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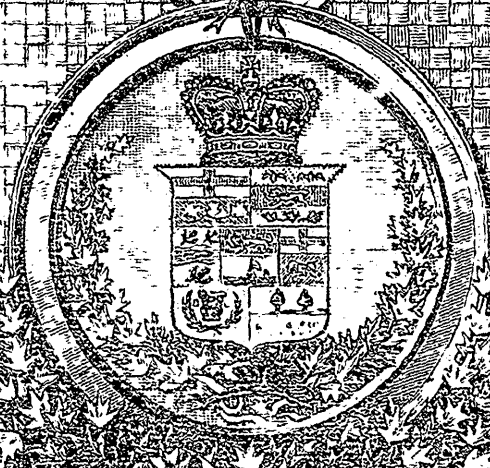
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ROSE BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY



NATIONAL REVIEW.



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WESTWARD.										TORONTO BRANCH.										EASTWARD.									
11	9	7	5	3	1	Mis.	DECEMBER, 1880.										10	2	4	6	8	12							
P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	0	TORONTO, (Union Station)										P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.							
11 45	5 55	3 30	12 50	9 55	7 10	0	Queen's Wharf,										9 15	10 20	1 15	4 30	6 45	10 35							
11 50	6 00	3 35	1 00	10 00	7 15	0	Mimico,										9 10	10 15	1 10	4 25	6 40	10 30							
12 17	6 18				7 31	7	Port Credit,										8 44		12 53										
	6 34	4 00	1 32		7 45	14	Oakville,										8 26		12 38		6 04	9 58							
	6 53	4 16	1 50		8 03	22	Bronte,										8 03		12 20		5 46	9 40							
	7 03		1 59		8 13	26	Burlington,										7 38		12 08		5 36	9 30							
	7 18	4 37	2 13		8 27	32	Waterdown,										7 17	9 20	11 53	3 25	5 22	9 16							
	7 25		2 20		8 35	35	HAMILTON,										7 05		11 46		5 15	9 09							
1 45	7 35	4 50	2 30	11 15	8 45	39	Arr.										\$6 45	\$9 05	\$11 35	3 10	\$5 05	9 00							
A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.												Lve.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.							
WESTWARD.										MAIN LINE.										EASTWARD.									
19	18	3	4	11	11	M.	SUSPEN. BRIDGE,										2	4	40	14	12	8	6						
A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.		Niagara Falls,										P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.						
12 50	7 05	9 55	1 05	3 20	9 50	0	St. Catharines,										7 20	10 55	1 15		6 40	10 55	3 40						
1 15	7 20	10 10	1 25	3 30	10 05	1	Grimsby,										7 15	10 50	12 55		6 30	10 45	3 30						
1 40	7 45	10 32	1 50	3 58	10 30	11	Hamilton,										10 19	12 28			6 06	10 16	3 00						
	8 15			4 28		27	Dundas,										9 44		P.M.		5 33	9 43							
2 55	9 00	11 30	2 55	3 30	5 10	43	Harrisburg,										6 05	9 10	11 30	7 15	10 50	5 00	9 05	2 00					
	9 20		3 48	5 25	11 52	50	Brantford,										8 40	11 07	6 55	10 37	4 33	8 40							
3 30	10 00	12 10	3 50	4 23	6 00	62	Paris,										5 30	8 09	10 41	\$6 10	10 05	4 05	8 09	1 12					
		10 35		5 00		70	Woodstock,													9 32	P.M.		3 00	5 30					
4 00		10 18	12 27	4 11	6 25	12 55	Ingersoll,														A.M.	3 33	7 43	12 50					
4 34	11 13	1 01	4 48	7 17	1 45	90	London,										7 42	10 18				2 53	6 57	12 13					
4 54	A.M.	11 35	1 18	5 08	7 39	2 04	Komoka,										6 58	9 39				2 31	6 33	11 56					
5 40	6 10	2 10	2 10	6 00	6 35	2 55	Glencoe,										3 19	6 00	8 40	4 10		1 45	\$5 45	11 20					
	6 52	2 31	2 31	7 04	8 25	2 55	Newbury,										9 44		P.M.		3 32	1 03	5 12						
	8 45	3 11	3 11	8 00			Bothwell,										6 05	9 10	11 30	7 15	10 50	5 00	9 05						
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6 55	10 00	3 36	3 36	8 32		4 23	Chatham,										5 30	8 09	10 41	\$6 10	10 05	4 05	8 09	1 12					
	10 30	3 51	3 51	8 57		168	Windsor,																						
7 56	12 35	4 25	4 25	8 00	9 40	A.M.	Detroit,																						
							CHICAGO,																						
9 05	4 00	5 50	5 50	9 20	8 50	6 45	A.M.										1 55		6 25	11 10		11 05	3 25	9 20					
	A.M.	6 20	6 30	10 00		7 15	P.M.										12 50		5 00	7 30		9 30	1 45	8 00					
		7 30	7 30	8 00		6 50	P.M.										12 05		4 00	A.M.		8 35	12 45	7 05					
							P.M.										3 30		5 15			9 10	P.M.	9 00	A.M.				

NORTHERN, HAMILTON & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAYS TIME TABLE.

Taking Effect Thursday, October 20th, 1881.

North				NORTHERN RAILWAY.				South					
Miles from Toronto	STATIONS.			Mall.	Mixed.	Exp.	Miles from Meaf'd.	STATION.			Exp.	Mixed.	Mall.
	TORONTO*			A.M.	P.M.	P.M.		Meaford	Dep.				P.M.
	City Hall	Dep	7.50	12.45	4.60			Thornbury	Dep.		6.30		3.11
	Union Station		7.53	12.52	4.58	8		Craigleith			7.05		3.45
	Brock Street		8.05	1.00	5.05	14.8					7.27		4.05
	G. W. Junction			1.05		20.5		Collingwood	Arr.	A.M.	7.50		4.30
2.7	Parkdale		8.13	1.10	5.13			Batteaux	Dep.	5.20	8.15		4.45
5.1	Davenport		8.18		5.20	23.7		Staynor		5.45	8.40		4.53
8	Weston		8.27		5.26	29.1		New Lowell		6.03	9.05		5.28
14.5	Thornhill		8.50	1.55	5.50	36.3		Brentwood		6.07			5.32
18.5	Richmond Hill		9.02	2.03	6.00	38.4		Angus		6.10	9.20		5.42
22.9	King		9.15		6.15	41.4		Utopia		6.20			5.45
30.2	Aurora		9.40	2.52	6.38	43.8		Colwell		6.30			5.55
34.5	Newmarket		9.52	3.03	6.50	46.3							
38.1	Holland Landing		10.00		7.00			Penetang			7.30		8.20
41.7	Bradford		10.11	3.30	7.11			Gravenhurst			6.30		8.20
44.5	Scanlon		10.15		7.20			Orillia			8.25		4.55
49.2	Gilford		10.25		7.27			Barrie		7.00	10.05		6.25
52.1	Lefroy		10.35	4.03	7.38								
57.7	Craigvale		10.50		7.50			Allandale	Arr.	6.45	9.55		6.10
63.2	Allandale	Dep.	11.05	4.40	8.05	51.8			Dep.	7.05	10.20		6.30
			11.25	5.05	8.25			Craigvale		7.20			6.45
	Barrie		11.10	4.50	8.10	57.3		Lefroy		7.35	11.03		7.00
	Orillia		12.35 P.M.	6.35		65.8		Gilford		7.40			7.04
	Gravenhurst		2.10	8.30		70.5		Scanlon		7.50			7.20
	Penetang		2.00		10.35	73.3		Bradford		8.00	11.40		7.27
						76.9		Holland Landing		8.10			7.37
68.7	Colwell		11.40	5.25	8.40	80.5		Newmarket		8.20	12.03		7.47
71.2	Utopia		11.45		8.47	84.8		Aurora		8.35	12.17		8.00
73.6	Angus		11.55	5.42	8.55	92.1		King		8.50	12.40		8.20
76.0	Brentwood		12.00		9.00	96.5		Richmond Hill		9.02	12.55		8.32
78.7	New Lowell		12.08	6.00	9.08	100.5		Thornhill		9.15	1.08		8.45
85.9	Staynor		12.27	6.22	9.27	107		Weston		9.25			8.57
91.3	Batteaux		12.33		9.40	109.9		Davenport		9.37	1.40		9.08
					6.50	112.3		Parkdale		9.45	1.48		9.16
94.5	Collingwood	Arr.	12.50					TORONTO* G. W. Junc		9.53			
		Dep.	1.00	7.10	P.M.			Brock St		9.55	2.00		8.25
100.2	Craigleith		1.18	7.30		115		Union Station		10.03	2.08		9.33
107	Thornbury		1.45	8.00				City Hall	Arr	10.10	2.15		9.40
115	Meaford	Arr	2.15	8.30									

North			NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.				South		
Exp.	Mall.	Exp.	Stations.			Mall.	Accom.	Exp.	
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.				A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	
5.50	10.00	6.40	Dep.	Port Dover*	Arr	9.40	4.00	7.00	
6.15	10.30	7.05		Jarvis		9.15	3.20	6.35	
6.50	10.47	7.35		Hagersville*		9.00	2.30	5.55	
7.20	11.15 P.M.	8.30		Caledonia*		8.30	1.45	5.25	
8.15	12.10 P.M.	9.35	Arr.	Hamilton*	Dep	7.30	12.30	4.30	
Exp.	Mixed.	Mall.				Exp.	Mixed.	Mall.	
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.				A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	
3.10	7.00	6.30	Dep.	Hamilton*	Arr	11.25	5.10	8.40	
4.12	9.20	7.35		Milton		10.27	3.10	7.30	
5.05	10.50 P.M.	8.20		Georgetown		9.45	1.15	6.45	
6.50	1.30 P.M.	9.55		Beeton		8.10	10.55	5.05	
9.00		12.10 A.M.	Arr.	Collingwood	Dep	6.00		3.00	
8.20		11 20 A.M.	Arr.	Allandale	Dep	6.50		3.35	
8.35		11.35 A.M.	Arr.	Barrie	Dep	6.35		3.15	
		12.35	Arr.	Orillia	Dep			8.25	
		2.10 P.M.	Arr.	Gravenhurst	Dep			6.30	
9.50		12.50	Arr.	Collingwood	Dep	5.20		8.15	
		2.15	Arr.	Meaford	Dep			6.30	
10.35		2.00 P.M.	Arr.	Penetang	Dep			7.30	

* GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY.

Trains } Toronto for E. at 7.35 a.m., 5.30, 7.16, 11.35 p.m.
Leave } " W. at 7.30 a.m., 12 15, 3.45, 5.25, 11.45 p.m.
Trains } Georgetown for E. 5.05, 9.57, 11.46 a.m. 5.00, 9.45 p.m.
Leave } " W. 12.47, 8.55 a.m. 1.25, 5.00, 6.30 p.m.
Trains } Caledonia for E. at 5.05, 7.47 a.m. 4.31 p.m.
Leave } " W. at 2.43, 11.00 a.m. 5.50, 9.05 p.m.

* CANADA SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

Trains } Hagersville for W. 2.16, 8.59, 10.18 a.m. 3.22 p.m.
Leave } " E. 5.31, 10.18 a.m. 1.57, 6.15 p.m.

* GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Trains } Toronto for Hamilton at 7.10, 9.55 a.m. 12.50, 3.30
Leave } 5.55, 11.45 p.m.
Trains } Toronto from Hamilton at 9.15, 10.20 a.m. 1.15, 4.30,
Arr } 6.45, 10.35 p.m.
Trains } Hamilton for W. 2.55 9.00 11.30 a.m. 2.55, 3.30 5.10 11.35
Leave } " E. 2.00, 6.05, 9.10, 11.30 a.m. 5.00, 9.05 p.m.
Trains } Jarvis for West at 10.40, 11.50 a.m. 6.30 p.m.
Leave } " East at 9.25 a.m. 4.12, 6.30 p.m.

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HAZEN MORSE, Esq.,

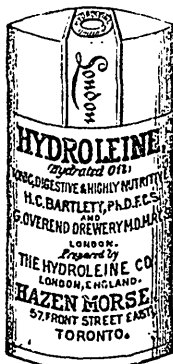
Dear Sir, - I consider Hydroleine a valuable preparation, and I have shown my estimation of it by prescribing it to some thirty or more of my patients, instead of ordinary Cod Liver Oil. Many of them continue to take it and have been greatly benefited by its use. Very truly yours,
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Hastings, 15th Sept., 1880.

Sir, - We are so well satisfied with the trial bottle of Hydroleine, having put it to a severe test in an extreme case where we really did not expect the girl to live a week, (she is now able to walk about the house), that we would like a dozen bottles.

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32 Beaver Hall, Montreal, May 15, 1880.

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Yours truly, E. H. TRENHOLME, M.D.

Richmond Ont., Nov. 25, 1880.

HAZEN MORSE, Esq.,

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D. BEATTY, M.D.

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144 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal, Nov. 18, 1880.

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Montreal Telegraph Co., Superintendent's Office,
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ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

DECEMBER, 1881.

A NATIONAL HYMN.

BY W. D. LIGHTHALL.

TO Thee whose smile is might and fame
A nation lifts united praise,
And asks but that Thy purpose frame
A *useful* glory for its days.

We pray no sunset lull of rest,
No pomp and bannered pride of war ;
We hold stern labour manliest,
The just side real conqueror.

For strength we thank Thee—keep us strong,
And grant us pride in skilful toil,
For homes we thank Thee—may we long
Have each some Eden rood of soil.

O keep our mothers kind and dear,
And make the fathers stern and wise ;
Preserve the maiden soul sincere,
And guide to Thee the young man's eyes.

Crush from our midst the jest of minds
That know not, jesting, when to hush ;
Leave on our lips the word that binds,
And teach the children when to blush.

Firm in the old and only Good,
 O guard our faith, Thou Guard Sublime
 To scorn, like all who have understood,
 The atheist dangers of the time.

Thou hearest ! Lo we feel our love
 Of open speech and action free,
 And all desires that deepest move
 Ennobled, blessed, ensured by Thee !

A SPRIG OF YEW.

BY 'FIDELIS,' KINGSTON.

We softly lay,—'tis all that we can do,—
 On their last resting-place, a sprig of yew.

WITHIN the past three weeks death has snatched away from our great English-speaking family three public men of kindred spirit and aims, though of widely differing gifts, whose wide-spread influence for good will long be sorely missed. Dean Stanley, President Garfield, and Dr. J. G. Holland—unlike in the character of their work and the type of their genius as they were—were alike in this: that the power of *personal character* predominated even over the power of their high intellectual gifts, and won for them the strong and beneficial influence which each exerted in his own sphere. Strangely linked together, too, in death they seem, for an Englishman heard with deeper sympathy than Stanley of the murderous attack on President Garfield, and in all the last services in which he took part in Westminster Abbey, earnest prayers were offered that so precious a life

might be spared to his country and the world. And no American watched with more intense anxiety the long death-struggle of the wounded President, or more deeply and truly mourned his loss, than did Dr. Holland, a beautiful sonnet in memory of Garfield being one of his own last poems. 'Lovely and pleasant in their lives, in death they were not divided,' but, in common with still greater names lost to us during the year, they leave the world infinitely poorer for their loss.

Little need be said here concerning Stanley, the loving and loved biographer of Arnold, or Stanley the ideal Dean and noblest interpreter of the connection between Church and State. Full justice has been done him elsewhere. Articles, showing in the warm affection of their tone how much the noble qualities of the *man* cast into the shade the noble qualities of the

writer—if, indeed, in his case, the two could really be separated—have fitly placed Arthur Stanley and his work before the readers of the principal English and American periodicals. From the beautiful and thoughtful tribute to his memory by Phillips Brooks, in the *Atlantic Monthly*, we quote the following passage, as giving what, in the writer's opinion, is Stanley's strongest claim to the gratitude and honour of an age like this :

'It is certain that the religious life and teaching of Dean Stanley have given immense support to Christian faith in England. In Convocation, just after he died, the Archbishop of Canterbury spoke of him thus:—"There are, in a great community like ours, a vast number of persons who are not members of our own or of any other Church, and there are persons whose temptations are altogether in the direction of scepticism; and my own impression is, that the works of the late Dean of Westminster have confirmed in the Christian faith a vast number of such persons." That is a noble record in such days as these. To discriminate the essence of Christianity from its accidents; to show the world that many of the attacks on Christian faith are aimed at what men may well be in doubt about, and yet be Christians; to lead the soul behind the disputes whose battle-ground is the letter, into the sanctuary of the spirit; to bid the personal loyalty to a Divine Master to stand forth from the tumult of doctrinal discussion as the one vital power of the Christian life—this is a work for the defender of the faith which is full of inspiration and makes multitudes of men his debtors.'

And next to this influence of his writings, we would set his constant endeavour to strengthen the bond of human brotherhood in virtue of which—despite all dividing influences—

'Man to man the war! o'er
Shall brithers be for a' that;'

and more especially his efforts to draw closer the links of fraternal affection

between Britain and America, which make his death, only less than that of President Garfield, a strong uniting force to the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon family. Stanley, like all great men who could not confine themselves to the well-beaten track, has been misunderstood and calumniated, even to the questioning of his Christian faith. But long after the misrepresentation and detraction have been buried in deserved oblivion, the pure and elevating influence of his character and works will live in the thought and life of the English race.

The tragedy which has prematurely closed the noble career of President Garfield has emphasized two truths which a pessimistic view of our time tends to overlook,—that we have not yet outlived the possibility of true heroes, and that all the arrogant materialism of the age has not crushed out of the world's humanity its strong sympathetic response to a true self-sacrificing heroism. The pure and blameless life of steady, unselfish, upward striving, of heroic self-devotion to his country and the right, which has been so vividly brought before the civilized world, set in the more unearthly radiance of mortal suffering, borne with Christian patience and resignation,—is a great object lesson for our youth,—so often tempted to embrace the delusion that mere material 'success in life' is the great goal to strive for. What has led men everywhere in Europe and America to stand reverently with bowed head and sorrowful mien,—to hang flags at half-mast, and fire minute guns, and toll church-bells from John O'Groat's to Land's-End, and from Halifax to San Francisco, while that vast mourning cortege followed to his grave a plain American citizen? Not mere 'success!' Many other men—D'Israeli, for example,—have achieved more brilliant 'success.' Not mere power of intellect or eloquence! In these he had many equals. Not even the tragedy that closed his life! The death of the Czar of Rus-

sia was even more tragic. What compelled the reverent homage of all men for the martyred ruler was the dignity of noble purpose, of consistent integrity, of devotion to right at all hazards, and of protest to the death against the pernicious idea that corruption of some sort must be tolerated in civil government. Possibly it needed the blood of a martyr to impress the lesson on mankind. But surely those three months of complicated suffering endured by the dying President will shame even the average politician out of the too-long tolerated notion that a high and pure morality is *de trop* in the political sphere!

President Garfield's career as soldier and statesman has already been placed most fully before every reader by able hands. Mr. Howells, in Toronto, bore eloquent testimony to the warm, poetic, enthusiastic quality of his oratory, which gave it so much of its power to touch and impress, and to the simplicity and tenderness of his nature which won him a love rarely accorded to early and pre-eminent success. The boy who gladly toiled at the humblest manual labour to help his widowed mother, grew into the man who, his friends knew, would

'Stand by them, whate'er befall,'

and who, in the more tender and private relations of life has been so deeply loved and mourned. The intellectual culture, so hardly won from adverse fortune, was kept up by continued study to an extent very uncommon in the life of a busy American soldier and politician. Always modest and unassuming, he would sometimes surprise his friends at a literary reunion by a long *verbatim* quotation from a favourite Latin poet. In the Senate, the magnetic quality of his eloquence, his quickness and clearness of grasp, his easy readiness of repartee, made him a rarely equalled debater. We, in Canada, thought Garfield an almost unknown name when we first heard of the Presidential nomination. But

his own countrymen knew him well, and appraised him at his true value. He went into the Presidential contest as a thorough-going supporter of his friend Sherman, and his intense loyalty of nature made it almost an impossibility for him to consent to the nomination of himself,—an honour he little desired. But he yielded at last to the pressure of his party and the sense of duty, and set himself to go through the uncongenial personal canvass as the work to which God had called him. And short as his tenure of office has been, and sad its premature close, it has given to the Presidential Chair of the Republic a gleam of heroic lustre which it is earnestly to be hoped his successor will do nothing to tarnish or obscure. His death may do more to accomplish the ends he died for, than his life could have done. It has certainly graven his memory in the hearts of his countrymen as not the best and most faultless administration could have impressed it. And as a link in drawing closer the bonds of human brotherhood, and Anglo-Saxon brotherhood more especially,—as a touch of nature making the whole world kin—the effect of his death has been unprecedented—has taken by surprise the world itself that has been involuntarily led to offer this touching and unexampled homage to a man who *simply did his duty* as a Christian ruler! May it not teach nations, as well as individuals, that moral good is infinitely nobler than material gain?

The career of Dr. J. G. Holland, as well as that of President Garfield, impresses another truth—the fatuity of the over anxiety of men to lay up riches for their sons, as the *summum bonum* of human life. Wealth, though not a bad thing in itself, seems, as George Macdonald tells us, to have a tendency to foster stupidity. Certainly, as a rule, the men who take the foremost rank do not come from rich and luxurious homes. Dean Stanley was one of the exceptions, but an Episcopal palace, with a father like the Bishop of Nor-

wich, could not be a home in which the outward good things of life were rated above their true value. But young Holland, like young Garfield, had to wrest his intellectual development from 'adverse circumstances,' so-called, by dint of his own enthusiasm, toil, and perseverance. In the intervals of college work he taught school, and he used to describe in later life the quaint old world characters and legends that he met with when 'boarding round' in remote country districts of Vermont, where much of the stern old type of Puritan character, and many an ancient superstition, still survived. His early experiences laid up for him a stock of poetic material which he turned to good account in his poems and tales. One can readily imagine how he accepted the profession of medicine in compliance with the representations of well-meaning friends to whom 'literature' as a profession would seem little better than vagrancy! But he practised for only three years, and then gave himself up wholly to his first love, undeterred by the numerous disappointments and discouragements that beset a young author's career. How he won success as a journalist—wrote poems and most popular novels—and finally initiated and successfully established *Scribner's Magazine*, which in ten years has attained an immense circulation in both Europe and America—all newspaper readers must know. But it is more still to know that as a journalist he was steadily true to his lifelong rectitude of principle—that in all his writings, moral good and purity have been upheld as the supreme good—that his humour never degenerated into flippancy, and that in an age which tends to idolise the outward, he strove to the end to lead his readers to see the higher beauty of the spiritual, 'the light that never was on land or sea.' As an editor, touching on the great questions of the day, he always struck the true note, putting aside expedient sophisms, and showing that nothing which is not based on the

eternal principles of truth and right, can have any enduring value. One of his last *critiques* was a well merited condemnation of a 'romance' of Mr. Mallock's, whom from the first, he accurately gauged; and one of his last fragments of practical philosophy was a discriminating discussion of the antagonism existing between poetry and science—accounting for it on the ground that while science must keep strictly to the visible and tangible, poetry must have room to spread its wings and soar into the realms of the unseen and the spiritual.

As a man, Dr. Holland was singularly lovable. His fine robust physique, strong, handsome face, and expressive dark eyes, at once penetrating and benevolent—gave the impression of a warm, gracious nature, which a closer acquaintance fully verified. His editorial duties were often a severe trial to him, involving the constant rejection of contributions which he would gladly have accepted, and never probably refused without a pang of sympathy, intensified by his own early experience of similar discouragements. 'I am sorry for myself, and I hope you are sorry for me,' he would write, when obliged by over supply to return a friend's contribution. But his limitations in this respect may be measured by the fact that he frequently read some fifty poems a day—most of them of respectable merit—while, perhaps the office contained already some thousands of dollars worth of accepted manuscripts.

His hospitality was generous to overflowing. His charming summer home at Alexandria Bay, on the St. Lawrence, commanding a glorious view of one of the loveliest stretches of the Thousand Islands—which was closely associated with the last years of his life—was a favourite resort of his many literary friends. He delighted to show them the beauties of a spot, which, under his tasteful hand seemed to become a little paradise, while the æsthetic interior of the house and the wide

old-fashioned fireplaces, were worthy of the position taken by *Scribner's Magazine* in elevating and guiding the national taste in house-planning and decoration. The hall at *Bonnicastle*, modelled on a small scale from the old English baronial mansion, was in itself a picture. Here he spent four happy months of the year—writing, reading, cruising in his swift steam-yacht among the island labyrinths, and planning and executing improvements in the village, where his bright and genial presence will long be sorely missed.

We do not concern ourselves here with discussing his purely literary merits or his rank as a poet. Enough, that he belonged to the order of true poets or *seers*, whose eyes have been touched to see the glorious spiritual realities that lie beyond the world of sight and sense. And as he saw he taught to the large audience he commanded. His most valued literary friends were writers who sought most to unfold the beauty of the spiritual—such as Jean Ingelow, George Macdonald, his guest when in New York—and the aged Quaker poet of Amesbury. He has been not unfitly styled the 'apostle of the commonplace,' because it was his *forte* to touch with the light of poetry the common ways of life, to show the beauty that, to the seeing eye, may lie about the humblest paths. But his intense conscientiousness, the high aim of all his work—the pure moral quality of his teaching, are what will give his writings their most enduring value. As catholic in sympathy as Dean Stanley, and as tolerant of opinions differing widely from his own, he was as earnestly desirous to separate the accidents of Christian faith from its essentials, and to include within the conception of the Church of Christ all who are animated by His Spirit and Life, however widely they might diverge from the current 'orthodoxy.' And the truth that Christianity has nothing to fear from the fullest investigation, was one for which he earnestly

contended. An attached member of an orthodox Christian church himself, he remarked, in speaking of Professor Robertson Smith, that for any church to do anything to hinder the freest inquiry was, in his opinion, not only a *wrong* but a *sin*! And this principle he was never weary of contending for, frequently defending in his magazine, earnest men whom the church had hastily 'cast out.' He did not profess to be a theologian, and he had a profound sense of the mysteries that encompass human life, but his Christian faith was warm and strong, and pervades all his writings. Perhaps nowhere does it come out more touchingly than in a little poem written in the course of the past summer, concerning a favourite dog—a beautiful white setter—his constant companion. After a tender tribute to the loving fidelity of his dog, he closes thus—

' Ah Blanco! did I worship God,
As truly as you worship me,
Or follow where my Master trod,
With your humility.

' Did I sit fondly at His feet,
As you, dear Blanco, sit at mine,
And watch Him with a love as sweet,
My life would grow divine !'

His last poem, as has been said, was probably his sonnet in memory of President Garfield, the fluctuations of whose struggle for life he watched with the deep anxiety of a true patriot, and whose death he mourned with all the tenderness of a most loving heart. A few words quoted from a private letter, in reply to one of sympathy in the great national sorrow, will show how intensely he grieved for his fallen chief :

' It is very touching—this widespread grief over this terrible death. The effect in England and Canada touches us all very much. He was worthy, however, for whom you have done this. He was much the most brilliant man ever in our presidential chair, and he was as good as he was brilliant. Was ever man so loved and mourned ?'

He, at least, was not left to mourn him long. Within a fortnight after these words were written, the malady which for two or three years had made his life a precarious one suddenly snapped the thread of his busy career, and he followed the ruler after his own heart behind this mortal veil into that larger life which we doubt not holds the key to the mournful mysteries that perplex us here. The

country which within one short month has lost a President like Garfield and a popular and influential teacher of the stamp of J. G. Holland, has sustained a loss not to be weighed in earthly scales. But 'their works do follow them.' Their influence will live in the lives of others, and their memory will long be charged with the fragrance of a noble life, and the spiritual power of moral impulse and inspiration.

WAGES.

I.

IT was a merry brook that ran
Beside my cottage door all day ;
I heard it as I sat and span,
Singing a pleasant song alway.

I span my thread with mickle care ;
The weight within my hand increased ;
The Spring crept by me unaware ;
The Lark dried up—the music ceased.

I missed it little, took small thought
That silent was its merry din,
Because its melody was wrought
Into the thread I sat to spin.

II.

It was a lark that sang most sweet
Amongst the sunrise clouds so red ;
I knew his nest lay near my feet,
Although he sang so high o'erhead.

And though he sang so loud and clear
Up in the golden clouds above,
His throbbing song seemed wondrous near ;
I twined it with the web I wove.

The long days' glory still drew on ;
Then Autumn came ; the Summer fled ;
The music that I loved was gone ;
The song was hushed—the singer dead.

III.

I wove on with a steadfast heart ;
My web grew greater, fold on fold.
I bore it to the crowded mart ;
They paid my wage in good red gold—

Red gold and fine. I turned me back.
The city's dust was in my throat—
No brook ran babbling down its track ;
No bird trilled out a tender note—

But city noise, and rush, and heat,
The gold was red like minted blood,
Oh ! for the cool grass to my feet,
The bird's song, and the babbling flood.

IV.

I turned me and I went my way—
My lonely, empty way, alone ;
The gold within my bosom lay ;
My woven web of dreams was gone !

Did the gold pay me? No ; in sooth,
Gold never paid for brook and bird,
Nor for the coined dreams of youth,
Nor for the music that I heard.

My web is gone ! The gold is mine,
And they who bought it can they see
What dreams and fancies intertwine
With every woven thread for me.

—Chambers' Journal.

'SCIENTIFIC RELIGION.'

BY J. L. F., TORONTO.

THIS nineteenth century is accustomed to plume itself upon its marvellous advance in the exact sciences. So thoroughly has it probed to the roots the scientific principles and discoveries inherited from the past, so completely has it thus let in air and light upon the hidden and hitherto mysterious ramifications of material research and experiment, that a new outgrowth of scientific theory has been the result. This age points with pride to new and startling conclusions anent the reasons of things—conclusions claimed as lasting and substantial, because based upon a broader and more rock-bound basis of fact than has hitherto been available for building operations. Such noted men as Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Hacckel, have so brought their vast scientific researches to bear upon their theories of 'evolution,' as to compel the world of the theological thought to cease attempts at refutation, and endeavour rather to bend Revelation into accordance with alleged scientific law.

Dr. McCosh, of Princeton College, says, in his reply to Tyndall, 'Two great scientific truths have been established in this century. One is, the doctrine of the conservation of energy, &c., &c. The other great doctrine is that of *development*, acknowledged as having an extent not dreamt of till the researches of Darwin were published. We may discern a plan and purpose, means and end, in the way in which plants and animals are *evolved*, and in the forms they take,' &c.

That eminent, but somewhat shallow, defender of the faith, the Rev. Joseph Cook, in his work on 'Natural

Science and Religion,' says, 'So the difference between pure Darwinism and more theistically expressed *evolution* is not so great as it seemed. Both agree in the opinion that species are evolved from species. I am unable to perceive that the idea of the evolution of one species from another, and all from an initial form of life, adds any new perplexity to theism.'

Again, in his lectures on Biology, he says, 'The question of chief interest to religious science is, whether the new philosophy (evolution) is to be established in its atheistic, its agnostic, or its theistic form.'

Nor are similar admissions either few or far between among liberal pulpit orators in this and other lands. It is assumed that science must be right, and theology which claims a Revelation must follow—not lead and guide—science.

Is it not conceivable that such extremely ready compliance with the demands of science may imply either some degree of laziness—a certain reluctance to hard study and mental effort—or else a lack of courage? Would it not have been wiser and more consistent first to test thoroughly the alleged scientific facts, before so readily admitting them to be facts? Do not the appointed custodians of theology seem to yield the citadel almost without a struggle?

It does not require any very intimate acquaintance with the writings of eminent evolutionists, nor a very weighty exercise of common sense, to enable any average intellect to perceive the hopeless contradictions in which these supposed 'exact scientists' involve themselves.

Since 'spontaneous generation,' as expounded by Professor Haeckel, of the University of Jena, means the origination, spontaneously, of organic life out of inorganic matter, 'not by supernatural creation,' one would naturally expect the orthodox theologian to trace with excessive care, and thrilling interest, the 'facts' alleged by this learned professor in confirmation of this theory. Yet not one of these defenders of the faith has taken sufficient pains to study out the self-evident contradiction in Professor Haeckel's description of his chosen initial form of life the 'moneron.' He says, in his 'History of Creation,' vol. i. pp. 327-329, 'In all living bodies, without exception, there is a certain quantity of water combined in a peculiar way with solid matter. All animals and plants, in fact all organisms, consist in great measure of fluid water which combines in a peculiar manner with other substances.' He has previously asserted that these monera are 'organisms of the utmost importance for the theory of the first origin of life, because their entire bodies, when completely developed, consist of nothing but a semi-fluid albuminous lump—a formless simple lump of albumen.'

Do not these two propositions utterly contradict each other? and demonstrate that the moneron is either not a living organism at all, or else that it is *not* composed of one single substance? For, few will care to assert that water is 'albumen.' He also contradicts both Darwin and Huxley, by alleging that any *living* organism can be, or is, composed of 'one single substance.' Then, in his further elucidation of progression from the moneron, Professor Haeckel deliberately stultifies himself by attributing development of the species to self-division. Be it remembered, Darwin's axiom that 'natural selection' can act 'only' on 'inherited' variations, is reiterated and confirmed by Haeckel. How, then, can 'inheritance' exist

among monera, since their only means of propagation is by self-division? *i.e.* by each individual cutting itself into two equal parts, each of which becomes an exact duplicate of its former whole. Without 'inherited variations,' which are, of course, impossible in a living organism of but one simple substance divided into two equal segments, 'nothing can be effected by natural selection.' Both Darwin and Haeckel agree upon this, as the *only* method of evolution from lower to higher organisms; and as natural selection is thus shut out of operation as regards these monera, their evolution into any higher species is, by their own showing, an impossibility. But, further, Haeckel acknowledges, in his 'History of Creation,' nothing but 'matter.' Matter must, of course, be subject to the ordinary laws of geometry, and the moneron, consisting only of one simple substance, cannot be expected to grow and increase in size, even after it is divided into two segments, any more than a plank cut into two halves by a circular saw can be expected to expand into two planks of equal size with the original. This is a problem which Professor Haeckel never even attempts to solve.

But there is a still more distressing downfall in store for Professor Haeckel; and the side-thrust which causes it comes from his colleague, Darwin. These monera still continue to exist in enormous quantities, and still display the self-dividing process of propagation. But Darwin teaches most emphatically that 'new varieties continually take the place of and supplant the parent forms. New and improved varieties will inevitably supplant and *exterminate* the older.' The cause of this is that 'survival of the fittest' which is the result of the 'struggle for existence.' Hence, if 'natural selection' has been at all operative in evolving higher species from the moneron, not one solitary moneron ought now to be left alive to tell the tale. And, further, since it is a self-evident fact

that the difference between animals and men at birth is plainly this, that animals, from whatever reason, have while the power of transmitting to their offspring all their store of instinctive knowledge, man is born into the world absolutely devoid of all inherited knowledge, but has instead only the capacity of being taught. It is hence, then, a most *un-natural* selection which in a 'struggle for existence,' resulting in the 'survival of the fittest,' causes the first man evolved into the world without one iota of inherited instinctive knowledge to survive a day, or an hour, amid animals who possess such instinctive knowledge. Faith in miracles fades into nothingness before the scientific faith which gives ready credence to such an irrational conclusion as this.

In fine, to carry out these two principles of natural selection and survival of the fittest, as defined by Darwin, to their logical conclusion it is hardly possible that more than one, or perhaps two, species of living organisms could exist at any one time in the kingdom of nature. If man be, indeed, evolved from the moneron, man ought, surely long ere now, to have exterminated his parent form at least, and be well on his way towards exterminating a whole host of his intermediate progenitors. We may, indeed, as a race, look forward with calm scientific confidence to the early recurrence of cannibalism, unless evolution shall develop men in a vegetarian direction, since in our 'struggle for existence' and its result, the 'survival of the fittest,' there must soon be nothing for man to prey upon except 'man.' It is a cheerful prospect. We commend it to the thoughtful consideration of those theologians who are disposed to accept the facts of science furnished to them by Messrs. Darwin, Haeckel & Company.

But Professor Darwin, not content with this self-contradictory theory of development by means of self-division, alleges that 'all organic units, besides

having the power, as is generally admitted, of growing by *self-division*, throw off free and minute atoms of their contents. that is, "gemmules." These 'gemmules' are invented by Professor Darwin, in order to account for reversions in individuals of a species to some characteristics of an earlier type. He says 'this reversion depends on the transmission, from the forefather to his descendants, of dormant gemmules, which occasionally become developed under certain known, or unknown, conditions.' These 'gemmules' he calls 'dormant,' i. e., sleeping or inactive. They are, by his theory, atoms of matter floating about within the corporeal frame of the man or animal. As matter, they are, of course, subject to geometric laws. They cannot propagate themselves by self-division, but are dormant, asleep, lifeless. Yet their presence in a descendant is alleged to be the cause of 'reversions' hundreds of generations after the formation of the original type or species. Now, if we grant a liberal allowance of these precious 'gemmules' to the parent animal of a tribe—say even 100 millions—and admit that even half of that quantity is transmitted bodily to the next descendant, half again to the next, and the next, &c., we ascertain by simple division that at the twenty-seventh generation only *one* 'gemmule' of all the one hundred millions would be found in the twenty-seventh descendant. The twenty-eighth and all succeeding generations would have to content themselves with fractions of a gemmule, which by the one-hundredth generation would be no 'vulgar' fraction, but quite exhaust our stock of decimals to express.

Nor must it be supposed that 'evolution' is always a change from the simple to the complex, as taught by Herbert Spencer. Professor Huxley, in a lecture delivered in New York, asserts that according to the known and ascertained *facts* of evolution, it is quite natural to expect the

complex toes of the extinct 'orhippus' to evolve into the simple undifferentiated club-foot, or hoof, of the horse. Yet both Darwin, and Huxley himself, teach that all mammals, including the horse and the monkey, are evolved from the marsupial. Some ancient opossum or kangaroo, therefore, must have evolved its fingers and toes gradually into the feet and hands of a man by having each separated and developed. While some other, after going so far as to have 'four toes on the front limb and three toes on the hind limb complete,' as Professor Huxley says the orhippus had, must have grown weary of this distressing multiplication of toes, and devolved or dissolved them all back again into a hardened and concrete hoof. Aided by narrow toed boots, and the prevailing fashions, man may yet become a hoofed animal again, were it only to 'rile' the bootmakers.

These are but a hundredth part of the contradictions to be found in the works of these 'exact' scientists. The reader who desires to have his mind stimulated in the research for greater and more glaring scientific blindness and blundering, should peruse a volume entitled 'The Problem of Human Life,' by A. Wilford Hall, of New York. (Published by Hall & Co., 26 East Ninth street, New York.)

