and brings the labours of others too frequently to mind, to be carried on by one whose main desire is to preserve his property rights. Better far, in a social point of view, the most dogmatic and absolute spirit than the mere worship of *la petite culture* in matters intellectual. It has not been by standing apart from one another, each man with his private thought and purpose, that the greatest triumphs of humanity have been won, but by the effort of all to universalize truth and to merge individual differences in a common intellectual and spiritual life. Thus have all societies been founded and extended, and all enterprises of great pith and moment undertaken and accomplished.]

Another important condition for the successful pursuit of truth is the cultivation of right moral dispositions. This is a principle which is quite too much overlooked. It is commonly held, particularly by people of our own argumentative temper, that reason is wholly independent of the moral nature, and is always ready to perform its office of discovering truth. They forget that it is the moral or emotional nature that gives a direction to the operations of reason, just as it does to the practical activities. That reason is not an all-seeing eye, discovering all facts and relations with equal facility, is evident from the very partial manner in which the faculty is exercised by different individuals. The man whose taste is for books will, in a week, acquire more knowledge about books and their authors than another man, whose tastes lie wholly in the direction, say, of practical mechanics, will gain in a whole lifetime. The botanist wonders that any one can talk or walk in the country without seeing what he sees ; and yet he may be blind as a bat to the most obvious phenomena of language, even as they occur in his own daily speech. The sportsman has a degree of lore as to guns and their makers, as to the varieties of wild fowl and their several habits and habitats, that strikes with amazement any one who is not of the craft. Every one of these specialists may have had abundant opportunities, so far as the mere passing of certain images before the eye is concerned, to pick up a great variety of knowledge outside of his favourite pursuit ; but in point of fact he has not picked it up, for he has not seen what he has not been interested in, or has seen it only to forget straightway what manner of thing it was. Reason only occupies itself with what the perceptive faculties furnish to it ; and the perceptive faculties only see what they are told to see, in other words, what the mind has an interest in. In many other ways, however, reason is affected in

its workings, for good or for evil, by desire. The vain man will desire to see the things that will minister to his vanity; the selfish man the things that will minister to his selfishness; the just and social man the things that make for the general welfare; and each will be more or less successful in seeing the things he wishes to see, and avoiding the sight of things that conflict with his desires and purposes. Now the Universe, like Scripture, is not of any private interpretation; and neither the vain man nor the selfish man will obtain a key to it. The order they create will not be a durable order; it will have flaws precisely corresponding to the admixture of impure motive in their speculations. The history even of physical discovery is full of vicissitudes, due not so much to the weakness of the reasoning or perceptive faculties of men, as to erroneous assumptions dictated by personal bias or passion.

This is a truth which might with advantage receive extensive illustration; but as this would transcend the limits within which this paper is necessarily confined, it may be sufficient to quote the testimony of one of the profoundest scientific minds of this or any other century, the late Michael Faraday. In an address delivered by him before the Royal Institution on 'The Education of the Judgment,' we find the following observations:—'Among those points of self-education which take the form of mental discipline, there is one of great importance, and moreover difficult to deal with, because it involves an internal conflict, and equally touches our vanity and our ease. It consists in the tendency to deceive ourselves regarding all we wish for, and the necessity for resistance to these desires. It is impossible for any one who has not been constrained, by the course of his occupation and thoughts, to a habit of continued self-correction, to be aware of the amount of error arising from this tendency.

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. . . It is my firm persuasion that no man can examine himself in the most common things, having any reference to him personally, or to any person, thought or matter related to him, without being soon made aware of the temptation and the difficulty of opposing it. I could give you many illustrations personal to myself, about atmospheric magnetism, lines of force, attraction, repulsion, unity of power, nature of matter, &c., . . . but it would be unsuitable, and also unnecessary, for each must be conscious of a large field sadly uncultivated in this respect. *I will simply express my strong belief [the italics are Faraday's own] that that point of self-education which consists in teaching the mind to resist its desires and inclinations, until they are proved to be right, is the most important of all, not only in things of natural philosophy, but in every department of daily life.* The first and the last step in the education of the scientific judgment this eminent philosopher declares to be—*humility*. Such testimony as this from a man like Faraday is of infinite value. If in such matters as 'atmospheric magnetism, lines of force, attraction, repulsion, &c.,' he could feel his judgment swayed by influences connected with his own personal desires and preferences, what must have been, and what must be, the case with men destitute of his admirable sobriety of character and conscientious self-restraint?

The truth that Faraday has thus laid down has been expressed with even greater force and in a much more systematic manner by Auguste Comte. 'Goodness of heart,' says the latter, 'helps forward a theoretical career more than force of character.' Of the great physiologist, Blainville, one of his own disciples, he observed: 'Impulses of too personal a kind enfeebled the ardour and constancy required for Blainville's intellectual task; and the full strength of his mind was never put forth. . . . He saw rivals where he should have seen colleagues,

and sometimes superiors. Always unjust to Broussais, he failed to recognise the transcendent greatness of Bichat. When personal feeling extends so far as this, it hinders the working of general views not less than of generous feelings.*

The bearing of all this upon the question of Free Thought may, perhaps, begin to be seen. It has been shown that thought in its dynamic aspect consists in a progressively wider interpretation of the universe in which man's lot is cast. This being its task, it is apparent that individual thought cannot properly, or with any advantage, separate itself from the thought of the race. The only true and serviceable thought is the thought that, either now or hereafter, all men may think. A thought, or a mode of thought that is essentially peculiar to an individual—that is, so to speak, the mere expression or outcome of the accidents of his individuality—is of about the same value to himself and the world as would be a wart on the hand or a squint in his eye. The branch, except it abide in the vine, dies; and so the individual man, except he abide in the great vine—humanity. When, therefore, a demand is made for freedom of thought, it becomes a question of much importance whether the freedom claimed is freedom to pursue truth in a social spirit for social ends, or mere freedom to think what one chooses without regard to ends and without any sense of responsibility. In either case the demand should be granted, for no good can come of any attempt to interfere by way of control with men's thinkings, or what they choose to regard as such; but, in the one case, the demand is entitled to all the sympathy that can be given to it: in the latter, it is entitled to just as much as we accord to the desire for any other purely individual indulgence.

The more this distinction is dwelt upon, the more important, I believe, it will be seen to be. Not that it affords the means of discriminating between claims for freedom of thought that ought to be allowed, and claims that ought not to be allowed; for all such claims should be allowed lest the very disallowance should tend to the perversion of thought. The importance of the distinction lies in the use that may be made of it by those who are demanding free thought for themselves. 'What am I going to do with it when I get it?' or, 'Having got it, what am I doing with it?' are questions, as it seems to me, of extreme pertinency. And if the only answer to such questions is to the effect that I am going to think just as I choose, and without any regard to what others may think, all that can be said is that the conclusion is a very poor one. To talk about thinking as one chooses is nonsense and worse; for one cannot choose his way of thinking without doing what is distinctly immoral. To choose in such a matter is deliberately to allow the judgment to be swayed by personal feelings and interests. Put these aside, and there is no choice; there is simple obedience to the laws of thought, or to the truth of things in so far as the mind is fitted to apprehend it. The great lesson which 'free-thinkers' have to learn is that all true thought is universal in its character, not individual; and that nobody can be said to be thinking in the right sense of the word unless he is thinking for all, and endeavouring to promote the general harmony of human thought. It is unfortunately too common to find 'free-thinkers' look upon the privilege of free thought as a merely private possession, something for the use of which they owe no account to any one, not even to themselves. They hold it as a kind of charter to contradict every opinion with which they do not immediately agree, and generally to disport themselves in the world of thought with

* See Comte's 'Positive Polity'—English translation—Vol. I., p. 599. Appendix.

the most perfect feeling of irresponsibility. They only realize their intellectual freedom in differing from others not in agreeing with them. This is, no doubt, a not unnatural reaction from the intellectual tyranny of the past ; but none the less does it lead to a hurtful dissipation of mental energy as well as to a dangerous weakening of social bonds.

The battle of mental freedom, so far as external control is concerned, may be said to have been fought and won. The Church may scold, and the State, through her magistrates, may sometimes frown ; but no man to-day is compelled to profess to believe what he does not believe, nor are any restraints worth mentioning imposed upon the expression of opinion. There is, however, another battle to be fought before the spiritual freedom of mankind can be complete ; and that is the battle against anarchy in the guise of liberty. So far as men insist upon thinking what they choose, there is from one point of view anarchy, and from another enslavement—anarchy inasmuch as the very idea of law is set at naught, and enslavement because each man, instead of struggling against the personal influences that pervert opinion, as Faraday has so well shown, resigns himself to them entirely.

We are thus brought round by a road which is perhaps not often travelled, and which many 'advanced thinkers' particularly dislike to travel, to the old truth that true liberty lies in a reasoned subjection to law. How can human powers be carried to their highest ? By a knowledge of, and conformity with, the laws of nature. He who rebels is shorn of power and cast forth from Nature's protection. He who rebels against humanity is disowned by humanity, and his life dwindles to the narrow limits of his infinitely narrow self. Free thought is of no value unless it be also *responsible* thought. To think should be regarded, not as a means of self-pleasing, but as a sacred

ministry ; and we should value our thoughts just in so far as they enable us to understand and sympathise with the great life of the world, just in so far as they quicken our sense of kindred with all mankind. The triumph of thought is not to enable a man to stand aloof from his fellows, superior to what he regards as their prejudices and indifferent to their hopes and fears. The triumph of thought is to seize what an excellent French writer, the late M. Ernest Bersot, calls 'the durable aspect of things.' The triumph of thought for each individual is to enlarge in some small degree the thought of humanity, or even to think over again the great thoughts of humanity with sympathetic insight into their meaning. The latter may seem a humble office, but only to those who know not what it is. There are thousands and millions who daily use, in a sort of symbolic or empirical fashion, the thoughts that the ages have wrought out—just as the mariner uses the 'Nautical Almanacs'—with very little conception of what has gone to form them, or of their true reach and significance. The mind of of humanity is known to none but those who are in a peculiar manner its sons.

The social weakness that comes of excessive individualism in thought is too obvious and notorious to need dwelling on. 'Liberals' (in the theological sense) are constantly heard complaining how difficult it is to secure any joint action among persons of their way of thinking. To organize even Unitarians, has been said by one of themselves, to be very much the same as trying to 'cord stumps ;' what it is to organize 'Liberals' let those who have tried it say. If we seek for the cause of the trouble, we shall find it in the erroneous impression that liberty is only realized in difference ; and that, as organization and system tend to obliterate differences, they must also be dangerous to liberty. But, when once men in gen-

eral begin to think under a sense of responsibility, they will see that all thinking should tend to unity, and that the crown of thought should be the discovery of a true philosophy of human life. To say that the natural result of free thought is infinite and hopeless divergence, in as many different directions as there are thinkers, is fatally to discredit the thinking faculty. Better far, one would be compelled to say, that thought should not be free, than that there should be no harmony or coherence in men's opinions, but that what is true to one man should be false to every other. It is not so, however. When, by the subjugation of egoism, thought becomes truly free, it will be seen to be not a dispersive but a unifying force; and when men begin to look to it, not for little individual allotments of opinion, but for conclusions of universal validity, the foundations of a true philosophy is to believe it possible. If it be possible, why should we not have it? If it be not possible, then to little purpose have we emancipated ourselves from the philosophies and theologues of the past.

I began this paper by observing that the zeal for free-thought simply for its own sake, seemed to have abated

somewhat of late years. If the fact be as I believe, the symptom is not wholly an unfavourable one. A true instinct whispers to mankind that something better than endless wranglings should be the outcome of the exercise of the highest human faculty. The world has had enough of criticism of the past, its institutions and beliefs. Many doctrines and systems have, no doubt, been badly shaken; but, for all that, the great majority of men cling to them still for the practical guidance and help they afford in life. What is wanted now is a philosophy which, while doing justice to the past, will do what the old systems cannot do, rightly interpret the present, and give the keynote of the future harmony of society. When such a philosophy is in a forward state, men may not be found clinging so tenaciously to doctrines which they acknowledge are in many respects far from satisfactory. But such a philosophy will not come from any amount of irresponsible thought directed to no definite ends; it will come as the result of the earnest efforts of many minds, and from the growth of the conviction that thought was given not for individual but for social ends.

TWO SCHOOLS OF MODERN POETRY.

BY THE REV. J. F. STEVENSON, D.D., MONTREAL.

IT has been a commonplace of popular writers to ridicule metaphysics, and to declare the inquiries with which it deals at once beyond human power and barren in result. It is not popular writers alone, however, who have done this; eminent scientific men, and some even of literary culture, have adopted the same tone. They have followed in the track of Bacon, and after him of Locke, both of whom, anxious to recall attention to matters of experience and observation, poured the vials of their anger, without measure, on the deductive modes of thought and verbal criticism to which the thinkers of the Middle Ages were, no doubt, excessively prone. It has been forgotten, however, that Bacon was the herald of a new departure in thought, and that his severity against his predecessors had what we may call a strategic purpose so that it is not to be taken at the foot of the letter. I question greatly whether Bacon in his heart felt half as disrespectful to the great schoolmen as his writings would lead us to suppose. As for Locke, father of clear and trenchant thinking to all modern English-speaking men as he is, there is yet no disrespect to him in raising the question whether, except by hearsay, he really knew anything of the mediæval thinkers at all. The fact is, we are still under the influence of a reaction, and a reaction means a fit of unreasoning excess. The time will come—must come—when the human mind will recover its balance and settle to the point of equilibrium. It will then be felt that if fact is great reason is great also. If reason with-

out fact is barren, fact without reason is blind. All honour to Bacon, to observation, and to induction. But honour also—not a little—to the fathers of the deductive logic, to Aristotle and his illustrious followers!

The fashion is to sneer at metaphysics. Meanwhile, it remains true, that the great questions with which metaphysics deals, such questions as the true idea of existence, the possibility of knowledge, the laws of thought, are of such a character that no man can think consistently for ten minutes without assuming for himself some solution of them, and that according to this solution the entire tone and complexion of his thinking will be governed. Every man has a philosophy, and a metaphysical philosophy too, whether he knows it or not. By a paradox, it may be said, and said truly, that *not* to be metaphysical is to be metaphysical, it is to assume, that is to say, a certain metaphysical theory. So he who refuses philosophy assumes that all existence—the world without and the mind within—is, in its ultimate nature, irrational, that it cannot be reduced to reason or construed to thought. If a man knows that, what a vast knowledge of the nature of being he has attained! No positive construction of the universe—not even that of Hegel himself—more directly assumes an intellectual contact with the *το ὄν*, the ultimate reality. It is amusing to read, in one line of a man's writing, a gibe at metaphysics, and in the next a sweeping theory that covers half-a-dozen positions, the boldness of which would have made Plato, and Aristotle shudder. Such things

occur, and only can occur, in epochs of reaction.

What I wish to illustrate now, however, is not so much the fact that every man who thinks is, whether consciously or not, a metaphysician, as the further fact that his philosophy gives a tone and manner to his views on all subjects of reflection, even to those apparently most remote from philosophical inquiry. We often contrast philosophy with arts, and, perhaps most frequently of all, with poetry. Truly, it may be said, the region of poetry is sacred from the jargon of metaphysics. The wrangling schoolmen will not dare to bring their endless disputes and their breakjaw words into the Temple of the Muses. Yes, but they will though; and, more than that, the Muses cannot utter one word without their help.

A man's philosophy is his view of the Universe. It is his idea of existence reduced, as far as he is able to reduce it, to harmony and consistency. And it is, I suppose, tolerably evident that some view of life and of destiny, of society and of progress, of the ultimate power which the world reveals, and of the grounds and nature of human duty, must grow up in the mind of a man who thinks at all. It grows up in the mind of the poet as well as of other men, so that there is no great poet, or even small poet, without his philosophy. Homer based his view of life on the crude guesses of the early Greek mythology. Sophocles, and the other Greek tragedians, assumed the idea of a destiny which controlled gods and men, and grouped their views of man and of the battle of life around that. And so it is now: Shakespeare and Milton, Southey and Wordsworth, Byron and Shelley, are philosophers before they are poets, and differ only from the philosopher or system in the fact that they drop their philosophy and take it up again according to their mood. More than that. The quality of a man's poetry or art is influenced by his philosophy.

Is the philosophy noble, inspiring, unselfish, does it appeal to the larger and more generous emotions? The poetry will be noble too. Is the philosophy broad and catholic, admitting all the facts and generalising them with clearness and skill? We have a Shakspeare or a Goethe, a many-sided man and an all-seeing poet. It is therefore idle, and worse than idle, to tell us, as we are often now told, to dismiss all doubtful questions and sing only of what we see and know. We cannot do it. Our view of these questions comes back and back upon us in spite of ourselves. We are taking sides all the time; and the quality and influence of our poetry are ruled by the side we take.

There are two schools, if I may call them so, in modern English poetry, and a brief contrast between them will illustrate what I say. Tennyson and the two Brownings will serve as examples of one of the schools, Swinburne, Rossetti, and Morris of the other. Tennyson and the Brownings take one view of life. For them it has a moral meaning and a spiritual result. It is ruled to an end by infinite wisdom and goodness, and its distinct issue is the prevalence of truth and righteousness. The other school leaves all these matters in chaos. It knows nothing about them. It sings, and sweetly too, but it sings only the facts before us and the beauty of the eye and the ear. It has no deity; no life but the present; no moral purpose for the world; no over arching law of unchangeable truth and goodness.

Notice now the results of this difference on the poetry of the two schools respectively. The point of view rules the whole manner of their art. It affects them on every side.

