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THE
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VOL. 5.]

FEBRUARY, 1874.

[No. 2.

REFORM IN OCEAN PASSENGER TRAVEL.

IN these days of extensive Ocean travel, the shortening of time required for the voyage between Europe and America has become a question of the highest importance. Notwithstanding the delight with which some contemplate a voyage across the Atlantic, very few would object to have its length curtailed, either on business grounds or on those of personal comfort. Passenger traffic has so largely increased of late years, that we think the time has arrived for a step onward in this department of travel: in short, that it is due to the tens of thousands who annually pass between Europe and America on business or pleasure, that earnest efforts should be made to reduce the Ocean voyage to the smallest possible space of time consistent with safety.

To accomplish this end two propositions have been made, and as they are both quite practicable, they ought to be tested. First, the nearest practicable harbours in Great Britain and America should be selected as the points of departure and arrival of our Ocean vessels; second, new and powerful

Steamships should be constructed, devoted to passenger traffic only, and possessing a greater rate of speed than those now devoted to both freight and passengers.

There can be no question of the fact that the shortest available route across the Atlantic must be found between some British and Canadian ports. This point admits of no discussion; but when we ask which Canadian port has the best claims to this distinction, a delicate question is raised, involving much difference of opinion and many conflicting interests. A committee of Parliament set itself to determine the matter last session, but its labours, although useful in eliciting information, were not sufficiently thorough to warrant a formal decision. It is to be hoped, however, that the question will not be allowed to drop, for it is one of the highest practical importance in view of the necessity of some reform in Ocean Steamship traffic in the direction we have pointed out.

A number of years ago the eminent civil engineer, Mr. Sandford Fleming, made a

report strongly urging that the Ocean voyage could be reduced to a *minimum* by constructing a Railway across the island of Newfoundland, and reasons were given why it was believed this would become the most attractive route not only for Canadian but United States' passengers. The distance across the island is about 280 miles, and although the interior is admittedly difficult for the construction of a railway, abounding with deep vallies, lakes and morasses, still we are inclined to believe, from what we have heard and read, that such a work is not impracticable, as some have contended.

The gravest objection to this project is, that it would render a double trans-shipment of passengers and baggage necessary. It would, in effect, make two voyages necessary instead of one. Passengers would first have to sail from one of our nearest Canadian ports to the island, then several hours' delay would take place in St. George's Bay, in conveying the baggage, mails, &c., from the steamer to the railway, whilst a similar transfer would have to be repeated on the other side of the island before the Ocean vessel started on its voyage.

These circumstances would not only entail great annoyance on all concerned, but the writer has satisfied himself they would not be compensated for by any great saving in point of time. After deducting the delays necessary to unload in St. George's Bay, and reload at the City of St. John or any other port on the east coast, a vessel starting direct from one of our eastern ports would be very nearly (say within three or four hours) as far on her voyage to Great Britain as her Newfoundland competitor. This fact leads to the conclusion that, as a means of shortening the voyage to Europe, the proposed Newfoundland route would fail to repay the trouble and expense it would entail.

The available Canadian ports closest to Europe appear to be three : Shippegan, on the north coast of New Brunswick, looking

out towards the Straits of Belle Isle ; Whitehaven, the eastern terminus of the proposed "Whitehaven, New Glasgow and North Shore (Nova Scotia) Railway;" and Louisbourg, on the east coast of Cape Breton, a place famous in the early history of the continent.

The respective merits of Whitehaven and Louisbourg as the best winter port for the proposed shortest route to Europe, have evoked much discussion, and, we fear, some little jealousy. In the absence of authentic information, it is not possible to pronounce an intelligent judgment between them ; if this scheme is taken up and carried out, a thorough enquiry by competent men would have to be instituted in order to arrive at a just conclusion. It is not denied, we believe, that the harbour of Louisbourg is safe, commodious and beautiful, and well situated as a point of departure for Europe, whilst its friends claim for it the distinction of being the nearest available port. On the other hand, it is contended that whilst Louisbourg is about 200 miles from New Glasgow—the most easterly point of railway connection in North America—Whitehaven is only 70 miles, whilst the Ocean distance to Europe is no greater than from Louisbourg. Both harbours are open during the winter months, but it is asserted that the approaches to that of Louisbourg render it impracticable during at least part of the cold season. On the land side there is the Gut of Canso, which is said to be barricaded with ice in winter for four or five months, and to bridge or tunnel which would be impracticable ; whilst Oceanward its approaches are blocked with field-ice from the Gulf of St. Lawrence for six or eight weeks each winter and spring, during which time vessels cannot enter or leave the harbour.

In the year 1745 Louisbourg was the greatest stronghold of France on the borders of the then New England Colonies. It was strongly fortified, and a source of constant alarm to the British in New Hampshire,

Massachusetts, New York, and all along the frontier of their settled Colonial possessions. The capture of the place during the above year by an expedition from the Colonies, mainly inspired by Governor Shirley, gave rise to immense rejoicing; but it is a well established historical fact, and one bearing on the point under review, that this military expedition was delayed for some time in making the attack on Louisbourg by ice impeding the entrance to the harbour. This fact is alluded to in McMullen's History of Canada in the following words:

"A merchant, William Pepperwell, of Maine, was appointed to the chief command, and counselled by Shirley to see that the fleet arrived together at a precise hour, to land the troops in the dark, and take the town and fort by surprise. *The ice from Cape Breton was drifting in such quantities as rendered further progress dangerous*, and the fleet was detained many days at Canseau, where it was joined by Warren, who had in the meantime received orders from England to render all the aid in his power possible to Massachusetts."

This scrap of history rather supports one of the objections raised to Louisbourg harbour; but it is only fair to say that its friends stoutly maintain that the ice-flow is no worse there than on other parts of that coast, and the counter-objection is made to Whitehaven that it is only some 80 or 100 nautical miles from Halifax, our present winter port, and that the gain in point of time in changing to Whitehaven would not counterbalance the other advantages which that city possesses as a point of departure.

As we have already stated, we have not before us data sufficiently full and reliable to decide between these counter-statements, nor is it necessary for the purposes of this article. We shall assume, for the purpose of argument, that Louisbourg is the most favourable of these two harbours, and make the comparison we propose to institute between that place and Shippegan, which, in

the summer season at least, we are inclined to think, enjoys the most favoured position for our purpose of either of the three.

The claims of these two places, on the score of *distance*, to be selected as the Canadian port of departure, vary considerably, Louisbourg having the advantage by sea and Shippegan by land. This will be seen at a glance by the following statement of distances as laid before Parliament by the Special Committee:—

DIFFERENCE BY SEA.

Shippegan to Liverpool, via Belle Isle..	2,318
Louisbourg to Liverpool, via Innistahull	2,255

Miles in favour of Louisbourg ..	63
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DIFFERENCE BY LAND.

Louisbourg to Quebec	810
Shippegan to Quebec	419

Miles in favour of Shippegan....	391
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This comparison inclines the scale towards Shippegan, for it would hardly pay to go 391 miles by land to save 63 by sea. But, in selecting such a port, other things besides mere distance require to be considered. In order to make connection with either of these places, more or less miles of Railway would have to be constructed. Shippegan would require a branch from the main line of the Intercolonial of about 45 miles; Louisbourg, from 150 to 160 miles, to connect it with the Railway system of the Dominion. Shippegan harbour could only be used for about seven months in the year; and even if it were free from ice longer, the Straits of Belle Isle would be too dangerous for Ocean vessels during that period of the year; whilst it is claimed that Louisbourg harbour is clear of ice all the year round, and could be used at all seasons with safety. Close by Louisbourg are the immense Cape Breton coal mines, from which steamships can be supplied with coal cheaper probably than in any other part of the globe. Its rival is destitute of coal, and so, it will be seen, each place has its advantages, which, were a decision about to be made, would

have to be accurately ascertained and carefully weighed.

In contrasting the two ports as regards *time*, the difference will not be found very material. For this purpose, let us suppose a passenger starting from London, *via* Valentia, for New York City, and let us further suppose that he performed the sea voyage at the rate of fourteen miles per hour, and travelled by rail at thirty miles; the number of hours he would require to travel by each route would be as follows:—

HOURS VIA LOUISBOURG.

From London to Valentia.....	16
Valentia to Louisbourg, 2,100 miles.....	143
Louisbourg to New York, 1,107 miles.....	37
Total number of hours.....	196

HOURS VIA SHIPPEGAN.

From London to Valentia.....	16
Valentia to Shippegan, 2,100 miles.....	150
Shippegan to New York, 906 miles.....	31
Total number of hours.....	197

To passengers to and from New York and other eastern cities, it would, therefore, matter little whether Louisbourg or Shippegan were the place of embarkation, as there is only one hour's difference in point of time. For Quebec, Montreal, and all places west, however, the latter port would be preferable, for calculation shows that it is fully six hours nearer Quebec, and all places west, than its Cape Breton rival.

In endeavouring to establish the shortest route to Europe, every hour which can be gained is, of course, an advantage. If ever the project is earnestly grappled with, the wiser course will probably be found to be, to use Shippegan as the summer, and the port of Louisbourg or Whitehaven—as investigation may settle their respective merits—as the winter place of departure and arrival.

There can be no doubt whatever that the selection of either of these ports as the starting-point in Canada, the formation of a

line of powerful Ocean Steamships, fitted up specially and solely for passengers—sailing direct to the nearest port in England—and first-class Railway connections on each side, would materially decrease the length of the Ocean voyage, and the time required for the round trip.

The harbour of Milford Haven has been strongly urged as the starting-point in England. It is only distant five hours by rail from London, and is 120 miles nearer either Louisbourg or Shippegan than Liverpool. The distance from Milford Haven to the former place is barely 2,200 miles, and, to use the words of the Parliamentary report, "it is obvious that if an average speed of 14 miles per hour can be attained, the entire distance might be traversed without transshipment in 157 hours, or a little over six and a half days all told, the distance from the same point to Shippegan being about six hours longer. Should it be found possible to attain the higher rate of speed of 16 miles per hour, the distance could be traversed in about 138 hours, or 5¾ days, without transshipment."

Much prejudice has existed in the public mind against swift-running Ocean steamships since the failure of the American Collins line, nearly twenty years ago. But it is a point well worthy of consideration whether the loss of Ocean steamers does not largely arise from overloading them with freight. Mr. Plimsoll has abundantly proven in England how the greed of the owners of vessels frequently induces them to risk human life by overloading; and it is notorious, as close observers who have frequently crossed the Atlantic well know, that Atlantic shipowners are not conspicuous as being exceptions to the rule. We would be sorry to believe that engineering and nautical skill has yet reached its utmost limits, and that neither now nor at any future time will it be possible to produce vessels, fitted up solely for passenger traffic, capable of running 16, 18 or even 20 miles an hour, as safely as the

present generally overloaded passenger and freight Steamers do 12 or 14 miles.

However this may be, the time has come, we submit, when earnest and energetic efforts should be put forth to shorten the voyage between Europe and America. Being the most directly interested, our Government should take the initiative, and invite that of the United States to unite with them in the undertaking; failing in that, the Dominion should take up the project single-handed. Thirty years ago, from ten to thirteen weeks were frequently spent in crossing the Atlantic. For some years past the voyage has

been decreased to as many days. But this is no reason why the time should not be still further reduced; and we believe it would be found quite practicable, if the Governments of the United States and Canada took the matter earnestly in hand, to introduce such reforms in Ocean travel that a man might take his breakfast in America on Monday morning, and his supper in Liverpool or London on Saturday night.

The object aimed at, let us say in conclusion, is one of the very highest importance, and its realization would make two continents rejoice.

Galt, Christmas, 1873.

UNSPOKEN WORDS.

From "Songs from the Southern Seas."

THE kindly words that rise within the heart,
 And thrill it with their sympathetic tone,
 But die ere spoken, fail to play their part,
 And claim a merit that is not their own.
 The kindly word unspoken is a sin,—
 A sin that wraps itself in purest guise,
 And tells the heart that, doubting, looks within,
 That not in speech, but thought, the virtue lies.

But 'tis not so : another heart may thirst
 For that kind word, as Hagar in the wild—
 Poor banished Hagar !—prayed a well might burst
 From out the sand to save her parching child.
 And loving eyes that cannot see the mind
 Will watch the expected movement of the lip :
 Ah ! can ye let its cutting silence wind
 Around that heart, and scathe it like a whip ?

Unspoken words, like treasures in the mine,
 Are valueless until we give them birth :
 Like unfound gold their hidden beauties shine,
 Which God has made to bless and gild the earth.

How sad 'twould be to see a master's hand
 Strike glorious notes upon a voiceless lute !
 But oh ! what pain when, at God's own command,
 A heart-string thrills with kindness but is mute !

Then hide it not, the music of the soul,
 Dear sympathy, expressed with kindly voice,
 But let it like a shining river roll
 To deserts dry,—to hearts that would rejoice.
 Oh ! let the symphony of kindly words
 Sound for the poor, the friendless, and the weak ;
 And He will bless you,—He who struck these chords
 Will strike another when in turn you seek.

FOR KING AND COUNTRY.

A STORY OF 1812.

BY FIDELIS.

CHAPTER I.

AN AFTERNOON SIXTY YEARS AGO.

"This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks, Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight. Stand, like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic."

A SOFT, balmy afternoon in the beginning of June, just in that sweet hopeful season when the springtime, with its blossoms of promise, is passing into the richer bloom of the early summer—there could scarcely have been a fairer day for exploring the "forest primeval." The forenoon had been slightly showery, wavering between tears and smiles; now the smiles had conquered, and the sun shone softly out between the tender-tinted gray and pearly clouds that dappled a sky of purest blue. The sunbeams, seeming the purer for the preceding rain, glistened

on the wet glossy leaves of the "May," that starred the forest depths with its snowy blossoms, and upon the bright scarlet columbines that nodded among the ferns, which clustered in nook and cranny of the lichened rocks, here and there cropping out from the wooded ridge that rose by the wayside. Farther off, they flickered in a golden network in the winding vistas that occasionally opened to view some of the dim forest recesses, which might well tempt a dreamy, poetic wanderer, to penetrate depths so lonely, so untrodden,—where the jarring noises of the world are still,—where carking cares might be forgotten,—where still the Great Spirit might speak, as of old, to his Indian children in the soft rustlings of the leaves and the sighing of the breezes, which seem caught and embodied in the melancholy, musical cadences of the Indian tongue.

But reality is sometimes stranger than

romance, and the passengers of the lumbering waggon, by courtesy styled a "stage," which carried persons and goods from Hamilton to Niagara in the year of our Lord 1812, were more keenly conscious of the drawbacks of the mode of locomotion than of the "impulse of a vernal word;" sundry sensations reminding them uncomfortably that they were composed of matter as well as spirit, and had other organs than eyes and ears. Not that the mosquitoes, the great scourge of the Canadian woods, were as yet in full force; only an occasional skirmisher or two of the advanced guard hinted what they would be ere long. But the road! Prettily as it wound up and down, through dell and ravine, past the wood-crowned heights that rose beside it, it was a weary way, nevertheless, to those who sat on the hard seats of the springless waggon, as it swayed and bumped at a tedious pace over ruts and stones and long stretches of corduroy bridges that crossed the wayside "creeks," or the black moist intervals of otherwise impassable bog which nourished such rich, waving ferns, and such a luxuriant vegetation, and were altogether so inviting and so deceitful.

The passengers of the stage driven by John Wardle on that particular day of June, 1812, were as dissimilar in the traits that make up the outward man as in the more important characteristics which constitute the inner one. The one who sat beside the driver, and who would at first sight have attracted most notice, was unmistakably a British officer in undress uniform. He might have been recognised as such even without the military accoutrements, the clanking spurs, the sword, the military cap with the figures "49," denoting the regiment to which he belonged. As unmistakably did his English birth appear in the fair though sunburnt complexion, the chestnut hair with its broken gleams of gold, the clearly cut, refined features, and the bright, keen grey-blue eye, which, if it

seemed a trifle cold, could take in so much at a glance. There was perhaps a slight haughtiness of expression about the curved lips, bespeaking a certain amount of pride in the *sangre azul* of the Old English race, combined, at the present moment, with an expression of discontent deeper than the mere discomforts of the journey could have called forth, while he occasionally glanced wistfully back at the handsome bay steed which, walking slightly lame, docilely followed the stage of its own accord, but with a sort of mute protest in its intelligent face, that wore as marked an expression of disgust as an equine physiognomy can.

The seats next in rear of the driver were occupied by a sharp-visaged, shabbily-dressed man, whose intonation and style of expression indicated plainly enough that he hailed from the other side of the line; and by a saturnine, sallow-complexioned individual of slender build, who spoke with a broad Scotch accent, and whose general aspect, combined with the air of dissatisfaction and incipient radicalism that characterized his occasional remarks, would have proclaimed him either a tailor or a shoemaker, while the packages of leather beside him showed to which of the two sedentary crafts he belonged.

Next to these sat a farmer and his wife, clad in stout home-spun, the former with a cheerful, wrinkled, weather-beaten face, that looked as if he had seen many a day of tough, honest toil, and bright watchful eyes, that gleamed out from under their grey penthouses of eyebrow with an expression that led one instinctively to trust him; and the other with a gentle, placid countenance, half hidden behind the snowy cap-frills and the grey Quaker bonnet that shaded it. They were accompanied by sundry large packages of groceries and other household necessities, which they had been laying in at the "stores" in Hamilton, and the gentle voice of the old woman was occasionally employed in quieting the restlessness of a

pair of fowls of an improved breed which she was carrying home to her own poultry yard.

On the last seat of all sat a quiet, commercial-looking man, a Newark "store-keeper," who had been at Hamilton on business; and beside him, shrinking shyly into the farthest corner of the seat, a squaw, her dark eyes gleaming, half-frightened, out of her blanket, or bent down in maternal tenderness over the swaddled papoose that lay in its primitive wooden cradle on her knee. Notwithstanding the occasional friendly overtures of the good woman in front of her, who was drawn towards her by feminine and maternal sympathies, she looked solitary and sad, like a bird of strange feather among an alien race.

Among so heterogeneous a party, so placed, there could be but little general conversation, and the talk limited itself chiefly to an interchange of inquiries and laconic replies between the keen-visaged American and his Scotch fellow-traveller, and to the desultory remarks that passed between the English officer and the driver, who still spoke with a strong south-country accent, and who, loquacious in any case, was evidently delighted with the chance of talking so familiarly to one of His Majesty's officers.

"And this is supposed to be an inn?" exclaimed the officer. The jaded horses were drawing up, of their own accord, before a rough log hut, flanked by a rude driving-shed, with a primitive pump, and a long log hollowed out for a horse-trough, in front. A stick, placed upright in a stump before the door, bore an inscription, which after some study could be resolved into the name of "Barney Finnigan," and the intimation below that "wiskey and tabacky" were to be had within. Two or three chubby, barefooted children were rolling about in a puppy-like fashion among the tall grass and weeds by the wayside, and a lazy-looking Irishman, in home-spun shirt and

hands plunged into the pockets of his dilapidated breeches, stood leaning in the open doorway smoking a short pipe.

"Yes, yer honour," replied John; "and handy enough it comes for the poor beasts, though it beant much like our Red Lion at home, where my father used to have his pipe and his mug o' beer when I was a boy! Hallo, Barney!—taking it easy, as usual!"

"Shure, an' isn't it the best thing a craythur can do? An' it's glad I am to see yez. An hour beyant time, John Wardle! An' 'twas meself thought yez must have broken down. An' it's dry the poor bastes is lookin'—the craythurs!"

"Got a good heavy load in to-day, Barney, that's how it is," said John, as he began to take out the horses to water, and give them a short rest out of harness. Meantime the passengers got out too, to rest themselves by a change of posture. The stout farmer helped out his wife, and then kindly offered to assist the squaw to dismount. As he did so, a tall, good-looking Indian, in a deer-skin shirt, with a rifle on his shoulder, who had been waiting, unobserved, in the shadow of the forest, gravely came forward, and after a few words had been exchanged with great apparent *sang-froid* and indifference, the two walked silently away—the Indian shouldering the woman's little bundle, and the squaw her papoose.

The officer, whose baggage denoted his proper designation to be "Francis Percival, Captain H. M. 49th Foot," was meantime leading his horse also to water, and his interested gaze followed the silent, grave couple as they retreated.

"Strange folk yon," said John, who stood close by, undoing straps and bearing-reins. "You'll never see them smile or look pleased about anything! Now, that fellow would be shot before he'd let a soul see he was pleased to get his wife and child back!"

"Do they live about here?" asked the Captain.

"Oh, he's one of the General's Indian

warriors—a chief, and one he trusts a good deal—and they've a camp not far off. She's been away among her people on Lake Erie; he's never seen the young 'un before, but he wouldn't seem to want to look at it before her; not but what he's like some English folk I've seen," added John, with a half-deprecatory glance at the officer, as if to see whether he had gone too far.

Captain Percival however, only smiled slightly at the idea of extremes meeting in English and Indian impassiveness. The smile quickly passed away, and the discontented, almost sad expression returned, as he stroked his charger's glossy flanks.

"Hector, poor fellow!" he said, as he watched the thirsty animal drink, "this is something new for you! You're not used to roads like these;" and he gently took up the lame foot to examine it.

"A splendid animal," said John, still lingering near. "We don't often see the likes of him! Pretty near thorough-bred, ain't he now?" queried he, with an appreciative air, as he surveyed the clean, slender fetlocks, the graceful flanks and arching neck.

"Yes, he comes of a good stock; but he looks rather a different horse from what he did when he left England. He had a rough time of it at sea; that gave his foot a twist, and your rough Canadian roads have made it worse."

"Oh, it'll soon come all right again, yer honour," said John, as he went off for his talk and smoke with Barney, while Captain Percival, not inclined to accept the offer of "wiskey and tabacky," and preferring the sweet open air, laden with forest fragrance, to the close atmosphere of the "inn," sat down with folded arms on a mossy log, under a spreading maple whose fallen tasselled blossoms strewed the ground around him. His depressed air and contracted brow showed that his meditations were not specially agreeable, and if his inward soliloquy had found expression, it would have run somewhat in this wise:—

"So this is the way I've got to serve my King and country! Bumping over logs and through marshes, among savages and wildernesses; to be buried alive in these out-of-the-way backwoods, just when Europe's all alive, and there are such grand opportunities for winning honour and promotion! It is hard upon a man, after being disabled so long, and dreaming of real work and glory, to be out here in this sort of exile. If I had only been in the 45th now, with Harry Dacre and Jack Hunsden and the rest of them, I might at this moment be with Lord Wellington in Spain; and won't they have a grand time of it!"

Captain Percival was joining, for the first time, his regiment in Canada. The injuries occasioned by a fall from his horse in hunting had caused a long period of forced inactivity, and detained him behind his regiment on sick leave. But, now that he was again fit for active duty, it was only with great reluctance, and after several unsuccessful endeavours to exchange into a regiment more likely to see service in Europe, that he had yielded to circumstances, and come to what was considered little better than a howling wilderness—a country of Hyperboreans and bears.

Captain Percival continued to chew the cud of disquieting meditation till John Wardle returned to his horses' heads, and his fellow-passengers prepared to resume their seats. The "Yankee," however, who had been partaking of Barney Finnigan's hospitalities, including the "wiskey," removed from under his seat his small bundle, tied up in a blue bandanna, and saying he "calculated he'd be nearer his journey's end if he walked on from here," disappeared by the same cross-path which the Indian couple had followed. Captain Percival, as he sprang last into his seat beside the driver, found the others exchanging suspicious surmises respecting their late fellow-traveller.

"I don't like the cut of his figure-head much," remarked John, shaking his grizzled

head; "we've had more than one such customer of late, and it's all I can do to keep from collarin' them, with their brag about 'beatin' the Britishers,' and their eternal questions."

"Ay! ay! that chap 'll no lose his way for want o' askin' it," interposed the saturnine Scotchman—Davie Watson by name—"an' his business is no all aboveboard, I'll be boun'! What do ye say, Maister Thurstane? ye'll hae seen lads like yon before?"

The keen eyes of the old farmer had taken steady measure of the stranger. His reply was quiet, half-careless:

"It's easy to see he's after no good, whatever his errand is. Pity there's no law to take up such fellows as vagrants."

"Do you think the fellow's a spy?" inquired Captain Percival, roused from his listlessness to some interest in the conversation, and addressing the farmer.

Jacob Thurstane took a pinch of snuff before he replied:—"Well, it's not my way to say things I can't prove; but I'd be sorry to give him any news I could help giving. They're sharp fellows, those Yankees, and they're sure to have their eyes open for anything they can find out just now."

"Do you think they really mean fight, then?"

"Mean it? Yes! and we'll see it before long, sir, sure as my name's Thurstane. Hasn't the storm been brewing these five years and more—ever since the *Leopard* raked down the *Chesapeake*? That was an ugly business, and the Yankees have never forgotten it; and what the folk at home are about, not to see the breakers ahead, I can't make out."

"Well, they're having rather a lively time of it in Europe, you know, with Boney and all the rest. It isn't easy for them to keep their eyes everywhere," said Captain Percival with a half smile.

"Na," said the Scotch shoemaker, grimly, "they'll never see it till the meeschief's done."

Then they'll mak ootcry enough, and rin to 'steek the stable door when the steed's stown.' They'll open their eyes a wee, by and by, when they fin' they've lost this gran' province, just by no takin' tent in time!"

"Davie Watson," returned the yeoman, indignantly, "don't you ever say such a word again. Lose this province, indeed,—while there's many a brave yeoman in it will give his heart's blood sooner than see the Stars and Stripes waving over it! Yes, sir," he continued, turning to Percival, "it's not idle brag with me. I left as fine a farm and homestead as a man would want to see, behind me in the valley of the Connecticut, and came here, nigh thirty years ago now, to fell the trees with my own hands to build a log cabin to bring my wife into, sooner than part company with the Union Jack! That was about as hard a thing to do as I'm like to have to do again; but I'm ready, and my sons are ready, too, sir, to turn out to-morrow and shoulder a musket for the old flag still. And there's hundreds, aye, and thousands, 'll do the same throughout the province! But, all the same, they might back us up better at home."

Percival's somewhat cold blue eye had lighted up a little at the enthusiasm of the old farmer, and he replied soothingly:

"So they would, I'm sure, if they realized the danger. You know they have a good deal to bother them just now; but England might well be proud to know what brave, loyal subjects she has over here. I've not a doubt but they're able to keep the country for her with what help we regulars can give, even in the event of a sudden attack."

"Ay, may be; sma' thanks to her then, when our gude blood's been spilt to keep it," grumbled Davie.

"Wait till your blood's been shed, Davie," remarked the farmer, good-naturedly, but with significance.

"If England only knew her own inte-

rest," said the Newark shopkeeper, who had hitherto listened in silence to the conversation, "she'd give a little more thought to her property over here. It's always been the way since she had any on this side the Atlantic. Folks at home wouldn't even take the trouble to see how the land lay, and what should be done. The Boston tea-troubles were all of a piece with the rest, and a nice piece of work they made of that. And then, how they've bungled our boundary line for us! Any one, that looks at the lie of the land on the map even, could tell we should have had Maine, at least, on our side, to say nothing of Detroit and that country. But the Yankees were wide awake, and the folks at home were half asleep—that's about how it was."

"Tak' care, Maister Martin," said Davie, with grim satire; "gin ye gang on at this gait, ye'll be ta'en up for a rebel, and maybe confiscated and sold out while ye're in gaol, like puir Sandy McTavish."

"You're more likely to be taken up yourself, as far as that goes," was the retort.

"Deed, not I; a puir shoemaker wi' nae gear but my last and a wheen hides. Na, neither the sheriff nor his understrappers 'll covet anything in Davie Watson's shop," he replied scornfully.

"Then look how we're kept down for want of capital," the trader went on, seeming pleased to get his grievances ventilated on one who, for the time being, appeared to represent the delinquent British nation. "If we only had a little of the capital they sink in peppering the French, or even of what they spend among our neighbours over there, helping to enrich our enemies, we could get on, and clear our land, and make roads, and raise such crops as would astonish them. Aye, if they had but taken thought in time, they might have raised enough wheat out here to feed the famishing folk that broke in the windows of the bakers' shops when they found themselves starving; and

might have saved themselves the law about brown bread, too."

The discussion was getting too warm for the officer, who did not relish the attacks from which he found it difficult to defend his country, in regard to matters, too, of which he found himself very ignorant. He was glad of an opportunity that presented itself for making a diversion, when the driver, handing him the reins, sprang from his seat in front of a hawthorn in full bloom, and broke off some large boughs, with which he proceeded to decorate the horses' heads.

"What's that for, John?" he inquired.

"For His Majesty's birthday," replied John. "This is the day, you know, and this is the way the horses used to coom into the Red Lion at Ashford; and the Major likes to see it still—that's Major Meredith, you know. We'll be at 'The Elms' in a jiffy."

"Ah," said Captain Percival, "I thought it was about time we should be getting near there. That's my halting place for to-night."

"Oh, then, your honour knows him," said John, with great interest.

"No, I have never met him," was the reply; "but he's one of my father's oldest friends. My baggage can go on to Newark, all but my valise and that small box, which is Miss Meredith's property. I suppose the Major's pretty sure to be at home?"

"That he is, sir, for this is trainin' day, you know, and the Major's a great hand for keeping the volunteers in drill. The fellows about here 'll stand fire with any in the country. And will your honour be going on with us next trip?" inquired John, unwilling to part company with his military passenger.

"Oh, I shall go on in a day or so; but I hope Hector's foot will be well enough to carry me the rest of the way, and then I shall be independent of wheels."