Herbert Spencer defines science as 'a higher development of common knowledge,' while Huxley says that 'the science of any subject is the highest and most exact knowledge upon that subject.' Judged then by these standards, Darwin and Haeckel would seem to have evolved from the depths of their moral consciousness, the science of contradictions—not exact knowledge, not a higher development of common knowledge, but a spurious science, a heterogeneous collection of alleged scientific laws to which common knowledge and common sense alike give the lie direct. Yet these men are both sincere and able, and worthy of all respect in

their public and private life and character. How then comes it that their efforts to attain true scientific knowledge result in such total failure? The reason will be found in this fact, that they have devoted years of study and careful thought to appearances only—have set out to find in mere matter the origin and cause of those phenomena of life which exhibit only their *externals* in material form. Their course of study is exactly analogous to that of a man who, seeing a locomotive engine for the first time, should carefully observe and note every particle of the external mechanism, endeavouring thereby to ascertain how it put itself together, how each part must have grown out of the other, and in their growth developed capacities of harmonious rapid motion. Thus, occupied only with the external phenomena, it never dawns upon him to penetrate to the motive power of steam which is used to set the machinery in motion, nor to pursue his researches still further, till he becomes conscious of the living heart and brain of the man who discovered and adapted the motive power to the mechanism and the mechanism to the motive power. To judge and theorize from externals only, and to shut the mind from all possibility of rising to interior causes, is to miss all opportunity of true knowledge by ascribing to external appearances powers which may live and manifest themselves indeed within these, yet are not of them, but of an entirely different degree or quality. This is precisely the course adopted by Messrs. Haeckel and Darwin.

Probably their effort is a step in advance of those creed-makers who drove them to it by formulating the proposition that it pleased Jehovah 'in the beginning to create, or *make of nothing*, the world and all things therein.' Still this ought not to have worried them or driven them to seek in matter a 'something' out of which 'something' could be made. It is quite true that 'out of nothing, nothing

can be made; and the initial chapter of Genesis nowhere contradicts that axiom. It is the Westminster Assembly of Divines who substitute the phrase 'out of nothing.' The Bible simply states the fact that 'in the beginning God created the heaven and the earth,' and further speaks of the works which God 'created to make'—*i. e.*, caused and formed. God is there distinctly declared to be Himself the origin and source of all created things; hence the teaching, that if we would rightly understand their phenomena and operation, we must seek upwards and inwards from these externals, through the various subtler forms of matter, towards the Divine essence and form in and from whom they live and move and have their being.

But such a statement will at once arouse the alarmed cry of 'Pantheism,' 'Pantheist,' &c. It might be well, however, before clamorous ignorance gives the rein to such vituperation, to reflect upon the many forms of more and more rarified matter through which we must penetrate ere we discern the undoubted finality or Final Cause of the Universe, God. Science is yet but in its infancy as regards the potencies in Nature by which we are surrounded, which give form to our spiritual, mental, and physical life. Space forbids us to do more than touch upon the lines of thought suggested. What, for instance, do we know as yet of the actual, material (though rarified and imperceptible), substance called 'gravitation' which fills all known space, and, by attraction or repulsion, holds revolving worlds in their appointed orbits? Is gravitation similar to the substance we call magnetism? Is electricity corpuscular? If not, has it no form, no concrete actuality? Is not light an actual form of rarified matter emanating from the sun of our and other systems? The author to whom reference has already been made, A. Wilford Hall, devotes many of the most interesting pages of his volume

to prove the fallacy of the wave-theory of sound and light; and he does establish, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that both 'sound' and light are actual *substances* and not a mere wave-motion of the air or ether.

Every rational man knows perfectly, if he permits himself to reflect upon the phenomena of his own material existence, that the matter of which his body is composed is, *of and in itself*, as dead and inert as any other piece of clay—that he, the man, the inner man, moves it. His will and thought consciously move and guide the pen with which he writes, the tool with which he works, the boots and the feet with which he walks. It were but the wild dream of a lunatic to suppose that the boots move the feet, the feet the muscles of the leg, and finally through other muscles and fibres *create* the thought and the desire to walk. Are not then this 'will' and 'thought' substantial?—far more substantial than the matter which they move at will as thought directs? The idea that 'matter' creates and moves 'mind' is as ridiculous as Lord Dundreary's celebrated scientific method of solving the problem why a dog wags its tail. 'If the tail were stronger than the dog of course the tail would wag the dog.' Not less ridiculous is the supposition that matter evolves, unaided by spirit, beings capable of will and thought, affection, reason, and consciousness—all faculties, which may be weighed and measured spiritually, or mentally, but not in scales or by measuring lines. True, that substance from which matter is evolved must be substantial, real material; but unlike; of different degree; of higher and separate degree; to those mere external forms which evolutionists call 'matter' and regard as the only 'substance.' Yet we find discrete (*i. e.*, separate) degrees of substance and form even in the little we have yet discovered of the substantial corpuscular forces and forms in Nature, varying from the solid mineral

to the subtle and as yet untraceable, invisible substances we call 'sound,' magnetism, gravitation, &c., and in animals that absolutely unknown substance which we see only in its effects and characterize as 'animal spirits.' Men even know what that is. Boys sometimes make us painfully acquainted with its effects; although it is probably a new idea to modern science to speak of 'animal spirits' as a substantial form of matter. It becomes entirely possible thus, to the rational mind, to conceive of the One Divine Being as Himself—Substance and Form, interior to, or within, all substances and forms emanating or thrown off from Him. These emanations are no longer Himself, any more than the things a man has made, from substances placed at his disposal, constitute the man himself, although they are his 'works;' or to come closer to the analogy as regards man's relation to God, the offspring of a father cannot correctly be said to continue to be an integral portion of that father's existence.

Only of *One* human form on earth could it be truly said that He and the Infinite Source of all Life were absolutely One, because that Human Form was, and is, 'Jehovah placed visibly before us.' As that Truth begins to be realized by us, a true science and a true religion will begin to dawn upon the mind and enliven the heart of humanity. In that fact we have the key-note to the science of Life. In studying the problem of the possibility of such a manifestation of God to man on the very external plane of man's external faculties, every problem of science will be gradually unfolded as we are able to bear it—as we are able to *use* it. By learning to understand Nature's God we shall grow into the knowledge of Nature and learn successively the successive degrees of our human and animal life and material surroundings. For we shall learn that while all life is from Him, yet the 'human' degree is *directly* of and

from Him—indeed His in essence and form. And we are His children. He our Father in Heaven. Thus while He could, and did manifest Himself in a human life, in form as a man, He could not be seen as He is in any lower form of life. Thus we are drawn to the conclusion that all animal, vegetable, molluscan, and mineral life are degrees of life, discrete (*i.e.* separate) from the human; and each species of the animal and vegetable kingdoms a separate emanation, a distinct 'work' of the Creator—not a spontaneous outgrowth each from each, but a created outgrowth from those unseen and unknown causes which we call spiritual. As we learn more of the laws and qualities of those subtler *material* substances in Nature to which reference has been made, it will become possible even to explain scientifically the combinations of these which act into and upon the several organisms. We will be able to show the lines of demarcation which, by what we may call a spiritual chemistry, forbid any intermingling. We know now as a fact that it is so—that mules or hybrids cease to propagate. The spiritual causes for this we do not yet know, but we may justly infer their existence.

Thus rising above the merely material or natural, we perceive that within man's natural life there is the rational or mental life; within the rational or mental, the spiritual life, and form which lives within us, here and now in form as a man, and in exact correspondence with our present material form. When the material casement is cast off for ever at death, no atom of this inner man is destroyed or lost, nor is there any, even momentary, cessation of life; for within that spiritual and mental substance and form there exists the still more interior celestial life derived the most directly from the Divine Life, and, therefore, as eternal as its source. While ignorance so dense prevails, even amongst advanced (?) scientists,

as that exemplified in the theories of Tyndall, Helmholtz, and others, on sound and light, what can we expect to know of the nature and properties of those spiritual substances of which man's spiritual being and form are composed.

We call a truce to the arrogance alike of 'science' and 'orthodoxy.' Let us realize, in patience and humility of spirit, how little we know. Let us calmly study that one Infinite Life and Source of Life displayed to us in the human life lived on earth by our Lord Jehovah, that we may from Him learn wisdom by life from Him, lived out in accordance with His laws of life, in our relations to others. Practical religion and practical science, united in usefulness to humanity on the natural plane of daily and material existence, are the sure and certain paths to deeper or higher spiritual and scientific knowledge. Precisely as natural science is acquired from a desire to apply it to *uses*, and not to mere speculative philosophy, so will scientific knowledge become exact and reliable because tested in *use* on that natural plane which is the true domain of physical science. That science, so applied, *is* religion; for they are then one. As it is 'the life of religion to do good,' so is it the life of science to perform uses. Each, or both, are dead, if such aim or end be not their very life. Religious science so animated, whether conscious of the vigour of its life or not, receives this life-principle from Jehovah, our Lord, through His Divine Humanity; and as each ray of light from this 'Sun of Righteousness' is caught and fixed, by the will of man, into its appropriate ultimate in material usefulness, it forms a basis or continent for further knowledge, and opens new avenues within man for further influx of

Light and Life from Him. Hence the reception of that Divinely-Human life of our Lord, along with the study of His works and the application of their laws and forces to uses, will eventually open the way to the true science of religion. True science is simply unattainable without the religion of love to others as heart and motive; and this because the *will* is the inmost life of man. If the will be contrary to the Divine Will—bereft of any activity towards usefulness or service of others, which is the Divine Will—it perverts, blinds and obscures the intellectual faculties, and produces all those contradictions and almost ludicrous fallacies on questions of actual natural facts and right reason we find so prevalent at present amid advanced (?) scientists. The speculative science of the nineteenth century is as wildly astray as is that speculative theology of a former age, whose creeds and dogmas we are now beginning to view in their true light, which is darkness.

The will and thought of this new day are rapidly casting loose from the trammels alike of orthodox science and orthodox theology; and in the hunger for material progress—selfish though it be as yet—centre the hopes of the world for the influx and efflux of new life and light from above; for even in its mad insatiability and restlessness there is much of that true religion which seeks not material progress *for self only*, but for all; nay, more and better there are who seek progress for *others* even at the expense and sacrifice of *self*. This is that scientific religion which attains not only 'knowledge' but 'wisdom'; for it follows the words and deeds of Him who said 'if any man willeth to do My will, he *shall* know of the teaching' of Nature and of Nature's God.

SIX DAYS OF RURAL FELICITY.

A SUMMER ID(LE)YL IN PROSE.

BY T. H. F.

CHAPTER IX.

INDOOR PLEASURES. A NEW ARRIVAL.

NOTHING but rain; pelting, pitiless, ceaseless rain! Rain beating against the window panes, dripping from the eaves, rushing down the pipes, foaming from the mouths of the two quaint old gargoyles, whose grotesque visages leered at me from an angle in the wall high up under the roof, and dancing up in evanescent bubbles over the stone walk beneath my window! No variety in the drooping and dripping aspect of the landscape; no break in the dull, leaden clouds; and no prospect of putting one's head out of doors for the day. Such were the sights and sounds that greeted me, as I gazed through the blurred window-panes the following morning.

Harry had come into my room and assisted me to dress, for my arm was still painful, and one of the servants having brought me my breakfast, I sat dallying over it by the window, a prey to dispiriting reflections.

There was no farm-yard, dairy, or rustic little bridge for me this morning; and worse than all, no little arbour either; and the end of Helen's little history, and the beginning of my little 'story' would have to be indefinitely postponed. I had determined to have it out with her to-day; and my vexation at this delay was excessive, for I might not again have so favourable an opportunity as the one I had so faint-heartedly frittered away.

She sent kind inquiries to my room during the day, and Harry and De Villefort paid me several visits. Monsieur Trancher — De Villefort had mentioned his name to me the day before—the young surgeon, also came in to ascertain how his patient was getting on, and reiterated his advice that I should remain quiet for some little while longer.

It was while Harry and De Villefort were in my room that the former incidentally remarked with a laugh, 'By the way, Hastings, old fellow, you must have had a terrific tussle with some pretty large and refractory trout the other day for the middle joint of my rod is badly split, and the upper one is entirely *non est inventus*.'

'Oh, I remember now,' I replied, with a strong effort to control my features, 'I left it by the brook (a cowardly falsehood) when I shortened my rod. How stupid it was of me; but I am sure I can find it.'

'Don't let it worry you,' said Harry; 'it can be replaced, only I imagined you must have had a serious time with one of your fish, that was all.'

'No, I didn't catch anything—that is nothing worth mentioning,' I said carelessly, but with a countenance of alternating red and white.

'By the bye,' said Harry, 'my man tells me that the trout in the breeding pond have been dying by the score. He thinks they must have been poisoned in some manner. It is a complete mystery; and I intend to have the matter fully investigated.'

'Did he examine their mouths particularly?' said De Villefort with a villainous grin and sly look at me. 'Perhaps if he had, he would have discovered that there was a hook at the bottom of the mystery.'

'I don't know that he did,' replied Harry, 'but of course no one would fish there.'

I tried to appear—not being of course in any way responsible for the fate of those unfortunate fish—as if the matter possessed for me merely a momentary interest; but I know it was a ghastly failure. I was conscious of turning red and white by turns, and of looking as thoroughly foolish and uncomfortable as I ever did in my life. That my tell-tale countenance betrayed me to De Villefort, who had been furtively watching me, I haven't a doubt; only I hoped Harry had not been equally observant of me.

'Are you suffering, Hastings?' the latter said suddenly. 'You're as pale as a ghost. Does your arm still pain you much?'

'Yes, the pain is intense (another despicable falsehood) and seems to be increasing,' I stammered, as if the acuteness of the agony I suffered had seriously affected my articulation.

'Perhaps Boucher had better see you again,' he suggested.

'No; I only need rest,' I replied, trying to assume a cheerful tone. 'In a day or two I shall be all right again, I know.'

After the termination of this pleasant little episode of the morning by the departure of my two callers, I bitterly reflected upon my want of manliness in not making a clean breast of the whole matter. I felt sure that I would, sooner or later, be discovered as the ruthless destroyer of those unlucky fish; and then what sort of an opinion would they have of me; and particularly Helen; what would she think of such moral cowardice?

I tried to divert my mind from these unpleasant reflections by reading, strolling about my room, which

was quite wide and lofty; examining the few paintings which adorned its walls, one of them being the full length portrait of a grim-looking old knight, clad in complete armour, the ancestor, perhaps, I thought, of the old French Marquis or Baron who had been the former owner of the chateau; and by straining my eyes through the window in the hope of discovering some faint indication of returning sunshine; but none was visible.

I partook sparingly of lunch, as my head was beginning to ache, and afterwards lay down on my bed and was soon asleep. I awoke late in the afternoon, feeling so much refreshed that I decided to dress for dinner. Harry again looked in, and having finished my toilet, I accompanied him down stairs.

I was bored nearly to death by the kind congratulations and inquiries of the guests, especially the younger portion who wanted to know just exactly how it was my horse had come to run away with me; how in the world I ever managed to maintain my seat so long; whether I had ever been run away with before; how it felt to be run away with; just exactly when and where I had fallen off, and what became of the horse afterwards; whether I didn't feel quite like a hero; one young lady declaring how exciting it must have been, and another how romantic; and how fortunate that my arm had not been broken, and that I had not been killed outright, etc., etc.

Helen had preceded me to the dining-room, and when I entered, she was conversing with a young lady, a stranger to me, to whom I was forthwith introduced. Miss Ashton, the name of the new guest, took her seat next to Helen at the table, and being opposite to me I could not fail soon to become impressed with her appearance. She was strikingly handsome, even I had to admit, comparing favourably with Helen herself. Her manner and conversation were exceedingly vivacious; the former being at

times, I thought, decidedly coquettish. She had occasionally a peculiarly furtive way of glancing out of the corners of her eyes at me, with a sort of sly expression on her face that made me blush, and feel rather uncomfortable. I never in my life was able to flirt, and if Miss Ashton proposed to draw me into a flirtation she would find herself disappointed. I had hardly exchanged two words with her, and yet these glances became so pointed and frequent that I thought her behaviour almost immodest.

Helen warmly congratulated me upon my escape from any serious injury, and expressed her pleasure at my being able to leave my room so soon. Then regarding Miss Ashton, with an amused expression, she said,

‘Do you know, Edward, Miss Ashton thinks you remind her so much of a friend of her’s, a Mr. —, what is his name, Julia?’

‘Mr. Harcourt,’ she replied.

‘And the best of the joke is,’ continued Helen laughing, ‘that I can hardly convince her that you are not that gentleman himself. Indeed she actually accuses me of practising a little deception in trying to pass you off for somebody else.’

‘Well,’ I laughed, ‘that is funny.’

‘She saw you last evening with Monsieur de Villefort,’ said Helen, ‘and was convinced that you were her friend, Mr. Harcourt.’

‘I assure you, Miss Ashton,’ I said laughing, ‘that I am myself and nobody else; that my name is Hastings and not Harcourt. But I had not the pleasure of seeing you last evening.’

‘Perhaps not,’ she replied, ‘I was in the carriage that passed in as you and your friend went out.’

‘Oh, then you were the major,’ I said with a laugh, and rather thoughtlessly.

‘Another case of mistaken identity,’ said Helen laughing herself. ‘Mr. Hastings will probably insist that you are the major, whoever that personage

may be, while you will be equally positive that he is Mr. Harcourt.’

‘Now, confess, Helen, at once,’ said Miss Ashton with a sly smile, ‘that you and Mr. Hastings, as you call him, have concocted a little plot between you to deceive me; to pass off the real Mr. Harcourt for the *soi-disant* Mr. Hastings. It was certainly very cleverly arranged; but I am not to be deceived. Now confess, Helen, that I have detected your little ruse.’

‘I appeal to Mr. Hastings himself,’ said Helen, ‘to corroborate me when I say that you are really altogether mistaken, though possibly,’ with a sly look at me, ‘he may tell you that this is not the first time he has been mistaken for somebody else.’

I blushed, and laughingly remarked something to the effect that I was actually becoming myself a little doubtful about my own identity, but nevertheless I thought I was still sufficiently clear upon that point to be able to corroborate Miss Mowbray.

Miss Ashton, however, was, or feigned to be, not entirely convinced yet, and several times afterwards addressed me as Mr. Harcourt. Miss Mowbray had offered no remark all this while, but appeared to be greatly amused by the conversation.

There was at times an intensely amused expression upon the faces of Helen and Miss Ashton, which I could hardly account for, and once or twice they burst out laughing, when for the life of me I could see no cause for it. The suspicion that I was in some way the cause of their merriment made me feel exceedingly uncomfortable. It certainly could not be the rather awkward manner in which I used my left hand; they would be too polite to notice it. And yet what could I have unwittingly done or said to cause them this evident amusement, for the very peculiar way in which they both at times looked at me, was so unmistakable, that I was now convinced that I was in some way the object of their mirth.

I glanced down to see if any of the

buttons of my vest had got into the wrong hole; then felt with my hand to ascertain if my coat collar was down, and my cravat in proper position about my neck; but nothing was awry in these respects.

In the mean while the soup and fish had appeared and disappeared; Monsieur Bontemps was delivering himself of his apparently exhaustless fund of story and anecdote, to the intense enjoyment as usual of the company, while at times, from the other end of the table, the voluble tones of Madame McMahon's voice were audibly wafted to me. My attention, however, was so much absorbed by Helen and Miss Ashton, that I took but little notice of what was going on around me. The latter was now entertaining us with an animated description of her visit to the Paris Exhibition, and she expressed her surprise that I had passed through the city without seeing it; and urged Helen not to fail in doing so. The latter replied that as Harry had not expressed the least interest in it, she had not gone for want of an escort, whereupon, with conscious blushes, I gallantly offered to act in that capacity; and of course having friends in Paris, with whom she could stay, she said that perhaps she might avail herself of my kind offer.

Dinner over, I accompanied the ladies to the parlour, leaving the gentlemen to their wine and cigars. At Helen's request I went back to the library to fetch her a book she wished, and was about leaving the room with it, when Miss Ashton suddenly entered. Her whole appearance and manner were entirely changed. She regarded me with the most reproachful looks, and exclaimed in a disdainful way,

'I am astonished, sir, that you have the assurance to look me in the face, after what passed between us last, I resolved never to hold intercourse with you again; base, perfidious man! Think not that I can forget your conduct; or that I am to be deceived, sir,

by your puerile attempt to pass yourself off for other than what you know yourself to be; the most ungrateful and heartless of men.'

She stood regarding me with flashing eyes, glowing cheeks and heaving bosom, while I, utterly dumbfounded at this unexpected accusation looked at her in quite a bewildered and helpless sort of way.

'In the presence of others, sir,' she continued, 'I was constrained to treat you with forbearance until I should have an opportunity of unmasking you. What *can* you think of yourself, sir?'

'Miss Ashton,' I at last managed to stammer, with flaming face, 'What do you mean? I am quite sure I never saw you before.'

'Oh,' she exclaimed, with a most scornful curl of the lip; 'so you add insult to injury by affecting ignorance. But it is no more than I might expect of you. It would be useless for me though to attempt to refresh your memory. None so blind, they say, as those who won't see, and no doubt it is equally true that none are so forgetful as those who *won't* remember.'

'Miss Ashton,' I exclaimed, quite desperately, 'whom do you take me for? You are quite mistaken, I assure you.'

'I take you, sir,' she replied, in a tone calmly scornful, and with a sudden change from her former excited manner to that of quiet, injured dignity, 'for a false, ungrateful, perjured man, whose most solemn promises are no more than trifles light as air; who makes deception the ruling conduct of his life, who—who—' she abruptly paused, and breaking out into an hysterical laugh, threw herself into a chair by the table, and began strumming upon it with her fan in the most violent and excited manner.

Goodness gracious! Was the woman going into hysterics, and perhaps faint on my hands. Indeed, I felt very faint myself at the thought.

'Believe me, my dear—Miss Ashton I mean—I thought I would en-

deavour to soothe her, for her symptoms were most alarming—‘that—that you are quite mistaken—I am really somebody else—that is, I mean to say, I am not myself—no—not exactly that either—what I do mean to assure you of is this’—quite desperately, and in a profuse perspiration, for the hysterics were certainly come on her—‘that I am not Mr.—Mr.—I have forgotten his name,’ in a most bewildered manner, ‘Mr.—the person you think I am, I mean—indeed I am not—I have no doubt I am quite a villain—no, I don’t mean that exactly—the person you think I am, I have no doubt is quite a villain, I mean to say’—yes, she was going to faint, I knew she was—perhaps I had better at once acknowledge my offences, as this persistent denial of them, I felt sure, would be attended by the most alarming consequences, and perhaps a frank confession might soothe and restore her; and then when she was again brought back to a tolerable degree of calmness, I would once more endeavour to undeceive her.

‘Believe me, Miss Ashton,’ I said, hurriedly, for I saw there was no time to lose, ‘I am truly repentant, and I humbly ask——’ but, as I feared, my contrition came too late.

Her head had been bent over the table resting upon one arm, while the other hung motionless at her side; her fan had fallen from her hand, and complete prostration seemed to have followed.

Yes, to my dismay, I saw she was slipping from her chair; I ran to her, and had just got my arms about her when, to my inexpressible relief, Helen entered the room. She paused—no wonder—with a look of blank amazement, and exclaimed, ‘Why, Edward, I am astonished.’

No doubt she was; but not more so than I was, when the next moment she burst out laughing, and at the same instant Miss Ashton rose to her feet, looked me full in the face with an expression of intense amusement and sly humour, and said—

‘Are you quite—quite sure, Edward, that you never saw me before?’

There was, just then, something in her voice; a not altogether unfamiliar tone that recalled a vision of a girlish face peeping merrily from between a profusion of auburn ringlets, two roguish blue eyes and a pair of red lips parted upon a double row of pearly white teeth; and as I scrutinized more closely the face that was turned towards mine, could I detect in it no faint resemblance to that same girlish countenance? I felt so sure that I could, that I exclaimed—

‘Can it be possible that——I see Alice Lee?’

‘Yes,’ she said, with a merry laugh, ‘none other than your old tease and torment, Alice Lee.’

‘I see you have not yet forgotten how to be both,’ I said, laughing myself, and warmly shaking her outstretched hand. ‘You are a clever actress, Alice; but this is, indeed, a most unexpected and joyful surprise.’

‘Yes,’ she said, with a sly smile, ‘Helen and I arranged it all, and I succeeded much better than I expected.’

‘When two women put their heads together to plot,’ I laughed, ‘it is all up with their victim. No wonder I was imposed upon.’

We seated ourselves in a corner of the room, and spent an hour in delightful chat about the old times; our old friends and youthful experiences, bringing to mind many of our childish pranks and sports. And I learned from Alice that she had been visiting in Toulouse, and that Helen’s letter conveyed an invitation to her to make her a visit, and that they had concocted this little plan between them, neither of them believing that I would at first recognise my old play-fellow.

As I was accompanying them back to the parlour, the young surgeon who had attended me after my accident chanced to pass us, and he stopped to inquire if I still suffered any pain from my arm.

'Very little,' I replied, 'and I must thank you, Monsieur Trancher, for your very kind attention.'

'Trancher!' he exclaimed, with a sudden change of manner, and in a somewhat excited tone of voice, 'vot you mean by zat, sare; ma foi! but I took you for vun gentilman; for just nussin at all, I vould pull your nose, sare.'

He regarded me with the most indignant looks; while utterly dumb-founded with astonishment at this sudden ebullition of anger, I at last managed to stammer—

'How have I offended you, Monsieur Trancher? If I have done so, I assure you, sir, it was entirely unintentional.'

'Trancher, Trancher,' he again exclaimed, in a tone of greater anger and excitement than before, 'ma foi, vot for you call me zat? Allow me, sare, to inform you that you are vary presuming; zat you are vun fâcheux, sare.'

What possible enormity lay concealed in the fact of my being a fâcheux I was utterly at a loss to imagine, and I said—

'I cannot perceive, sir, what I have said or done to offend you, and I beg to assure you, sir, that —'

'Trancher!' he again exclaimed angrily, and in a somewhat ironical tone, 'perhaps sare, you set up for vun farceur, but parmit me to say that our brief acquaintance does not varrant it sare—it is von big impertinence—you have grossly insulted me, sare,' and with these words he turned indignantly upon his heel and walked off, leaving me quite speechless with astonishment and mortification.

I had been vehemently accused by this irascible little Frenchman of being a fâcheux and a farceur; thus much I knew of the nature and extent of my offences, but no more; and I should have to ask Helen to explain their meaning.

Perhaps, after all, I had only mispronounced his name; but I knew

these Frenchmen to be dreadfully sensitive; though why he should have flown into a passion over such a trifle, especially when he should have known that it was purely unintentional, I was at a loss to understand.

Helen and Alice had passed on to the parlour, and had heard nothing of this conversation, and shortly after joining them I asked the former, being decidedly curious to have the mystery elucidated, what a fâcheux and a farceur meant. She replied that one meant an impertinent, and the other a joker. But as this didn't help to explain the matter any, I was as puzzled as ever.

Presently she inquired why I had asked.

'Because Monsieur Trancher called me them,' I said.

'Monsieur who?' she exclaimed with a laugh.

'Monsieur Trancher,' I repeated. 'The surgeon.'

'What did you call him that for?' she said, with another hearty laugh.

'Why, because it's his name,' I replied, 'so De Villefort told me, though I don't see why he should have got so angry merely because I mispronounced it.'

'Trancher means to amputate,' said Helen, greatly amused at my mistake, 'and no doubt he thought the term rather more appropriate than polite.'

'Oh, does it?' I said. 'It seems to me, Helen, that my whole time here has been taken up in making mistakes and apologizing for them. You can score another point for De Villefort. But I must see Monsieur—what is his name?'

'Boucher,' she answered.

'Monsieur Boucher,' I continued, 'and apologize for my mistake, immediately, or he may request the pleasure of running me through; and I must also,' I added with a laugh, 'save De Villefort the trouble of writing me another challenge.'

So I went in search of the irascible little surgeon forthwith, not knowing

what hostile designs he might not at the moment be harbouring against me, dangerous alike to both life and limb.

I found him in the billiard-room watching a spirited game between De Villefort and Monsieur Bontemps; and as I approached him he regarded me with the most indignant and contemptuous looks. I said, in low tones, 'I greatly regret, Monsieur Bou—bou,' for the life of me I couldn't remember the other part of his name; but I continued in spite of my confusion, 'that owing to a mistake—'

'Monsieur Boubou,' he exclaimed, jumping up from his seat, and shaking his fist excitedly in my face, 'not vun other vord, sare; I vill not listen to you—do not presume to speak to me, sare.'

'But I wish to explain, sir,' I said, 'I greatly regret that it was owing to a mistake, Monsieur Bou—'

'Not vun more vord, sare,' he almost shouted, 'I have tell you not vun more vord;' gesticulating at me in the most vehement manner. 'Before zis whole company,' he continued in an excited tone (about ten ladies and gentlemen now concentrated their gaze upon us) 'I pronounce you to be unimpertinent—un bouffon;' in his excitement he mixed his French and English somewhat—'von—von *fellow*—zare! Trancher! Boubou! ma foi! but I vill pull of ze nose, if you insult me vith von more vord. You shall hear from me, sare.'

I had tried hard to keep my temper, but now mortified with very shame and angered beyond control, I exclaimed, 'Very well, sir, if you will persist in making yourself ridiculous, and refuse to listen to me, perhaps Monsieur de Villefort will be kind enough to afford you the explanation I proposed doing, had you been amenable to reason.'

With these words I walked out of the room, thoroughly impressed with the conviction that the popularly conceived notion of French courtesies and

politeness was the veriest humbug and delusion.

CHAPTER X.

HELEN'S LITTLE HISTORY IS FINISHED,
AND MY LITTLE STORY IS BEGUN AND
ENDED.

'HELEN,' I said, as I accompanied her and Alice from the breakfast table, the following morning, 'is there such a thing as a farm-yard, a dairy, or a rustic little bridge anywhere in the neighbourhood? All books that treat about the country mention such things as the most attractive and pleasant of rural sights; and delightful little brooks, such as Tennyson describes, you know.'

'Oh, are they all like that,' she remarked quite innocently, 'I didn't know it.'

'Ever since I have thought anything about the country,' I said, 'I have always had a great desire to see a farm-yard, a dairy, and a rustic little bridge, spanning just such a brook as Tennyson depicts. I have always imagined that these must be the most delightful of rural sights; especially the latter. Indeed, to see a rustic little bridge that spans one of the clearest, merriest, and most musical of brooks has been one of the dreams of my life.'

'I believe there is a bridge,' replied Helen, laughing, evidently amused at the simplicity of my tastes; 'but it is some distance away, and I cannot promise you that it is particularly rustic, or that the water which it spans is especially clear, merry or musical. I have only seen it once, and that was a long time ago—I had, indeed, entirely forgotten it.'

'If I only knew the way there,' I said, 'I should like to visit it this morning, and I could take the other two on my return. Indeed, Helen,' I added, 'I should hardly realize that

I had been in the country at all, should I return home without seeing a farm-yard, a dairy, and a rustic little bridge.'

'If you don't mind a long walk,' she said, 'perhaps we can make up a little party to go there this morning.'

'I should be delighted,' I replied, 'and Helen, you might bring a copy of Tennyson along with you; it would be so appropriate and delightful to read it—on the bridge, you know.' She promised not to forget it, and it was settled we should set out on our walk in the course of half an hour.

I was ready and waiting in the hall at the appointed time, when Helen appeared with Alice Lee and Monsieur Bontemps; which gentleman by the way seemed to have become quite smitten by that young lady's charms—and who proposed to join us. This was not at all what I wanted, as I had hoped to have Helen all to myself. Indeed it quite disconcerted a little purpose I had secretly harboured, and with which neither the bridge nor the brook—or the farm-yard and dairy either—had any very particular connection. I swallowed my discomfiture, however, and submitted with as good a grace as possible.

It had stopped raining the afternoon before; and the air being delightfully fresh and cool, and the weather clear, it was with a particular sense of pleasure that we followed for a short distance the path leading by the little arbour, and then turned off over the lawn towards a clump of woods upon our left hand.

'Helen,' I said, pausing, 'if perfectly agreeable to you, I should really like to have another peep at that dear little arbour. It will not take us a moment, and we can join our friends again before they have time to miss us.'

Undoubtedly we could, for they were but a little way ahead of us, and so completely absorbed in each other's society, that they appeared to have not only forgotten our presence, but

everything else; and very naturally I thought our little digression might prove equally agreeable to them.

'It may be the last opportunity I shall have,' I said, 'and I should really not like to go home without seeing it once again.'

Helen acquiescing, we retraced our steps, and turning back into the path, soon came in sight of the arbour.

'What a really delightful little spot it is,' I exclaimed.

'I think I have heard you express that opinion before,' she remarked, with a sly smile.

'One cannot express it too often, Helen,' I said. 'It is as charming by day as it is in the evening? Don't you think so?'

As she expressed a like opinion, I then observed that I really should desire to see if it looked as beautiful inside by daylight as it did in the evening; and this wish was also gratified by Helen's accompanying me along the little flower-bordered path, and into the arbour itself.

'This is indeed charming,' I said, sitting down, and gazing about me with an interest and a rapt admiration as if I beheld it for the first time—and then after a few moments of silent and delighted contemplation, I said, somewhat suddenly, as if the idea had just struck me—but it hadn't, because it had been in my mind ever since we had left the house—'Oh! by the way Helen, wouldn't this be a favourable opportunity to finish that little history?'

'There is really not much more of it,' she replied, seating herself opposite to me, 'only to say that my father was accustomed to pass several hours here every day in pleasant weather, in reading and study.'

'I don't wonder at that,' I said. 'What a place for poetry this is, Helen, and that reminds me you have Tennyson with you. I don't know but this would be as appropriate a place to—to read the "Brook" as on the bridge—don't you think so, Helen.'

We haven't of course the literal accompaniment of water, but—but—we —we have flowers and birds and—and—' I was getting out of my depth, as I usually did when I meddled too much with sentiment; or essayed the loftier flights of poetic fancy; but Helen rescued me from my embarrassment by taking the book from her pocket, opening it, and saying, 'here it is, the very place, "The Brook."' "

She began to read. At first I paid close attention, but it soon would have been apparent to the most careless observer that the words fell upon unheeding ears; for I had in truth become completely absorbed in other thoughts.

Noticing my inattention, Helen suddenly laid the book upon her lap, and regarding me with an inquiring look, said,

'Edward, you're not listening. A penny for your thoughts.'

I roused myself, and replied, assuming a very tender and meaning look, 'they are worth far more than a penny to me, Helen.'

'Ah!' she remarked, with a sly smile; 'then as you find your own meditations so much more agreeable than Tennyson's poetry, I will not disturb them by continuing my reading.' She closed the book, and placed it upon the seat beside her, and then a moment after, as I remained silent, she added; 'as your wish has been gratified, perhaps we had better join Alice and Monsieur Bontemps.'

'Helen,' I said, 'there is a question I—I wish to ask you, as speaking of poetry reminds me of it (though it didn't, as it had been in my thoughts for some time); did—did De Villefort ever show you a little piece of—of poetry—I once wrote?' I blushed painfully, but I was determined to ask the question as I had a special motive for it.

'I believe he did—once,' she replied, blushing herself, 'but I have almost forgotten what it was.'

'What a fool you must have thought

me, Helen,' I said. 'He told me that he didn't.'

'Really, Edward, you're quite complimentary—to yourself,' she said, with a laugh; 'but if I remember right, I thought it was quite a clever little composition.'

'Did you really, Helen?' I exclaimed in quite an elated tone; 'are you sure you are not only paying me a polite compliment?'

'I did really think it quite a creditable little piece of poetry.'

'And you were not offended?'

'Oh no,' with a most becoming smile and blush.

'Helen,' I exclaimed with a sudden burst of ardour, and emphasizing each word, 'I meant every word of it.'

Bravo! I had indeed made a courageous beginning, and all I had to do now was to stick to it. But that *all* was rather formidable; and I did rather wish now that I had fortified my nerves with a cup of coffee of extra strength, or a bottle of old Madeira, for without such nerveine I feared it might be difficult, if not impossible, for me to pass successfully through the dreadful ordeal that awaited me.

Presently she remarked in a careless sort of tone, though with a slight blush and laugh, 'Oh! I didn't know that was customary with poets. I remember I once read in a paper a little piece of poetry—it was signed with your initials, and I always supposed you wrote it—entitled "The Poet Justified;" which was very cleverly written, though not particularly complimentary to our sex. As I remember it, I will repeat it. Below the title were the following lines—

'Respectfully inscribed to a certain "Fair" who once said that all men were deceivers, especially Poets.

"To believe that a poet must feel what he writes,
Is indeed a most grievous mistake;
For he who his sonnets to virtue indites,
May be at the best but a rake.

"The lover who sighs at some fair maiden's feet
Like a furnace of flame, will cool off just as fast,
Till a chance may occur for the fool to repeat
To another the words that he breathed to the last.

"'Tis woman hath taught us these tricks of deceit;
From her we've the lesson learned only too well;
And man, but a mimic, is prompt to repeat
The tricks and the lies that she taught him to tell.

"The smile on her lip but resembles the hue
Of the rose where the bee hath just pinnoned his wing;
'Tis distance that lends all its charm to the view,
And distance it is that concealeth the sting.

"Oh, constancy, *thou* art a jewel indeed,
And like thy twin sister exceedingly rare;
And of the two sexes, sure all must concede,
Thou art sadly deficient in that called the 'fair.'

"And sure if the lover with words may deceive,
Why may not the poet do so with his pen;
What else have these damsels a right to believe,
When they do the same—of these 'treacherous men.'"

Yes; in a moment of gloomy misanthropy I had penned those unlucky lines. How truly do our misdeeds return to plague us.

'There were several more lines equally complimentary to our sex,' she laughed, 'but I have forgotten them.'

'I heartily wish you had forgotten them all,' I said. 'I suppose I must plead guilty. But believe me, Helen,' in an anxiously persuasive tone, 'I didn't mean a word of it. All poets, you know, have their moments of gloom and despondency, and at such times are apt to write what they often afterwards bitterly regret.'

'Did you publish any more of your effusions?' she asked. 'I did not see any more though I looked for them.'

'Oh! a few more, I believe,' I replied. But all this was not to the point; and I was wasting invaluable moments. I must get back to the starting place again.

'Yes, Helen,' I said, 'you may be-

lieve me when I say that I meant every word,' with a firm resolve to say it or die, 'in that other little poem.'

'Let me try if I can repeat that,' she said, with a little blush and sly glance at me.

'I beg you won't,' I exclaimed, quite alarmed; 'because Helen, it—it falls far short of—doing the—the subject—justice.'

'Oh! is that your reason?' she said, with a furtive smile.

'Yes; indeed Helen,' with another burst of ardour, and a desperate determination to say it or perish in the attempt, 'nobody could—could do—such—such—a subject justice. It's—it's—simply impossible.' Bravo! again; I was getting on famously.

'You are quite complimentary,' she remarked, with another sly smile and blush.

'No, Helen,' I said, very seriously, 'compliments are mere expressions of—of the lips; often undeserved, and—often hollow and insincere. The—the heart—holds no such language; though of course we may compliment those whom we esteem and hold in high regard—but those whom we—we—,' why didn't I say love at once and be done with it; but I felt that the word would choke me; 'we—more than esteem and regard, we never compliment; because compliments would—would be weak indeed—addressed to those—whom we more than esteem and regard.'

'Oh! would they?' in the most naive manner from her.

'Yes; I think so. Don't you?' in the most serious manner from me.