It does so as to the strength of their writing. By strength I mean their power over the emotions. All poetry worthy of the name has that to some degree. It touches the imagination, and the feelings through the

imagination. But it is obvious that the degree of its power over the emotions will depend, in part at least, on the kind or quality of the emotion to which it appeals. Are these superficial, transitory, non-essential, in human life? Are they the emotions of an affluent human nature or the sickly fancies of a mere literary exquisite, cold-blooded and narrow-hearted? In dealing with these last, there is no sphere for strong emotions either in the writer or in his readers. The pose of a figure, the shape of a robe, the colour of a curtain, are themes for play, possibly exquisite play; but we must go deeper into human nature before we can stir the mighty tide of passion, or hear the rolling waters as they break evermore against the barriers of human effort and destiny. It seems to need no argument to show that a literary theory which leaves all the profoundest relations of the life of man untouched *must* involve loss of power over human emotion. If you would touch the human heart by which we live, you must sing of what the human heart cares for. On the whole it cares for a point of view which will give it power in its struggle and a rational hope for this result. If you have anything to say to these—well, you can say it, and we will read what you say, nay, we will praise its melody and rhythm, and give you compliments if you deserve it, on the perfection of your literary form; but you have not touched us in the depths of our hearts. Of course, a skilful singer is never wholly without power over our emotions. There are regions of human feeling, happily, which no perversion in our theory of life can wholly close against him. The love of man for woman is such a region; and yet even here the difference between one who regards such love as an emotional luxury merely, and sees its whole purpose in the gratification of what Rossetti calls 'riotous longing,' and one who finds in it the starting-point and symbol of an infinite and spiritual

affection, is simply enormous. Enormous, I mean, as to power. Contrast Tennyson's song, 'Come into the Garden, Maude,' with all its depth of tremulous passion, its grasp on every film of our resonant nature, its subordination of all natural sights and sounds to the master impulse of the hour, contrast this with the sickly artificiality of Rossetti or with what Mr. Huxley calls the 'sensual caterwauling' of Swinburne. Tennyson's love songs are a possession for life. I do not know who is greatly affected by Swinburne's animal excitements over the physical chorus of his immoral beauties, or even by the purely sensuous regrets of Rossetti's 'blessed damozel,' as she looks out over the bars of heaven. No, account for it as you will, the elimination of all spiritual elements from love leaves it poor and starved, a mere appeal to temporary aspects of our being in which the animal is uppermost. The touch of an invisible hand is necessary to the excitement of our deepest passion, the echo of a voice from beyond the outward and visible. I am told that the knowing school of thinkers intend, when they have completely removed religion, to put poetry in the vacant place, the more pity that they should begin by depleting poetry of her richest power in the region of the feelings.

I can scarcely doubt that it will be admitted as matter of fact that the power of the newer school of poetry over the emotional is strikingly less than that of the school which it is attempting to supersede. What grand force of feeling there is in Tennyson and the Brownings, both husband and wife! In how wide an orbit their emotions move, an orbit vast in its sweep and transcending little regards. They touch us at a thousand points and kindle our whole nature. Where is the power by which they do it? Not alone in their personal genius, though I think highly of that. But it is their view of life that kindles us. Mr. Matthew Arnold calls poetry a

criticism of life, by no means a complete definition, as I think, though true as far as it goes. If it be correct, very much as to the character of the poetry must depend on the point of view of the critic. And the reason why we are little affected by so much contemporary poetry, while Tennyson and those who follow him sway us at their will, is that the latter class lay their finger on the permanent sources of feeling in man while the others touch those feelings only which are evanescent and transitory.

There is an important contrast, also, between the two schools as to their power of reflective thought. Very much of the best modern poetry has been distinguished for its reflective character. Wordsworth especially, and after him Coleridge and Southey, introduced a method in poetry which has been fruitful of results. It may be true—probably it is—that they carried their reflective mode of writing so far as to clip the wings of their imagination, and to infect their poetry excessively with the pale cast of thought. But their main idea is fruitful because it is perpetually true, and that idea is that Nature is the manifestation of thought, and therefore craves interpretation as well as description. They construe the world as a picture language, and strive to read its riddles to others. Rocks and trees, waters and winds, the infinite depths of the sky, and the ‘surgj murmur of the lonely sea’ have meaning as well as beauty, a message and a communion for the thoughtful mind and the sensitive heart. Tennyson and the Brownings are of the same faith. They find everywhere signs and tokens, they meet in the world of nature, as they do in that of man, mind and spirit, not wholly alien from their own. It is the surpassing charm of Tennyson that he makes all the world speak to us. From the glow of the sunshine to the flower on the crannied wall, he finds, as Shakspeare said the poet ought to do—

Tongues in trees, books in the murmuring
 brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.

And take notice that this habit of looking for the expression of thought in Nature tends to increase vastly the power of thought in the poet himself. Wordsworth is full of keen, clear thinking. So is Tennyson. Mr. Browning is, in a strictly artistic sense, too full of it. He is one of our profoundest and most abtruse thinkers, as well as a specially imaginative poet. But when we turn to the immoral school the contrast is complete. Music they have, a sad undertone of sweet melancholy, but thought is conspicuous by its absence. In fact they tell us frankly that they have nothing to say. Oscar Wilde begins his volume of poems by a sonnet in which he laments the times on which he has fallen, times which do not know their own mind, and which have no thought to give us. Not long since I read in one of our reviews an essay on the interpretation of Nature, in which it was not difficult to trace the hand of a poet of this school, the whole purpose of which was to show that, as Nature is without mind, and therefore without meaning, the idea of interpreting Nature must be given up, and we must be content with describing her. When we remember the undoubted natural powers of some of these men, of Mr. Swinburne for instance, the utter poverty of thought which marks their writings is something terrible. It seems the very cretinism or idiocy of poetic thinking. The same is true in but a slightly less degree of the other members of the school. Notwithstanding all they can do to write one another up, as unequalled men of genius, their poor rags of thought proclaim their pauperism. The writing up goes on, by the way, furiously. Mr. Swinburne reviews Mr. Rossetti's last book in the *Athenæum*, and tells us that now at last the trumpet of deliverance has sounded, and the poetic Evangel has come. Then Mr. Rossetti

reviews Mr. Swinburne, and we learn that since Shakspeare there has been no such dramatic genius as that displayed in this tragedy, and that even Shakspeare had better look to his laurels. While it is a matter of our modern time one can find patience for all this, silly though it be; but when it comes to disturbing the bones of Shakspeare, one is inclined to take up his own parable and say :—

Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbear.

This is pretty certain, at all events, that it will require a ripe and subtle insight into the human mind, and a delicate dissection of life and character, of which we see few signs at present, to disturb the reign of him

Who in our wonder and astonishment
Hath built himself a living monument,
And so sepulchred in such pomp doth lie,
That kings for such a tomb might wish to die.

Look at another quality of good poetry, its power to awaken and to stimulate. This is characteristic in a high degree of the best poetic utterances. They are like 'the breezy call of incense breathing morn' to us. They are the very voice of nature in all its freshness and simple beauty, like the hum of bees, the bloom of flowers, the sweet breath of spring, the tinkling of waterfalls. Or if they celebrate human life and endeavour they arouse us to deeds of daring or aspirations after the honourable. Chaucer is the venerable father of our poetry, and of him I can never think but in the words in which he describes the young squire :

Embroided was he as it were a mead,
All full of freshé flowers white and redé,
Singing he was and fluting all the day,
He was as fresh as is the month of May.

The same is true of Shakspeare and Spenser, and of the illustrious men who gathered about them and followed them. To read their pages is like taking a brisk morning walk. Of Milton, still more would need to be said. There is much, of course, in his great epic which we have laid aside as a mode of

thought, but how it thrills our very souls with a sense of dignity and majesty, and carries us above our ordinary selves. In this respect, also, not only Wordsworth and his school, but Tennyson and his, stand in the true succession. So did Byron, after his fashion, and Shelley, whose life as well as his poetry was one long aspiration, as he has himself put it :

The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The longing for something afar,
From the sphere of our sorrow.

Indeed, till quite recently, there has been no break in the ideal and, therefore, in the stimulating quality, of our poetry. But it is so no longer. Take the physical school as your guide, and you will believe that the purpose of poetry is either to inflame your animal appetite, or to gratify your taste for bric-à-brac, or to practise felicities of language, or to lull you to sleep in an atmosphere loaded with the perfume of wax lights and faint with the sentiments of amorous songs. One turns away from an hour's reading of it sated and all but nauseated, as from a feast of over-luscious dainties. The man in us is quelled and slackened into quiescence, as though by a dose of opium. It is a perpetual lotus eating to all the higher powers of the soul. Of course, I speak now of tendency; no criticism such as this can be absolutely true. It is fair to say, also, that Mr. Morris is less of an offender in this direction than others of his school. And yet of them all it is true. A gentle languor, a sense of acquiescence in the inevitable, a feeling like that reflected in the words of the intellectual exquisite, 'there's nothing new and nothing true, and it doesn't matter;' this is what we carry away in place of the stern resolve and impulse to resolute endeavour with which Tennyson filled our youth and which Browning and his gifted wife have stimulated our manhood. It is not difficult to find the cause. Poetry

hitherto has been the organ and the expression of a faith in God, or man, or both. Now it is the organ of an absence of faith, confessed and proclaimed. Its Evangel is—yesterday I was nothing; to-morrow, for aught I can tell, I shall be nothing again, and meanwhile I know nothing, except that nothing is to be known. It would be difficult to find inspiration in a creed like that; we need not wonder at its absence.

Good poetry, again, should be sensuous. It should delight in the seeing eye, the hearing ear, and the stimulated senses, generally. But it is necessary to keep the sensuous element in firm control, not only for the sake of the higher life, but for its own sake also. As soon as it becomes jaded and overdone, it falls into morbidness. Milton's 'L'Allegro' is sensuous. Shakspeare is sensuous in riotous profusion. Tennyson is exquisitely and deliciously sensuous. But none of these great poets are sensual. Even Chaucer is not, though he is sometimes coarse, and occasionally treads on the verge of sensuality. As dogmatism is puppyism grown up (according to *Punch's* celebrated definition), so sensuality is sensuousness run to seed. The senses, if you please, are subordinate. That, I hope, is no new truth; if so, all the great thinkers in the world, from Thales to—well, to your favourite contemporary authority—have been wrong. But in the physical school of poetry the senses, and the appetites that start from sense, are crowned and reign supreme. If you wish to know what I mean, open Mr. Swinburne's vigorous pages in which he glorifies lust and blood in a manner of which, to do them justice, the Romans, even of the later empire, would have been ashamed. Nor is Rossetti much better. He does not indeed, as Mr. Swinburne does, eke out his poverty of thought with revolting blasphemy, and with a bestiality whose very excesses go far to bring about their own cure, but the

undertone of his writing is wholly and utterly immoral and unideal. Woman is to him, as she is to Swinburne, simply the object of an appetite as purely animal as hunger or thirst. He is, as he does not disguise, immoral. I ask you to look at this literary phenomenon with some attention. The loss of spiritual faith has already borne this fruit for us in the domain of poetry. Our modern poetry is saying, as there is no light for us, except the dim light of the present, let us throw away moral restraint. Let us float on the tides of appetite and sail before the gale of passion. Away with the 'creeds that refuse to restrain.' Let us gather and crush the grape of enjoyment. Life is short, let it be merry.

I have contended in these pages that the relaxing of the moral bond is the logical result of an unspiritual philosophy; I now call attention to the fact that in the literary representatives of this school, this result is the first and most conspicuous of actual developments, and when I read the, to me, inane folly and degrading self-abandonment of some writers of this school, I am thankful that the fruit has so quickly ripened. For man is not an animal only, he is a rational nature; yes, and a spiritual also. Because he is so, he cannot rest in the life of a beast or a demon. And when such a life is drawn out before him in all its naked deformity, the midnight of his degradation is come, and the revolving sphere is already moving towards the dawn. To quote words which, even here, will not, I hope, be thought inappropriate, 'the Dayspring from on high is near with healing in his wings.'

I may point out another phase of contrast between the poetry of the school of Wordsworth and Tennyson, and that of the physical school. The poetry of belief is, of course, the poetry of hope; that of unbelief is without hope. This is very striking. Our philosophical agnostics, to do them justice, are full of hope at any rate,

of a certain sort. They see an earthly paradise in the future preparing for man. Comte is sure it is coming, George Henry Lewes is eloquent about it. Marian Evans sings of the better days and the nobler natures which will follow when our poor race has passed away—though even in her the undertone of melancholy is distinctly audible when she abandons prose and writes poetry. But the know-nothings of the poetic school are quite hopeless. They have never done telling us of the effeteness of the past and the blackness of the future. The days of manhood are over, they say, and those of puny intellects and flaccid wills are here. They are worse than Pandora; when they have let loose on us all the possible ills of life, they do not leave even hope at the bottom of the box. There is something amusing, I admit, in the partly affected semi-Byronic despair of a young gentleman like Mr. Oscar Wilde; they suggest, in their falsetto tone, that the creed which they express has not penetrated very deeply into the convictions of the apostle of the sunflower and the lily. But it is significant that he has nothing better to give us. Tennyson had. O but we were full of faith and hope in the dear old days when we

tore open the new volume and read with flashing eyes and thrilling heart the invocation—

Strong Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade :
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;
Thou madest Death and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.

There was something to live by in that, and something to work by too. We saw almost as with the outward eye, the one far off divine goal to which the whole creation moves. For my part, I thank Mr. Tennyson, and I do not thank the unbelievers. He made me a richer, better, more hopeful man. I do not find that they do. And on the whole I refuse the new wine, for I say the old is better. And as it is fuller of flavour and strength, more provocative of thought, has greater power of healthy stimulation, is healthily sensuous without being sensual, and gives me a hope of better days for man on earth, and of a larger life to come, 'when beyond these voices there is peace,' I shall, I fancy, continue to quaff the former and richer vintage.

GARIBALDI,

Died at Caprera, June 2nd, 1882.

MEMORIAL VERSES BY A CANADIAN.

Dead at Caprera ! So, for love of thee,
All people that are free,
In this supreme hour that has crowned thy
fame,
Salute an honoured name.
O Garibaldi ! Star of Freedom, risen
From battle-field and prison !
From Rome, where now no priescraft's in-
cense mars
Her Galileo's stars !
From Naples, freed by thee, and chainless still,
Beneath her fire-crowned hill ;
For thee, pure Patriot, true Republican,
King's foe and friend of Man ;
Not only by Italia's sacred streams
Hast quelled the evil dreams,
The two-fold nightmare foul of priests and
kings ;
By Tiber's poisoned springs,

And where fair Florence gleams, a flower and
star,
On Arno's breast afar ;
But that thy brave words said, thy great
deeds done,
Have made a nation one ;
Bade scattered interests, creeds, and races be
United Italy.
So we of the three kindred peoples sprung,
Who speak an English tongue,
Who, loving England, hope one day to see
Our own republic, free,
In union of all creeds and races rise
Beneath Canadian skies ;
Would with the flower wreaths on this tomb
of thine
One spray of maple twine.

—C. PELHAM MULVANT.

SELECTED.

THE CONDUCT OF ENGLAND TO IRELAND.*

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED AT BRIGHTON, ENGLAND, JAN. 30, 1882.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A.

IN the long night of Irish history, the single gleam of light, before the rise of the Liberal party in England, is the administration of Cromwell, the truest and grandest of Liberals, though he was compelled by the exigencies of his position and his cause to hold the sword, and held not the sword in vain. In the legislative union of Ireland as well as Scotland with England, he anticipated by a century and a half the work of Pitt, without the corruption to which Pitt was driven, and which has left a lasting stain on the transaction. By the hand of his able and upright son, Henry, he introduced the most enlightened measures of legal and general reform. With the eye of a true statesman he saw that, as he said, Ireland was a blank paper, on which improvements might be tried which prejudice would not suffer to be tried in England. By the Legislative Union he would have put an end to the treatment of Ireland as a foreign nation, and stifled in its birth the diabolical policy of killing Irish manufactures and trade. It is almost agonizing to think what twenty or even ten years more of the Protector might have done. The science of history, if it aspires to prediction, must learn to foresee the appearance of great men and to measure the length of their lives.

In times to come, perhaps, the restoration of the Stuarts will be kept as a national fast. They failed to turn out the Cromwellian landowners in Ireland, who, after some tough wrestling, held their own, and, though aliens to the

natives in race, religion, and feeling, were at least residents and improvers of their lands. But the Stuarts repealed the Union, thus making Ireland again a foreign country to England, and giving the signal for that narrow-minded and iniquitous persecution of Irish trade, which is really the most unredeemed part of this evil story, for wrong-doing which arises from political or religious passion may be to some extent redeemed by the comparative grandeur of the motives, as well as by mutual provocation. The one chance for the improvement of Ireland and for the existence of good relations between the two countries was the growth of Irish industry, which has not failed, even at this late hour, to produce its effect, but in its greatest centres has done much to allay political discontent and to weaken the forces of disunion. At the same time, Catholic Ireland, removed by Repeal from the control even of a Cavalier Parliament and governed absolutely under constitutional forms by the viceroys of the Stuarts, became to her utter bane and ruin the privy workshop of Stuart conspiracy, the clandestine recruiting ground and drill-yard of the forces by which, in conjunction with the money and arms of the French despot, the Stuarts hoped to root out Protestantism and liberty in Great Britain. That she was put to this use was her misfortune rather than her fault: yet the historical fact remains. English Protestantism and freedom saw an Irish army in the service of James II., and the Jesuits encamped at their gates; they saw a native Irish Parliament, under the villainous guidance of Tyrconnell, passing sweeping acts of attainder against all men of English

* To bring the publication of this address within reasonable space in THE MONTHLY, the earlier portion of it has been omitted. [Ed. C.M.]

blood and Protestant religion ; they saw the Irish fighting side by side with the troops of the Bourbon tyrant and his fanatical bishops on the morrow of the Dragonnades and the massacres of the Cevennes. They, and liberty with them, were saved almost by miracle. After their victory, they dealt out a cruel measure of penal repression to the religion which had identified itself with a crusade of reactionary despots against national independence and human freedom. In lands where the Protestants, instead of being victorious, were vanquished by the Catholic powers, their lot was not merely social repression and political disfranchisement ; they were butchered, driven into exile, sent to the galleys, or burned at the stake ; and in their persecution, we may be sure, every Irish priest in those days rejoiced. The blame of all that Ireland suffered in consequence of the attempt of the Stuarts against liberty rests mainly, not on England, but on the Stuarts themselves, on Louis XIV., and on the other Catholics who conspired with them, including the unhappy Catholics of Ireland.