"All the better for your honour; and when you get to the Major's you won't be leaving it in a hurry. He's mighty glad to

see gentlemen of the army, is the Major, as well he might be, being, as he was, such a good soldier himself. I served with him, sir, all through the American war, and was his body-servant till I left the army. And when he left it he bought my discharge and brought me here with him; and many a day I've worked with him at felling the big trees to build his first log-house. And I helped to lay the foundation of the new one, and a real foine house it is as any in these parts. So when I'd served my time out in hard work, and was beginning to want a little rest, he got me this job, as something lighter, though your honour does think it hard work goin' over the stumps. But he 'most always comes to have a word with me when I'm passin'. And Miss Lilius—there isn't the likes of her in these parts, so straight and so slim, just like her mother as died nigh twenty year ago now, and she do allays have a word for her old friend as has carried her round the fields many a day."

"Ah! that's the young lady I'm bringing out the box for, I suppose."

"Yes, there's only one, sir. She's been away at York on a visit, and the Major only brought her home a couple of days ago. She'll be with him at the trainin' to-day, for she allays goes about with him on her gray pony, wherever he goes. There, I hear the bugle now, and like enough we'll be at the Major's by the time he gets home."

It was not long before the stage emerged into a comparatively open country, along the foot of the wooded ridge that still rose above the road on their right; while to the left, beyond partially cleared fields, stretched the calm expanse of the lake, sleeping softly, blue as the Mediterranean, in the afternoon light. The curve of the coast could be partially discerned, and the line of the distant horizon melted softly into the dissolving gray and blue cloud tints. The free, wide expanse of water seemed to refresh the tired travellers almost like a glimpse of the sea. After passing two or three clearings, each

with its rough log hut and barns, the fields grew noticeably more fertile, and free from the black stumps so obnoxious to an English eye; and John pointed out with pride "the Major's farm."

"And there's the house," he added, indicating the place where a pretty large and substantial stone house was dimly to be seen behind a luxuriant orchard, laden with its pinky bloom. "They call it the 'big house' hereabout, for it's a good bit bigger than any in these parts, but the Major calls it 'The Elms.'"

The name did not seem inappropriate, for at the gate leading from the road into the shrubbery in front of the house, two majestic elms, with round massive heads, whose long pendants drooped gracefully almost to the ground, towered like warders over the entrance. Behind them, weeping willows drooped beside maples and acacias, between which a straight walk led up to the open door, with its cool pillared porch festooned with Virginia Creeper, which spread its clinging arms high over wall and window. A plain square house it was, with windows comparatively small, as was the fashion of those days, but looking home-like and substantial—a place for family life to develop and run smoothly in, from childhood to old age. Behind it, towards the lake, were more bowery orchard trees in bloom, and on the farther side a luxuriant garden extended its thriving rows of vegetables, interspersed with the substantial old spring flowers, such as columbines, peonies, heart'sease, that are not apt to be ashamed, like the modern summer flowers, to flourish in the company of their neighbours more useful than ornamental. A little in the background were the substantial barns and stables, some of them being the original log buildings first put up for that purpose.

As the stage approached the gate, Percival could distinguish two equestrians advancing rapidly from the opposite direction, one of them being apparently a robust elderly gen-

tleman, riding with an upright military air, and the other the slight, graceful figure of a young lady in a dark blue riding-habit.

"The Major and his daughter, I suppose?" said he. "The young lady trots well; better than most English girls."

"Aye, that she do! You see, she rides so much with her father that she has learned to ride at his pace, as well as he does himself, and that's saying a good deal! He sees us, and he'll stop till we come up, you'll see, sir."

As he spoke, "the Major" dismounted, opened the gate for his daughter to pass in, and while she cantered round by a side avenue to the stables, her father, leaning against the gate-post, waited for the stage to draw up at the gate, to make his usual inquiries concerning the latest news, unaware of the unexpected visitor that the lumbering conveyance was bringing him.

CHAPTER II.

A TETE-A-TETE.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her: for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see,
E'en in the motions of the storm,
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy."

UNDER the flickering shadow of the apple trees that extended from the side to the rear of the "big house," a black boy, with laughing eyes and gleaming white teeth, stood waiting to take Miss Liliás' pony. He had surreptitiously left his field work more than an hour before, to hang around in readiness for this important duty.

"Well, Sambo, how has Aunt Judy been getting on since I have been away?" inquired the young lady, as she sprang lightly to the ground.

"Oh, fust rate, Miss Liliás, only for the rheumatiz; and her tea and sugar's been

done this while back. She's been takin' on to see you again."

"I intend to go to see her this very afternoon," Miss Liliás replied, as, gathering up her long riding skirt, she passed on to the wide open house-door, in front of which an old wolf-hound lay stretched, too sleepy to do more than wag his tail in response to his mistress' greeting as she passed him.

Just within the open doorway an elderly woman sat knitting, dressed in a sort of tartan home-spun, a blue checked apron, a snowy kerchief neatly folded over her shoulders, and a wide-frilled cap as snowy as the kerchief. The keen dark eyes surveyed the young lady through their spectacles, with a half deferential, half protective expression.

"You'll be tired, Miss Liliás dear, ridin' about all the afternoon. Just gang awa' noo, and rest yersel' till the tea's ready."

"Oh, I'm not a bit tired, Nannie," replied the clear, fresh young voice, "and I'm going before tea to see poor old Aunt Judy; I know she'll be looking for me every day now she knows I've come home, and I want to take her the things I brought her from York. I'll be back in good time for tea."

The girl's light figure speedily disappeared round the sharp angle of the steep staircase. Her plain, white-curtained chamber looked towards the back of the house, across the orchard and two or three fields, to the blue lake beyond. If it contained little of modern luxury, it had fresh air, snowy linen, sweet fragrance wafted in at open windows festooned by the waving tendrils of the Virginia Creeper,—as well as certain of the little tasteful arrangements with which a maiden usually likes to adorn her cham'er. The little stiff old-fashioned toilet-table was brightened by some dainty relics of an older world and age;—a little hand-mirror set in ivory, a silver pounce box, a quaintly carved sandal-wood fan, contrasted strangely with the otherwise simple appointments. Above the little mirror, fancifully decorated with peacock's feathers, hung, suspended by a

blue ribbon, a small oval miniature, delicately painted on ivory, and as the girl stood before the glass unfastening her riding habit with nimble fingers, the face in the mirror and that on the ivory might have seemed, at a careless glance, the same. There was the same candid, open brow, framed by the same arch of soft, dark chesnut hair; the same clearly-cut, refined features and delicate profile; the same finely-pencilled arched eyebrows, and graceful droop of eyelid, half veiling the same clear, trustful grey eyes, and the same soft curves of lip and chin. But the resemblance was with a difference, if the observer looked more closely. The appearance of excessive delicacy and fragility which characterised the portrait was not nearly to the same extent perceptible in the living face, on which the extreme fairness and faint bloom of the picture were replaced by tints more suggestive of health and freshness; the dark shade beneath the eyes of the pictured face, symptomatic of ill-health or sorrow, were absent from the girl's brighter countenance, and the latter wore her hair dressed in a much simpler fashion than that of the portrait, which, with its elaborate loops and puffings, belonged to an earlier period. The curves of the mouth, though as sweet, were stronger in the face of the girl, and without the wistful sadness which gave a touch of pathos to the picture, and the lines of the chin of the flesh and blood maiden had an air of strength and resolution about them quite wanting from the painted ivory. Moreover, the rounded figure of the girl—slenderly built though it was—had a firm elasticity about it that could never have belonged to the original of the portrait,—Lilias Meredith's fair young mother—who, transplanted to a rough and uncongenial atmosphere, had drooped and died some twenty years before—in the wild Canadian home which had never seemed a home to her. But Lilias, unconscious of privations the reverse of which she had never known, and inheriting a portion of her father's stronger

nature, had grown up in her free, open country life, faithfully tended by the old confidential servant who had come with her mother from her Scottish home; and the petted and constant companion of her father, both at home and abroad, blossoming into a womanhood as vigorous in its apparent fragility as the graceful Canadian columbine that bloomed on her native rocks.

It was not long before Lilias, having exchanged her riding habit for a nankeen walking dress and broad-brimmed hat tied with a blue ribbon, had set out with her small store of luxuries for Aunt Judy, by a little meadow-path that led from the back of the house, and was a comparatively short cut to the old woman's cabin, close by the lake shore. She was not aware as yet of the impending visitor, with whom her father, still in the first eager flow of questions and replies, was leisurely sauntering along the road to the inn,—a slight improvement on the last one—there to have a final word with John Wardle, and treat him to a foaming mug of ale, as a reward for the welcome guest he had brought him. Sambo, meantime, whose quick eye had espied the arrival, was leading the horses up the avenue to the stables, with many a glance of admiration at the graceful proportions and proudly arching neck of the stranger's steed.

The meadow-path which Lilias had taken led her past the rear of the churchyard surrounding the little church of rough stone, which Major Meredith had had just put up for occasional sermons and weekly services held in it, but partly, it must be admitted, from a desire thus to consecrate, in the way that seemed to him most appropriate, the ground which contained the precious dust whose memory was still so dear to him. The same unavowed motive had led him to plant the acacias and the weeping willows, through whose branches the soft summer breeze sighed over the few soft green mounds that suggested the idea of a deep, quiet, unbroken repose. Lilias loved the place well;

it was one of her favourite haunts, with its atmosphere of peaceful seclusion, and its outlook across the green meadows to the blue, sleeping lake. She had not been there since her return, and she found herself, almost without knowing it, turning in at the little private gate and tracing the familiar path which led to the wide flat stone, already somewhat time-worn, which recorded the death of "Lilias Ramsay, the beloved wife of Henry Meredith, Major, &c., &c., who died May 30, 1794."

Lilias sat down upon the broad stone, tracing out the inscription, now becoming a little broken and indistinct, and wiping the dust off it with her handkerchief, as she had done so many and many a time throughout her orphaned childhood, while she vainly tried to fancy how her life would have been altered had the mother whose dust laid below been spared to her. At last she started from her reverie with a sigh, and glancing wistfully around her at the sweet, confused mingling of sunny verdure and flickering shadows, and distant blue of sky and lake, she prepared to depart, when a movement near her made her turn to see that she was not the only visitor to the churchyard. The other was a young man, very plainly dressed, but with an unmistakable air of refinement and cultivation about him which would at once have distinguished him from any of the Oakridge rustics, who had for some time been leaning against a tombstone at a little distance watching the maiden's reverie, which he seemed half impatient, half reluctant to disturb. He now came rapidly forward, a glad smile of recognition lighting up the expressive dark eyes that formed the most noticeable feature in a face rather thin and care-worn for its youth, and whose general expression was a grave and thoughtful, almost a sad one.

"Mr. Ernest! I didn't know you were at Oakridge!" said Lilias, acknowledging his greeting with a smile almost as bright as his own.

"Having two days' holiday," replied the young man, "I could'n't help coming home; and hearing that you had come home too, I was on my way to welcome you back, when I turned in here 'o pay my visit too;" and the smile gave place to the grave expression it had dispelled, as he slightly turned his head towards the small grave-stone beside which he had been standing.

"Yes! home would hardly seem home without this spot," replied Lilias, in a subdued tone.

"Strange! that there seems to be so much where there is so little; when one knows that they are not there at all; when there is no response, however one may want help or sympathy;" said the young man with a weary, despondent air, in striking contrast to the animation he had shown a few moments before.

"Yes! only we know there is always help and sympathy from where they are!" replied the girl, reverently, yet half shyly. "But you seem tired. Did you walk over?"

"Yes, of course; but that needn't have knocked me up. I'm a tolerably good walker, you know, and I broke the journey; did half last evening and half this morning. I started before the boys had got done hurrahing for their holiday. It made me envy them and look back with a sort of regret to the time when I should have hurrahed too for such a cause!"

"As if you were not really happier now, with so much more capacity for enjoying, and so many far higher things to enjoy!"

"Well, those two things may be granted, and yet the happiness not follow. But I suppose I am a little fagged. Teaching is a wearing thing after one has had a good while of it, and I feel worried, often, that I can't get on with my own studies as I should like. But I hope you have been happy, and have enjoyed your visit! You are looking well;" and the smile again chased away the gravity.

"Yes, I had a very pleasant visit on the

whole, except for the York mud, which is frightful, and it isn't nearly as nice a place, take it all in all, as dear old Oakridge; though they laugh at us there as "backwoods." But every one was very kind, from General Brock downwards. Oh! *he* is splendid, I think; only of course he was away a good deal of the time. I suppose you often see him at Newark.

"Yes, his tall figure is pretty familiar there, riding about on his grey charger. A splendid rider he is too; and a fine soldierly-looking man. The Newark people respect and love him thoroughly."

"So does every one, I think," replied Liliás, warmly, "You should hear Marjorie McLeod talk about him; she almost worships him, I think! Your old Greek heroes are nothing to him, according to her."

"Well, very likely she's right there," said the young man, smiling. "I don't see why, in this advanced age of the world, and with Christianity to help, we shouldn't have better heroes than those old Pagan fellows, even Leonidas and Aristides included; and I think any one who can appreciate a living hero, without being told he is one, deserves credit."

"I'll tell Marjorie when I see her. She'll be glad to know that you admit his claim to be a hero, for she thinks you a good judge."

"Does she? I'm afraid she's mistaken," and the weary intonation returned. "Which way were you going, and may I go with you?" he asked, very deferentially.

"I shall be very glad if you will. I was going to see Aunt Judy, and bring her some little things from York. No, you needn't take them; I am not half so tired as you are, though I have been riding with papa most of the day," she remonstrated, as the young man took the basket from her, respectfully but determinedly.

"Yes, and how did the training go off? All the better for your presence, I am sure," said he, as they walked slowly onward.

"I don't know. I suspect *that* didn't make much difference. Some of the new ones were awkward enough, poor fellows; but some of them do splendidly, almost as good as regulars, my father says. He is quite proud of his volunteers, and I really believe he is longing to lead them into action."

"I earnestly trust there may not be need for it," was the grave reply. "What a terrible, unnatural evil such a war would be!"

"Do you think it is likely then?" asked Liliás, an uneasy fear vibrating through her clear voice. "I know my father does, but I have been hoping it is only his military zeal that makes him think so."

"I fear there is only too much likelihood. I know the American feeling is very strong, and there is just, yes just as bitter a feeling here against them. When political feelings gain the mastery, it is strange how they deaden every sympathy and generous feeling. Many that are naturally kind-hearted seem, when national antagonism comes into play, to become hardened into wild beasts. If we do have fighting, it will be fierce."

"Well, but your friends, the Americans, have no right whatever to molest us, who are not molesting them. If there is fighting it will be their fault, not ours," said Liliás, with some energy.

"Most unquestionably. Even national grievances—and I think they have some to complain of—could not excuse their bringing the horrors of war on a peaceful, unoffending province."

"Then you won't join them in the raid upon Oakridge," said the girl, with a little arch mischief in her inquiring glance, of which she repented when she saw the look of pain in the young man's face.

"I should think you need hardly ask that, Miss Liliás," he replied, with a painful, suppressed energy. "If they do invade, I could not hesitate about my duty, hard as it would be to find myself in arms against the country my dear father almost died fighting

for. But I hope, against hope I sometimes fear, that I may not be driven into so painful a position."

"Then you would join the volunteers in case of war," said Liliás, a shade of satisfaction perceptible in her voice, subdued as it was by the evident pain with which the other spoke. "I half thought you might wish to remain neutral."

"Yes, I have thought the question over and over in many a sleepless night these past months, and I don't see that in such a case, and much as I dislike war in principle, neutrality would be either practicable or desirable. And in case of an invasion, I feel that it would be the duty of every man who can, to use every means of repelling it. So I have been training a little, as I could spare the time, with the Newark volunteers, and though some of them were jealous of me at first as a 'Yankee,' and a man who couldn't know anything about military matters, they are beginning to have a little respect for my soldiering qualities now."

"I don't wonder you're feeling fagged and worn out, then, with all that amount of work on your hands," said Liliás, rather trying to repress the evident satisfaction with which she had heard the last piece of intelligence. She could not help being, as she was, thoroughly a soldier's daughter, and respect for military prowess, above most other kinds, was, in spite of her own strong inward reasonings to the contrary, blended with her very life-blood. It awakened other thoughts too—thoughts of possibilities and contingencies that might arise out of what seemed so strangely unreal and impossible, and yet so thrillingly, nearly probable. Perhaps Ernest Heathcote also was thinking of possible contingencies. Silently and thoughtfully the two walked on through the piece of "maple bush" through which their path led, the slanting sunbeams that quivered through the leaves making an arabesque pattern on the brown ground below, and the soft tinkling of cow-bells in the neighbouring pas-

tures sounding like a musical accompaniment to the pastoral stillness, till they came out upon the bit of clearing where stood Aunt Judy's tiny log cabin, close to the lake.

It was just where the shore curved round in a sandy bay, and the blue of the water changed into a peculiar pale green, as the waves, now slightly ruffled by a breeze, plashed lightly up on the silvery sand. The little bay was framed in on both sides by deep green woods, forming a back-ground to the cabin standing in the midst of its bit of rudely-fenced garden. Far out to the horizon line stretched the expanse of blue water, broken only by the white sails of a distant schooner. Familiar as the view was to both Liliás and her companion, they paused for a few moments to enjoy the sense of combined freedom and repose which it suggested before they passed round to the front of the cottage, where old Judy sat on her doorstep, busy mending for her grandson Sambo, and crooning a quaint hymn as she worked. The wrinkled brown face, crowned with the woolly white hair that peeped out from under a whiter cap, was bent down, intent on her work, but at the sound of approaching steps she raised it, and her bright old eyes beamed out the kindest of welcomes, as, with a reposeful dignity of manner, and soft, low-toned voice which many a would-be fine lady might have envied, she came forward to greet "Miss Liliás."

"And so de Lord hab brought ye safe home, honey. Well, He's good to His poor chil'en—dat's certain—for all we do forget Him so much! And ye're lookin' well too, an' as bright as a May posy. My old eyes has been longin' to see you dis many a long day! An' Mr. Ernest, I'm glad to see you too; but I can't say as you're lookin' so well."

"Mr. Ernest has been tiring himself out, Judy, between teaching and studying and drilling," said Liliás.

"Jes' so," the old woman replied, shaking her head; "dat's de way wid you young

folks! Runnin' right through de strength de good Lord gave, and meant to last de tree score years and ten! You mind dat, Massa Ernest, or you'll never see my age. But 'bout dis drillin', Miss Liliias," she added, anxiously, "does yer really tink dem Yankees gwine to come over to dis yere country? Some folks been frightened Sambo so he come home a-cryin' t'other evenin'—tellin' him they'd be over, and he'd be took up and sold down South for a slave."

"That's all nonsense, Aunt Judy," replied Liliias, half smiling, "and it was very wicked and mischievous in whoever told poor Sambo so; but still my father thinks there may be fighting, and it's best to be ready, you know, in case. But if they do come over, you may be sure they'll be sent home again without either you or Sambo," she continued, reassuringly.

"Well, I aint nuht 'feard for myself, nor hadn't ought to be for Sambo neither, seein' I know who's taken care of dis yere poor creetur all her life long. An' it's He that 'll keep us all, honey, or de watchmen 'll watch in vain."

"Right enough," said Ernest Heathcote, gravely, "only the watchmen must do their part too. They won't deserve to be kept if they are lazy and careless, and go to sleep at their posts. And I mean, for one, to keep awake."

Judy's reflections were, however, put to flight for the time by the presentation of Miss Liliias' thoughtful gifts—the tea and sugar and other small luxuries so need'ul for the poor old woman's comfort, and yet so costly and so scarce in the remote wilds of Oakridge. It was not easy to get away from her gratitude, and her eager questions as to all Miss Liliias had been seeing and doing during her absence; but at last Liliias broke away, fearing lest she should be keeping her father waiting for the tea-dinner which formed his most substantial meal.

"What an all-absorbing topic this idea of a war is getting to be," remarked Liliias to

her companion as they retraced their steps. "I am afraid we are going to have it, if it be true that 'coming events cast their shadows before,' as that poem you read to me, last time you were here, says. I mean the last time you were here before I went away; for I suppose you've been here several times since then.

"Only once," he replied gravely. "But your speaking of the poem reminds me of something I have here that I hope you will like—a poem by a new poet called Walter Scott."

And he drew from his coat pocket a thin blue paper-covered book, on the back of which, on a white label, was printed "Marmion," and placed it in Liliias' eager hands.

"How did you get hold of it?" she asked.

"It was in my friend Martin's little stock of books. I don't know how he happened to light upon it, but I'm sure he was glad to get rid of it, for I don't think he had much hope of selling it in Newark. The officers don't patronize literature much, as a rule. I was very glad to get hold of this, for I had seen a very sharp criticism of it in a stray number of the *Edinburgh Review* that came in my way, so I felt the more interested in it. But it seems to me the reviewer is in the wrong box for once, for I think it's a magnificent poem, if ever there was one! Do just listen to the splendid ring of the measure."

And taking the book, he read, with a clear, forcible intonation and genuine enthusiasm, the well-known opening lines:

"Day set on Norham's castled steep;"

and Liliias, who always delighted in Ernest Heathcote's reading, drank in, with kindling eye and flushing cheek, the great magician's gorgeous picture, whose scenery and colouring were so different from anything her native land could show.

"It is beautiful," she exclaimed, with a little sigh, as he concluded. "I am sure it will be a great pleasure to read it. And may

I let Marjorie McLeod read it? I know she would enjoy it."

"I hope you will do me the pleasure of accepting it," he replied. "I meant it for you to keep, if you liked it."

"Oh, thank you," said Liliias; "it is very kind of you, but I almost feel as if it were robbing you—you love books so!"

"Not more than I do my friends, I hope," he replied, smiling; and then the grave look came instantly back, and he walked silently on, while Liliias, glancing at the poem here and there, tried to shake off a certain sense of embarrassment which the gift had brought, and which she, in her free, simple life, had not often felt.

"And how are they all at the farm?" she said at last. "What a shame for me not to have asked before."

"All well. Uncle Jacob and Aunt Patience have been at Hamilton, but were expected home this afternoon. Rachel and the boys are as usual."

"And Rachel is as pretty as ever, I suppose?"

"Prettier! I think I never saw her so fresh and blooming—just like a rosebud beginning to blow! Perhaps it would be better for her if she were not so pretty," he added, thoughtfully.

"Why?"

"Oh,—well, I don't know if it really is of as much consequence as I have been making it; but I thought I would tell you, and perhaps when you see her you might give her a caution. I wouldn't like to vex Aunt Patience about it; but there's a young officer from Newark who has been round here several times, and he's managed to see Rachel alone, and I'm afraid he's put a little nonsense into her head. How he knew my uncle and aunt were away, I don't know; but this forenoon, when I walked in, he was there—was hot and tired, he said, and came in, as he passed, to get a glass of milk. And Rachel, poor girl, was blushing so prettily, and looking so pleased at the

fine speeches I found he had been making to her, that I could hardly find it in my heart to tell her not to listen to him or believe him; for, of course, he was only amusing himself with her."

"What is his name?" asked Liliias.

"Lieutenant Payne. He's a weak, frivolous, brainless sort of fellow, and in Newark his companions are not very creditable, and I know he's mixed up with a gambling set."

"Oh, I have seen him once or twice with some of the other officers," said Liliias, "but I know my father doesn't like him, and never asks him to his house. How did he get to know Rachel?"

"Indeed I am puzzled to know how, unless it is through a fellow that used to be here, and is in Newark now—Bill Davis; do you remember him?"

"Oh, yes! I shouldn't be likely to forget how he used to rob our trees of the best apples, and how angry he used to make my father."

"Well, he's living in Newark now—how, no one can tell, but I suspect it is in ways that won't bear looking into. At any rate he's a good deal mixed up with Payne's set of gambling, betting fellows, and I suspect he must have told Payne about Rachel, perhaps out of a spite he has at me. He once professed to admire Rachel himself, and because she wouldn't have anything to say to him, he thought I had set her against him, and seemed to believe it was on my own account; so I suppose he thought he would at once annoy me and propitiate Payne by showing him a pretty girl to flirt with."

"What a wicked young man he must be!" exclaimed Liliias, shocked at what was to her so new a development of character.

"Indeed, I am sorry to say he is not a singular instance. You don't know how happy you are, Miss Liliias, to be so shut out from the knowledge of the wickedness of the world as you are here. It makes one ashamed sometimes of one's very manhood," he said with almost a bitter earnestness,

"when one sees the things that go on and are tolerated by people who ought to know better! But it isn't a pleasant subject for a lovely afternoon like this, is it?—the knowledge of good and evil! A precious boon, certainly, for a tempter to bring to Eden!"

"I always did wonder at that," said Liliás, thoughtfully.

"It was the very ignorance of the evil that made the temptation, I suppose. If we didn't know what evil meant, we don't know how far curiosity might carry us. But I am really concerned about poor Rachel," he added, in a softened tone; "and if you could caution her when you see her, I wish you would! She is so young and simple; and that fellow is good-looking and insinuating enough to make him dangerous. I shouldn't like to see her break her heart about him."

"I will try, if I can get an opportunity," replied Liliás, in a low tone. Somehow the request and the subject made her feel uncomfortable. It was natural enough for Ernest to be concerned about the happiness of his little cousin, brought up by his side; but yet his anxiety rather troubled her, and she did not find it easy to talk with him on such a subject. She would have smiled, even to herself, at the idea of anything more than friendship existing between herself and Ernest Heathcote, yet there was an underlying sensitiveness that made itself felt whenever its province was encroached upon, and the same sensitiveness perhaps was not without effect, by sympathy, on her companion. Both, at all events, finished the walk in a more abstracted mood than they had begun it, although they still talked on, Liliás describing some of her York experiences, and Ernest talking of the studies and books which had been occupying his mind—usually an interesting subject to his fair companion.

"You will come in to tea?" Liliás said, as they came under the shade of the wide-spreading elms. "My father will be glad to have a talk with you about Lord Wellington

and the Spanish campaign. You know I'm not so good a geographer as you," she added smiling, "so I don't understand it half so well."

"Thank you," he replied, half hesitatingly, "I should like it very much; and perhaps after tea you would like a French reading? You know we left Athalie in trouble last time."

"As she deserved to be!—But who can that be with my father?" she exclaimed, as they came in sight of the front portico, where Major Meredith sat smoking his pipe, in company with a stranger, an English officer evidently, who, Ernest could see at a glance, was tall, handsome, and gifted with the additional indefinite grace of culture and high breeding.

Major Meredith came eagerly forward to meet his daughter, and after a courteous but rather patronising greeting to "Mr. Ernest," he said in a low tone—

"Liliás, my dear, we have got an unexpected visitor—Captain Percival, my old comrade Percival's son—just arrived from home! I have been waiting for you to come in and be introduced to him; and you must order tea at once, for we are very hungry."

Captain Percival had risen, and was looking with some evident surprise at Liliás, as he awaited her approach and the introduction. Ernest detained her for a moment to say very respectfully—

"If you will excuse me, Miss Liliás, I'll not stay this evening. I'll see you again before I go."

And, before she could object, he bowed and departed, disappearing quickly among the shadows of the avenue, while Major Meredith, inwardly applauding the propriety of the young man's action, led his daughter forward, with evident pride at being able to present to the stranger so fair and graceful a maiden as "My daughter, sir."

(To be continued.)

REPROACH.

BY ALICE HORTON.

I.

O COY, sweet eyes,
 Like lake-reflections of Italian skies,
 Does looking up with sudden, soft surprise,
 Mean nothing?

II.

O lips ripe-red,
 Do all the tender nothings uttered
 Since ye to curl, and curve, and pout were bred,
 Mean nothing?

III.

O little hand,
 So soft to touch, so royal to command,
 Do clinging fingers in fair lady-land
 Mean nothing?

IV.

O dainty feet,
 The ground ye trod was once for your sake sweet,
 Yet tardiness to go and haste to meet
 Meant nothing!

V.

O blushing cheek,
 Your changing colour makes my purpose weak,
 Although I know that all you seem to speak
 Means nothing!

VI.

Thou traitor face!
 'Twixt thee and me I put the wide world's space,
 Because too late I learnt how all thy grace
 Meant nothing!

THE LONDON AND CANADIAN PRESS.

BY NICHOLAS FLOOD DAVIN.

IT has often been pointed out that the press has to some extent taken the place occupied in other days by the church ; that the editor has superseded the preacher. No one can read the sermons of Chrysostom or Hugh Latimer, or follow the life and times of John Knox, without seeing that each of these divines was the journalist of his day. The pulpit occupied, in addition to its legitimate sphere, almost the whole ground covered by the newspaper to-day. No wrong was so great as to be above its assault ; nothing too minute for its notice. The "drum ecclesiastic" summoned armies before which the sternest tyrants quailed. All the business of life was the preacher's domain. In the shadow of the rostrum the poor found protection from their oppressors, and its influence was felt alike in the village ale-house and the cabinets of kings. Such is the mighty heritage to which the press has succeeded. When some powerful individual or corporation perpetrates a public wrong, when a wholesale scheme of robbery is afoot, when the air is electric with political excitement, and the heavens full of signs of coming change, men do not ask, "What will Chrysostom say?" but "What will the *Earth* or the *Cable* write about it in the morning?" No Ambrosius now makes a Theodosius do penance. But the editor calls kings and ministers to account, nips oppression in the bud, and enunciates policies which statesmen find imperative. The responsibility is great. To use power well has always been difficult, and it is morally certain that the press, unless watched from within and without, will abuse its functions.