I approached a little nearer to her; for I felt I must speak a little more plainly. She evidently could not, or would not, understand me. But the thought of those awful words, 'Will you be my wife; or will you marry me,' was simply appalling. And yet I felt the dreadful question must be asked, just exactly in those words, or I should never get the answer, be it

for weal or woe, that I burned with impatience to hear.

I knew that the blushes mantled to the very roots of my hair; that they completely suffused my body, and even coloured the very tips of my toes, while a tingling sensation ran through my whole frame, as I said, in a stammering voice, 'Helen, why should I disguise the—the true state of my feelings—any longer—why—why,' as I made a painful pause here, she suddenly looked up and said, with an air of the most provoking naïveté.

'I'm sure I don't know. About what?'

Was her manner only artfully assumed; or did she really not understand me yet? I felt I must speak to the point or expire. Unless I was content to wait until she answered my question before I had asked it; as it might appear to an impartial observer I had made up my mind to do.

'Helen,' I said with a spirit of desperate and determined resolve, 'I was saying that we never compliment—I mean that we only compliment those for whom we entertain sentiments of high regard and esteem—but that we speak from the heart to those whom we—we—love.' The word escaped me at last almost involuntarily; but it afforded me the most infinite relief; though I must confess I did feel a little scared at the thought that I had now gone so far that I must finish, and that beating about the bush could avail me no longer.

Helen blushed, cast down her eyes and remained silent. Yes, I had broken the ice now, and it only remained for me to plunge in head and ears. She had more than an inkling of my meaning now, and I *must* speak the word that trembled upon my lips, ere my resolution wavered.

'Helen,' I said, with one last supreme effort to speak calmly and firmly, 'why should I hesitate to tell you that—that—I—I—love you? Will you,' I *must* say it now or die, 'will you—become my wife?'

The dread word was uttered at last. And how easy it seemed—after it *was* spoken. I can only compare the sense of infinite relief I experienced to the feelings of a drowning man suddenly snatched from death, just as he sees the last straw which he has clutched slipping from his grasp—a rather exaggerated, and perhaps not altogether appropriate simile; but I could think of no other.

From the slightly parted lips—whispered in the lowest and softest accents—with downcast eyes and blushing cheeks—came the one little word, 'Yes;' falling upon my eager and delighted ear, with far more exceeding sweetness than any tone of music had ever done. I took her hand and with my other arm encircled her waist—oh! the inexpressible ecstasy of the moment!—and I said, in tones tremulous in my new found happiness, 'Helen; you have made me the happiest of men. Why—oh why, have I deferred such inexpressible bliss to this moment? Why did my foolish fears keep me so long tongue-tied? Why did I pass so many years in vain regrets, not daring even to think that you could ever regard me other than as a friend?'

'I'm sure I don't know,' in the same low, soft, musical tones, and with the most demure air.

And then the delicious little confidences that followed. When I drew from her by degrees the blushing confession that she had always loved me; and how bitterly I reflected upon the bashful cowardice and unmanly diffidence of all those early years, when I might have wooed and won the lovely girl of eighteen, and felt so proud and happy in the possession of my inestimable treasure. But I was happy, inexpressibly happy now, and these thoughts cast no shadow over its brightness.

'And now,' said Helen, with a smile and a fond glance at me, 'perhaps we had better join Alice and Monsieur Bontemps—or—shall I finish the little poem about the brook—if you care to hear it.'

'The Brook, by all means, de—dearest,' I said, tenderly ; and oh ! the unspeakable rapture in the thought that I had now the right to call her, *her*, by so endearing an epithet. It didn't come altogether easy or natural to me yet, but I would soon get perfectly used to it.

So again that little brook babbled on to the tones of a voice far more melodious than its own ever were ; over its pebbly bed and sandy shallows—on, forever, on to meet the brimming river ; and I felt that I too could have gone on forever, drinking in the tones of her voice, and feasting my eyes upon the glowing cheeks, the dark expressive eye, and gently heaving bosom of the reader. And yet once more, at my urgent request—it was a very accommodating little book—it set forth upon its babbling course from away up among the haunts of coot and hern, and bickered down the valley ; and so on merrily until it once again mingled its waters with those of the flowing river. But it declined a further repetition of the performance, in as much as Helen now rose from her seat with the remark, that by the time we returned home lunch would be ready.

'Lunch ; how can you think of such a thing, Helen ?' I exclaimed reproachfully. 'Love feeds upon far more ethereal nourishment than victuals.'

'Nevertheless,' she laughingly said ; 'I must confess to feeling a little hungry.'

I suppose we did loiter a little on the way back ; but I never before experienced how very short it was possible for a walk of half a mile to be.

Alice and Monsieur Bontemps had returned before us, and were in the hall when we entered. I endeavoured to assume a perfectly unconcerned look and manner, but that it was the most pitiable of failures, and that my tell-tale countenance and guilty air betrayed me to the former, I was just as sure as I was of my own existence.

There was an arch look upon her face and a peculiar twinkle in her eye—I remembered them of old—which so unmistakably indicated that she was on mischief bent, that I felt it was highly expedient for me to avoid her society at that very moment ; or I should fall a victim to her artfulness, and irretrievably commit myself I knew ; for that I should be as pliant in her hands as clay in those of the potter, and that she would cleverly draw my secret from me before I was five minutes older, I hadn't a doubt. So I pleaded a headache, and hastily excusing myself, I precipitately retreated to the solitude of my chamber to hold delicious and undisturbed communion with my own thoughts.

And it was doubtlessly this cowardly fear—though I didn't care to admit it to myself—that caused me to absent myself from the dinner-table, and to plead a wretched headache to Harry, and a total wreck of appetite, as the reason for my absence ; when, in truth, I was really hungry, and could have enjoyed a sumptuous repast. So, as a just penalty for my absurd bashfulness, I was forced to make a solitary meal off a 'mouton chop,' a couple of slices of dry toast and a cup of tea, prepared expressly to meet the requirements of an invalid. But it was better so, for I felt I could not bear to be joked with about the matter, especially by De Villefort, who would be sure to hear of our sudden disappearance and late return, and he knew already, I feared, far more than was conducive to my entire comfort and peace of mind ; and, as for Alice, no ! I should not dare to trust myself in her company for three minutes at a time.

In the evening, however, I ventured quietly down into the library to get a book I wanted, and was about making my escape with it when I was confronted at the door by Helen, Alice, and Monsieur Bontemps, as my perverse luck would have it.

Appearing as unconcerned as pos-

sible—as there was no escape for me now—I said, pressing my hand to my forehead, ‘Did you ever have a real sick headache, Alice? It’s a terrible thing.’

‘No, I never had,’ she replied, and then added, with a sly expression, ‘perhaps you walked too far this morning, and it was caused by fatigue. I hope you feel better.’

‘A little, thank you,’ I said. ‘No, it couldn’t have been that, for we didn’t walk very far.’

‘Then you must have walked very slowly,’ she remarked, with another sly look, ‘for you were a long while about it.’

‘No, I don’t know that we did,’ I said, carelessly, though I was beginning to feel dreadfully uncomfortable. ‘Did you go as far as the bridge,’ I added, somewhat hastily.

‘No; we couldn’t find it,’ she replied. ‘We went as far as the fish-pond.’

‘Oh, the aleyvinyair,’ I remarked. ‘Beautiful spot, isn’t it?’

‘Yes; and you got as far as the harbour, I suppose,’ she said, with a meaning smile, ‘and no doubt found it a very convenient halting-place. Now, confess Edward, you didn’t go a step further. I have no doubt it is a most delightful place to while away *three hours* in.’

I blushed painfully, and glanced at Helen, though I tried hard not to do so, and as I saw that her own cheeks were more than ordinarily flushed, I suddenly said, again pressing my hand to my forehead—

‘If you will excuse me I will return to my room as my head is getting worse.’

So, bidding them good-night, I left the room, but not before Helen had expressed the hope that I would sleep off my headache, and Alice had archly intimated that she knew more than I thought she did, and Monsieur Bon-temps had laughingly called me a sly fellow.

Although thoroughly impressed with

the conviction that love was not exactly an infallible panacea: for the discomforts arising from an empty stomach—for what I had eaten was next to nothing—I nevertheless went to bed, feasting upon that ethereal nutriment, and so, lost in the most blissful reveries, to sleep.

CHAPTER XI.

A DULL DAY FOLLOWED BY A GRAND EVENING ENTERTAINMENT, IN WHICH MUSIC, DANCING, FLOWERS, SPEECHES, GENERAL CONVIVIALITY AND ENJOYMENT BECAME HOPELESSLY CONFUSED IN THE MIND OF A CERTAIN INDIVIDUAL.

I AWOKE the next morning with a real headache; though it was a relief to my conscience, as it involved no falsehood, to be able to tell Harry that I was still feeling ill, and that I had better remain quiet in my room for the morning.

‘You must get yourself in good trim, old fellow,’ he said, ‘for we are going to have a regular gala time of it to-night. Madame P—— and Signor R——, of the “Italiens,” who are rusticating near Toulouse, are to be here, and Faure has also promised to run down from Paris. They are all particular friends of mine, and, I know, will not disappoint me, so I can promise you a rare musical treat. I intend the affair as a sort of fare well entertainment to my guests, who depart the day after to-morrow, and I shall then, old fellow, be able to devote myself exclusively to you.’

The latter part of this information afforded me far greater pleasure than did the foregoing portion of it. I should then have Helen all to myself, and enjoy, in blissful uninterrupted, the charms of that delightful society which had now to be shared among so many others, a thought that made me absolutely jealous, and besides I didn’t be-

lieve they properly appreciated such a privilege, and so didn't deserve it. And then, with her for my sole companion, how infinitely more enjoyable would be those little morning rambles to the farmyard, the dairy and the rustic little bridge; where, with the whispering leaves overhead and the musical little wavelets beneath us, I too, in dreamy blissfulness, could whisper soft murmurings of my heart's love and devotion. And then, in the afternoon, these rambles would be repeated, not, of course, forgetting the charming little arbour, which would henceforth be enshrined as a sacred spot in my memory. And then, in close sympathy of thought and feeling, in our love for the grand and beautiful in nature, we would together drink intoxicating draughts of her glories; the splendours of the southern sunsets, the more sombre beauty of the dark pine forests, and the majestic grandeur of the Pyrenees!

So completely absorbed was I in these blissful anticipations of the halcyon days to come, that I was unaware that some one had been rapping at my door, until in fact it was pushed open, and a servant, probably supposing the room to be empty, or that I was still asleep, made his appearance, carrying my breakfast. He said something in French, by way of apology I supposed, laid his tray upon the table, and, handing me a note, withdrew from the room. It bore my name, written in a small and rather feminine hand, and opening it with some curiosity I read as follows:—

‘MR. HASTING,

‘SIR,—As you have not seen fit to make me one apology for the insulte, you will do it or make me that reparation wick I shall demande of you, and if you are one gentelman you will not hesitate to make your choose of wick.

‘F. BOUCHER.’

‘The ridiculous little jackanapes,’ I exclaimed, angrily, tossing the note

aside. ‘If he had listened to me he would have got all the apology he wanted.’

I had forgotten all about it, and supposed he had too, and that that was the last of the matter; but it appeared that he still bore resentment towards me, though it didn't trouble me in the least, as I was getting used to this sort of thing. A closer inspection, too, afterwards, of the writing led me to strongly suspect that De Villefort might also have been the inspiration of this little note, and as it was unmistakably in a woman's hand, though possibly somewhat disguised, I surmised that Alice Lee might likely have literally had a hand in it herself.

I relished my chops, toast and tea much more than I did the evening previous, and feeling much better afterwards, in the course of an hour or so, I finished dressing and went downstairs.

Helen and several of her lady guests, with De Villefort, Bontemps, and one or two other gentlemen, were just about to start forth upon a riding expedition, and the last-named person politely invited me to join the party. To his assurances that I would find it the most *exhileerating* of pleasures, and the surest way of getting rid of my headache, I could not help replying, with a laugh, though in a tone of some little asperity, that he must excuse me; though I was willing to admit that in one respect he was right, as I *had* found it *deucedly* exhilarating, but that there was not a horse, pony, mule, or jackass within the entire Republic of France that could tempt me forth upon such an excursion.

He shrugged his shoulders at this, with a look either of pity or contempt—I didn't trouble myself with surmizing which—at my lack of appreciation of this most ‘exhileerating of pleasures,’ and left me.

After they had departed, I roamed listlessly about the spacious mansion,

passed some time in the library in wrapt and delighted contemplation before Helen's portrait; then out around the house and about the gardens, where I loitered until the others returned and it was lunch time. I had afterwards an opportunity in private of making the *amende honorable* to Monsieur Boucher, whom I found considerably mollified in manner and much more tractable than the day before, and who expressed himself entirely satisfied with my apology and explanation. I made no allusion to the little note, as I was fearful of complicating the matter; and I had had a sufficient experience of that kind with Mr. Mortimer, and I did not care to make myself ridiculous a second time.

As Helen was occupied with several of the company in arranging a series of tableaux for the evening—in which they urged me to participate, Alice and Miss de Clerval being especially desirous that I should personate Romeo in a love scene with Juliet, Helen appearing as the latter, the former remarking to me, in a quiet under tone, that it would be so 'appropriate,' but which I firmly declined to do—I saw no opportunity of enjoying her society alone, so I retired to the solitude of my room, there to hold sweet communion with my own thoughts until dinner-time. When I descended again to the hall, some three hours later, I found a goodly company already assembled there. And again I had to resist the entreaties of Alice and Miss de Clerval that I would personate Romeo, for I was determined that any acting of that kind should be done strictly in private. So, making my escape from them, I joined Mr. Briarton and Miss Percival, who, with her sister, brother, and Mr. Mortimer—I wondered how the latter had ever had the energy to come—had arrived but a few moments before.

Of course I was presented to Mr. Henry Percival, and had at the same time to undergo several slyly pleasant

allusions, upon the part of Mr. Briarton, to a matter that I would gladly have heard the last of some time before; and, of course, Mr. Percival laughed heartily, and I blushed and laughed too, or rather tried to, for the matter was becoming stale, I felt, and it required some little effort on my part to make them think it afforded *me* any amusement.

I was also introduced to Mr. Jack Morley and his charming sister, and, of course, the affair had to be gone over once more, and I had to blush and laugh again, and promise that I would dine with them the next day.

About an hour later the company assembled in the grand *salon* to listen to a concert, which was exquisitely rendered by Madame P—, Signor R—, and Monsieur Faure. Then tableaux followed, during which I was goaded almost to the very frenzy of jealousy by the curtains being withdrawn and discovering Monsieur Bontemps in the person of Romeo, standing in the most tenderly expressive attitude by the side of Helen (Juliet), and whom he was regarding with the most love-stricken looks, while he was supposed to be pouring into her only too-willing ears his fervent protestations of passionate love and eternal fidelity. I could have immolated that vile Frenchman upon the altar of my wrath in a way that would even have struck pity into the heart of the most implacable of the Capulets; and I even felt that I could never again see that play performed with the slightest degree of complacency.

The tableaux over, dancing was about to begin, when some one tapped me on the shoulder. Mr. Briarton stood behind me, and with several mysterious winks and an action of his right forefinger towards the door, intimated that I should follow him. As I did not dance myself, and was becoming tired of sitting still so long, I followed him out of the room, and through the grand hall, which was fairly redolent with the perfume of

flowers of native growth and of rare exotics; and past several groups of elegantly dressed ladies and gentlemen, who were occupied in admiring the pictures and the numerous articles of virtu which were displayed in different parts of the hall, or else sauntering in and out through the open outer doors, gaily chatting and laughing, for the evening was warm, and the cooling airs that from time to time stole in were exceedingly grateful.

We turned off down a side corridor, at the end of which my conductor opened a door, and ushered me into a room, whether large or small I could not tell, for the only visible object in it was the dense cloud of tobacco smoke, in which I all at once found myself completely enveloped.

'Help yourself, old fellow,' said Mr. Briarton, in husky tones, and whose form was fast fading into a mere nebulous outline.

This request was rather indefinite, for what there was beside the smoke to help myself to, I couldn't imagine. But he certainly couldn't mean that. I was blinking painfully, and rasping my throat with short, choking coughs, and it must have been apparent to him that I had already a sufficiency of that article. But by degrees, however, there loomed out before my straining vision from the smoky obscurity a table in the middle of the room, covered in a confused manner with bottles, glasses and cigar boxes. Some ten or twelve gentlemen were seated in various parts of the room, smoking, sipping their wine, talking and laughing. Mr. Mortimer, De Villefort, Boucher, De Clerval, and three or four other young English guests of the evening to whom I had been introduced, being among them.

'We're a set that don't dance,' said Mr. Briarton to me, 'and as you belong to that fraternity, I thought I'd give you a timely hint to effect your escape, as we did.'

'I don't know that I belong to the fraternity of smokers or drinkers

either,' I replied, with a laugh, as he politely placed a decanter and glass before me, on the table.

'Upon *this* occasion, Mr. Hastings,' he said, 'you *must* participate.' There probably never was an occasion when he couldn't participate. 'When hilarity—let it not be mis termed folly, sir—rules the hour, and jovial spirits are assembled under our distinguished friend and compatriot's hospitable roof—I of course allude to Mr. Henry Mowbray—to do honour, sir, to the occasion that brings us together, for the first, but I trust not for the last, time, gentlemen,' turning towards the others, 'let the feast of reason and the flow of soul be accompanied by copious libations to Bacchus in flowing bumpers, as is most befitting, which while they cheer—I think, gentlemen, there can be no doubt about that—I am constrained to admit, do perhaps at times slightly inebriate.'

There was much good-natured laughter at this very eloquent speech, and the advice contained therein was immediately followed by the re-filling of all glasses, the lighting of several fresh cigars, and also an increase of the rather noisy hilarity with which these social and polite occasions are usually attended.

'Gentlemen,' said Mr. Briarton, who seemed fairly to effervesce with an exuberance of good spirits, 'with your permission I have to propose the first toast of the evening;' filling himself out a flowing bumper, and elevating his arm, 'which must be drunk standing, gentlemen.'

The company rising to their feet, he continued—

'To that divinest of creatures—need I say, gentlemen, that I refer to—woman; but why propose so absurd a toast? as there cannot be but one divine being upon earth—and that is woman—may she long live to charm and delight us in our gayer and happier moments; to soothe and comfort and be a ministering angel to us when pain and anguish wring our manly

hearts—and may she, in good and in ill, long maintain her gentle but sovereign sway over the unruly and unmanageable passions of her stern liege lord and master, man.’

At this rather paradoxical conclusion there was much more laughter, clinking of glasses, loud talking and confusion. Poor Briarton—the fellow had some good ideas to be sure, but he never knew when he made a fool of himself.

Other toasts followed amid increasing noise and hilarity, for the wine was beginning to have a very marked effect upon the company, myself included, I blush to say, for I had imbibed much more champagne than was good for me, and had mixed it too with a little old madeira, and was of course feeling deliciously happy and enjoying myself immensely; and, the while, thinking ecstasically of Helen. Indeed so silly had I become that I believe I was actually about to so far forget myself as to propose her health in an affectionately maudlin sort of way, when I was providentially saved from that disgrace by De Villefort’s suddenly exclaiming,—

‘Gentlemen, I have a toast to propose; and one which I know you will all be glad to honour. I rise to propose the health of our honoured and esteemed friend, Mr. Edward Hastings, whose sterling qualities of heart are only equalled by his rare intellectual endowments and his urbanity of manner.’

Noisy acclamations of approval followed these words, amid which Mr. Briarton slyly added ‘and by the accuracy of his aim.’

‘By Jove! that’s capital,’ drawled Mr. Mortimer, his face, as usual, languidly expressive of his enjoyment of his friend’s humour.

Poor, poor Briarton—but I forgave him; he never *would* know when he made a fool of himself.

Had I been sober, I should have been overwhelmed with confusion;

but, with deep shame I admit it, being far removed from that condition, I smiled benignantly upon De Villefort, gave him an approving nod, and said, ‘It’s all ri—you do you’sef credit, o’boy.’

This toast having been drunk—I joining heartily in with the others—cries of ‘speech, speech,’ followed.

I rose to respond, still benignantly smiling; and, with an air of conscious dignity and importance, I began;

‘Ladies and gentlemen—I—

‘Leave out the ladies, old fellow, and begin again,’ cried a voice from the further end of the room amid much laughter.

‘I’m ’ware, gentlemen,’ I said, slightly hesitating upon being thus corrected, ‘that it’s—qui’ proper thing—to say (hic) ladies an’ gen’elmen when there’s any (hic) ladies—n the room—’

‘You’re right there, old fellow,’ said another voice, ‘but as there don’t happen to be any at present, it’s just as well, perhaps, to omit any mention of them.’

‘You’re qui’ right, old boy,’ I said; though I hadn’t the least idea who had spoken. ‘The ladies, fir’s las’ and always; thaz what I say.’

‘And your sentiments do you credit, old fellow,’ remarked some one else, whom I imagined was De Villefort.

‘Genelum,’ I again began ‘I—’

‘Now you’re right; go ahead,’ shouted another voice amid increased laughter.

‘Genelumd—’

‘We’ve heard that before; give us something else,’ still another voice interrupted.

‘If you’ll permit—me speak—I’

‘Certainly, certainly,’ went up a chorus of voices.

Just at that moment the door was opened for a few moments, and I caught the sounds of Harry’s voice—he had a superb basso baritone—in the concluding words of the lovely ballad from Maritana:—

Some thought, none other can replace,
Remembrance will recall,
Which in the flight of years we trace,
Is dearer than them all.

'My sentiments, 'zactly, genelum,' I said, 'I s'pose every man (hic) has some—thought that—I have—thaz dearer—it's nothin' be 'shamed of, genelum, 'sure you.'

'What's he talking about? Be a little more lucid. Eh! what do you say, old fellow? Jerk it out,' were the rather disconcerting remarks and interrogatories that met me just at this moment.

'If you'll only permit me say, genelum,' I again commenced.

'Wouldn't think of interrupting you,' exclaimed another voice, 'go on.'

I had a much stronger inclination to go *under*, however; which I accordingly did, feebly muttering, with a farewell benignant smile, as I sank from sight beneath the table, 'thaz all got say, genelum.'

How long I lay unconscious I don't know, it must have been well on towards the weesma' hours though, when I came to my senses, for I was alone in the room, and I could hear the sound of carriages bearing away some of the departing guests. I staggered to my feet in a thoroughly bewildered state, and out into the corridor, at the further end of which were still audible the sounds of music and voices. My former exhilaration of spirits was entirely gone, and to it had succeeded a sense of painful depression. I could hardly yet have known exactly what I was doing, otherwise I should scarcely have ventured back, in my disordered state, to the hall, and into the full glare of the lights. I could hear the sounds of dancing still going on in the grand salon, and the voice of the *maître de danse* calling out the different figures. As I passed unsteadily by the open door, about the first objects that I espied were Helen and Monsieur Bontemps leading down at the head of several other couples—the old-fashioned Sir Roger de Coverley, I im-

agined it to be—and the sight so inflamed me that I suddenly became seized with an uncontrollable impulse to wreak summary vengeance upon the offending Frenchman. The recollection, too, of Romeo only added fuel to the fire, and I knew I should pick a quarrel with the fellow before the night was over. I was just ripe for it.

Presently the dance stopped, the music ceased, and the dancers scattered. Monsieur Bontemps, offering his arm to Helen, conducted her to a seat. Now he was leaning over her, and whispering tender compliments in her ear—I was sure he was, for she was laughing and blushing, and looking pleased. I waited to see no more.

Hurrying, with unsteady gait and all unheeding, past the gay idlers in the hall, I turned into the corridor, and at the moment met Mr. Briarton coming, with equally unsteady steps, from the opposite direction. I seized him by the arm, whirled him about, and forced him along with me.

'I must have wine,' I articulated, in husky tones.

'Ha, ha, old fellow,' he laughed in a maudlin way, 'I—I—knew (hic) you'd prefer the rosy to—to the mazy, as our friend Dick Swiv—.'

'This is no time for unseemly jests, sir,' I exclaimed, cutting him short; 'I must have wine, I say.'

'With all my—my—(hic) heart—old fellow,' he said, approvingly, 'a drop or two—more—won't (hic) hurt us.'

'A drop or two more?' I exclaimed, contemptuously. 'A bottle more.'

'Oh, certainly; I'm with you, old boy,' he replied. ''Nother toast, eh? What do you say (hic) to the divine (hic) Lucretia?'

'Toasts! No,' I exclaimed, savagely. In the warmth of my feelings I was thinking more of roasts.

I opened the door of the room I had recently quitted, and we entered.

Walking to the table, I seized hold of a bottle, poured what remained of

its contents into a tumbler, which nearly filled it, and drank it off.

'Well, I mus' zay ; for a professing temperance man, you do credit to your principles,' said Mr. Briarton, with a laugh. 'Thez brandy too.'

'I'm not temperate, sir,' I exclaimed. 'I cannot be. I've been grossly insulted, sir, —. Let's see what's left of this bottle.'

'Now, I say, old fellow,' said Mr. Briarton, in an admonitory tone, 'if you go on mixing (hic) things that way, you know—it'll be all—up (hic) with you.'

'It will be all up with somebody else,' I exclaimed, fiercely, tossing off a couple of glasses of Madeira.

Mr. Briarton was apparently so much astonished at this dire, but rather obscure threat, that he forgot to help himself, and stood regarding me with looks of wondering bewilderment.

'I'm ready for the scoundrel now,' I said, 'come along.'

'Oh, I begin to see,' said Mr. Briarton, with another maudlin laugh, 'another duel on the (hic) tapis, eh ? and you've been (hic) workin' you' self up to (hic) the fightin' point, eh ? Egad ! I think you're a match (hic) now for a dozen (hic) scoundrels.'

'Come along,' I exclaimed again ; but as he didn't come along, I abruptly left him, and strode wrathfully back towards the hall.

The brandy I had swallowed steadied my nerves sufficiently to enable me to reach the door of the salon without attracting any notice by my manner. Monsieur Bontemps was still leaning over the back of Helen's chair, and was fanning her. That the fellow was pouring his insidious compliments into her ear, I knew by her tell-tale blushes and smiles ; perhaps, with an impudence unparalleled, he was bantering her about me. There was, at all events, a familiarity and freedom in his manner towards her which greatly exasperated me ; and he should be made to know, by one who had a

perfect right to afford him that information, that his conduct was highly objectionable.

Harry, Alice Lee, Miss de Clerval, De Villefort, and one or two others, were chatting together near the door, and as I approached them, with bold and determined step, the fires of jealousy raging within me, and fierce threatenings glaring in my eyes, the former exclaimed, 'Well, old fellow, where have you been hiding to-night ?'

The frequency with which Harry was accustomed to apply that epithet to me was getting to be exceedingly disagreeable. I knew I was a sufficiently old fellow, but I didn't care to have it thrown in my face all the time, especially before Helen ; and in my present bellicose state, I felt strongly inclined to resent it.

'I'm not 'ware that I've been hiding anywhere,' I retorted, rather angrily ; at the same time glaring ominously upon Monsieur Bontemps, who, totally unconscious of the imminent peril in which he stood, was still persisting in his objectionable behaviour.

'Only enjoying yourself a little in a private way, eh ! old fellow,' said Harry, with a laugh.

'Sir,' I exclaimed, heatedly, 'your language 's 'jectionable. The privileges of friendship may be 'bused ; even it has limits, sir, which may be overstepped,' with a strong inclination to balance myself on one foot, and describe a circle in the air with the other.

'Why Hastings, old boy ; what's the matter with you ?' was Harry's decidedly surprised remark.

'Only a little indiscretion, I imagine,' observed De Villefort in an undertone, and with a look expressive of the most intense enjoyment. 'Had a little too much, I suspect.'

'Sir,' I exclaimed, turning angrily towards him, for that brandy had now worked its way sufficiently up into my head to render me thoroughly regardless of my words and acts. 'I've had too much—your—insolence—and 'low

me tell you sir — thaz highly 'fensive — I—'

Just at this moment Monsieur Bontemps quitted Helen, and went towards the door. I turned abruptly without another word, and strode after him into the hall. He paused a moment to exchange a few words with a lady, and then passed on. In another moment I had tapped him on the shoulder, and he stopped and turned towards me.

'Sir,' I said, 'can 'have word with you in private?'

'Certainly,' he replied politely. 'We are quite private here; there is no one within hearing.'

'Sir,' I said angrily, 'your conduct has been highly—'fensive, and I demand—'pology for it.'

'Ah!' he remarked calmly; 'in what way, sir?'

'In what way, zur?' I said. 'By your conduct in respect to—to certain young lady.'

He smiled blandly, and replied,

'I am not aware, sir, that—'

'But I'm 'ware, zur,' I exclaimed, interrupting him, 'thaz highly 'jectonable, if you are not, zur; and I demand 'pology.'

He regarded me intently for a moment, and then said, 'Mr. Hastings; you are intoxicated; when you are sober, sir, I will talk with you.' And with these words he turned on his heel, and walked away.

'No more 'toxicated than yourself, zur,' I exclaimed. 'Do you wish t'add insult t'injury?'

As he neither stopped nor took any notice of this remark, I was about to follow him, when my arm was suddenly taken by some one from behind, and a voice whispered in my ear. 'Hastings, you're not well; come with me.'

It was Harry who tried to lead me away, but I resisted him with some violence.

'I'm qui'well,' I said, 'but I've been 'sulted.'

'Oh! no; you haven't,' said Harry,

'you have been taking a little too much, that's all. Come with me,' he added, persuasively.

Oh; had I only been fully conscious of Helen's pained and anxious face just at that moment, as she stood near us, how overwhelmed with shame and sorrow I should have felt. But I only saw her in a confused, indistinct way, and I said, in tones, which seemed strangely unreal to me.

'I tell you,—have been 'sulted by Bontemps; and I demand 'pology,' I had a confused impression then that Helen said in a tone of anxious entreaty, 'Edward; you're not well; do go with Harry.'

Then I had a dim consciousness that Harry said to somebody else, 'Don't let's have a scene here; let's get him away;' then that some one took my other arm, and in my struggles to free myself, I nearly fell to the floor. Then that I was being hurried along, past groups of people and by open doors, from whence indistinctly issued sounds of music, loud talking and laughter. And then that I was going up stairs; and when a little way up, that I met a lady descending whom I imagined bore a resemblance to Madame McMahon, and that I snapped my fingers at her, and called her a dragon and an old Jezebel. And finally, the impression that I was carried to my room and there put to bed. Then all was a perfect blank to me, until I opened my eyes, undressed and in bed, with the broad sunlight streaming in through my chamber windows, and found myself staring vacantly about me, wondering in a vague, confused way, where I was and how I had got there.

CHAPTER XII.

A HASTY DEPARTURE. DOMUM, DULCE
DOMUM!

OH, the raging headache with which I woke, and the overpowering

sense of shame and humiliation from which I suffered as a dim consciousness of my conduct of the previous night came back to me. I fairly groaned aloud in agony of spirit. How could I ever again face my fellow-guests? I never could; and I resolved that I never would.

Oh, how I racked my brain in the distressing effort to recall just what I had done and said. I could remember my angry talk with Monsieur Bontemps; the indistinct vision of Helen's pale and troubled face, and being taken away by some one—but this was all I could remember at the time. But this was enough; and no doubt when my brain became clearer, the full enormity of my conduct would plunge me into the very depths of an overwhelming sense of mortification and disgrace.

And then my behaviour, the early part of the evening. My childish refusal to take part in the tableaux; my absurd feelings about Bontemps—it was my own fault, as I might have personated Romeo myself, and, as of course, some one else had to be substituted, why not he? And then my foolish feelings of jealousy and resentment, at what had been nothing more probably than mere commonplace civilities that he had been showing Helen. And 'poor Briarton,' as I had called him in contemptuous pity, and with a lofty sense of self-superiority, I felt that his silliest words and behaviour would shine as the profoundest wisdom compared with my words and acts. And then Helen too, what *could she* think of my conduct? She, the perfect model and bright exemplar of the most faultless propriety in language and deportment. Had I not forever forfeited all claim to her respect, not to speak of her love? Oh! the heightened sense of shame and disgrace I felt at the thought of the abject and pitiable spectacle I had made of myself in *her* eyes. Was not my behaviour indeed an insult, not only to her, but to her family and guests?

Why, oh! why, had I listened to

the voice of the tempter? A question no doubt we often ask ourselves in our repentant moods, but to which probably there has yet been no satisfactory answer found. And I am sure I found none upon the present occasion.

I would depart that day for Paris. No persuasion or inducement should prevail upon me to remain one moment longer than necessary under a roof where ever since my arrival I had been subjected to nothing but one mortification after another. Not the fact that in a day or two all the other guests would have departed; no, not even the prospect of those delightful rambles alone with Helen to the farmyard, the dairy, and that rustic little bridge, or even of acting as her escort to Paris, would suffice to detain me here another day. My whole spirit was roused within me, and I would depart that very afternoon by the first train that left Toulouse.

Tormented by these reflections, I rose, dressed myself, and began to get my things together, though the pain in my head compelled me from time to time to desist.

While thus occupied, Harry came into my room, and his first words were, observing what I was about:

'Why, what are you doing, old fellow?'

'I am going home, Harry,' I said, in a firm tone of voice.

'Nonsense!' he exclaimed; 'you'll do nothing of the kind.'

'I am resolved,' I said. 'Do you think I can stay after—after last night?'

'Of course you can,' he replied. 'You were only guilty of a little indiscretion. Briarton and Mortimer, and several others, were as tipsy as you,' he added, with a laugh.

'Yes; but they were used to it, I suppose, and had sufficient sense to keep themselves out of the way. At all events, they knew enough not to make imbeciles of themselves.'

'Take a little rest, and you'll be all right again.'

'No, Harry; my mind is made up. I am going away.'

At this moment De Villefort entered the room, carrying a bottle in his hand, and, looking at me with one of his characteristic grins, observed:

'I thought you might need this, old fellow; it's seltzer water. Take a draught; you'll find it a wonderful restorer. But how do you feel?'

'Oh! I have a slight headache,' I replied, indifferently.

'What! you are not going to deprive us of the pleasure of your company,' he remarked, noticing what I was doing.

'Yes,' I replied, curtly. 'My week is up; and I didn't intend to stay any longer.'

'Do you know,' laughed Harry, 'he has a guilty conscience, and proposes to ease it by absconding.'

'Ridiculous,' exclaimed De Villefort. 'You are only seeing a little of life,' old fellow; 'only, as you are not used to it, you know, it disagreed with you a little, that's all. Why, I helped to put Briarton and Mortimer to bed only a little while ago,' he continued, in an encouraging tone, 'and they were both so hopelessly unstrung that they looked as if they wouldn't leave it for a week; so you are not the only one who has been a little indisposed. And besides,' he added, in a low undertone to me, and with one of his meaning and diabolical grins, 'what will a certain fair lady think of such ungallant behaviour?'

'I am not to be persuaded,' I said, not noticing his last remark.

'But, for the life of me, I must say, old fellow,' he continued, with a droll wink at Harry, which did not escape my observation, 'it *was* rather ridiculous, you know, when you wanted to fight Bontemps in the hall, and politely told him you could thrash a dozen men of his size all at once; and when you called Boucher a contemptible little sawbones, and said you would like to cut his head off. And then, too, when you met Mrs. Mowbray on the stairs,

and shook your fist at her, and called her a dragon and an old Jezebel, and other choice epithets. Now all this, my dear fellow, you must admit, yourself, *was* rather ridiculous.'

I groaned audibly at these words, and returned to my packing with increased vigour and determination.

'I have irretrievably disgraced myself, I know, and that is sufficient,' I said. 'After what has occurred, it is impossible for me to remain here.'

It was in vain that Harry urged, pleaded with, and entreated me to stay. Not all his efforts or persuasions, aided by those of De Villefort, could shake my resolution. It was in vain that the former suggested that I may remain quiet in my own room, and plead indisposition until the others had gone; equally in vain was it that the latter endeavoured to soothe the perturbed state of my mind by confessing that those little affairs in respect to Bontemps and Boucher, and Mrs. Mowbray, were pure fabrications. I didn't know whether they were or not. He had grossly deceived me once, and was not to be trusted. And it was quite likely that I had done just what he told me.

Vainly again, Harry urged upon me, how disappointed Helen would be. At any other time and under any other circumstances, this appeal would have been easily effectual; but now, even this was powerless to alter my resolve. So I went on packing up my things; and Harry continued expostulating with me; declaring what a great disappointment my departure would be, not only to himself, but to his wife and Helen, and painting in glowing colours the quiet, delightful little excursions he had planned for me after his other guests had gone, and numberless other things of an equally quiet and delightful nature. It was all in vain. I remained obdurate and deaf to his appeals.

'I am very sorry to disappoint you, Harry,' I said, after he had quite ex-

hausted all his persuasive eloquence, 'but my mind is quite made up.'

As he and De Villefort were about to leave the room, I called the former aside, and said in a low tone—

'Would you mind asking Helen to—to be alone in the library, in the course of half-an-hour—to—to—say good-bye to her?'

'Certainly,' he replied, 'I will tell her; and I hope her persuasions will be more effectual than mine. But you must have some breakfast before you go, of course.'

'Not a mouthful,' I said. 'I haven't the least appetite. Indeed I really feel too ill to eat anything.'

'But you must have a cup of tea and some dry toast, or you will be seriously ill,' remonstrated Harry. 'I will send them up to you—that is, if you still persist in your obstinacy. But believe me, old fellow, you are looking at your little slip through the biggest kind of a magnifying glass, and I hope you will change your mind yet. Second thoughts, you know, are often best.' With this last appeal he left me.

I finished packing, swallowed the tea and toast that the servant brought me, and then quietly descended with a throbbing and anxious heart, for I doubted of the reception that Helen might accord me, by a backstair to the library, where I found her fortunately alone.

With a sense of the deepest shame and contrition, I approached her, and said, in faltering tones, and with painful embarrassment,—

'Helen, it was not without an effort that I could bring myself to see you, to say good-bye. What must you think of me? But believe me, if—you only knew how much I have suffered from my indiscretion—and—from the thought that I—have given you pain, you would pity me—indeed you would; and not blame me too much.'

She was silent a moment from evident embarrassment, and then said,

somewhat seriously, but with no reproach in her tones,—

'I admit, Edward, that I was—deeply pained—but—I know that it will never happen again.'

'It never shall, I solemnly promise you,' I said, 'and you forgive me, Helen?'

'With this promise I do,' she replied, 'But—hesitating a moment, 'you are not going to leave us.'

'I must, Helen. After the unpardonable folly of which I have been guilty, can you ask me to remain? No; I feel that it would be too painful for me. But I shall ask permission to write to you upon my return. If I thought—but no; I cannot bear to refer to it again. Does Harry know of—of our—engagement?' I added, with a blush.

Helen replying, with a most becoming blush herself, that she had informed him, I said,

'And—he didn't seem displeased?'

'Well, not particularly, I thought,' she replied with a little laugh.

'I'm rejoiced to hear it,' I said, 'for I thought he might be, you know, Helen.' I continued, after a slight pause, and with conscious blushes, 'I trust you will not deem me importunate if—if—you know we have been old friends for a long time—and—and—of course—if we were younger a long engagement might be proper—but—as we are supposed to—as we do, in fact—know all about—as we understand each other—perfectly—why—would you think it premature if—if I were to ask you to—to name the—the happy day for the—the—the—the earliest practicable moment?'