The result, however, was the reduction of the Celtic Irish, during the first half of the eighteenth century, to the condition of helots—religious, political, and social. As the century of Voltaire and Rousseau wore on, religious tolerance, or, to speak more truly, indifference, gained ground ; and the fetters of the Catholics were gradually loosened, the sceptic Chesterfield, as viceroy, taking a leading part in the relaxation. The Anglican Bishops, however, through whom the English Government usually managed the country, struggled, as in England, against every concession, not only to the Roman Catholics, but to the Presbyterians of the North, the sinews of the Protestant interest as well as the most loyal adherents of the British Crown, and thereby sowed the seeds of revolt in Ireland, besides sending across the Atlantic exiles filled with the bitter memory of persecution, and ready to take part in the American Revolution. It is difficult to read with patience the history of Episcopal government when we think what it cost the nation, and what characters for the most part were the Bishops by whom it was exercised. But the religious, or even the political question, it must be repeated, was the smallest item in the sum of evils. The largest items were those connected with

the land. The people multiplied with the recklessness which always attends degradation, and which the Catholic religion, if it does not encourage, certainly does nothing to prevent. The country is a grass country, unfitted, much of it, for the growing of grain, and therefore not capable of producing a large amount of food, except in the low and precarious form of the potato. There was no emigration, for the Celt at least, either to Great Britain or to the Colonies, though the Catholic powers made Ireland their recruiting ground, and France especially used up a good many of the young men in her Irish brigade. There were no manufactures or mines, while upon the woollen trade and Irish trade in general the malignant jealousy of English commerce inexorably laid its fell embargo. The result was, what it would have been in a rabbit warren, closely piled in, and visited by occasional droughts, as the counterparts of the periodical failures of the potato. It was a fearful illustration of the Malthusian law operating in its naked severity without any corrective influence. Multitudes perished by famine, while others, upon the brink of famine, lived upon one meal a day of potatoes mixed with seaweed. Swift, in a horribly elaborate piece of pleasantry, proposed that the peasants should kill and eat their own children. But the land, wretched as was the subsistence on it, was the sole livelihood of the people. Therefore they clung to it and fought for it with the tenacity of despair. Hence, Irish agrarianism, with its deadly guerilla warfare, its secret societies, its infernal cruelties, its hideous annals of savagery and crime. The landlords, meanwhile, had become as a class lost to duty and worthless. They were a crew of spendthrift, drunken, duelling profligates, and at the same time incredibly insolent and tyrannical in their behaviour to the poor. Many of them became absentees, and squandered in the pleasure cities of England the rents which middlemen wrung for them out of a famishing peasantry. The middlemen, of course, were as hard as a millstone ; they ground the peasant ruthlessly, not even speaking a kind word to soften extortion ; and thus absenteeism added fresh bitterness and increased horrors to agrarian war.

Agrarian war and nothing else, or hardly anything else, it was, and is, so far as the people were or are concerned,

though the landlords being aliens in race and in religion, the conflict has always had, and still retains, a political and religious tinge. There was a political movement going on at the same time, but this, it is important to mark, was not among the people of the oppressed, but among those of the dominant race. It was an insurrection of the Irish Parliament, a Parliament of ascendancy and privilege, against the legislative control of the Parliament of Great Britain, and the administrative control of the British Crown. It was begun by the spleen of Swift, who hated Ireland and despised her people with all his cankered heart, but wanted to spite the Government, which had refused to make an obscene atheist a bishop. A colour of patriotism was given to the movement by the insane trade policy which, under the pressure of the British merchants, the Parliament of Great Britain persisted in maintaining, by the abuses of the Irish pension list, and the general mismanagement of Irish affairs. But its main object was that of a selfish and corrupt oligarchy, which wanted to have all the power and all the plunder in its own hands. If the political disabilities of the Catholics were relaxed, it was not because privilege had become liberal or national, but because, severed from England and placed in antagonism to her, it found itself too weak to stand alone. The Castle in its worst hour could not be more ready to give bribes than the Patriot leaders of the Parliament with few exceptions were to take them. Patriotism, with most of these men, was simply an instrument for squeezing patronage out of the Government. They had amongst them, it is true, a large measure of that eloquence, of which the condition, besides a lively imagination and a copious flow of words, is freedom from the restraint of good sense, veracity, and self-respect. Grattan was the best of them, and Grattan talked much brilliant nonsense. Their debates were orgies of declamation, stimulated by the wine which they drank in oceans, breaking out into the most outrageous personalities, and often ending in duels. Everybody got drunk, everybody was in debt, even the highest functionary of the law was a duellist. It is easy to sympathise with the wistful look which the aspiring youth of Ireland casts at the empty Parliament House on College Green, but it would not be easy to sympathise with any desire to people

those Halls again with the ranting and caunting place-hunters of the Irish Parliament before the Union.

The American Revolution, and the achievement of American Independence, aided like everything else that tended to disruption by the folly of the British Parliament, the corruption of an aristocratic Government, and the interested bigotry of the hierarchy, brought the nationalist movement in Ireland to a head. The patriots took arms, formed themselves into a national militia, under the name of Volunteers, and by their menacing attitude extorted from England, depressed by defeat in the American war, the concession of legislative independence. For twenty years Ireland had a Parliament of her own, free to legislate at its will, and checked only in an indirect and clandestine way by Castle management, and the influence of Government in elections. The net upshot of the experiment was not the reign of glory and felicity seen by the enraptured eye of Grattan, but the rebellion of 1798.

The rebellion of 1798 began not among the peasantry of the Celtic and Catholic provinces, but among the rationalists and free-thinkers of the North, who sympathised with the French Revolution. The Catholic priesthood of Ireland were as far as possible from sympathising with the French Revolution, which, in their eyes, was atheist. The peasants were as little free-thinking as those of La Vendée, and there was not in them enough of political life to move them to a political revolution. But the political agitation in the North set the agrarian agitation in the rest of the island blazing. Then all the elements of discord and devilry, the hatred of race and the hatred of religion, as well as the sleepless hostility between rack-renter and rack-rented, burst forth, much as they had in 1641, and there followed about as hideous a reign of all that is worst in man, and one about as unredeemed either by great objects or great figures, as any in the annals of evil. The Orange gentry and yeomanry, including, no doubt, many a patriot Volunteer, went about over large districts, flogging, picketing, pitch-capping, and half-hanging the ever detested Catholic and Celt. It is useless for any heroic advocate of flogging and pitch-capping to attempt to shake the testimony of such witnesses as Sir Ralph Abercromby

and Lord Cornwallis about the conduct of these men. Nor did the savage peasantry fail when they rose to perpetrate the nameless atrocities of galley slaves who have broken their chains. All this took place, be it observed, not under the Union, but in an Ireland which was enjoying legislative independence; and though, thanks to a Liberal policy, the antagonisms which produced that sanguinary chaos have been mitigated, they are not yet extinct. If Hoche had succeeded in landing, as, but for the merest accidents of weather, he certainly would, Ireland might have tried for a few years the fraternity of French liberators; and that experience also might have been instructive.

This was the end of the independent nationality of Ireland. A Parliament of the two races which had been butchering and torturing each other with worse than savage fury, a Parliament of the half-hangers and the half-hanged, of the pitch-cappers and the pitch-capped, would have been such a political combination as the world had never known. A far less sagacious eye than that of Pitt would have seen the necessity of the Union. Pitt is commonly taken to have been a very strong man. A man of high bearing he was, and in a certain sense courageous, but it may be doubted whether he was very strong. Had he been, he would probably have carried out the Union as Cromwell did in a straightforward way, as a measure of plain necessity; he would not have descended to corruption in order to purchase the votes of a more than venal oligarchy, which, had it been handled with determination, would not have dared, isolated and hated as it was, to lift a finger against the Government. To corruption of the very vilest kind, prostituting honours as well as misapplying public money, Pitt did descend, and it is instructive to remember that not a few titles styled of nobility had their origin in a transaction worse than any ordinary swindling.*

* Of the character of Irish politicians before the Union, and of those with whom Pitt had to deal, an illustration is given by Mr. Massey, in his 'History of England,' from a confidential report made to Pitt by the Irish Government on the state of parties and interests in the Irish House of Commons.

H. H., son-in-law to Lord A., and brought into Parliament by him. Studies the law; wishes to be a Commissioner of barracks or in some similar place. Would go into orders and take a living.

H. D., brother to Lord C. Applied for office; but, as no specific promise could be made, has lately

Not only with corruption was the Union tainted but with breach of public faith. The fact is past dispute that Pitt held out to the Catholics hopes amounting morally to a promise of emancipation. He wished to redeem his pledge. Had he been allowed to do so then, in the accepted hour, and with the grace of unforced concession, from what a train of calamities might the Empire have been saved! George III. forbade, and Pitt lacked resolution to overrule the Royal will; in truth, the fatal flaw in his own constitutional title to the Premiership, into which he had been thrust by Royal intrigue, was enough to paralyse him in any conflict with the King. It was not the fault of poor old George III. that he, with an intellect scarcely equal to the lowest office, was called upon to fill the highest. But when we consider what the nation paid for his unfitness—when we put together the results of the war with the American Colonies, that with the French Republic, the postponement of justice to the Catholics of Ireland, and the obstruction for half a century of all reforms—we shall keenly realise the benefits of personal Government and feel duly grateful to those who have just been trying to revive it.

No moral validity can belong to a compact effected by such means as were employed to carry the Union. So much must be frankly conceded to those who demand its abrogation. The Union stands now, not on that tainted agreement, but on the proof, historical and political, of its necessity; on its eighty years of prescription; on its beneficial consequences to both countries; on the evils and dangers to both which would be entailed by its repeal. The Act of Union is an old parchment, which anybody is free to tear in pieces. The Union is a vital object, to be upheld and

voted in opposition. Easy to be had if thought expedient. A silent, gloomy man.

L. M., refuses to accept £500 per annum; states very high pretensions from his skill in House of Commons management; expects £1,000 per annum. N. B.—Be careful of him.

T. N., has been in the army and is now on half-pay, wishes a troop of dragoons on full pay. States his pretensions to be fifteen years' service in Parliament. N. B.—Would prefer office to military promotion; but already has and has long had a pension. Character, especially on the side of truth, not favourable.

R. P., independent but well disposed to Government. His four sisters have pensions, and his object is a living for his brother.

T. P., brother to Lord L., and brought in by him; a captain in the Navy, wishes for some sinecure employment.

defended to the uttermost by those who are sincerely convinced of its value.

The story has been traced down to the time of the Union. So far it is a dark story—about as dark a story as any in human annals. But let us once more remind ourselves that if Ireland had been left to herself, with her own turbulent chiefs and brawling clans; with her impulsive, excitable, and, when excited, fearfully savage people; with her economical disadvantages; with the perils of her geographical relation to a more powerful neighbour; amidst the fierce eddies of European politics and the religious wars of the Reformation; there might have been a story not less dark. To usurp an Irish privilege, Tara's Halls, which never existed, might have seen tragedies of their own. England, too, during those six centuries, had her tides of calamity. We cannot annul the past; nor is the present responsible for it. No living Englishman, no father or grandfather—we might also say no great-grandfather—of any living Englishman had anything more to do with the enactment of the penal laws, or with the imposition of restrictions on Irish trade, than any living Irishman or his father or grandfather had with the massacre of 1641 or the attempt of James II. on the life of liberty. England has stood long enough in sackcloth and ashes before every rhetorical avenger of bygone wrongs. I take my stand on the utmost verge of living responsibility, at the period when, the struggle with Napoleon being over, and the force of reaction being spent, the English people themselves began to recover their liberties and to exercise some control over their own affairs. I ask what, since that period, has been the behaviour of England to Ireland. Fifteen or twenty years ago I was the guest of Guizot at Val Richer, where, withdrawn in the evening of his stormy day from political strife to historical studies and to the domestic happiness of which there was no lovelier picture than the old statesman's home, he looked calmly forth upon a world in the turmoil of revolution. He was a good friend to England, but no Anglomaniac. The disputes about Tahiti and the Spanish marriages must have left their trace; and though a Protestant he was so much more a Conservative statesman than a sectarian as to be inclined to support the temporal power of the Pope. We

talked of Ireland, and M. Guizot said: 'The conduct of England to Ireland for the last thirty years has been admirable.' I reminded him that there was still one capital grievance to be redressed; that the State Church of the minority must go; with that reservation, I said that I, as an Englishman, could, with a clear conscience, accept the compliment. 'Yes,' he replied, 'the State Church of the minority must go, but otherwise, I repeat what I said; the conduct of England to Ireland for the last thirty years has been admirable.' On one side is the hyperbolic fury of the Irish orator, with that gift of foaming rhetoric which is one of the curses of his country, denouncing the unparalleled, the indescribable, the inconceivable tyranny of the Government which has just passed the Land Act; on the other side is the deliberate and emphatic judgment of the impartial statesman. I say that the facts of history are on the side of the statesman.

When, after its long depression, the popular party in this country raised its head what was the first measure which it carried? It was Catholic Emancipation, a reform which enured mainly to the benefit of Ireland. Ostensibly Catholic Emancipation was the work of Tories, but it was forced upon them by the Liberal movement, at the head of which, in his latter days, was Canning. This was before the reform of Parliament, before the electoral liberties of Englishmen had been restored to them, when Liberalism had just awakened and begun to make its influence felt. Of Parliamentary Reform, of Municipal Reform, all the substantial benefits were extended to Ireland; and to signalise the political equality which had been established, Irish votes in the House of Commons long kept in power a Government against which there was a majority in Great Britain. The Tithe Commutation Act was again pre-eminently an Irish Reform: in Ireland alone the cruel scandal of tithes collected with the bayonet had been seen. There are two great questions on which improvement in Ireland has greatly outstripped improvements in the other two kingdoms, religious equality and public education. Ecclesiastical privilege in Ireland has been abolished, while in England and Scotland it still exists. Long before England, at least, had given herself any-

thing like a system of public education, she had given one to Ireland, and was maintaining it, not out of local rates, but out of the national purse. If an Irish Catholic asserts that, in the matter of popular education, the Union has kept his country back, I would ask him to compare her state, in this respect, with that of Spain, Portugal, the South of Italy, or any other country which has been under the control of the Catholic clergy, and to tell us the result of the comparison. There are nations in Europe which, though by profession Catholic, are really free-thinking, and ruled by Governments emancipated from the influence of the priesthood: these I put out of the question; but I say that among communities really Catholic, and subject to priestly rule, there has not been one which in regard to political and religious liberty, or in regard to popular education, would bear comparison with Ireland. In effecting these reforms, the English people, represented by the Liberal party, has had to struggle against the obstructive force of Tory reaction, with which Irish spleen and impatience are now, not for the first time, in alliance. It has had also to struggle against the character and the conduct of the Irish representation in the House of Commons. For more than one session the Galway contract was enough to cast a spell over the Irish members, and prevent them from co-operating with British Liberals in any efforts to do justice to their country. Had Irishmen been Scotchmen, disestablishment would not have been put off till 1869.

Have Irishmen for the last half-century had any real ground for complaint on the score of national equality? Have not the civil, the military, the naval services been as open to them as to natives of the other kingdoms? Have they not found the way clear to high command and to high honour? Is not the Indian Civil Service full of Irishmen, while their kinsmen are yelling with joy over everything that threatens destruction to the Indian Empire? Is any social circle closed against Irish merit and distinction? Have any commercial restrictions been retained on Irish trade? Have not the markets of England, beyond comparison been the best in the world, long since been thrown perfectly open both to the Irish seller and the Irish buyer? There are Irishmen who

will tell you that it is British jealousy of Irish trade that keeps the rock at the entrance of Cork Harbour. In fiscal arrangements, has any wrong been wilfully done to Ireland? Has she not, on the contrary, been allowed to plead the past as a title to fiscal consideration in more than one case? Has she not her full proportion of representatives for her population? If there is anything still amiss in regard to her franchise, are not English Liberals perfectly willing to set it right? Home Rule is a separate question. Apart from that, where is the Irish grievance, political, ecclesiastical, social, or fiscal, which the English people have not redressed or shown themselves ready, nay, eager, to redress?

When Ireland was visited by famine, was there any backwardness in coming to her relief? Abuse was heaped on England by Irish animosity, of course, on that as on all occasions, but it was merited neither by parsimony nor by coldness. Not only was the public purse opened, but private associations were formed in England, and embassies of succour were sent. Mr. Sullivan, the Home Ruler, says in his 'New Ireland': 'Foremost in this blessed work were the Society of Friends, the English members of that body co-operating with the Central Committee in Dublin. Amongst the most active and fearless of their representatives was a young Yorkshire Quaker, whose name, I doubt not, is still warmly remembered by Connemara peasants. He drove from village to village, he walked bog and moor, rowed the lake and climbed the mountain, fought death, as it were, hand to hand in brave resolution to save the people. His correspondence from the scene of his labours would constitute in itself a graphic memorial of the Irish famine. That young Yorkshire Quaker of 1847 was destined, a quarter of a century later, to be known to the Empire as a Minister of the Crown—the Right Hon. W. E. Forster, M.P.' This is Buckshot Forster, who, for upholding law against plunder and conspiracy, receives daily threats of assassination, besides abuse which would be exaggerated if it were applied to Nero.