The history and progress of the London

press during the present century, while revealing what are the laws of newspaper development, show the wholesome influence which the people themselves can exercise, and ought to exercise, on those very organs which in turn form their opinions. Indeed it is incumbent on the people to influence the press by insisting that it shall appeal to the best that is in them. Any attempt to make capital out of their worst passions should be frowned down, as we should frown down a preacher who made his pulpit a perch for unclean discourse. The result of popular criticism in London has been to give the people a body of daily literature which, while making them acquainted with all that is transpiring around them, informs and instructs, teaching meanwhile, in no unworthy manner, the language of Addison and Macaulay.

The word "newspaper" is only equal to its work because, like most of our words, its meaning has expanded with the necessities of the case. When we speak of a newspaper now, we have something very different before our minds from the idea of a sheet containing mere news. The object called up by the word is a little daily magazine of literature—and sometimes of literature which takes a more permanent form. Mr. Cobden thought leading articles an unmixed evil. His idea of a newspaper was a publication confining itself to news, and this notion was carried out for a very brief period in the *Star*. But it was found that the people would not buy a sheet crowded with mere facts. They wanted not only the news, but also the opinions of those controlling the paper as to its significance. The *Star* at

once yielded in this respect to popular feeling. Had it not done so its circulation would not have reached above a dozen. To the end, save for a brief space when the editorial chair was vacant, it kept up its reputation for ability.

Yet its career furnished not the least of the many proofs—for it was one of the best sub-edited papers in London—that it is not alone on the mechanical features of a paper that we must rely for success. The *Daily Telegraph*, the most successful newspaper in London from a commercial point of view, is the worst news sheet in the three kingdoms. It has made itself by the ability of its writers. The *Times* is always on the look-out for good men. The *Daily News* has gained on the *Telegraph* since Mr. Frank Hill took the editorial chair, because, for one reason, that brilliant publicist spared neither pains nor expense in securing the best talent. But the proposition that the editor of a paper is beyond all comparison the most important person connected with it, that he makes or mars the journalistic venture, that if he is weak so will be that which he controls, is so obvious that it is almost unbecoming to do more than state it.

The *Echo* became a success in a year and a half, and for the same reason as the *Telegraph*, whose triumph was also rapid—the lesson of both papers being that unity of management and independence of rigid party ties are essential to making a journal pay as a commercial speculation, and that where these exist, combined with the requisite capital and trained editorial ability, success is certain, the return on the outlay being as rapid as in any other undertaking of similar magnitude.

A paper is very much more than a collection of news items. It is a political "persona," which must preserve its individuality at the peril of complete failure. Nor is it enough to do this. It must have intellectual and moral force; in its voice there must be no uncertain sound—not to speak of

contradictory notes—and though many minds contribute, the unity must remain intact. To secure this is the task of the editor—and it is a task that requires great and peculiar gifts, long and varied experience, and untiring energy. Yet the delusion is widespread that any man of fair abilities can edit a paper; and so he can in a sense, just as any man can play the fiddle, or any woman the piano.

The first and prime requisite in an editor is political intelligence. This is distinct from political information. It bears the same relation to politics as artistic perception does to Art, which is very different, I need not say, from acquaintance with the history of painting, its technicalities and cant. Political intelligence is that faculty which enables a man to see events and policies in just relative importance to the times in which he lives, to feel with accuracy the popular pulse, to know what is practicable and what not, to nicely appraise the effect that will be produced by any given step, and even by the tone in which it is discussed; it is antithetic alike of the small intelligence of sharp men who judge every question with off-hand dogmatism, from the standpoint of a narrow experience and defective sympathy, and of the wild haste with which strong minds, wanting in penetrating insight, mistake transitory phenomena for manifestations of enduring force. Even genius, as was seen in the case of Dickens and the *Daily News*, will not make up for the want of this strong, sobering gift; and where men of great reputation in literature and as political thinkers have taken the editorship of a paper, it has been proved, by lamentable failure, how impossible it is to dispense with this rare faculty. Discomfiture and loss have followed so unerringly and speedily the appointment of specialists to edit newspapers, that it has passed into a commonplace that to choose a man who should resort for inspiration, not to those great practical questions in which

the foundations of States are laid, but to doctrinaire dreamings or dilettantism, is to foredoom the journalistic venture before it is born.

Of course it follows that, in order to preserve journalistic individuality, the editor, so far as the conduct of the paper is concerned, must sink his own. Nothing is more dangerous to newspaper success than to allow small personal passions to interfere with its management. Notwithstanding what has been said about the importance of the editorial columns, a newspaper is above everything else a newspaper. All the news of the past twenty-four hours should be found within its pages. To lag behind, to allow oneself to be anticipated, is fatal; and to exclude news on the ground of private pique, or permit private friendship to flood the columns with matter of doubtful interest and to the exclusion of news, is equally suicidal. The public soon see whether a paper is making, without looking to the right hand or the left, for a mark held well in view, or whether it is subordinate to the whims of an irrepressible egotism—whether it is, in fact, an organ of opinion and news, or only a cage where some lively squirrel disports in the happy but delusive conviction that the world has nothing to do but to contemplate and admire his movements. There never has been a journalistic success under any conditions which would test principles of management, but it will be found, on examining the steps by which large circulation and great influence have been attained, that personal passions have been kept aside, while the policy of the paper has flown on strong and unreturning, in accordance with definite views which may have been—from the point of view of political philosophy—wise or unwise, but which in immediate purpose and ultimate aim were unmistakable.

Division of labour is applied to the government of a London paper in a manner which in my opinion admits of no improve-

ment. The staff, from editor down, is supposed to be thoroughly up to its work. The editor takes the sole charge of the editorial columns. He rules here with absolute power. He has, of course, control over the other portions of the paper, but this he seldom exercises. The manager occupies a very different position from a manager in this country, where he is the "boss" in all respects. In London he has nothing to do with the editing of the paper; he merely manages it financially, and is its representative for all business purposes. The sub-editor supervises telegrams and news, arranges about the reporters' work, and these last, thoroughly intelligent and experienced men, are in the main left to their own judgment. Save what the editor writes or sanctions, no opinions are expressed in the paper on political and social questions. To allow reporters to express opinions or display their own bias, is to strike at the root of the utility of their art. A report should be a photograph.

This arrangement has the following result. Reading the *Standard*, or the *Times*, or the *Daily Telegraph*, or the *Daily News*, you may be perfectly certain that a report is *bona fide*, absolutely uncoloured by political feeling. The summary of the *Daily News* and the summary of the *Standard* will always be found substantially to agree, both being written without the smallest bias. This is a huge gain, and produces the most useful impression. On matters of opinion we may all differ; but in regard to matters of fact, there cannot be great discrepancy between two accounts without mendacity. When a paper is found truthful as to matters of fact a presumption of its fairness is established, and its enunciation of principles is read with respect, if not with approval. Not only so, what is of infinitely more importance is this, the public mind is spared bewilderment, and precious time is saved.

The independence of London journalism is perhaps its greatest advantage, for from

this spring its authority and, what is of more importance, its criticism. Though every paper enrols itself under one banner or the other, it is not pledged to admire the gyrations of any party, nor to belaud the antics of any leader or leading politician, however low he may fall or however unworthy the sources of his inspiration. It belongs to a cause, and not a party.

To criticise is to judge conduct or policy in accordance with an ideal standard. A politician should be honest, high-minded, patriotic, and consistent in regard to principles. I say in regard to principles, because there is often an apparent inconsistency in details, which when largely surveyed is found to be the courageous growth of constant reference to central truths. A policy should be wise and bold—that is to say, it should be framed with exclusive and intelligent regard to the interests of the people, and should be marked by no mean sacrifices to passing expediency. With very occasional exceptions, all the London journals bring the conduct and policy of every Government to these high tests, and a Liberal paper will not hesitate to point out errors in Mr. Gladstone's tactics, or to condemn in an emphatic and embarrassing manner the general incompetence or intermittent blunders of his colleagues. Thus the *Times*, *Daily News* and *Spectator* have again and again denounced the Philistinism of Mr. Ayrton as *Ædile*, and we have seen that gentleman forced to back down and eat humble pie, and ultimately driven from his post. There was no attempt to show that his insufferably insolent treatment of a man of science, or his blundering management of the Parks, were emanations of administrative genius. The cowardly policy of traitorous silence was not entertained for a day, or an hour. In the same way Mr. Bruce's chaotic administration at the Home Office met with the treatment it deserved—which is as much as saying that the capacity for severity of each of the above papers was all but exhausted.

When Mr. Lowe brought forward a budget which poured a flood of light on the defects of a strong, highly cultivated, but essentially narrow mind, there was no Liberal paper which did not join in the derision with which it was received. The journalist in London does not regard all the geese of his party as swans, nor all the humble-bees as *Hyblæan*.

Such criticism educates the people, and doing this of course does not demoralize. The motto, "Our country, right or wrong," is degrading, but in its favour some small plea may be put forward which even a generous mind may in a hasty moment endorse. For the parody, "Our party, right or wrong," nothing can be said. Such a principle of conduct would, if it obtained anywhere, poison public morality at its source, and, giving rise to unscrupulous advocacy, to discussion of policies and conduct, without reference to right or justice, introduce a spirit and rules of combat more fit for a war of rats than a patriotic contest between men differing in opinions, but agreeing in the desire to serve their country. A newspaper would not live a week in London which endorsed palpably corrupt or outrageously blundering conduct. It is necessary, therefore, even for commercial purposes, that independence should be maintained. No man is perfect, still less is any government or body of leading politicians; and the proposition becomes strong, we need not add, in regard to a party in proportion to its numbers. We shall have arrived at the millennium when no political flies in the amber of official life shall make us wonder, with Mr. Disraeli in his famous quotation, "how the devil they got there." There are some men the purpose of whose existence seems to be to blunder, and as Goldsmith touched nothing he did not adorn, they, possessed of a malign gift, which even by chance never deserts them, can touch nothing on which they do not leave the marring trace of incompetent manipulation. If a paper will keep its own self-respect, and means to gain and keep the respect and confidence of the

community, it is necessary that it should leave itself free to condemn botched work or unscrupulous intrigue.

One of the most pleasing facts of London journalism is that necessity has been laid on it to conduct its attacks with fairness and good temper. A mere critical paper like the *Saturday Review* may find it pay to erect sarcasm into a *culte*, and to approach every subject in an anti-sympathetic instead of a sympathetic mood. But it is written for a class; it is not in the strict sense of the word a newspaper; does not aim so much at influencing opinion as being read; and even behind what seem its most unfair attacks, there will always be found much truth, while it has done incalculable service by tearing the mask from humbugs, and pricking with its fine-pointed bodkin—and remember that bodkin is *fine*-pointed—inflated aspirants for renown. Occasionally since Mr. Cook's death, in the case of men little known in the world of letters, some kind friend has been able to smuggle in a eulogy of vapidity, saving himself by a guarded paragraph at the end, obscurely giving the real character of the work. Such a thing was an impossibility under Mr. Cook's *régime*. He once sent a book of the late Mr. James Hannay's for review to a friend of that brilliant writer. The friend was eulogistic. Mr. Cook on reading the review despatched a messenger to know whether the reviewer was on terms of amity with the author, and having learned that this was the case, tore up the proof and sent the book to another contributor. The determination to exclude friendship from judgments on books or men is so just, and so faithful to the interests of the public, it should inspire unqualified approval. If a writer or a public man has anything in him, an adverse critic cannot do him much harm; and the harm of adverse criticism is small compared with the wrong done to literature, to the public, and the foolish author or "public character" himself, by unmerited praise.

Critical rage like the *Saturday Review's*

is too unqualified to suit a daily paper. Not only were the people unwilling to sanction one-sided judgments; such judgments were found to be a mistake in tactics. If the cry of "Wolf" was constantly raised, nobody would believe it when the enemy had broken into the fold and was devouring the sheep. This is true of the whole field of controversy. If a writer wishes to make his attack really damaging to an opponent, he must show above all things that he can be fair. No orator is so dangerous as he who will state the case of the opposite side with what will seem to the novice damaging candour—put all the points in the strongest light, and then proceed to demolish the structure. This was the method of Charles James Fox, whose success as a parliamentary speaker has scarcely been paralleled.

Akin to fairness, and arising from the same cause, is the tone which pervades the London press. When Mr. Dickens, in 1846, made his bow as editor of the *Daily News*, he found it necessary to say:

"Entering on this adventure of a new daily journal in a spirit of honourable competition and hope of public usefulness, we seek, in our new station, at once to preserve our own self-respect and to be respected, for ourselves and for it, by our readers. Therefore, we beg them to receive, in this our first number, the assurance that no recognition or interchange of trade abuse, by us, shall be the destruction of either sentiment; and that we intend to proceed on our way, and theirs, without stooping to any such flowers by the roadside."

Mr. Dickens read with clearness and certainty what was in the popular mind. As a man of wit, he naturally shrank from weapons at which any cowboy would be as deft as he, and no doubt the crowding into the profession of journalism of men of scholastic attainment, and artistic tastes, has had an influence in driving scurrility from the leading columns of the press. It is the interest of those who can write that the rhetoric

of Billingsgate should be tabooed. Any clown can point the artillery—the humblest imp play the Jupiter of the gutter. For the people to enforce moderation was easy in London. Where there is competition the purchaser can always secure a good article and to his taste. If there is a monopoly in anything, in newspapers, or tea, or pepper, the monopolist can do just what he likes; and in undertakings which are costly and arduous, very often without any special legislation, there will yet establish itself a practical monopoly. The moment the nature of journalism became known, such a thing would never have been permitted by the intelligent people of London. The press is, as I have said, an enormous power, and if subjected to no check, may prove as dangerous—indeed more dangerous, because more insidious, than an ostensible tyranny. Like the church, to which it has been compared, it touches the whole circle of life at every point: uncorrupt, is calculated to confer transcendent blessings on the world; corrupt, is no less calculated to enslave.

So conscious is the London press of being a literature, that one day each week, generally Monday, several columns are devoted to criticising books, and thus the busy reader is kept *au courant* with what is going forward in the world of letters.

The London press is careful of its own dignity. Journalism has become a profession in London, is strong, and knows well how to protect itself. When Lord Napier of Magdala, having returned from his successful expedition against King Theodore, was entertained by the United Service Club, commonly known as “the Rag and Famish,” at a banquet to which Dukes were anxious to secure invitations, the secretary wrote a letter to the *Times* apologizing for not being able to invite their reporter to dinner, as, for want of space, generals of distinction had to be left out of the number of guests. Mr. Delane wrote back to say that under such circumstances

he could not send a reporter, remarking that there was not a reporter on his staff who was not, in education and social position, fit to sit in any company in the world. As a consequence, a general whose breast was covered with stars was killed off (of course prandially speaking), and the invitation sent to the *Times*’ reporter.

To edit a paper in London implies ability at least equal to that which enables a man to take a leading place at the bar. His position is one of great and attractive power. Guiding his paper in accordance with a standard which is apart from and above his party—writing of public men, to whichever side they belong, in the spirit of a historian—there is everything about the manner in which he discharges his functions which can challenge respect. He is not bound, save as he himself elects, to keep out of public life. But his duties are engrossing, and the position is one which may satisfy a very solid ambition. There is no notoriety, but, on the other hand, there is a consciousness of being a controlling element in social and political dynamics. To suppose that the editor or the members of his staff are ashamed of journalism, and wish to pass for private gentlemen living on their fortunes, is a grotesque delusion. Great peers, Cabinet ministers, leading members of parliament, barristers not “briefless,” have been and are journalists, and without making any concealment of the fact. No man need be ashamed of work which the Marquis of Salisbury, Mr. Lowe, and Mr. Fitzjames Stephen do not think beneath them, even if it had not an intrinsic capacity to reflect honour on those who engage in it with just and high and conscientious aims. The editor of a penny paper receives about \$6,000 a year. His assistant editors and contributors will often make an income exceeding this; facts which dispose of another delusion, that journalists in London are a poor lot, living in garrets, and writing on the inspiration of empty stomachs.

Bohemia does, no doubt, in London as in all great cities, stretch its borders into journalism as well as into other professions. But people live very comfortably, and make often very large incomes in Bohemia. I have travelled in that country myself, and can assure all who are in doubt on the subject that things are hugely changed since the description was accurate—if it was ever accurate—"In Bohemia men never breakfast and rarely dine." On the contrary, they dine very well, and breakfast very well, and lunch very well, and even sup very well, and in very good clubs, in that land of liberty, whose inhabitants it may be have often higher ideals, and judge art and conduct more persistently in accordance with an absolute standard than the prim sojourners in Oldsquaretoestown or Starchedcollarville. That such Bohemianism as exists in London is either without principle or a good dinner, or a good coat, is a profound mistake. It is true the coat is often not paid for. How the tailors manage I have never inquired. Perhaps they make the snobs pay in order to secure the pleasure and privilege of draping, gratis, the genteel and aristocratic. Tailors, I believe, have different ideas in Canada, and actually expect to be paid. But this is a comparatively small blemish in our society which advancing culture will infallibly remove.

On one penny paper, which until lately has not even paid its expenses, the salary of the assistant editor is 12 guineas a week for writing four leaders, and attending the office with the view of acting as editor when the chief is away. For any leaders in addition that he writes he is paid two guineas each—all work, save that of a reporter when on a salaried engagement, being paid for, as everything implying past thought and culture should be paid for, by the piece.

The members of the editorial staff are paid two guineas a leader, and write nearly every day. Casual contributors are paid two guineas a leader. On the *Times*, £5 5s. a

leader is the rate, and members of the staff receive, in addition, a yearly retainer for holding themselves in readiness. There are numerous opportunities for making money. A man may contribute to the *Saturday Review*, to the *Spectator*, to the *Examiner*, to the monthly magazines, to the quarterlies. I never knew a leader writer at all fit for his work—that is to say, owning the mastery of a good English style, and possessing adequate knowledge of political and social questions—who did not make from £400 to £1,000 a year.

Coming to the reporters—to begin with there are the parliamentary reporters. With the exception of the *Daily Telegraph*, which does not profess to give full reports, all the papers have a large staff. The *Standard* has eleven; the *Times* nineteen. Thirteen is barely enough to do full justice to a great debate; and, as a great debate may arise at any moment, an adequate staff is always on hand. The work is hard, and there ought to be, and are, opportunities for leisure. Three hours will sometimes intervene between turn and turn, and as each speaker cannot be given in full there is ample time for doing other work. Some men write letters for country papers; some leaders; some supply special reports; and all, in one way or other, greatly supplement their salaries. On the *Star* there were but five Parliamentary reporters, and it was only by very hard work that a good report could be turned out of an evening when Mr. Bright, Mr. Disraeli and Mr. Gladstone spoke, all of whom should be given verbatim. If a comma were omitted from Mr. Bright's speech, the pillars of heaven would have shown signs of tottering.

On the *Star* the salary of a reporter was only four guineas a week. Yet it was worth while being in the gallery for this sum, for the sake of the opportunities of writing letters and parliamentary leaders for country papers. One man on the staff—then only two years connected with journalism—wrote letters for three country papers at a gui-

nea each, "Parliament Sketched" for the *Court Journal* at a guinea, and from two to four leaders a week for one of the papers for which he corresponded. The way this was managed was as follows: Before going down to the House he wrote an introduction dealing with the general question which was to come up, then as the discussion went forward dashed in a sketch of it, and sending away the parcel by train at half-past eight, telegraphed a concluding paragraph when the debate closed. Thus a country paper 200 miles from London had its parliamentary leader as well as the *Times*, and with comments up to the last moment. There are other opportunities also of making money. But here is at the least £10 10s. a week, or over £260 for six months, made by a junior reporter. During the recess this reporter always did something for the *Star*, and of course employed his time in other ways—for instance, attending Court persistently. It is true, on all the papers there are what are called "annuals"—that is, parliamentary reporters who are paid all the year round, whether they are asked to do anything during the recess or not.

At one time in the gallery of the House of Commons, there was scarce a reporter who was not a man of good education. But the practice of giving speakers verbatim diminishing the necessity for some of the best gifts of the reporter, and swelling the number of the staff, introduced a considerable number of mere stenographers, and the consequence is, that in the gallery of the House of Commons at present there is a mixture of educated men and of men only not illiterate. The tendency is against resorting to the gallery for leader writers and special commissioners, though this is the rock whence were hewn Charles Dickens, Dr. Russell, Shirley Brooks, and many men now holding eminent positions as journalists and *littérateurs*. There are men in the gallery still taking "turns," who have grown wealthy, and who, having placed one son at the bar

and another in the army, are only anxious to get another into the gallery as a parliamentary reporter. To spend a few years there is a real addition to a man's education. But the profession of a reporter must after a time prove fatal in its influence on the most valuable attributes of the mind.

Penny-a-liners are mostly men without settled habits or journalistic training of any kind, who drift into sending news to the papers and then make it a trade. When they are gifted with a capacity for organization, and possess such physical strength as will secure sober habits, or what are equivalent to sober habits, while leading a life necessitating irregular activity—breaths of ease alternating with crowded hours of labour—they make money.

During the heat of a recent controversy, it was asserted that some obscure persons in London influenced the editors of leading journals. Now, to begin with, it is not easy to get speech of an editor of a London paper, and any attempt to influence him would, according to the form it took, lead the practiser to be either kicked out of the office or quietly snubbed and shown the door. Every paper in London that can be said to be in the land of the living is absolutely unbribable; and Mr. Delane and other editors may take two lines of Pope as a motto—

"Above a patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a Minister my friend;"

and for the same reason—because the great public is their master and patron, and public opinion the fulcrum of the resistless lever they wield.

Some sixteen months ago I wrote to one of the leading organs of opinion in London: "I would advise no journalist to come to Canada; the school is bad, and the pay is worse." If I were asked my opinion now, after eighteen months' fruitful experience, I should repeat these words. Yet I must say that my first impressions were not all just,

and that this broad statement requires some qualification. There is a good deal more ability and information, though often untrained and wasted, than I at first thought was to be met with, and for any men except those able to hold their own in the first or second ranks in London, the remuneration is as good as in England. A reporter will get permanent employment on a Canadian newspaper who would be quite unfit for the gallery of the House of Commons, and even unfit for doing general outside work for a London paper. Such a man, I think, is better off in Canada than in England. But a first-class man, either reporter or writer, with a facility of description or disquisition which makes his work a pastime, would not only be paid more in London than he could expect here, by the paper to which he should attach himself, but would also have opportunities of making extra money, and laying, both in self-cultivation and extending reputation, the foundation of a higher position. There is practically no scope for a descriptive reporter in Canada—that is to say, for a man with one of the first gifts of a novelist.

I have probably now sufficiently bounded off my meaning, and succeeded, I hope, in guarding myself from being misunderstood. I have ventured to describe the school of journalism in Canada as bad, but this is only in comparison with the school of journalism in London. To be provincial and petty seem to be linked as cause and effect, and mental breath and dignity do not long survive the constant discussion of the affairs of Little Peddlington. So we find scurrility, unfairness, carelessness as to fact and form in provincial journals in England as well as elsewhere; that inodorous creature the vestryman is a fatal person to all that come in contact with him.

If we compare journals like the *Globe* and *Mail* with the best provincial papers in England—in any of the large cities, such as Bristol, Liverpool, Manchester—it is my deliberate opinion that the *Globe* and the *Mail*

have the best of the comparison. But then Toronto, though having only a population of sixty or seventy thousand, has many of the notes of a capital about it; it is a great legal camp; it has two universities; it has a Parliament; it has a large educated class, in part immigrated, in part native-grown; the consequence being that in the two papers I have named every possible subject is discussed: Canadian, English, American and European politics; art and science; all the ten thousand topics thrown to the surface by the seethings of a complex society. And these subjects are discussed in both papers with great ability and force; often with a thoughtfulness, reach of information, practical insight and precision, and elegance of language which leave nothing to be desired.

The fact is, that the public in Canada are wonderfully well served as regards journalism. Only that it would be invidious, I could mention papers in small towns where we see ability of a high order at work in more than one quarter. The news is well purveyed; no expense is spared to get parliamentary and other current intelligence; and to any defects that might be pointed out, the reply could not unfairly be returned that they were incidental to the conditions of a new country. Yet it does seem to me that in some directions improvement is possible.

I think that reporters should be inhibited from expressing opinions. Their function is purely photographic; they have no business further than to describe and stenograph.

Correspondents also should have it impressed on their minds that, the moment they take pen in hand, the partisan should be sunk in the journalist. "It was a huge meeting; there was no end of enthusiasm; there was not room on one of the seats for a macerated grasshopper," says one. "The whole thing was a fizzle; about twenty hired lambs occupied the hall; they looked like undertakers' mutes; tears of disappointment and rage coursed down the cheeks of Mr. A.,

while Mr. B. was heard to sigh like a con-
sumptive bellows," says another. "'Tis
white," says this man. "'Tis as black as my
hat," says that. Gentlemen, in the name of
patience could you not manage to tell me
the truth between you? You professed to
bestow information, and all you gave me was
a pain in my head.

The worst or the best of it is, that I have
reason to know that this conduct is not at
all in accordance with the wishes of leading
journalists amongst us.

There is a tendency to personality, a want
of adequate respect for the sacredness of
private life, and a readiness to introduce
political feeling into spheres having nothing
to do with politics. Thus one paper tries
to prove that the shape of a man's nose, or
the cut of his beard, or his clothes, are seri-
ous impediments to his statesmanship; an-
other judges of a person's fitness for weigh-
ing butter by the colour of his political
creed.

And now for the most serious of all defects
that can mar journalism. I maintain that
with a power like the press having liberty
to dog a man throughout all his relations,
life would not be worth having. A despotism
terrible in aspect and oppressiveness rises
before us when we contemplate such a pos-
sibility; an *espionnage* deep and broad as
society becomes a necessity and a certainty.
There is no danger of this. Yet we cannot
be too much alarmed at anything that points
in such a direction. We have seen things
recorded in papers of all parties, which could
never have been known had not the editor
condescended to take information from some
Bill o' Peep. The remedy against libel is
practically suspended in Canada, and the
only thing that can once more throw the
shield of the law over individuals is an edu-
cated public opinion. It is a monstrous
thing that men should be able to stab at
character, and then look for impunity to the
easy conscience of a partisan jurymen. Per-
haps, however, there is a cure within the

reach of legislation. Unless some change
takes place, we must have a bill enacting
either that libel cases shall be tried before a
judge without a jury, or that all articles in
newspapers shall be signed with the author's
name.

The rule for comment on the conduct
of public men is plain, though it does not
seem to be generally understood. Anything
a public man does in public, anything he
does in private which has become notorious,
and which is not only notorious, but which
also interferes with his public duties, may be
commented on. His demeanour on a hus-
tings or in a debate is public property; how
he spends his evenings in his club or in his
house, the public have nothing whatever to
do with. When Sydney Smith was reminded
that Mr. Perceval was a good husband, an
affectionate father, and a pious man, the
witty canon replied that he would prefer
he flirted, and even beat the little Perce-
vals, provided he saved his country. I sub-
scribe entirely to the doctrine that, so far as
a public character is concerned, we have
nothing to do with his private life. If that
private life is exemplary, it furnishes no rea-
son for choosing him; if the reverse, it fur-
nishes no reason for rejecting him. You
might as well inquire into the morals of your
lawyer, or the religious principles of the
doctor who feels your pulse. The one
thing you have to determine is the fitness
of the man for the post to which he
aspires.

Of course, if a man makes his moral cha-
racter public property that is another thing.
So far as he makes it public property it is
fair to deal with it. If his vices are notori-
ous, he must expect that these vices will be
flung in his face when he comes into the
fierce light that beats on the arena of public
life; if he has been active and liberal in
religious and benevolent works, he is fairly
entitled to whatever help having this known
and dwelt on may give him. But to look
through keyholes at a man engaged either

in diversion or devotion, and make capital in one way or the other of it; to betray the confidence of private intimacy; to trample on the sacred obscurity that covers men in their homes, at their club, in the boarding house, is the work of hypocritical ghouls.

That the Canadian press is able, vigorous and full of promise, need not be urged. The danger of such an institution is that it may be flattered too much. But if flattery ought to be of doubtful welcome from any quarter, there would be a double offensiveness in it coming from a journalist. I have sought to give as accurate an idea as space and other

exigencies permitted of that press which is, in my opinion, the foremost in the world. I thought that in so doing I might perchance supply some materials for the formation of a just criticism, which would help abler and better men than myself to build up into more perfect symmetry and loftier pose an ideal for their work. Animated by a kindred purpose, I have not shrunk from pointing out blemishes in our newspaper management in Canada; and I trust that, however imperfectly I have discharged the two-fold duty I set myself to perform, I have done it without giving offence.

THE DEAD ALIVE.*

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

Author of the "Woman in White," "Poor Miss Finch," "Man and Wife," &c.

CHAPTER VI.

THE LIME KILN.

MR. MEADOWCROFT was the first to speak.

"Somebody must find John," he said.

"Without losing a moment," added his daughter.

Ambrose suddenly stepped out of the dark corner of the room.

"I will inquire," he said.

Silas followed him.

"I will go with you," he added.

Mr. Meadowcroft interposed his authority.

"One of you will be enough—for the present, at least. Go you, Ambrose. Your brother may be wanted later. If any accident has happened (which God forbid!), we

may have to inquire in more than one direction. Silas, you will stay at the farm."