She had been looking at me with a partly puzzled and partly amused expression, and she replied, with a slight trace of humour in her tone,

'Well, Edward, perhaps in a year or so we—'

'A year or so,' I exclaimed, interrupting her; 'Helen, you would not be so cruel. Remember, Helen,' I urged, with more truth than gallantry,

'we might both of us be considerably younger than we are, and, if not exactly in the halcyon days of life's young spring-time, let us at least seize its maturer moments, and quaff the intoxicating cup of—of matrimonial felicity before the advancing hours have exploded one bubble that sparkles upon its surface, or—or——'

I had aimed to be both poetical and matter of fact, but, as usual, when I attempted any flights of the kind, I became so inextricably involved amid the intricacies of an over-exuberant imagination, that I floundered hopelessly about in a sea of brilliant ideas in search of the proper words for a fitting peroration. For the trouble with me was not that I *lacked* ideas, but that the supply of words to properly express them usually became exhausted before I had been able to say all that I wanted to.

'Or, perhaps you would say,' added Helen, with one of her sly smiles, after a somewhat long and perplexed pause on my part, 'before the envious years, which steal from us, one by one, all our pleasures have quite drained the goblet dry.'

'Just what I was going to say,' I exclaimed admiringly, and feeling intensely relieved. 'Why you are quite a poet yourself, Helen.'

She acknowledged this graceful compliment with a most bewitching smile, and then informed me that Alice Lee had expressed the hope of seeing me to say good-bye. I said I certainly should do so, but I intimated that possibly it would not distress me very much if that little ceremony should be postponed just for the present. I could not spare a moment from Helen now.

There was one delicious privilege of every accepted lover of which I had not yet had the courage to avail myself. No; for the very idea of asserting such a right seemed too awfully audacious in respect to so divine a being as Helen—she whom I had dis-creetly worshipped as a creature of

more than earthly mould, and who had been the secret object of my most humble and respectful adoration. No—I had not yet had the temerity to—kiss her! I felt that I should have been struck dead upon the spot by some invisible and retributive power, for such sacrilegious presumption; that lips of mere human clay, redolent only of the vile odours of earth, should profane with their polluting touch those of an angelic being breathing forth a fragrance as pure as the perfume-laden airs of Heaven itself.

I began to think, however, that perhaps I had indulged in too high-flown notions upon the subject, and that possibly even my divinity herself might not think herself contaminated if I should presume to give her that little pledge of my affection. The temptation was irresistible, and, besides, it was no more than my right.

I was sitting down close beside her upon a little lounge in one corner of the room, and our relative positions would render it very easy for me—that is physically considered—to put my little purpose into execution; but morally, I might find it a little more difficult. However, I was determined I would not deny myself—upon this last occasion—this culminating and supreme gratification, even though, as I feared, my lips did yet retain some of the odours of my debauch, thereby aggravating the enormity of the profanation—but, alas! I fear that the reality of actual possession was already beginning to detract somewhat from the romance of the situation.

'Helen,' I said, tenderly, for the act must be prefaced by a proper and graceful approach, to give her an inkling of my intention, 'I regret that I have not provided myself with a—ring seemed so dreadfully commonplace and prosaic to say, 'with a—with the usual—accompaniment that generally—is regarded as a pledge of—as sealing, in fact, the—the—engagement,' how dreadfully prosaic I seemed after all. 'but let—let *this* be my

pledge, my—my—dearest—my dar—darling—my heart's idol !'

I leaned over and tenderly drew her towards me ; but whether I had miscalculated the proper angle of facial conjunction, or was brought into an injudicious haste by the sound of an approaching footstep in the hall, the humiliating fact remained the same, that I imprinted a fervent salute upon the tip of her nose, and hastily rose the next instant with the countenance and air of a criminal detected in some flagrant misdemeanor, to confront Alice Lee, whose ill-timed intrusion, whether intentional or not, was, to say the least of it, exasperating.

Helen arose too, and 'Red as a rose was She,' but, recovering herself possession, she said—the first little fib I ever knew her to be betrayed into uttering,—'Oh, Alice, I am glad you have come, for Edward was afraid he might not have an opportunity of bidding you good-bye.'

This apprehension, I must confess, was not very overpowering, and I managed to say, with a very good grace, 'Yes, Alice ; I should not like to have gone without saying good-bye to you.'

'The light of *our* eyes, and the joy of *our* heart will have gone out with your departure, Edward,' she replied with a smile and glance at Helen, to whom that little possessive pronoun was obviously directed, 'but can we not prevail upon you to alter your mind? You know with sudden resolves there is sometimes "more honour in the breach than in the observance !"'

'I am sorry,' I replied, 'but I must go.'

'And ruthlessly tear yourself away from happiness and——' She finished her sentence with a meaning smile and sly twinkle of the eye.

'From my friends you would say,' I added, quite innocently. 'Yes, even at that sacrifice, I must go.'

After a word or two more she had the good sense to depart, saying that

she would see me again ; but just as Harry made his appearance to say that the carriage was awaiting me, if I still persisted in going. Yes ; how all too soon, after all, that moment had come when I stood, valise in hand, upon the door step, shaking hands with Harry, Mrs. Mowbray, Alice, De Villefort, and—Helen ; the other guests fortunately all being away ; and, bidding good-bye once more all round, and jumping into the carriage, I called Harry to the window, and said in low tones, just as the horses started off ;

'Harry, I caught those fish.'

'I know you did, old fellow,' he shouted after me, as the carriage bore me rapidly away from Belmont.

It is now three months since I returned to London. From Helen I hear frequently. Her last letter, among other things, informed me that it looked very much as if Alice Lee and Monsieur Bontemps would make a match of it ; at which I was not at all surprised ; and here perhaps I may as well mention that I wrote a very humble apology to that gentleman for my rude behaviour to him, saying, 'were it not owing to a cause, the recollection of which would ever be a source of extreme pain and mortification to me, etc., etc.'

Helen and I are to be married early in the spring ; and another piece of good fortune awaits me. The senior member of our firm, to whom I imparted in the strictest confidence, the fact of my approaching nuptials with Miss Mowbray, conveyed to me, early one morning soon after my return, the pleasing information, that, in consideration of my long and faithful service, and from their strong feeling of friendship for Mr. Mowbray and his father, who had had large transactions with the firm, and whose mutual business and social relations had always been of the most agreeable nature—I was to be taken into partnership upon the first of the year.

I now devote several hours of each evening to a diligent study of the French language, having purchased, for the purpose, at a street stall, a little volume, entitled 'French Made Easy,' or 'The Pupil his Own Teacher,' and I have already made gratifying progress therein. I may find it in the future very convenient, as I shall probably be present upon numerous festive occasions at Belmont, and especially so, if I should ever again go fishing in French streams.

In looking back to my six days' experience of rural felicity, I am forced to confess that some of the glowing ideals in regard thereto, that I was wont to paint in such delusively resplendent colours, were not realized precisely in the way I had hoped and anticipated—for I have become pain-

fully convinced that there are pleasures pertaining to country life other than those immediately connected with farm yards, dairies, rustic little bridges and Tennysonian brooks—nevertheless I am not disposed to say that those experiences have been entirely devoid of pleasure or profit. And inasmuch as my visit to the country was at least productive of one great happiness—the greatest indeed that could have befallen me—I am disposed to regard with a very lenient and forgiving spirit all the annoyances and discomforts I suffered from other causes. I cannot resist the conviction however that I might have had a somewhat less disagreeable time of it altogether, had it not been for De Villefort.

THE END.

ONE FOOT ON SEA, AND ONE ON SHORE.

BY CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI.

OH tell me once and tell me twice
And tell me thrice to make it plain,
When we who part this weary day,
When we who part shall meet again.

'When wind-flowers blossom on the sea
And fishes skim along the plain,
Then we who part this weary day,
Then you and I shall meet again.

'Yet tell me once before we part,
Why need we part who part in pain?
If flowers must blossom on the sea
Why we shall never meet again.

'My cheeks are paler than a rose,
My tears are saltier than the main,
My heart is like a lump of ice
If we must never meet again.

'Oh weep or laugh, but let me be,
And live or die, for all's in vain:
For life's in vain since we must part,
And parting must not meet again.

'Till wind-flowers blossom on the sea
And fishes skim along the plain;
Pale rose of roses let me be,
Your breaking heart breaks mine again.'

A SKETCH OF THE TROUBLES OF THE LANCASTRIAN KINGS.

BY THE REV. JAMES S. STONE, B.D., TORONTO.

RICHARD II. was indeed the author, not only of his own troubles, but also, indirectly, of the misfortunes which befell England during the earlier part of the fifteenth century. Dark as loomed the political horizon at his accession, so soon as the Peasant Revolt was quelled there was a strong disposition on the part of the people for peace, a feeling which a wise ruler would have availed himself of. But Richard, though on some occasions he had evinced great personal bravery, was naturally weak and irresolute; more than that he was fond of flattery, show and parade. He was vain and frivolous. His extravagance was excessive. Never before his day had the Kings of England lived in such magnificence and splendour. Ten thousand persons formed his household; three hundred being in his kitchen alone. At a Christmas which he spent at Lichfield two hundred tuns of wine and two thousand oxen were consumed. Provoked as the people were at such reckless expenditure and at his frequent outbursts of temper, he managed to retain their good opinion up to about 1394, when the death of his queen, Ann of Bohemia, took place. The marriage, two years later, with Isabella, daughter of Charles the Sixth of France, a mere child, was the turning point in his life, and formed an important factor in the causes that led to his loss of the crown.

The formal deposition of a king by his subjects, though an extreme measure, and only to be resorted to in the last instance, is, nevertheless, their

inalienable right. The people do not exist for the king, but the king for the people. The king, as the etymology of the word itself shows, is most emphatically the 'cynning,' the son or creation of the tribe. The early English, as a rule, elected their kings, and even in times when the principle of hereditary succession was followed the form of election was invariably gone through with. Up to the reign of Edward the Sixth, no sovereign of England was crowned, not even the Conqueror, until the consent of the people had been asked for and obtained; nor has the fact that the king reigns by the will of the people lost any of its force, though the form of election is now omitted. The right of deposition necessarily follows from the right of choice. Moreover, the king, at his coronation, promises to govern according to the laws and customs of the realm. He is a conditional ruler. If he violate the covenant made between him and his subjects, then he is no longer entitled to their allegiance. They may proceed to eject them. This has actually been done five times within the last eight hundred years. Edward the Second, Richard the Second, Henry the Sixth, Charles the First and James the Second were, by the will of the people, deprived and dethroned. In each case there was no alternative but the ruin of the country.

From the very moment of his marriage with Isabella, Richard changed. The veil he had cast over himself for the past eight years was thrown aside, and men saw him grasping with all his might for imperial and autocrac-

tic powers. The influx of French manners increased his extravagance. He filled his court with bishops and ladies. He governed with utter indifference to the wishes of the parliament. When remonstrated with and asked to reform his household he claimed the absolute right to do as he pleased. In 1397 he planned and successfully carried out the abduction and murder of his uncle, the Duke of Gloucester. Others suffered either death or imprisonment. In the course of one short year Richard lost forever the affection of the people, and if they kept silence it was the silence of astonishment and consternation, the silence that immediately precedes the tornado. John of Gaunt died in January, 1399, and only one of the king's uncles, the Duke of York, remained. The Earl of March, grandson of Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the third son of Edward the Third, was, in default of royal issue, the heir to the throne, but Henry of Lancaster was the darling and hope of the Londoners, as well as of the advocates of reform. The king had disinherited and banished him, and confiscated his paternal estates, and this was the ostensible cause of the revolution of 1399. On the fourth of July in that year Henry landed in Yorkshire, and immediately many lords threw in their lot with him. The king was in Ireland at the time, and when he returned it was to find that his regent, the Duke of York, had gone over to Henry and Archbishop Arundel was acting as chancellor. The whole country was for the invader. All was lost, and Richard, after an interview with the Earl of Northumberland at Conway, offered to resign the crown. He accompanied Henry from Flint to London, where he was placed in the Tower, and in a few days signed the deed of resignation. The parliament was not content with merely accepting this, but proceeded to formulate their charges against him, and to solemnly depose him from all royal dignity and honour.

Then, before the assembled barons of England, Henry rose and, signing himself with the cross on his forehead and breast, claimed the kingdom and crown. He based his right upon the three grounds of conquest, of Richard's resignation, and of the alleged fact that his ancestor Edmund, son of Henry the Third, was the elder brother of Edward the First and therefore should of right have been king. His mother, Blanche, was indeed the descendant of Edmund, but that Edmund was the heir to the crown had been refuted by the council only a week before. The claim of Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March, now about eight years old, was said to be false because his mother Phillipa, daughter of the Duke of Clarence, was illegitimate. The claims of the Duke of York and his two sons Edward and Richard, were also set aside. The assembly with one voice at once declared that Henry of Lancaster should be king. Then the Archbishops of Canterbury and York led him to the throne, and the choice of England received the homage of the lords and commons. Nor were signs wanting to show that Henry was the choice of heaven. Men remembered old prophecies which declared that the descendants of John of Gaunt should some day be Kings of England. They called him the Judas Maccabeus. The golden eagle and cruse of oil which the Blessed Virgin had confided to the care of St. Thomas of Canterbury at Sens, and which had long lain concealed at Poitiers until delivered by divine revelation to the grandfather of the new king, were to give to the House of Lancaster that miraculous unction which the House of Clovis had received from the holy dove. The sword which he had drawn on landing was to be placed beside the sceptre of the Confessor, one of the most sacred of relics. The coronation was performed on the festival of the saintly and royal Edward with fitting pomp and magnificence. Richard lay a prisoner in the Tower, but within

the Abbey of Westminster all was joy and gladness. The mass was sung, the vows were taken, the royal diadem was set upon the brow of the prince, and the acclamations of the populace greeted the freshly anointed sovereign as the saviour of his country. The Order of the Bath was founded and forty-six candidates for the honours of chivalry were knighted. And thus the dynasty of the Plantagenets came to an end, and the line of Lancaster reigned in its stead.

The character of Henry the Fourth was naturally influenced by the circumstances which surrounded him. The fear of losing the crown for which both he and his father had so long striven, made him suspicious and crafty. At times he became unscrupulous and cruel, removing without hesitation anyone or anything that threatened to endanger his position. Apart from this unhappy dread, he was a resolute, fair-dealing and merciful ruler, truly anxious to further the welfare of his people and to bring in the best constitutional mode of government. His skill in all military exercises was perfect; his political foresight great. The throne, however, upon which he sat was hedged about with difficulties. The old peasant troubles were far from settled. The effects of Richard's misgovernment, the debt he had inherited and enlarged, the concessions he had made to the French as the price of peace, irritated and disturbed the people. Scotland and Wales were as ever hostile and anxious for war. Charles the Sixth, of France, father of Isabella, the wife of the deposed Richard, refused to recognise him as king, and therefore peace was not to be expected from that quarter. The conflict of the Church and Lollardy was also alarming. Many of the lords were his bitter enemies. Nor had he been king more than a month before the peace was broken. Four earls who had been degraded by Henry, formed a plot to seize the king on Twelfth Night and

replace Richard on the throne. The plot was discovered. The earls lost their lives at the hands of the people: and the fate of Richard was sealed. What became of him, whether he was murdered or starved to death, or whether he escaped to live in Scotland an idiot and a prisoner is hard to say, but from this time he disappears from the stage of history. A solemn funeral was celebrated for him at Langley, on St. Valentine's day, and in the reign of Henry the Fifth, his body was laid in Westminster Abbey.

War along the Welsh border and with Scotland soon broke out. Robert the Third refused to render homage for his kingdom, and Owen Glendower sought to strengthen and enrich himself out of England's weakness and poverty. The marches of both countries were in the charge of the brave Percies. The king was not successful in his expedition against Wales, but the Earl of Northumberland and his son Hotspur, defeated the Scotch in the battle of Homildon Hill, September 14th, 1402. Many of the nobility and gentry of Scotland, including the Earl of Douglas and the Earl of Fife, nephew of Robert, were taken prisoners. From some cause or other the Percies, who had apparently been the most faithful of Henry's adherents, and had been richly rewarded by him, now revolted, and joined their forces to those of the Welsh prince, with the avowed intention of setting the boy Mortimer on the throne, or restoring Richard, who was reported to be still alive. Hotspur and his uncle the Earl of Worcester, raised the standard of rebellion in Shropshire, in the summer of 1403. With fourteen thousand men they laid siege to Shrewsbury. Henry advanced with a large army, and on the twenty-first of July, the battle of Hateley-field near that place, was fought, in which Hotspur was slain, and after a most desperate struggle the insurgents were defeated. The Earl of Worcester was beheaded and Northumberland submitted. The king acted

most generously towards the conqueror. He built a little church on the spot, in memory of those who had died in battle, a memorial still in existence. It was on this day that his son Henry began his career of military glory.

But even these victories over revolt did not bring peace to Henry. His administration was held to be defective. The people had lost all confidence in the stability of the government. The French were threatening the southern coast, and the Welsh were gaining strength. The friars were preaching against him throughout the kingdom, and parties, similar to those which had so previously troubled Richard, were strong and active. Laws had been passed against the Lollards, and the royal household had been reduced, but dissatisfaction remained. In 1405, another rebellion broke out. Around the Earl of Northumberland, a strong party of disaffected lords, including Scrope, Archbishop of York, assembled. They issued their charges against the king, and assumed arms in May. After a parley with the royal forces at Shepton-moor, the insurgents dispersed leaving the archbishop and Mowbray, the earl marshal, in the king's hands. Against the advice of Arundel and Sir William Gascoigne, the chief justice, Henry determined to put them to death, and, on the eighth of June, they were beheaded. The archbishop's body began at once to work miracles. People considered him a martyr, equal to Thomas of Canterbury, and made pilgrimages to his shrine in York. The king's illness during the latter part of the year, they looked upon as a divinely-sent punishment for having murdered a sacred person, and one who was standing up for the nation's rights. Henry secured his position on the throne, but he lost the respect of the people. The death of thirty thousand of his subjects in 1407, by the plague, and the terrible poverty and destitution of the country, made them still more disaffected towards him. But no fur-

ther attempts at rebellion on so large a scale were made during his reign.

The king was, however, from this time on a broken-down, unhappy man. Both mind and body were weakened. Civil war in Scotland, and the dissensions of the Burgundian and Armagnac parties in France made the foreign relations of England easier. The Earl of Northumberland, who had fled after the last revolt, returned in 1408, and tried once more to disturb the peace, but was defeated and slain by Sir Thomas Rokeby, at Bramham, in Yorkshire, in the February of that year. Whatever treason there was outside, there was none within the House of Commons. Arundel made a true and wise minister of state, and for the last few years of Henry's life, the constitutional harmony which had been sought and struggled for through so many years was fairly realized. But the king grew more and more an invalid. Domestic discord came in to embitter his days. His four sons, Henry, Thomas, John and Humphrey, and his three half-brothers, John Beaufort, Earl of Somerset; Henry, Bishop of Winchester; and Sir Thomas Beaufort, Knight; were clever, accomplished and ambitious. All held important state offices; Henry taking the lead in the council, and also being very popular in parliament. He had shown his prowess in war, not only when with his father at Shrewsbury, but in 1408, when he forced Glendower to retreat to Snowdon. The stories of his wild, youthful extravagance, perpetuated by Shakespeare, are unfounded, and most improbable. But with his father he was not on the best of terms. Rivalry and jealousy seems to have pervaded the whole royal family. The king, however, was fast approaching the state when these things could be no longer be a trouble to him. A prophecy that he was to die at Jerusalem seems to have given him hope that he would live until he had seen the Holy Land; but when recovery was hopeless, he had himself conveyed to the

Jerusalem Chamber, in Westminster Abbey. At night he is said to have slept with the crown by his side, and tradition tells how Prince Henry, thinking his father was dead, once took it away. To his father's remonstrances, at his taking what did not belong to either of them, he replied, 'My liege, with your sword you won it, and with my sword I will keep it.' The end came on the twentieth of March, 1413. Soon after the dead monarch was buried in Canterbury Cathedral, near the tomb of his uncle, the Black Prince. His short reign of eleven years had been full of sorrow. His path to the throne and his seat upon it had been secured by blood. But he had been the people's choice, and he had, so far as lay in his power, sought to rule according to equity and constitutional right.

Henry was crowned in Westminster on April 16th. He was brilliant, religious, pure, temperate, truthful, and honourable. The people loved him. The parliament were one with him. His skill as a warrior, diplomatist and organizer was great. He restored glory to the English army and re-established the navy. But the difficulties that had tried his father descended to him, and new ones arose. The day after his father's death he removed Archbishop Arundel and Lord le Scrope, the treasurer, from their offices, and a week later the aged Sir William Gascoigne from the chief justiceship. Bishop Beaufort became the chief minister. The young Earl of March was received into the king's closest confidence. Then negotiations with France were begun, and two lords were sent to Charles the Sixth to arrange an alliance between his daughter, the Princess Catherine, and Henry, and to demand the restoration of the lands in that kingdom which belonged of right to the kings of England. The negotiations were unsuccessful in both instances, and in April 1415 war was proclaimed. Before Henry left the country a formidable conspiracy to

place the Earl of March on the throne was discovered. Lord le Scrope and the Earl of Cambridge, the brother-in-law of Mortimer, were the chief spirits of the movement. These two lords and a knight were tried and executed, the only blood Henry shed to maintain the rights of his House. In August, leaving his brother John, Duke of Bedford, lieutenant of the realm, he crossed the Channel and landed at Havre on the 14th. Within five weeks Harfleur, about six miles distant, was taken, but the English suffered such losses from the enemy and from dysentery that Henry thought it prudent to retreat to Calais without advancing further towards the interior. On his way thither he was met at Agincourt by the united Chivalry of France. His army numbered but 9,000 men, weak, sickly and half-starved, while on the other side were 60,000 warriors, fresh and ready for battle. If, however, the odds were so great, and if the Dauphin of France thought Henry so much better fitted for sport than war—he had sent him in derision when at Harfleur a ton of tennis balls,—St. Crispin's day, October 25th, saw one of the greatest and most glorious victories that have ever attended the arms of England. The story is one of the best known in our annals. Henry may have painted his pennons with the blood of Harfleur; now he painted them with the blood of the noblest of France. Through the long, weary night—a cold and rainy night—both armies waited anxiously for the day-break; the French sure of victory, the English doubtful but determined to fight hard for dear life. In early twilight the battle began. A shower of arrows from the English army heralded Henry's onslaught. The French rushed from their vantage ground to meet them, plunging heavily into the miry ground that lay between the two hosts. Their men-at-arms charged valiantly, but the English archers poured their floods of arrows into their midst, doing terrible carnage. Henry, wearing the royal crown,

was in the thickest of the fight, at one time well nigh losing his life at the hands of the Duke of Alençon. Fierce and long the strife continued, war-cry and trumpet-blast and clash of armour and rush of arrows scarcely distinguishable in the wild roar of battle, but when the end came the English were masters of the field, and ten thousand Frenchmen, including three dukes, an archbishop, a hundred lords and fifteen hundred knights, lay dead before them. Two dukes and seven thousand barons, knights and gentlemen, were among their fourteen thousand prisoners, while the highest estimate makes the English loss but sixteen hundred men. A little later the army sailed from Calais to England, where a warm welcome and triumphal reception awaited the conquerors.

But the time for rest was short; the war was far from ended. Scarcely a year had passed when another army was being prepared, and in the July of 1417, Henry landed with forty thousand men near the mouth of the Touque in Normandy, and at once advanced and laid siege to Caen. The city surrendered September 4th, 1417, and then the march of conquest began—a march which placed Henry high in the rank of military commanders. Towns and castles, one after another, opened their gates to the English. Falaise, Argentan, Sees and Alençon were taken and invested. The Duke of Gloucester occupied the Cotentin; the royal standard waved over Cherbourg, Domfrret and Avranches,—the last named noted as the place where the first of the Plantagenets received absolution for his part in the murder of Thomas of Canterbury. Having secured the whole of Lower Normandy, Henry turned his steps towards Rouen, at that time the largest and wealthiest of French towns. On his way thither Lisieux, Conches, Verneuil, Evreux and Louviers fell into his hands. Pont de l'Arche followed, and thus having cut off all hope of succour, Harfleur being already his, just one year after

his landing in France, he crossed the Seine and surrounded Rouen. The city was walled in and strongly fortified. Its governor, the brave Alan Blanchard, was supported by a large garrison and fifteen thousand citizens in arms. The noblest and most determined patriotism reigned in every breast; but resistance was useless. Detachments of the English army, under experienced commanders, were placed before the eight gates. The king himself and the Duke of Gloucester lay at the gate of St. Hilary, the Duke of Clarence at the gate that led to the river, and the earl marshal, John Mowbray, at the castle gate. For six long months the siege continued. Within the city the most terrible distress prevailed. A contemporary record states that a dog was worth a franc, a cat two shillings, and a rat sixpence, to such straits were the starving inhabitants driven. Twelve thousand country people who had taken refuge in Rouen were at last thrust out of the city, and as Henry refused them passage they perished between the trenches and the walls. One half of the citizens also died of starvation. The summer and the autumn passed away, and the cold winter came with all its terrors. Christmas was joyless to the besieged. The new year brought no hope. At last on January 19th, 1419, the gates were thrown open and the English entered in triumph. The spoils were great, but of food there was none. Then Henry stained his escutcheon by causing the patriotic Alan Blanchard to be put to death.

Victory still attended the arms of England. Among other places, Pontoise surrendered in the following July, and thus the way to Paris was opened up. All Normandy was in the king's power when the French parties, the Burgundians and the Armagnacs, who by their bitter dissensions had so helped Henry, began to devise some united action. It was a splendid chance; the English were wearied, money was scarce, and all

Henry's brilliant successes failed to quiet the rising discontent at home at the heavy burden of the war ; but the French lost it. At a conference, held on September 10th, 1419, at the Bridge of Montereau, between John, Duke of Burgundy, and the Dauphin, the former was treacherously murdered by the partizans of the latter, the immediate consequence of which was, that, out of revenge, the whole Burgundian faction went over to the English and aided them in the further humiliation and conquest of France. Henry now held, as the result of his second campaign, thirty-six towns with their castles, fifty-five other castles, and six abbeys ; and Philip, the new Duke of Burgundy, had in his power the French King, Charles VI., with his queen and daughters. A treaty was made between the two princes, by which Henry was to receive as his wife Catherine of Valois, and to be recognized as Regent of France and heir to the throne ; he on his part relinquishing his title of King of France until the death of the then reigning sovereign. These articles were ratified by Charles at Troyes in May, 1420, the marriage took place June 3rd, and Henry proceeded to conquer the land yet held by the Dauphin. In a few months the towns of the Upper Seine were taken, and at Christmas in the same year Paris was entered, and the States-General of the realm confirmed the treaty of Troyes and received Henry as their Regent and future sovereign. On the 1st of February, 1421, after having held a parliament at Rouen, Henry returned to England, taking his wife with him. A magnificent reception, the coronation of the new queen, and a royal progress through the country, marked the close of this his second French expedition.

Henry had not been many weeks in England when bad news was received from France. The party which adhered to the Dauphin, feeling more than ever the disgrace involved in the

treaty of Troyes, had continued the war with renewed vigour. On March 22nd, at the battle of Beauge, the English were defeated, the Duke of Clarence and 1,500 men slain, and three earls taken prisoners. This was the beginning of English reverses. A new army was immediately mustered, and on the 10th of June Henry landed for the last time on the shores of unhappy France. Once more the tide turned in his favour. Ere long the town of Dreux capitulated, and the siege of Orleans was begun. This was unsuccessful, but the surrender of Meaux, on June 5th made amends for failure there. In the spring the king had entered Paris, and there the queen and her infant son, afterwards the unhappy Henry the Sixth, were received in State. But the conqueror's days were numbered. In August, at the castle of Bois de Vincennes, near Paris, he was taken with a disease that baffled the skill of his physicians, and on the last day of that month he died. His last words were the words of a crusader, ' Good Lord, thou knowest that my mind was to re-edify the walls of Jerusalem. His remains were carried with great pomp to England ; magnificent funeral services were held in St. Paul's Cathedral, and when the body was laid in Westminster Abbey, tapers were lighted before his tomb, which were replenished day and night for nearly a hundred years. His contemporaries lamented him as ' the most Christian champion of the Church, the beam of prudence and example of righteousness, the invincible king, the flower and glory of all knighthood.' Beyond a doubt he merited all they said of him. He had led the armies of England to triumph. He had made France bow down at his feet. He had established, so far as he could, peace and law in his conquered dominions. He had given glory to his followers, and had taught them to love and trust him. Alas ! he died when the highest height was reached ; the day the minster-bell tolled forth his

death, it also tolled forth the downfall of English power in France.

The career of Henry the Fifth had, to a great extent, drawn the attention of the people of England from their home troubles, but the war had served the purpose of augmenting still more the nation's debt. The heir to the throne was a babe only nine months old. Edmund Mortimer died childless, in 1424, but his sister Anne had married Richard, the younger son of the Duke of York, brother of John of Gaunt, and their son, Richard, when eight years old inherited the Earldom of March, and the extensive Mortimer estates in Herefordshire. The death of his uncle, Edward of Agincourt, without issue, made him also heir to the Dukedom of York. He therefore united in himself two large family interests, and, as the descendant of Lionel, was the true hereditary heir to the throne. Nothing, however, was brought forward to interfere with the accession of Henry the Sixth. John, Duke of Bedford, was by the Lords and Commons appointed regent during his nephew's minority; his brother Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, a man fond of learning but ambitious and restless, to be protector during his absence in France. Bishop Beaufort remained treasurer. From the very first it was evident that Bedford and Gloucester were divided. Gloucester brought about the alienation from the English of the Duke of Burgundy, quarrelled with Beaufort, and for his indiscretion was severely censured by the council. It is, however, needless to relate in detail the difficulties that tried the regency at this time.

Leaving Gloucester in England, the brave, noble and good Bedford assumed the governorship of France, and for some years more than held his country's own. He married the sister of the Duke of Burgundy, and thus cemented more closely his alliance with that great party. The death of Charles the Sixth, October 21st, 1422, enabled

him to proclaim the infant Henry, of Windsor, King of France, in accordance with the treaty of Troyes. Some of the best warriors of England were still with him and followed him in the struggle with the Dauphin. That prince had been reinforced with Milanese and Scotch soldiers; the latter numbering four thousand men under the Earl of Douglass. He had also proclaimed himself Charles the Seventh of France, though but little of his father's dominions were at that time in his hands. The field was taken at once, and the victory near Auxerre made Bedford master of the Yonge. Other successes followed. The year 1424, particularly, is memorable for a battle which rivalled the glory of Crecy, Poitiers, and Agincourt. On August 17th, the two armies met at Verneuil; the English and Burgundians under the command of Bedford, the French, assisted by Lombards and Scots, under the Count of Narbonne. At the end of a prolonged struggle, the English began to give way; victory seemed secured to the French, but the Lombard auxiliaries, caring less for glory than for gain, commenced pillaging the English camp and thus left the battle. Then came fresh to the attack two thousand English archers—barefooted, ill-clad men, their best armour a rough hard leather cap, but for all that invincible—and soon the goose-winged arrows carried each its message of death into the host, and knights and men with bill and battle axe and sword and spear, rushed once more into the fray, and ere long the English flag of victory displayed its golden lion on the field. The enemy was utterly defeated, their leaders killed or taken prisoners, and the ground covered with the slain.

Owing to dissensions at home and the political folly of Gloucester, the next few years witnessed no decisive steps towards the further conquest of France. A desultory warfare was carried on throughout the northern part of that unhappy land. Maraud-

ing parties of English soldiers pillaged and burnt castles and villages until the country presented the aspect of a wilderness waste. Husbandmen ceased to toil for harvests of which they would be robbed, and therefore turned brigands; while the towns became the scenes of terrible miseries, a hundred thousand people dying from sickness and famine in Paris alone. At last, having received reinforcements from England under the command of the Earl of Salisbury, the army advanced to the siege of Orleans, the key to the Dauphin's position and fate. On October 12th, 1428, ten thousand men were drawn up around its walls; but the withdrawal of the Duke of Burgundy soon after, left but three thousand Englishmen in the trenches. The city was bravely defended by Gaucour, and held out. The sufferings of the English through the long dreary winter, were only exceeded by the sufferings of the people within the walls. Early in the course of the siege, the Earl of Salisbury died of his wounds, and many other brave men were also lost. An army under the Duke of Bourbon harrassed the invaders and sought to cut off their supplies, but so great was the terror the English had inspired in the French, that when that general attempted at Bouvray, on February 12th, 1429, to intercept a convoy of provisions under the charge of Sir John Fastolf and a band of archers, he was defeated and driven off by that valiant knight. As the provisions consisted of salt fish, the fight obtained the title of the 'Battle of the Herrings.'

The English, however, were not destined to enter Orleans. A leader, unique in history, a mere girl of eighteen, arises to rekindle the patriotism and martial spirit of her countrymen, and to recover the honour of the land which the enemy had trampled in the dust. Joan of Arc, a maiden whom the French regarded as a very messenger of God, the English, as an emissary of Satan, at this time leaves her

native home in the woods of the Vosges, and presented herself to the Dauphin. It was a critical moment. Orleans had already made offers of capitulation. At her cry men rallied once again to the conflict. Mounted on a charger, clothed with white armour, the great white banner covered with *fleur-de-lys* waving over her head, she led them to the assault. The awe-stricken English beheld her enter the city on the 29th of April. Her irresistible enthusiasm compelled the French to attack the English forts. One after another was taken, and at last the little band of Englishmen, having fought desperately against fearful odds, withdrew. On May 18th, the gates of the city were opened, and Orleans had rest as of old.

The victorious army, urged on by Joan, did not neglect to profit by this signal success. They followed the English to their retreat at Targeau, and in the battle of Patay, fought June 18th, defeated them with great loss. The ablest warrior in the English army, the noble Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, was taken prisoner. A month later Charles entered Rheims in triumph, and was crowned King of France. The English, however, were far from conquered, and the north of France yet remained in their hands. The league between Bedford and Burgundy was renewed; fresh troops also arrived from England. It was, therefore, necessary that no time should be lost in attacking them. The army accordingly moved on in the direction of Paris, while Bedford, leaving but a small garrison there, retreated to Rouen. No more remarkable successes attended Joan of Arc, and little of importance occurred until she was taken prisoner by the Burgundians before the walls of Compiègne, May 23rd, 1430. The French made no attempt to release the noble girl who had done so much for her country, and she remained in the custody of the Duke of Burgundy till October, when he sold her to the English. When the

ecclesiastical authority claimed her as guilty of heresy and sorcery, she was delivered up to the Bishop of Beauvais, an unscrupulous priest, and devoted to the English interest. She was taken to Rouen and immured for several months in prison, where she was treated with great severity. Her trial was a mere mockery. The grossest indignities and insults were heaped upon her. She was deprived of all religious aid. At last, as might have been expected, she was condemned to die for witchcraft. The charge was no doubt one that the great mass of people, perhaps in France, certainly in England, believed to be true. She was compelled to recant her alleged sins, and on the morning of May 30th she was led to her death. Going along the streets the girlish lips could not repress the cry, 'Rouen! Rouen! must thou be my last abode!' A stake was erected in the market-place, and there, to the lasting shame of either England or France, one scarcely knows which to blame, perhaps both, the unfortunate, but patriotic, pure and brave maiden of nineteen summers was burnt. Her last word was 'Jesus!' It was a barbarous and unjustifiable death. A statue now marks the spot on which she suffered, a poor monument to one of the noblest heroines the world has ever known. There is, however, an opinion rife among French antiquarians, and supported by some documentary evidence, that the whole story of her death is legendary. It is said that she lived until after the death of Bedford, in 1435, and was then liberated and afterwards happily married. The opinion and evidence may be true, but probably relates to some impostor who successfully personated Joan. We may not here attempt any further solution of the difficulty.

It was soon apparent even to Bedford that the power of England in France was hopelessly gone. Henry was crowned King of France in Paris, December 17th, 1431, by Bishop, now Cardinal, Beaufort, but he was forced

to withdraw to Rouen and hold his Court there. Little by little the ties between Bedford and Burgundy were weakened. Little by little all that Henry the Fifth had gained was lost. By 1435, when the Duke of Bedford died, nothing remained south of Paris, hardly anything indeed beyond Normandy; and Burgundy had gone over to Charles the Seventh. Paris was lost in 1436; even Harfleur, the first of Henry's conquests, was freed from the foreign yoke by one hundred and four of the inhabitants opening the gates of the town to a band of insurgents from the district of Caux, and though between 1445 and 1449 the English were again in possession, the memory of the deed was long perpetuated by one hundred and four strokes on the bells of St. Martin's. In the meantime affairs in England were in a most unfortunate state. In 1431, the Lollards, under the leadership of Jack Sharp, made a bold attempt at rebellion, but it was speedily suppressed. The war in France, the repayment of heavy loans advanced to the State by Cardinal Beaufort, and the rapacity of Gloucester, exhausted every source of national revenue. A long and open quarrel between Gloucester and Beaufort, and another between Gloucester and Bedford, had only served to make matters worse. It was only at the request of the king, a lad of eleven, that the breach between Gloucester and Bedford was healed; with Beaufort no lasting settlement was ever made. On Bedford's death, Richard, Duke of York, was made Regent of France, but was recalled at the end of his first year. A few years later he was sent back again. In 1439, the queen-mother died, leaving Henry without a single true-hearted friend in the world. The king had developed into a pious youth, devoted to the interests of the Church, an encourager of learning, mild, patient, merciful and inoffensive in all his dealings, but utterly unfit to govern a people such as the

English of his generation, and to set to rights the wrongs of a hundred years. His poor health and fastidious conscientiousness would alone have hindered him from being a successful ruler; his attempts when but fifteen years of age, and liable to personal chastisement at the will of the council, to grapple with questions of state that had tried the greatest of his predecessors displayed great precocity, but left him, as such premature forcing would almost necessarily do, with little or no powers of mind at all. The monk's tonsure would have better become him than the royal crown. Of all the Kings of England he was the most unfortunate and unhappy, and yet, when dead, the people of Yorkshire and Durham worshipped before his statue and sung hymns in his honour. In 1442, he came of age, but the Bishop of Winchester remained virtual ruler. John Beaufort was made Duke of Somerset in 1443, but died the next year, leaving as his heiress the little Lady Margaret, who afterwards married Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, and became mother of Henry the Seventh. The Duke of Gloucester remained on the council, but was suspected of treasonable thoughts; his wife, Eleanor Cobham, having burnt a wax image of the king, a sign that she was endeavouring to compass his death by necromantic art, had been tried, in 1441, for witchcraft, and condemned to imprisonment for life. A new minister, William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, and grandson of Richard the Second's Chancellor, now comes into prominence. He negotiated a marriage between his royal master and Margaret, daughter of René of Anjou, titular King of Naples, which was solemnized April 22nd, 1445, when that princess was sixteen years old. In this and the following years the plague devastated the country, and in 1447 the Duke of Gloucester was arrested and died in prison. The mystery of his death will probably never be cleared up, but the guilt of it is

laid upon his great rival, Suffolk. Six weeks later Cardinal Beaufort passed away, not as Shakespeare describes, but in the most matter-of-fact and business-like manner. When dying, he had the burial service and mass of requiem performed in his presence; he had his will read before his household, and then bidding farewell to all, he died. Suffolk became chief minister, and held his office, through many vicissitudes, till 1450, when all France being lost, with the exception of Calais and some parts of Guienne, he was impeached, tried, and ordered to leave the kingdom. Having written a most beautiful and affecting letter to his infant son, in which he urged him to obedience to God, loyalty to the king, reverence to his mother, and to avoid evil companions, he set sail for France. On the way, two days after, his vessel was intercepted by some ship waiting for that purpose. His sailors gave him up, and one of the men took an old rusty sword and, with half a dozen strokes, smote off his head. Then they laid his body on the sands of Dover and set his head on a pole beside it. This lawless act robbed the king of another great and faithful counsellor.