No Irishman, who has undertaken a good work in Ireland, has had reason to say that English hearts were of stone; nor has religion any more than race stood in the way. The Irish Catholic

Apostle of Temperance, Father Mathew, met with a support equally enthusiastic on both sides of St. George's Channel ; and in his last illness, as we are told by the writer just quoted, he found more solace and relief under the tender care and affectionate attentions of Protestant friends in Liverpool, Mr. and Mrs. Rathbone, than amidst the balmy breezes, the vineyards, and the orange groves of Madeira.

Then as to the Land Question. Irishmen speak as if English malice had imposed landlordism in Ireland. Are there no landlords in England ? In Ireland, before the days of landlords proper, were there not tyrannical and coshering chiefs, who with their tails of marauding followers preyed without limit upon the people ? I do not want to understate the evils which have arisen in both countries from the retention of primogeniture and entail. The case has been worse in Ireland than in England, because the feudal system was more alien and still more unsuited economically to that country than to this, and because, by the aggregation of landed property, and especially by the union of Irish with English estates in the hands of the great families, absenteeism has been engendered and increased. Absenteeism is a great evil. It is perfectly true that some of the best managed estates are those of absentees ; but good management does not make up for the want of a rural chief, least of all among a peasantry so personal in their feelings and attachments as the Irish. We ought to have got rid of primogeniture and entail ; this was the first and most obvious thing to be done, before entering on that most questionable and perilous kind of legislation which threatens the foundations of commercial society, by interfering retrospectively with contracts. It is almost laughable to see a feudal rule of succession existing by the side of agrarian legislation about as drastic as any since the time of the Gracchi. The responsibility for this does not rest on the English people ; it rests on territorial aristocracy, the yoke of which the Irish people, instead of helping the English people to break, are now doing their best to rivet on both nations. But what has the general course of land legislation been ? Has it not, if landlordism is an evil, been far more beneficial to Ireland than to England ? First, there was the Encumbered Estates Act, which reliev-

ed Ireland of a spendthrift and indebted proprietary, unable to do its duty to the people, and at the same time disentailed and threw into a free market a vast amount of land, the mass of which was bought by Irishmen. A cry was raised that the ledger principle was being introduced, instead of the personal and more kindly relation between landlord and tenant. No legislator can secure to any country the benefits of two opposite systems at once ; but Mr. Sullivan, while he does not deny the hardships sometimes incident to strictness, emphatically declares that the establishment of the stricter system has been socially, as well as economically, one of the most valuable of reforms. 'It is not conducive,' he says, 'to a manly independence that the occupier should be permanently behindhand with his rent, that is to say, beholden to the favour and sufferance of his lord. Much of the subjection and slavishness of peasant life in the old Ireland grew out of this habitual arrear, and one must honestly rejoice if it be changed in the new.' A few years ago came the Irish Land Act, setting aside the ledger principle and the ordinary principles of commerce, to give the Irish tenant a security of tenure and a property in his own improvements, which the English tenant does not yet possess. And now we have another Land Act, not only giving security of tenure and compensation for improvements, but cancelling existing contracts in every case where they are disadvantageous to the tenant. In America such a measure could not have been passed, because there is an article of the Constitution forbidding absolutely any legislation which would break a contract.

It is, in truth, not easy to defend the Second Land Bill on any grounds but those of the very roughest expediency, since any historical claims in the nature of status arising out of the history of the tenures had been settled by the former Land Act, which placed everything distinctly on the ground of contract, and under which capital had been largely invested in Irish land with the direct and explicit sanction of the State. Great risk has been run for the benefit of the Irish peasantry of letting in agrarianism and confiscation with a flood. Those who are not socialists could hardly have been reconciled to such a course had it not been for the failure of the Irish land-

owners as a class to perform the duties which the holders of every kind of property must perform, to render it capable of being protected by the State. With regard, then, to the relations between landlord and tenant in Ireland, the Imperial Legislature has gone as far as any legislature retaining a shadow of respect for property could go. There are some who would have it abolish land-ownership altogether, on the ground that the land was the gift of the Creator to humanity at large, which no man ought to be permitted to appropriate, a doctrine which would render it incumbent on the Irish farmer at once to share his farm with the labourer, to whom, at present, he is, at least, as much of a lord as the land owner is to him. But it is time to call attention to the fact that neither the relation between landlord and tenant, nor anything with which a legislature, even if it were composed of Land Leaguers, could deal, is the main root of the evil. The main root of the evil is the rapid multiplication of the people on a land of which a small portion only is fit for growing wheat, especially in the face of present competition, of which a large portion is hardly fit for growing grain of any kind, and the resources of which, in the shape of minerals and coal, whatever their extent (and as regards coal, I expect exaggerated estimates have by some been formed), have, at all events, not yet been developed. This it is that puts up the rents, because the people, multiplying beyond measure, bid against each other desperately for the land, and undertake to pay more than they can possibly make. The Irish peasants have rack-rented themselves. Kill off every landlord, in a few years the suffering will be worse than ever, because the rent is something to come and go on, and a landlord, if he is worth anything, acts as a sort of provident fund in bad times. If the Irish had been left to themselves, and there had been no outlet for them, the result would have been what has been already described. They would have perished like rabbits in a confined warren. Refuge has been found for more than two millions of them in England and her colonies, for three times that number, at least, in colonies originally founded by England. If, then, emigrants, who are always complaining that England has robbed them of their country, had been pent up in their country, what

would have been their fate? The study of Irish history must lead us to feel great respect for the Catholic clergy, who, through centuries of darkness and distress, were the guides, comforters, and teachers of their people, and have unquestionably been successful in upholding the family, and those laws of morality on which it rests. But the time has come when they must teach their flocks thrift and prudence. Far be it from me to advocate the unnatural restrictions placed on the growth of population in France, and perhaps elsewhere. To be fruitful, multiply, and people the earth is the law of nature and of moral health. But there is a mean between French repression and a hovel swarming with the children of a premature marriage, for whom there is no bread. Peasant proprietorship is a powerful incentive to prudence, if we could only feel sure that a grass country like Ireland is fitted for small farms. Parliaments, at all events, are powerless in the case; a Parliament on College Green would do no more than a Parliament at Westminster. The only possible effect of a repeal of the Union would be partly to close the English labour-market against Irish emigrants. The agrarian difficulties of Ireland would have had their counterpart in the Highlands, when population ceased to be kept down by clan wars, if the Highlands had not been depleted by emigration, and at the same time trained to thrive by Protestantism and its schools. They would have had their counterpart in Wales, if Wales had not been saved by the same agencies, and at the same time by her coal, copper, and iron works.

Roman Catholic countries have their characteristics. In things spiritual, it may be, they are foremost; in things economical they are not. Ireland is Roman Catholic. Irish Roman Catholicism, as has been said, is one of the accidents of history, but it is not the fault of the English Government.

Let Ireland go—that is what I have heard uttered or half-uttered in several quarters during the last six months! Is the voice that of a moral misgiving as to the righteousness of holding Ireland in the Union apparently against her will? If it is, I heartily respect it. Is it the voice of despondency or disgust? If it is, I do not respect it, at least I submit that it ought not to be heard. I am Anti-Imperialist to the core. I would

not let India go, because she would now be left to anarchy, but I wish she had never been ours. I would let all military dependencies go which are not really necessary for the protection of our trade. Rather than have everlasting enmity with Spain, I would consider at least whether Gibraltar might not be exchanged for Ceuta. On all adult colonies I would bestow nationality instead of keeping them in a state of dependency, which is enfeebling, debasing, and corrupting to them, while it brings to the mother country no real power, no commercial privilege, no benefit whatever. I am Anti-Imperialist, I repeat, to the core, and firmly convinced that political Unions not dictated by nature are condemned by true wisdom, and can be sources of nothing but discord, unhappiness, and weakness. To let Ireland go in peace, after what has happened, would be difficult. It is one thing never to have been married, another to be divorced. For some time at all events, the relation would be one not of mere independence, but of enmity. Still, if we do not feel sure that it is good for Ireland to be in the Union, and if she wants to be released, in Heaven's name let her go. I will drop the first condition, and say, even though you do feel sure that it is good for Ireland to be in the Union, if the deliberate wish of the whole or anything like the whole of her people is separation, separated let her be.

But first let us be well advised as to the fact. The disunionists say that their voice is the voice of the Irish people. That it is not the voice of the whole Irish people is certain. Ulster is for the Union; and though the nationalists choose to leave her out of sight, they would find when they came to deal with her that she counted for a good deal. Even in the three Celtic and Catholic provinces there is a Unionist element, strong when reckoned by weight, though not when reckoned by tale, stronger perhaps even when reckoned by tale at a period of social terrorism, of which the Irish are sadly susceptible, than may appear. There is, it may safely be said, a far larger Union party in Ireland than there was in the Southern States when the Americans took arms to put down secession. Great Britain owes a duty to the Irish Unionists, and if separation took place, and they were oppressed by the majority in Ireland, she would

have to intervene, with arms if necessary, for their protection.

The political movement wears just now an appearance of strength, because it has connected itself with the agrarian movement. The agrarian movement, appealing not merely to the sentiments or passions of the peasantry, but to their pockets and their bellies, has always been really strong. It has always been going on with more or less violence, taking the form of a low, smouldering civil war between classes waged on the part of the peasantry by means of secret societies, and marked by outrage not only of the fiercest and most bloody, but of the most hideous and fiendish kind—of the kind that ranks the perpetrators with the Red Indian. It has continued to rage, notwithstanding all the measures of improvement, political or religious, the authors of which have been disappointed by the results, because they did not see that the central evil had not been touched. It has generated among the peasantry a perverse morality, which not only condones but applauds agrarian crime, and baffles justice by silencing witnesses and making the juryman an accomplice. Its intensity is also proved by the mutual fidelity which it produces among the conspirators, whereas of the political Fenians it has been said that where three of them meet there is a spy. Nothing in the annals of class war exceeds the history of the agrarian war in Ireland. It has been the parent of a black heroism and a lurid romance. Among the papers of Sir Robert Peel, about the date when he was wavering on the Catholic question, I found a story of agrarian murder which may well have impressed his mind. Whiteboys came to the house of a middleman or a tithe proctor at night. The man was in a room on the ground floor. In a room above were his wife and their little girl. The woman heard the Whiteboys enter, and said to the little girl, 'Child, these men have come to kill your father, and when they have killed him, they will come up here and kill me. I will put you in that closet where there is a hole in the door, through which you can look, and I will stir up the fire that there may be light for you to see. Keep quiet, do not say a word, but look well at the men and swear to them when you see them in court.' The Whiteboys having killed the man came

up and killed the woman ; the little girl looked on in silence through the hole in the closet door, swore to the murderers in court, and they were hanged upon her evidence.

The agrarian movement, I repeat, is, and always has been, strong. Would that we were certainly at the end of it yet, that there was no likelihood of another struggle for whatever may remain of the rent, which, as the proprietor will be more than ever a stranger, will, I fear, be regarded by the farmers more than ever as a tax paid to aliens. But the political movement since Catholic Emancipation, at all events, has not been strong, and has always, at bottom, been losing force, as the political grievances were successively removed, though its apparent activity and its liveliness have been increased by the spread of popular education, by the development of the popular press, by the revolutionary agitation in Europe, and by the other circumstances, including telegraphic communication, which have stimulated excitement, kindled demagogic ambition, and rendered the atmosphere more electric in the political world at large. O'Connell, triumphant on the question of Catholic Emancipation, failed ignominiously when he took up Repeal. The rising under Smith O'Brien in 1848 ended farcically, though all the spirits of revolution were abroad. That in 1867 ended more farcically still. Some of the leaders on those occasions, such as D'Arcy McGee and Gavan Duffy, afterwards became loyal citizens of the empire. In the political part of the present agitation there is not an ounce of military force. Nothing can make it formidable but our own party divisions, which cut the sinews of Government, and the hybrid character of our institutions, which in conflict with a public peril put forth neither the force of a real monarchy nor the force of a republic. One hour of the Commonwealth would bring this conflict to an end. Great causes produce great men ; the only approach to a great man ever produced by the political movement in Ireland is O'Connell, in whom, after all, there was a sinister element of falsehood. The men of 1848, though they had among them talent as well as genuine enthusiasm, were by no means great in themselves. Yet they were great in comparison with their successors. Dynamite, vitriol, infernal machines, together with

slandrous and almost delirious abuse poured upon the whole English people, as well as upon ministers and members of Parliament, who have just been devoting their whole energies to the good of Ireland, are not signs of strength but of irritated weakness. Instead of extorting concession they ought to confirm the community in its determination not to yield. Let us give ear to any demand, however unwelcome, which is urged in the accents of reason ; but not to malignity in a state of frenzy. Malignity in a state of frenzy knows no more what is for its own good than it knows what is for ours. The political movement in fact would probably have died, had it not been for the rise of Fenianism in the United States. It is from the United States, not from Ireland herself, that almost the whole of the money for rebellion is drawn. We cannot help admiring the love with which the heart of the Irish emigrant glows for his mother country ; unselfish sentiment does honour to a race even though it may be misguided. But observation and inquiry have satisfied me that the Irish character in America, as well as at home, while strong in affection is weak in independence, and that many of these people subscribe to Fenianism under pressure, and, if they were left to themselves, would be glad to keep their hard earned money in their pockets. They pay under threat of social Boycotting. That among the leaders there are sincere enthusiasts need not be denied, but there are also men who live by the trade, and who get up sensations to keep the money flowing. I have little doubt that much of the dynamite and infernal machine diablerie is devised with this object. Twice the American Fenians have invaded Canada. The first time they came with some old soldiers of the Civil War, and gained a slight advantage in a skirmish with a raw volunteer regiment, but on the approach of regulars they at once recrossed the line. The second time they came with a lot of loafers, whom they had hired at a dollar a day, and retired in a great hurry before the Canadian Militia could get near them. Both enterprises were crazy in their conception, and the second at all events was comic in its result. Some of the money is subscribed by low American politicians, buying the Irish vote, to whose electoral exigencies we are hardly bound to sacrifice our Union. From this quar-

ter probably come the largest nominal subscriptions, though I am credibly assured that they are not always more than nominal. Among the native Americans generally, I say with confidence, that there is not the slightest sympathy with Fenianism. From them, Mr. Parnell, when he visited the States, called forth no response. Secession has greatly modified the traditional sentiment of the Americans on the subject of rebellion, and taught them to confine their sympathy to insurrections which are justified by hopeless wrong. They know that so far from being an obdurate tyrant the Parliament of Great Britain is doing all in its power for Ireland. Nor do they owe any political gratitude to the Irish, who, while their labour has been inestimable and indispensable, have in politics been always by their unlucky star ranged on the wrong side, have formed the rank and file of corruption, and worst of all, the main support of Slavery. Citizens of New York have not yet forgotten the Irish rising in the midst of the Civil War, and the savage atrocities which were then committed on hapless negroes in their streets, any more than the Irish have forgotten the stern severity with which when the community had gathered its forces the insurrection was put down. The people of the United States allow the Fenians to talk; they allow everybody to talk; perfect freedom of meeting and of speech is their settled principle; they will not adopt at the instance of a foreign Government repressive measures which they never adopt for themselves. But depend upon it, if Fenianism attempts to break the law of the Republic, the law will be enforced with a firm hand and with the cordial approbation of the people. If you ever see anything quoted from New York journals which seems to contradict what I have said, remember that New York journals have Irish subscribers, and that discretion, sometimes the better part of valour in war, may also be sometimes the better part of independence in the press.

Who does not now rejoice that we have kept peace and amity with America? Who wishes now that the councils of Toryism and the Southern Club had prevailed? What would be our position with Ireland in a flame, if the Americans, instead of being, as they are, full of kind feeling towards the old country, were burning with unappeased

resentment, eager to pour money into Fenian coffers, and ready to connive at Fenian enterprises? I understand why a Tory wishes to estrange us from the Republic, though he is much mistaken if he thinks that American Republicans are propagandists, and shrinks from close relations with them on that account: they are, I should say, if anything, too little propagandist, and too well content that they should have what they deem the paragon of Constitutions to themselves. But how can there be a difference of opinion among Liberals as to the relations which ought to exist between the Old England and the New? Is not the foundation of the New England the grandest of all the achievements of the Old? Are not our American kinsmen propagating over that Continent, to the honour and glory of their mother country, not her race and language only, but her political character, her leading institutions, her modes of thought? The last evil memories of the old quarrel between the two branches of our race are now in the grave of the past; their knell was the sound of the cannon saluting the British flag at Yorktown. The two Englands are in heart one again, and they are being daily drawn closer to each other by commerce, by literature, by social intercourse, by all the agencies which are rapidly bridging over the Atlantic. I was in the United States in the midst of the late civil war, and incensed as the people were and had good cause for being, by the depredations of the *Alabama*, and still more by the language of British journals, I could even then see love of the old country at the bottom of their hearts. They felt unkindness from her, as they would have felt it from no other nation. With other countries you may have diplomatic connections, more or less cordial, more or less stable, which, formed by interest, will by the first divergence of interests be dissolved. With the Americans you can have friendship, and, trust me, hearty friendship, friendship which will prove its value, not only in your prosperous hour, but at your need. They are said to be ruled by the dollar. Commerce is the game of life, which they play with eagerness, often with more eagerness than they ought; but, unless I greatly misread them, no people on earth are more governed by sentiment than they are. If their sentiment in-

cludes national pride, so does ours, and interference with them on their own Continent—the Continent of which they are and must be the tutelary power—offends them, as similar interference by them in our proper sphere of action would offend us. They have no business to be meddling here, and Great Britain has no business to be meddling there. Her political meddlings with America from first to last are a record of disaster. Seize then the advantage offered in a propitious hour. Grasp frankly and firmly the hand of the English Republic, the child and the representative of your own glorious though shortlived Commonwealth. Instead of viewing her high fortunes with a jealous eye, and weakly trying to mar them, accept them, accept her power and her greatness as your own. Do this decisively and do it now. Halt not between two policies, one of friendship, the other of antagonism, missing the fruits of both. Abandon the vain project of building up on the American Continent an anti-American Empire. Nature has put her ban upon it; it will surely prove abortive; it will bring knightships and perhaps gain to a few colonial politicians; to the British people both here and in North America it will bring nothing but evil. Once for all have done with it, and with all the waste that it entails. Take in place of it a real and lasting accession of strength, a support which will not fail. In this world of rivalry, intrigue, treachery among nations and Governments, secure to England, as now you may, one hearty and true ally.