The brothers withdrew together—Ambrose to prepare for his journey; Silas to saddle one of the horses for him. Naomi slipped out after them. Left in company with Mr. Meadowcroft and his daughter—both devoured by anxiety about the missing man, and both trying to conceal it under an assumption of resignation to circumstances—I need hardly add that I too retired as soon as it was politely possible for me to leave the room. Ascending the stairs on my way to my own quarters, I discovered Naomi half hidden in the recess formed by an old-fashioned window-seat on the first landing. My bright little friend was in sore trouble; her apron was over her face, and she was crying bitterly. Ambrose had not taken his leave as tenderly as usual. She

* A new and original Story, published by arrangement with the author.

was more firmly persuaded than ever that "Ambrose was hiding something from her."

We all waited anxiously for the next day. The next day made the mystery deeper than ever.

The horse which had taken Ambrose to Narrabee was ridden back to the farm by a groom from the hotel. He delivered a written message from Ambrose, which startled us. Further inquiries had positively proved that the missing man had never been near Narrabee. The only attainable tidings of his whereabouts were tidings derived from vague report. It was said that a man like John Jago had been seen the previous day, in a railway car, travelling on the line to New York. Acting on this imperfect information, Ambrose had decided on verifying the truth of the report by extending his inquiries to New York.

This extraordinary proceeding forced the suspicion on me that something had really gone wrong. I kept my doubts to myself, but I was prepared from that moment to see the disappearance of John Jago followed by very grave results.

The same day the results declared themselves.

Time enough had now elapsed for report to spread through the district the news of what had happened at the farm. Already aware of the bad feeling existing between the men, the neighbours had been now informed (no doubt by the labourers present) of the deplorable scene that had taken place under my bed-room window. Public opinion declares itself in America without the slightest reserve or the slightest care for consequences. Public opinion declared, on this occasion, that the lost man was the victim of foul play, and held one or both of the brothers Meadowcroft responsible for his disappearance. Later in the day the reasonableness of this serious view of the case was confirmed in the popular mind by a startling discovery. It was announced that a Methodist preacher lately settled at Mor-

wick, and greatly respected throughout the district, had dreamed of John Jago in the character of a murdered man, whose bones were hidden at Morwick Farm! Before night the cry was general for a verification of the preacher's dream. Not only in the immediate district, but in the town of Narrabee itself, the public voice insisted on the necessity of a search for the mortal remains of John Jago at Morwick Farm.

In the terrible turn which matters had now taken, Mr. Meadowcroft the elder displayed a spirit and energy for which I was not prepared.

"My sons have their faults," he said, "serious faults; and nobody knows it better than I do. My sons have behaved badly and ungratefully towards John Jago; I don't deny that, either. But Ambrose and Silas are not murderers. Make your search! I ask for it—no, I insist on it, after what has been said, in justice to my family and my name!"

The neighbours took him at his word. The Morwick section of the American nation organized itself on the spot. The sovereign people met in committee, made speeches, elected competent persons to represent the public interests, and began the search the next day. The whole proceeding, ridiculously informal from a legal point of view, was carried on by these extraordinary people with as stern and strict a sense of duty as if it had been sanctioned by the highest tribunal in the land.

Naomi met the calamity that had fallen on the household as resolutely as her uncle himself. The girl's courage rose with the call which was made on it. Her one anxiety was for Ambrose.

"He ought to be here," she said to me. "The wretches in this neighbourhood are wicked enough to say that his absence now is a confession of his guilt."

She was right. In the present temper of the popular mind, the absence of Ambrose was a suspicious circumstance in itself.

"We might telegraph to New York," I suggested, "if you only knew where a message would be likely to find him."

"I know the hotel which the Meadowcrofts use at New York," she replied. "I was sent there, after my father's death, to wait till Miss Meadowcroft could take me to Morwick."

We decided on telegraphing to the hotel. I was writing the message, and Naomi was looking over my shoulder, when we were startled by a strange voice speaking close behind us.

"Oh! that's his address, is it?" said the voice. "We wanted his address rather badly."

The speaker was a stranger to me. Naomi recognized him as one of the neighbours.

"What do you want his address for?" she asked, sharply.

"I guess we've found the mortal remains of John Jago, miss," the man replied. "We have got Silas already, and we want Ambrose, too, on suspicion of murder."

"It's a lie!" cried Naomi, furiously; "a wicked lie!"

The man turned to me.

"Take her into the next room, Mister," he said, "and let her see for herself."

We went together into the next room.

In one corner, sitting by her father, and holding his hand, we saw stern and stony Miss Meadowcroft, weeping silently. Opposite to them, crouched on the window-seat—his eyes wandering, his hands hanging helpless—we next discovered Silas Meadowcroft, plainly self-betrayed as a panic-stricken man. A few of the persons who had been engaged in the search were seated near, watching him. The mass of the strangers present stood congregated round a table in the middle of the room. They drew aside as I approached with Naomi, and allowed us to have a clear view of certain objects placed on the table.

The centre object of the collection was a

little heap of charred bones. Round this were ranged a knife, two metal buttons, and a stick partially burnt. The knife was recognized by the labourers as the weapon John Jago habitually carried about with him—the weapon with which he had wounded Silas Meadowcroft's hand. The buttons Naomi herself declared to have a particular pattern on them, which had formerly attracted her attention to John Jago's coat. As for the stick, burnt as it was, I had no difficulty in identifying the quaintly carved knob at the top. It was the heavy beechen stick which I had snatched out of Silas' hand, and which I had restored to Ambrose on his claiming it as his own. In reply to my inquiries I was informed that the bones, the knife, the buttons, and the stick had all been found together in a lime-kiln then in use on the farm.

"Is it serious?" Naomi whispered to me as we drew back from the table.

It would have been sheer cruelty to deceive her now.

"Yes," I whispered back, "it is serious."

The Search Committee conducted its proceedings with the strictest regularity. The proper applications were made forthwith to a justice of the peace, and the justice issued his warrant. That night Silas was committed to prison, and an officer was dispatched to arrest Ambrose in New York.

For my part, I did the little I could to make myself useful. With the silent sanction of Mr. Meadowcroft and his daughter I went to Narrabee and secured the best legal assistance for the defence which the town could place at my disposal. This done, there was no choice but to wait for news of Ambrose, and for the examination before the magistrate which was to follow. I shall pass over the misery in the house during the interval of expectation: no useful purpose could be served by describing it now. Let me only say that Naomi's conduct strengthened me in the conviction that she possessed a noble nature. I was unconscious of the

state of my own feelings at the time; but I am now disposed to think that this was the epoch at which I began to envy Ambrose the wife whom he had won.

The telegraph brought us our first news of Ambrose. He had been arrested at the hotel, and he was on his way to Morwick. The next day he arrived, and followed his brother to prison. The two were confined in separate cells, and were forbidden all communication with each other.

Two days later the preliminary examination took place. Ambrose and Silas Meadowcroft were charged before the magistrate with the wilful murder of John Jago. I was cited to appear as one of the witnesses; and, at Naomi's own request, I took the poor girl into Court and sat by her during the proceedings. My host also was present in his invalid chair, with his daughter by his side.

Such was the result of my voyage across the ocean in search of rest and quiet! And thus did Time and Chance fulfil my first hasty forebodings of the dull life I was to lead at Morwick Farm.

CHAPTER VII.

THE MATERIALS IN THE DEFENCE.

ON our way to the chairs allotted to us in the magistrate's Court we passed the platform on which the prisoners were standing together.

Silas took no notice of us. Ambrose made a friendly sign of recognition, and then rested his hand on the "bar" in front of him. As she passed beneath him, Naomi was just tall enough to reach his hand on tiptoe. She took it. "I know you are innocent!" she whispered—and gave him one look of loving encouragement as she followed me to her place. Ambrose never lost his self-control. I may have been wrong—but I thought this a bad sign.

The case, as stated for the prosecution, told strongly against the suspected men.

Ambrose and Silas Meadowcroft were charged with the murder of John Jago (by means of the stick, or by the use of some other weapon), and with the deliberate destruction of the body by throwing it into the quick-lime. In proof of this latter assertion, the knife (which the deceased habitually carried about him) and the metal buttons (which were known to belong to his coat) were produced. It was argued that these indestructible substances and some fragments of the larger bones had alone escaped the action of the burning lime. Having produced medical witnesses to support this theory, by declaring the bones to be human—and having thus circumstantially asserted the discovery of the remains in the kiln—the prosecution next proceeded to prove that the missing man had been murdered by the two brothers, and had been by them thrown into the quick-lime as a means of concealing their guilt.

Witness after witness deposed to the inveterate enmity against the deceased displayed by Ambrose and Silas. The threatening language they habitually used towards him; their violent quarrels with him, which had become a public scandal throughout the neighbourhood, and which had ended (on one occasion at least) in a blow; the disgraceful scene which had taken place under my window; and the restoration to Ambrose, on the morning of the fatal quarrel, of the very stick which had been found among the remains of the dead man—these facts and events, and a host of minor circumstances besides, sworn to by witnesses whose credit was unimpeachable, pointed with terrible directness to the conclusion at which the prosecution had arrived.

I looked at the brothers as the weight of the evidence pressed more and more heavily against them. To outward view at least, Ambrose still maintained his self-possession. It was far otherwise with Silas. Object

terror showed itself in his ghastly face ; in his great knotty hands clinging convulsively to the bar at which he stood ; in his staring eyes fixed in vacant horror on each witness who appeared. Public feeling judged him on the spot. There he stood, self-betrayed already in the popular opinion as a guilty man !

The one point gained in cross-examination by the defence related to the charred bones.

Pressed on this point, a majority of the medical witnesses admitted that their examination had been a hurried one, and it was just possible that the bones might yet prove to be the remains of an animal and not of a man. The presiding magistrate decided upon this that a second examination should be made, and that the number of the medical experts should be increased.

Here the preliminary proceedings ended. The prisoners were remanded for three days.

The prostration of Silas at the close of the inquiry was so complete that it was found necessary to have two men to support him on his leaving the Court. Ambrose leaned over the bar to speak to Naomi before he followed the gaoler out. "Wait," he whispered, confidently, "till they hear what I have to say !" Naomi kissed her hand to him affectionately, and turned to me, with the bright tears in her eyes.

"Why don't they hear what he has to say, at once ?" she asked. "Anybody can see that Ambrose is innocent. It's a crying shame, sir, to send him back to prison. Don't you think so yourself ?"

If I had confessed what I really thought, I should have said that Ambrose had proved nothing to my mind, except that he possessed rare powers of self-control. It was impossible to acknowledge this to my little friend. I diverted her mind from the question of her lover's innocence by proposing that we should get the necessary order, and visit him in his prison on the next day.

Naomi dried her tears, and gave me a little, grateful squeeze of the hand.

"Oh, my ! what a good fellow you are !" cried the outspoken American girl. "When your time comes to be married, sir, I guess the woman won't repent saying 'Yes' to you !"

Mr. Meadowcroft preserved unbroken silence as we walked back to the farm on either side of his invalid chair. His last reserves of resolution seemed to have given way under the overwhelming strain laid on them by the proceedings in Court. His daughter, in stern indulgence to Naomi, mercifully permitted her opinion to glimmer on us only through the medium of quotations from Scripture texts. If the texts meant anything, they meant that she had foreseen all that had happened, and that the one sad aspect of the case, to her mind, was the death of John Jago, unprepared to meet his end.

I obtained the order of admission to the prison the next morning.

We found Ambrose still confident of a favourable result, for his brother and for himself, of the inquiry before the magistrate. He seemed to be almost as eager to tell, as Naomi was to hear, the true story of what had happened at the lime kiln. The authorities of the prison—present, of course, at the interview—warned him to remember that what he said might be taken down in writing and produced against him in Court.

"Take it down, gentlemen, and welcome," Ambrose replied. "I have nothing to fear—I am only telling the truth."

With that he turned to Naomi, and began his narrative, as nearly as I can remember, in these words :—

"I may as well make a clean breast of it at starting, my girl. After Mr. Lefrank left us that morning, I asked Silas how he came by my stick. In telling me how, Silas also told me of the words that had passed between him and John Jago under Mr. Lefrank's window. I was angry and jealous—and, I own it freely, Naomi, I thought the

worst that could be thought about you and John."

Here Naomi stopped him without ceremony.

"Was that what made you speak to me as you spoke when we found you at the wood?" she asked.

"Yes."

"And was that what made you leave me (when you went away to Narrabee) without giving me a kiss at parting?"

"It was."

"Beg my pardon for it—before you say a word more."

"I beg your pardon."

"Say you are ashamed of yourself."

"I am ashamed of myself," Ambrose answered penitently.

"Now you may go on," said Naomi.

"Now I'm satisfied."

Ambrose went on :

"We were on our way to the clearing at the other side of the wood, while Silas was talking to me; and, as ill-luck would have it, we took the path that led by the lime kiln. Turning the corner, we met John Jago on his way to Narrabee. I was too angry, I tell you, to let him pass quietly—I gave him a bit of my mind. His blood was up, too, I suppose; and he spoke out on his side as freely as I did. I own I threatened him with the stick; but I'll swear to it I meant him no harm. You know—after dressing Silas's hand—that Jago is ready with his knife. He comes from out West, where they are always ready with one weapon or another handy in their pockets. It's likely enough *he* didn't mean to harm me, either; but how could I be sure of that? When he stepped up to me and showed his weapon, I dropped the stick and closed with him. With one hand I wrenched the knife away from him; and with the other, I caught the collar of his rotten old coat, and gave him a shaking that made his bones rattle in his skin. A big piece of the cloth came away in my hand. I shied it into the quick-lime

close by us, and I pitched the knife after the cloth; and, if Silas hadn't stopped me, I think it's likely I might have shied John Jago himself into the lime next. As it was, Silas kept hold of me; Silas shouted out to him, 'Be off with you; and don't come back again, if you don't want to be burnt in the kiln!' He stood looking at us for a minute, fetching his breath, and holding his torn coat round him. Then he spoke with a deadly-quiet voice, and a deadly-quiet look. 'Many a true word, Mr. Silas' (he says), 'is spoken in jest. *I shall not come back again.*' He turned about, and left us. We stood staring at each other like a couple of fools. 'You don't think he means it?' I says. 'Bosh!' says Silas. 'He's too sweet on Naomi not to come back.' What's the matter now, Naomi?"

I had noticed it too. She started and turned pale when Ambrose repeated to her what Silas had said to him.

"Nothing is the matter," Naomi answered.

"Your brother has no right to take liberties with my name. Go on. Did Silas say any more while he was about it?"

"Yes. He looked into the kiln, and he says, 'What made you throw away the knife, Ambrose?'—'How does a man know why he does anything' (I says), 'when he does it in a passion?'—'It's a ripping good knife' (says Silas); 'in your place I should have kept it.' I picked up the stick off the ground. 'Who says I've lost it yet?' I answered him—and, with that I got up on the side of the kiln, and began sounding for the knife, to bring it, you know, by means of the stick, within easy reach of a shovel or some such thing. 'Give us your hand' (I says to Silas); 'let me stretch out a bit, and I'll have it in no time.' Instead of finding the knife, I came nigh to falling myself into the burning lime. The vapour overpowered me, I suppose. All I know is, I turned giddy, and dropped the stick in the kiln. I should have followed the stick to a dead certainty, but for Silas pulling me back by

the hand. 'Let it be' (says Silas); 'if I hadn't had hold of you, John Jago's knife would have been the death of you, after all!' He led me away by the arm, and we went on together on the road to the wood. We stopped where you found us, and sat down on the felled tree. We had a little more talk about John Jago. It ended in our agreeing to wait and see what happened, and to keep our own counsel in the meantime. You and Mr. Lefrank came upon us, Naomi, while we were still talking; and you guessed right when you guessed that we had a secret from you. You know the secret now."

There he stopped. I put a question to him—the first that I had asked yet.

"Had you or your brother any fear, at that time, of the charge which has since been brought against you?" I said.

"No such thought entered our heads, sir," Ambrose answered. "How could *we* foresee that the neighbours would search the kiln, and say what they have said of us? All we feared was that the old man might hear of the quarrel, and be bitterer against us than ever. I was most anxious of the two to keep things secret, because I had Naomi to consider as well as the old man. Put yourself in my place, and you will own, sir, that the prospect at home was not a pleasant one for *me*, if John Jago really kept away from the farm, and if it came out that it was all my doing."

(This was certainly an explanation of his conduct, but it was not quite satisfactory to my mind.)

"As *you* believe, then," I went on, "John Jago has carried out his threat of not returning to the farm. According to you, he is now alive and in hiding somewhere?"

"Certainly!" said Ambrose.

"Certainly!" repeated Naomi.

"Do you believe the report that he was seen travelling on the railway to New York?"

"I believe it firmly, sir. And what is more, I believe I was on his track. I was only too anxious to find him—and I say I

could have found him if they would have let me stay in New York."

I looked at Naomi.

"I believe it too," she said. "John Jago is keeping away."

"Do you suppose he is afraid of Ambrose and Silas?"

She hesitated.

"He *may* be afraid of them," she replied, with a strong emphasis on the word "may."

"But you don't think it likely?"

She hesitated again. I pressed her again.

"Do you think there is any other motive for his absence?"

Her eyes dropped to the floor. She answered obstinately, almost doggedly:

"I can't say."

I addressed myself to Ambrose.

"Have you anything more to tell us?" I asked.

"No," he said, "I have told you all I know about it."

I rose to speak to the lawyer whose services I had retained. He had helped us to get the order of admission, and he had accompanied us to the prison. Seated apart, he had kept silence throughout, attentively watching the effect of Ambrose Meadowcroft's narrative on the officers of the prison and on me.

"Is this the defence?" I inquired, in a whisper.

"This is the defence, Mr. Lefrank. What do you think—between ourselves?"

"Between ourselves, I think the magistrate will commit them for trial."

"On the charge of murder?"

"Yes—on the charge of murder."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE CONFESSION.

MY replies to the lawyer accurately expressed the conviction in my mind. The narrative related by Ambrose had all

the appearance, in my eyes, of a fabricated story—got up, and clumsily got up, to pervert the plain meaning of the circumstantial evidence produced by the prosecution. I reached this conclusion reluctantly and regretfully, for Naomi's sake. I said all I could say to shake the absolute confidence which she felt in the discharge of the prisoners at the next examination.

The day of the adjourned inquiry arrived.

Naomi and I again attended the Court together. Mr. Meadowcroft was unable on this occasion to leave the house. His daughter was present, walking to the Court by herself, and occupying a seat by herself.

On his second appearance at the "bar," Silas was more composed, and more like his brother. No new witnesses were called by the prosecution. We began the battle over the medical evidence relating to the charred bones, and to some extent we won the victory. In other words, we forced the doctors to acknowledge that they differed widely in their opinions. Three confessed that they were not certain. Two went still further, and declared that the bones were the bones of an animal, not of a man. We made the most of this; and then we entered upon the defence, founded on Ambrose Meadowcroft's story.

Necessarily, no witnesses could be called on our side. Whether this circumstance discouraged him, or whether he privately shared my opinion of his client's statement, I cannot say. It is only certain that the lawyer spoke mechanically—doing his best, no doubt, but doing it without genuine conviction or earnestness on his own part. Naomi cast an anxious glance at me as he sat down. The girl's hand, as I took it, turned cold in mine. She saw plain signs of the failure of the defence in the look and manner of the counsel for the prosecution; but she waited resolutely until the presiding magistrate announced his decision. I had only too clearly foreseen what he would feel it to be his duty to do. Naomi's head dropped on my shoulder

as he said the terrible words which committed Ambrose and Silas Meadowcroft to take their trial on the charge of Murder.

I led her out of Court into the air. As I passed the "bar" I saw Ambrose, deadly pale, looking after us as we left him; the magistrate's decision had evidently daunted him. His brother Silas had dropped in abject terror on the gaoler's chair; the miserable wretch shook and shuddered dumbly, like a cowed dog.

Miss Meadowcroft returned with us to the farm, preserving unbroken silence on the way back. I could detect nothing in her bearing which suggested any compassionate feeling for the prisoners in her stern and secret nature. On Naomi's withdrawal to her own room, we were left together for a few minutes—and then, to my astonishment, the outwardly merciless woman showed me that she too was one of Eve's daughters, and could feel and suffer (in her own hard way) like the rest of us. She suddenly stepped close up to me, and laid her hand on my arm.

"You are a lawyer, ain't you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Have you had any experience in your profession?"

"Ten years' experience."

"Do *you* think——" She stopped abruptly; her hard face softened; her eyes dropped to the ground. "Never mind!" she said confusedly. "I'm upset by all this misery—though I may not look like it. Don't notice me."

She turned away. I waited in the firm persuasion that the unspoken question in her mind would sooner or later force its way to utterance by her lips. I was right. She came back to me unwillingly—like a woman acting under some influence which the utmost exertion of her will was powerless to resist.

"Do *you* believe John Jago is still a living man?"

She put the question vehemently, despe-

rately—as if the words rushed out of her mouth in spite of her.

“I do *not* believe it,” I answered.

“Remember what John Jago has suffered at the hands of my brothers,” she persisted. “Is it not in your experience that he should take a sudden resolution to leave the farm?”

I replied as plainly as before—

“It is *not* in my experience.”

She stood looking at me for a moment with a face of blank despair—then bowed her grey head in silence, and left me. As she crossed the room to the door I saw her look upward, and I heard her say to herself, softly, between her teeth, “Vengeance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord.”

It was the requiem of John Jago, pronounced by the woman who loved him.

When I next saw her, her mask was on once more. Miss Meadowcroft was herself again; Miss Meadowcroft could sit by, impenetrably calm, while the lawyers discussed the terrible position of her brothers—with the scaffold in view as one of the possibilities of the “case.”

Left by myself, I began to feel uneasy about Naomi. I went up-stairs, and, knocking softly at her door, made my inquiries from outside. The clear young voice answered me sadly, “I am trying to bear it; I won’t distress you when we meet again.” I descended the stairs, feeling my first suspicion of the true nature of my interest in the American girl. Why had her answer brought the tears into my eyes? I went out walking alone, to think undisturbedly. Why did the tones of her voice dwell on my ear all the way? Why did my hand still feel the last cold, faint pressure of her fingers when I led her out of Court?

I took a sudden resolution to go back to England.

When I returned to the farm it was evening. The lamp was not yet lit in the hall. Pausing to accustom my eyes to the obscurity indoors, I heard the voice of the lawyer,

whom we had employed for the defence, speaking to some one very earnestly.

“I’m not to blame,” said the voice. “She snatched the paper out of my hand before I was aware of her.”

“Do you want it back?” asked the voice of Miss Meadowcroft.

“No; it’s only a copy. If keeping it will help to quiet her, let her keep it by all means. Good evening.”

Saying these last words, the lawyer approached me on his way out of the house. I stopped him without ceremony; I felt an ungovernable curiosity to know more.

“Who snatched the paper out of your hand?” I asked bluntly.

The lawyer started. I had taken him by surprise. The instinct of professional reticence made him pause before he answered me.

In the brief interval of silence, Miss Meadowcroft replied to my question from the other end of the hall.

“Naomi Colebrook snatched the paper out of his hand.”

“What paper?”

A door opened softly behind me. Naomi herself appeared on the threshold. Naomi herself answered my question.

“I will tell you,” she whispered. “Come in here.”

One candle only was burning in the room. I looked at her by the dim light. My resolution to return to England instantly became one of the lost ideas of my life.

“Good God!” I exclaimed, “what has happened now?”

She handed me the paper which she had taken from the lawyer’s hand.

The “copy” to which he had referred was a copy of the written confession of Silas Meadowcroft on his return to prison. He accused his brother Ambrose of the murder of John Jago! He declared on his oath that he had seen his brother Ambrose commit the crime!

In the popular phrase, I could “hardly

believe my own eyes." I read the last sentences of the confession for the second time.

" * * * I heard their voices at the lime-kiln. They were having words about cousin Naomi. I ran to the place to part them. I was not in time. I saw Ambrose strike the deceased a terrible blow on the head with his (Ambrose's) heavy stick. The deceased dropped without a cry. I put my hand on his heart. He was dead. I was horribly frightened. Ambrose threatened to kill *me* next, if I said a word to any living soul. He took up the body, and cast it into the quick-lime, and threw the stick in after it. We went on together to the wood. We sat down on a felled tree outside the wood. Ambrose made up the story that we were to tell, if what he had done was found out. He made me repeat it after him like a lesson. We were still at it when cousin Naomi and Mr. Lefrank came up to us. They know the rest. This, on my oath, is a true confession. I make it of my own free will; repenting me sincerely that I did not make it before.

(Signed) "SILAS MEADOWCROFT."

I laid down the paper, and looked at Naomi once more. She spoke to me with a strange composure. Immovable determination was in her eye; immovable determination was in her voice.

"Silas has lied away his brother's life to save himself," she said. "I see cowardly falsehood and cowardly cruelty in every line on that paper. Ambrose is innocent—and the time has come to prove it."

"You forget," I said, "that we have just failed to prove it."

"John Jago is alive—in hiding from us and from all who know him," she went on. "Help me, friend Lefrank, to advertise for him in the newspapers."

I drew back from her in speechless distress. I own I believed that the new misery which had fallen on her had affected her brain.

"You don't believe it," she said. "Shut the door."

I obeyed her. She seated herself, and pointed to a chair near her.

"Sit down," she proceeded. "I am going to do a wrong thing, but there is no help for it. I am going to break a sacred promise. You remember that moonlight night when I met him on the garden walk?"

"John Jago?"

"Yes. Now listen. I am going to tell you what passed between John Jago and me."

CHAPTER IX.

THE ADVERTISEMENT.

I WAITED in silence for the disclosure that was now to come. Naomi began by asking me a question.

"You remember when we went to see Ambrose in the prison?" she said.

"Perfectly."

"Ambrose told us of something which his villain of a brother said of John Jago and me. Do you remember what it was?"

I remembered perfectly. Silas had said, "John Jago is too sweet on Naomi not to come back."

"That's so," Naomi remarked when I had repeated the words. "I couldn't help starting when I heard what Silas had said—and I thought you noticed me."

"I did notice you."

"Did you wonder what it meant?"

"Yes."

"I'll tell you. It meant this. What Silas Meadowcroft said to his brother of John Jago, was what I myself was thinking of John Jago at that very moment. It startled me to find my own thought in a man's mind, spoken for me by a man. I am the person, sir, who has driven John Jago away from Morwick Farm. And I am the person who can (and will) bring him back again."

There was something in her manner, more.

than in her words, which let the light in suddenly on my mind.

"You have told me the secret," I said. "John Jago is in love with you."

"Mad about me," she rejoined, dropping her voice to a whisper. "Stark, staring mad—that's the only word for him! After we had taken a few turns on the gravel walk, he suddenly broke out like a man beside himself. He fell down on his knees, he kissed my gown, he kissed my feet, he sobbed and cried for love of me. I'm not badly off for courage, sir, considering I'm a woman; no man that I can call to mind ever really scared me before. But I own John Jago frightened me—oh, my! he did frighten me! My heart was in my mouth, and my knees shook under me. I begged and prayed of him to get up and go away. No! there he knelt and held by the skirt of my gown. The words poured out from him like—well, like nothing I can think of but water from a pump. His happiness and his life, and his hopes in earth and heaven, and Lord only knows what besides, all depended (he said) on a word from me. I plucked up spirit enough, at that, to remind him that I was promised to Ambrose. 'I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself,' I said, 'to own that you are wicked enough to love me when you know I am promised to another man.' When I spoke so to him, he took a new turn; he began abusing Ambrose. *That* straightened me up. I snatched my gown out of his hand, and I gave him my whole mind. 'I hate you,' I said. 'Even if I wasn't promised to Ambrose, I wouldn't marry you, no! not if there wasn't another man left in the world to ask me. I hate you, Mr. Jago! I hate you!' He saw I was in earnest at last. He got up from my feet, and he settled down quiet again, all on a sudden. 'You have said enough' (that was how he answered me); 'you have broken my life. I have no hopes and no prospects now. I had a pride in the farm, Miss, and a pride in my work—I bore with

your brutish cousins' hatred of me—I was faithful to Mr. Meadowcroft's interests—all for your sake, Naomi Colebrook; all for your sake! I have done with it now; I have done with my life at the farm. You will never be troubled with me again. I am going away, as the dumb creatures go when they are sick, to hide myself in a corner and die. Do me one last favour! Don't make me the laughing-stock of the whole neighbourhood. I can't bear that—it maddens me only to think of it. Give me your promise never to tell any living soul what I have said to you to-night—your sacred promise to the man whose life you have broken!' I did as he bade me; I gave my sacred promise—with the tears in my eyes! Yes! that is so. After telling him I hated him (and I did hate him), I cried over his misery—I did! Mercy! what fools women are! What is the horrid perversity, sir, which makes us always ready to pity the men? He held out his hand to me, and he said 'Goodbye for ever,' and I pitied him. I said, 'I'll shake hands with you, if you will give me your promise in exchange for mine. I beg of you not to leave the farm. What will my uncle do if you go away? Stay here, and be friends with me—and forget and forgive, Mr. John.' He gave me his promise (he can refuse me nothing); and he gave it again when I saw him again the next morning. Yes! I'll do him justice—though I do hate him! I believe he honestly meant to keep his word as long as my eye was on him. It was only when he was left to himself that the devil tempted him to break his promise and leave the farm. I was brought up to believe in the devil, Mr. Lefrank, and I find it explains many things. It explains John Jago. Only let me find out where he is gone, and I'll engage he shall come back and clear Ambrose of the suspicion which his vile brother has cast on him. Here is the pen all ready for you! Advertise for him, friend Lefrank, and do it right away, for my sake!"

I let her run on—without attempting to disturb her conclusions—until she could say no more. When she put the pen into my hand, I began the composition of the advertisement as obediently as if I too believed that John Jago was a living man.