Again rebellion broke out, and, as in the reign of Richard II. so now, Kent, the great manufacturing district of the day, was the centre of the movement. It found the king and his chancellor, Cardinal Kemp, Archbishop of York, entirely helpless. It found all England angry at the loss of France, and in despair at the long-continued distress. A manifesto was set forth describing the demands of the insurgents. It stated that they purposed to obtain possession of the king and queen, and to remove from them all evil counsellors. Villainage since the rebellion of Wat Tyler had died out, but the old gloom remained. Twenty thousand men from Kent, Sussex, and Surrey gathered round Jack Cade, an Irishman, who assumed the name of John Mortimer and called himself the cousin of the Duke of

York. On the 1st of June, 1450, he encamped at Blackheath, but retreated on the approach of the king with a force equal to his own. On the 18th, a part of the king's army met the rebels at Sevenoaks, but was cut to pieces by them, and Sir Humfrey Stafford and his brother William were slain. Mutiny broke out in the remaining part of the royal force, and the unhappy king retired to Kenilworth, having no faith in the promises of the Londoners to stand by him. On the 3rd of July Cade entered London, took Lord Say and Sele, the treasurer, and beheaded him; but on the 5th the citizens closed London bridge against him, and in the struggle which ensued defeated him. A conference between Cardinal Kemp and Bishop Waynflete, of Winchester, and Cade followed, in which the alleged wrongs were promised to be redressed, and pardons were offered to the rebels and accepted. Most of them dispersed and went to their homes. Cade, however, proceeded to plunder and ravage, and a reward was set upon his head. Soon after he was discovered by Iden, a newly appointed sheriff of Kent, in a garden at Heathfield, and by him was made prisoner, but in the scuffle Cade who had been mortally wounded, died on the way to London. His body was cut up and sent to be impaled at four different parts of the kingdom. Other rebels were similarly dealt with, and parts of their remains placed on exhibition for the intimidation of the disaffected in many of the principal towns in the realm. Their heads were set up on London-bridge; in this one year twenty-three being thus exposed to the gaze of the populace and to the winds and storms of heaven.

Another insurrection in August under one William Parminster, and a third in September under one John Smyth, took place in the same county, but were soon put down. In Wiltshire, also, a more serious revolt took place, the Bishop of Salisbury being murdered in his abb and stole imme-

diately after the celebration of Mass. Another rising the same year, in that county, numbered nine or ten thousand men. Neither succeeded in accomplishing much. The whole country, however, saw the incapacity of the king and his ministers. They also saw that there was but one man in the country competent to deal with the situation, and that man was Richard, Duke of York, the hereditary, though not the legal, heir to the throne. He was experienced in statecraft, and had, as regent of France and lieutenant of Ireland displayed great wisdom. He had not been treated fairly by Henry, though there had been no open breach between them. But now he took the position of reformer of the public wrongs, and eventually assembled an army around him. He brought charges against several of the men near Henry, but was himself declared loyal by the king, though his ulterior designs seem to have been suspected. The Earl of Somerset was imprisoned, and soon after Cardinal Kemp, a man of great experience and fidelity and respected by all, who would have been the duke's next victim, died at the age of seventy-four. In 1453 the king was ill, and York was appointed regent the spring following, and to hold that office during the king's indisposition or the minority of the Prince of Wales. Everything thus played into the hands of the Yorkist faction. Richard appointed his brother-in-law, the Earl of Salisbury, chancellor, and Bouchier to the Archbishopric of Canterbury. Somerset was kept in prison. Calais was now all that the English owned on the continent of Europe. The nation's greatest general, the brave Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury, fell in the battle of Châtillon, July 20th, 1453. He was brought home and buried in the parish church of Whitchurch in Shropshire. A few years ago, his tomb was opened, and, strange satire on all earthly greatness! his head in which great thoughts had been born and military expeditions planned, had be-

come a cradle for mice, and the gash which terminated his career their means of ingress and egress.

The king recovered his senses by Christmas, 1454, and then he dismissed the protector and reinstated his old ministers. Open feud followed. Everywhere men began to take one side or the other. The contest began to involve more than was apparent on the surface. The Duke of York began to speak of his right to the throne as the descendant, through his mother, of Lionel, Duke of Clarence. At last the two parties met at St. Alban's on May 22nd, 1455. Negotiations were useless, and a battle followed. It lasted but half-an-hour, and was nothing more than a mere skirmish; but the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Stafford and the Lord Clifford, all on the king's side, were killed, and the king himself wounded and taken prisoner. Henceforth the fate of England was sealed. The white rose had triumphed over the red. Again York knelt before the king and professed his loyalty, and again, on the return of the king's malady, was appointed protector. Again, too, on the recovery of the king, in the spring of 1456, the duke was removed from office and for two years the parties did little more than watch each other. Queen Margaret now comes into the foreground and plays her part all through the struggle with dignity, determination, and wisdom. But her attempt in 1458 to arrest Nevilles led to a fresh outbreak of the war. The Earl of Salisbury met Lord Audley at Bloreheath in Staffordshire, September 25th, 1459, and in the battle the Lancastrians were defeated, and their leader, Lord Audley, and many Cheshire gentlemen slain. Salisbury then

joined the Duke of York, at Ludlow in Herefordshire, but on the king's approach with a stronger army, part of the Yorkists deserted, the others were disbanded, and the Duke and his companions fled. Fifteen months later the Duke of York fell in the battle of Wakefield Green, and on June 29th, 1461, his son was crowned king in Westminster with the title of Edward the Fourth. The unfortunate Henry remained in prison for ten years, when he was ruthlessly murdered, it is supposed, though by no means certain, by Richard, Duke of Gloucester, the new king's brother. In the course of those ten years the conflict between the two factions went on, and led to many battles, the last being that of Tewkesbury in Gloucestershire, May 4th, 1471. Here the Lancastrians were defeated, and a scene of terrible butchery followed. The poor fugitives made for the sanctuary of the Abbey, but the pursuers followed them even to the church doors, slaughtering hundreds by the way. Then the Abbot came forth from the altar, where he had been celebrating Mass, and with the consecrated Sacrament in his hand, and standing like Aaron between the dead and the living, he forbade the king to shed more blood within the sacred precincts. Fifteen years later Henry the Seventh, the grandson of Beaufort, Duke of Somerset, half-brother of Henry the Fourth, by his marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of Edward the Fourth, united the houses of Lancaster and York, but then the fair fields of England had been dyed with the blood of a hundred thousand of her sons, and many of the noblest of the ancient families had perished.

THE SPANISH GIRL'S SONG.

BY ESPERANCE.

YE sing of love in your Northern land,
 Your land of ice and snow,
 Where the waves are frozen upon the strand,
 And fierce winds wildly blow ;
 The love that burns in a Southern heart,
 Ah, *this*—ye cannot know !

Your hearts are tuned to your frozen clime ;
 Ye call love by its *name* ;
 Ye sing its praise in a pleasant rhyme ;
 Your words are cold and tame !
 Our Southern tongue is a tongue of fire,
 Our love a living flame.

Our breezes, borne on the scented air,
 Are soft as maiden's sigh ;
 Our sunlit heavens are ever fair ;
 Our roses never die ;
 The waves sing over the golden shore
 A whispered lullaby.

Your hearts are chilled by your bitter wind
 And storms of sleet and snow ;
 But our perfumed breezes leave behind
 A warm and fervid glow,
 That fans to life in the beating heart
 The spark that waits below.

Ah ! go your way ! ye have *dreamt* of love ;
 The dream no doubt was sweet ;
 'Twas a shadow cast from the realms above,
 Where the passion is complete ;
 But the perfect thing ye shall never know
 Till your heart has ceased to beat.

Then shall ye fathom the depth and strength
 Of love that grows to pain,
 That knows no barrier, bound, or length ;
 Seeks but one earthly gain ;
 And the hopeless woe of the Southern heart
 That has spent such love in vain.

REMARKS SUGGESTED BY PRESIDENT GARFIELD'S DEATH.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

THE following desultory remarks have come into existence in the following manner. In the first week of October, the writer was spending the evening at the house of a friend. Most of those present were politicians : Grits and Conservatives. Garfield's death was the chief topic of conversation and the writer was silent. His host rallied him on his silence, whereupon he gave his opinion on what might be called the Garfield situation. It was suggested he should write down and publish his views, but he pleaded want of time. The reply was that Thanksgiving Day and All Saints' Day were near at hand, on neither of which days he might be sure would any persons who were working for him turn up. He rejoined that he did not see why he should not go to church on these days as well as other people ; whereupon a distinguished statesman who was present said he would like to see in print the doctrines of party allegiance as stated. On this point conversation went forward, and I then became convinced that perhaps some good might be done by publishing the few thoughts which grew naturally out of the career and death of President Garfield — especially it seemed that some need existed of placing before the public mind such a view of political action, in connection with a party, as is alone consistent with preserving moral principle from crumbling to ruins. Garfield's life, too, was such that all men would be the better for dwelling on it. So far as memory serves me, the following preserves as nearly as possible the sequence with which I

spoke on the evening in question. The interruptions which helped me along are omitted, and unfortunately the clever things said by one of the wittiest and youngest of our rising statesmen, no longer light up the discussion of an event, whose influence on the government of half this continent will, centuries hence, furnish a subject for disquisition.

On the death of the late President of the United States, all has been said that grief and sympathy could desire ; but much that should be said could find no place in condolences and threnodies. The printing press and the telegraph have given to the doctrine of human brotherhood a deeper significance, as well as the means of practical expression. A Greek historian put in the mouth of an Athenian statesman the fine hyperbole : that of dead men, who, living were great, the whole earth is the mausoleum. To-day, what was a flight of rhetoric in the time of Thucydides, the newsboy makes almost a literal fact. A few years ago Charles Kingsley, when lecturing in Toronto, advised the young men of Canada to aspire to Westminster Abbey. It would seem that an ambition for funeral pomp may be realized without sending the hearse across the Atlantic ; and for the fond hope of being remembered by our race, not pyramid, nor temple, nor column, nor the breathing marble, but the heart and memory of humanity are the enduring shrines of the benefactors of mankind, and these are monuments which are circumscribed to no spot,

belong to no one hemisphere, nor do their doors open or close at the bidding of interest or power. It is true, a man may write his name indelibly on this earth in the blood of his fellows, but the time is at hand when men will neither honour nor covet the renown of a destroyer. High gifts, even when they do not bear the hallmark of the immortals, if conscientiously used, may henceforth look for recognition in the esteem of good men wherever civilization reaches, and this is the only element in an apotheosis a really great man would value. The spectacle, if the word may be used, of nations—not merely rulers, but the peoples of the earth—crowding as mourners round Mr. Garfield's coffin, without escutcheon or crest, was well calculated to move and fill the imagination. It has been misunderstood and misinterpreted by writers, who in grief or joy must beat what Lord Salisbury calls the 'Tom-tom of Free Trade.' So far as it had any bearing on the future of international politics, not increased friendliness between any two nations, except as an incidental result, was portended, but the advent of a democratic consciousness in which social ideas will count for as much as political, and which, finding nothing to feed its enthusiasm in the past, will inevitably turn to the future and unknown.

It is, of course, possible to overestimate the importance of such a wave of emotion, and the reaction has already set in. It may be said that the cosmopolitan consensus of sorrow yields to analysis only a commonplace scientific fact: the annihilation of space by the telegraph, which placed the residents of London or Melbourne in the same position, as to knowledge of the President's sufferings, as the inhabitants of Washington. Had he been the humblest labourer, or a soldier who had done nothing, but for forcing an account of whose sufferings on public attention an excuse could have been found, there would, when death arrived, have been world-wide sorrow.

But in nature and depth, it would have been very different from that we are discussing. That Garfield had a mission; that he had been a poor struggling lad; that he had gained the position of a great potentate; that he had no title; that no circumvallation of courtiers interposed between the sick room and the public; all this, vaguely in some instances, more defined in others, was present to the mind, and, while mighty interests seemed to hang upon his fate, brought him near the very poorest. From daily reading of his sufferings, pathetic associations clustered every morning more thickly and closely around his name, and the fountains of feeling flowed as by habit of sympathy at its sound. 'We felt,' said a poor gardener, 'almost as if he had been one of ourselves.'

On such a theme as the present, perhaps one ought to be above a sneer at human generosity, the eager desire—the pen hesitates to write the noble desire—to do full justice to the claims of one who can no longer compete with us. When a man achieves supreme power, he is in a sense as much removed from conditions which excite envy as if he were dead. Fear, hope, hatred, love, admiration, loyalty, such are the sentiments men entertain to their rulers or leaders; and when one who has attained to this height is struck down, pity and imagination are unrestrained. The mind fills up a broken career with great deeds, and finds a pleasure in doing this, because they are no longer within anybody's reach. So different are the feelings with which we contemplate the deeds of the living and the dreams of what the dead would have done. Had the young Marcellus lived, Virgil might have lampooned him.

When we pass away from the personal to the national aspect of the tragedy, we think that the achievements which would have done Garfield honour would have conferred blessings on a country in which, as in our own, the hopes of the world are largely bound up.

Since the war, most people would give a policy on its life. Even those who look on it with far other regards than are cherished by the unprivileged children of poverty, feel that it is best for the world that its government should be honest and enlightened. The Queen, in sending a floral wreath to Mrs. Garfield, did an act the beauty of which no vulgar analysis can mar. We may be sure she was only thinking of doing something graceful, womanly, kind, and that there were no mercenary calculations in the motives which presented themselves to her mind, when the woman bent over a sister, prostrated by a grief she could well understand, and the ruler expressed an Empire's sympathy. In an article entitled 'England and America over the President's grave,' the editor of the *Contemporary Review* reminds one of a gossip at a wake, shedding copious tears, and expressing a hope that the bereaved, with whom she has not been on good terms, will henceforth buy their groceries at her shop. This apostle of humanity demands special room in the funeral procession for England, as represented by the Queen, in order to appeal to the people of the United States, over the open grave of their ruler, and in the midst of their sorrow—to do what!—the reader will not believe me—to open their ports to the English manufacturer. This is to be accomplished by 'the logic of emotion,' and the barriers which have withstood the assaults of great economists are to fall before the tear-vial and red eyes of the editor of the *Contemporary Review*! The 'prejudices' of the commercially unregenerate people of the United States 'have shown themselves steel proof against the exactest reasoning.' That this hardness of conviction is due to the heart rather than the head is evident because 'it has been proved to us in quite a variety of ways long since that Yankee wits are not really suffering any dullness.' He despairs of syllogisms, however neatly constructed; 'but for ourselves,' he says, 'we

are not wholly without faith that they may in the end fall in quite another manner.' And this is the way they are to fall:

'But the key-note meant to be sounded in this paper utterly forbids the making of any *ad misericordiam* appeal. The only way in which we could here reason from merely English grounds would be to try and convict the States of *shabbiness*—if such a word may be allowed—in respect of our grieves. Nor do we think it would be difficult to do that if only our *transatlantic brethren* were in the right emotional mood for listening. We claim for our own country that she, a small island in the corners of the seas, has really adopted the cosmopolitan ideal of universal intercourse and free exchange, the propagation of which fitly should devolve, as a first duty, upon the gigantic mistress of the New World.

... Is it quite worthy of big America to show this fear of little England's industrial competition, meantime sending us not only wheat by millions of bushels, pork by the ship-load, and other things in corresponding quantities, down even to machine-made horse-shoe nails, reckoned by hundreds of tons; the latter, perhaps, as a charm on her own part against her fright becoming a panic. This shall be considered "cuteness" if our big and timorous cousins so wish, and we will be sympathetic with them over it, for are we not in the present article avowedly relying on the logic of emotion?'

It is hard to express oneself in terms sufficiently restrained of such writing as this. Scorn and mirth are alike stirred. The humour of that allusion to the horse-shoe nails is of the finest sort, and even the seriousness is irresistibly comic when one remembers who those are whose commercial affairs are to be revolutionized by a little maudlin gush. But the matter is too grave for laughter, for the *Contemporary Review*, to which the editor seldom contributes, has a position in English periodical literature; and, therefore, one cannot pass by with the contempt it deserves a sickening preachment insulting to the affliction of the United States and a desecration of the noble grief of the English nation. We are sorry, cries this politico-economic Werther, sorry for your great loss. Observe our emotion, but pray observe how much

nor do you send us, and that you are shabby enough to put duties on goods you import from England. No logic would convince you you are wrong. Your intellect is bright enough. Yet you will persist in believing that if we send you what manufactures you want you will not require to manufacture for yourself. You are a big nation and England is a little one. It is all a mistake to suppose that England is a mighty Empire. I, and such as I, have found out her pettiness. Don't you see how shabby you are in your dealings with such a little country? Behold those tears for your dead President, and remember you send us pork by the ship-load!

Is there no man in England who has inherited Chatham's faith in her destiny to rebuke writers of this class? Her great poet said she was never to lie at the foot of a proud conqueror. These grovellers would make her bury her forehead in the dust before a few million customers. They may spare their tears. If they think to impress shrewd Yankees with 'the logic of emotion' they will find they have to deal with men who do not believe in whimpering anywhere, but above all in matters of business; who, however, we may be sure, have no objection to see degenerate Englishmen crouching at their feet, but it won't move them, as they say, 'worth a cent.' There is no attitude in the world so sure to get more kicks than half-pence from the Ministers at Washington. The editor of the *Contemporary Review* is well known not to be a very hard-headed person, and, notwithstanding the position of the magazine, he would not be worth noticing were it not that similar Uriah-Heapisms have appeared in the London papers, weekly and daily. It is almost pathetic in its imbecility—the desire to 'produce a favourable impression' on all parts of the Republic, as though this favourable impression would have some practical result, or the English Empire was at the mercy of, or had cause to fear, any

nation however powerful. The salute of the English flag ordered by President Arthur is said to have touched the English nation very deeply; but the way it was received in certain quarters proves that among the fifty millions there are Anglo-phobists, besides Fenians, and that underbred rudeness will find rails to carry it far in commercial jealousy and ambition. It was not by the logic of emotion that England became great. Neither a nation nor an individual can hold a position of eminence except by right of superior strength. Hanging on by the skin of the teeth is an easy process compared with hanging on by human charity or suzerainty, but staying oneself on the 'favourable impressions' of a commercial rival, and that rival 'Brother Jonathan,' is a triumph of self-mockery which has never been surpassed since the soldier who sat on the point of his bayonet because he said, he liked a soft thing. Mr. Froude, going outside his own country to plead her cause at the bar of the public opinion of another nation, and driven from his 'mission' by the Irish servant-maids of Boston, was sufficiently undignified. But he is outdone by this trafficker in tears, this international bagman who welcomes humiliation provided he can take an order. Not one word from these gentlemen about Canada, except to misrepresent and condemn her. While the States contained but a few millions no such language was held; and men of the same class, who deigned to speculate on her future, cast her horoscope with a sneer. But to-morrow, as time goes with a nation, Canada will be fifty millions. If what such men as Mr. William Clarke desired, namely annexation, took place, what would the trade of England with this Continent be worth? English exports hither would at once fall to the extent of all those articles which Canada imports from England, and the like of which are manufactured in the United States, whose merchant

marine would be reinforced by that which is now the fourth in the world, and whose population would be swelled by five millions who would then have every reason to hate a country which had been at once feeble and false. These men, I know, do not speak for England. There is no sign of her decay. But her people and leaders cannot too narrowly watch the influences which make and modify national character. Her burden of Empire, easy for self-denial, for such men as raised the name of England above that of Rome is

‘heavy to carry
For hands overflowing with gold,’

Naturally the grief within the Republic was greater than among other nations, however sympathetic. An English friend, himself the scion of a noble house, who has travelled much in the United States, tells me that on first making the acquaintance of its people he thought there were only two things for which they had any reverence—a dollar and a lord; but that after more intimacy he saw they also revered their President. He adds that, to-day, we are face to face with this dual paradox: in Europe, kings without loyalty; on this continent, loyalty without kings. The moment a man is elected President he receives, though the head of a party, a genuine homage even from those in the ranks of his enemies. Peculiar circumstances inspired towards Garfield feelings of a deeper and more special character than those with which a President is ordinarily regarded. The people of all grades felt that great dangers threatened the State, and that they had found the man to weather the ship through the storm. Kings and aristocracies have been properly branded for making men admirals and generals who knew nothing of seamanship or war. After hundreds of lives and millions of money had been lost, and the honour of the country tarnished, the king or his mistress would be gracious enough

to allow the appointment of ability. A shrewd observer, writing to a man of genius and character who had just become Prime Minister of England, while congratulating him, said his being entrusted with the formation of a Government was a proof of the miserable state of the country; for if it was possible to go on without integrity and ability they would never be thought of. If any one supposes the virus of the Spoils System has made its appearance within recent years, he is very ignorant of the history of the United States: nor is Mr. William Clarke, who writes about affairs on this continent with all the dogmatism of studious and erudite ignorance, right in his contention that Aaron Burr was the dark spirit who introduced corruption. Aaron Burr, himself, was a fruit of the system, and the conscienceless profligate, whose chief object was to destroy the free play of healthy public opinion by skill in manipulating organizations, has never since been without a representative in the councils of both parties. But a large number of circumstances connected with President Grant's administration excited alarm, and when a determination to force a third term was manifested, alarm deepened into terror. The evils of the Spoils System, of the rule of the ‘bosses,’ of the thimble rigging of the managers, were fully realized, and perhaps some shame was felt that no better type of man could be had in the whole fifty millions, than after, and some time before, Lincoln had filled the Presidential chair. When Garfield was nominated, it was felt that a man wholly different from the typical United States statesmen had been found; and when, on becoming President, he broke with Conkling the contrast was made more striking.

The breach with Conkling was a proof of his courage and sincerity. It is doubtful whether it was wise or even justifiable. But this is a point which must be deferred for the moment.

Garfield belonged to that class of great men whose greatness cannot be separated from their personality—the breadth, charm and magnetism of their character; nor is it likely that twenty years hence anything he has spoken or written will ever be referred to. His military genius was not of a high order. He was a highly educated man, but the conditions under which he studied made it impossible that he could be a great scholar. His mastery over the English language was considerable, but by no means extraordinary. A life's devotion is the price a man must pay to be a great lawyer, and that price was not within Garfield's power. But in whatever he did we see sincerity, the fire of noble purpose, great fertility of resource, fearlessness, and a leader-like tone. All this, combined with truthfulness and a capacity for inspiring attachment in the hearts of good men, mark him as the possessor of some of the choicest elements of greatness.

His life gives countenance to the theory that 'great men are the sons of great mothers.' The theory is fallacious, men inheriting ability from the father as often as from the mother, and the mothers of some great men having no more in common with their sons than the earth has with the rose it has nourished in its womb, or the cloud with the bolt which bursts from its heart of mist, and lights up the landscape with beauty and terror, and carries ruin where it strikes. But the theory flatters the modern worship of women which is specially strong in generous hearts, and, therefore, adds to the interest with which we follow the career of any man whose distinction can be traced to a source so tender. Garfield's mother is undoubtedly a woman of a noble fibre. Her face has aristocratic features, with all the will and energy which made her, when necessary, a rail splitter. She came of a French stock, and the French brightness, clearness of resolve, and

the beautiful French gaiety lit up the valuable but less fiery qualities her son derived from his father's family. The sentiment of woman worship is also appealed to by the need he experienced, in common with so many forceful natures of female sympathy, and the happy relations which existed between him and his wife. Of Miss Booth, whose influence on him seems to have been of the happiest description, he says: 'I never met the man whose mind I feared to grapple with; but this woman could lead where I found it hard to follow.' A lady who was fellow student with him at Hiram College describes him as 'repeating poetry by the hour.' 'He is,' she added, she having kept up her acquaintance with him after college days were over, 'a man who, in the belief of any one who ever knew him, could not be corrupted, and who considers his honour above his life.' 'I formed an intimate acquaintance with him,' says the Rev. T. Brooks, 'and admired his genial, manly and pleasant ways.' He is described as witty and quick at repartee.

When he became president of the college of which he had once swept the floor, he was sympathetic, full of kindness, yet a most stout disciplinarian, who 'enforced the rules like a martinet.' He was one of the most practical of men, though his Tennyson was as often as possible in his hands. His strong literary turn appealed to the imagination of the people of the United States, among whom education has made sufficient progress to enable them to realize that there is nothing antagonistic between culture and practical ability. Perhaps they had had enough of statesmen of defective education. It is, however, a popular fallacy which is not yet dead, that your practical man is best if he is ignorant—above all if he has no sympathy with poetry—and if his gifts are as far as possible from genius. The truth, however, is 'There is a close relation between literary capacity and

practical power in all matters requiring thought—as for instance statesmanship or war, or the higher walks of commerce. Both Lord Beaconsfield and Canning were men of business power. The one was a poet and novelist; the other a poet and journalist. David, whose name is one of the greatest in Jewish history, was a poet as well as a warrior and statesman; Moses, a poet as well as a lawgiver and leader. The greatest among the Greek poets were soldiers—Æschylus drinking in the fiery light of battle on the fields of Marathon and Plataea, and across the victorious waves of Salamis. Sophocles commanded a division in the Samian war.

With frowning brow o'er Pontiff kings elate
Stood Dante, great the man, the poet great :

an eager Florentine politician, the reputation of the author of the 'Divine Comedy' overtops the renown of the diplomatist and statesman. Chaucer, the father of English song, was a successful soldier, ambassador, and minister. Petrarch was an eager politician. In Milton's case the reputation of Cromwell's secretary and adviser is lost in the glory flooding the head of the author of 'Paradise Lost.' Alexander the Great was a man of enthusiastic literary taste. Cæsar, the greatest of captains, a politician and statesman, was, after Cicero, the first literary man in Rome; nor can he be seen in a more beautiful and heroic light than reading, writing, and making extracts in his carriage on his long journeys from battlefield to battlefield. The hard Frederick the Great composed verses in the intervals of battles. The political wisdom of Burke is proverbial. Yet he is, before all things, a poet, though writing in prose. The mind of the most successful and the most practical of all our own statesmen is saturated with English song.

No one can come in contact—into intimate communion with the highest minds—which are among the highest manifestations we have of God Him-

self without the study of the poets, which enlarges and liberalizes, and humanizes the ideal a man forms for himself. Cruelty and literary culture seem exclusive terms, and the first blow struck for the slave was struck by a literary man, pure and simple. When a fugitive slave ran into Garfield's camp, and an order was sent him by his superior officer, telling him to hunt up the negro and deliver him to his owner, Garfield wrote on the order that he positively declined to allow his command to search for or deliver up any fugitive slaves. His friends were alarmed, but the spirit of his generous conduct was afterwards embodied in a general order.

Garfield opposed the salary grab, but when it was forced on an appropriation bill by a decided vote, the appropriation bill being a measure in the fate of which he was deeply interested, he felt bound to acquiesce. This vote took his constituents 'in the pit of the stomach.' Garfield went west to recapture the district, and did it, not by management for he was no manager, nor flattery, nor appeals to popular passions, but, as President Hinsdale testifies, by 'the earnest, straightforward exposition of solid doctrine;' by the high bearing of the man; by the 'impact of his mental and moral power upon intelligent and honest minds.' He stood by 'honest money,' and his speeches on this subject are models as popular expositions of financial principles. He never had a 'machine,' and his aspirations for the nation were struck in a key of high moral feeling. But he was a trained politician, and his career would exemplify the teaching of Mr. Longley, in his excellent paper on 'Politics considered as a Fine Art.' It may be added at a time when there are such misconceptions regarding Freemasonry abroad, that this good and noble man was a Mason.

He was a true Christian politician—not using his Christianity as a means to cloak political infamy and

catch pious but unperceptive voters. Belonging to a sect in which the greatest simplicity prevails, and in which free utterance is allowed to all, he would preach to day with the fervency of a Potts or a Rainsford, and to-morrow would, from the stump advocate the cause of the Republican party. It need hardly be said that though he hit hard blows he never hit below the belt, and never condescended to billingsgate or mendacity. And here, perhaps, we touch on the most potent key of those that called forth the threnody of universal sorrow—a sorrow which revealed a fund of feeling that only awaits the electric touch to wrap all nations in one flame of enthusiasm — issuing in some great united deed, compared with which the Crusades and even the great Reformation will seem small things. There is at present no preacher, no teacher to touch it; no new doctrine, no old dogma made fresh by human thought and feeling, to emit the enkindling spark. But the fund of unselfish emotion is there. Evolution cannot touch it. I doubt if the tens of millions who sorrowed for Garfield, and the tens of thousands who subscribed to the Garfield fund, would have sorrowed and subscribed, if they were sufficiently advanced to believe that heaven and God are mere subjective illusions, that the anthropoid ape is our grandfather, and the marine ascidian the head of the house.

Nor perhaps if Garfield had been so scientific as to expunge God from the universe, would he have looked first, as he always did, for the approval of his conscience. The reason why 'the self-approving hour' gives so much strength and peace, is that conscience proclaims the Great Contriver to be on our side, and all the forces of the universe therefore with us. In one of Garfield's speeches in the Ohio Senate, there is a passage which every young politician should learn by heart. It had been, he says, the plan of his life, to follow his convictions. He greatly

desired the approbation of the district he represented in Congress, but he desired still more the approbation of one person, 'and his name was Garfield.' This was the only man he was compelled to sleep with, and eat with, and live with, and die with, and if he could not have had his approbation, he would have been in a bad way. This habit of mind is the only one which can keep a politician erect in the slippery paths of politics.

In his address after nomination, he struck the key-note of Civil Service Reform. One of his first acts, however, was to carry out the doctrine of spoils. But here we must travel back a little.

The Roman historians and orators became transcendent liars the moment they spoke about their ancestors and the relations of their country with other nations. They were eloquent about Punic faith; it would be interesting to know what Carthage thought of Roman perfidy. The half-educated mediocrity to which pure democracies must always offer so wide a field, has nowhere had such scope as in the United States, and confident ignorance has never flaunted in such outrageous disregard of truth as in Fourth of July orations. The favourite rhetorical ruse, or flight of fancy, on those occasions is to picture the Fathers assembled in Council, Providence presiding, the Constitution emerging like some inspired result, and hailed with discriminating rapture by the American people. Anything more at variance with truth than this could not well be conceived. The Constitution was the outcome of wrangling and difficulty, and was wrung by necessity from an unwilling people. Indeed the doctrine of State sovereignty never bit the dust until the close of the bloodiest and most costly civil war on record. Everything is exaggerated in the United States, and the evils which always follow great wars, and those evils which are the peculiar heritage of civil wars, manifested themselves

on an unprecedented scale. Though Grant took the first step in Civil Service Reform, he was, and is, a friend of the Spoils System. His disregard of republican simplicity, his readiness to compromise the independence of his great office by taking presents from all sides, the scandals and peculations brought home to some of his prominent supporters, his readiness to stand by them, even after their character took the complexion of infamy, forced on the minds of the best citizens the truth that all human institutions will have peculiar weaknesses characteristic of the structure, and marking the way in which they act on, and are influenced by, human passions. So wildly have poets and orators spoken of freedom that men have not unnaturally attributed to it the power of a true divinity, whose ark would wither the hands which touched it profanely, whereas liberty is only a mood of human society wholly impossible in certain stages of human development, and which cannot exist once the majority of a people have grown corrupt. Nothing can therefore be more absurd than the optimist views expressed by certain writers in regard to the United States. Propositions affirming by implication the approach of a political millenium are introduced by such phrases as 'it is felt,' 'it must be,' 'the needs of the race require it,' and the like, and curiously enough are placed side by side with chronicles of corruption. But democracy, we are told, is not responsible for any of the evils in the Democracy, which are due to some external and malign power; as if every form of government was not an outgrowth of human conditions practically co-extensive with the people to which it may belong, though capable of acting back with formative power on the conditions from which it emerged, with ever newly modified results. The mass of men can see no distinction which is not made tangible, and equality, therefore, while teaching them the priceless

lessons of independence, after some time makes men consider the power of money-getting the one thing needful. There is no time for self-culture—culture is therefore meagre; and all men being equal, the greatest ambitions are, without shame, entertained by small capacities. Every man is his own standard; and the tendency is to resent intellectual eminence. There being but one or two great social and political forces, and no variety in the motives of conduct and ideals of life, men become as like each other as peas; real individuality fades, while individual aggressiveness becomes universal. There is more general comfort than under aristocratic conditions, and for the absence of great men there is a compensation in the shape of widely diffused material happiness. But though forests of steeples point to heaven, and no sun rises without glittering on ten thousand crosses, the tendency in such a society is to make a god of Mammon.

The hope for popular institutions is in the intelligence of the people; their danger that the people, even though intelligent, allow themselves, when not in the face of a menacing crisis or not stirred by some great excitement, to act on low motives. The proposition that any people is too intelligent to be robbed of freedom is one which must be qualified in every case. It is not rational to believe that men can constantly go near the brink of the cataract, yet always escape going over the falls. On the eve of the late election the danger was great, and an effort, almost superhuman was made to fling off the system which had the Republic by the throat. But the powers of darkness, as represented by Conkling, Cameron and Logan, and their machines, were strong, and they bent all their resources to secure the prize for Grant. The Republican party in New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois wished to give what the French would call the imperative mandate to the delegates to the nominating conven-

tion. The delegates are chosen by Congressional districts, but at the State Conventions resolutions were passed pledging the States to vote each one as a unit for Grant. This was a good instance of how far the tyranny of organization will aspire to go, and shows how completely after a time it throws aside all respect for constitutional procedure, and what an enemy it is of deliberation—its constant aim being to make deliberative assemblies elaborate frauds. The first question raised in the convention was whether the delegates from Republican States should be bound by the resolutions of the State Conventions, or whether the district rule should prevail and the delegates vote as they thought best. Robertson, of New York, was the leader of the party which broke away from the daring usurpation of dictatorial power by the machines. The man he and his friends tried for was Blaine, Garfield himself being for Sherman, of Ohio. The opposition to Grant was shared between Blaine, Sherman, and Edmunds. Garfield, from the first, 'divided the honours' with Conkling, that is to say, he was received with demonstrations of respect as enthusiastic as those which greeted the great wire-winner. His speech in favour of Sherman made a profound impression on the Convention, and when vote after vote was taken and no progress made, and the followers of no one of the Republican opponents of Grant would give way to those of the other, and three hundred standing each time solid by Grant, a cry rose as it were, spontaneously, 'would it were Garfield!' and the flags of the various States moved up amid loud cheers round what then became the banner from Ohio.

The Constitution is framed on the principle, that the people may be trusted to do what is really best for themselves—that is, what is best for the nation at large. But this principle, as we have seen, takes for granted a

great deal for which unfortunately there is no foundation in fact. The individuals who compose a people may be trusted to do what seems to each one the best for himself. Many generations will have passed away before men rise to the height—if they ever will—of looking at what is best for themselves, individually, in a manner which would make that glance coincident with what is best for the nation. The instant the fear of oppression is over, egotism is allowed full play, and when a man cannot get an important position for himself, he wants it for his cousin; and when he cannot get it for his cousin, he wants it for his fellow-townsmen; when his fellow-townsmen are out of the question, he wants it for some one in his section of the province. The Constitution decrees that the President and Vice-President shall be elected at the same time and by the same body, and that should the President for any cause be no longer able to discharge the duties of President, these shall devolve on the Vice-President. In, therefore, electing a Vice-President, a possible President is chosen. But this contingency being remote, is never allowed any influence; and the candidate for President once fixed on, the candidate for Vice-President is chosen with the view of throwing a sop to sectional jealousy. Accordingly, Garfield being from the west, Arthur was chosen from the east, and also because he was a follower of Conkling. The necessity of propitiating Conkling, the price paid, furnishes a measure of his power. The Stalwarts were beaten, but they might fairly hope to have considerable influence; and Conkling evidently expected to be allowed to rule in New York.

How did Garfield act? He was daring but not consistent. He appears as the champion of Civil Service Reform, but the act which probably led to his death, was one which carried out to its utmost length the Democratic doctrine, that he had himself denounced: 'to the victors belong the

spoils.' The man he removed from the collectorship at the port of New York was a Republican and a reformer. He did not belong to either the section which opposed or supported Garfield, who was not therefore displacing the member of an opposing party or faction. He was in favour of Civil Service Reform, but he displaced a man in all points fit for the position and placed there a supporter of his own. Conkling is no friend to Civil Service Reform. What then was Garfield's offence? He made an appointment in New York State without consulting the Duke of New York—as Conkling is sometimes called—the person appointed, moreover, as the leader of those who broke away from the unit scheme being personally offensive to the bold machinator.

What occurred, instead of affording a text for a sermon against party, illustrated in reality the confusion following on a disregard of the duties which arise from party relations. In fact, Garfield, Conkling and Guiteau were all bad party men. Had the unhappy assassin been a good party man he would have crushed down his personal predilections and acquiesced in the decision of the Republican Party. His act was the extreme expression of faction, all the conditions of which were fulfilled by Grant and his junto; faction being distinguished from party by this—that one pursues its ends on personal, the other on public grounds; the aim of the former is individual aggrandizement, of the latter the welfare of the country.