In saying that the political movement is weak, I do not mean to deny that there is widespread disaffection in Ireland, or to say that the disaffection is not dangerous; it undoubtedly adds venom to the agrarian agitation. It has produced a national literature of Fenianism, in which all the heroes of history, oratory, and poetry are rebels, and which forms one of the worst features of the situation. Had royalty in times past done its gracious duty by spending part of the year in Ireland, the state of feeling among the people would have been far less bad. This is an uncourtly remark, but it is true; its truth has been affirmed by every Irish friend of the Union without exception to whom I have spoken on the subject, and most emphatically by those who understood

Ireland best. The political attachments of the Irishman are still personal: he has not yet been trained either in his own country or in the United States to the love of principles and institutions: his instincts are still those of the clansman whose heart craves for a chief. Royalty might have been his chief: but thrice only, and for a very short time on each occasion, have the Irish people seen their Sovereign since the Battle of the Boyne. Queen Victoria has been in Ireland three times. The void left in Irish sentiment has been filled, as it was sure to be, by other idols. Yet when Royalty did come it was received with an enthusiasm which ought to have made the path of duty pleasant; and certainly the Phoenix Park is not the most repulsive place of exile. Excuses may be framed for the neglect of Ireland by British sovereigns, but there is a strong feeling among the people of England that the duties of the highest place, like the duties of other places, ought to be done. Of course nobody advises Royalty now to visit Ireland—the motive would be apparent: it is too late. We must be thankful for the good that has been done by the displays of Royal courtesy and sympathy in the case of the United States.

It has unhappily been necessary to employ what is called coercion. All Liberals deplore it; but the name is misplaced. Coercion, in reality, it is not; it is the removal of coercion; it is the removal of the coercion exercised by a terrorist organisation, inflicting at its lawless will penalties compared with which a short imprisonment is trifling, for the purpose of preventing debtors from paying just debts, which they were able to pay, and the whole people from availing themselves of the boon which was proffered them by Parliament, and of which they did, by tens of thousands, eagerly avail themselves as soon as the obstruction was removed. To get justice done to the Irish people on the land question was not the object of the leaders; their object was to prevent justice from being done; they wanted to keep agrarian discontent alive, in order that it might furnish fuel to the fire of political revolution. They were seeking what could be attained only through civil war; they were acting in open alliance with the avowed enemies of the country in America; and from those enemies, I repeat, not from Ireland itself, their

fund was mainly derived. If ever the community was warranted in taking measures of self-defence, it was warranted in this case. After all, nothing has been done beyond the temporary withdrawal of the leading conspirators from the scene, if indeed they can be said to have been withdrawn from the scene, while they are left, as unfortunately they are, in the heart of the agitation, instead of being taken out of the island. This was no very extreme or atrocious measure when society was openly threatened with civil war. It is needless to say that the Government has done nothing unconstitutional; it has used the powers which it was constitutionally authorised and enjoined by Parliament to use in the emergency which Parliament undoubtedly had in view. So long as the executive simply obeys the Legislature, its action is in accordance with the Constitution. The arrests are called a scandal to Liberalism; a grief and a deep grief to Liberalism they are, a scandal they are not. A Government is not bound to allow itself to be overturned because it is founded on freedom and justice. The Americans did not think that the popular character of their institutions was any reason why they should shrink from upholding them against rebellion. There is, and probably will, for some time to come, be work for robust Liberalism in this unsettled world. The policeman cannot yet throw down his truncheon. If people will not of themselves respect the laws which the community makes, they must be compelled to respect them. The use of force will involve no breach of principle so long as the sole object is to make citizens obey the law, and so long as discussion of the law, with a view to its constitutional amendment, remains free. The second of these conditions, as well as the first, has been observed in the present case. There has been no interference with freedom of discussion, or even with constitutional agitation. Nothing has been put down except incitements to breaches of the law, to violence, and to rebellion. The Act of Union is like any other Act of Parliament; it must stand upon its merits, and if it is proved to be pernicious, it must fall. People ought to be and are at liberty to argue or agitate peacefully in favour of its repeal or alteration; but they are not, nor while civil Government exists will they be, at liberty to

levy civil war. An attempt to levy civil war may be justifiable and meritorious in case of misgovernment, for which there is no other remedy; but those who make the attempt must be prepared for resistance on the part of the Government and those who think that the Government is worthy of being upheld. If the Ministry and the friends of the Union were capable of the fiendish Machiavellism with which they are charged by Irish passion, instead of doing all in their power to prevent an outbreak, they would allow it to take place; for nothing can be more certain than that an appearance of the League in the field, such as would warrant the Government in using troops against it, would immediately be followed by its final overthrow. At one moment it seemed as if suspension of trial by jury would be necessary in agrarian cases. If it ever is necessary, there will be no breach of principle in resorting to it, provided that a fair tribunal, such as a commission of Assize composed of men of character and station with a judge as president, not martial law, is instituted in its place. The object of trial by jury is to protect life and property; if it ceases to do this, its usefulness and its sacredness for the time are gone. It is in fact already suspended when conviction becomes impossible, and when robbery and murder stalk with impunity through the land.

Fenianism, on the present occasion, besides terrorism and Boycotting, and agrarian murder, and maiming of cattle, and infernal machines, and carding, has found another and, it must be owned, powerful engine of annoyance, Parliamentary Obstruction. That, too, will have to be put down, and put down with a firm hand, whatever alteration of forms or abridgment of liberty of speech the process may involve. This is not the cause of Great Britain alone. Obstruction threatens the integrity, nay, the existence of Parliamentary institutions, in all countries. How is the machine to act anywhere if a small minority like the Parnellites are always to have the power of stopping the wheels? The privilege of speech is given for the furtherance of deliberation; it is forfeited by those who abuse it, and avow their intention of abusing it, for the hindrance of deliberation. It is better, no doubt, always to strike the guilty than to curtail general liberties; but few will de-

plore a certain reduction of that redundancy of speech which is swamping the national councils. Some would be glad if the minute-glass could be added to the Clôture. There seems reason to fear that in the impending conflict Revolution, using obstruction as its engine, may receive the covert aid of Reaction. The Party system is on its trial. If faction prevails, so far as to make the professed upholders of order, at a moment of great public peril, league themselves with disunion against union, with rebellion against national government, with the subverters against the defenders of the dignity and life of the House of Commons, the death-warrant of the system is signed. The Conservatives have, during the last thirty years, been undergoing a training which was not likely to increase their loyalty to Parliamentary institutions, but the training has not been shared by the English people. An attempt of the Tory party to weaken and embarrass Government on this occasion would be more than unpatriotic, when we consider that the Tory party is that of the landlords, and when we also consider what a desperate client Irish landlordism is, and how it has deserted its own cause. Prompt and united action on the part of the landlords at the outset might, as the best judges say, have dissipated the storm. But they threw themselves helplessly on the Government. They seemed to think only of their hunting, like the doomed King of France on the eve of the Revolution.

No Irishman who listens to his reason, and not to his resentment, can doubt that the same hands which have given Disestablishment and the Land Act are ready to give any feasible and rational measure of Home Rule. Those who hold, as I do, that central institutions ought to be based on local institutions, and that a large measure of legislative power on local questions ought to be given to local councils, subject always to the supreme authority of the great council of the nation, would be ready to go considerable lengths in that direction. No doubt there are many Irish matters, as well as many Scotch matters, which might well be dealt with in the country to which they belong. There is no use in dragging everything to Westminster. I would go so far as to place public education among local questions, ridding the central parliament thereby of the religious difficulties which that subject in-

volves. If Munster and Connaught did not decide right at first, perhaps they would in the end, and they would then be satisfied with the decision. But legislative union on national questions must be preserved. Of all the plans proposed, the worst is that of two independent legislatures under the same crown. Under the constitutional system the legislature is the government; two legislatures would be two governments, which might, and in the temper in which they would set out almost certainly would, take different courses on all subjects, including peace and war. The crown, instead of a golden link, as some of the Home Rulers have called it, would be a dog collar, coupling two unwilling partners, and it would give way under the first serious strain. Taxation, as well as supreme legislation, for any but strictly local objects, must be left in the national parliament because everything follows the power of the purse.

What would Ireland, separated from England and Scotland, be? Who can give anything like a definite answer to that question? No Home Ruler whose writings or speeches I have ever seen. We can understand a patriot being willing to encounter the evils of civil war and revolution, if he deems the government intolerable, and if he also sees his way to something better beyond. But who can wish to rush through civil war to chaos? What would be the form of government? What object on the morrow of the revolution could the victors present to the allegiance of the Irish people? No such thing as a national government of Ireland ever existed. Before the Norman invasion, there was perhaps a tendency to unification, but there was nothing more. There is no royal house, there is no name dear to the hearts of the people. The Fenians perhaps aim at an Irish Republic, but the mass of the peasantry in the three Celtic and Catholic provinces is unripe for Republican institutions, and would probably feel no attachment to them. A series of ephemeral dictators, pulled down in rapid succession by the jealousy of rivals, would most likely be the outcome of that experiment. But the Fenians as revolutionists and free-thinkers would find themselves opposed at the outset by the priesthood and all whom the priesthood leads. Both sections would have an antagonist in Pro-

testant Ulster, who has more than once shown herself, with her Scottish force, physical and moral, able to cope with the rest of the island. If Ulster were hard pressed in the struggle, she would stretch her hands to Scotland and England for aid, which would as certainly be given. Irish disunionists hardly realize the fact that, after the separation, England would have both legally and practically all the freedom of action pertaining to a foreign power. Fear of the Irish vote would fetter her leaders no more. She would be at liberty if she was provoked to close or restrict her markets for Irish products and for Irish labour. She would be at liberty to set limits to Irish immigration, and thus to relieve herself of the political danger to which she is in increasing measure exposed from the formation of great Irish settlements in this country. She would be at liberty to press any demands she pleased, and, if they were rejected, to enforce them with her arms. In truth, of the inducements to separation not the least are upon her side. There are some who say, half in earnest, let Ireland go, leave her to her own anarchic force, let her try what independence is, let her pass through a few years of embroilment and confusion: she will then be glad to return to the Union, and satisfied to remain quietly in it for the future. The policy would be cruel, but it is not certain that it would be unwise.

Ireland has a distinct boundary, but she can hardly be said to have any other element of a separate nationality. English is already the language of almost all, and will soon be that of all, her people. In race, religion, political character, there is as little unity as there can well be among any population shut in by the same seas. In respect of language, at any rate, Wales is more a country by itself than Ireland, and the Welsh Princes belong to a less remote period of history than the Irish Kings. The very leader of the Nationalists on this occasion is English in name and blood.

Be not weary of well-doing. Remember, in half a century of popular government, how much has been effected, what a mountain of abuses, restrictions, monopolies, wrongs, and absurdities has been cleared away. In face of what difficulties has this been achieved! what prophecies of ruin have all along been uttered by reaction or timidity, and

how one after another have those prophecies been belied! In the case of England and Scotland, the fruits of a Liberal policy are visible in a wealthier, a happier, a better, a more united, and a more loyal people. In the case of Ireland they are not yet so clearly visible; yet they are there. The Ireland of 1882, though not what we should wish her to be, is a very different Ireland from that of the last century or of the first quarter of the present. Catholic exclusion, the penal code, the State Church of the minority are gone; in their place reign elective government, religious liberty, equality before the law. A system of public education, founded on perfect toleration of all creeds, and inferior perhaps to none in excellence, has been established. The Land Law has been reformed and again reformed on principles of exceptional liberality to the tenant. Wealth has increased, notwithstanding all the hindrances put in the way of its growth by turbulence; the deposits both in the savings' banks and in the ordinary banks bear witness to the fact. Pauperism has greatly declined. Outrage, on the average, has declined also, though we happen just now to be in a crisis of it. Under the happy influence of equal justice, religious rancour has notably abated; the change has been most remarkable in this respect since I first saw Ireland. Influential classes, which injustice in former days put on the side of revolution, are now at heart ranged on the side of order and the Union, though social terrorism may prevent them from giving it their open support. The garrison of Ascendency, political, ecclesiastical, and territorial, has step by step been disbanded; an operation fraught with danger, because those who are deprived of privilege are always prone in their wrath to swell the ranks of disaffection, which yet has been accomplished with success. If the results of political, religious, and educational reform seem disappointing, it is, as I have said before, because the main question is not the franchise, or the Church, or the public school, but the land. With that question a Liberal Parliament and a Liberal Government are now struggling; while its inherent difficulties are increased by Tory reaction on the one side and by Fenian revolution on the other. Of all the tasks imposed by the accumulated errors and wrongs of ages,

this was the most arduous and the most perilous. Yet hope begins to dawn upon the effort. Only let the nation stand firmly against Tory and Fenian alike, and against both united, if they mean to conspire, in support of the leaders whom it has chosen, and to whose hands it has committed this momentous work. If separation even now were to take place, what has been done would not have been done in vain. Ireland would go forth an honour to England, not a scandal and a reproach, as she would have been if their connection had been severed sixty years ago. If any one doubts it, I challenge him once more to compare the state of Ireland with that of any other Roman Catholic country in the world. But of separation let there be no thought; none at least till Parliament has done its utmost with the Land Question and failed. Let us hope, as it is reasonable to hope, that where so much has been accomplished, the last and crowning enterprise will not miscarry. Settle the Land Question, and that which alone lends strength to political discontent, to conspiracy, to disunion, will be gone. Passion will not

subside in an hour, but it will subside, and good feeling will take its place. The day may come when there will be no more talk of England and Scotland governing Ireland well or ill, because Ireland, in partnership with England and Scotland, will be governing herself, and contributing her share to the common greatness and the common progress; when the Union will be ratified not only by necessity, but by free conviction and good will; when the march of wealth and prosperity will no more be arrested by discord, but the resources of the Island will be developed in peace, and the villas of opulence perhaps will stud the lovely shores, where now the assassin prowls and property cannot sleep secure; when the long series of Liberal triumphs will be crowned by the sight of an Ireland no longer distracted, disaffected, and reproachful, no longer brooding over the wrongs and sufferings of the past, but resting peacefully, happily, and in unforced union at her consort's side. The life of a nation is long, and though by us this consummation may not be witnessed, it may be witnessed by our children.

LOTUS.

WHEREFORE awake so long,
Wide-eyed, laden with care?
Not all battle is life,
But a little respite and peace
May fold us round as a fleece
Soft-woven for all men's wear.
Sleep then, mindless of strife;
Slumber, dreamless of wrong;—
Hearken my slumber song,
Falling asleep.

Drowsily all noon long
The warm wind rustles the grass
Hushedly, lulling thy brain,
Burthened with murmur of bees,
And numberless whispers, and ease;
Dream-clouds gather and pass,
Of painless remembrance of pain;
Havened from rumour of wrong,
Dreams are thy slumber-song,
Fallen asleep.

ROUND THE TABLE.

REVERENCE.

IS the faculty of Reverence dying out altogether? and if not, what *will* the next few generations reverence? I start with the postulate that, unless the man of the future is to be an egotistical prig, he will always see something beyond his powers of attainment for which he will be filled with veneration and which he will, in the true spirit of the word, worship. What will that be? Now I imagine it must be conceded that the customary forms of reverence are very generally falling into disuse, and that already the inhabitants of the North American Continent may claim to be about the most irreverent people that ever lived on the face of the earth. I do not merely, or even briefly, allude to Chicago newspapers, with their theological and biblical *facétie*, headed 'Sunday Salad,'—nor to the chaste views of a Guiteau on the (apparently to him) kindred subjects of inspiration and insanity,—neither will I lay stress on the buffooneries of an Ingersoll,—all of which are merely casually-prominent instances of the underlying faculty for profanity which displays itself in almost every grade of American Society.

But I do wish to point out the essentially similar spirit in which the (*soi disant*) religious classes treat all holy topics. '*Rien n'est sacré pour un*—revivalist.' To omit hackneyed instances drawn from the jocular moods of Talmage or the flowery moments of a Beecher's eloquence, I remember a religious itinerant lecturer (lying at the time under a charge of immoral conduct) telegraphing to a meeting which he was to address, that they should fill up the time until his accidentally-delayed arrival by singing 'Hold the Fort, for I am coming!' It was probably reserved for those in outer darkness (such as myself) to detect any blasphemous tendency in that *Ego*. Again, I have heard Methodist delegates relate the most excruciatingly funny anecdotes, turning on incidents in pulpit or Sunday school and on the deepest mysteries of the Christian

faith; some, indeed, so comic that I have regretted ever since not being a class-leader so that I could add to my reputation for humour by relating them to my friends. But what shall we say to the following item, copied from the *New York Times*?—premising that Mr. Pentecost appears to be a highly popular trainer of Sunday-school teachers. He relates that he 'once met a lady with a clouded brow and anxious look. He asked her what was the trouble... "Six different cooks in five days, Mr. Pentecost!" "Why do you not go to Jesus with your troubles?" he asked... The next time they met she told him she had followed his advice and that almost immediately just the person she wanted had come to her for employment—*the best cook she had ever had.*'

What is this but to turn the Deity into a high-class Registry office for servants? Could a more degraded notion of the function of prayer be conceived by a pagan, requesting his block-god to appease the cravings of an insatiable belly? Could not Mr. Pentecost have hinted that the lady's prayers might have been directed towards obtaining a command over her appetites or the temper which (not improbably) had *something* to do with the exodus of the six infuriated cooks? What sort of defenders of Christian reverence against the attacks of Agnostics and Infidels, can be expected from such training as this?