In the case of any one else, I should have openly acknowledged that my own convictions remained unshaken. If no quarrel had taken place at the lime-kiln I should have been quite ready (as I viewed the case) to believe that John Jago's disappearance was referable to the terrible disappointment which Naomi had inflicted on him. The same morbid dread of ridicule which had led him to assert that he cared nothing for Naomi, when he and Silas had quarrelled under my bed-room window, might also have impelled him to withdraw himself secretly and suddenly from the scene of his discomfiture. But to ask me to believe, after what happened at the lime-kiln, that he was still living, was to ask me to take Ambrose Meadowcroft's statement for granted as a true statement of facts.

I had refused to do this from the first, and I still persisted in taking that course. If I had been called upon to decide the balance of probability between the narrative related by Ambrose in his defence and the narrative related by Silas in his confession, I must have owned, no matter how unwillingly, that the confession was, to my mind, the least incredible story of the two.

Could I say this to Naomi? I would have written fifty advertisements inquiring for John Jago rather than say it. And you would have done the same if you had been as fond of her as I was.

I drew out the advertisement (for insertion in the *Morwick Mercury*) in these terms :

“MURDER.—Printers of newspapers throughout the United States are desired to publish that Ambrose Meadowcroft and Silas Meadowcroft, of Morwick Farm, Morwick County, are committed for trial on the charge of murdering John Jago, now

missing from the farm and from the neighbourhood. Any person who can give information of the existence of said Jago may save the lives of two wrongly accused men by making immediate communication. Jago is about five feet four inches high. He is spare and wiry; his complexion is extremely pale; his eyes are dark, and very bright and restless. The lower part of his face is concealed by a thick black beard and moustache. The whole appearance of the man is wild and flighty.”

I added the date and the address. That evening a servant was sent on horseback to Narrabee to procure the insertion of the advertisement in the next issue of the newspaper.

When we parted that night, Naomi looked almost like her brighter and happier self. Now that the advertisement was on its way to the printing office she was more than sanguine—she was certain of the result.

“You don't know how you have comforted me,” she said in her frank, warm-hearted way, when we parted for the night. “All the newspapers will copy it; and we shall hear of John Jago before the week is out.” She turned to go, and came back again to me. “I will never forgive Silas for writing that confession!” she whispered in my ear. “If he ever lives under the same roof with Ambrose again, I—well, I believe I wouldn't marry Ambrose if he did. There.”

She left me. Through the wakeful hours of the night my mind dwelt on her last words. That she should contemplate, under any circumstances, even the bare possibility of not marrying Ambrose, was, I am ashamed to say, a direct encouragement to certain hopes which I had already begun to form in secret. The next day's mail brought me a letter on business. My clerk wrote to inquire if there was any chance of my returning to England in time to appear in court at the opening of next law term. I answered, without hesitation, “It is still impossible for me to fix the date of my return.” Naomi was in the room while I was writing. How would she have answered, I wonder, if I

had told her the truth, and said—"You are responsible for this letter."

CHAPTER X.

THE SHERIFF AND THE GOVERNOR.

THE question of time was now a serious question at Morwick Farm. In six weeks the Court for the trial of criminal cases was to be opened at Narrabee.

During this interval no new event of any importance occurred.

Many idle letters reached us, relating to the advertisement for John Jago; but no positive information was received. Not the slightest trace of the lost man turned up; not the shadow of a doubt was cast on the assertion of the prosecution that his body had been destroyed in the kiln. Silas Meadowcroft held firmly to the horrible confession that he had made. His brother Ambrose, with equal resolution, asserted his innocence, and reiterated the statement which he had already advanced. At regular periods I accompanied Naomi to visit him in the prison. As the day appointed for the opening of the Court approached, he seemed to falter a little in his resolution; his manner became restless, and he grew irritably suspicious about the merest trifles. This change did not necessarily imply the consciousness of guilt: it might merely have indicated natural nervous agitation as the time for the trial drew near. Naomi noticed the alteration in her lover. It greatly increased her anxiety, though it never shook her confidence in Ambrose. Except at meal times I was left (during the period of which I am now writing) almost constantly alone with the charming American girl. Miss Meadowcroft searched the newspapers for tidings of the living John Jago, in the privacy of her own room. Mr. Meadowcroft would see nobody but his daughter and his doctor, and occasionally one or two old

friends. I have since had reason to believe that Naomi, in these days of our intimate association, discovered the true nature of the feeling with which she had inspired me. But she kept her secret; her manner towards me steadily remained the manner of a sister; she never overstepped by a hair's breadth the safe limits of the character that she had assumed.

The sittings of the Court began. After hearing the evidence, and examining the confession of Silas Meadowcroft, the Grand Jury found a true bill against both the prisoners. The day appointed for their trial was the first day in the new week.

I had carefully prepared Naomi's mind for the decision of the Grand Jury. She bore the new blow bravely.

"If you are not tired of it," she said, "come with me to the prison to-morrow. Ambrose will need a little comfort by that time." She paused and looked at the day's letters lying on the table. "Still not a word about John Jago," she said. "And all the papers have copied the advertisement. I felt so sure we should hear of him, long before this!"

"Do you still feel sure that he is living?" I ventured to ask.

"I am as certain of it as ever," she replied firmly. "He is somewhere in hiding—perhaps he is in disguise. Suppose we know no more of him than we know now, when the trial begins? Suppose the jury——" she stopped, shuddering. Death—shameful death on the scaffold—might be the terrible result of the consultation of the jury. "We have waited for news to come to us long enough," Naomi resumed. "We must find the tracks of John Jago for ourselves. There is a week yet before the trial begins. Who will help me to make inquiries? Will you be the man, friend Le-frank?"

It is needless to add (though I knew nothing would come of it) that I consented to be the man.

We arranged to apply that day for the order of admission to the prison ; and having seen Ambrose, to devote ourselves immediately to the contemplated search. How that search was to be conducted was more than I could tell, and more than Naomi could tell. We were to begin by applying to the police to help us to find John Jago, and we were then to be guided by circumstances. Was there ever a more hopeless programme than this ?

"Circumstances" declared themselves against us at starting. I applied, as usual, for the order of admission to the prison—and the order was, for the first time, refused, no reason being assigned by the persons in authority for taking this course. Inquire as I might, the only answer given was, "Not to-day."

At Naomi's suggestion, we went to the prison to seek the explanation which was refused to us at the office. The gaoler on duty at the outer gate was one of Naomi's many admirers. He solved the mystery cautiously in a whisper. The sheriff and the governor of the prison were then speaking privately with Ambrose Meadowcroft in his cell ; they had expressly directed that no person should be admitted to see the prisoner that day but themselves.

What did it mean ? We returned, wondering, to the farm. There, Naomi (speaking by chance to one of the female servants) made certain discoveries.

Early that morning the sheriff had been brought to Morwick by an old friend of the Meadowcrofts. A long interview had been held between Mr. Meadowcroft and his daughter, and the official personage introduced by the friend. Leaving the farm, the sheriff had gone straight to the prison, and had proceeded (with the governor) to visit Ambrose in his cell. Was some potent influence being brought privately to bear on Ambrose ? Appearances certainly suggested that inquiry. Supposing the influence to have been really exerted, the next question

followed—what was the object in view ? We could only wait—and see.

Our patience was not severely tried. The events of the next day enlightened us in a very unexpected manner. Before noon the neighbours brought startling news from the prison to the farm.

Ambrose Meadowcroft had confessed himself to be the murderer of John Jago ! He had signed the confession in the presence of the sheriff and the governor on that very day !

I saw the document. It is needless to reproduce it here. In substance, Ambrose confessed what Silas had confessed—claiming, however, to have only struck Jago under intolerable provocation, so as to reduce the nature of his offence against the law from murder to manslaughter. Was the confession really the true statement of what had taken place ? or, had the sheriff and the governor, acting in the interests of the family name, persuaded Ambrose to try this desperate means of escaping the ignominy of death on the scaffold ? The sheriff and the governor preserved impenetrable silence until the pressure put on them judicially at the trial obliged them to speak.

Who was to tell Naomi of this last and saddest of all the calamities which had fallen on her ? Knowing how I loved her in secret, I felt an invincible reluctance to be the person who revealed Ambrose Meadowcroft's degradation to his betrothed wife. Had any other member of the family told her what had happened ? The lawyer was able to answer me—Miss Meadowcroft had told her.

I was shocked when I heard it. Miss Meadowcroft was the last person in the house to spare the poor girl ; Miss Meadowcroft would make the hard tidings doubly terrible to bear in the telling. I tried to find Naomi—without success. She had been always accessible at other times. Was she hiding herself from me now ? The idea occurred to me as I was descending the

stairs after vainly knocking at the door of her room. I was determined to see her. I waited a few minutes, and then ascended the stairs again suddenly. On the landing I met her, just leaving her room.

She tried to run back. I caught her by the arm, and detained her. With her free hand she held her handkerchief over her face, so as to hide it from me.

"You once told me I had comforted you," I said to her gently. "Won't you let me comfort you now?"

She still struggled to get away, and still kept her head turned from me.

"Don't you see that I am ashamed to look you in the face?" she said, in low, broken tones. "Let me go!"

I still persisted in trying to soothe her. I drew her to the window-seat. I said I would wait until she was able to speak to me.

She dropped on the seat, and wrung her hands on her lap. Her downcast eyes still obstinately avoided meeting mine.

"Oh!" she said to herself, "what madness possessed me? Is it possible that I ever disgraced myself by loving Ambrose Meadowcroft?" She shuddered as the idea found its way to expression on her lips. The tears rolled slowly over her cheeks. "Don't despise me, Mr. Lefrank!" she said faintly.

I tried, honestly tried, to put the confession before her in its least unfavourable light.

"His resolution has given way," I said. "He has done this, despairing of proving his innocence—in terror of the scaffold."

She rose, with an angry stamp of her foot. She turned her face on me with the deep red flush of shame in it, and the big tears glistening in her eyes.

"No more of him!" she said, sternly. "If he is not a murderer, what else is he? A liar and a coward. In which of his characters does he disgrace me most? I have done with him for ever—I will never speak to him again!" She pushed me furiously

away from her; advanced a few steps towards her own door; stopped, and came back to me. The generous nature of the girl spoke in her next words. "I am not ungrateful to *you*, friend Lefrank! A woman in my place is only a woman—and when she is shamed as I am, she feels it very bitterly. Give me your hand. God bless you!"

She put my hand to her lips before I was aware of her, and kissed it, and ran back into her room.

I sat down on the place which she had occupied. She had looked at me for one moment, when she kissed my hand. I forgot Ambrose and his confession; I forgot the coming trial; I forgot my professional duties and my English friends. There I sat, in a fool's elysium of my own making, with absolutely nothing in my mind but the picture of Naomi's face at the moment when she had last looked at me!

I have already mentioned that I was in love with her. I merely add this to satisfy you that I tell the truth.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PEBBLE AND THE WINDOW.

MISS MEADOWCROFT and I were the only representatives of the family at the farm who attended the trial. We went separately to Narrabee. Excepting the ordinary greetings at morning and night, Miss Meadowcroft had not said one word to me since the time when I had told her that I did not believe John Jago to be a living man.

I have purposely abstained from encumbering my narrative with legal details. I now propose to state the nature of the defence in the briefest outline only.

We insisted on making both the prisoners plead Not Guilty. This done, we took an objection to the legality of the proceedings at starting. We appealed to the old English

law that there should be no conviction for murder until the body of the murdered person was found, or proof of its destruction obtained beyond a doubt. We denied that sufficient proof had been obtained in the case now before the Court.

The judges consulted, and decided that the trial should go on.

We took our next objection when the confessions were produced in evidence. We declared that they had been extorted by terror, or by undue influence; and we pointed out certain minor particulars in which the two confessions failed to corroborate each other. For the rest, our defence on this occasion was as to essentials, what our defence had been at the inquiry before the magistrate. Once more the judges consulted, and once more they overruled our objection. The confessions were admitted in evidence.

On their side, the prosecution produced one new witness in support of their case. It is needless to waste time in recapitulating his evidence. He contradicted himself gravely on cross-examination. We showed plainly, and after investigation proved, that he was not to be believed on his oath.

The Chief Justice summed up.

He charged, in relation to the confessions, that no weight should be attached to a confession incited by hope or fear; and he left it to the jury to determine whether the confessions in this case had been so influenced. In the course of the trial, it had been shown for the defence that the sheriff and the governor of the prison had told Ambrose (with his father's knowledge and sanction) that the case was clearly against him—that the only chance of sparing his family the disgrace of his death by public execution lay in making a confession, and that they would do their best, if he did confess, to have his sentence commuted to transportation for life. As for Silas, he was proved to have been beside himself with terror when he made his abominable charge against his

brother. We had vainly trusted to the evidence on these two points to induce the Court to reject the confessions; and we were destined to be once more disappointed in anticipating that the same evidence would influence the verdict of the jury on the side of mercy. After an absence of an hour, they returned into Court with a verdict of Guilty against both the prisoners.

Being asked in due form if they had anything to say in mitigation of their sentence, Ambrose and Silas solemnly declared their innocence, and publicly acknowledged that their respective confessions had been wrung from them by the hope of escaping the hangman's hands. This statement was not noticed by the Bench. The prisoners were both sentenced to death.

On my return to the farm I did not see Naomi. Miss Meadowcroft informed her of the result of the trial. Half an hour later, one of the women servants handed to me an envelope bearing my name on it in Naomi's handwriting.

The envelope enclosed a letter, and with it a slip of paper on which Naomi had hurriedly written these words: "For God's sake, read the letter I send to you, and do something about it immediately."

I looked at the letter. It assumed to be written by a gentleman in New York. Only the day before he had, by the merest accident, seen the advertisement for John Jago cut out of a newspaper and pasted into a book of "curiosities" kept by a friend. Upon this he wrote to Morwick Farm to say that he had seen a man exactly answering to the description of John Jago, but bearing another name, working as a clerk in a merchant's office in Jersey City. Having time to spare before the mail went out, he had returned to the office to take another look at the man before he posted his letter. To his surprise, he was informed that the clerk had not appeared at his desk that day. His employer had sent to his lodgings, and had been informed that he had suddenly packed.

up his hand-bag (after reading the newspaper at breakfast); had paid his rent honestly; and had gone away, nobody knew where!

It was late in the evening when I read these lines. I had time for reflection before it would be necessary for me to act.

Assuming the letter to be genuine, and adopting Naomi's explanation of the motive which had led John Jago to absent himself secretly from the farm, I reached the conclusion that the search for him might be usefully limited to Narrabee and to the surrounding neighbourhood.

The newspaper at his breakfast had no doubt given him his first information of the "finding" of the Grand Jury, and of the trial to follow. It was in my experience of human nature that he should venture back to Narrabee under these circumstances, and under the influence of his infatuation for Naomi. More than this, it was again in my experience (I am sorry to say) that he should attempt to make the critical position of Ambrose a means of extorting Naomi's consent to listen favourably to his suit. Cruel indifference to the injury and the suffering which his sudden absence might inflict on others, was plainly implied in his secret withdrawal from the farm. The same cruel indifference, pushed to a farther extreme, might well lead him to press his proposals privately on Naomi, and to fix her acceptance of them as the price to be paid for saving her cousin's life.

To these conclusions I arrived after much thinking. I had determined, on Naomi's account, to clear the matter up—but it is only candid to add, that my doubts of John Jago's existence remained unshaken by the letter. I believed it to be nothing more or less than a heartless and stupid hoax.

The striking of the hall clock roused me from my meditations. I counted the strokes. Midnight!

I rose to go up to my room. Everybody else in the house had retired to bed, as usual,

more than an hour since. The stillness in the house was breathless. I walked softly, by instinct, as I crossed the room to look out at the night. A lovely moonlight met my view—it was like the moonlight on the fatal evening when Naomi had met John Jago on the garden walk.

My bed-room candle was on the side-table. I had just lit it. I was just leaving the room, when the door suddenly opened, and Naomi herself stood before me!

Recovering the first shock of her sudden appearance, I saw instantly in her eager eyes, in her deadly pale cheeks, that something serious had happened. A large cloak was thrown over her; a white handkerchief was tied over her head. Her hair was in disorder; she had evidently just risen in fear and in haste from her bed.

"What is it?" I asked, advancing to meet her.

She clung trembling with agitation to my arm.

"John Jago!" she whispered.

You will think my obstinacy invincible. I could hardly believe it, even then!

"Where?" I asked.

"In the back-yard," she replied, "under my bed-room window."

The emergency was far too serious to allow of any consideration for the small proprieties of every-day life.

"Let me see him!" I said.

"I am here to fetch you," she answered, in her frank and fearless way. "Come upstairs with me."

Her room was on the first floor of the house, and was the only bed-room which looked out on the back-yard. On our way up the stairs she told me what had happened.

"I was in bed," she said, "but not asleep, when I heard a pebble strike against the window-pane. I waited, wondering what it meant. Another pebble was thrown against the glass. So far, I was surprised, but not frightened. I got up, and ran to the

window to look out. There was John Jago looking up at me in the moonlight!"

"Did he see you?"

"Yes. He said, 'Come down and speak to me. I have something serious to say to you.'"

"Did you answer him?"

"As soon as I could fetch my breath I said, 'Wait a little'—and ran down-stairs to you. What shall I do?"

"Let me see him, and I will tell you."

We entered her room. Keeping cautiously behind the window curtain, I looked out.

There he was! His beard and moustache were shaved off; his hair was close cut. But there was no disguising his wild, brown eyes, or the peculiar movement of his spare, wiry figure, as he walked slowly to and fro in the moonlight, waiting for Naomi. For the moment my own agitation almost overpowered me; I had so firmly disbelieved that John Jago was a living man!

"What shall I do?" Naomi repeated.

"Is the door of the dairy open?" I asked.

"No; but the door of the tool-house, round the corner, is not locked."

"Very good. Show yourself at the window, and say to him, 'I am coming directly.'"

The brave girl obeyed me without a moment's hesitation.

There had been no doubt about his eyes and his gait. There was no doubt now about his voice, as he answered softly from below:

"All right."

"Keep him talking to you where he is now," I said to Naomi, "until I have time to get round by the other way to the tool-house. Then pretend to be fearful of discovery at the dairy, and bring him round the corner, so that I can hear him behind the door."

We left the house together, and separated silently. Naomi followed my instructions,

with a woman's quick intelligence where stratagems are concerned. I had hardly been a minute in the tool-house before I heard him speaking to Naomi on the other side of the door.

The first words which I caught distinctly related to his motive for secretly leaving the farm. Mortified pride—doubly mortified by Naomi's contemptuous refusal, and by the personal indignity offered to him by Ambrose—was at the bottom of his conduct in absenting himself from Morwick. He owned that he had seen the advertisement, and that it had actually encouraged him to keep in hiding!

"After being laughed at, and insulted, and denied, I was glad," said the miserable wretch, "to see that some of you had serious reason to wish me back again. It rests with you, Miss Naomi, to keep me here, and to persuade me to save Ambrose by showing myself and owning to my name."

"What do you mean?" I heard Naomi ask sternly.

He lowered his voice—but I could still hear him:

"Promise you will marry me," he said, "and I will go before the magistrate tomorrow, and show him that I am a living man."

"Suppose I refuse?"

"In that case you will lose me again—and none of you will find me till Ambrose is hanged."

"Are you villain enough, John Jago, to mean what you say?" asked the girl, raising her voice.

"If you attempt to give the alarm," he answered, "as true as God is above us, you will feel my hand on your throat. It's my turn now, Miss, and I am not to be trifled with. Will you have me for your husband—Yes or No?"

"No!" she answered, loudly and firmly.

I burst open the door, and seized him as he lifted his hand to her. He had not suffered from the nervous derangement

which had weakened me, and he was the stronger man of the two. Naomi saved my life. She struck up his pistol as he pulled it out of his pocket with his free hand, and presented it at my head. The bullet was fired into the air. I tripped up his heels at the same moment. The report of the pistol had alarmed the house. We two together kept him on the ground until help arrived.

CHAPTER XII.

THE END OF IT.

JOHAN JAGO was brought before the magistrate, and John Jago was identified, the next day.

The lives of Ambrose and Silas were, of course, no longer in peril, so far as human justice was concerned. But there were legal delays to be encountered, and legal formalities to be observed, before the brothers could be released from prison in the characters of innocent men.

During the interval which thus elapsed, certain events happened which may be briefly mentioned here, before I close my narrative.

Mr. Meadowcroft the elder, broken by the suffering which he had gone through, died suddenly of a rheumatic affection of the heart. A codicil attached to his will abundantly justified what Naomi had told me of Miss Meadowcroft's influence over her father, and of the end she had in view in exercising it. A life income only was left to Mr. Meadowcroft's sons. The freehold of the farm was bequeathed to his daughter, with the testator's recommendation added that she should marry his "best and dearest friend, Mr. John Jago."

Armed with the power of the will, the heiress of Morwick sent an insolent message to Naomi, requesting her no longer to consider herself one of the inmates at the farm. Miss Meadowcroft, it should be here added, positively refused to believe that John Jago

had ever asked Naomi to be his wife, or had ever threatened her (as I had heard him threaten her) if she refused. She accused me, as she accused Naomi, of trying meanly to injure John Jago in her estimation, out of hatred towards "that much-injured man"—and she sent to me, as she had sent to Naomi, a formal notice to leave the house.

We two banished ones met the same day in the hall, with our travelling-bags in our hands.

"We are turned out together, friend Lefrank," said Naomi, with her quaintly comical smile. "You will go back to England, I guess; and I must make my own living in my own country. Women can get employment in the States if they have a friend to speak for them. Where shall I find somebody who can give me a place?"

I saw my way to saying the right word at the right moment.

"I have got a place to offer you," I replied.

She suspected nothing, so far.

"That's lucky, sir," was all she said. "Is it in a telegraph office or in a dry goods store?"

I astonished my little American friend by taking her then and there in my arms, and giving her my first kiss.

"The office is by my fireside," I said. "The salary is anything in reason you like to ask me for. And the place, Naomi (if you have no objection to it), is the place of my wife."

I have no more to say—except that years have passed since I spoke these words, and that I am as fond of Naomi as ever.

Some months after our marriage, Mrs. Lefrank wrote to a friend at Narrabee for news of what was going on at the farm. The answer informed us that Ambrose and Silas had emigrated to New Zealand, and that Miss Meadowcroft was alone at Morwick Farm. John Jago had refused to marry her. John Jago had disappeared again—nobody knew where.

NOTE IN CONCLUSION.

The first idea of this little story was suggested to the author by a printed account of a Trial which actually took place, early in the present century, in the United States. The published narrative of this strange case is entitled "The Trial, Confessions, and Conviction of Jesse and Stephen Boorn, for the Murder of Russell Colvin, and the Return of the

Man supposed to have been Murdered. By Hon. Leonard Sargeant, ex-Lieut.-Governor of Vermont (Manchester, Vermont, *Journal Book and Job Office*, 1813)." It may not be amiss to add (for the benefit of incredulous readers), that all the "improbable events" in the story are matters of fact, taken from the printed narrative. Anything which "looks like truth" is, in nine cases out of ten, the invention of the author.—W. C.

TO HOPE.

O EVER skilled to wear the form we love !
 To bid the shapes of fear and grief depart ;
 Come, gentle Hope ! with one gay smile remove
 The lasting sadness of an aching heart.
 Thy voice, benign enchantress ! let me hear ;
 Say that for me some pleasures yet shall bloom—
 That fancy's radiance, friendship's precious tear,
 Shall soften, or shall chase, misfortune's gloom.
 But come not glowing in the dazzling ray
 Which once with dear illusions charmed my eye ;
 Oh, strew no more, sweet flatterer, on my way,
 The flowers I fondly thought too bright to die ;
 Visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,
 That asks not happiness, but longs for rest.

CURRENT EVENTS.

BEFORE these pages reach the public the electoral struggle in which the country is engaged will be over, and anything we may say can in no way affect the result. For that very reason our criticism will cover ground not touched on by partisan writers who take part in the fray. The right of Ministers to appeal to the electorate at all, without first meeting a defeat in the House, has been questioned; but this has been done on grounds which are not tenable, and by arguments which possess no conclusive force. The Minister might fairly decline to rely on a House having a tainted origin; and not a single objection could have been made if his first official act had been to advise a dissolution. That he did not so advise may have been an error of policy. The double elections—the re-election of Ministers and the general election—are now proved by the fact to have been unnecessary; the trouble and expense of the separate Ministerial re-elections might have been spared to the constituencies concerned, to the country, and to Ministers themselves. But there is this to be said, that Ministers bore more than their full share of the burthen in its twofold form. It is impossible to interpret the facts otherwise than as presenting the general election as an afterthought, or a decision not predetermined when the Ministerial elections were held, and probably depending upon the result of that partial appeal to the constituencies. The success in these test elections, and in West Toronto, it may naturally be concluded, had its effect in determining the Ministry to advise a general election. It would have told in favour of the Minister if the general election had been brought on at once on his assumption of office. That course, then taken, would have

been regarded as natural and proper; and though it would not have escaped party criticism, the critics would have taken nothing by the move. The circumstance of the general election being deferred, of Ministers individually going back to their constituents as they did, created the impression that the new Ministry was resolved to meet the House of Commons as it stood; and when this resolution, which had probably been formed in good faith, was not kept, objection was taken that the country had not been fairly dealt with. That objection became an election cry, which was partly hollow and partly sincere. There were persons who raised it for the sake of effect, and there were others who felt the full force of the objection. The effect was, on the whole, unfavourable to the Government cause; but the strength of that cause was too great to be seriously discredited by an incident arising out of the time of bringing on the elections. When one party complains of a surprise, another thinks itself privileged by being in a position to benefit by the act so designated. But at present the old party lines are in course of re-arrangement: they will be drawn, at this election, in a new place. On the extent to which they are shifted depends the degree of Ministerial success. In such a state of things, a feeling that there has been an attempt at surprise, backed by facts which give it some countenance, operates far more injuriously towards the Ministerial cause than it would if party lines were not in a shifting condition. For this reason, we believe that the measure of Ministerial success, whatever it will be—and there is no reason to doubt that it will bring a good majority—would have been greater if the dissolution had immediately followed

accession to power, or had been delayed till after a session had been held.

But these considerations scarcely touch the merits of the question. The Minister had to choose between two evils: between the attempt to get a purifying election law from a tainted House, and holding the elections without the guarantee which such measure would afford against corrupt practices. If the House had failed to vote the proposed legislation, there would have been the resource of dissolution; and the worst that could have happened would have been the necessity of holding the elections under the existing law. However strong the presumption may be, that from a House, part of which was born of corruption, pure legislation could not be expected, it would have hardly held good in this instance. Whatever corruption had been practised at the elections, a majority of the House was prepared to condemn. It was on this issue that the late Ministry fell. What the majority would have been we have no means of knowing, but a majority there assuredly would have been. The disposition of the House towards the late Ministry underwent a total change between the opening of the session and the day on which the resignation took place. That change would probably have made a difference of not less than thirty votes. The final majority for the Opposition is seldom estimated at less than fifteen; and if, when the Opposition was changed into the Ministerial party, it had started with that number in its favour, there is every reason to believe that it could have weathered one session, and that it would have increased rather than diminished its strength on a question which involved the old issue of electoral purity or electoral corruption. The elections are not now to be held under the law under which the late House was created; but the new law has been pronounced inadequate, and the necessity of supplementing it strongly insisted on. If this view of its inadequacy be cor-

rect, corruption may preside at the birth of the new House as it did at the birth of the old. There is no colossal contractor to furnish the means of corruption, but individual candidates may draw on their private resources, and the party purse may be substituted for the purse of the contractor. The amount available from both these sources may be less than was spent in 1872, but this is only a question of degree. The inefficiency of the election law is an objection that comes mainly in the shape of an adverse criticism, which may not be free from exaggeration. If this law be anything like as defective as these criticisms represent it, we are forced to the conclusion that an attempt should have been made to supply its deficiencies before a general election was held. A great point was gained in entrusting the trying of contested elections to the judges, the decision of Election committees of the House being often swayed by party bias, while the merits of the case went for nothing.

There is evidence before the country that an unusually large expenditure was lavished on the elections of 1872; but of the details of that expenditure—what constituencies were influenced and what seats purchased by it—we are altogether without information. Men who succeeded by resorting to corrupt practices then, may be candidates for re-election now, for anything that is known to the contrary. If this be so, no man can point his finger and denounce them to the electors: they are lost in the common mob of candidates. This is a great disadvantage, as it bars the exercise of knowledge necessary to a full understanding of the issue in its various ramifications. And if constituencies were debauched and seats bought and sold, the punishment of disfranchisement cannot be inflicted, because the facts alone on which it would be possible to proceed are wanting. To apply indiscriminately the name of "charter-sellers" to one half the candidates, in the absence of

particular facts, is a proceeding that cannot commend itself to the general sense of justice. Whoever defends the receipt of large sums of money by members of the late Ministry from a competitor for a Government contract, to be used for election purposes, voluntarily places himself in an assailable position and must take the consequences. Whoever puts forward as competitors for power the delinquents makes a like selection of his political position, on his own responsibility. The best thing that any Opposition candidate could say of this transaction is, that it was clearly wrong and absolutely indefensible, and that those by whom it was done have been punished by deprivation of power. It seems evident that no further punishment is contemplated beyond what the constituencies may now inflict. The consequences of the dissolution of the House in the election of which the money was expended, form the natural,—whether or not it be premature,—end of the great Scandal. A knowledge of the details of the expenditure would have formed a luminous guide to the electorate, when called upon to select new representatives. There must have been some members of the late House whose position on the question, as it was presented there, is unknown, since there was no division list to which any one could appeal. But no candidate will be allowed to pass without making known his views on the great question of the day. We cannot suppose that Sir John Macdonald will now call for a retaliatory enquiry, the threat of which formed part of his defence before the House, but on which it failed to make an impression, and for better or worse the general election admittedly gives the final decision on the Pacific Scandal. In the absence of much specific information that would have been of the greatest value, the general features of the case stand out too prominently to be mistaken.