Unfortunately, the President of the United States remains the leader of a party. If he is not the leader before election he is at once elevated into that position. The relation between leader and follower implies reciprocal duties. Conkling belongs to that dangerous type of politician who gains power, not by learning or wisdom, not by statesmanship or greatness in any walk, but solely by reason of cunning

and a capacity for organization. He is a manager, a boss, a runner of the machine—that is all. His claims to greatness rest largely on his control of party organization. Now party organization is a good thing. But good things may be abused, and party organization when grasped by bad men of narrow ideas and ungenerous aspirations becomes a silent, stealthy garotter of opinion, a means whereby designing knaves may slay freedom under the dome of her chosen sanctuary. Conkling proved himself a bad, unpatriotic man. Nor had he, according to some, great provocation, for it is contended that the collectorship at the Port of New York, at which most of the customs duties for the entire country are collected, is a national office, the appointment to which should not be confined by State lines. But even taking the strongest view of its local character that could be taken, still, the true course, from our point of view of allegiance to party, was to submit, and wait for redress from time, and from the sense of justice in the entire party, all whose interests and instincts are opposed to endorsing snubbing a man of sterling services. This is the course which prudence, which proper pride, which party honour, which patriotism, all suggested. Because it is not possible that the principles of a party can be carried out if everybody who has, or who thinks he has, a personal grievance, begins to kick and bolt, and a proud man will make it clear that he has not joined a party for personal ends. It is, of course, possible to conceive a case where self respect and party allegiance clash. Now the claims of self-respect are paramount. If a man's self-respect will no longer permit him to follow the leader, his duty, as self-respect itself will suggest, is, temporarily or finally, to retire from politics, not to go over to the other side or to seek to create mutiny in the camp. If a man gives a leader support, it ought not to be like the purring of a cat, endowed with no

longer existence than while he is rubbed the right way; it should be a consistent and generous support, which bad treatment even could not impair, always understanding that the bad treatment is not of a character the endurance of which is inconsistent with self respect. This is the only dignified course—this the only course which will save a party man from demoralization. Praising your leader to-day because he has done something you admire, abusing him to-morrow because he has thought fit not to take you into his confidence, this is a process of rapid moral decline. It is fatal to success. A squealer is not only weak, but his squealing proclaims his weakness, and in no sphere are the words of Milton so true as in politics—‘to be weak is miserable.’ A politician who is worth anything to the country will be well content if the principles he has adopted are being carried out; if he is to be worth much to his party, he ought to be able to put a bearing-rein on his indignation, even when he has cause to be angry. A mutinous party man develops a habit of requiring to be soothed by his leader until he becomes at once as weak and as annoying as a spoiled, querulous child. If he was ever resolute he becomes irresolute, and all the motions of his mind have the flabbiness of a broken will; each morning hears him swear he will fire the camp, but night inevitably falls without his striking a match. He makes it palpable to the world that egotism, not principle, is the guide of his actions, and becomes an object of as much moral interest as a hangman who, having fallen out with his employers, proceeds to avenge himself by joining the Society for the Abolition of Capital Punishment; on his lips a jibe at the sheriff, his hands twitching for a job.

But though this strong view of party allegiance is the true view, it is impossible to acquit President Garfield of all blame. The principles by which

a man who has attained supreme power should be guided in making appointments are clear. 1st. He should appoint the most efficient men. 2nd. When there are two or more men equally efficient, he should appoint that one who has given most help to himself in attaining to supreme power. No one has a right to aspire to any position, still less to the first position in a State, unless he thinks himself the man among the candidates likely to prove most useful to the people. It is this which makes the ‘machine’ business so iniquitous and all underhand political intrigue, because thereby forces are put in operation which prevent men being chosen on their merits. It is assumed that the reason a good and wise man wishes to have himself elected for any trust, is because of his opinions and principles, and his views as to the carrying them out. In proportion as his convictions are strong, in the same proportion he must feel the persons who have helped him to power have to the measure of their capacity served the State. Now the State is not exempt, any more than an individual, from the law of gratitude. If the person supporting you, and securing your success, is opposed to you personally, but, nevertheless, gives you assistance rather than see his party—that is a certain body of principles of government—beaten, he really deserves better of his country than if his sentiments towards you personally were friendly.

In the late presidential election it would have been a most disastrous thing had power passed into the hands of the Democratic party. That party is not yet fit to have the destinies of the country placed in its grasp. Had Mr. Conkling unpatriotically resented being baffled in fixing on Grant, and showed anything like the bull-in-a-china-shop spirit he showed afterwards, he could have prevented Garfield's election. Therefore, some consideration was due to him, and it

should have been made perfectly clear, that when the Senator from New York was not consulted, only the interests of the country, apart from any shade of personal feeling, were considered.

Now Robertson undoubtedly did Garfield great service, and therefore, on the principle laid down, great service to the State. But Conkling had also done him great service. Let it be granted that the services of Robertson outweighed Conkling's. The appointment on which the gage of battle was thrown down, was the collectorship at the Port of New York. The occupant, Mr. Merritt, was a member of the Republican party. He was a Civil Service reformer. The public service had grown more efficient under his hand. He had been appointed by President Hayes in spite of the opposition of Mr. Conkling, whose nominee Mr. Arthur was. In 1879, he bore emphatic testimony to the benefit resulting from admissions to the service by examination and removals only for cause.

Now, if Garfield was prepared to ignore the claims of Conkling, it is clear he ought to have left Merritt where he was. This would have shown the world that he was acting solely in the interest of Civil Service Reform, and that if he was shutting down on Conkling's predilections, if predilections he had, he had previously shut down on his own. This would have deprived Conkling of all moral support among the best spirits in the Stalwart ranks; it would have soothed the worst; and it would have challenged universal admiration. It is true the blue ribbon of the spoils would not have fallen to Robertson, who had done great services. But in this case a higher interest of the State was opposed to a lower. Merritt being efficient—a Republican—the embodiment of civil service reform—leaving him in his post was the very strongest step which could be taken in favour of the new and better departure. The appointment of Robertson, who was

equally honest, no doubt, only carried out one good principle—that of rewarding those who have served the State. The same principle, and others equally valuable, would have been honoured by keeping Merritt where he was.

If the Spoils System was to be acted on, then the just and wise course was to come to some understanding with Conkling, and it is easy to conceive as possible—though the cogency of the present reasoning does not depend on this—such an understanding as would have induced Conkling to have enrolled himself amongst the reformers. In politics, as in all other fields of action, we may be sure, the best thing is to make complete justice—no maimed or partial divinity—our guide. A politician, moreover, by his very fession, is bound to be politic, and in aiming at any great change, he will seek to offend as few susceptibilities as possible. How, had Garfield not fallen by the hand of an assassin, he would have gone forward, it is not possible to doubt. He would probably, after two terms, have left the White House, having brought the Civil Service to a condition by which corruption was fenced off, and the maximum of efficiency secured. He would have thrown the weight of his character and office on the side of temperance, would have given an example of Republican simplicity, and in the most emphatic way—namely, by his acts—marked his disapproval of any public officer, above all the head of the State, taking bribes under the name of presents. His whole political conduct betrays the refinement which scholarship imparts to character, and the dignity which is given to a politician by having open to him more than one field of achievement, and such a man would not have surrounded himself with gamblers and trotting masters, but with those who prove, by their deeds, that they think the cultivation of the mind the noblest work in which energy can be consumed;

the anecdotes which would have emerged from the presidential circle would not have had reference to draw poker and cigars and blood horses; his children would have been saved by his culture and good sense from behaving with indecent social aggressiveness; while Mrs. Garfield's influence would have been against the reign of social queens, whose idea of good *ton* is extravagance, and in whose sight character counts for nothing and costly drapery is all. We can follow him into dignified retirement, which his literary attainments and gifts would have redeemed from obscurity; which, moreover, would have saved him from hankering after such political activity as is incongruous and injurious for an ex-President, and would have enabled him to rest his claims to recognition and reverence and gratitude on support not wholly drawn from the past. He had the faculty of growth, and it is morally certain his mind had not registered the highest water-mark of its possible development; and in order to realize what the United States may have lost by his death, we must think what a different estimate the world would have formed of Beaconsfield, of Thiers, of Palmerston, of Chaucer, of Gladstone, had they died at fifty years of age. He might, like some of these men, have done his greatest works after his shoulders had bowed to the first touch of old age, and, like others of them, have raised a standard by which politicians and statesmen could test themselves and be tested by others. In any case he would have left behind him a reputation which a generous ambition would covet above all others, that of a man who had arrested his country in a downward career, and called from latency into vigorous action moral forces that paralyzed principles which were striking at her life, and under whose blows she had begun to totter to her fall.

No doubt it is easier to picture such a career on paper than to have made

it a fact. That he was hardly sufficiently alive to the need in which a great ruler of men stands of compromise, not with principle—never for one moment with principle—but in details of administration, is evident; and it is equally clear that as sure as the waves which beat themselves white against the cliffs are composed of the same chemical elements as the great mass of less angry sea which presses from behind, the pitiful assassin, in his sense of injustice and resentment, though not in his mode of expressing these, was representative of hundreds, amongst whom are remarkable and powerful men. Forces the magnitude of which at this hour it is not easy to measure would have had to be coped with and crushed. It is not permitted to doubt that crushed they would have been, because but a small portion of the people is interested in corruption, and corruption can flourish only while the people are listless or sleep in security, and there was abundant evidence that the people were not only awake, but active in the cause of reform. Still heroic footsteps sometimes falter on the ridge of power, and it may be that Garfield's sufferings and death have done more for his country than would have been accomplished by two terms of his rule. His tragic end stimulated the reflection and awakened the conscience of the people, and woe to them if they do not act on the good resolves made in the hour of national affliction and bereavement. President Arthur evidently meansto do well. Arthur, the follower of Conkling, and Arthur, the President of the United States, are two very different individuals in their liberty and opportunities. It is the curse of such political organization as exists in New York, that a man of spirit cannot give his services to his country without being brought in contact with some unholy machinery. But the President is free—not from a sense of obligation to Mr. Conkling—he would be a bad man were he not grateful to the great

wire-puller—but free to break away from Conkling's traditions, perhaps his trammels, and to place himself at the head of the upward and better movement of which his predecessor was the embodiment. It would be unjust to the President to say he played the part of Saul to the Stephen of political purity; but, without impropriety, he may be urged to prove himself the Paul of the cause, to which at the time he was certainly no friend, and for which Garfield fell a proto-martyr. His Irish blood and Protestant antecedents ought to have given him qualities equal to the occasion. Should he fail, he will be remembered in history as the dark foil of the pure spirit whose inspiration he could not catch, as a man at whose feet chance placed the opportunities of a world, but who proved himself only fit to be a minor wheel in a provincial donkey-engine. Whether he fails or succeeds, the responsibility of the people remains. There is a warning for them, not merely in Guiteau's guilt, but in the violence and guilt of presumptuous scoundrels, some of whom wore the uniform of the country, who would have taken the unhappy murderer out of the arbitrament of law. In those eager passions, in that desire to take justice into private hands, in the readiness to resort to a pistol in a row, and to mendacious scandal in argument, there is peril. But the power is with the people, and therefore, the remedy, if they have the moral and intellectual qualities to apply it. They

need to be reminded, as do their erlogists in England, who, we may be sure, were, a few years ago, among their most irrational and cynical critics, that the vast unoccupied country to the west has hitherto prevented the Republic being subjected to the strain which will come when it is thickly peopled; that history and revelation would both suggest a law of ethnic subdivision; that up to the present peoples who have shown the greatest mastery of the art of government have been those whose characters were formed, not under the influence of one or two great principles, but of many. Let monuments and statues rise to Garfield, but let his countrymen beware lest they swell the category of those who build the tombs of prophets whose teaching they ignore or outrage. The true monument to Garfield will be the inauguration of a new era both as regards methods and men. On the day of the solemn services at Washington, amid dark scarf and drooping banner, a rainbow appeared. Like that bow of promise, sentiments, regrets, hopes, resolves, aspirations, sorrow, during the weeks immediately succeeding his death, spanned the Republic, giving to it a strange, tender grandeur, and genuine moral beauty. It is to the spiritual forces thus indicated we must look to stay and strengthen the confidence that corruption will not be allowed to overwhelm the achievements of the past and all the hopes which look for fruition to the future.

CHRISTMAS, 1881.

BY S. FRANCES HARRISON, OTTAWA.

WHO will sing the Christ ?

Will he who rang his Christmas chimes
Of faith and hope in Gospel ray,
That pealed along the world's highway
And woke the world to purer times—
Will he sing the Christ ?

Or that new voice which gladly gives
One day its song for Rome—the next,
In soul destroying strife perplex,
For England's faith and future lives—
Shall he sing the Christ ?

Or the sweet children in the schools,
Who hymn their carols hand-in-hand
All purely—can they understand
The wisdom that must make us fools—
Can they sing the Christ ?

Or yearning priest who to his kind
From carven pulpit gives the Word,
Or praying mother who has erred,
And blindly led her erring blind—
Have they not *sung* the Christ ?

And where is answer—where relief ?
O, sitting by our Christmas fires,
We hear the bells from distant spires,
And hang our heads in unbelief—
We cannot sing the Christ !

The sacred mystery uprose,
It left our earth its ancient throne,
And with it peace and prayer have flown,
Yet if He be, at least He knows
That all *would* sing the Christ.

REMINISCENCES OF A CANADIAN PIONEER.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY SAMUEL THOMPSON, TORONTO.

(V.)

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MORE TORIES OF REBELLION
TIMES.

EDWARD G. O'BRIEN.

MY first introduction to this gentleman was on the day after I landed at Barrie, in 1833. He was then living at his log cottage at Shanty Bay, an indentation of the shore near the mouth of Kempenfeldt Bay, at the south-west angle of Lake Simcoe. I was struck with the comparative elegance pervading so primitive an establishment. Its owner was evidently a thorough gentleman, his wife an accomplished lady, and their children well-taught and courteous. The surrounding scenery was picturesque and delightful. The broad expanse of the bay opening out to Lake Simcoe—the graceful sweep of the natural foliage, sloping down from high banks to the water's edge—are impressed vividly upon my memory, even at this long interval of forty-eight years. It seemed to me a perfect gem of civilization, set in the wildest of natural surroundings.

I was a commissioner of the Court of Requests at Barrie, along with Captain O'Brien, in 1834, and in that capacity had constant opportunities of meeting and appreciating him. He had seen service as midshipman in the

Royal Navy; afterwards entered the army, and served in the West Indies; was an expert yachtsman of course; and had ample opportunities of indulging his predilection for the water, on the fine bay fronting his house. At that time it was no unusual thing in winter, to see wolves chasing deer over the thick ice of the bay. On one occasion, being laid up with illness, the captain was holding a magistrate's court in his dining room, overlooking the bay. In front of the house was a wide lawn, and beyond it a sunken fence, not visible from the house. The case under consideration was probably some riotous quarrel among the inhabitants of a coloured settlement near at hand, who were constantly at loggerheads with each other or with their white neighbours. In the midst of the proceedings, the Captain happened to catch sight of a noble stag dashing across the ice, pursued by several wolves. He beckoned a relative who assisted on the farm, and whispered to him to get out the dogs. A few seconds afterwards the baying of the hounds was heard. The unruly suitors caught the sound, rushed to the window and door, then out to the grounds, plaintiff, defendant, constables and all, helter skelter, until they reached the sunken fence, deeply buried in snow, over which they tumbled *en masse*, amid a chorus of mingled shouts and objurgations that

baffles description. Whether the hearing of the case was resumed that day or not, I cannot say, but it seems doubtful.

His naval and military experience naturally showed itself in Captain O'Brien's general bearing; he possessed the polished manners and high-bred courtesy of some old Spanish hidalgo, together with a sufficient share of corresponding hauteur when displeased. The first whispers of the rebellion of 1837 brought him to the front. He called together his loyal neighbours, who responded so promptly that not a single able-bodied man was left in the locality; only women and children, and two or three male invalids, staying behind. With his men he marched for Toronto; but, when at Bond Head, received orders from the Lieutenant-Governor to remain there, and take charge of the district, which had been the head quarters of disaffection. When quiet was restored, he returned to Shanty Bay, and resided there some time as stipendiary magistrate. On the erection of the County of Simcoe into a municipality, he removed with his family to Toronto, where he entered into business as a land agent: was instrumental in forming a company to construct a railroad to Lake Huron *via* Sarnia, of which he acted as secretary; afterwards organized and became manager of the Provincial Insurance Company: which position he occupied until 1857.

In the year 1840, Mr. Thos. Dalton, proprietor and editor of the *Toronto Patriot* newspaper, died; the paper was continued by his widow until 1848, when Colonel O'Brien, through my agency, became proprietor of that journal, which I engaged to manage for him. The editor was his brother, Dr. Lucius O'Brien, a highly educated and talented, but not popular, writer. Colonel O'Brien's motive in purchasing the paper was solely patriotic, and he was anxiously desirous that its columns should be closed to everything that was not strictly—even quixoti-

cally—honourable. His sensitiveness on this score finally led to a difference of opinion between the brothers, which ended in Dr. O'Brien's retirement.

At that time, as matter of course, the *Patriot* and the *Globe* were politically antagonistic. The *Colonist*, then conducted by Hugh Scobie, represented the Scottish Conservatives in politics, and the Kirk of Scotland in religious matters. Therefore, it often happened, that the *Patriot* and *Colonist* were allied together against the *Globe*; while at other times, the *Patriot* stood alone in its support of the English Church, and had to meet the assaults of the other two journals—a triangular duel, in fact. A spiteful correspondent of the *Colonist* had raked up some old Edinburgh slanders affecting the personal reputation of Mr. Peter Brown, father of George Brown, and joint publisher of the *Globe*. These slanders were quoted editorially in the *Patriot*, without my knowledge until I saw them in print on the morning of publication. I at once expressed my entire disapproval of their insertion; and Col. O'Brien took the matter so much to heart, that, without letting me know his decision, he removed his brother from the editorship, and placed it temporarily in my hands. My first editorial act was, by Col. O'Brien's desire, to disavow the offensive allusions, and to apologize personally to Mr. Peter Brown therefor. This led to a friendly feeling between the latter gentleman and myself, which continued during his lifetime.

As Mr. N. F. Davin, in his 'Irishman in Canada,' has well said of the Colonel, 'He hated whatever was false and mean. . . . If there was a blemish in his character, it was of the most superficial nature, while his sterling qualities were such, that no one ever knew him without loving him.*'

*Mr. Davin is in error when he says that Col. O'Brien had an interest in the *Colonist*, which was never the case.

On the 25th of May, 1849, the great fire occurred in Toronto, which consumed the *Patriot* office, as well as the cathedral and many other buildings. Soon afterwards, Col. O'Brien sold his interest in the *Patriot* to Mr. Ogle R. Gowan.

Somewhere about the year 1857, Col. O'Brien retired from business to his beloved homestead at Shanty Bay, where he devoted himself entirely to the cultivation of his farm, and the welfare of his neighbours. He was all his life a zealous member of the Church of England; in whose service he had aided in the erection of a church on part of his own land, which he had devoted to that purpose. On his death in 1875, he was buried there, amid the tears of his family and friends.

JOHN W. GAMBLE.

'Squire Gamble'—the name by which this gentleman was familiarly known throughout the County of York—was born at the Old Fort in Toronto, in 1799. His father, Dr. John Gamble, was stationed there as resident surgeon to the garrison. The family afterwards removed to Kingston, where the boy received his education. It was characteristic of him, that when about to travel to York, at the age of fifteen, to enter the store of the late Hon. Wm. Allan, he chose to make the journey in a canoe, in which he coasted along by day, and by night camped on shore. In course of time, he entered extensively into the business of a miller and country merchant, in which he continued all his life with some intervals.

In manner and appearance, Mr. Gamble was a fine specimen of a country magistrate of half a century ago. While the rougher sort of farming men looked up to him with very salutary apprehension, as a stern represser of vice and evil doing, they and everybody else did justice to his innate

kindness of heart, and his generosity towards the poor and suffering. He was, in the best sense of the phrase, a popular man. His neighbours knew that in every good work, either in the way of personal enterprise, in the promotion of religious and educational objects, or in the furtherance of the general welfare, Squire Gamble was sure to be in the foremost place. His farm was a model to all others; his fields were better cleared; his fences better kept; his homestead was just perfection, both in point of orderly management and in an intellectual sense—at least, such was the opinion of his country neighbours, and they were not very far astray. Add to these merits, a tall manly form, an eagle eye, and a commanding mien, and you have a pretty fair picture of Squire Gamble.

As a member of parliament, to which he was three times elected by considerable majorities, Mr. Gamble was hard-working and independent. He supported good measures, from whichever side of the House they might originate, and his vote was always safe for progressive reforms. His Toryism was limited entirely to questions of a constitutional character, particularly such as involved loyalty to the throne and the Empire. And in this, Mr. Gamble was a fair representative of his class. And here I venture to assert, that more narrowness of political views, more rigidity of theological dogma, more absolutism in a party sense, has been exhibited in Canada by men of the Puritan school calling themselves Reformers, than by those who are styled Tories.

Perhaps the most important act of Mr. Gamble's political life, was the part he took in the organization of the British American League in 1849. Into that movement he threw all his energies, and the ultimate realization of its views affords the best proof of the correctness of his judgment and foresight. About it, however, I shall have more to say in another chapter.

Mr. Gamble, as I have said, was foremost in all public improvements. To his exertions are chiefly due the opening and construction of the Vaughan plank road, from near Weston, by St. Andrews, to Woodbridge, Pine Grove, and Kleinburg; which gave an easy outlet to a large tract of country to the north-west of Toronto, and enabled the farmers to reach our market, to their and our great mutual advantage.

He was a man who made warm friends and active enemies, being very outspoken in the expression of his opinions and feelings. But even his strongest political foes came to him in full confidence that they were certain to get justice at his hands. And occasionally his friends found out, that no inducement of personal regard could warp his judgment in any matter affecting the rights of other men. In this way he made some bitter adversaries on his own side of politics.

Of the strong sense of humour which underlaid Mr. Gamble's rather stern aspect, amusing stories are in circulation. One day, a toll-gate keeper on the Vaughan plank road was accosted by a tramp, who begged for alms so piteously, that the gate keeper compassionated his distress, gave him food, and allowed him to lie down to sleep in his inner room, and on his own bed. After some time, happening to go into the room, he found that the man had departed through the window, and had carried off the money received that day for tolls.

Mr. Gamble was sitting in his office at Pine Grove, when a little Dutchman, named Kaiser, as broad as he was long, rolled into the office in a state of profuse perspiration, to demand a warrant for the arrest of the thief, which was granted, and a constable despatched in pursuit. In about an hour, a buggy was seen approaching, containing three men, and again the little Dutchman rushed in, shouting out: 'Mister Gamble, Mister Gamble, we've caught the gentleman. Here he is!'

'Bring the gentleman in, by all

means,' was the dry reply; which was done accordingly. And in due course, the 'gentleman' was very ceremoniously provided with the papers necessary for his commitment to gaol.

Among Mr. Gamble's public acts, was the erection of the church at Mimico, and that at Pine Grove; in aid of which he was the chief promoter, giving freely both his time and means to their completion. For years he acted as lay-reader at one or other of those churches, travelling some distance in all weathers to do so. His whole life, indeed, was spent in benefitting his neighbours in all possible ways.

He died in December, 1873, and was buried at Woodbridge.

CHAPTER XXIX.

A CHOICE OF A CHURCH.

I HAVE mentioned that I was educated as a Swedenborgian, or rather a member of the New Jerusalem Church, as the followers of Emanuel Swedenborg prefer to be called. As a boy, I was well read in his works, and was prepared to tilt with all comers in his cause. But I grew less confident as I became more conversant with the world, and with general literature. At the age of fifteen, I was nominated a Sunday-school teacher in a small Swedenborgian chapel in the Waterloo Road, and declined to act, because the school was established with the object of converting from the religion of their parents the children of poor Roman Catholic families in that neighbourhood, which I thought an insidious, and therefore an evil, mode of disseminating religious doctrine. Of course, this was a sufficiently conceited proceeding on the part of so young a theologian. But the same feeling has grown up with me in after life.

I hold that Christians are ill-em-

ployed, who spend their strength in missionary attempts to change the creed of other branches of the Christian Church, while their efforts at conversion might be much better employed in behalf of the heathen, or, what is the same thing in effect, the untaught multitudes in our midst who know nothing whatever of the teachings of the Gospel of Christ.

It will perhaps surprise some of my readers to hear, that Swedenborg never contemplated the founding of a sect. He was a civil engineer, high in rank at the Swedish Court, and was ennobled for the marvellous feat of transporting the Swedish fleet from sea to sea, across the kingdom and over a formidable chain of mountains. He was also what would now be called an eminent scientist, ranking with Buffon, Humboldt, Kant, Herschel and others of the first men of his day in Europe, and even surpassing them all in the extent and variety of his philosophical researches. His 'Animal Kingdom' and 'Physical Sciences' are wonderful efforts of the human mind, and still maintain a high reputation as scientific works.

At length Swedenborg conceived the idea that he enjoyed supernatural privileges—that he had communings with angels and archangels—that he was permitted to enter the spiritual world, and to record what he there saw and heard. Nay, even to approach our Saviour himself, in His character of the Triune God, or sole impersonation of the Divine Trinity. Unlike Mahomet and most other pretenders to inspired missions, Swedenborg never sought for power, honour or applause. He was to the day of his death a quiet gentleman of the old school, unassuming, courteous, and a good man in every sense of the word.

I remember that one of my first objections to the writings of Swedenborg, was on account of his declaring the Church of France to be the most spiritual of all the churches on earth; which dogma immensely offended my

youthful English pride. His first 'readers' were members of various churches—clergymen of the Church of England, professors in universities, literary students, followers of Wesley, and generally, devout men and women of all denominations. In time, they began to assemble together for 'reading meetings'; and so at length grew into a sect—a designation, by the way, which they still stoutly repudiate. I remember one clergyman, the Rev. John Clowes, rector of a church in Manchester, who applied to the Bishop of Lichfield for leave to read and teach from the works of Swedenborg, and was permitted to do so on account of their entirely harmless character.

When still young, I noticed with astonishment, that the transcendental virtues which Swedenborg inculcated, were very feebly evidenced in the lives of his followers; that they were not by any means free from pride, ostentation, even peculation and the ordinary trickery of trade—in fact, that they were no better than their fellow-Christians generally. When I came to Toronto, I of course mixed with all sorts of people, and found examples of thoroughly consistent Christian life amongst all the various denominations—Roman Catholics, English Churchmen, Methodists, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Baptists, and many others—which taught me the lesson, that it is not a man's formal creed that is of importance, so much as his personal sincerity as a follower of Christ's teachings and example.

I was at the same time forcibly impressed with another leading idea—that nowhere in the Scriptures have we any instance of a divinely regulated government, in which the worship of God did not occupy a chief place. I thought—I still think—that the same beneficent principle which makes Christianity a part of the Common Law of England and of all her colonies, including the United States, should extend to the religious instruction of every soul in the community, gentle

or simple, and more especially to what are called the off-scourings of society.

Looking around me, I saw that of all the churches within my purview, the Church of England most completely met my ideal—that she was the Church by law established in my motherland—that she allowed the utmost latitude to individual opinion—in fine, that she held the Bible wide open to all her children, and did her best to extend its knowledge to all mankind. Had I been a native of Scotland, upon the same reasoning I must have become a Presbyterian, or a Lutheran in Holland or Germany, or a Roman Catholic in France or Spain. But that contingency did not then present itself to me.

So I entered the Church of England; was confirmed by Bishop Strachan, at St. James's Cathedral, in the year 1839, if I remember rightly, and have never since for one instant doubted the soundness of my conclusions.

In explanation of my having become, in 1840, printer of the *Church* newspaper, I must go back to the date of Lord Sydenham's residence in Toronto. The Loyalist party, as stated already, became grievously disgusted with the iron grasp which that nobleman fastened upon each and every person in the remotest degree under government control. Not only the high officers of the crown, such as the Provincial Treasurer and Secretary, the Executive Councillors, the Attorney-General and the Sheriff, but also the editors of newspapers publishing the government advertisements, in Toronto and elsewhere, were dictated to, as to what measures they should oppose, and what support. It was 'my government,'—'my policy'—not 'the policy of my administration,' before which they were required to bow down and blindly worship. There were, however, still men in Toronto independent enough to refuse to stoop to the dust; and they met together, and, taking up the *Toronto Herald* as their mouth-piece, subscribed sufficient

funds for the payment of a competent editor, in the person of George Anthony Barber, English Master of Upper Canada College, now chiefly remembered as the introducer and fosterer of the manly game of cricket in Toronto. He was an eloquent and polished writer, and created for the paper a wide reputation as a Conservative journal.

About the same time, Messrs. Henry and William Rowsell, well-known booksellers, undertook the printing of the *Church* newspaper, which was transferred from Cobourg to Toronto, under the editorship of Mr. John Kent,—a giant in his way—and subsequently of the Rev. A. N. Bethune, since, and until lately, Bishop of Toronto.

Being intimate friends of my own, they offered me the charge of their printing office, with the position of a partner, which I accepted; and made over my interest in the *Herald* to Mr. Barber.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE CLERGY RESERVES.

I HAVE lately astonished some of my friends with the information, that William Lyon Mackenzie was originally an advocate of the Clergy Reserves—that is, of a state endowment for religious purposes—a fact which makes his fatal plunge into treason the more to be regretted by all who coincide with him on the religious question.

In Lindsey's 'Memoirs' we read (vol. 1, p. 46):

'A Calvinist in religion, proclaiming his belief in the Westminster Confession of Faith, and a Liberal in politics, yet was Mr. Mackenzie at that time, no advocate of the voluntary principle. On the contrary, he lauded the British Government for making a lauded endowment of the Protestant clergy in the Provinces, and was shocked at the report that, in 1812, voluntarism had robbed three millions of people of all means

of religious ordinances. "In no part of the constitution of the Canadas," he said, "is the wisdom of the British Legislature more apparent than in its setting apart a portion of the country, while yet it remained a wilderness, for the support of religion."

Mr. Mackenzie compared the setting apart of one-seventh of the public lands for religious purposes to a like dedication in the time of the [early] Christians. But he objected that the revenues were monopolized by one church, to which only a fraction of the population belonged. The envy of the non-recipient denominations made the favoured Church of England unpopular.

Where the majority of the present generation of Canadians will differ from him, is that on the Clergy Reserves question, he did not hold the voluntary view. At that time, he would have denounced secularization as a monstrous piece of sacrilege.*

How much to be regretted is it, that instead of splitting up the Clergy Reserves into fragments, the friends of religious education had not joined their forces for the purpose of endowing all Christian denominations with the like means of usefulness. We are now extending across the entire continent what I cannot help regarding as the anti-Christian practice of non-religious popular education. We are, I believe, but smoothing the road to crime, in the majority of cases. Cannot something be done now, while yet the lands of the vast North-West are at our disposal? Will no courageous legislator raise his voice to advocate the dedication of a few hundred thousand acres to unselfish purposes? Have we wiled away the Indian prairies from their aboriginal owners, to make them little better than a race-course for speculating gamblers?

Even if the jealousy of rival politicians—each bent upon self-aggrandizement at the expense of more honour-

able aims—should defeat all efforts in behalf of religious endowments through the Dominion Legislature, cannot the religious associations amongst us bestir themselves in time? Cannot the necessity for actual settlement be waived in favour of donations by individuals for Church uses? Cannot the powerful Pacific Railway Syndicate themselves take up this great duty, of setting apart certain sections in favour of a Christian ministry?

The signs of the times are dark—dark and fearful. In Europe, by the confession of many eminent public writers, heathenism is overspreading the land. In the United States, a community of the sexes is shamelessly advocated; and there is no single safeguard of public or private order and morality, that is not openly scoffed at and set at naught.

Oh, men! men! preachers, and dogmatists, and hierarchs of all sects! see ye not that your strifes and your jealousies are making ye as traitors in the camp, in the face of the common enemy? See ye not the multitudes approaching, armed with the fell weapons of secular knowledge—cynicism, self-esteem, greed, envy, ambition ill-regulated, passions unrestrained!

One symptom of a nobler spirit has shown itself in England, in the understanding lately suggested, or arrived at, that the missions of any one Protestant Church in the South Sea Islands shall be entirely undisturbed by rival missionaries. This is right; and if right in Polynesia, why not in Great Britain? why not in Canada? Why cultivate half-a-dozen contentious creeds in every new township or village? Would it not be more amiable, more humble, more self-denying, more exemplary—in one word, more like our Master and Saviour—if each Christian teacher were required to respect the ministrations of his next neighbour, even though there might be some faint shade of variety in their theological opinions; provided always

* Mackenzie afterwards drew up petitions which prayed, amongst other things, for the secularization of the Clergy Reserves, but I judge that on that question these petitions rather represented the opinions of other men than his own, and were specially aimed at the Church of England monopoly.

that those ministrations were accredited by some duly constituted Branch of the Christian Church.

I profess that I can see no reason why an endowment should not be provided in every county in the North-West, to be awarded to the first congregation, no matter how many or how few, that could secure the services of a missionary duly licensed, be he Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregationalist, Disciple—aye, even Anglican or Roman Catholic. No sane man pretends, I think, that eternal salvation is limited to any one, or excluded from any one, of those different Churches. That great essential, then, being admitted, what right have I, or have you, dear reader, to demand more? What right have you or I to withhold the Word of God from the orphan or the outcast, for no better reason than such as depends upon the construction of particular words or texts of Holy Scripture, apart from its general tenor and teaching?

Again I say, it is much to be deplored that Canada had not more Reformers, and Conservatives too, as liberal minded as was W. L. Mackenzie, in regard to the maintenance and proper use of the Clergy Reserves.

It was not the Imperial Government, it was not Lord John Russell, or Sir Robert Peel, or Lords Durham and Sydenham, that were answerable for the dispersion of the Clergy Reserves. What they did was to leave the question in the hands of the Canadian Legislature. It was the old, old, story of the false mother in the 'Judgment of Solomon,' who preferred that the infant should be cut in twain rather than not wrested from a rival claimant.

I would fain hope that the future may yet see a reversal of that disgrace to our Canadian Statute Book. Not by restoring the lands to the Church of England, or the Churches of England and Scotland—they do not now need them—but by endowing all

Christian Churches for the religious teaching of the poorer classes in the vast North-West.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A POLITICAL SEED-TIME.

FROM the arrival of Sir Charles Fitzroy in January, 1842, up to the departure of Lord Metcalf in November, 1844, was a period chiefly remarkable for the struggles of political leaders for power, without any very essential difference of principle between them. Lord Cathcart succeeded as Administrator, but took no decided stand on any Canadian question. And it was not until the Earl of Elgin arrived in January, 1847, that anything like violent party spirit began again to agitate the Provinces.

In that interval, some events happened of a minor class, which should not be forgotten. It was, I think, somewhere about the month of May, 1843, that there walked into my office on Nelson Street, a young man of twenty-five years, tall, broad-shouldered, somewhat lantern-jawed, and emphatically Scottish, who introduced himself to me as the travelling agent of the New York *British Chronicle*, published by his father. This was George Brown, afterwards publisher and editor of the *Globe* newspaper. He was a very pleasant mannered, courteous, gentlemanly young fellow, and impressed me favourably. His father, he said, found the political atmosphere of New York entirely hostile to everything British, and that it was even personally dangerous to give expression to any British predilections whatever (which I knew to be true). They had, therefore, thought of transferring their publication to Toronto, and intended to continue it as a thoroughly Conservative journal. I, of course, welcomed him as a co-worker in the same cause with ourselves; little

expecting how his ideas of conservatism were to develop themselves in subsequent years. The publication of the *Banner*—a religious journal, edited by Mr. Peter Brown—commenced on the 18th of August following, and was succeeded by the *Globe*, on March 5th, 1844.

About the same time, there entered upon public life, another noted Canadian politician, Mr. John A. Macdonald, then member for Kingston, with whom I first became personally acquainted at the meeting of the British American League in 1849, of which I shall have occasion to speak more fully in its order; as it seems to have escaped the notice of Canadian historians, although an event of the first magnitude in our annals.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE MAPLE LEAF.

IT was in the year 1841, that the Rev. Dr. John McCaul entered upon his duties as Vice-President of King's College, after having been Principal of Upper Canada College since 1838. With this gentleman are closely connected some of the most pleasurable memories of my own life. He was a zealous promoter of public amusement, musical as well as literary. Some of the best concerts ever witnessed in Toronto were those got up by him in honour of the Convocation of the University of Toronto, October 23rd, 1845; and at the several public concerts of the Philharmonic Society, of which he was president, in that and following years. As a member of the managing committee, I had the honour of conducting one of the Society's public concerts, which happened, being a mixed concert of sacred and secular music, to be the most popular and profitable of the series, greatly to my delight.

In 1846, 1847 and 1848, Dr. Mc-

Caul edited the *Maple Leaf, or Canadian Annual*, a handsomely illustrated and bound quarto volume, which has not since been surpassed, if equalled, in combined beauty and literary merit, by any work that has issued from the Canadian press.

Each volume appeared about Christmas Day, and was eagerly looked for. The names of the writers were not given at the time, but I trust that there can be no impropriety in naming them now. I was then a member of the printing firm of Rowsell & Thompson, and myself superintended the workmanship.

I heartily wish I could lay the whole contents of the book before my readers, as it is long since out of print, and is not likely to be re-published. But I must content myself with giving a few specimens of the poetry, with the authors' names appended. Several admirable poems, copied from the *Maple Leaf*, have been reprinted in one of the series of books published by the Council of Public Instruction. These I omit. The principal contributors were:—Dr. McCaul himself; the Hon. Chief Justice Hagarty; the late Rev. R. J. McGeorge, then of Streetsville, since of Scotland; the late Hon. Justice Wilson, of London; Miss Page, of Cobourg; the Rev. Dr. Scadding; the late Rev. J. G. D. McKenzie; the late Hon. J. Hillyard Cameron; the Rev. Canon Dixon, of Guelph; the Rev. Walter Stennett, of Cobourg; C. W. Cooper, Esq., now of Chicago; the late T. C. Breckenridge; the late Judge Cooper, of Goderich; and myself; besides a few whose names are unknown to me.

THE LAY OF THE EMBLEMS.

Oh! beauty glows in the island-rose,
The fair sweet English flow'r—
And memory weaves in her emblem-leaves
Proud legends of fame and power!

The thistle nods forth from the hills of
the north
O'er Scotia free and fair—

And hearts warm and true, and bonnets
blue,
And prowess and faith are there !

Green Erin's dell loves the shamrock
well !
As it springs to the March sun's smile—
'Love—valour—wit' ever blend in it,
Bright type of our own dear Isle !

But the fair forest-land where our free
hearths stand—
Tho' her annals be rough and brief—
O'er her fresh wild woods and her thou-
sand floods
Rears for emblem 'the maple-leaf.'

Then hurrah for the leaf—the maple-leaf !
Up, foresters ! heart and hand ;
High in heaven's free air waves your em-
blem fair --
The pride of the forest-land !

AN X.

THE RIVER.

It floweth on—it floweth on,
The River to the Sea,
The leap and dash of youth are gone,
Its course is calm and free ;
The sunlight sleeps upon its wave,
The white sail lends its gleam,
A thousand rills from hill and cave
Swell on its lordly stream.

Hushed its wild song—the fresh'ning
sound,
That filled its mountain home,
The torrent's dash—the rapid's bound,
The small wave's mimic foam ;
And the fresh wild wreaths of wayward
flow'rs
That o'er its crystal hung,
When flashing thro' the forest bowers,
From its early fount it sprung.

It floweth on—it floweth on,
Aye widening in its track,
The bold green hills of youth are gone,
To them it flows not back.
Yet some would give the lordly sweep,
The fair and cultured shore,
For the young wave's dash—the torrent's
leap,
Of the fount in the hills, once more.

—J. H. H.

My own connexion, as a writer,
with the 'Maple Leaf' originated thus.