I have left myself no room to answer the question I put at the commencement of this note. But I may briefly indicate my opinion that it is from the side of scientific research that we can alone await any revival of the true reverential spirit. Our veneration will be rekindled as, one by one, the secrets of Nature unfold themselves;—as we grasp truth after truth, the Eternal Procession of Law, of which these ever-widening circles of discovery form so infinitesimal a portion, will grow upon our imaginations with a dominating power, and our respect and reverence will at once attach themselves to the Central Thought which inspires the universe and to these lum-

inous minds that unravel its mysteries for our comprehension.

F. R.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

With permission, and in all due courtesy, I hope, to the writer of the scholarly and highly interesting article in the last number of this magazine, I will make a few and slight remarks on the play.

First, of the character of Juliet, the central point of the piece. Shakespeare's rule is 'to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image,' that is the object of scorn, evil of any kind. We are told that 'for the fates of the two lovers we have poetic justification in the deception practised by the one, and in the imprudent haste of the other.' The deception is of course Juliet's, and towards her father and mother; deception in her clandestine marriage; in her admitting by stealth into her father's house his hereditary enemy with hands red with the blood of her father's cherished kinsman; in her flying to Friar Laurence for counsel under pretence of shrift; in her profession, on her return, that she 'repents the sin of disobedient opposition and beseeches pardon,' with the potion in her pocket; and in the supreme deception of all, the taking on herself all the appearances of death. The 'imprudent haste' must be meant for Romeo's. But the haste is not his but Juliet's. It is she and not he who proposes immediate marriage, and says, 'tis twenty years till then.' The whole blame then lies with Juliet, deception and haste both. So that her fate was doubly deserved. With submission, Juliet was no child. Lady Capulet tells us that 'younger ladies of esteem are made already mothers' and that she herself was Juliet's mother, at Juliet's age. She is, in fact, a full blown, passionate, resolute woman, from the first; she shows not a trace of childishness. The play is said truly to be 'steeped in passion;' Juliet is 'thrilled through and through with passion,' sensual passion, past doubt. That Mrs. Jameson should call Juliet's soliloquy a 'Hymn to Night' calls up wonderment not unmixed with merriment. It is an invocation to Night for the opportunities which darkness offers. I should only have to reproduce it here, in full, but

upon that I cannot venture. Read the four lines of Brooke at the end of the article. We are asked, 'what more can be required?' What more indeed? Later in the play, Juliet's character takes on new qualities. She exhibits wonderful intrepidity in swallowing the draught, beset, as she is, with horrible visions. For a young girl—woman all the same—it is a frightful ordeal. Her suicide is heroic, if heroism it is. It is truly tragic, and proves the physical courage which such an act demands. And this, at least, is purified from all passionate dross: there can be no passion towards the dead. Nor could there be greater fidelity, of its kind, to the memory of her love. Shakespeare, I think, can hardly be acquitted of a strange inconsistency in making Juliet speak of a 'maiden blush bepainting her cheek' of being 'too quickly won,' and of 'this bud of love' which 'by summer's ripening breath, may prove a beautiful flower when next we meet,' and in almost the same moment urging, yes, urging—an instant marriage. There is also inconsistency in Mercutio's character. He has two very diverse styles of speaking, one which gives birth to the fine Queen Mab speech, and to what follows, which is even grave; the other, which revels in the antic and fantastic manner by which he is not known, appearing only towards the close of his stage-career.

Nothing could well be finer than the speech with which Friar Laurence introduces himself; it is *sui generis*. He is sonorous throughout, and of an imposing presence, and the Prince 'has still known him for a holy man,' but, he is, in fact, a mischievous and fatal schemer. He should surely have been unfrocked for performing such a marriage, and he is wholly answerable for its shocking results and for the catastrophe. No such highly critical and desperate stratagem as that of the potion was necessary. Forty-five hours, or thereabouts, were to pass between Juliet's interview with him, and the time fixed for the marriage with Paris. Romeo, summoned in all haste, could have been in Verona in six hours; from Mantua where he was, the distance is only twenty five miles. The friar himself speaks of his intention to conceal Juliet in his cell. Why not do so at once? Or she could have returned home and allaying all suspicion (as in-

deed she did by false pretences) could have escaped with Romeo under cover of night. But we were to have the seeming death, the vault, the dagger and the bowl, and we have got them. Alas, for the Juliets who rely upon the Friar Laurences!

There is also a confusion of days and hours. Juliet was to drink the potion on Wednesday night, but the marriage is hastened by Capulet's impetuosity, and she does, in reality, take the draught on Tuesday night. This would throw the whole of the friar's machinery out of gear, and Juliet would wake twenty-

four hours before he would come to the vault, as he tells us himself 'at the prefixed hour.'

What wonder if we are dazzled by the exquisite beauties which Shakespeare flashes in our eyes? What wonder if we are blind to what is naked enough to the eye which probes beneath the surface? What is the conventional, traditional, stage Juliet, and what is the real one? What is filial piety? Pshaw! Was she not the 'true and faithful Juliet,' to whom 'a statue of pure gold' should be raised?

D. F.

A FRAGMENT.

BY 'SERANUS,' OTTAWA.

A YELLOW moon shines
 On the inturned breast of Nuphar,
 She the golden river-lily;
 On the wedding-ring of the bride
 Glowing with love, adoring in happy pride;
 On the hair above the brows of innocent childhood;
 On the rustling corn far away in a meadow;
 On the gleaming coin which fell in the shadow;
 On the cloth of gold of a king;
 On the tender midnight blossoming
 Of briar-bud and rose.

A wan white moon shines
 On a lily they took from the river
 Larger and whiter than all the rest,
 Trampled and soiled is its delicate breast;
 On the satin and snowy robe
 She will wear on the morrow,
 Who will loathe to be called a wife,
 What sorrow is like to her sorrow?
 On the stiffening, straggling gray-white locks
 Of the old man murdered;
 On the pale ones who long for bread;
 On the silver snake round the arm of a woman
 Who longs in her soul to be dead;
 On the shroud of a young new mother and babe;
 On the shedding of blossoms and tears
 O'er the mound and the marble.

YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

Go forth to the battle of life my boy—

Go while it is called to-day ;
For the years go out and the years come in,
Regardless of those who may lose or win,
Of those who may work or play.

And the troops march steadily on, my boy,
To the army gone before ;
You may hear the sound of their falling
feet
Going down to the river where two worlds
meet :
They go to return no more.

There's a place for you in the ranks, my boy
And duty, too, assigned ;
Step into the front with a cheerful face ;
Be quick or another may take your place,
And you may be left behind.

There's a work to be done by the way, my
boy,
That you never can tread again ;
Work for the loftiest, lowliest men ;
Work for the plough, plane, spindle and
pen ;
Work for the hands and the brain.

Temptations will wait by the way, my boy,
Temptations without and within ;
And spirits of evil with robes as fair
As those which the angels in heaven might
wear,
Will lure you to deadly sin.

Then put on the armour of God, my boy,
In the beautiful days of youth ;
Put on the helmet, and breastplate, and
shield,
And the sword that the feeblest arm may
wield,
In the cause of right and truth.

And go to the battle of life, my boy,
With the peace of the gospel shod ;
And before high heaven do the best you
can
For the reward and the good of man,
For the kingdom and crown of God.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Do you understand the difference be-
tween a *current* and an *undulation* ?

Suppose two boys had a long, slender iron tube, such as a gas pipe ; and while one boy stood at one end and held a whistle in the tube, the other should stand at the other end and blow through strongly enough to sound the whistle. This would be an instance of a 'current.' The air already in the tube would move along as the boy blew, and pass through the whistle ; and at last some of the very air from his mouth would reach the whistle and make the sound. Speaking-tubes in houses are fitted with whistles which are sounded in this way. But suppose the boy at one end struck the tube with a stone or hammer and the boy at the other end listened and heard the sound of the blow travelling along the iron. This would be an instance of 'undulation.' The particles of the iron would not move along the tube, but they would send the sound from one to another. When a person talks through a speaking-tube the sound goes by undulations. Wise men now say that they do not think that there is really any current in electricity ; its wonders are performed by undulations, or in some other mysterious way ; but they often call it a 'fluid' and a 'current.'

When this 'current' flows along a wire which is long enough to conduct it freely, all is dark and still. You cannot tell, by looking or listening, whether or not it is running. But if there is a break in the wire, yet the two ends are very close together, and are fitted with two charcoal points, the wave in leaping the gap will heat the charcoal points until they glow with brilliant light. Or if the force is caused to flow, at the break in the wire, through a sort of bridge formed of a thin strip of carbon or platinum wire, or some substance which will not allow it to flow freely, it will heat this little bridge to shine and glow like red hot iron.

Thus, there are two ways of making a lamp to be supplied by electricity instead of oil. One way is to make two points from the very best, hardest, purest carbon, and conduct the electricity through these, placing them close to-

gether, and letting the electricity leap from one to the other. But there is no carbon so hard that it will not slowly burn up in such a fierce heat as that electricity produces. Therefore you must have some sort of clockwork machinery or other device which will push the points toward each other as fast as they are consumed. A lamp of this kind is called an 'arc' lamp. The objection to it is that the points will joggle a little while they are burning away and the clockwork is bringing them nearer; or a little more will burn off at one instant than at another; and every time there is the least irregularity, the blaze flickers. The other way is to provide a little bridge to conduct the undulations across the gap; this is called the 'incandescent' kind of lamp. But how shall this bridge be saved from burning up? By enclosing in it a glass globe, and pumping all the air out of the globe by an airpump. The bridge can not be burned if there is no air around it, if it is in a vacuum. Oxygen from the air, or some other source, is necessary to a fire. The objection to this way is that the apparatus is rather complex and costly. Arc lamps generally have a glass globe around them, but it is only to protect them and to keep sparks from falling about. It is not a hermetically-sealed exhausted globe. The globe of an incandescent lamp is small and is perfectly air-tight.

The lamps seen in city streets and parks and in large halls and stores, and which flicker somewhat, are arc lamps. Incandescent lamps are much smaller; they resemble gas-burners sealed up in little glass bulbs, and they are better for parlours and chambers.

A SHETLAND SKIPPER.

A LONG time ago, when I was quite a little boy, I remember riding with my father on one of his medical visits to his many patients in our native island. We stopped at the door of a miserable cabin, through the gaping rifts of which the fierce north wind blew keenly upon the poor sufferer within. The cottage had only one room; and, as we were about to raise the latch and enter, we heard the voice of the Free Church minister, who was praying by the bedside of a dying man. We waited until the office was over, and then my father went into

the cabin. A gray and weather-beaten face looked up and brightened a little, in greeting the friend whose coming had so often relieved the agony of a long illness.

'It will sune be ower, noo, doctor,' he said. 'I feel nae pain, and I ken what's coming.' He stopped, and his eyes wandered to where his four boys sat round the dim peat fire, where sat, too, the weeping wife and mother, so soon to be a widow.

My father beckoned to the eldest boy, who came to the bedside, trying hard to restrain the sobs that would burst out, notwithstanding all his efforts. No words were spoken as the father's wasted, trembling fingers clasped the sunburnt hand of his eldest son. No words, but there was a world of anxious, pleading love in the poor wan face. At last, the father said,—

'Tak' care o' mither, Davie, my boy; she'll sune hae naebody but thee to depend upon.'

'I will, fayther,' was the sobbing answer.

'And mind be gude ta the bairns, puir things.'

Again, the earnest heartfelt reply, and then my father led the lad away from the bedside. He seemed now, for the first time, to remember that I was present; and, thinking no doubt that the scene was not one for me to witness, he sent me away to a neighbouring cottage, there to await his coming. In about an hour, he rejoined me with our ponies; and I could read easily enough, in his grave face and glistening eyes, that the long struggle was ended, and that poor Willie Anderson at last released from his sufferings. We rode silently homeward, and there was none of that merry, pleasant talk that so often enlivened our long rides over the rugged hills and dreary moorland.

And now, those four poor boys were fatherless, and had to earn their own support, as well as that of their widowed mother. The neighbours were kind and friendly, as natives of those islands always are; but a succession of bad seasons had left most of them with little enough for their own families, and the assistance they could afford to others was very small. The boys would have been glad to work, but there was no work for them to do, and therefore no wages to be earned. Stout, manly little fellows they were, all four of them in-

ured to a rough life from infancy, the eldest just fifteen, the youngest nearly ten. The other two were twins, and, when their father died, were rather more than thirteen years old.

Davie, the eldest lad, who rightly considered himself the chief prop and pillar of his house, had many an anxious hour in thinking how he was to provide food and clothing for his hungry, growing brothers, and for his invalid mother. At the very door of his little cabin lay stretched the ever-bountiful sea, and to it the fisherman's boy turned as to a never-grudging mother. Davie was still too young for the deep-sea fishing, but he thought that, if he could get a boat, some good might be done nearer home. His three younger brothers would form his crew, and there was some of his father's fishing-lines remaining, which would furnish at least a portion of their equipment. But to get a boat was the great difficulty. There were none to be had on hire, and the fisher-folk around the place who owned skiffs had need of them for their own purposes. Davie could often get a seat in some of his neighbours' boats, but, as he was only a youngster, his share was a small one. Moreover, he knew that, while he was away at sea, his three brothers were at home, idle, and probably in mischief. He felt that he must have them with him, or stay at home.

There was a small boat that had long been lying in the factor's yard, supposed to be now unfit for farther service. Davie cast his longing eyes upon this weather-worn craft, and thought that, if he were allowed to try, and could get hold of some sheet-tin, old canvas, tar, and a lot of "scrupper" nails, he might possibly be able to make the old boat so far seaworthy as to answer his purpose. She would never be anything but leaky, of course; but, if she could be got to float at all, a little extra bailing would be of small account. So he took heart and spoke to his kind landlord, obtaining a ready assent to his plan. More than that, the factor gave him all the repairing materials that were required, out of his own stores, and lent him the tools needed for his operations. Such welcome help gave much encouragement to the young boat-builder, and to work he went with all his heart and both his hands. Many a patch was put on the sun-riven planks of the old boat. Canvas and sheet-tin were

nailed over the worst places, and smaller cracks were carefully caulked. Finally, a plentiful coat of tar was daubed outside and inside; and, when the pitch was well dried, the boat looked fit once more to float in salt water. The factor, pleased with Davie's energy and perseverance, made him a present of some old oars, which he contrived to reshape and cut down to a proper size for his juvenile crew. At last, the boat was relaunched, and Davie was probably as proud of his crazy craft as ever Nelson was of the *Victory*. She only needed to be baled out once in every half-hour, and Davie would far rather have submitted to one of his 'men' being kept constantly 'at the pumps,' than have been without his boat. So to sea went those brave lads, never doubting that fortune would favour them. Davie already knew some of the rocky spots where big gray cod did love to congregate, and, when the 'keelings' were from home, he sought them in other places. The sea was as wide for him as for others, and no fishery boards or trespass laws hindered him from going where he listed and fishing where he had a mind. The boys were wonderfully lucky, but not more so perhaps than their industry and perseverance deserved.

Davie was as thrifty as he was industrious, and soon began to accumulate a tiny fund, even after buying many little comforts for his sick mother. He began to grow discontented with the crazy tub which he had cobbled with such exceeding care, and thought that, if he had a taut, sound little boat, he could easily venture further out to sea, and visit better fishing-grounds. At length after a year of patient, hard work in their old boat, the boys were able to go to their friend, the factor, with their little store, and ask him to help them in purchasing a better ship. Davie had thirty-five shillings in the common purse, and a like sum advanced by the factor enabled him to buy a stout little boat, not new, but sound and seaworthy. She was only a very little larger than their old skiff, but she was water-tight and staunch; so the youthful fishers had no fear in venturing as far out to sea as other seamen would have done in a boat of similar dimensions. Luck followed the boys in their craft; and, in a very little time, they were able to purchase a mast and rigging and a sail about the size of a large table-cloth. This was a

proceeding of which older and more experienced mariners were inclined to disapprove; but it was soon seen that Davie could handle his boat when under sail with no little skill, while his brother Willie, one of the twins, proved himself equally adept in managing the haljarás. The boys prospered greatly in this new venture; and, in a few months' time, they had paid for their boat, and she was all their own.

One day in the late autumn, all the boats had been out to sea, and the Anderson boys had of course gone with the rest. The morning had been fine; but, as the day advanced, the wind rose, and soon blew half a gale from N.N.E. One by one, the boats came back, the crew of the last to arrive having a hard pull before reaching shore, and none of the fishermen noticed that Davie and his brothers were missing from their number. The wind was blowing dead out the wick or bay; and harder and harder it blew as the evening shadows fell upon the dark and angry water. A solitary, sable-clad figure was standing upon the rocky beach, and a pair of wistful eyes were gazing out to sea, looking in vain for the little skiff that should have been the first to come to land on such a stormy day. But still the boat came not: and the widowed mother turned from the seashore, and sought the house of the friendly factor. He was in his office, busy with his books, and looked up as a timid voice spoke to him across the counter:—

'If ye please, sir, my boys are no come hame, and the weather is ill for them to be upo' the sea.'

'Your boys at the sea, and not home yet!' cried the factor in astonishment.

'Aye, sir, it's ower true; and I'm sair feared that without help, they'll no be able to win the shore in sic a night.'

Out ran the kind-hearted factor, staying only to take his telescope with him; and on the beach he found a knot of neighbours gathered, for the word had now gone round that the Anderson boys had not returned. They were gazing intently out to sea; and as the factor joined them, an old skipper said,—

'The boys can never row the wick in sic weather as this: see the spindrift is flying ower the watter.'

'I kenna weel whaur the bairns can hae gane,' said another fisherman. 'They were na anywhere near us.'