The Premier has now fairly met the objection, not urged without reason, that the

Ministry owed it to the country to present its policy for the judgment of the electorate. Most of the questions on which legislation is proposed are such as might naturally have been anticipated. The Pacific Railway, the expiring Insolvency Law, a Court of Appeal for the nation, Canal Improvements, are stock questions, on which, in any case, action could not long be delayed. A wide latitude is possible in the treatment of some of them, notably the Pacific Railway, by far the greatest of them all, as its achievement will double the indebtedness of the country. Nothing could be more unbusinesslike than the putting under contract, in 1872, the whole of this line of road, no part of which has even yet undergone the surveyor's demarcation. The time bargain with British Columbia cannot be strictly carried out: the commencement of the work made last July was only nominal, and the contract under which the work was to have been done has fallen through. The branch line between Pembina and Fort Garry cannot be built in the next eleven months, as required by the stipulation. The Government will frankly put before British Columbia the necessity of modifying the terms of the agreement on the point of time, while adhering to the general plan, subject necessarily to the practicability of all its parts. The resolution to take time for the completion of the surveys, and "the acquisition of the information necessary to an intelligent apprehension of the work, and its prosecution with such speed and under such arrangements as the resources of the country will permit, without too largely increasing the burdens of taxation on the people," claims the approval of all reasonable men. While this is being done we must be content to make the best use of our lake and river communications in summer, and to reach Fort Garry through Pembina in winter. The links of connection with Quebec are to be a short railway from the Georgian Bay, at the mouth of French River, with the

South Eastern shore of Lake Nipissing, and another road continuing eastward from that point. These sections are to be the work of assisted private enterprise. The Pacific Railway, as contracted for in 1872, ended in the heart of the wilderness, at Lake Nipissing; and it must have occurred to all who examined the subject at all, that to produce it eastward, to a point where some established line would be struck, would require a Government grant in some shape. The announcement made by Mr. Mackenzie enables us to understand why the assent of the Province of Quebec may be expected to the arrangement.

This policy had just been made public when a calamity so great as to assume a national character occurs to throw back this gigantic work for some years. Fire has consumed all the information obtained by the long and expensive survey, destroying the results of labour which extended over eight years, and involving, besides the delay, the direct loss of a million of dollars. The results of the more recent of the surveys in British Columbia not having reached Ottawa, are not involved in the ruin. It will be many years before the whole road can be put under contract, though work on the sections to be first taken may probably be commenced without great delay.

We are given to understand that in the re-enactment of an Insolvency Law, some needful provisions for the punishment of fraud, and the discouragement of reckless trading, will be introduced. A revision of the militia system is promised, but without any hint being given of the direction the change may be expected to take. An attempt will be made to attract immigrant labour in connection with the construction of the Pacific Railway. The promise of the ballot reminds us how little real discussion we have of public questions; many of them, when they are brought on the carpet, are presented by a partisan press in a partisan aspect, and, discussed in a shrieking key, and a fidget of

passion, become second nature, which sends covering reason out of the window. In England the ballot was periodically brought before Parliament for half a century. Much of the time it underwent an annual discussion. Here the question has only been casually touched at long intervals, and no systematic effort has been made to popularize it. The stock objections to the ballot are to-day the same as they were half a century ago. One of the most prominent objections, and one which is even now undergoing discussion in England, is that the ballot would foster lying and deception. A workman, for example, having promised his employer to vote one way, would vote another. But this, if true, would only show that the law against intimidation needs revision and extension; for it is plainly in the nature of intimidation to extort from a poor voter, to whom a display of independence might be ruin, a promise that he would vote contrary to his convictions, inclination or conscience. The necessity of the ballot increases with the increase of the class of dependent voters; and it was never so necessary as now. It is just fifty years since Ricardo, along with the ballot, proposed that all the elections in the United Kingdom should be held in one day. The late Mr. Sandfield Macdonald favoured simultaneous voting; but a general election occurring before he had been able to pass the measure, he thought himself justified—and it would be hard to say that he was not justified—in taking advantage of the power possessed by the Government to issue the writs at different dates. The present Government, by foregoing that advantage, tries to correct the defects of the election law through a scrupulous and self-sacrificing administration of it. Though the passing of a new law before holding the elections would have been the best thing, the correction of the vices of the old is the best thing possible in the absence of that change.

“Incidental protection,” of which the first advocacy dates back to 1857 or 1858, has

now, after making many converts, been adopted by Mr. Mackenzie. It was the attempt to realize this theory that raised the strong objections from the manufacturers of Sheffield to the Canadian tariff, and led to the abolition of the last remnant of the duty on Baltic timber—cutting the last thread of the old commercial tie between Colony and Mother Country. For good or for evil, there seems now to be a preponderance of opinion in favour of “incidental protection.” Mr. Mackenzie, addressing a Hamilton audience, had to meet the prediction that, if the Government were successful, all customs duties would be abolished. He showed the extreme improbability of the revenue being in a condition to admit of a reduction of duties, and the likelihood that, before long, they would have to be largely increased. From this state of facts he drew the conclusion that the question of Free Trade is one which does not come up as a possible alternative, whether we mean by Free Trade the lowering of the tariff or the abolition of customs duties. “Sir Francis Hincks,” Mr. Mackenzie said, “stated last year, on his election tour and in the House of Commons, that he was in favour of incidental protection. I said I was also in favour of it. It is a stupid phrase at best; but it means simply this, that as long as duties are levied upon articles imported, they should be levied upon articles produced by our own people.” That is, the primary object of the duty should be revenue; revenue should be raised to meet a financial necessity, but in the distribution of the duty there should be this discrimination. Mr. Mackenzie admits “incidental protection” to be a “stupid phrase.” In reality, it expresses more than it seems to imply. The cost of conveying foreign goods to this market, the expense of insurance while they are on the way, together with all other necessary charges, form an incidental protection to the Canadian manufacturer. These are all natural and necessary expenses, which enhance the cost of the goods to the

consumer and enable the home manufacturer to increase the price of his products to the same extent. All these items are incidental to the cost of placing imported goods in the hands of the consumer. But the superaddition of an import duty is not an incident of the same kind. It forms no necessary part of the price of the goods. It is an artificial increase of price, capable of arbitrary arrangement; it is a measure of the wants of the Government, which are not constant, and is, therefore, a very uncertain measure. No great harm would, perhaps, be done if a revenue tariff were always strictly adhered to; but when a readjustment of the tariff is made, with one eye looking to revenue results and the other to a masked protection, there is much danger that the limits of a revenue tariff would, at some points, be overstepped. To keep it harmless, “incidental protection” will need a regiment of economists to watch its movements; and the danger is that this force will not be forthcoming. But, if incidental protection has hitherto done very little harm, what, it will be asked, is there to fear from it in the future? Formerly it was opposed by a solid phalanx of Free Trade advocates; now, most of these advocates have grounded arms or gone over to the other side. Incidental protection now includes in its advocacy a heterogeneous mass, divisible into three distinct sections. The first is content to see a more or less arbitrary arrangement of a revenue tariff, in the interest of home manufactures; the second takes shelter under a name which it is known will be accepted where direct protection would be repudiated; the third, without abandoning Free Trade principles, finds that the open advocacy of these principles might be unpopular in constituencies where local manufactures exist, and accepts with mental reservation a “plank” that may bring a positive or negative gain of votes. The danger of incidental protection sliding into a more positive form cannot be said not to

exist, when a Free Trade Minister is obliged by the shifting state of opinion to make a merit of the possible increase of customs duties, for revenue purposes, at some date not distant in the future. For this state of opinion no man is less responsible than he; and we shall be surprised if the fallacies of protection ever find in him an advocate or defender.

The place in the Cabinet left open for a representative of the Province of Quebec, has been filled by the appointment of Mr. Huntington, to whom the Presidency of the Council is assigned. When the Ministry of Sir John Macdonald was overthrown, there was a general expectation that Mr. Huntington would be in the new Government. By him the charges against the late Minister were brought; and the pressing of these charges made the formation of a new Administration necessary. The completion of the Cabinet, by the filling of one vacancy, raises no question of policy, and the appropriateness of the selection being admitted, the act offers no point for criticism. Mr. Huntington stands in the front rank of the English-speaking Liberals of Quebec, being closely identified, in some matters of speculative opinion, with the *Parti National*, which, having no past to trammel its action, looks to the future to vindicate and realize its policy. But this will be no obstacle to his according in opinion, on the practical questions of the day which call for immediate solution, with his colleagues in the Government.

The Session of the Ontario Legislature, which opened when the year was a week old, promises to be productive of legislation which will mark a step in the progressive development of our free institutions. Along with the ballot we are promised an extension of the franchise. At present a very intelligent class, whom accident has prevented from being householders, is under the ban. It embraces a higher standard of intelligence than many who are now entitled to vote.

The extension of the franchise to a class consisting largely of young men in the employment of others, will be a new reason for giving all electors the protection of the ballot. It sounds like an anachronism to hear, in the present day, objections to an extension of the franchise to persons who are assumed to be without a stake—that is, house or land—in the country. A man may have a stake in skill, dexterity, ingenuity, industry; and if to these be added income, the reasons which could be advanced for denying him a voice in the making of laws which he is obliged to obey, would be of very little weight. We are competing for the surplus labour of Europe; and it would be a mistake to conclude that intending emigrants, with the world to choose from, might not often be determined in their choice by the consideration of what their political status would be in their new home.

A modification of the conditions on which public aid is granted towards the purchase of public libraries and prize books is promised. The Government, through the Education Department, has long been engaged in the book trade. All experience is opposed to the assumption that, in any branch of enterprise admitting of free competition, a Government can successfully compete with individuals. There is no evidence that this is an exception to the general rule. The English Government, after making the same experiment, abandoned the enterprise, and the Government of Ontario will be more than justified in following that precedent.

The Boundary questions which Ontario has on her hands are in a fair way of adjustment. That which embraces the North-western limits of the Province is by far the most important. Before referring the evidence to some tribunal for adjudication, it is proposed to adopt a provisional line, to remove any impediments to settlement in the meantime, and to this end informal negotiations have taken place. It happens curiously enough that the public men who

defined the claim of Ontario, as a basis of negotiation, have now the Federal interests committed to their charge. If the question were ever capable of being finally settled by negotiation, which is doubtful, the change in the official position of some of the negotiators would probably interpose a difficulty. A line defined as a basis of negotiation would not necessarily be a final line; and whether they continued members of the Government of Ontario or became part of the Cabinet of Ottawa, those by whom such line was defined would not necessarily be bound to insist on it as the only possible line for final adoption, if new evidence had in the meantime so modified the question as to point to a different conclusion. The question will, we presume, as suggested in the opening speech, require to be referred to some independent tribunal for adjudication. The resolutions which are half promised may relate to the provisional boundary or to the intended mode of settlement, or they may include both. Any discussion which may take place in the Legislature could not well go beyond the proposed mode of settlement.

The ghost of the strangled Orange Bills stalked into the Legislative Assembly during the debate on the Address. The opening speech of the Lieutenant-Governor, referring to the fate of these Bills, promised a general measure under which all societies not illegal should be able to obtain incorporation. This was the signal for an amendment to the Address, censuring the Government for advising the reservation of the Bills. The real question involved, though it was almost missed in the debate, was, whether the Provincial Legislatures have larger powers than the Parliament of the Dominion in respect to measures of such unusual and extraordinary nature that, if passed at Ottawa, it would be the duty of the Governor-General, as an Imperial officer acting upon his instructions, to reserve them for Her Majesty's consideration. A Bill for the incorporation

of the Orange Society was reserved by the Lieutenant-Governor of Prince Edward Island, previous to that Province becoming part of this Confederation, under the clause of his instructions which refers to Bills of an unusual or extraordinary character, and the reservation was followed by disallowance. The practice followed in this case gives us the Imperial interpretation of the clause in question. Imperial statesmen, by whom these instructions are drafted or continued in force, would, we are warranted in assuming, from their position towards the Orange Society in Ireland, regard these Bills as unusual and extraordinary; though the words which qualify or in some measure define the term "unusual or extraordinary" make it otherwise doubtful whether the clause, taken as a whole, brings those Bills within its range. These instructions, though not addressed to Lieutenant-Governors of the Provinces at present, as they were previous to Confederation, must nevertheless be taken as indicating a general policy for the Colonial Empire, from which a single Province could not be more entitled to claim exemption than the nation at large. The Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, it is beyond dispute, could not of his own motion assume to act upon instructions which are not addressed to him; the analogy between his position and duty and those of the Governor-General is incomplete. In default of Imperial instructions, he is thrown back upon the advice of the Minister. The effect of the reservation so made is to bring to the notice of the Ottawa Government measures which, if regarded as unusual or extraordinary, can be annulled by the exercise of the veto which, in such case, it is the function of that Government to wield; or if not so regarded, the Royal assent should follow as a matter of course. To return the Bills with the remark that they were within the competency of the Legislature by which they were passed, was to annul them by a side-wind instead of a

direct veto. The effect of returning them was the same as that of disallowance would have been.

We can easily understand that neither Government wanted the responsibility of advising either disallowance or assent. Perhaps the inception of the Bills concealed a strategic motive. However desirable incorporation may have been considered, to perplex the Government by introducing a question on which perhaps no possible Government could agree was not less tempting. As it happened, the Premier, of all the Ministry, was in favour of the Bills. The question was necessarily an open question, on which Ministers were not bound to be united. But the Bills having once passed, the Ministry would have been bound, if there had been nothing unusual in them, to advise the Lieutenant-Governor to pronounce the Royal assent. It was only because the Bills were of an exceptional nature, and seemed to conflict with the policy of the Empire, that their reservation was justifiable. If there had been no obstacle to the Bills at once receiving the Royal assent, Mr. Mowat's colleagues could not have suffered in public estimation for joining him in advising assent. They had opposed the Bills while they were in the Assembly: when an ordinary measure passes the formal stages there, assent to it becomes a matter of course. When the Bills were sent to Ottawa, their fate should have depended upon the alternative of veto or assent: to return them with the remark that there was no reason why they should not receive the Royal assent, while withholding that assent, was in the Ottawa Government alike irregular and inconsistent.

But if the precedent now for the first time drawn from the legislation of Prince Edward Island is to stand, in all points, and be held to be fully applicable, the Ottawa decision cannot be taken as necessarily correct. But this question need not come up, since the power of veto rests with the Government of

Ottawa; and when that authority refuses to exercise this power, after considering the constitutionality of particular Bills, its decision is necessarily final. The Orange Bills might have been left to the scrutiny of the Ottawa Government, in the ordinary course, without reservation; with this difference, that they would not then have been so likely to undergo the same scrutiny as they would when sent with a premonition that they were of a nature to require strict examination. So far as the Bills were subjected to a strategical treatment at different stages of their existence and on their extinction, their constitutionality was not the main question. First, there was an attempt to impose a responsibility for political purposes; then an attempt to shift the weight of that responsibility from one quarter to another, followed by a counter-move which was at once illogical and fatal, since the effect was to strangle measures which, it was admitted, there was no reason should not have been passed and become law.

The tone of the debate, in its worst moods, has reached the last stage of degeneracy. Let us be thankful that this is not habitual or general. It is only by way of episode that members address one another instead of the Speaker, and mutual recrimination takes the place of argument. When members return, after the elections, fresh from a heated contest, there is reason to fear they will bring improvement neither of tone nor temper. A general election is Bedlam let loose. Mud-throwing is a general employment, though all are far from being equally guilty. The press shows cankering marks of baleful attrition with unscrupulous politicians and frenzied election managers. By it candidates are charged with every crime, and random accusations are everywhere thrown into the air, without either proof or foundation.

The adjournment of the Legislature over the elections may have been a necessity, but it is one which it is impossible not to regret.

It furnishes another proof how difficult it is to keep Provincial and Federal politics from entanglement. The members of the Local Legislature are afraid their constituencies may change complexion in the contest, and naturally desire to be present to try to prevent a result so disastrous to themselves. The law of self-preservation calls them from the duties of legislation to the work of indirect self-protection. Local and Federal politics get confused; and when the electors have one question or set of questions to try, their attention is distracted to another question or set of questions, which the electors are not now required to pass upon, but which will demand their decision at a future time. Much embarrassment and confusion are caused. Our new and comparatively complex political machinery is so presented as to enfeeble the comprehension of many an honest elector. The real issues of the contest come to present a dim and blurred appearance amid the array of artificial issues with which they are almost covered up.

The Canadian National Association, which has for its motto "Canada First," has explained its principles and objects in an address to the public, accompanied by a political programme. The address urges the necessity of an improved tone of political discussion, and the cultivation of a national sentiment; and claims that the time has come when all who take this view, without being in accord with either of the old political parties, should unite to cultivate a loftier patriotism and a higher and more elevated national feeling. So far, well. When we come to the programme, we must say we have no faith even in the possibility of that Imperialism which is here given the name by which the late Mr. Howe first christened it, "Organization of the Empire;" and if it were possible, we should still require to be convinced of its desirability. On some purely political questions, though not on all, the programme is in advance of either of the other parties. Income Franchise and the

Ballot will probably both be disposed of in a few weeks or months, as well at Ottawa as at Toronto. Property qualification no longer exists in Ontario, and at Ottawa its days are numbered. On these questions the National Association is only abreast of official opinion; but in adding to the Ballot compulsory voting, it introduces a question which is new to Canadian ears, and which the press has not yet undertaken to discuss. The representation of minorities is also put forward as an object which the Association will aim to realize. Taken in connection with another part of the programme, which looks to a reorganization of the Senate, it seems probable that the idea is to apply Hare's plan, or some modification of it, for a representation of minorities, to the reconstruction of the Senate. Closer trade relations with the West Indies is advocated, confessedly with the view to ultimate political connection. The mere raising of these questions will widen the area of political discussion, and lift our politics out of the well-worn ruts in which they have hitherto been confined. We cannot here enter into the discussion of the programme, and must at present content ourselves with this brief reference to some of the items it comprises.

The Bishop of Toronto has felt called upon to reply to the Appeal of the Church Association against the alleged Ritualistic practices of some clergymen in the diocese. He expresses the belief that Ritualism has not, in any single instance, approached the extravagances which have been painfully exhibited in the Mother Country; and of the preaching of objectionable doctrine by any single clergyman, no complaint has been made to him by the congregation. The term "altar," to which the authors of the Appeal object, he regards as a reverential substitute for "table," and defends its use on the ground of prescription, dating back to a period anterior to the Ritualistic movement. He does not believe that the ministers who use it associate with the name

"the idea of material sacrifice prevailing in the Church of Rome." Having traced out and interrogated the ministers charged with resorting to auricular confession, the Bishop states by implication that they admitted the fact, while denying that "any formal invitation or encouragement to such confession was given" beyond what the Prayer-book authorizes. Where others saw, or fancy they saw, the objectionable *soutane* of the Romish priesthood, at the Synod, the Bishop saw only a light summer dress. The right of clergymen to wear the "ordinary cassock" he defends; but if any one were pointed out to him by name as going beyond this in the article of dress, he would enter into friendly communication with him on the subject. To the mode of taking the sacrament censured in the Appeal, he sees no objection, and claims that it is shielded with the historical sanction of fifteen centuries. Between "offertory" and "offering" he fails to recognize the distinction which others make a ground of objection; and even if offering be intended to mean more than offertory, that would be proof of "dutifulness of feeling." On the subject of altar decorations, the reply does not cover the whole ground of the complaint, but is confined to the use of beautiful flowers and samples of harvest products, both of which serve as an acknowledgment of what is due "for the beauty and abundance with which the earth is blessed." With this brief abstract, which covers so much of the Appeal as we noticed last month, we dismiss the subject, adding only the single remark that some other critics, wanting the sagacity, good temper, and right feeling of the Bishop, are, in their attacks on Chief Justice Draper, making use of weapons which would dishonour any cause if wielded by the unhallowed hands of a layman.

The victims of startling coincidences and false but suspicious circumstances may sympathize with the United States in the happily-timed sinking of the *Virginius*. A ves-

sel which one Government has surrendered to another cannot be restored on a state of facts being subsequently disclosed which makes restoration an unpleasant duty, if she has, meanwhile, foundered. When Spain had made, or was on the point of making, such reclamation, in the case of the *Virginius*, the vessel went down while being towed on the way to New York. How fortunate an escape the sinking of the vessel would be had been foreseen, and at least one candid journalist had given voice to the suggestion. A coal barge had, by a lucky accident, and more timely even than lucky, dropped down in front of the *Arapiles* exactly at the right moment. And even these accidents had a providential precedent, the whole constituting a curious genealogy of national good luck. This is the sinister side of the question, on which dark suspicion may feed. But the sinking of the *Virginius* needs no such explanation. The vessel was in a leaky condition when delivered to the Americans; and the Cubans, while tasting the gall and wormwood of her approaching surrender, had as strong a motive to disable her as the Americans had afterwards. Let us not, without further evidence, believe that either one or the other sank the *Virginius*, but that her fate was purely the result of accident. Is her sea-burial to be the last of the semi-piratical craft?

When Sickles conditionally resigned the post of American Minister at Madrid, there is strong reason to suspect that he had no idea he would be taken at his word. The change may benefit and cannot injure the cause of the United States. With Caleb Cushing as a successor, there would be scant promise of amendment. His book on the Geneva Arbitration shows what manner of man he is; and if that revelation tended in any way to prevent his confirmation for the Chief Justiceship, he may be pointed to as one of the few great men who get their full reward in their own lifetime. The Senate, we take it for granted, was more influenced

by the inopportune cropping up of the unhappy letter to Jefferson Davis, in which, at the beginning of the civil war, Mr. Cushing assumed that of the union founded by the Fathers of the Republic there was nothing left but the mouldering fragments. It was something for him to know that Attorney-General Williams, when appointed Chief Justice, had proved not more acceptable to the Senate. These virtual rejections by the confirming authority wafted the Chief Justiceship in a very unexpected direction; and the result is that Mr. Waite, of Ohio, who, if little known as a lawyer, is not unfavourably known as a man, gets a position on the Bench of the Supreme Court which must have been far beyond his expectations. When the highest qualities cannot be got, President and Senate are right in agreeing that there are worse resorts than respectable mediocrity. But there is always something wrong when mediocrity is enshrined in high places.

The repeal of the Salary Grab Bill furnishes a strong proof of the power of public opinion over Congressmen, even where the interests of the latter are involved. Coming in the wake of the Credit Mobilier exposure, the Bill now repealed at once excited general attention and provoked hostile criticism. The chief objection brought against the measure was, that the President and members of Congress had contracted with the nation to perform a certain duty for a specific remuneration; but that, having the power in their hands, they made use of it to alter the terms of the agreement to their advantage and to the detriment of the public, and that, in the case of the President, this change was directly in contravention of a provision of the constitution, which was expressly intended to guard against his salary being increased or diminished during his term of office. Upon this issue Congress, fearing to face the constituencies, retraced its steps by a partial repealing of the law, which, however, is so far from fully attaining the end in view,

that it leaves the President's salary untouched.

The ebb of the great wave of the labour movement has rendered the Trades' Unions of the Republic, for the time, nearly powerless. The struggle against a reduction of wages has, in most instances, been too feeble to offer any real resistance to the downward tendency. In the case of railroad engineers, where the vast machinery of which they formed part could not be brought to a stand even for a day without very serious results being produced, there was a strike; but in many occupations workmen were willing, for the time, to accept the lowest wages on which existence could be supported. The colliers in the anthracite region think they are not, from the nature of their occupation, subject to the general law; and they have been able to arrange the difficulty on the basis of the wages rate of 1873.

In England, capital threatens to meet aggressive labour with its own weapons. For this purpose a great National Association of Employers has been formed. The comparison between a combination of workmen and a combination of capitalists is far from presenting the assumed identity of instrumentalities. Capital is itself the combined result of past labour; and the holder of capital is equal, in point of strength, to many living workmen. When capitalists combine among themselves, there is, in fact, a double combination on their side. By this new union they virtually admit the abstract justice of Trades' Unions. Capital and labour are too necessary to one another to justify their being formed into hostile camps. If capital is strong, and if it has submitted to temporary injustice at the hands of labour, it should be remembered that uniform wisdom of action cannot be expected from the least instructed classes of the community. Labour and capital must, in the long run, follow the natural laws of production and accumulation; and if the

National Association of Employers could depress labour, or prevent it rising with the increase of capital and prices, the result would be an exodus of labour, on a less scale, indeed, than that which took place in France on the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, but still on a scale large enough to give just alarm to capital. Mr. Gladstone encourages the agricultural labourer to hope for the franchise; and if capital and labour are meanwhile to be arrayed against one another in chronic hostility, what will the social condition of England be ten years hence?

But is it true that Trades' Unions have been the means of oppressing capital? The rate of wages has by no means kept pace with the increase of wealth. Mr. Fawcett, in an article in the January number of the *Fortnightly Review*, shows that while the trade of England has quadrupled during the last quarter of a century, there has been little advance in the remuneration of labour. This rule is not without exceptions; in some branches of industry the rise of wages has been considerable, but the increased cost of living has been such that of large classes of workmen the purchasing power of the wages has remained stationary. There is a large class living on fixed salaries, whose remuneration has not kept pace with the increased cost of living, and whose condition is, therefore, getting worse and worse; it includes clerks, porters, railway servants, and omnibus and cab drivers. There are some who receive a less nominal rate of wages than they received twenty-five years ago, when the trade of the country was about a quarter of what it is now. If we translate the nominal into proportional wages, it follows that the condition of these persons has been going on from bad to worse. There has been a large increase in the number of workmen during this period. Increased wages stimulate the production of labourers, through increased marriages, and this increase reacts injuriously on the labour market, while the increase of population sends

up the price of food by the force of competition. The extended use of machinery tends to prevent the increased demand for labour, being in proportion to the increase of capital. Besides, a large part of the savings of the country, which constitute the annual additions to its wealth, is absorbed by foreign loans and railways, and does not create any direct demand for English labour; some indirect demand may be caused by the purchase of railway supplies for shipment to the countries where the railroads are constructed.

The operation of these natural laws must tend to reduce to a minimum the power of Trades' Unions to increase the rate of wages; and the facts show that they have certainly not succeeded in raising the rate of wages abnormally high. There is one way in which they can increase the rate of remuneration in any particular employment: by keeping down the number of workmen through stringent rules for the admission of new members, as, for instance, the restriction of the number of apprentices. In this way an artificial scarcity of labour is produced. But looking at the whole result—comparing the almost stationary condition of the price of labour with the vast increase of the trade and wealth of the country—it is impossible not to admit that capital has very little cause for alarm in any changes that Trades' Unions have so far been able to bring about. The National Association of Employers has given the principle of unionism, which employers have hitherto denounced, the sanction of adoption, than which no stronger mark of approbation could have been bestowed. If this army of capitalists is to enter the field against its natural and necessary ally, labour, it must be held chiefly responsible for that "horizontal cleavage of society," with all its sinister results, which the *Spectator* predicts as certain to ensue. But it is very doubtful whether this union of capitalists possesses the elements of endurance; and should it be destined to a speedy dissolution, its only achievement will be to

have estopped its members from objecting to Trades' Unions in the future.

If the intelligence of the determination of the Gladstone Ministry to appeal to the country—of a dissolution of Parliament and that the new Parliament is to meet in March—comes somewhat suddenly upon us, it can create no surprise. Parliament was within one session of its natural demise; and there were many circumstances which may have weighed with the Minister in deciding to anticipate that event by a dissolution. His supporters had for sometime wavered in their allegiance, and when one defeat had been serious enough to cause him to resign, his resumption of office was due to the inability of the Opposition to form a government. Isolated elections which took place from time to time, on the occurrence of accidental vacancies in the representation, continued to go against the Ministry. The aggregate number of seats lost, in this way, was about twenty-five. These losses were differently interpreted, according to the humour or interest of the critics. The Conservatives pointed to the fact as proof of a reaction of public opinion in their favour. Mr. Gladstone, they alleged, had alarmed the conservative instincts of the nation by the disestablishment of the Irish Church, and these elections were intended as a protest against his policy. The more advanced section of the Liberals denied this interpretation of the political phenomena, and claimed that they, by mere abstention from voting, had intended to warn Mr. Gladstone not to think of reposing on his laurels, but to continue in that course of progressive reform on which he had set out at the commencement of his administration. There is little doubt that there was some real Conservative reaction, but it is far from accounting for all the losses the Government sustained in the constituencies. Nobody really believes that Hull has become conservative because it elected a Conservative candidate. The number of abstentions proved at once the

sullenness of the advanced Liberals and the greatness of their mere negative power. It became a part of their policy to make themselves felt in this way. The election of a few Conservatives could not overthrow the Government; but it might serve to prove that it could not do without them, and cause it to shape its policy so as to catch the popular breeze. But the election for Stroud shows a very decided change in favour of the Conservatives.

Mr. Gladstone can now turn to good account the information with which these successive defeats in the constituencies have supplied him. The proposal to abolish the Income Tax on the strength of a surplus of five millions, is a very decided measure. But a mere catalogue of questions on which legislation may be expected—including education, game, land, and liquor laws—needs further explanation to give it point and recommend it to the constituencies.