While printing the first volume, I had ventured to send to Dr. McCaul, through the post-office, anonymously, a copy of my poem entitled 'Emme-line,' as a contribution to the work. It did not appear, and I felt much discouraged in consequence. Some months afterwards, I happened to mention to him my unsuccessful effusion, when he at once said that he had preserved it for the second volume. This was the first ray of encouragement I had ever received as a poet, and it was very welcome to me. He also handed me two or three of the plates intended for the second volume, to try what I could make of them, and most kindly gave me *carte-blanche* to take up any subject I pleased. The consequence of which was, that I set to work with a new spirit, and supplied four pieces for the second and five for the third volume. Two of the prose pieces—'A Chapter on Chopping,' and 'A First Day in the Bush'—with two of the poems, I have already introduced in these 'Reminiscences'; of the others I would have liked, had space permitted, to have given specimens. After this explanation, the reader will not be surprised at the affection with which I regard the 'Maple Leaf.' I know that the generous encouragement which Dr. McCaul invariably extended to even the humblest rising talent, in his position as head of our Toronto University, has been the means of encouraging many a youthful student to exertions, which have ultimately placed him in the front rank among our public men. Had I met with Dr. McCaul thirty years earlier, he would certainly have made of me a poet by profession.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY.

MY new partner, Mr. William Rowsell, together with Mr. Geo. A. Barber, are entitled to be

called the founders of the St. George's Society of Toronto. Mr. Barber was appointed secretary at its first meeting in 1835, and was very efficient in that capacity. But it was the enthusiastic spirit and the galvanic energy of William Rowsell that raised the society to the high position it has ever since maintained in Toronto. Other members, especially George P. Ridout, William Wakefield, W. B. Phipps, Jos. D. Ridout, W. B. Jarvis, Rev. H. Scadding, and many more, gave their hearty co-operation then and afterwards. In those early days, the ministrations of the three national societies of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, were as angels' visits to thousands of poor emigrants, who landed here in the midst of the horrors of fever and want. Those poor fellows, who, like my companions on board the *Asia*, were sent out by some parochial authority, and found themselves, with their wives and half-a-dozen young children, left without a shilling to buy their first meal, must have been driven to desperation and crime but for the help extended to them by the three societies.

The earliest authorized report of the Society's proceedings which I can find, is that for the year 1843-4, and I think I cannot do better than give the list of the officers and members entire :—

ST. GEORGE'S SOCIETY OF TORONTO.

Officers for 1844.

PATRON—His Excellency the Right Hon. Sir CHARLES T. METCALFE, Bart., K.G.B., Governor-General of British North America, &c.

PRESIDENT—William Wakefield.

VICE-PRESIDENTS—W. B. Jarvis, G. P. Ridout, W. Atkinson.

CHAPLAIN—The Rev. Henry Scadding, M.A.

PHYSICIAN—Robt. Hornby, M.D.

TREASURER—Henry Rowsell.

MANAGING COMMITTEE—G. Walton, T. Clarke, J. D. Ridout, F. Lewis, J. Moore, J. G. Beard, W. H. Boulton.

SECRETARY—W. Rowsell.

STANDARD BEARERS—G. D. Wells, A. Wasnidge, F. W. Coate, T. Moore.

List of Members, March, 1844.

E. H. Ades, E. S. Alport, Thos. Armstrong, W. Atkinson.

Thos. Baines, G. W. Baker, Jr. ; G. A. Barber, F. W. Barron, Robert Barwick, J. G. Beard, Robt. Beard, Edwin Bell, Matthew Betley, J. C. Bettridge, G. Bilton, T. W. Birchall, W. H. Boulton, Josh. Bound, W. Bright, Jas. Brown, Jno. Brown, Thos. Brunskill, E. C. Bull, Jas. Burgess, Mark Burgess, Thos. Burgess.

F. C. Capreol, W. Cayley, Thos. Champion, F. C. Chapman, Jas. Christie, Edw. Clarke, Jno. Clark, Thos. Clarke, Thos. Clarkson, D. Cleal, F. W. Coate, Edw. Cooper, C. N. B. Cozens.

Jno. Davis, Nath. Davis, G. T. Denison, Sen., Robt. B. Denison, Hon. W. H. Draper.

Jno. Eastwood, Jno. Elgie, Thos. Elgie, Jno. Ellis, Christopher Elliott, J. P. Esten, Jas. Eykelbosch.

C. T. Gardner, Jno. Garfield, W. Gooderham, G. Gurnett.

Chas. Hannath, W. Harnett, Josh. Hill, Rich. Hockridge, Joseph Hodgson, Dr. R. Hornby, G. C. Horwood, J. G. Howard.

Æ. Irving, Jr.

Hon. R. S. Jameson, W. B. Jarvis, H. B. Jessopp.

Alfred Laing, Jno. Lee, F. Lewis, Henry Lutwych, C. Lynes, S. G. Lynn.

Hon. J. S. Macaulay, Rich. Machell, J. F. Maddock, Jno. Mead, And. Mercer, Jas. Mirfield, Sam. Mitchell, Jno. Moore, Thos. Moore, Jas. Moore, Jas. Morris, W. Morrison, J. G. Mountain, W. Mudford.

J. R. Nash.

Thos. Pearson, Jno. E. Pell, W. B. Phipps, Sam. Phillips, Hiram Piper, Jno. Popplewell, Jno. Powell.

M. Raines, J. D. Ridout, G. P. Ridout, Sam. G. Ridout, Edw. Robson, H. Rowsell, W. Rowsell, F. Rudyard.

Chas. Sabine, J. H. Savigny, Hugh Savigny, Geo. Sawdon, Rev. H. Scadding, Jas. Severs, Rich. Sewell, Hon. Henry Sherwood, Jno. Sleigh, I. A. Smith, L. W. Smith, Thos. Smith (Newgate Street), Thos. Smith (Market Square), J. G. Spragge, Jos. Spragge, W. Steers, J. Stone.

Leonard Thompson, S. Thompson, Rich. Tinning, Enoch Turner.

Wm. Wakefield, Jas. Wallis, Geo. Walton, W. Walton, Alf. Wasnidge, Hon. Col. Wells, G. D. Wells, Thos. Wheeler, F. Widder, H. B. Williams, J. Williams, Wm. Wynn.

Thos. Young.

I was asked by Mr. Wm. Rowsell to furnish an introduction to the new Constitution and Laws, then recently adopted, and wrote the following, which gives a fair idea of the spirit and objects of the Society:—

‘The united suffrages of the wisest and greatest of men, in every age, have placed the love of our country as the first of social virtues—producing as it has so many elevated and disinterested examples for the admiration of the world. Englishmen, above all others, have reason to cherish this ennobling feeling, for in the foremost rank of philanthropy has their beloved native land advanced to the civilization of mankind, extending Christianity, and liberty, and peace to regions where those inestimable blessings must otherwise, apparently, have been altogether unknown.

‘To those who have left their homes for other lands, most endearingly does the memory of England—ever beautiful, ever honourable, and we trust ever merry England—warm the heart with filial love and gratitude. And were she—our dear Island Mother—to command from us some token of the duty which it is our pride to render her, in what manner could we more strongly evidence our affection than in protecting, and cherishing, and aiding Englishmen, whom misfortune has cast upon our compassion, and who must suffer the deepest misery, unless we, their brethren—children of the same mighty and benevolent parent—bestow a portion of the means with which Providence has entrusted us, to

rescue them from their distress.

‘It was for this object—to console the afflicted—to comfort the wanderer—to succour the widow and the orphan—to encourage the despairing—and to relieve the sick and dying—that the St. George’s Society of Toronto was established, that Englishmen, and the descendants of Englishmen, might never forget the sacred obligations they owe to the land of their sires—might never lose those noble memories of the past which must prove their surest safeguard against degeneracy and dishonour—might never neglect the delightful privilege of soothing the woes of their less fortunate brethren from

‘THE OLDE COUNTRY.’

The list of Englishmen thus reproduced, may well raise emotions of love and regret in us their survivors. Most of them have died full of years, and rich in the respect of their compatriots of all nations. There are still surviving some three-and-twenty out of the above one hundred and thirty-seven members.

To satisfy myself, and inform my readers, of the amount of charitable aid to emigrants distributed by the St. George’s Society since its first meeting, I have, by the courtesy of the Secretary, Mr. J. E. Pell, examined the Society’s books, and find that the average number of persons and families assisted directly by the Committee, has been about five hundred yearly, or a total of nearly twenty-three thousand Englishmen and their families. The amount so expended appears to have been \$843 per annum, on the average, or in round numbers \$20,000, besides \$12,000 in the shape of Christmas supplies within the last twenty-three years, or \$531 per annum. Altogether these figures add up to \$32,000 and upwards. In addition to all this, the Society has paid its current expenses, and had on hand, on the 1st of January, 1881, no less than \$7,328.65 in the shape of investments, chiefly from money contributed by life members, of

whom it has 207; also 16 honorary life members and 335 ordinary members. Last year the expenditure for weekly relief was \$1,111.74, and the Christmas distribution expenditure \$760.10, making \$1,871.84 in all.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE BRITISH-AMERICAN LEAGUE.

THE year 1849 was marked by many striking occurrences. The passage of the Rebellion Losses Bill; the burning of the Parliament buildings in Montreal; the consequent removal of the seat of Government to Toronto, the annexation movement in Montreal; and the assembling of the British-American League, in Kingston, all occurred during this year. As the most important in its character and results, I give precedence to the latter event, not only because I took part in it myself, but also because it seems to have escaped the attention of Canadian historians of our day.

The union of all the British American colonies now forming the Dominion of Canada was discussed at Quebec as long ago as the year 1815; and at various times afterwards it came to the surface amid the politics of the day. The Tories of 1837 were generally favourable to union, while many Reformers objected to it. Lord Durham's report recommended a general union of the five Provinces, as a desirable sequel to the proposed union of Upper and Lower Canada.

But it was not until the passage of the Rebellion Losses Bill, on April 25th, 1849, that the question of a larger confederation began to assume importance. The British population of Montreal, exasperated at the action of the Parliament in recognising claims for compensation on the part of the French Canadian rebels of 1837—that is, on the part of those who had

slain loyalists and ruined their families—were ready to adopt any means—reasonable or unreasonable—of escaping from the hated domination of an alien majority. The Rebellion Losses Bill was felt by them to imply a surrender of all those rights which they and theirs had fought hard to maintain. Hence the burning of the Parliament buildings by an infuriated populace. Hence the demand in Montreal for annexation to the United States. Hence the attack upon Lord Elgin's carriage in the same city, and the less serious demonstration in Toronto. But wiser men and cooler politicians saw in the union of all the British-American Provinces a more constitutional, as well as a more pacific, remedy.

The first public meetings of the British American League were held in Montreal, where the movement early assumed a formal organization; but auxiliary branches rapidly sprang up in almost every city, town and village throughout Upper Canada, and the Eastern Townships of Lower Canada. In Toronto, meetings were held at Smith's Hotel, at the corner of Colborne Street and West Market Square, and were attended by large numbers, chiefly of the Tory party, but including several known Reformers. In fact, from first to last, the sympathies of the Reformers were with the League; and hence there was no serious attempt at a counter-demonstration, notwithstanding that the Government and the *Globe* newspaper—at the time—did their best to ridicule and condemn the proposed union.

The principal speakers at the Toronto meetings were P. M. Vankoughnet, John W. Gamble, Ogle R. Gowan, David B. Read, E. G. O'Brien, John Duggan and others. They were warmly supported.

After some correspondence between Toronto and Montreal, it was arranged that a general meeting of the League, to consist of delegates from all the town and country branches, formally

accredited, should be held at Kingston, in the new Town Hall, which had been placed at their disposal by the city authorities. Here, in a lofty, well-lighted, and commodiously-seated hall, the British American League assembled on the 25th day of July, 1849. The number of delegates present was one hundred and forty, each representing some hundreds of stout yeomen, loyal to the death, and in intelligence equal to any constituency in the Empire or the world. The number of people so represented, with their families, could not have been less than half a million.

The first day was spent in discussion (with closed doors) of the manner in which the proceedings should be conducted, and in the appointment of a committee to prepare resolutions for submission on the morrow. On the 26th, accordingly, the public business commenced.

The proceedings were conducted in accordance with parliamentary practice. The chairman, the Hon. George Moffatt, of Montreal, sat on a raised platform at the east end of the hall; at a table in front of him were placed the two secretaries, W. G. Mack, of Montreal, and Wm. Brooke, of Ship-ton, C. E. On either side were seated the delegates, and outside a rail, running transversely across the room, benches were provided for spectators, of whom a large number attended. A table for reporters stood on the south side, near the secretaries' table. I may add, that I was present both as delegate and reporter.

The business of the day was commenced with prayer, by a clergyman of Kingston.

Mr. John W. Gamble, of Vaughan, then, as chairman of the committee nominated the previous day, introduced a series of resolutions, the first of which was adopted unanimously as follows:—

‘That it is essential to the prosperity of the country that the tariff should be so proportioned and levied,

as to give just and adequate protection to the manufacturing and industrial classes of the country, and to secure to the agricultural population a home market with fair and remunerative prices for all descriptions of farm produce.’

Resolutions in favour of economy in public expenditure, of equal justice to all classes of the people, and condemnatory of the Government in connexion with the Rebellion Losses Bill, were proposed in turn, and unanimously adopted, after discussions extending over two or three days. The principal speakers in support of the resolutions were J. W. Gamble, Ogle R. Gowan, P. M. Vankoughnet, Thos. Wilson, of Quebec, Geo. Crawford, A. A. Burnham — Aikman, John Duggan, Col. Frazer, Geo. Benjamin, and John A. Macdonald.

At length, the main object of the assemblage was reached, and embodied in the form of a motion introduced by Mr. Breckenridge, of Cobourg,

THAT DELEGATES BE APPOINTED TO CONSULT WITH SIMILAR DELEGATES FROM NOVA SCOTIA AND NEW BRUNSWICK, CONCERNING THE PRACTICABILITY OF A UNION OF ALL THE PROVINCES.

This resolution was adopted unanimously after a full discussion. Other resolutions giving effect thereto were passed, and the meeting adjourned.

On the 1st November following, the League re-assembled in the City Hall, Toronto, to receive the report of the delegates to the Maritime Provinces, which was altogether favourable. It was then decided, that the proper course would be to bring the subject before the several legislatures through the people's representatives; and so the matter rested for the time.

In consequence of the removal of the seat of Government to Toronto, I was appointed secretary of the League, with Mr. C. W. Cooper as assistant secretary. Meetings of the Executive committee took place from time to time. At one of these, Mr. J. W.

Gamble submitted an address which he proposed to adopt, pledging the League to join its forces with the extreme radical party represented by Mr. Peter Perry and other Reformers, who were dissatisfied with the action of the Baldwin-Lafontaine-Hincks administration, and the course of the *Globe* newspaper in sustaining the same. This proposition I felt it my duty to oppose, as being unwarranted by the committee's powers; it was negatived by a majority of two, and never afterwards revived.

CHAPTER XXXV.

RESULTS OF THE B. A. LEAGUE.

THE very brief summary which I have been able to give in the preceding chapter, may suffice to show, as I have desired to do, that no lack of progressiveness, no lack of patriotism, no lack of energy on great public occasions, is justly chargeable against Canadian Tories. I could produce page after page of extracts, in proof that the objects of the League were jeered at and condemned by the Reform press, led by the *Globe* newspaper. But in that instance, Mr. George Brown was deserted by his own party. I have spoken with numbers of Reformers who entirely sympathized with us; and it was not long before we had our revenge, which was in the year

1864, when the Hon. George Brown and the Hon. John A. Macdonald clasped hands together, for the purpose of forming an administration expressly pledged to effect the union of the five Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island.

In the importance of the object, the intelligence of the actors, and, above all, in the determined earnestness of every man concerned, the meetings of the British American League may well claim to rank with those famous gatherings of the people, which have marked great eras in the world's progress both in ancient and modern times. In spite of every effort to dwarf its importance, and even to ignore its existence, the British American League fulfilled its mission.

By the action of the League, was Canada lifted into a front rank amongst progressive peoples.

By the action of the League, the day was hastened, when our rivers, our lakes, our canals, our railroads, shall constitute the great highway from Europe to Eastern Asia and Australasia.

By the action of the League, a forward step was taken towards that great future of the British race, which is destined to include in its heaven-directed mission, the whole world—east, west, north and south!

THE END.

IS IT A DREAM?

AN UNFINISHED POEM, BY THE LATE SAMUEL J. WATSON.

HOPE, like the arch of a rainbow springs
 'Twixt Calvary and the present time;
 Though the dust of two thousand years,
 The mists of blood, the rain of tears,
 Rise up like a veil 'twixt our sight and the cross,
 It still is there.

Hermon lifts up his altar-crest
 Where the lightnings burn and the cloud-incense rest ;
 And the sage of Egypt, dreaming alone
 By the mystic Nile, or the figured stone,
 Sent back his thoughts to the times that hid
 The builders and guests of the pyramid.
 In vain he questioned the old brown roll,
 Mute as the tomb was the yellow scroll.
 Faded all knowledge, barren and bare
 As the Cheops' pyramid, when the glare
 Of the summer solstice burns the sands,
 And the parched priest vainly with lifted hands
 Prays to the Nile stealing past.

The Cæsars have clotted with blood and burned with flame
 The place where Freedom found only a name ;
 Truth, like a vestal, her lamp now dead
 From the sighs of the grovelling nation had fled,
 And the scourged slave toiled in the earth's caverns
 To the whip and the fetters' clang,
 Or was tossed for the brutal Roman's sport
 To the tiger's fang.
 When the virgin was sold in the market,
 And the matron was made the prey
 Of the cruel Roman soldier
 After some disastrous day.
 Then the moments sent up to Heaven
 Humanity's hopeless moan,
 And the wail 'How long, O Lord,'
 Burst o'er the great white Throne.

Christ taught that the purple was nothing,
 That the kings were as dross,*

* * * * *

[* To the readers of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY the above fragment of what no doubt was intended, according to the author's wont, as a Christmas hymn for the pages of this magazine, will come home with sad significance, as it has come to the present writer, and to those who have seen the manuscript copy of the author's unfinished lines, and know how much they lose in him from whose hand the pen has just fallen. Though the lute strings are broken on earth, the soul that once vibrated through them has found voice in the hither land, to sing that Christmas song it faltered over in

this world ; and what is incomplete here will have found its completion yonder. Happy singer ! the dreams of earth are now for thee the realities of Heaven !

In Mr. Watson's death, this magazine loses an ardent friend and a valued contributor. He was an enthusiastic *litterateur*, fond of the Muses, yet given to serious historical research, and was ever a hearty sympathizer with all enterprises of a national character, in either journalism or literature. In early days, as a member of the press, and one of the best of short-hand reporters, he saw much in the old Province of Canada

Legislatures of the country's constitutional development, and subsequently became its historian. If we are not mistaken, he was the principal reporter of the Confederation Debates; and he was well read in constitutional questions and the political history of the country. As Librarian of the Ontario Parliament this acquired knowledge was of much service to the Members of the House and others who had occasion to consult him on points of history. To many of those his large stores of information, and ready offer of assistance in a difficulty, will be gratefully remembered; while his genial, unassuming manners, though of late years much affected by infirmity, will be largely testified to. He had an Irishman's warm heart, which ever went freely out to those who understood him; and he never forgot a kindness. An old letter to the present writer lies before us as we pen these lines. It is as follows: 'I return you my best thanks for the review of my little work ("The Legend of the Roses;" and "Ravlan, a Drama,") which appears in THE MONTHLY, for January, 1876 (see also page 147 of the following number). 'I do not know if I deserve as much as you have been good enough to say about me: but this much I do know, that I shall never forget it. I hope that if ever I

publish another Drama I may have the same generous and appreciative critic to whom to submit it.' Our last talk recalled the above letter, for the author of it spoke of shortly submitting for review in THE MONTHLY the continuation, to the period of Confederation, of his manual on the 'Constitutional History of Canada.' We trust that this important work, on which we know that Mr. Watson spent much and intelligent labour, will speedily find its way into print, in the service of Canadian literature, and for the benefit of the widow and the children who mourn his loss.—
Ed. C. M.]

In Memoriam.

SAMUEL JAMES WATSON.

We keep the feast, but miss the wonted
strain
Of that mute voice so tuned to Christmas
cheer,
Of him, our friend, as large of heart as brain,
Who leaves us lonelier for the vanished
year.

Courteous and kind and cultured, who can tell
His loss to our too scanty author band?
'*Are et Vale!*' brother, so Farewell!
Pass, not ungreeted, to the Silent Land!

—CHARLES PELHAM MULVANY.

SONNET.

BY GOWAN LEA, MONTREAL.

IN starry beauty falleth the snowflake,
As if it caught from heaven's bright host the form,
And, helplessly, upon the winter storm
Is earthward swept—a brief abode to make.
O soul of heaven-born beauty! out of space
And time, thou, too, dost drift unto the earth
A while to dwell; and, fading, leaves no trace
Unknowing aught or of thy end or birth.
Thy friends forsaking—tho' a chosen band;
Alone departing—and perchance for aye;
Ah, ruthless fate! What is thy stern command—
That henceforth each pursue a separate way?
Or do the paths divide but to unite?
E'en as the darkness alternates with light.

DIDEROT AND MATERIALISM.

BY C. W. PARKIN, MONTREAL.

THAT corner of our earth must be indeed obscure, where, in these days, a man can manage to be in the world and not of it. He may have passed the outskirts of civilization and have left far behind him the last snake-fence, he may have raised his shanty by some solitary stream, so lonely that the splash of a rising trout almost awakes echoes in the forest-brush around him, and yet if you should find him in his crusoe-like isolation, the chances are that you will also find within easy reach of his hand half a score of newspapers, with their 'latest telegrams,' not so very many days old, and with their scattered spoonfuls of the cream of the latest works, with here an extract from the last popular novel, there a hint of some new and startling discovery, and there again the latest—to date—modern interpretation of some thought of the moral (or immoral) philosopher. What village so remote as to enjoy immunity from the book agent? Where do not the lucubrations of 'Own Correspondents' penetrate? To what hiding place could a genuine hermit betake himself, where the busy hum of the outer world would not reach him, and where his fondest hopes and highest aspirations might be free from the assault of modern philosophy or of modern developments of ancient doctrine?

If there be no such accessible spot, much less can those who have to live the every day life, and especially those, whose very business lies with books and with all connected with books, avoid facing those important questions which are now so constantly presented—questions dealing with the mysteries of

life, death and futurity, in regard to which they may any day be asked to give an opinion, to explain, accept or refute them. And so we imagine it might be well if there were more inter-communication of ideas upon such subjects, for amid much chaff there might be no lack of precious grain, and particularly if an intellectual economy were practised, and 'happy thoughts' were not allowed to slide away into the limbo of the forgotten. Most men have moments of vivid inspiration when gems of thought and great ideas flash out a transitory radiance too often only to vanish in a meteoric flight. Great thoughts of little men perish, while even the little thoughts of great men are preserved. Why should not a combination of minor intelligences produce something that may advance the cause of truth, and be of service to man in the highest sense, and so deserve some little niche in the temple of fame?

Let these considerations be our apology for traversing an unfrequented track in the educational field, for it is one which the educator cannot have failed to observe, along which he too, sooner or later, may have to stray.

Those readers who interest themselves in the higher periodical literature of these days of searching inquiry and daring speculation will scarcely have failed to notice the brilliant critique which appeared in a recent number of *The Nineteenth Century* upon a late edition of the works of the philosopher Diderot, who was in the zenith of his literary career between the years 1760—1770. The article in question is in the French language,

and comes from the pen of Paul Janet, a member of the Institute of France. The style is admirable, the reasoning logically acute, and we gladly welcome it as affording one of the clearest expositions of the philosophy of the materialist which has fallen under our notice.

The reviewer, so far as we can judge from the evidence that appears in the limited space that may be allotted to an article, is no disciple of that philosophy in any of its aspects, and we therefore do not hesitate to place before our readers some of the arguments, or, perhaps, we should rather give them a less dignified title, and say, some of the thoughts which arise from the perusal of the main points of these very ancient theories.

That we are the decided opponents of any system that may tend, however remotely, to shake the old-established faith of our forefathers we need not affirm, for in this faith lies, we believe, the very highest philosophy; but yet, let us not be understood as presuming to speak lightly of many noble intellects whose devotion to science, and patient research after the good and the true has led them as yet only into the twilight of a mysticism, from which we devoutly hope they may eventually emerge into the broad light of that truth from whose advent we have nothing to fear.

The literary importance of these works of Diderot may be estimated by the amount of interest which this new publication has awakened, and also by the fact that no less than twenty octavo volumes were compiled by M. J. Assezat, and published by Garnier Brothers, of Paris, in 1875.

If one may judge of the bulk by the samples of M. Janet, these works will well repay the reader, if not with an abundant harvest of interest and information, yet with a plentiful gleaning of curious ideas, smart retorts, explosions of error, flashes of inspiration, scintillations of wit, while throughout all appear glimpses of a

higher nature working to shake itself free from a system which could only make it, of the earth, earthy. What a pity that with such higher nature we have in Diderot but another instance of the impotence of lofty intellect and high-flown sentiment to lift a man above the influence of the vilest passions! Here was one born to soar amid the stars, yet descending to the Inferno of vices which must for ever brand his name with infamy while the actual memory of the facts cannot but ever be an ingredient of the unpalatable in the pleasure which the reading of his best works might bestow.

But the miserably melancholy tale of the degradation of such an one is happily not for us. He has received his meed of chastisement from a far loftier pen. All we propose to ourselves is to learn from this *Nineteenth Century Review* the first 'articles of belief' of the materialist.

Let us hear then what M. Janet says. 'One may assert then that, in effect, Diderot was one of the precursors of this philosophy. Many of the ideas enlarged and developed with éclat in our time by modern masters find their germ in his works. . . .

. . . His was indeed one of the most *suggestive* intellects of his day. Do not expect in him works deeply meditated, composed with art, skilfully connected in their parts. Nothing with him comes to maturity; all is thrown down with profusion, but without order or rule. You find in him, as it were, but fragments, brilliant but transitory lights, admirable improvisations; but logical sequence of reasoning, connection of ideas, systematic linking of propositions, are unknown to this misty spirit where all is ceaseless effervescence and fermentation. Diderot then, in spite of many eminent qualities closely allied to genius, has left no *chef-l'œuvre*.'

(Has M. Janet ignored 'Rameau's Nephew'?)

'Although richer in ideas than Voltaire or Rousseau, he can only

come after them among the great names of his time, and still less is he the equal of Montesquieu or Buffon. He is, in a word, a sublime improvisator. Such is the sentence that has been pronounced upon him by his most sympathetic and enlightened judges, and this new edition of his works will, we believe, in no way modify this opinion.'

M. Janet then proceeds very happily to seize the occasion of this republication to inform us what the philosophy of Diderot seems to have been. His philosophy, he says, at three different periods seems to have undergone three important changes. First he is the opponent of Christianity merely, he is still a deist, and defends very sincerely the principles of natural religion. Later he undergoes a change of opinion; 'he hoists the flag of materialism, but of a materialism singular, with pantheistic tendencies; and finally there seems to commence a reaction against this former belief' (if we may call the feeling by so high a name), 'and, in at least a moral point of view, he separates himself very decidedly from it, and seems to approach the moralists of the Scottish school.' Here, then, we see three modifications, nay, three very decided and fundamental changes, in the opinions of one who has been regarded as 'the exponent of the materialism of the eighteenth century. If three changes, why not more, and if more, how near are we to the truth?'

And what then is materialism? In its true type it is, we are told, 'the atomism of Democritus and Epicurus.' It is the supposition that all the changes of the Universe, all the phenomena of the natural and of what we may call the spiritual world, are due to the combination of primordial atoms whose 'essential properties are extension and solidity.' Such is one of the results of the collision of the wits of the Academics, Stoics, Cynics, Cyrenaics, Epicureans; such the spark struck from the impact of Stoic flint

and Peripatetic steel after one hundred and fifty years of patient and impatient effort from 450 B.C. to 300 B.C., when polished Athens was the brilliant nucleus of the world's learning and art, the citadel of the philosopher and the wit, the sublime centre of oratory, poetry and politics.

And how far have the intermittent lights of genius, travelling in this path for 2,000 years, guided us? In reality, but little farther. Now it would appear that atoms are endowed with, or are the ultimate depositaries of, sensibility. They have desire, aversion, memory, intelligence. They have, moreover, an 'automatic inquietude,' by which each atom is driven 'to find that situation most suitable to itself,' and this, we suppose, means much the same thing as the process of natural selection advocated by some of the truly eminent writers of our own day. Surely then, this is but a very meagre advance for the combined philosophy of so long a period, and moreover, Revelation apart, it seems to us open to objection. If the atom has desire and intelligence, what is desire, what is intelligence? Is the atom desire, or is desire the atom? Was there ever a first atom? Of what had it the memory? 'First chaos was created.' Who created it? Here is the old question, and our philosophy helps us no nearer to its solution.

Yet Democritus in one century, and Epicurus in the next, the latter some 300 years before Christ, and Maupertuis, Diderot, and perhaps Leibniz, of the eighteenth century, following in their wake, give us to conclude that all the wonders of natural law and order, of feeling and of thought, from the perfectly regulated intricacies of the stellar machinery to the arrangement and continuation of physical organisms, all existing things, whether the patriot's heroism, or the poet's flight of fancy, or the sublime conception of the painter, are but the results of the 'automatic inquietude of atoms.'

And here, we presume, come in those 'pantheistic tendencies' which showed themselves to the acute observation of the reviewer. Is the sun after all a god, and is the earth a goddess? Do the myriads of tons of sentient intelligent atoms which go to the combination of 'benign Demeter,' enable her to clothe *herself* with all the beauties of still and moving life? Is it *she* who has adorned her person with silver threads of winding river, and gemmed it with azure lake and emerald mountains? Or is she but the high priestess of the million times mightier sun, who keeps all terrestrial phenomena moving in their regular cycles, and is he too the slave of the automatic inquietude of atoms?

If this be the materialism of the nineteenth, as it appears to have been of the eighteenth, century, we cannot accept its teaching. We cannot but think we have a sounder, a higher, a nobler philosophy, one which gives us an enduring hope both here and hereafter, a philosophy, which, if its truth be but granted, will we believe be found to have its root and its fruit in Revelation.

And it seems to us there is nothing illogical in our belief; for putting Revelation on one side, and humanly speaking, if we ask, in relation to the affairs of earth merely, what is the great producer, the great inventor, the great improver, the great discoverer—may not the answer fairly be, *mind*? Is it not to mind that we owe everything which enlightens our understanding and contributes to our comfort, from the manufacture of a needle to the composition of an epic, from the discovery of gravitation to the invention of the telegraph, from the clock which indicates the passing of the hours, to the imprisonment of that force which is ere long to drive our locomotives? If then it is to finite

mind we owe the grandest discoveries of finite research, may we not fairly and with reasonable analogy assert that an infinite mind alone can be the producer of all the infinite creation; that an infinite mind, omnipotent, omnipresent, omniscient, has produced the machinery of animal life so infinitely superior to any of man's mechanisms?

Have you ever watched the actions of a spider? Did the automatic inquietude of atoms supply the creature with that wonderful machine which enables it both to produce the thread and make the web? Is it the 'automatic inquietude' of atoms which gives the root-petals their fragrance and tint, which rounds the perfect contour of the tulip, and clothes the butterfly with iridescent wings? Can it be this, too, that, working with atomic sensibility, gave Homer his marvellous inventions and rolling hexameters, tuned Milton's divine harp, wrought in the fingers of Turner and Landseer, guided the hands of Canova and Flaxman, and which, too, poured the hemlock for Socrates, broke up Nero's ship, sent the shaft into Philip's eye, and will the 'inquietude of atoms' ever realize for us the poet's wish, and give us wings to fly away and mix with the eternal ray of those stars which their inquietude has set glittering in the empyrean?

Ah! philosophers, surely you are laughing at us, or if not, pray try, out of the profundity of your learning, to evolve a plain story in plain words, for plain men, which may give them something more cheery than this melancholy tale, which it seems to us tends to an end that may rob them of their comfort under bereavements, their patience under the trials and toils of this life, and their fairest hopes for the life hereafter.

I. H. S.

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

BY W. T. HERRIDGE, MONTREAL.

THE light was fading in the sacred courts,
 And ghost-like shadows from the gathering night
 Went sweeping through the aisles. I sat me down
 Before the altar rich in cunning work,
 And read the gilded symbols, which declare
 That Jesus is the Saviour of mankind.
 The darkness came, and like a far-off scene
 Dimly discovered through the misty air,
 The solemn organ rose amid the gloom
 Which fast enshrouded all the wide expanse.
 Yet still, as if by some fair seraph's hand
 Touched with a living fire, the mystic sounds
 Grew brighter.

In the snowy streets without
 Hunger and want wended their toilsome way,
 And shiv'ring sought a momentary rest
 From the rude wintry blast; and blackened vice
 In forms Protean sped to deeds of sin,
 Or hurried from the vengeful Nemesis
 Which ever crossed its path with gleaming sword.
 From casement windows fell a stream of light
 Upon each passing traveller, and the shout
 Of merry laughter echoed through the halls
 In joyous holiday.

Within the church
 These earthly sounds scarce broke the silent calm;
 And other thoughts poured in upon my soul
 Like music, as those golden characters
 Beamed down upon me like an evening star.
 I felt the peace of that Judæan night,
 When in the sky the glory of the Lord
 Shone round about the shepherds; and I heard,
 Or so it seemed, the sweet-voiced angel choir
 Which sang the joyous pæan of a world.
 The murmur of that tide of harmony
 Adown the ages, fell upon my ear:—
 'To you is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.'
 And as again the wave of human care
 O'erflowing, rolled in currents through the aisles,

And like a dreary sigh, borne on the wind,
 Struck the glad anthem of my grateful heart,
 And joined it to a sorrowful refrain,
 I wondered why the echo of that song
 Which I had seemed to hear within the church,
 Did not make music in those other souls
 All desolate and sad.

And as I mused,
 Methought an angel touched me with his wing,
 And taught me how that Christ must save the soul
 Through faith, and how our impious, rebel pride
 Would fain, like Herod, slay the infant King,
 Because He is the Saviour of mankind !
 And as I listened to the strange, sad tale,
 And still beheld the solemn darkness, riven
 By those bright signs of flame, which ever grew
 To fuller lustre in the deep'ning night,
 With rev'rent lips I breathed a silent prayer :—
 'O Son of man, the meaning of whose work
 Burns full upon me from this radiant glow
 Amid the darkness ; be the Light of all
 Through the o'ermastering gloom of woe and sin ;
 Subdue the evil which with serpent's guile
 Lurks in our hearts, and guide our trembling feet,
 Dear, tender Shepherd of the erring fold,
 Beyond all signs which but distort the gaze,
 To the strong refuge of Thy loving arms.
 O make perpetual Christmas in our lives
 By Thine indwelling there !'

ANOTHER VIEW OF CHESS.

BY S. H. MANCHEE, YORKVILLE.

IT seems as if nothing in this age of progress is to escape the despoiling hand of some would-be reformer. We have reformers (?) of religion, of science, of politics, and last month developed, in the person of Mr. John White, a reformer (?) of amusements.

Mr. White, in his anxiety to save poor fallen humanity, as represented by chess players, from the lunatic asy-

lum or something worse, assails, in an article contained in the October number of the MONTHLY, the game of chess with a virulence that must have astonished its readers. He could not content himself with trying to deprive the game of its well-won reputation as a game of science, but accuses it of unfitting its players for any 'useful' or 'honourable' calling. He says :

'An ardent and lively imagination, a temperament bold and sanguine, sound health, and great experience in the mysteries and subtleties of the game, are all necessary to the achievement of fame in the annals of chess. Many of us votaries possessing all the above enumerated qualifications, but lacking the elements requisite for the pursuit of some more useful calling, have yielded to the fascination of the game, devoting to its practice all their energies, giving up all their best days to that which should, at least, be merely a temporary recreation.' It must have been news to all chess players, that a man possessing 'an ardent and lively imagination, a temperament bold and sanguine, sound health, and great experience in the mysteries and subtleties of chess,' is thereby unfitted for any 'higher or more useful calling.' What are the qualifications requisite for a man who wishes to push his way in the world, and to reach the topmost rung of the ladder? Does he not require, above all things, to be bold and sanguine, lively in imagination, ardent in the pursuit of his calling, and of sound health? How, then, is it possible for a man to be possessed of the qualities enumerated by Mr. White and yet not be fit for any 'more useful or honourable' calling than that of playing chess? We cannot bring ourselves to believe that Mr. White means to imply that there is no profession or calling more honourable than that of chess-playing!

Mr. White further tells us that the professionals of the game are those 'who endeavour to improve their limited or scanty finances by a mild species of gambling, playing chess with novices or amateurs for a small stake, wagered on each game.' No one, we presume, unless Mr. White himself, will have the temerity to say that the game of chess is a game of chance, and such being the case, the fallacy of Mr. White's assertion, must be patent to the veriest novice. The game is eminently a game of skill, and few would

be so foolish as to risk money on a game with the certainty of losing it; which would almost invariably be the result of playing with a superior player. The true professionals of the game are such men as Blackburn, Morphy, Cochrane, Staunton, Michaelis, Herren Anderssen and Lowenthal, Prince Ouroussoff, Van der Lasa, Lord Lyttleton, Judge Meek, and an unlimited number of scholars and professional men, many of whom, were it necessary, we could enumerate. True, some of these occasionally play for money; but the games are merely trials of skill upon which large sums of money are staked, as in many other amusements. Hanlan risks large sums of money on the issue of his races; are we therefore to give up boating? or shall we, because horses are trotted on the race-course, in the hope that they may win the prize offered the fastest trotter, give up riding on horseback? If not, then why, even admitting it were used as a medium for gambling, should we give up the game of chess? No one, we venture to think, having a practical knowledge of chess, would say that 'it forms the pitiful resource from dejection or despair of minds which have become unfitted for higher and nobler pleasures and pursuits;' for, of all games, as those best acquainted with it can attest, the game of chess is the one least likely to be resorted to as the panacea of 'oppression, weakness or misfortune.'

Mr. White's chess-playing acquaintances must have been very limited, or he would surely never have committed himself so far as to say that the 'great majority' of the devotees of chess 'are men whose habits have become vitiated, depraved or debased, and whose peculiarities and eccentricities become more marked as they advance in years; whatever talent or ability they may have becoming warped or blunted by its misdirection.' We have enumerated above a few eminent players, and might, were it necessary to disprove this assertion, add hundreds to the list; but it is well known that

the 'devotees' of chess comprise many of the most eminent men in the various professions — professors, judges, lawyers, doctors, journalists, clergymen, statesmen and soldiers.

Another objection advanced by Mr. White is, 'that triumph is a ways bought at the expense of an opponent. The conclusion of a game frequently leaves the victor elated and jubilant, but the vanquished suffers a humiliating mortification.' Will Mr. White tell us what game or trial of skill, from a game of marbles in the playground to a struggle on the field of battle, does not result in the victory being bought at the expense of an opponent? Are we to give up all games, because our opponent runs the risk of being vanquished? Of what value would be the prize, if there were no competition? and how could we have competition without some one having to suffer the mortification of defeat?

The writer has seen many games of chess played, but has never seen any of the 'angry and violent wrangling or dispute,' on the part of the vanquished, spoken of by Mr. White. That some players are unable to control their tempers when defeated is quite true; but their bad temper is not reserved for chess alone, as they are equally ill-tempered whether their failure be in business or pleasure. As a rule, a more gentlemanly party cannot be found than that forming our clubs, and, if Mr. White wishes to find 'angry and violent wrangling or dispute' over games, we would advise him to steer clear of the chess room.