'Na,' replied the first speaker. 'Davie tauld me that he was going to try the frammer scurs this mornin', and I advised him no, for I thought it wad blaw before night. But see! What's yon out by the Niv? Surely, it's a boat and it maun be them!'

'Aye, there's nae doubt, yon's a boat!' cried a second skipper. 'Try if ye can mak her oot wi' the glass, Mr. S——.'

'It's they, sure enough,' said the factor, after a moment's glance through his telescope. 'But what can they be thinking of in rowing up under the cliffs out yonder?'

'They're trying to get under the lee o' the banks,' replied the old skipper. 'Puir bairns, they kenna weel whaur they're going! The tide will sweep them round the point, if they come onywhere near hand.'

'It will, indeed,' said the factor, shutting up his glass in agony of apprehension. 'The boys must have thought that we couldn't see, and had forgotten them, as—may God forgive us all—we have too long done.'

'Lads,' cried a stout, bold-faced skipper who had not before spoken, 'we mauna see the widow's bairns drownd before our very een. Wha's wi' me ta gang out yonder and save them? My boat is lying low on the beach; and under the double reefs, we'll rin out the wick in twa or three minutes.'

There was a score of ready responses to this appeal, and the men ran down the beach to where the boat was lying. A minute more and she was afloat, while willing hands threw in the ballast, and carried down the mast and sail.

'Haste ye! Haste ye, my lads!' cried the skipper; and the boat was already pushing off from the shore, when a cry from the higher ground above the beach arrested them.

'Stop there! The bairns are making sail! Stop Bob! It's nae use now.'

It was indeed true. The boys had pulled well up under the cliff, and had then quickly raised their mast, set their close-reefed sail, and were now speeding away across the stormy wick. There was little need of conjecture as to their object. Every one of the skilled seamen who were standing on the beach knew that the boy skipper was doing what each one of them would have done in a like case, in their far larger and better-appointed boats. And they knew

too, that what might have been to them a matter of choice was one of stern necessity to the poor little boys.

It was evident that Davie, despairing of help from the shore, had striven to pull up under the shelter of the cliffs as far to windward as the feeble strength of his brothers would allow. He had then made sail on his boat to run across the wick, and seek safety in the sheltered harbour of Balta Sound. It was his only chance, and he had seized it with accustomed boldness and decision. If they were driven to leeward, and failed to fetch the narrow entrance called the North Sound, no earthly help could save them from instant death; while between them and the haven of safety there were still two miles or more of tempestuous sea. Few words were spoken by the anxious watchers on the beach as they watched the little skiff go flying on her way. The practised eyes of those veteran fishers could tell them, even at so great a distance, that Davie was fighting out his hard battle for his life right manfully and well. A single mistake or moment's panic, and four young lives would be quenched forever in the angry waves; but the young skipper had come of a race that knows no fear of mother Ocean, even in her wildest moods, and he threw no single chance away. Again and again, often twice and thrice in a minute, he was seen to run his boat's head to windward, and shake his close-reefed sail in the teeth of the fierce north-easter, as black squalls swept down from the heights of Saxavord, driving the spindrift flying in clouds before them. Then, as the gusts blew over, the helm was put up, and a course steered for the sheltering sound. Every movement was eagerly watched on the beach, where the number of spectators was constantly increasing. The men stood in a group together, marking with stern and quiet approval the daring courage of the fatherless lads; while the women were wringing their hands and weeping silently, as they witnessed what to them appeared a hopeless effort. Not a word was said until the little boat had gained fully half her way across the wick, still beating on like a weary bird, seeking some friendly shelter. Then, the old skipper spoke:—

'The bairn has got his fayther's cast wi' the helm; and he'll do it right enough noo, if sheet and tack haud gude.

I think ye said his rigging was new, Mr. S—?

'Yes, yes,' replied the factor, 'new less than a week ago. His old tackle was so worn that I made him take a fresh outfit. Thank God for it!'

On sped the little boat over the fast-darkening water; and, as she neared the land, she was almost hid from sight by the breaking waves. A few cable-lengths further, and they would be safe, when a fierce blast swept down from the high cliffs above, and the skiff disappeared in a mist of rain and spray. It was a moment of agonizing doubt and dread, and every breath was tightly held; but the squall blew quickly over, and the boat was seen again in the very entrance of the sound. A minute more and she shot into smooth water under the rocks, and disappeared behind the sheltering point. An English crowd would have cheered, but the children of the Norsemen are quiet and undemonstrative folk. They turned from the seashore and sought their several homes, in silence, but with glad and thankful hearts.

I had been riding 'north the hill,' that day and was hurrying homeward, when I heard from a passing fisherman that the Anderson boys were missing. I rode down to the beach, and witnessed with others their sore peril and gallant escape. When we knew that they were safe, I went on my way through the fast-fading light taking a rocky path that led homeward by the seashore. I had climbed the rugged road, and was urging my pony to his speed on the smoother ground that slopes toward Balta Sound, when I saw a little figure come trotting up the hill as fast as his small, bare feet would carry him. His shoes were flung over his back, his ragged sou'-wester was in his hand, and he seemed in hottest haste. When we met, I recognized Magnie Anderson, the youngest of the four boys; and as he was hurrying past with a shy salute, I stopped him to enquire where his brothers were,

'They're coming behint wi' the fish, sir,' he replied. 'We had ill weather at the sea, and Davie thocht mither wad be feared, so he telled me ta rin on and tell her we were saf.'

That day's adventure was the making of Davie and his brothers. The next morning, the skipper who had been first to volunteer a rescue sought the factor's counting-house, and begged that Davie

might be enrolled among his crew for next season's fishing.

'He's only a boy, it's true,' he said, 'but he showed us yestereen that he could do a man's work, and he's weel worth a man's wage.'

So Davie went with his friend to the 'haaf,' or deep-sea fishing, in the following spring; and, before he was twenty-one, he was himself skipper of a boat, and one of the most successful fishermen in the North Isles. One of the twins got a berth in the *Lady Saltoun* a trading packet sailing from the port of Lerwick; and the other shipped as a half-share hand, on a smack engaged in the Faroe fishing. Both rose rapidly, and were master-mariners when I last heard of them. Magnie stayed at home with his mother in the snug little cottage which Davie's industry enabled them to take; and, in course of time, he, too, went to the haaf fishing, seeking, like his brothers, his bread upon those waters which hardy Norsemen in all ages have regarded as their own heritage.

POMP'S TEMPERANCE SOCIETY OF ONE MEMBER.

BY REV. EDWARD A RAND.

'What de parson say am bery true, and bery important.'

'Well, what did he say, Julius? Here eber since you came home from meetin' I've been wantin' fur to hear, and all ye say am, "It's bery true and bery 'portant.'"

'Jest so, Libsby' (Elizabeth was Julius' wife). 'Well, he said "we all need fur to jine de temp'rance army. Hab a home in some orgen'zation," he said, and he said "we hab tree here. Dat might seem nuff, but I hab anuder to propose.'"

'Anuder,' exclaimed Libsby, with eyes open and hands up. 'A new one wid all dose we hab?'

'Yes, Libsby, dat's what he said, and he was bery sensible.' Then Julius stopped as if to enjoy a season of meditation.

Libsby stole behind Julius and began to examine the back of his head, then the right side, at last circling him altogether.

'What am de matter, Libsby?'

'Why, I've been waitin' fur to hear

bout what de parson said, and you got no furdur den dat new fing, and I want to see if dere ain't a crack in your head, and all yer eber knowed, if it hab run out.'

'Yah, yah, Libsby! Dat's a good one. Well, de parson, said he would prepose a temp'rance society ob one. He wanted a heap ob temp'rance societies ob one—jest one in it, you know, and dat one feeling as if de whole weight ob de cause came upon his back. Den he said dere would be no strife 'bout de offices, fur one would fill 'em, and no fuss. 'bout which one would do de work, fur one would 'tend to it. Dat's what he said, Pomp?' and Julius appealed to a young coloured companion.

'Yes, it was dat he said.'

'Well,' said Libsby, 'I'se gwine fur to jine de new temp'rance society ob one. I nebber did hab an office, and now I can hab 'em all. And you'll jine, Pomp?'

Yes, Pomp said he would join. Pomp was the son of a neighbour, and he happened to be calling on Julius and Elizabeth. Poor fellow, if any one knew that something needed to be done for temperance, it was he. There was Pomp's father, Abram, a kindly-natured man when sober, but rum was a whip starting up all the mad, cursed elements in his nature. Julius now went on 'lustratin'' what was meant by a temperance society of one.

'Is dere a poor inebrate anyway roun'? Begin right off and haul him out of de gutter yerself. Here's a man sellin' liquor. Go and talk to him yerself. Here are tracts to be distrib'ted; hand dem roun' yerself. Dere's prayin' to be done. "Creak the hinges ob yer own knees," said de parson. O de parson was powful to-night. He jes' waked up and trabbeled right straight along.'

Pomp soon went to his miserable, unhappy home. Mother dead, sister dead, he wondered if they thought of him away up where the stars were shining like bright eyes of faces that had veiled the remainder of their loveliness, and were looking down. Were they the peaceful, loving eyes of mother and sister? If not, did the dead ones know? Yes, Pomp, they know. They think of you, pity you, and love you.

So Pomp trudged on. His thoughts then came back to earth and he began to think of the parson's words at the meeting that night. 'A temp'rance society ob one to act as if de whole cause

was on de back ob de individual. Yes, that was it, as if de whole cause was on de back. I jine that society now,' was Pomp's fervent assertion.

The next day Pomp's father surprised him by saying that he was going to work. He had obtained a job at 'the corner,' and was going there at once.

'I will come back in time for supper, Pomp,' said Abram.

But he did not come. 'Where am he?' was Pomp's inquiry, as the sun set in one sky, and in the opposite appeared the moon, a round, yellow pumpkin rolling along the slope of the eastern hills.

'No oder way,' said Pomp sorrowfully, 'no oder way dan to hunt my poor old fader up. I must go myself; I b'long to de temprance society ob one.'

It was a sad walk to the 'corner.' Did those above look down that night and see Pomp hurrying along the lonely road? Just as he came in sight of the old grocery at the 'corner,' there by the light of the big lantern at the door, he saw his father staggering on the threshold. Pomp sprang for him. Some one inside the door slowly opened it to let Abram in. This obliging door-keeper was an old white soaker, Mose Atherton. Pomp saw him at once, and pushed forward, but Mose shoved him back. He raised his clenched fist also, and aimed a furious blow at Pomp, but the boy was agile as a monkey, and quickly slipped aside. The fist that Mose had raised came with terrible force against the side of the door, bruising his knuckles and setting him to howling. Pomp now saw his opportunity to make another effort. These words were ringing in his ears: 'A temprance society ob one, de whole weight ob de cause on de back.' Abram stooped just then, and Pomp, carrying out an idea that flashed into his mind, gave a leap, and planted 'de whole weight ob de cause' on Abram's back. Abram made one more drunken lunge, and into the store he went, load and all, at the same time running heavily against Mose Atherton and tipping him over. Mose was wrathful enough to slice Pomp up, but Pomp's father was large and stalwart, while Mose was of smaller build, and not quite certain whether Abram would take his side.

'Fader,' whispered Pomp, dropping from Abram's back, 'dis no place for ye—les go.'

'He has jest insulted me, Abram. I demand satisfaction,' was the angry howl of Mose.

Abram was now realizing the condition of things, and a brutal, half-drunken madness flashed out of his eyes.

'Come home! Come home!' cried Pomp, and the tears began to run down the poor black boy's cheeks.

'What's dat?' asked Abram suddenly, noticing an object on the floor. Pomp looked down. He saw a photograph that in the confusion of the moment had fallen out of his pocket—it was a picture of the little sister, that had been poorly taken by some travelling artist, and was now only a dirty, begrimed relic.

What was it that moved Pomp to talk as he did, when he had picked it up, and what moved Abram to listen?

'See heer, don't you 'member, don't you know when she died you said you would drink no more? Don't you know fader, you stood and cried when we put de forget-me-nots into her dead hands, den you said once more you was gwine never fur to drink! Don't you 'member?' pleaded Pomp, holding up the dirty little picture, 'Don't you 'member?'

O, who is it that comes and stands by us in such critical moments, speaking and moving through us? Was not God talking through a poor boy's tears that night?

Abram was crying. Pomp led him gently out of the store, Mose Atherton offering no resistance.

When they reached home Abram asked, 'Where's dat pledge?'

'I haven't any, fader.'

'Where's dat pledge?'

'I haven't any.'

Abram still called for it. Could he mean the picture?

'Yes,' he said, sobbing.

'But dere's no pledge on dis.'

'Write one.'

Could Pomp? But then, was not he the temperance society, officers and all, and was not he the secretary? Pomp scrawled upon the back of the picture, 'I promis' not fur to drink.' Underneath went a name: 'Abram.' Beneath that went another: 'Pomp.'

'Dat will 'courage him,' said the secretary.

Abram wanted something else. He began to look up reverently.

'Want a prayer, fader?'

'Yes, Pomp, jest say a prayer.'

How could he, before his father? But, then, was he not chaplain as well as secretary of the society! So he knelt and begged God to keep his poor father.

I can easily imagine, that night, that

behind the golden stars there was a greater joy than ever.

So much for a 'temperance society ob one.'—*Church and Home.*

BOOK REVIEWS.

A New Chapter added to Political Economy of a pamphlet by Mr. T. GALBRAITH, Port Hope. Hunter, Rose & Co., publishers, Toronto.

The author contends that no writer on political economy has ever defined or fully explained the uses of the fixed capital; so that as regards Canada defective bank legislation deprives industries of at least a hundred million dollars capital. It is proposed to recover this capital by the establishment of a bank that will discount a mortgage as existing banks discount promissory notes—by an issue. A mortgage, being capital to the extent that it is security, furnishes at hand the means to do the business. Let A. and B. be owners of unencumbered property of equal value. A., the manufacturer, bargains for a cash account with the bank for say \$10,000. B., having retired from business and not requiring to raise money on his property, may, if he chooses, purchase stock of the bank for \$10,000, which pays a good dividend. The bank buys A.'s mortgage with its issue, and B.'s mortgage with its stock at par—the capital of B.'s mortgage is used to discount such mortgages as that of A. Balances with existing banks would daily be settled in gold.

The loan societies have imported nearly forty million dollars which have been used in discounting mortgages; that much money should have given more than a hundred million dollars of accommodation to Canadian industries. The author contends that a bank of the character he proposes would supersede altogether high tariff legislation and more effectually protect domestic industries,

by reducing the rate of interest at least one-half.

—
Dorothy, a Story in Elegiac Verse. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

Our readers will remember Arthur Hugh Clough's quasi-epic hexameter poem, 'The Bothie of Tobernavuolich.' It, and the more varied and lighter poem 'Amours de Voyage,' have a certain charm wanting to most other quasi-epic, serio-comic poems. There is much depth and suggestiveness of thought in both; long passages of pithy, vigorous verse recur to one's memory, there is often a really bright realistic force of description of Highland scenery and manners. Matthew Arnold has said in his 'Essays on Criticism,' that the former of the above named poems by Clough is the nearest approach to the Homeric measure in English verse. Yet, except with a few scholars or thinkers, Clough's poems have never attained even a hearing from the public.

Now, 'Dorothy' (who is also called Dolly in the poem) seems to us wanting in almost all the qualities above named as belonging to the poetry of Clough. The *motif* of 'Dorothy' is to protest against the conventional and artificial woman. Dorothy is a farmer's servant; we are introduced to her doing duty as a ploughman; every minute detail of the coarseness of complexion, the roughness of skin, the masculine muscularity of the limbs, even to the coarse stockings and shoes studded with nails 'like a horse shoe;' which would result from

this, to our ideas, rough, repulsive and unfeminine occupation, is described. There may be such 'plough-women,' just as there are in Lancashire female drudges who crawl on all fours in coal galleries, and here in Toronto girls old enough to know better, who infest dissecting rooms and attend anatomical demonstrations. But we hold the unsexed woman, in any and all of these cases, at least no fit subject for poetry.

Some of us cherish the hope that, in the course of human progress, the conditions of woman's work, whether as servant or factory girl, will be so much altered that all shall hold equal social standing with their mistresses, that then, when the lion shall lie down with the lamb, the young lady of the household and the young lady who condescends to preside in the kitchen, shall play duetts at the same grand-piano. But this, like all great changes, must happen by slow process of evolution, to which, as in all cases, a liberal allowance of hundreds of thousands of years is essential. Change does not come by catastrophe, as the older geologists vainly said, and what change can be more catastrophic than to introduce into cultivated society, and a first class marriage, with full approbation of the fortunate bridegroom's relatives, a coarse, strapping wench with rough red arms, 'legs like a ploughboy,' and shoes like a horse?

The poetical form into which 'Dorothy' is thrown does not make up for the failure of the heroine to interest us. There are some good passages and smooth lines, but the general effect of the alternate hexameter and pentameter seems to us infinitely more monotonous, heavy in its movement, and unsuited to our language than even the hexameter alone. Still to those who can follow the flow of the poem, the story will be interesting; it is told with some narrative and poetic power, and we hope that when the author comes before the public again, it will be with a heroine less like a ploughman, and in a metre less like a clog-dance.

Thomas Carlyle. A History of the First Forty Years of His Life, 1795-1835. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, M. A., with portrait and illustrations. Two vols. in one. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1882.

We are persuaded that this delightful

book will prove the most valuable biography since Boswell's *opus magnum*. Unlike Boswell, Mr. Froude has studiously kept himself out of view. His part of the book is indeed admirably done, it gives a connecting framework to the letters of Carlyle and his friends, which, with many precious extracts from Carlyle's diary, tell the story for themselves. As in our beloved Boswell, there is abundant *causerie*, chit-chat and anecdote, with vivid portraiture of men and women, great and small, and the central figure of each biography is prejudiced, impatient of contradiction and impediment, earnest, pious, and generous hearted, he yet forms judgments very often which true from one point of view, require large allowance and supplement.