Mr. Bright, we suspect, has indicated the change that will be made in the Education Act. The land question is not ripe for any but the most superficial treatment. Much could be done to facilitate the exchange of land by a provision for quieting of titles and a general registration, so as to give a modern starting-point in the title, beyond which it would not be necessary to go, and which would assure great simplicity for the future. The time for taking the bolder course of proposing the abolition of primogeniture has hardly come. The game laws will certainly undergo some considerable modification in the interests of agriculture. Disestablishment in England cannot now be proclaimed as an object of Ministerial policy. It is a question whether anything can be done with the Irish University Education question, on which the Government suffered a defeat in the House, without creating dissatisfaction in England and Scotland. That there is such a question as Home Rule, however it may be dealt with, will soon have to be acknowledged. The policy of pretend-

ing not to see that an agitation for Home Rule is going on and gaining strength in Ireland, will not do much longer. Whatever may be done with the county franchise, Mr. Gladstone cannot yet afford to tell the country, in so many words, that it is his intention to convert the stolid agricultural labourers into voters. That change will come in time, by degrees it may be, and perhaps not fully till the labourer has been raised to a higher standard of intelligence. But Disestablishment, Tenant Right, and the Ballot teach us that great reforms come more rapidly now than at almost any time in the past; and if Mr. Gladstone obtains a new lease of power through a decided success in the elections, the next six years may bring even greater changes than the last.

The destinies of Spain have been made the sport of military violence, and the Government of Señor Castelar superseded by Marshal Serano, by whom the most devious parts have been played on the theatre of Spanish politics during the last thirty years. On the 3rd January, the second day after the meeting of the Cortes, Castelar was defeated by a majority of twenty on two different votes. This was the signal for General Pavia to occupy the palace of the Cortes and other public buildings with troops to the number of fourteen thousand. The Cortes were expelled with military violence, the municipal guard being the instrument made use of; while General Pavia with his staff stood outside with cannon pointed at the building. Though General Pavia, by this act of military violence, assumed to dispose of the fortunes of Spain, he must have had influential accomplices, and must have been rather the instrument of their machinations than moved to act on his behalf. He did not personally seize the political power; he even refused to take part in the Government of which he ostensibly dictated the formation. Even Castelar was asked to join the Government to which

this military outrage gave birth; but he gave to the invitation the only answer which a man of honour in his position could give.

Before the supreme act of violence was committed, a complete rupture between Castelar and the President of the Cortes, Señor Salmeron, had taken place; and it was well understood five days before the troops intervened that Marshal Serano would be placed at the head of affairs. It was stated on the 29th December, in a cable despatch to a New York journal, that when this change took place the Spanish Republic would be recognized by several European powers; but there could not have been any direct understanding on this point, and certainly England, Prussia and Italy did not intrigue to bring about this discreditable *coup d'état*. The character of Serano, and the circumstance of his profiting by the act of General Pavia, point to him as the author of the plot. He is quite at home at that kind of work. In the war of independence he rose to the rank of General; he espoused the cause of Christina, and afterwards became the notorious favourite of Isabella II., and when Sotomayor attempted to drive him from her presence, he proved strong enough to overthrow that Minister. Under Narvaez he became liberal from interest, and obtained the captaincy general of Grenada as his reward. He afterwards opposed a succession of administrations in the Senate, down to the revolution of 1854. Implicated in the insurrection of Saragossa, in that year, he was sent into exile; but two years after, changing his part again, he was entrusted with the suppression of a local insurrection. He has seen service in the diplomatic corps of Spain. In playing many parts on many sides, his talent for intrigue has been developed in an abnormal degree. His government, the child and creature of the army, will depend on military aid for its support. Spain may continue for a while to be called a Republic, if that name sounds best or best serves the

purpose of the successful conspirators ; but a country that holds its liberties at the will of a military dictator is no longer in possession of anything worthy of the name.

The fall of Carthage, it had long been apparent, was only a matter of time. The final surrender took place some ten days after the dispersion of the Cortes, General Dominquez taking possession. The defeated junta and the liberated convicts, the latter of whom it would at any time have been allowable to treat as the enemies of mankind, tried to explain the collapse, which had long been inevitable, by charging the commander of the principal fort with treachery. Refugees to the number of two thousand five hundred escaped on board the ironclad *Nu mantia*, and on arriving at Algeria surrendered themselves to the French authorities, by whom it was soon understood a surrender of such as were charged with non-political crimes would be made.

But neither the Carlists nor the *Intransigentes* are entirely subdued. When the surrender of Carthage took place the Government was disarming the Republican volunteers at Madrid. This circumstance, taken in connection with the determination of the Government to add one hundred thousand men to the army reserve, indicates an intention to crush out the unextinguished elements of the Republic. This is the practical interpretation which is being put on General Pavia's boast that he resorted to violence to overthrow the authority of the Cortes, in the cause of order.

In France, the Government of the Duc de Broglie pursues the course of repression of which its origin gave expectations ; but it sometimes meets such obstacles as may tend to remind it that it is mortal. It recently resigned in consequence of a defeat in the Assembly, but was continued in power by the favour of McMahon. When it had fully recovered itself, it was found to have secured

support enough from the floating and uncertain mass which oscillates from side to side, to give it a majority of fifty-eight on a motion of confidence ; but that majority dwindled down to five when it resisted a proposal to confine the Government to members of the municipal councils for materials out of which to select mayors, whom the Assembly, in fulfilment of its reactionary policy, is vesting with the power to appoint. McMahon, who has neither the qualities nor the experience of a statesman, serves in the meantime to veil the depository of the real power, which is wielded by the Duc de Broglie. If the time should come when the Assembly will persistently reject McMahon's minister, the President will find himself deprived of the aid of this political creator and preserver, with nothing before him but the defeat of his reactionary policy in an appeal to the country. What will he do in that event? Will he repeat at Versailles the drama which General Pavia has acted in Madrid?

The Ultramontane tone of the French Press, in discussing Prussian affairs, has offended the Government of the Emperor William ; and Bismarck has had the weakness to threaten to hold the Government of France responsible for the criticisms of the newspapers. The Broglie-McMahon Government announces to the Assembly that it is in favour of the spiritual independence of the Pope, while desirous to be on friendly terms with the Government of Victor Emmanuel. Everything depends upon what term spiritual independence is intended to imply. The advocates of the temporal power were accustomed to insist that it was necessary for the security of the spiritual. The French Government may be quite correct in saying that its Ultramontane leanings will not endanger the public peace, but they will earn for the McMahon Government the ill-will of Italy.

SELECTIONS.

PARLIAMENTARY GOVERNMENT.

BY JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN, Q. C.

[This able essay is taken from the *Contemporary Review*. It is to be followed by a second, in which the writer intends to suggest some remedies for existing defects in our Parliamentary system. So far as they relate to the pernicious consequences of party government, Mr. Stephen's views are identical with our own; but whilst we propose to strike at the root of the evil, he, regarding it as inseparable from Parliamentary Government, recommends important constitutional changes, with a view to palliate rather than remove the disease. Owing to the length of the paper, it has been found necessary to make some excisions; at the same time, no essential part of the writer's argument has been omitted.]

THE substance of these papers is contained in the following propositions:—

1. Parliamentary Government has been irrevocably established amongst us, and it is impossible to suppose that it will be seriously modified in any period to which we can look forward.

2. Defects which grievously impair its efficiency both in regard to legislation and in regard to the Executive Government are inherent in it.

3. Partial remedies may be suggested for these defects, though they are not capable of being removed at once by any single measure.

The proposition that Parliamentary Government has been irrevocably established amongst us, and that it is impossible to suppose that it will be seriously modified within any period to which we can look forward, is so clear in itself that to attempt to prove it is to weaken it. It is the first step in political knowledge to admit that upon all great national questions the ultimate decision must hereafter rest with the numerical majority of voters, expressing their will through representative assemblies. There is no use in discussing the question whether this is a good state of things or a bad one. For all practical purposes it is enough to say that it exists, and that it is the part of rational men to make the best of it, as they make the best of the climate, the soil, or the national character of their country. It has been less generally remarked, though it is at least equally worthy of remark, that, owing to particular circumstances, the constitution of this country is very

much more democratic than it would have been if the constitution had been expressly framed on a democratic basis. Public opinion here acts on the Government much more forcibly and directly than it does in the United States. The manner in which our constitutional changes have been made has been such as to give us a constitution which, though in some ways one of the most complicated, is in others one of the simplest in the world. Most of the parts which make it look complicated have long since been struck with paralysis, and have sunk into the condition of fictions. Theoretically, the Queen has boundless prerogatives; practically, she has no power. After making every allowance for the influence which an English Sovereign who made the best use of his position might in time acquire in the direction of public affairs (which is usually underrated), the power of an American President and his Ministers is out of all comparison greater than the power of an English King and his Cabinet. So, again, the power of the Supreme Court over the enactments both of Congress and of the State Legislatures is unlike anything which we have in this country. On the other hand, the power of a Parliamentary majority here is quite unlike anything which Congress, the President and his Ministers, and the Supreme Court, all together, exert at any given moment in the United States. Very few Englishmen appear to see that the result of our passionate love for constitutional fictions, and of our determination in every case to maintain all the old forms untouched, whilst we alter the substance

of all our institutions, has been to establish in this country one of the most direct, stringent, and unqualified authorities in the whole world. Making allowances for some institutions of a different character which are to a certain extent checks upon it, the majority for the time being of the House of Commons, governing through a Committee of Ministers absolutely depending upon its favour, is the absolute master of every institution in the country, and of the lives and fortunes of all its inhabitants. The contingency that the House of Commons may abuse its powers need not, as matters now stand, be seriously considered. It is, however, worth while to point out how deeply, and indeed irrevocably, we are committed, not only to Parliamentary Government, but to a form of it which is singularly absolute and unqualified, so far as any legal limitations of its powers are concerned.

The second proposition is, that defects which grievously impair its efficiency, both in regard to legislation and in regard to the Executive Government, are inherent in our form of Parliamentary Government.

Before attempting to prove this, I wish to disclaim any intention to undervalue the institutions under which we live. A person who spoke of them with disrespect would prove his own incompetence to discuss public affairs of importance, and his want of acquaintance with political institutions, and the conditions under which they must of necessity work. Whatever faults our institutions may have, they, or at least we who live under them, have solved the problems which are throwing the greater part of Continental Europe into convulsions. If France, or Spain, or Italy had reached the points at which the defects of our system become visible, they would be infinitely better off than they are at present. We have at least arrived at a state of stable equilibrium. There is no serious question in this country of deciding political questions by violence. Every one takes a strong interest in public affairs, and has a more or less intelligent opinion about them. A great number of political truths which in many parts of the world appear to be still in the nature of hidden mysteries, have with us passed into mere commonplaces. Moreover, the history and traditions of the country give a dignity to our institutions which can hardly fail to make

those who live under them feel that they have a character to lose and a position to keep up in the world. Above and beyond all, no nation in the world possesses anything like so large a class of intelligent, independent, and vigorous-minded men in all ranks of life, who seriously devote themselves to public affairs, and take the deepest possible interest in the national success and well being. No one can understand the sense of stability, reserved force, and general power which English institutions derive from this circumstance, until he is able to compare life in this country with life in a country like India, where Europeans are but a handful—numerically so insignificant as to be almost imperceptible.

The character of our public men is the sheet-anchor on which our institutions depend. So long as political life is the chosen occupation of wise and honourable men, who are above jobs and petty personal views, the defects of Parliamentary Government, however serious, may be endured, even where they cannot be remedied or alienated. If, however, the personal character of English politicians should ever be seriously lowered, it is difficult not to feel that the present state of the constitution would give bad and unscrupulous men a power for evil hardly equalled in any other part of the world.

Upon the whole, those who think thus of Parliamentary Government are under a special obligation to speak plainly and without reserve of its defects. Flattery has at all times and in all places been the mortal enemy of every form of government to which it has been applied, and no form of government ever was more persistently or more grossly flattered than our own. The proof is to be found in nearly every newspaper, and in nearly every speech made by a candidate to electors, or by a member of Parliament to his constituents. It is needless to enlarge either upon the fact itself or upon the evils which it produces. They belong to the class of facts which every one admits in theory and forgets in practice whenever it is convenient to do so, as it often is.

I come now to the main subject of this paper, which is, to state and enforce the proposition that defects are inherent in Parliamentary Government which grievously impair its efficiency both in regard to legislation and in regard to executive action.

All the defects in question may be regarded as the result of putting the whole government of the country, both as regards legislation and as regards the control of the administration of current public business, into the hands of a popular assembly composed of many hundred members. In short, there are things which Parliament can and must do, and there are also things which it cannot possibly do well; the importance of business of the latter class has increased, is increasing, and may be expected to increase continuously; and great public evils result from the manner in which it is done, and must continue to be done so long as Parliament insists on doing everything itself.

Take first the things which Parliament can and must do. Parliament must of course decide questions on which different sections of the nation have conflicting sentiments and interests. It must, for instance, decide the question whether the suffrage is to be maintained at its present level or to be altered. The reason is, that the question "Who shall have votes?" is not at bottom a question of policy, but a question of power. * * * * *

Parliament, again, must decide all questions which have a strong and obvious bearing on questions of sentiment, and especially those which bear upon religion and morality. These, like questions as to the extent of the suffrage, are ultimately questions of power. There is a great deal to be said for an Established Church, and a great deal to be said against it; and if its advocates and its antagonists were left to convince each other by mere force of argument, they would wrangle till the end of time. Such questions are settled in rough times by physical force, or by the threat of it. We have substituted, as I have elsewhere remarked, the practice of counting heads for the practice of breaking them—at least in most cases. But minorities give way in reality, not because they are convinced, but because they are overpowered. On the whole, then, questions which affect the strongest feelings of men, or which are concerned with the distribution of political power, together with many others which it is unnecessary to particularise minutely, must be decided by Parliament, because the nation at large cannot delegate the decision of such questions to any body which does not directly represent it, even for the purpose of obtaining a

wiser decision than a body which does represent it would give.

So much for what can and must be done by Parliament. I now pass to the question of the things which it ought not to attempt, because it cannot possibly do them well. I say, then, first, that Parliament is ill fitted for the task of elaborating the details of legislation, especially when it is complicated and relates to special subjects, and that it is perhaps even worse fitted for the task of keeping up a close and stringent control over the actual administration of public affairs.

First, as to legislation. The defects of Parliament, regarded as a legislative body, are so numerous that it seems hardly respectful to enumerate them, but at the same time they are so important that it is necessary to do so. To begin at the beginning, party government is so closely connected with Parliamentary Government that Parliamentary Government could not be carried on without it. A Parliament not divided into parties kept under a certain sort of discipline would be little better than a mob. If, however, we are to have party government, the following consequences from it are inevitable:—Public men and public measures of all sorts will have to be classed under the heads of Liberal and Conservative, or some other heads of the same kind. This, however, is a most imperfect and irrational distinction to take as the only one to which attention ought to be paid in choosing a member of Parliament, or supporting a measure introduced into Parliament. A very large number of public questions—a much larger number than most people suppose—have nothing at all to do with the distinction: and, as every one knows, the best and ablest men in the country are divided, not so very unequally, between the two parties. If we were at war, no one would admit that the political opinions of an admiral or general ought to prevent his appointment to the command of an army if he was specially fitted for it. No one would wish to see the governors of colonies or the Viceroy of India removed from their situations as soon as the Government which appointed them went out of office. Why, then, should the question between Conservative and Liberal be made the pivot upon which turns all electioneering and the whole conduct of public affairs? The results of attaching that degree

of importance to it are manifold, and, when the matter is fairly considered, extremely surprising.

In the first place, it is the very essence of party government that one-half of the ablest men in the country should be compelled to pass the greater part of their public lives in fighting with the other half. The effect of this is to produce an extraordinary and lamentable waste of time and talent, and to encourage a way of treating measures which can only be compared to the way in which the advocates of opposite parties in a lawsuit treat their opponents' cases. It also possesses the minds of the public at large with the notion that to be a skilful Parliamentary gladiator is to be a great statesman, and that practical politics are rather a game than a branch of knowledge. People take sides in political struggles very much as they do at a race, and consider the question whether this public man or that gets the better of a sort of boxing-match with much more attention than they give to the merits of less exciting, though they may be intrinsically far more important questions.

A greater evil than these is the exaggerated prominence which party government gives to matters of which the intrinsic importance is small, by putting it in the power of any little knot of persons who take an interest in some one trumpery matter which just fits the calibre of their minds, to turn the balance this way or that in party struggles by promising their support to any one who will pledge himself as they wish on their special question. A man well fitted in every way to sit in Parliament may often lose his seat by differing in opinion from the bigoted part of the constituency on some small question. These fancies used, I believe, to be described in the United States collectively as "the isms;" and their influence on the government of the country long has been, and continually is, growing in strength.

Another effect of party government is that it produces an arbitrary connection between measures which ought to be considered upon their own merits. The Ministry as a whole being responsible, jointly and severally, for all their measures, the country is continually put in the dilemma of approving bad measures or renouncing good ones, when there is no reason whatever why the bad measures should not be

rejected and the good ones adopted. It is difficult to imagine two really important proposals with less in common than the proposal to remodel the English Courts of Justice and the proposal to establish a new University in Ireland. Yet nothing is more certain than that the fate of these two measures was closely linked together last spring. If a Conservative Government had been formed when Mr. Gladstone resigned upon the defeat of his University Bill, Lord Selborne's Judicature Bill must have been lost; and whether it would have ever been carried, either by his own party or by his opponents, would have depended on a variety of party combinations as difficult to arrange or to foresee as the changes of a kaleidoscope. This is not the place to say anything on the subject of denominational education; but if we assume, for the sake of illustration, that the present Government are less favourably disposed towards it than a Conservative Government would be, it may be said with truth that the prospects of denominational education in the British Islands will be slightly improved if the Ashantees were to contrive to destroy Sir Garnet Wolseley and his staff. That the immediate prospects of the 25th clause of the Education Act will, for the next few months, vary inversely as the healthiness of the Gold Coast and the fidelity and courage of the Fantees and Houssas, is a reflection intrinsically as odd as Mr. Darwin's discovery that domestic cats are the patron saints of humble-bees.

A fourth result of party government is the total destruction of any approach to permanence, continuity, or system in the management of public affairs. The Government of the moment is never sure that it will continue in power for more than a few months. It would be difficult to point out all the consequences of this uncertainty upon every branch of public business. The most important result upon legislation is that every Ministry is obliged, for the sake of having a cry, and also for the sake of justifying its own tenure of power, to have some two or three great measures on which its existence is staked, and to which all other things are to be sacrificed. I am very far indeed from agreeing with the do-nothing theory of politics, which in these days has numerous advocates; nor do I think that those who charge the present Government with what they describe as

heroic legislation,—heroic in what is explained to be a strictly medical sense,—are more just to their antagonists than political speakers usually are. Apart from all passing and temporary politics, it is the inevitable consequence of the system of party government that every one who succeeds in dethroning his rival should fix his mind upon some prominent Parliamentary triumph, and strain every nerve to obtain it—laying aside, in order to do so, all serious attention to matters which it would require several years to establish, superintend, and bring into good working order.

I will not, however, insist upon this in detail, as it enters more or less into the general subject of the unfitness of a large popular assembly for the business of elaborating the details of legislation, and for the business of legislating at all upon matters which require great care, much constructive skill, and a large amount of special knowledge. I think it was Mr. Bright who once compared the progress of a measure through Parliament to the progress of a cab along Fleet-street on a day when the traffic is unusually heavy. If a horse falls or a wheel comes off, there is a block, which extends for a great distance, and which makes the question whether or not it will be possible to reach any particular point at any particular time one on which it is impossible to form even a plausible conjecture. The figure was perhaps better than the common run of figures, and it might even have been carried a little further. It might have been added that, apart from the inevitable friction and jostling of cabs and omnibuses going different ways, the street has not unfrequently to be cleared, all the traffic being stopped and thrust this way or that in the most unceremonious manner, in order that some party debate may be able to go charging along like a fire-engine, with the firemen shouting to every one to clear the way, and a noisy mob roaring at their heels. It must also be recollected that our Parliamentary highway is open only for a part of the day, and that every vehicle which cannot get past a certain point by a certain time—the hour corresponding to the closing of the Session—finds the gates shut, and must return to the place from whence it came; not to speak of the possibility of their being shut at any time by a dissolution.

Dropping all metaphor, the following defects

at least are incidental to Parliamentary legislation, quite apart from the system of party government, which, however, for the reasons already assigned, aggravates every one of them to an incalculable degree. In the first place, the effect of the right of every member to introduce any measure he likes, and the rule that every Act must pass through all its stages in both Houses in some one Session of Parliament, together with the general uncertainty thrown over everything by the instability of the tenure of office, makes anything like continuous systematic legislation upon any subject practically impossible. The character of our statute-book is pretty well known, and need not be insisted upon, nor shall I here dwell upon certain views of my own relating to the simplification of the law, but I may remark that the statute-book as it stands bears upon almost every subject in which we are interested, with the exception perhaps of questions of pure science; and any one may see that matters have got into a state in which two things are almost equally desirable—namely, first, that by obvious and well-known methods our existing laws, and the vast mass of miscellaneous institutions created by them, should be reduced into an intelligible shape; and next, that such amendments as they require should be made systematically and upon some kind of general plan. A system under which any one of a large number of persons is at liberty to occupy the attention of Parliament for a greater or less time, by proposing to it any little change—possibly good in itself—which happens to strike his fancy, really aggravates the existing evils more than it alleviates them. The statute-book is like a mass of tangled string which it is very important to disentangle. Modern legislation is like a set of persons engaged in disentangling it, each of whom has got hold of a separate loop, which he is dragging with all his might in his own direction, and upon which he is quite prepared to use his penknife to any extent if he comes across a knot. * * * * *

Every one who has ever had occasion to read an Act of Parliament with care must know that even Acts which are apparently very simple will almost always be found, upon examination, to involve a number of questions of detail which cannot be settled off-hand, which it is essential to settle correctly, and which can hardly be

discussed in set speeches by a popular body, inasmuch as it is difficult to see what the nature of the question is without close attention, repeated explanations, and careful weighing of words and comparison of passages. Moreover, the effect of amendments cannot be understood till the amendment is incorporated with the matter amended, and the result of the whole carefully considered. Suppose that when an artist had completed a picture or a statue, a committee of rival artists were to proceed to debate the question whether a little colour should be put in here or a bit of marble chipped off there; and suppose, further, that the alteration was to be made there and then, when the majority had declared its opinion, would the result be satisfactory? What again would happen if it were the avowed object of many members of the committee to destroy the merits of the work, and, if they could not prevent the artist from painting, at all events to jog his elbow as much and as often as possible?

The truth is, that as long as the present system lasts, the details of legislation must of necessity be ill done. If, on the one hand, a Bill is furiously debated clause by clause, it is apt to be pulled to pieces till its authors would hardly recognize it; and this mutilation, be it remembered, is inflicted, not by way of intelligent criticism, for the purpose of improving the Bill, but often for the purpose of defeating it. It is directed almost exclusively to points of policy which are interesting, and not to points of working detail, which are often as dull as they are important. If, on the other hand, a Bill does not happen to attract attention or to appeal to party feeling, it may be passed through Parliament with much less alteration and discussion than it deserves. * * * *

I may sum up shortly what I have to say upon the defects of Parliament, considered as a legislative body, as follows:—The system of party government, the size and character of the two Houses, and more especially of the House of Commons, and the system of conducting public business by making speeches, combine with some other matters, which for the sake of brevity I omit, to make it almost impossible for Parliament to legislate in a way upon the infinite variety of subjects which come before them. Parliament can and must decide upon broad questions of principle and policy,

but as soon as they attempt not only to lay down great principles but to criticise elaborate schemes and to settle working details, they fall into every sort of mistake, and do their work with so little accuracy, and with such a total want of system, management of time, and organization of labour, that their efforts to solve the different practical problems of the day often end in producing mere confusion and bewilderment.

But I will conclude this part of what I have to say by quoting a passage from Mr. Mill's Autobiography, which sums up in a pointed manner a view which he has stated more fully in his work on Representative Government. He says that in that work he discusses several questions which must soon be decided. "The chief of these is the distinction between the function of making laws, for which a numerous popular assembly is radically unfit, and that of getting good laws made, which is its proper duty, and cannot be satisfactorily fulfilled by any other authority; and the consequent need of a legislative commission as a permanent part of the constitution of a free country, consisting of a small number of highly-trained political minds, on whom, when Parliament has determined that a law should be made, the task of making it should be devolved, Parliament retaining the power of passing or rejecting the Bill when drawn up, but not of altering it otherwise than by sending proposed amendments to be dealt with by the commission." I should not myself be prepared to go to this extent. I give the extract because it shows how deeply the most distinguished advocate of Parliamentary Government felt the importance of the drawbacks to it which I have tried to sketch.

I now pass from the defects of our system in a legislative point of view to its defects in reference to the general control of the Executive.

[The writer here gives a rapid account of the steps by which Parliament has gradually possessed itself of executive functions, and sketches the development of the principal departments out of the old Privy Council Committees.]

Besides these great offices of State, there are, as I need hardly say, a very large number of offices, established for the most part by Act of Parliament, for the transaction of particular matters of business. On all sides we are met

commissioners, inspectors, boards of one sort or another, whose powers and relations to the Government depend upon the particular enactments by which they were created. Many of them are for practical purposes almost independent and self-contained. The aggregate of these institutions forms our administrative system. It is impossible for any one who has not specially studied the subject to have an adequate idea of its excessive intricacy and absolute want of system. The constitution of our Courts of Justice is not altogether simple; but it is simplicity itself in comparison to the constitution of the public offices.

I have said these few words on a subject of extraordinary difficulty and intricacy for the sake of the remarks which it suggests as to the influence of the Parliamentary system upon the Executive Government. The first of these relates to the Cabinet. The Cabinet is a body altogether unknown to the law, invested with no legal power whatever. How far it is a governing council, and how far each individual member is master in his own department, is a question which no one can pretend to answer who has not himself been a Cabinet Minister, and which probably could not be answered very distinctly by those who have held that position. The point which seems to be clearest about the Cabinet is, that it is so contrived as to represent with the utmost possible nicety every fluctuation in Parliamentary opinion, and to be dependent for its existence upon the continuance of a general tacit understanding amongst its members as to the manner in which public affairs are to be managed, and, in particular, as to the policy, whether legislative or executive, which is to be proposed to Parliament. The Cabinet has none of the distinctive marks of a governing council. It makes no formal orders; it has no secretary or other executive officer. No official record of its proceedings is made; they are mere private conversations (the effect of which is never known to the public), and the only way in which a minority, or even a single dissentient member, can relieve himself from full responsibility for all the acts of the Cabinet is by resignation. He cannot record his dissent, or even state publicly and officially the fact that he dissents. This arrangement does not appear favourable to a vigorous central control of the different departments. It puts the Prime Minister in a position greatly

less powerful than that of a king; and I believe a king of some sort, a king who really governs, subject of course to distinct and weighty responsibility, and it may be for a limited time, to be essential to good administration. An American President is a much nearer approach to a king than an English Prime Minister. Our system, which may be called the fictitious method of government, might have been contrived on purpose to render all administration weak, hesitating, and consciously dependent for every act and thought on the shifting currents of public, and in particular of Parliamentary opinion. The truth of this view can hardly be distinctly proved by any person who has not had immediate personal knowledge of the interior working of Cabinets; but facts known to all the world strongly suggest that the effect of the Parliamentary system upon the Executive Government of the country has been to deprive the king of all real power, and by the introduction of fictions and the creation of unconnected offices to convert the Executive Government into an aggregate of isolated institutions having no common centre, no clear and well-defined constitution or connection with each other, and no permanent heads.

Much is said, and with justice, of the benefits of constant Parliamentary vigilance and supervision, but I do not think that Parliament is or can possibly be made a place for calm, careful, and comprehensive criticism upon the doings of public men and public departments. A Minister may be displaced, a special committee or a commission may produce a number of blue books; but a very large proportion of all the inquiries which takes place end in very trifling practical results.

[Mr. Stephen then gives a few illustrations of the confusion caused by the uncertainty existing as to the limits and nature of Ministerial duty. The names of Mr. Lowe, Mr. Ayrton and Mr. Baxter, and the administrative *fiasco* during the Crimean war, are referred to.]

I will content myself with a single additional remark on the chaotic condition to which our Parliamentary system has reduced the Executive Government. No one living man knows what the system is, or where to get an account of it. Many years ago—more than twenty—I studied the subject with some care, with a view to writing a book about it. Engagements of

other kinds caused me to lay the scheme aside; but my inquiries satisfied me that there was no tolerable account of the subject to be found anywhere, and that the only way of forming one would be by going through studies and making personal inquiries which hardly any one is in a position to undertake. The only book I ever saw which even professed to deal with the subject systematically, is, characteristically enough, a German one—"Das heutige englische Verfassungs und Verwaltungsrecht," by Dr. Gneist. If it be asked what Parliamentary Government has to do with this result, I answer it has practically destroyed all unity in administration by reducing the office of King to a cypher, and by replacing him by a set of Ministers who shift backwards and forwards, who are equal amongst themselves, and are little kings in their own departments, and who are therefore neither competent nor inclined to attempt to give distinctness and unity to the whole system.