Speaking of blind-fold playing, Mr. White says: 'It will not appear so wonderful or difficult when we reflect that there are but few regular "openings" or ways of beginning a game generally recognized and adopted as best; and that each of these has its distinctive features, peculiar to itself, and to a player of good memory and constant practice, so familiar, that it becomes comparatively easy for him to recall the answer in moves either

in attack or defence.' We do not think that the memory has as much to do with blind-fold playing as would appear from the passage quoted. It is true that the 'openings' of games, *i. e.*, those generally used, are few; but, as no two games are ever played alike, the memory of the player would not serve him for many moves. For example, given the first eight moves of the 'Evan's Gambit' (*i. e.*, the eight moves of that gambit as played by Morphy and Anderssen, which have been proved by competent analysts to be the eight best moves both of attack and defence), blind-fold playing black, and white has thirty-five possible moves from which to select his ninth move. Now, though many of these moves would, in ordinary play, be considered bad, white might make a bad move and easily thwart his blind-folded opponent, if he were trusting solely to his memory; because being unable to recall the position of all the pieces on the board, he could not readily tell what effect his next move would be likely to have. To play blind-folded, the player needs first to get the positions of all the pieces on the board firmly fixed in his mind's eye, as a school boy does a map he may have to draw at an examination, and then, after a little practice, he will find no difficulty in seeing (mentally) each piece as it is moved out.

The real evil to be avoided by chess players is obviously playing to excess. Mr. White makes the same mistake that temperance advocates make, *viz.*, that of abusing the *article* instead of the *abuse* of the article. We may eat beef-steak for our dinner, and derive much benefit from it; but overload the stomach, and immediately the good is converted into an evil. We may play chess and derive much benefit from the game; for, when not played to excess, it proves of great benefit to the player by strengthening the analytical and mathematical powers of his mind. On the contrary, when

played excessively, it produces *inertia*—the brain becomes weakened by the constant strain to which it is subjected, and incapacitates the player from playing at all. By studying too assiduously the student, in like manner, incapacitates himself for study. Are we to abolish all study because some students are foolish enough to make

an evil of what should be but a blessing?

In concluding, we would recommend to any who desire a pastime which can be indulged with equal facility, whether at home or abroad, on the cars or boat, in the club-room or parlour, the 'king of games,' Chess.

LOVE.

BY GEORGE GERRARD, MONTREAL.

COME! Holy Love, eternal love,
 Exalt my spirit to the sky,
 That hidden joys of life above
 May pass before the inner eye;
 Oh shed thy radiance round the heart,
 And hold o'er all a living reign,
 Bid every taint of Earth depart,
 And Eden bloom for man again.

Dear wondrous love, immortal born,
 And heirloom of the human breast,
 To raise the soul and even warn
 The pilgrim to his higher rest;
 Who know thee best, would never yield
 Remembrance of thy subtle power,
 For all the anguish Doubt can wield,
 When absence sways each dreary hour.

Sweet human love, the living link,
 Of vanished years and time to be,
 Thy triumph comes when troubles sink
 Oblivious in Eternity;
 And all thy glory bloomed to life,
 When first the kiss awoke desire,
 And slowly grew the title, 'wife,'
 Above the flame of passion's fire.

Love longs to see that day arise,
 When radiant as the brilliant sun
 Each soul shall mount to glowing skies,
 The goal of life's ambition won;
 To rest in peace o'er shades of night,
 Where swiftest eagle dares not soar,
 Beyond each orb of blazing light,
 All safe on the Eternal shore.

ROUND THE TABLE.

ON THE LEGAL DEGREES OF
MARRIAGE IN CANADA.

THE talented editor of the *Canadian Law Times*, I observe, in his issues for September, October and November, has written a series of most interesting articles on the actual condition of the law of Canada, on the subject of marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Such marriages came under the head of the 'Prohibited Degrees,' first enforced by a statute of King Henry VIII., whom Mr. Armour most justly terms 'that noted expert in matrimonial matters.' It appears from the exhaustive statement of the facts of the case given in the *Law Times*, that the duty of enforcing the invalidity of marriages within the prohibited degrees in England fell into the hands of the Ecclesiastical Courts; that the Common Law of England viewed marriage from a wholly different standpoint to that of the Ecclesiastical Courts, and that the English Civil Courts which administered the Common Law took no cognizance whatever of objections to a marriage within the 'Prohibited Degrees.' In England the Ecclesiastical Courts have a special jurisdiction based on the fact that England has a State Religion and an Established Church. But in Canada, which recognises neither the one nor the other, the Ecclesiastical Courts and their 'Prohibited Degrees' can have no status whatever. All marriages are legal in Canada when the parties are legally competent to marry, *i. e.* when neither is incapacitated by being married already, by idiocy, or by being under the age fixed by law. And if it be asked what security exists in Canada against the existence of marriages such as all civilized nations have regarded as incestuous, such as that of a brother with that of a sister, the answer is that such security is given in the certainty that ministers of all denominations would refuse to sanction such marriages, and in the certainty, equally strong, of the disapproval of public opinion.

This question is an important one, not only as concerning the status of the children of such marriages with a deceased wife's sister, but as relating to an attempt on the part of the advocates of reactionary ecclesiasticism to foist into the legislation of a country, where all sects and churches are equal before the law, a shred and survival of church authority which, so far as this country is concerned, is, and ought to be, as dead as the Star Chamber.

It is remarkable that in the last debate on the subject in the English House of Lords, the bishops, who, true to the reactionary traditions which afford the only *raison d'être* for an ecclesiastical peerage, opposed the removal of marriage disabilities, abandoned altogether the argument from Leviticus. This is remarkable because a certain amount of appeal to the dead weight of ignorant prejudice is still made by those who ground their opposition to legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister on its being forbidden in the old Testament. On the same authority they might just as reasonably enforce circumcision, or make penal enactments against splitting wood on the Saturday Sabbath.

As to argument derived from social expediency, 'the abolition of aunts' and the like, such arguments, if any exist which can be shown to be valid, may be very good grounds for parents, friends, or ministers, dissuading by every moral means at their command parties intending to contract such marriages. But it must be remembered that there is a large class of marriages which is morally, socially, or even physically objectionable, but which it is no business of the state to prevent. It might indeed be conceivable in some greatly altered phase of society when the socialist idea of paternal supervision on the part of the State was carried into effect, that the law of marriage might undergo important modifications, and that such impediments as under the law of heredity would tend to deteriorate the race, would be

accepted as a ban to legal marriage. But if that were so, *a fortiori*, the marriage with a deceased wife's sister would hold good, since under the law of heredity what was lawful and expedient marriage with one member of a family would be so with another. Perhaps, Mr. Editor, some of the guests of the 'Round Table' would discuss this matter.

M.

DIDEROT A BENEFACTOR TO MANKIND.

THE 'Round Table' of this Review is meant to carry out what Mr. Parkin, in an article in the present number, shown to us by the editor, so justly desiderates, the free communication of what thought may occur to us in our studies. As Mr. Parkin has drawn attention to the position of Diderot in literary history, it may be worth while to remind readers of a few facts in the biography of that remarkable man, a new edition of whose works is now attracting attention, just a century after his death, and concerning whom the interesting article to which Mr. Parkin has referred, appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*.

Diderot was a Parisian; Oliver Goldsmith. He had somewhat the same misadventures in early life, received, like Goldsmith, a good education, like him, vexed and disappointed his friends by turning away again and again from respectability and respectable callings, and finally, and for the rest of his days as a literary Bohemian, being so much worse off than Goldsmith, inasmuch as the Parisian Grub Street was under the ban of the Church, and of the Police as well as of Society. The tone of society at this time was deplorably lax, and Diderot was no better than his neighbours; but one fails to see why Mr. Parkin should make that an argument against his philosophical opinions, as he does when he talks of 'the impotence of lofty intellect to lift a man above the influence of the vilest passions?' Why, Mr. Parkin, what do you make of the 'vilest passions' of the Cardinal de Rohan or the Abbé Perigard? Do they disprove or discredit Christianity? Is it not notorious that the French Church in Paris was at that time steeped in the worst profligacy? Argue against Materialism if you will, but do not argue against it

on account of Diderot's amours, for that argument cuts both ways, and the average Christian of Diderot's time was, we fear, not much better than he.

And it may be truly said that the evil that Diderot did was interred with his bones, while the good lives after him, in the social and political fruits of his Encyclopædia. In this, the great engine for overturning the Feudal oppression of France, there is no irreligion, no atheism, only passionate pleading for equal rights of man with man; for the poor, for the oppressed; for the doctrine then so abhorrent to men in power, now so generally accepted that it seems trite; the doctrine that the common people ought to have a voice in government, and be the main object of governmental care. At this great work Diderot laboured incessantly, over many years, suffering constant persecution. But the Encyclopædia spread its influence far and wide. All classes read it. It took the place of a modern liberal newspaper of the highest class in a day when, in our sense of the word, there was no newspaper. Joined with other kindred forces, it made possible the Great Revolution whose thunders shook so many strongholds of evil, when lightnings cleared the air of so much that was noxious. This debt of gratitude modern society owes to Diderot.

Like Goldsmith, Diderot had a ready, facile and clear style. He is rather a brilliant and forcible writer of political pamphlets and leading articles, than a deep-thinking philosopher. As Rosenkrantz, the Hegelian, said of him: 'Diderot is a philosopher in whom all the contradictions of the time struggle with one another.' His mind is the echo of a chaos. His opinions did indeed incline to the crude and rough-shod Materialism of D'Holbach, but of argument or logical system he built up nothing, and contributed to the literature of Materialism only a few pages of declamatory eloquence.

Mr. Parkin imagines that he is seriously reasoning with Materialists when he asks—'What is the Great Producer? Is it not the mind?' As if any so-called Materialist from Epicurus on would deny the superiority of the phenomenon which we call mental. Let us reason against Materialism, by all means, but let us not suppose that Materialists are so childish as to consider mental results to be of less value than those which are more obviously what we call material.

The true author of French eighteenth century Materialism was not Diderot but his friend D'Holbach, who taught a very ill-digested and rough-and-ready form of the doctrine in his 'Système de la Nature.' He took, no doubt, his idea of their being nothing in the universe but matter in spontaneous motion from Lucretius, and there does seem to be a resemblance between that theory and the modern scientific truth of molecular motion. But there is this difference. The ancient Epicurean attributed the motion to a desire, a volition, a spontaneous agency in the atom, just as the

ancients attributed the motion of a star to a spirit residing there and urging it on. Modern Science knows nothing of volition or desire in molecular motion.

In D'Holbach and Diderot's sense, as in that of Lucretius and Epicurus, there are now no Materialists. Those to whom that name is applied by men who do not take the trouble to examine their writings acknowledge, in the phenomena called mental, as also in the phenomena called material, the same inscrutable mystery. It is with the phenomena only that Science deals.

C. P. M.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Volcanoes: What they are and what they teach. BY JOHN W. JUDD, F.R.S., Professor of Geology in the Royal School of Mines. (International Scientific Series.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.; Toronto: N. Ure & Co.

In this instructive volume of the *International Scientific Series*, we have presented what may be called 'the theory and the practice of Volcanoes.' According to the revised definition a volcano is *not* 'a burning mountain, from the summit of which issue smoke and flame.' A volcano is in strictness not an elevation at all but essentially the very reverse, a hole in the ground; even the lofty cones of Etna and Teneriffe are but the accumulated ash-heaps of Plutonic furnaces. There is little or no burning or combustion strictly so-called; the vent occurs no oftener at the summit than on the sides or at the base of the cone: the supposed smoke is really condensing steam; the raging flames are nothing more than the glow of the interior molten mass on the vaporous cloud above. In fact the volcano is a mighty steam-engine of the high pressure kind. Some of these engines, like

Stromboli, have without a moment's rest for repairs worked continuously for at least 2,000 years, and it may be for many times two thousand. More usually the action is spasmodic, and while the fit is on, the convulsive energy is almost inconceivable. The eruptions of Vesuvius impress us with awe; but they are inconsiderable when compared with many others. A hundred years ago, Java witnessed a volcanic *mitrailleuse* which, in a single night, discharged literally a whole mountain of ammunition, amounting by measurement to *thirty billion* cubic feet, and buried out of sight no less than forty villages. The motive force is evidently steam of extreme tension, and earthquakes are simply vibrations occasioned by some violent change of pressure. The lightning that adds so much to the awful grandeur of a volcanic eruption is generated by the friction of the steam vapour against the sides of the vent; while the rain floods, that so often follow great eruptions, are fed by the same vapour condensed. When a severe and sudden fall occurs in barometric pressure, we almost infallibly hear of disastrous explosions in coal mines; for the reduction of atmospheric pressure

has disturbed the balance of forces and let loose imprisoned vapours. At such times also Euceladus like the Titan, on whom Sicily was flung by Minerva, becomes weary of his load, and Vulcan kindles his forge-fires in Ætna.

Volcanic energy like every other force becomes finally exhausted, and in its decadence it often passes through the stage of geyser or mud volcano, and at last reaches senility in a bubbling overflow of tepid water. These thermal springs are gentler manifestations of volcanic energy, but the total loss of heat from such leakages exceeds the heat thrown off by the 350 ever-active volcanoes and the still larger number of intermittent.

The source of all this internal heat is here discussed in a philosophical and judicial manner. On a balance of the evidence now accumulated we should lean to the early suggestion of Sir Humphrey Davy, that the heat is produced by the chemical action of water when admitted to the uncombined metals and their proto-salts which certainly exist in vast stores a few miles beneath our feet.

The illustrations of the volume are bright and appropriate. By means of instantaneous photography (for the first time employed in 1872), Vesuvius is being now portrayed whenever his features are convulsed. By measurement of these instantaneous photographs it can easily be shown that some of the missiles caught by the camera in their flight were flung four miles high by this steam artillery of the *inferno*.

The Educational Chart: being a comparative abstract of two antagonistic systems of education, the mathematical and the æsthetic. By Angus Dallas. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1881.

This brochure is evidently the result of considerable reading, and no little hard thinking. The author has put in forcible language much that is new, and has insisted on a rational instead of a merely empirical method of education. Of American systems of education he remarks:—

'On this side of the Atlantic where majorities rule, we reasonably expect to find corresponding consequences; and so it has uniformly happened

that education signifies the erection and number of showy and expensive buildings, the amount of money expended, the organization of boards of school trustees, the training of swarms of youthful teachers, the appointment of inspectors, the awarding of contracts and supplies, and every other conceivable device wherein money is the chief ingredient, and the handling of that money the chief employment.'

But Mr. Dallas has allowed himself to become so saturated with the teachings of his favourite Plato as to be often unintelligible to the many. He has a way, too, of using words in a sense peculiar to himself, as, for instance, the important word 'æsthetic,' which he defines, p. 81, 'the unfixed, because its sensuous faculty does not measure.' This word, as generally understood, is used only in the senses, first, that in which it is employed by Ruskin, and in ordinary popular use, to signify the artistic faculty; and, secondly, in the sense in which Kant employs it in the first part of the 'Kritik,' as equivalent to our faculty of receiving ideas in general. Now we hold that a new writer has no legitimate right thus to change the accepted meaning of words. We have also to complain of Mr. Dallas as an innovator in spelling—he spells intellect, 'intellect'—possibly he is ambitious of becoming an Inspector of Schools in the good City of Toronto, for to no other class of mortal man is it permitted to take these liberties with the Queen's English! Also, he has not the fear of Collector Patton before his eyes sufficiently to keep him from stating such heretical doctrine as that of 'the soul of the world,' the very point on which the Philosopher Giordano Bruno was condemned, and by some of Collector Patton's predecessors, publicly burned at Rome in the year 1660. But we are bound to say that Mr. Dallas has always the courage of his opinions, and is an original and intrepid thinker.

Boyhood Hours. By Archibald McAlpine Taylor. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co., 1881.

In this little volume we welcome another indication of that increased love of poetical literature which, as Mr. Rourinot has so truly pointed out, as we mentioned last month, has been so marked of late years in Canada. Mr. Taylor's verses are somewhat unequal, but display abundant marks of

good taste, a correct ear for the melody of verse, and not a little original power as a writer. 'Mabel,' the first considerable poem, is cast in narrative form, and the scene is laid in America; it is a simple story, simply and unaffectedly told. Still better is 'Hector and Alice,' a tale of Brock's warfare on Queenston Heights. The shorter lyrics are marked by great facility of expression, and range in all manner of themes 'from grave to gay, from lively to severe.' As a specimen we quote the following:—

'CANADA'S SONS TO THEIR SIRES.

'Toll the bell, and toll it slowly; let the echoes mournful rise;
Sound the dead march of the battle, while the swelling requiem dies!
From the homes so fondly cherished, from the dear ones, fair and bright;
From the scenes and recollections, that have filled them with delight;

Lo! our fathers, martyrs, heroes, daily passing from our view,
From the world of false and fleeting, to the realms of bright and true.

'From the deep unbroken forest, they have hewn our happy homes;
From the giants of the forest, they have reared our glittering domes.
Still we see the axe uplifted; still we hear the woodland ring;
See the thundering hemlocks falling prostrate to their sturdy king:
Still we hear their native chorus ling'ring, dying in the grove;
See the sickles strongly wielded; see the brawny muscles move.'

'Chose the murmur of the forest for the murmur of the wave;
Left on shore their friends forsaken, dear ones sleeping in the grave;
Chained their beauty and their laughter, in the bondage of their strength:
Fought with hardships, dangers, trials: conquered all, and won at length.
Where the blue smoke of their shanties curled above the western wood,
There the smiling fields and pastures bask in evening's purple flood.'

'PICTURESQUE CANADA.*'

WHAT a leap to the front Canada has taken in the arts connected with illustrated book manufacture, by the publication of this elaborate serial work which the enterprise of the Art Publishing Co., of Toronto, has projected for the delineation, by pen and pencil, of Canadian life and scenery. We employ no extravagant language when we say, that no publication of its kind has anywhere appeared of higher artistic merit, and that no undertaking promises to be of greater value to 'this Canada of ours,' or is likely to be more highly prized by every patriotic Canadian. At one stride we seem to have passed from the callow to the golden era

of book illustrating, as any one will say who not only sees the initial parts of this magnificent work, about to be published, but who may have the good fortune to have a look at what the publishers have in preparation for subsequent issues of the book. Its publication, we do not hesitate to say, will mark a great artistic epoch in the intellectual progress of our people, which must have an immense influence upon the present and future of Canadian art and Canadian literature. The design of the work is two-fold: first and mainly, to portray whatever is picturesque in the life, the industries, the sports, and other national characteristics of the Dominion, and of the wealth and variety of the beauty with which nature and art have invested it; and secondly and incidentally, to weave into the narrative whatever of historic lore is associated with the sights and scenes to be successively described in its pages. What scope all

* 'Picturesque Canada: Our Country as it was and is, described by the best writers and artists,' edited by Principal Grant, D.D., Queen's University, Kingston, and illustrated under the supervision of Mr. L. R. O'Brien, President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts; Mr. George F. Smith, chief of the Engraving department. Parts 1 & 2, 4to. Art Publishing Co., Toronto, Publishers. [First notice from advance sheets.]

this will give to both artist and writer few among us, it is feared, have any adequate notion. The truth is, that as the country is only now arriving at manhood, the individual Canadian is just beginning to have an appreciative sense of the grandeur of his inheritance, and of the potentialities that are now quickening into life in the womb of the nation. In this connection, the glowing words of Lord Dufferin will no doubt recur to many of our readers, and will the more readily be recalled as the superb pages of 'Picturesque Canada' are turned over and its many beauties arrest and delight the eye. 'Like a virgin goddess in a primeval world,' says his Excellency, 'Canada still walks in unconscious beauty among her golden woods and along the margin of her trackless streams, catching but broken glances of her radiant majesty, as mirrored on their surface, and scarcely dreams as yet of the glorious future awaiting her in the Olympus of nations.' And it is this virgin beauty of our fair Dominion, from the ancient domain of *Acadie* and the fishing waters of the early Normans, Bretons, and Basques, that first whitened their surface with the sails of their crafts, to the hither ocean on the west, whose tides have daily sported for eons in flowing up and down the estuaries and fiords of its wild and rugged coast, that the work before us is to depict, and to heighten the sense of possession in our fair heritage in the breast of every one who looks upon the beauties which art has gathered up for picture-poses to decorate our national literature and enrich our national life. But it is not the natural scenery alone of the Dominion, as we have said, that 'Picturesque Canada' is to portray, but its growth in settlement and civilization, with all the features of its social, intellectual, and religious life, of the present and a bye-gone age. Summer with its husbandry and vintages, its traffic on land and river, and winter with the play and movement which it gives to the industry which has hitherto been its chief source of wealth—are all to find treatment, recounting the varied facts of their historical development and statistical increase, and portraying whatever picturesque features may belong to them.

To the execution of this great work, which would have been a huge undertaking for the nation itself to engage in, the publishers have manifestly brought

an amount of energy, a degree of art enthusiasm, and a command of resource, which are at once the inspiring forces in the prosecution of their enterprise and the best guarantee of its satisfactory fulfilment. In the literary direction of the work the publishers have had the good fortune to secure Principal Grant, of Queen's University, Kingston, as its Editor-in-Chief, a gentleman eminently fitted, by a rich endowment of gifts of intellect and temperament, to do justice to the duties that fall to him. Equally fortunate have they been in securing the services of Mr. L. R. O'Brien, President of the Royal Canadian Academy of Arts, and one of the most accomplished members of the profession, to undertake the supervision of the Art department; and, as chief of the staff of engravers they have been similarly fortunate in enlisting in their service Mr. George F. Smith, a gentleman of high repute in metropolitan art circles for his technical skill and felicitous touch in the delicate art of wood-engraving. With these combined advantages, the projectors of 'Picturesque Canada' have begun their work, and are already far advanced with its execution. At the beginning of the year the first two numbers will appear, to be followed by monthly instalments thereafter, to the extent of some thirty-four or thirty-six parts—the price of which, we understand, is to be sixty cents each. The plan of the work, we learn, is first, to start with Quebec, whose historic past is summarized in a bright narrative by Principal Grant, and the modern topography of which is given by Miss Machar, of Kingston; secondly, two parts are to be devoted to describing, by a competent writer, French Canadian life and character, as depicted in village scenes on the St. Lawrence between Quebec and Montreal; then come descriptions of the latter, the commercial metropolis of Canada, and the route between that city and the capital of the Dominion, then the Capital itself, and the water-way above it to Mattawa, with an interesting description, and an elaborate embellishment, of lumbering operations on the Upper Ottawa. Following this, and proceeding by the old trapper's route to the Western Lakes, the artist and the writer will conduct the reader, via Lake Nipissing and the French River, to the Georgian Bay, thence to the Sault Ste Marie and the head of Lake Superior. From this point Manitoba, the

North-West territories, and the Mountain Province beyond are to be reached and described, with all that pen and pencil can catch of the vast, unfolding panorama *en route*. This, in all probability, will complete one section of the work, after which a return will be made to Ontario. Toronto will now be illustrated and described; then will follow the Niagara section, the Welland Canal and the shipping trade connected with it, the peach and vine growing districts, with Hamilton, and the series of towns, their industries, &c., situate in the peninsula of the Province. Following upon this, come descriptions of the Muskoka Lakes, those lying back of the frontier towns on the line of the Grand Trunk, the frontier towns themselves, the region of the Thousand Islands, and the run down the rapids by steamer to Montreal again, completing the second section of the work. The third and last will be devoted to the Eastern Townships, the Saguenay, the Lower St. Lawrence, and finally the Maritime Provinces, with illustrations of the mining operations and the fishing industries that pertain to the locality.

In our present notice we cannot do more than take a cursory glance at the opening number, deferring to a subsequent issue further criticism upon the work. The frontispiece consists of a fine steel engraving of Quebec, from the picture painted for Her Majesty by Mr. L. R. O'Brien, the Art Director of 'Picturesque Canada.' It is a faithful and painstaking study, with some fine light and shade effects, recalling, in its style and execution, the best specimens of the palmy days of English graphic art. The vignette title-page is a steel engraving of the bluff overlooking the Ottawa, on which stand the Parliament Buildings and the buttressed rotunda of the library. This is from the pencil of Mr. F. B. Schell, an artist of rare ability, and one of the chief illustrators of the highest class of modern American periodical work well known in Canada. The first page of the work proper opens with a graceful head piece, giving a glimpse of the St. Lawrence at Quebec, with shipping in the foreground, and the 'great red rock' of the Citadel looming in the distance. This and the two following wood-cuts are from the drawings of Mr. L. R. O'Brien, and are typical examples of the high degree of art taste

and technical skill, in artist and engraver, secured by the publishers. The 'Arrival of Jacques Cartier at Stadacona' is a charming little study, full of poetic feeling, and effectively yet delicately rendered by the artist-engraver. 'The Triumph of the Snow Plough' is one of those compositions, more suggested than realized, which puts the engraver's art to the test, in bringing out every line of the artist's pencil and, as it were, even the conception in his mind.

The other illustrations in the part, exclusive of a portrait of Champlain, consist of characteristic views of street scenes in the City of Quebec, two of which—the view in front of the Church of 'Notre Dame des Victoires,' and 'At the Gate of Laval University,'—are capital studies of the class of sight seers and loungers peculiar to the old historic Capital. A fine instance of Mr. F. B. Schell's light and dexterous touch appears in the picture, 'In the Gardens of the Ursuline Convent.' It is excellent both in subject and *technique*, and has been daintily engraved and admirably printed. Other picturesque scenes in and about the city complete the illustrations of the first number, the whole appearance of which is a favourable augury of the high excellence of that which is yet to come. We have left ourselves no room to speak of the literary character of the number, which, however, is of notable excellence, being in Dr. Grant's most felicitous vein. The narrative so far is bright and entertaining, with that dash of warm and ardent feeling, yet held in the check of good sense, which has won for the writer his high position among Canadian *litterateurs*. The paper and press-work deserve special commendation, the latter being an exceptionally good specimen of Canadian printing, so essential in a work of this character. The cover of the number is also specially noticeable, the design being chaste and effective, and the engraved medallions of the Marquis and Marchioness of Lorne being faithful portraits, and 'brought up' in excellent relief. We congratulate the country and all concerned in this undertaking on the spirited character of the enterprise, and on what it will accomplish in creating and diffusing a love of art, and an appreciation of its value as a means of national culture and refinement. On this ground alone it deserves well of the Canadian press and the Canadian people.

CANADIAN CHRISTMAS CARDS.

NO greater proof could be given of the recent wide-spread interest in art and art education, on both sides of the Atlantic, than the development of the prolific trade in Christmas Cards, and the impetus it has given to art designing in every branch of manufacture. The growth of a cultivated art taste in recent years is something quite unparalleled. It shows itself in a thousand departments of industry, sometimes, it is feared, in a too profuse display of uneducated and undisciplined effort, but on the whole, with a success and pleasure-giving effect which must exercise a refining influence on the coming generation. Elsewhere in the present number we have referred to a great native enterprise, in the publication of 'Picturesque Canada,' the production and dissemination of which, at home and abroad, must secure for Canadian literary and art culture a more than respectful consideration—we had almost said, an enthusiastic one. We could wish that in the department of Christmas Card designing and execution it were possible to show such results as Canada will have the credit of producing, in the work we have referred to, in the black and white effects of a wood engraver's block. But colour work is proverbially, we won't say, a higher achievement, but undoubtedly a more difficult one; and success in colour-printing, we must yet wait to see come to us in after years. However, if the execution of the work attempted in Canada in Christmas card production is not all that we would wish it to be, in its composition, drawing, and colouring, what has been produced is at least our own—and that is something—and, moreover, the subject of most of the work that has come under our observation is peculiarly and distinctively Canadian. Here again, however, there may be room for regret, as the conventional treatment of Canadian art-subjects is apt to run exclusively into the old ruts of winter representation, with the concomitants of furs and sleighs. Nevertheless, they make pretty pictures, and suggest a

hearty social life, with unlimited opportunities for romantic love-making, and, in the skating and tobogganing scenes, for that physical development and healthfulness which the bracing atmosphere and active out-door exercise do much to secure. Another thing, moreover, in favour of our Canadian Christmas cards is this, that their designs are an agreeable change from the sickly medievalism, and the tiresome repetitions of religious art, of which we have long had a surfeit from the Old World. We may have gone, in this recoil, to the other extreme, and left out all the significance which belongs to the season of Advent, and forgotten that a Christmas card should have some relation to Christmas. Still, for the purposes for which in the main they are used, viz., as tokens of remembrance and regard at a festive, holiday season, they 'fill the bill,' and as souvenirs from Canada to friends in the Mother land, their local colour is an especial charm and their picturesque scenes a wonder and delight. Of the cards of the present season that specially deserve notice, and that have had a most successful sale, the series published by Messrs. James Campbell & Son, of Toronto, from water-colour drawings by Canadian artists, may first be spoken of. They consist of some twelve designs, lithographed in colours, all but two of them representing Canada in winter. The two exceptions are autumn scenes, one of a sheet of water, with a back ground of trees in their autumnal foliage, the undulating line of some distant hills, and an Indian encampment in the foreground. The other is a spirited scene of a number of picturesquely-dressed *voyageurs* in a bark canoe running the rapids. Two others deal with Niagara in winter: one portraying the rapids above the Falls, and the other a moonlight scene of the Falls themselves—both of them artistic in execution, and faithfully depicting the scenes they represent. Four of the series are devoted to sleighing subjects, suggesting happy drives to some family gath-

ering, with the hearty welcome and bright cheer awaiting the guests in the frank hospitality of a Canadian home. The remainder of the series deal with the fascinating subjects of Canadian winter sports, a snow-shoe tramp, tobogganing, and skating. These are bright, picturesque compositions, well grouped, and fairly harmonious in colour. The series as a whole is exceedingly good, and indicates gratifying progress in Canadian enterprise. Of the figure drawing a word may be said, viz., that Canadians are not giants, nor are our people accustomed, to any great extent, to appear in the many-coloured blanket costumes depicted, no doubt for effect, by the fancy of the artists. It is time that people abroad should get the notion that our country is not an Arctic one, and that the everyday costume, in country and town, of Canadians does not differ much from that of old country people.

A series of larger designs, also exceedingly well executed, and produced in gold and colours, appears from the lithographic establishment of Messrs. Rolph, Smith & Co., of Toronto. In some respects the designs are more ambitious than those we have above dealt with, one of the cards introducing a grouping of the national emblems in a pretty and effective, though perhaps over-crowded, picture. The two we

like best are those representing the 'Crossing of the St. Lawrence at Quebec' in winter, with the little drawing, entitled 'Snowed up,' imposed in the setting of maple leaves in the corner; and the other represents a forest scene, also in winter, with a portion of a snake fence, some fir trees, and the gable end of a log house in the centre of the picture, and imposed on the side the figure of a woodman on snow-shoes, with his gun on his shoulder, making off no doubt for deer. The others we have seen of the series deal with tobogganing, snow-shoe tramping, and skating. These are bright, animated pictures, and have a pretty setting of leaves and evergreens. Of the host of imported Christmas cards, it is not our purpose here to speak, though the variety and richness of some of the designs might well be dwelt upon. Perhaps the finest series we have seen, of those from abroad, are the productions of Messrs. Thomas De La Rue & Co., of London and Paris, imported by the Canada Publishing Company of Toronto, and no doubt for sale by all booksellers. To our readers, let us quote, in this the closing issue of *THE MONTHLY* for 1881, the motto and wish inscribed on each of these pretty compositions of the Canadian artists—'A Merry Christmas to you all!'

BRIC-A-BRAC.

DR. HOLLAND'S LAST POEM.

[The recent death of Dr. J. G. Holland gives a new interest to his last poem.]

If life awake and will never cease
 On the future's distant shore,
 And the rose of love and the lily of peace
 Shall bloom there forevermore,—

Let the world go round and round,
 And the sun sink into the sea;
 For, whether I'm on or under the ground,
 Oh, what will it matter to me.

If old wine is good, is elder wine better?—*Vanity Fair*.

It is the clean tablecloth that catches the early grease spots.

The maiden of thirty who paints and puffs herself to look like twenty is merely making up for lost time.

The farmer that 'ran rapidly through his property' wore a red shirt and had his brindled bull behind him.

PRETTY IS THAT PRETTY DOES.

The spider wears a plain brown dress,
And she is a steady spinner ;
To see her, quiet as a mouse,
Going about her silver house,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

She looks as if no thought of ill
In all her life had stirred her ;
But while she moves with careful tread,
And while she spins her silken thread,
She is planning, planning, planning still
The way to do some murder.

My child who reads this simple lay,
With eyes down-dropt and tender,
Remember the old proverb says
That pretty is that pretty does ;
And that worth does not go or stay
For poverty or splendour.

'Tis not the house, and not the dress,
That makes the saint or sinner.
To see the spider sit and spin,
Strut with her webs of silver in,
You would never, never, never guess
The way she gets her dinner.

— ALICE CARY.

' Mine, miner, minus ! ' This is the
general upshot of speculation in mining
stock.

A little girl, in answer to the question,
' What is patience ? ' said, ' It is wait
a wee bit, and dinna get tired. '

' Write *foregoes* on your slates, ' said
the teacher to the juvenile class in spel-
ling, and a little girl wrote, ' Go, go,
go, go. '

' Isn't the world older than it used to
be ? ' said a young hopeful to his senior.
' Yes, my son. ' ' Then, what do folks
mean by old times ? '

' It strikes me that our roast beef is al-
ways off the neck, ' said one lodger to
another. ' Yes, ' was the reply, ' it is al-
ways neck or nothing here. '

' I declare, ' said Julia, ' you take the
words right out of my mouth. ' ' No
wonder ; they are so sweet, ' said Henry.
The day was set that evening.

A lawyer asked a woman in the wit-
ness-box her age, and she promptly re-
plied, ' I sold milk for you to drink
when a baby, and I haven't got my pay
yet '

Revenge is a momentary triumph, in
which the satisfaction dies at once, and
is succeeded by remorse ; whereas for-
giveness, which is the noblest of all re-
venge, entails a perpetual pleasure.

The Abbé Boileau said of the Jesuits,
very epigrammatically. ' They are the
people who lengthen the Creed and shor-
ten the Decalogue. '

A wit says : ' In Germany, when a
paper says anything witty, they kill the
editor ; and not one editor has been kil-
led for two hundred years. '

The difference between a cat and a
comma is that the one has the claws at
the end of the paws, while the other has
the pause at the end of the clause.

' Tommy, did you hear your mother
call you ? ' ' Course I did. ' ' Then why
don't you go to her at once ? ' ' Well,
you see, she's nervous, and it'd shock
her awful if I should go too sudden. '

A debating society having dismissed
the question, ' Where does fire go to
when it goes out ? ' have got a new and
more exciting one—' When a house is on
fire, does it burn up or does it burn
down ? '

An old man-of-war sailor, who had
lost a leg in the service of his country,
became a retailer of peanuts. He said
he was obliged to be a retailer, because,
having lost a leg, he could not be a
whole sailor.

CONTUMACIOUS.—Magistrate (in an
undertone to his colleague) : This man
has been so often before us for poaching,
I think we should fine him five pounds.
Prisoner (overhearing) : ' You needn't
pench yourselves, gentlemen, for deil a
penny ye'll get ! '

An inquisitive old gentleman of a bo-
tanical turn of mind inquired of the
gardener in one of the public places of
promenade, ' Pray, my good man, can
you inform me if this particular plant
belongs to the " arbutus " family ? ' when
he received for a reply : ' No, sir, it
doan't. It belongs to the Corporation. '

A SUMMER EVENING.

BY J. E. G. ROBERTS, FREDERICTON, N.B.

Some bird's faint piping stirs the scented
gloom
Languidly, through the heat :
The honeysuckle droops its mass of bloom,
And all the air is sweet.

The laggard swallows flurry to the eaves,
The bats in circles sweep ;
A little shiver trembles through the leaves ;
And nature lies asleep.

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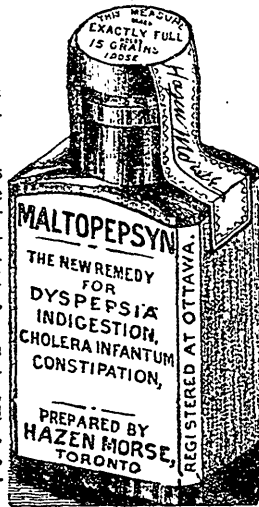
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ROSE-BELFORD'S
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

Edited by G. MERCER ADAM.

TWENTY-FIRST VOLUME, JAN-JUNE, 1882.

TEN years ago the present writer in forecasting, in an early prospectus, the future of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, which had just then been launched, ventured to express the hope that the day would come when its *twenty-first* volume would be reaching reading communities in the valleys of the Red River and the Saskatchewan, by express trains on a Canadian Pacific Railway. Such has been the material progress of the Dominion within the past decade that the prediction, in regard to the settlement of the region and the facilities the railway would afford, is in a fair way to be literally fulfilled. Gratifying as this fact is, may not that of the existence, throughout the period, of a national periodical, which may be taken as a fair expression of Canadian thought and culture, be hailed with equal satisfaction? It is true, that it has been the fashion to speak lightly of the product of Canadian intellect, and to scout its aspirations and ambitions. Talk so flippant and unpatiotic as this, has, indeed, too long stuck like a dart in the flanks of the country. But we are happily now growing out of this habit of self-depreciation, and are beginning to be assured that the era of intellectual production has at length dawned for Canada. How instrumental THE CANADIAN MONTHLY has been in advancing this era, and in infusing the literary spirit among the people, neither the patrons of the Magazine nor the discerners of the nation's intellectual life require to be told. It is not, of course, claimed that THE MONTHLY has done all that it might have done for Canadian literature or for our native writers. Within the measure of its ability, and so far as public support has permitted, it has however endeavoured to be helpful to the cause it set out to serve, viz. : that of stimulating the higher thought of the country and of providing a fitting vehicle for the expression of native contemporary opinion. In prosecuting this work, a restiveness, in some quarters, has occasionally betrayed itself, in respect to the latitude given to writers on religious and political subjects, which we were of the opinion that it was not the business of the dispassionate conductor of a professedly national Magazine in any degree to restrict. This matter, it is feared, has hardly been rightly understood; and we take occasion to say that while it is alike the aim of the Editor and the Publishers that the Magazine shall preserve a high religious tone, and, in the broad interests of our common country, foster an elevating and helpful national sentiment, it is desired that this shall be maintained, as in the case of the leading English and American Reviews, by giving a large hospitality to every shade of tolerant opinion. Continuing to observe this neutrality in the conduct of the Magazine, we shall at the same time seek discreetly to exclude everything likely to give serious offence to any portion of the community, and aim to devote its columns to the instruction and entertainment of all classes of the people. In this work, it is hoped that THE CANADIAN MONTHLY will, in an increasing degree, receive the support and favour of the Canadian people, and be enabled to go on in another decade of useful activity, with growing vigour, and that measure of success most helpful to the cause of Canadian letters.

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THE EDITOR.