We are mistaken if the letters in these volumes do not very greatly increase the world's estimate of Thomas Carlyle. Those to all the members of his own family show the largest-hearted affection; they tell, in simple, un-studied form, with now and then a flash of the spirit inseparable from all that Carlyle wrote, the story of that great and noble, yet humble life.

Carlyle has been assailed on two points on which much light is thrown in Mr. Froude's work: his treatment of his wife, and his religious views. As to the first the outcry has come to a great extent from 'the shrieking sisterhood' and their sympathizers, who feel aggrieved at the keen sarcasm with which the Seer of Chelsea treated their claims to suffrage. Carlyle did not knowingly neglect his wife, whom he loved, as few men love, from the beginning to the end of their married life. Her ill health from the solitary life at Craigenputtoch was the result of inevitable circumstances. How many a labourer's wife, how many a poor clerk's wife, has to bear more solitude, infinitely more hard work, her health suffering in consequence? And would Carlyle's wife have chosen to have her husband at her apron strings, or toiling on the farm, to the world's loss of all that he has given it? There is much weak and puling sentimentality in this cry about Carlyle's 'neglect': it has been able to make use of what perhaps had better not have been made public, the morbid self-accusations after his wife's death of Carlyle himself. On the other point, Carlyle's religion, a most satisfactory

account is given in these volumes. A firm believer in God, in Providence, in prayer, and human responsibility, venerating the true spirit of Christianity and the Bible, Carlyle rejected what only the out-worn theory of verbal inspiration requires any one to believe, and the priestly and ecclesiastical reaction, 'the spectral nightmares of Puseyism,' were of course abhorrent to his soul. No better book than this can be recommended, of all that have come under our notice of late years, for the earnest and thoughtful study of man and woman.

An Etymological Dictionary of the English Language, arranged on an Historical Basis, by the Rev. WALTER SKEAT, M.A., Professor of Anglo-Saxon in the University of Cambridge. London and New York: Macmillan & Co; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

As an aid of the highest character to the scientific study of English Etymology, the student of the language will find no work so valuable as this new 'Etymological Dictionary' of Prof. Skeat, of Cambridge. In a late number we made the announcement that a cheap popular edition of the work, which has just been completed, had appeared. This is now before us, and as a work of reference on the history of the language, and an exhaustive treatise on the derivation of the words composing our English tongue, there is no book we should with more insistence urge our readers to supply themselves with than this erudite lexicon of Prof. Skeat. With the modesty of a true scholar its author offers his work as a preliminary and provisional textbook in a field which the great work projected by the English Philological Society may be expected more amply and authoritatively to occupy. But his work, we feel confident, will serve more than a tentative purpose, for its author has a world-wide reputation as a Comparative Philologist, and his lexicon is the fruit of so many years of learned and laborious toil that neither is likely to be seriously displaced by projects that may subsequently appear of a more ambitious character. However this may be, the present value of Prof. Skeat's work can scarcely be over-estimated, for it brings before the student a greater store of learning in regard to the origin, history, and development of the language than

is anywhere else accessible, and that at a price which has an infinitesimal relation to the years of labour spent upon it. The work, it is proper to say, is not a pronouncing or even a defining lexicon, save, in regard to the latter, as it is necessary to identify the word and show its parts of speech. The dictionary is essentially an Etymological one, and, though mainly illustrative of the English language, yet the author, by pursuing the comparative method of inquiry and exhibiting the relation of English to cognate tongues, has thrown a flood of light upon Latin and Greek, as well as upon the more important related words in the various Scandinavian and Teutonic languages. The author's explanations of the difficulties he met with in the investigation of his subject will be interesting to many students of the lexicon. The most of these seem to have arisen from what Prof. Skeat speaks of as the outrageous carelessness of early writers in spelling Anglo-Saxon, and from the fancifulness and guess-work of modern sciolists in attempting to trace the origin and derivation of words. The disregard of the vowel sounds and the principles of phonetics, it is shown, have been a fruitful cause of these blunders on the part of pre-scientific Etymologists. Prof. Skeat's scholarship and his marvellous industry save him, of course, from the mistakes which these lexicographers fell into; and no feature will be more marked in a study of this author's lexicon than the pains he has taken to verify his quotations and to test accuracy whenever he cites old forms or foreign words from which any English word is derived or with which it is connected. The labour he has given to this hunting up and verifying the earliest form and use, in chronological periods, of every word under review in the volume, will strike every one who examines it; and the work should therefore prove a helpful and interesting study to every enthusiastic student of philology. Besides the contents of the lexicon proper, the compiler has added many appendices of great value, such as those that contain lists of Aryan roots, of sound-shiftings, of homonyms, of doublets, prefixes, suffixes, etc. But we cannot at present take up more space with an account of this exceedingly valuable work of Prof. Skeat. It should, however, be in the library of every student of the language.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Do you know of St. Giles-on-the-Green,
Which the moon gilds with bright silver sheen,
Where the clock from the towers
Chimes gladly the hours
For matins, or vespers at e'en ?

Do you know of its turreted towers,
That peep from their green shaded bowers,
And the ivy that climbs
To the belfry, that chimes
The come and the go of the hours ?

Did you never once feel the desire
To kneel in the transept or choir,
Or sit still and gaze
At the sun's dying rays
That gild the gray cross on its spire ?

We will go when the bright silver sheen
Of the moonbeams shines softly at e'en,
Through the gloom we will steal
At the altar we'll kneel,
And we'll pray at St. Giles-on-the-Green.

B. W. ROGER-TAYLER.

KING'S COLLEGE,
Windsor, N. S.

I wish to communicate a good story of the late Lord Lynedoch. The old man loved a good Scotch evening, and used to get his parish minister to sit up with him drinking toddy. One Saturday night they sat till very late. The clergyman, thinking of his next day's labours, attempted several times to depart but was always restrained by the importunities of Lord Lynedoch and his repeated 'Anither glass, and then—minister,' spoken with the good old accent. Next day the minister grimly set the great hour-glass of the pulpit conspicuously before him, while His Lordship, without noticing, went off to sleep and woke at the usual time for departure; what was his surprise, however, when the preacher with an almost imperceptible twinkle under his brows said gravely and slowly, at the same time turning the hour-glass upside down: 'Anither glass, and then—my laird.'—*W. D. L.*

First boy in the class stand up, 'What is the emblem of England, Ireland, and Scotland?' 'The Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, sir.' Correct. Second boy stand

up—'Who would fight for the Rose?' 'An Englishman, sir.' Correct. Third boy stand up—'Who would fight for the Shamrock?' 'An Irishman, sir.' Correct. Next boy—'Who would fight for the Thistle?' *Bouldie M'Crow's Cuddie, sir.*

Scene—A tailor's shop. Customer: 'Mun, George, ye've made this waistcoat o' mine far ower wide.' Tailor: 'Weel, Tammas, efter the dinner I saw ye tak' tither day I thoct ye wud sin require it a'.'

Another poet comes forward and says, 'And I hear the hiss of a scorching kiss.' Some evening her father will come in, and the poet will hear the click of a scorching kick, but he will fail to record the fact in verse.

A woman accidentally went to church with two bonnets on her head—one stuck inside the other—and the other women in the congregation almost died of envy. They thought it was a new kind of bonnet, and too sweet for anything.

There is a tradition in Dunlop parish, in Ayrshire, that one morning long ago, in the gray dawn, a man of the name of Brown was walking over Dunlop Hill when he was surprised to see the deil in the form of a headless horse galloping round him. Instantly he fell on his knees and prayed fervently, when Nick, uttering an unearthly 'nicher,' which made the ground tremble, vanished in a 'faucht o' fire.'

A Highlandman residing in Glasgow was called upon by an acquaintance who had been a short time in England, and who had returned to Glasgow in search of employment. The Highlander referred to gave his old friend a warm welcome, and in order to show how willing he was to give him sleeping accommodation said—'Yes, Mr. Macpherson, I wid poot mysel' far more aboot for you than I wid for any of my own relashiuns; and mind you this (he added), I'm just one of those men who wid poot mysel' aboot for no mortal man whateffer!'

'Are you dry, Pat?' was a question asked under the broiling sun in the Royal Show Yard at Derby last month: 'are ye dry?' 'Dry's not the word; shake me, and ye'll see the dust comin' out o' me mouth.'

Conversation is a serious thing with some people. One of this kind on board a train was asked a very simple question by a fellow-passenger. She made a deprecating gesture, and replied, 'Excuse me, sir, but I am only going to the next station, and it's not worth while to begin a conversation.'

A GOOD SUBSTITUTE.—Scene—Church door—Antient (to enquiring parishioner): 'Wis't the beadle ye were waitin' to see?' Enquiring Parishioner: 'Aye, it wis jist him I wanted.' Antient: 'Man, he's away for his holidays the noo, but the minister has promised to dae his wark for him the time he's aff.'

'Mother,' said a fair-haired urchin, 'I don't want to go to Sunday-school; I want to go fishin'.' 'But the fish won't bite on Sunday, my son. They're good, and go to their Sunday-School.' 'Well,' responded the probable future president, 'I'll risk it anyway; may be there's some that's like me.'

An old gentleman, finding a couple of his nieces fencing with broomsticks, said, 'Come come, my dears, that kind of accomplishment will not help you to get husbands.' 'I know it, uncle,' responded one of the girls as she gave a lunge; 'but it will help us to keep our husbands in order when we have 'em.'

Some years ago a clergymen, walking in the churchyard at Alloway, remarked to the grave-digger, who was in the act of making a grave:—'Yours is an unpleasant avocation; no doubt your heart is often sore when you are engaged in it.' The sexton looked up and pawkily replied, 'Ou, ay, sir, it's unco sair wark, and wee pay.'

Let us do our duty in our shop or in our kitchen, the market, the street, the office, the school, the home, just as faithfully as if we stood in the front of some great battle, and knew that victory for mankind depended on our bravery, strength and skill. When we do that, the humblest of us will be serving in the great army which achieves the welfare of the world.

A young man recently called at a little domicile in Vicksburg. A small boy and a big yellow dog were snuggled on the doorstep, and the young man asked, 'Will the dog bite?' 'Well,' said the boy, 'it's owin to certain things ef he do or not. Ef yer want to colleck sewing-machine money, he's fierce as a tiger, but ef yer got anything to give us, he's harmless as a kitten—ain't yer, Towser?'

An important divine was preaching a sermon of scraps to a congregation of country people. At the end of each paragraph an old man in the audience would quietly remark, 'That's Boston, or that's Rutherford, or that's Doddridge, or that's Baxter,' as the case might be. At last the minister lost his patience, and cried, 'Tak' the fule body out!' 'Ay, that's his ain i the hinner en' ony way,' said the old man, and withdrew.

A worthy curate in a country town recently welcomed home a younger sister, who was to act as his housekeeper. She had come fresh from the polite society of a genteel watering-place. Her first meal in his house was of 'the cup that cheers but not inebriates.' The good man proceeded, as usual, to say the simple 'grace before meat,' and was startled, if not edified, by his sister's remark: 'Don't do that any more, John; it's not fashionable at tea-time.'

Some years ago, when a new railroad was opening in the Highlands, a Highlander heard of it, and bought a ticket for the first excursion. The train was about half the distance when a collision took place, and poor Donald was thrown unceremoniously into an adjacent park. After recovering his senses he made the best of his way home, when the neighbours asked him how he liked his drive. 'Oh,' replied Donald, 'I liked it fine: but they have an awfu' nasty quick way in puttin' ane oot.'

A person once asked John Prentice, the grave-digger, if he considered himself at liberty to pray for his daily bread. 'Dear sake, sir,' he answered, 'the Lord's prayer tells us that, ye ken.' 'Ay, but,' said the querist, 'do you think you can do that consistently with the command which enjoins us to wish no evil to our neighbours?' 'Dear sake, sirs,' cried John, rather puzzled, 'ye ken folk maun be buried!' This was quite natural, and very conclusive.

A man cannot smoke his cigar too short unless he smokes it too long.

How is it that the dresses ladies want to wear out are mostly worn in-doors?

If there be no enemy, no fight; if no fight, no victory; if no victory, no crown.

A man's curiosity never reaches the female standard until some one tells him that his name was in yesterday's paper.

How solemn is the thought that the morning of each day presents me with a blank leaf, which I have to fill up for eternity.

It is wonderful how silent a man can be when he knows his cause is just, and how boisterous he becomes when he knows he is in the wrong.

Why is paper money more valuable than coin? Because you double it when you put it in your pocket, and when you take it out you find it in-creases.

A robust countryman, meeting a physician, ran to hide behind a wall; being asked the cause, he replied, 'It is so long since I have been sick that I am ashamed to look a physician in the face.'

One of the recent electoral jokes at Edinburgh was the publication of a little volume on the political achievements of a noble candidate. The reader, on opening it, found that the pages were blank.

A clothier has excited public curiosity by having a large apple painted on his sign. When asked for an explanation, he replied, 'If it hadn't been for an apple where would the ready-made clothing stores be to-day?'

It is easier for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle than for a young woman in fur-lined silk cloak to walk around without letting it fly open just a little to show that the fur is more than mere border.

A farmer who was boasting of his 'respect for man — for man pure and simple,' was nonplussed by his wife's saying, 'And yet you always count your cattle by the head, while your hired servants are only your hands.'

A little fellow lately asked his parent's to take him to church with them. They said he must wait until he was older. 'Well,' was his shrewd response, 'you'd better take me now, for when I get bigger I may not want to go.'

The man who paves his own way to fame has frequently to walk over a rough and rugged road.

The proper way to check slander is to despise it; attempt to overtake and refute it, and it will outrun you.

'Mother, send me for the doctor.'
'Why, my son?' 'Cause that man in the parlour is going to die—he said he would if sister Jane would not marry him—and sister Jane said she would not.'

The fancy portrait in *Punch* is that of the Duke of Hamilton, to which the lines are appended:—

'I'm monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute—
Though that isn't quite what they say
In the parts about Arran and Bute.'

A shoemaker was the other day fitting a customer with a pair of boots, when the buyer observed that he had but one objection to them, which was that the soles were a little too thick. 'If that is all,' said Crispin, 'put on the boots, and the objection will gradually wear away.'

All in her eye—Peggy Johnston (bargaining with peddler for a pair o' specs):
'Na, na, they'll nae dae.' Peddler (after half-a-dozen have proved unsuccessful, hands her a pair without glasses in them): 'Try thae, my woman.'
Peggy: 'Noo ye've fitted me. Thae's the best specs ever I had on.'

Economical—Scene—Highlands. Ten miles from a post office. Betty (who has been visiting a sick relative), to nurse: 'Weel, ye'll write me in a week or so, an' lat me ken if she's getting any better.' Nurse: 'A will dae that; an' as A hae plenty o' time A'll jist gang an' dae't e'en noo, for it's mony a time a week ere we get a chance o' onybody gain' to the post-office here.'

FACT, OF COURSE.—Scene—Cottage garden, Sunday morning; the tenant is busily employed in securing a swarm of bees just hived from his neighbour's garden—the Free Kirk minister's. Enter Minister (excitedly): 'These are my bees.' Tenant: 'You are welcome to take them.' Minister: 'It's a pity that bees should hive on Sunday. Very annoying indeed.' Tenant: 'You see, sir, they are Auld Kirk bees, sir, an' Auld Kirk bees always hive when ready, be it Sunday or Saturday. If you want bees no tae hive on Sundays, you should try some Free Kirk yins.'

ANNOUNCEMENT.

THE publishers of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, in making the announcement that they intend for a time to suspend the publication, do not relinquish the hope that the magazine will yet take a permanent, as it has taken a prominent, place in the literature of Canada. The experiment of establishing and maintaining a periodical of such pretensions as THE CANADIAN MONTHLY in our inchoate state as a nation, and in the face of the active and ever-increasing competition of English and American serial publications, it will be readily admitted, was a hazardous and courageous one. That at no time has the publication been a profitable one, but, on the contrary, that the maintenance of the magazine has demanded a large and continuous outlay which, in our limited field of sale and the indifference of our people to higher literature, has met with no adequate return, those, at least, who have had any experience of publishing ventures in Canada will not be surprised to learn. In view of this circumstance, though it may fairly be claimed that the magazine has been sustained long enough to test the support its promoters naturally expected it would receive, the public ought not to be surprised should its owners now grow weary of maintaining the publication, or its editor lose heart in the task of conducting it, while the support is withheld which its character, its record, and its aims should more largely have won for it.

To reproach the public for its want of appreciation, we need hardly say, is no wish of either publishers or conductor. The public has its preferences, and has a right to them, and if it gives little heed to native projects in higher literature, or finds more attraction in those that have their source abroad, Canadian publishers must accept the situation and await the development of a national spirit more favourable to culture and intellectual advancement. Till we reach the self-containedness and self-dependence which it is to be hoped the country will one day attain, Canadian literary enterprise will have little to encourage it. Those who have aided, and are aiding, the approach of a better time for Canadian letters, if we accept Dr. Johnson's dictum that 'the chief glory of a people arises from its authors,' deserve the thanks of every true friend of Canada. They must be largely supplemented, however, and receive more encouragement from the press and from our public men, before they can hope to infect the people with that ardent interest in intellectual growth which is the true mark of national greatness and the best quickener of national life. Without the stimulus of patriotism all enterprises of a purely literary character must languish, and Canadian talent be drafted off to more remunerative spheres.

In the midst of the present political excitements, few, it may be, will heed or concern themselves with this announcement; but a day, we hope, will come when 'the political game' will not absorb every thought of the nation and when literature will hold up its head in honour. Till then the higher thought of the country must find such channels of utterance as public caprice or indifference, graciously open to it, and Monthly Reviews must uncomplainingly suffer eclipse.

THE CANADIAN MONTHLY Office,
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