This, however, is only one part, and by no means the most important part, of the bad effects which the Parliamentary system produces upon Executive Government. To appreciate it fully, it is necessary to look at the interior of any great department. In each case there is a Parliamentary head of the office, and in many a Parliamentary under-secretary as well. Besides these, there is in every case a permanent staff—the most important members of which are, as a rule, appointed in mature life, after distinguishing themselves in other ways. The Parliamentary head of the office is its absolute master. He is responsible for what is done in it, and it is in his power, if he pleases, to treat every other member of it (except, perhaps, to some extent, his Parliamentary subordinate) as a mere clerk. On the other hand he may, and he sometimes does, practically devolve upon his under-secretary the general management of business. Now, Parliamentary life is the only road to the great offices of State, and they are distributed mainly upon party considerations, and with very little reference to the actual management of the business of offices. Hence, the head of an office is put there for Parliamentary reasons, and not on account of his special knowledge. If the chairman of a railway company, or a managing partner of a manufactory or house of business, were appointed on account say of his literary ability, and having been appointed, were sud-

denly changed every few years, without the least reference to the state of affairs in the establishment, we all know what the result would be. Either the establishment would suffer grievously, or the chairman or managing partner would be only the nominal head of the business, or both. Since 1830, we have had sixteen Prime Ministers and fourteen distinct Ministries; so that a Ministry on an average lasts just about three years. If we take into account internal changes in the Ministries—the shifting of particular officers from place to place—it will follow that on an average the head of every office holds office for less than three years. Sometimes a Ministry will last for a very short time—a year or less. In this case an office will probably have three different heads within a very short period indeed, and each of these must, from the nature of the case, be very much more interested and occupied by his Parliamentary duties than by departmental duties. It is indeed by their Parliamentary position almost exclusively that public men are really classed. A friend of mine used to say that whenever he heard a public man described as an excellent administrator, he inferred that the person who said so meant to express in a civil way contempt for his Parliamentary abilities. The way in which the public offices are organized under the party system is by no means unlike the way in which ships were officered in the days when the superior officers were landmen relying for nautical information of every kind on the master and other inferior officers. This was not found by experience to be a good system.

Apart, however, from this, the effect of the constant change of management is that every administrative question of importance has to be taken up and broken off every few years. Few people know how important these questions are. Every department of State has to consider numerous questions of the utmost possible importance to the national well-being which really have no connection whatever with party, and which Liberals and Conservatives might discuss on common grounds, just as easily as members of the Church of England and the Church of Rome might discuss questions of geography.

[A "few notable instances" of this position are adduced, such as the Post-office, which Mr. Stephen contends ought not be governed by a Cabinet Minis-

ter, the duties being as non-political as those of the department of Customs and Inland Revenue.]

The most exalted loyalty to things as they are, the most passionate enthusiasm for things as they are about to be, will never prevent jobbery and mismanagement in a dockyard, or give security that every matter of business connected with the management of a great establishment shall be brought in due time and in a proper form before the authority which is to decide it, or that the proper authority shall decide it in due course, and that his orders shall be punctually obeyed, and that a proper record of the transaction shall be kept for future reference.

There is only one instrument by which such reforms can be effected—the master's eye ; and where the arrangements are such that there neither is nor can be any master who is more than a bird of passage, learning his business and acquiring the special knowledge necessary to do his duty properly, you never will have good management. Public meetings about administrative reform, Parliamentary votes of censure, special committees and commissions of inquiry, always produce upon my mind the same sort of effect as an indignation meeting to find fault with a sick man for being sick. Sarcasm, reproaches, disgrace, cannot cure disease. They can and do intimidate and distress the sick man, and not unfrequently aggravate his symptoms. Nothing but patient study of the symptoms, and a systematic and thorough-going treatment of them, will effect a cure ; and this study and treatment take time and require

a permanent interest in the subject, and personal responsibility on the part of the person who is to administer them.

The great defect of our administrative system, in so far as regards the management of particular affairs and the organization of particular offices, lies in the way in which we divorce special knowledge and experience from authority and personal responsibility. Those who possess the authority have comparatively little special knowledge and experience ; those who possess the special knowledge and experience have no authority and no responsibility. They may be, and usually are consulted, but their names are never brought before the public. Their responsibility for what is done is to their own chief and not to the public, and their suggestions have in every case to pass into fact, if at all, through the minds and wills of others. Legally, most of them, though not quite all, are simply clerks whose duty it is to obey orders.

Of the evils which this state of things has produced it is hardly necessary to speak at length. Every one must be familiar with them ; and I have given some indications in the course of this paper of their general nature. They are usually described as the price that we pay for Parliamentary Government, and it is said that we cannot seriously diminish it without incurring evils which would more than outweigh any diminution in the price. How far these allegations are true will be the subject of my next paper.

OUIDA'S NOVELS.

(From the *Contemporary Review*.)

Tricotrin ; the story of a Waif and Stray.

GOETHE says that "if you wait awhile in any gallery of pictures and observe what works attract the many, what are praised, what neglected, you have little pleasure in the present, little hope for the future."

We confess to having felt the same, in our darker moments, on turning our thoughts to the "many" in England who are attracted by the

novels of Ouida. The habit of novel-reading may be indulged until it becomes a sort of mental dram-drinking ; the desire for the excitement increases, and the dose is increased, until the enervated mind is almost incapable of assimilating more wholesome natural food. It is only a condition of mind like this, we take it, that could make either man or woman enjoy the

species of literature offered to the public by Ouida ; literature in which flaring theatrical gas is palmed off upon us for sunlight ; platitudes, for which a Tupper would blush, for reflection ; coarseness and impertinence for wit, and conventional propriety for virtue. Time was when the refreshing cordial of *The Vicar of Wakefield* was relished by England ; but the eagerness with which the drams offered to the public by Ouida are swallowed by tens of thousands at the present day, compels us to take refuge in the hope that no "art" more despicable than her novels represent can henceforth be produced ; that the sun of such novel-writing has reached its zenith, and must gradually sink towards its setting.

It is not a pleasant fact to reflect upon, that the chief caterers, if not consumers in this line, are women. Mr. Ruskin has told us that women no longer wish to become wives and mothers ; he mentions it as a certainty, so we suppose we must accept it as such ; but until Mr. Ruskin can tell us where nine millions of husbands for the nine millions of unmarried women in England are to come from, it is clear that they cannot legally become either, unless it be made lawful for one man to have two wives. We understand that in America a petition to this effect has recently been presented to the Legislature from some two hundred women ; probably as a piece of grim satire upon those who declare *the Family* the only proper "sphere" of the sex. But it is obvious that, unless some such method of providing for the maintenance of the surplus female population be adopted, fresh fields of employment must be made accessible to them. The two careers which are at present practicable, without strife or censure, for a clever, well-educated lady are—becoming a governess or writing a novel ; no matter whether she have the slightest capacity for either. We hope and believe that when women have a less cramped sphere in which to exercise their powers, very few, if any, will be found willing to lower themselves by the composition of such works as we have now under consideration.

Ouida's puppets remind one forcibly of Madame Tussaud's waxwork collection. They are spangled and bedizened ; they have the same ghastly far-off resemblance to life ; but it is a resemblance by which Nature is mocked and

insulted. As to her women : "diamonds of untold price" generally glisten on their "snowy bosoms ;" they wear "gem-sewn robes ;" their hair is "diamond-studded ;" they stretch out their hands to "jewelled letter-baskets," "jewelled fans," "jewelled bouquetières ;" their letters "smell of gemmed pen-holders and Buhl writing-cases." One of them, a duchess, *toys* with "a *Polichinelle* whose bells were of gold, whose tambourine was circled with pearls, and who had cost, that morning, seven hundred francs." Marchionesses float down rivers in barges, much as they do in theatres, with ungloved hands, "white as snow and sparkling with emeralds and sapphires." Their dogs wear "dainty jewelled collars ;" and even the traditional wedding-ring is converted into "a diamond-studded circlet."

The men whom Ouida would have us accept as representatives of the aristocracy of our day wear "dainty dressing-gowns, broidered with gold and seed pearl," with slippers of the same expensive materials ; they sleep "under costly canopies of silk and lace and golden broideries ;" they enter bets in "dainty jewelled books ;" one of them cuts open the brow of his dearest friend with "a dainty jewelled whip," which he breaks in pieces and throws at his feet ; they see the time of day (or rather of night ; for nobody in their world seems to go to bed till the every-day world is eating its breakfast) on "jewelled watches." Their valets are "grooms of the chamber ;" their tenants "retainers." They come like shadows and so depart, and never, for an instant, impress us with the belief that they are beings of flesh and blood.

That the reader may not accuse us of exaggeration, let us first look at *Tricotrin*, a man who possessed "the wisdom of a Boethius—to laugh at life with the glorious mirth of Aristophanes . . . and to love all pleasure with the Burgundian jests (*sic*) of a Piron." "His life," we are told,—

"Was a poem—often an ironic, often an erotic, often a sublime one—a love-ode one day, a rhymed satire the next ; now light as Suckling's verse, now bitter as Juvenal's, oftenest a Bacchic chant or a Hudibrastic piece of mockery, but *not seldom* a noble Homeric epic."

He is a Bohemian, and, for the reader's instruction, we transcribe his description of "true Bohemians" :—

"We stamp our feet in the snow till we are warm, read *Rabelais* till we forget that we are hungry, and look up at the winter planets and think how pale they make the palace gas look."

When we first make acquaintance with this Bohemian, however, not having a *Rabelais* by him, he has not forgotten to be hungry; for he is either at dinner or supper, seated on a fallen tree—somewhere near the Loire river, in France,—"*in company* with a flask of good wine and a *Straduaris*." He is about forty years of age, and he has—

"A beautiful Homeric head; bold, kingly, careless, noble; with the royalty of the lion in its gallant poise, and the challenge of the eagle in its upward gesture—the head which an artist would have given to his Hector, or his Phœbus, or his god Lyæus."

Excusez du peu, reader, for this is not all. The features of this "head," which would have suited Phœbus and others, "were beautiful too, in their varied, mobile, and eloquent meanings, with their poet's brows, their reveller's laugh, their soldier's daring, their student's thought, their many and conflicting *utterances*, whose *contradictions* made one *unity*—the unity of genius."

Tricotrin must have travelled greatly in forty years; for—

"The people who loved him stretched from Danube to Guadalquivir, from Liffey to Tiber, from Euphrates to the Amazon; while in France, the land of his adoption, if not of his birth, the hand which should have dared to touch him would have been bolder than the boldest of the iron hands which have seized and swayed her sceptre."

The people of Paris, moreover, whom he calms in moments of popular excitement by addressing them as "my people of Paris," were "used to him in many phases, from a *Harlequin* dancing at their *barrière* balls, to a *Gracchus* leading them in year that were red with revolution;" and whether this ubiquitous and versatile Bohemian "danced with them, fought with them, laughed with them, or suffered with them, he was still their own—Tricotrin." Possibly his power over his people of Paris may have been due to his personal strength; for once, when he finds them amusing themselves by burning a Greek alive in the public street,*

* The date of this trifling incident, as nearly as we can discover, being some time during the reign of Louis Philippe.

he distributes blows among them under which strong men fall "like an ox struck with the *pole-axe*," while, on another occasion, he "tosses" an offending youth "like a broken bough across the chamber." Mighty as he is, he is extremely sensitive; for slight things cause a "great shudder" through his powerful frame; and on hearing unpleasing news, he draws "a deep shuddering breath, as the soldier will when *the bullets* have struck him."†

The Bohemian Tricotrin "had the genius of a Mozart," which accounts for the fact that, notwithstanding his migratory habits, he rarely turns up without his *Straduaris*—"which had often lulled Pauline Borghese to slumber, while its sounds floated over *the orange grove* at Rome"—a monkey, a "well-beloved *Attavante's Dante*," and "a great meerschaum." With regard to the meerschaum and the *Straduaris*, it is worthy of remark that "while smoking the one he drew music from the other;" a method which casts any single-minded performer, like Herr Joachim, entirely into the shade. This, however, is not all: even when he rows a boat on the Loire, he beguiles the time by singing "the 'Allah hu' of the Golden Horn, to the rhythm of a *Venice Barcarolle*," and "there was not a cottage on its banks, not a water-mill on its shores, not a cabaret in its villages, under whose roof he would not have been as welcome as is the summer sun in mowing time;" and when he condescended to travel in a barge, the owner thereof was "prouder of the passenger his barge bore than he would have been of a King for his freight." The bargeman ought, we think, to have known better than to convey this remarkable being by water, considering that when he made "a rapid progress, with his light swift tread" on land, we find that not only the women, children and vintagers whom he passed, but even "the meek-eyed cows" and toiling "bullocks," "all had words from him, which left them" (cows and bullocks and all) "brighter, braver, happier than they had been before those kindly eyes, shining so lustrous in the sun, had fallen upon them."

† We should like to know the nationality of the typical soldier so slightly moved by receiving plural bullets in his person. We hope, for the honour of old England, that he represents "the British Grenadier."

No wonder that the thoughts of this marvelous man, when they ranged over his own "career," were "filled with the mirth of Piron, the love of colour and of fragrance of Dufresney, the philosophies of Diderot, the adventurous fortunes of Le Clos." Nor is it surprising that when the Bohemian "bowed his head," an English Earl (elsewhere described as "a Prince in his purple") who was standing near, "thought, as he saw the gesture, 'that man bows like my equal, and with infinite grace.'"

As a painter, Tricotrin's gifts were such that an artist "whose name stood as the Velasquez of his modern time" informed him, he "could have beaten them all if he would;" and thereupon "the man who loved song and light and fresh meadows," &c., &c., &c., "had taken up his friend's palette and sheaf of brushes, and had dashed in, in two hours, a female head, which had all the brown glow, the voluptuous lustre, of the south in it; a head that Titian might have painted."

He does not sell his works of art, however; and the singular reason he gives for refusing to do so is that he is "a Kingfisher, and likes his brook to be quiet;" whereas, if his genius were once made known to the world, his "brook would be for ever muddy with the feet of gazers, and for ever choked up with the purses they would fling at him." Instead of disposing of the picture in which he had so easily equalled Titian, therefore, he merely "sat under it," "among his brethren at supper, with the light on the leonine beauty of his head," and was "king of the revelry of wit and wine, where those whom nature had anointed with the same chrism that touched Rubens' brow and" (we ask the reader's pardon) "Shakspeare's lips, held joyous, lawless sovereignty; *leaning to kiss ripe, scarlet mouths of women, because they were men*; but" (note the impious balderdash) "rising to great thoughts that left far beneath them alike women and the world, *because they were also immortals*." Tricotrin was indeed a worthy king of such Shakspearian shadows, for "Ben Johnson odes, Beaumarchais rhymes, Beranger songs, and Breton carols coursed each other off his lips *in a wild tournament of tongues* . . . ; and as he drank, he chaunted Hellenic bacchanal hymns."

To sum up all—Tricotrin, like Ouida's whole

company of "Kings" of shreds and patches, "KNEW HOW TO ENJOY."

The enlightened reader has, of course, already guessed that a Bohemian so gifted must be a man of "race," and may be curious to know what induced him to forsake the life of his fellow-princes in purple. It appears that his father, a "wild and lawless Earl," was so oblivious of the duties of men and *race* as to marry "a fisher-girl from the sea-cabins by the Biscay waters." Naturally, he soon repented this error, and treated his wife—who, although she came from the Biscay waters, was "a wild mare of the desert"—so cruelly, that she died "like a captive leopardess;" leaving behind her a son, to be hated by his father, and to "pay him back scorn for scorn." Seven years later, the wild and lawless parent atoned for his first marriage by the becoming step of taking to wife a Russian princess, who also bore a son, to be "caressed and adored," in his purple, by everybody; while the heir was, of course, doubly hated by his father, who not only "killed a noble dog, chiefly because his eldest son liked it," so that "wild words came between them," but added insult to injury by accusing his child of stealing some "rare jewels" of "enormous pecuniary value." Hereupon the son "passed from the room without a word;" and no intelligent reader—bearing in mind that he was a boy of "race"—need require to be told that he did so "with his head proudly poised, like a stag's." Equally needless must it be to inform any well-born reader that "he was seen no more;" for "he had the sea-lion's blood of his mother's race."

This young sea-lion became the gifted, Phœbus-headed *Tricotrin*, whom we left sitting on a fallen tree "in company" with his wine. The black monkey is, of course, close at hand, and to it he addresses his remarks as to the superiority of his own position—"at once philosopher and wanderer"—to that of the prince in his purple (*i.e.*, the English Earl living near), although "he has his grapes in a jewelled dish," and has "delicate *patrician cheeks* and hair diamond-studded *to toy with*." Attracted by the sound of a laugh near him, Tricotrin discovers a female child of about three years old, wrapped in a scarlet mantle, lying half hidden under the long grass, which stretches out its arms towards him, saying, "*J'ai faim*." He

throws grapes to it, and addresses to it several pages-full of refined discourse ; inquiring whether it was hidden there by "the poor shirt-stitcher who was at her last sou, or Madame la Marquise who was at her last scandal." Perceiving, however, that the child is so tightly tied as to render it clear to him that murder was intended, his "face darkens," and—with some disloyalty to people of "race,"—he settles it that "it was then Madame la Marquise, *not* Magdalene." After pointing out to the infant how far better for her it would be to die than to become a lovely woman, seeing that "lovely women are the Devil's aides-de camp," he finally decides to adopt her, in conjunction with an old peasant-woman, who, by the way, lives considerably beyond the ripe age of a hundred years, without exciting remark. And the joint and several adventures of this "waif and stray," and Tricotrin—partly among princes in their purple, and partly among his people of Paris—constitute the story ; into the intricacies of which we do not are to enter. Suffice it that the "waif" first marries a duke, and is about to unite herself, in second nuptials, to an earl who "wears the purple robe," with the cumbersome addition of a "steel corslet heavy beneath," when, the horrible suspicion arising in her mind that she may be base-born, she

seeks out Tricotrin in a garret, in order to know the truth

On learning that her fears were well founded, "her whole form sank and crouched like the body of a spent *and* dying stag ;" but it is gratifying to reflect that, even in those painful circumstances, "all the rich colour and undulation of robes fit for an empress swept about her," and "on her breast and among her hair great jewels glittered," while "beneath her bosom a girdle of precious stones coiled like a serpent." In spite of these advantages, however, she "lay like an animal stunned ;" and the climax of tragedy is reached by the master-stroke which reminds us of "the jewels braided in her hair, sweeping the bare boarding of the *garret floor!*" Partially recovering after a while, and bravely insisting upon knowing the worst, she learns that she is a fisherman's child ; and hears it "crouching, as the magnificence (*sic*) of the leopardess crouches under the throes of pain." Should it appear to the thoughtless reader that her "throes" are somewhat disproportionate to the occasion, we must remind him that—

"To the woman who had believed herself born from the secret nuptials of some *Porphyrogenitus*, the seabird's nest looked foul as any vulture's."

SCIENCE AND NATURE.

A HIATUS in biographical literature has just been supplied by the appearance of a detailed life of Sir Benjamin Thompson, better known as Count Rumford, equally distinguished as a soldier, a philosopher, and a statesman. Originally a school-master in New Hampshire, he rose to the rank of Major in the American army at the age of twenty years. At twenty-three he appears in London, having been driven into exile in consequence of the part he took in the American rebellion, now in the *role* of diplomatist and man of science. At the very unusually early age of twenty-six he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, then as now the blue riband of science ; but he is still fired with military ardour, and two years later he appears

again on this side of the Atlantic, now as "Lieutenant-Colonel Thompson," commanding "The King's American Dragoons." A year later, again, and he is back in England, after gaining considerable military distinction, along with promotion to the rank of Colonel. Finding things too pacific for his tastes at home, he takes it into his head to go to Austria to offer his services against the Turks. Having, with his usual fortune and address, made influential friends at the Court of Bavaria, he abandoned his martial dreams and entered the Bavarian service, being previously knighted by the King of England. Here the full value of his scientific training first became apparent to the world.

"The task which he set before himself in Bavaria

was nothing less than a complete reformation and re-organisation of the army, and a general improvement of the physical and social condition of the whole nation. Invested with full powers by the Elector, he sets about his work in a strictly philosophical manner. The first four years—1784 to 1788—are devoted to a cool, impartial, and systematic investigation of the social statistics and general condition of all classes, civil and military, in Bavaria. Having thus inductively collected and generalised his data, he now proceeds deductively to devise his remedies for the evils thus demonstrated. In all his efforts, from the improvement of saucepan-lids and gridirons to the moral reformation of a whole nation of human beings, he is rigidly methodical and strictly scientific, and his success follows as a direct and visible consequence of this scientific mode of proceeding.

“His well-known and important researches on the Convection and general Transmission of Heat were undertaken and carried out mainly for the purpose of determining the best and most economical means of clothing the Bavarian soldiers, and the construction, warming and ventilation of their barracks. Another equally important though less known series of researches were instituted for the purpose of learning how to feed in the most economical manner the beggars, rogues and vagabonds whose sustenance and reformation he had projected.

“His success in reorganising both the men and materials of the army was marvellous. It was in the course of his work in erecting cannon foundries and remodelling the Bavarian artillery that his celebrated demonstration of the immateriality of Heat was suggested.

“It may safely be affirmed that the foundation of the present military system and of the recent military successes of Germany was laid by Benjamin Thompson in Bavaria. He tells us that the fundamental principles upon which he proceeded were ‘to unite the interest of the soldier with the interests of civil society, and to render the military force, even in times of peace, subservient to the public good;’ and further, ‘that to establish a respectable standing military force which should do the least possible harm to the population, morals, manufactures, and agriculture of the country, it was necessary to make soldiers citizens, and citizens soldiers.’

“Besides the important technical reforms of discipline, arms, barracks, quarters, military instruction, &c., which he carried out, ‘schools were established in all the regiments for the instruction of the soldiers in reading, writing and arithmetic, and into these schools not only the soldiers and their children, but also the children of the neighbouring citizens and peasants, were admitted gratis.’ Military schools of industry were also established, where the soldiers learned useful trades; thus the military clothing was spun, woven and made up by the soldiers themselves; roads and other public works were made and erected, and the men were permitted to hire themselves out in garrison towns. Besides this, the soldiers were used as industrial missionaries for the introduction of improvements in agriculture, manufactures, &c. The potato, until then almost unknown in Bavaria, was

thus introduced by the aid of Thompson’s military gardens or model farms. One of these gardens still remains, viz., the well-known ‘English Garden’ at Munich.

“Still more remarkable was his success in radically curing the overwhelming curse of Bavaria, which was infested with hordes of beggars and vagabonds that had defied every previous effort of suppression or diminution. Here again the same strictly philosophical method of proceeding was adopted. Human materials and motives were handled precisely as we manipulate the physical materials and forces of the laboratory, and the results were similarly definite, reliable and successful. The scientific social reformer not only cleared the country of its rogues, vagabonds and beggars, but made their industry pay all the expenses of their own feeding, housing and clothing, besides those of the industrial and general education of themselves and their children. In addition to all this, they made clothing for the military police who took them into custody, and earned a handsome net profit in hard cash.”

The melancholy close of Count Rumford’s life is well known, but its painful features are much mitigated by the apparently plausible theory that they were really caused by an insidious disease of the brain, which rendered him irresponsible for his conduct. In a review of the life of this most remarkable man, Mr. W. Mattieu William., himself a most distinguished scientific observer and writer, makes the following remarks:—

“The main interest of the career of this wonderful man appears to me to lie in this, that it affords a magnificent demonstration of the practical value of scientific training, and the methodical application of scientific processes to the business of life. I have long maintained that every father who is able and willing to qualify his son to attain a high degree of success either as a man of business, a soldier, a sailor, a lawyer, a statesman, or in any other responsible department of life, should primarily place him in a laboratory where he will not merely learn the elements of science, but be well trained in carrying out original physical research, such training being the best of all known means of affording that systematic discipline of the intellectual and moral powers upon which all practical success in life depends. The story of Count Rumford’s life, and the lesson it teaches, afford most valuable evidence in support of this conclusion, and cannot fail powerfully to enforce it.

“This subject is specially important at the present moment, particularly to those Englishmen whose minds are still infested with the shallow foolishness that leads them to believe that scientific men are dreamy theorists, and disqualified for practical business. Let them follow in detail the practical truths of this experimental philosopher, and ask themselves candidly whether such success could have been possible had he been trained in the mere word-exalting study of the Greek and Latin classics, instead of the practical school of experimental research.”

CURRENT LITERATURE.

IN our last number we referred briefly to two papers in the *Contemporary Review* as deserving further notice on a future occasion. So far as Mr. Stephen's essay is concerned, we need say little, because our readers will have an opportunity of examining it for themselves. It has since been followed by a second paper, suggesting remedies for the defects in Parliamentary Government. The able writer is by no means as successful on the constructive, as he was on the destructive, side. There is a vagueness about his proposals which will deprive them of any practical effect. They may be summed up in a few words:—The appointment of a permanent head of the Executive; the elevation of the present permanent heads of Departments to a more prominent position; and lastly, that a Committee of the Privy Council should preside over each Department, with legislative powers similar to those theoretically possessed by the existing Committees on Trade and Education. To take the last suggestion first, it is only necessary, in order to show its futility, that we should quote Mr. Stephen's own words in the first paper:—"The Committee on Education and the Committee on Trade are mere fictions, and I believe never or hardly ever met." In point of fact, Mr. Forster in the one case, and Mr. Chichester Fortescue in the other, do the work announced in the name of "My Lords" of the Privy Council. Of what utility, it may reasonably be asked, would the extension of such a fiction be? The Local Government Board and other Government Departments—that of Works, for example—have a quasi-legislative power, subject to the approval of Parliament, and their labours have materially relieved the Legislature of the intolerable burden cast upon its shoulders. This system, which has been found extremely advantageous, will probably be extended, but scarcely by means of the Privy Council. The permanent heads of Departments are, at present, the advisers of Ministers. The knowledge they possess of their particular offices is the result of many years' experience gradually gleaned, without interruption by the rise and fall of Cabinets. Of course, practically they do all the work; they are out of Parliament, and can devote their entire attention to the special subjects. But let them once be brought into the position Mr. Stephen proposes, and there would be no

end of strife. Let us suppose Mr. Lowe, for example, differing from Mr. Liddell, his permanent Under-Secretary. At present, Mr. Liddell would yield, because he is not responsible to the nation, whilst his chief is. But let the permanent head of the Home Department once achieve the eminence desired, all that he and his chief could do would be to fight it out somewhat after the fashion of President Johnson and Secretary Stanton. We need hardly point out that a permanent head of the Executive at the back of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Disraeli, if a man of strong energy and strong will, would soon destroy the system of responsible government altogether. Mr. Stephen is an ardent admirer of the Indian Council in preference to the ordinary Parliamentary rule. Deeming the latter, however, in some form inevitable, he proposes to engraft some of the features of the former upon it. Both systems, to our view, have their merits; but they are in their nature antagonistic, and any attempt to combine them would be dangerous, if not fatal, to free institutions.

The Rev. Wm. Knight's paper on Prayer is a reply to the Duke of Argyll. In the controversy which ended in the secession of Mr. Knight and his congregation from the Scottish Free Church, the attitude of the former was simply this: Believing the laws governing the material universe to be absolutely fixed and unchangeable, prayer in regard to matters of a temporal nature is indefensible. On the other hand, the spiritual nature of man is not so governed—its progress or the reverse being partly dependent upon the free will of the man himself. Here, therefore, prayer is not only a privilege but a duty. "The Two Spheres," *i. e.* the spiritual and the temporal, Mr. Knight views as essentially distinct, governed under a different mode of Divine procedure; and thus religious devotion, which is the life of the one, is a fanciful delusion when it intrudes upon the other. The Duke of Argyll, on the other hand, contends that there is no such hard and fast line between the spiritual and the material spheres; that they interpenetrate each other so that it is impossible to separate them; and that, both being under the rule of the same Omnipotent Being, prayer avails in both or in neither. An able writer, criticising Mr. Knight's views from another stand-point, urges the consideration that a prayer for temporal good—such

as relief from suffering—may be answered by spiritual influence upon the head or heart of the petitioner, or even of some other person. A beloved wife or child is almost at the gates of death, and the husband or parent prays for her or its recovery. The physician's attention is drawn to some symptom of the disease, or some remedy unnoticed or unknown before, and the patient recovers. Is or is not the change an answer to prayer? The influence of the mind upon body is recognized: now, let us suppose that, during the reign of an alarming epidemic, the members of a family unite in imploring the Divine protection, and that their minds are so tranquillized by faith and by submission to the Divine Will, that whilst the panic-stricken die all around, they are spared. Is their escape, or is it not, an answer to prayer? As the same writer remarks, the fallacy consists in regarding the Divine laws in the same light as human laws—in the supposition that because man's right way is one, the Creator's modes of working may not be infinite. It is possible to imagine man in intellectual possession of all the laws of the universe, and yet, it appears to us, he would be as far as ever from a knowledge of the unfathomable ways of God. We have no space to follow the subject further; but Mr. Knight, we may remark, shifts his ground when put upon his defence. He now approves of prayer for temporal good, but only in filial submission, and not as a supposed "causal force." We see no reason why the same remark—as indeed Mr. Knight virtually admits—may not be made applicable to prayer for any benefit, temporal or spiritual. If so, what becomes of the distinction so sharply drawn between "The Two Spheres?"

There is yet another paper in the same periodical worthy of special notice—that of Dr. W. B. Carpenter on "The Psychology of Belief." Anything proceeding from Dr. Carpenter's pen is read with attention; and when his subject is the one at present uppermost in the popular thought of the day, his opinions will not fail to impress from lack of interest in the theme. The key-note of the paper is struck in the opening paragraph. After quoting a remark of Miss Frances Power Cobbe, made in 1863, that there "is even now gathering beneath us a deeper and broader wave than has ever yet arisen," the writer proceeds to say:—"The experience of the last ten years has so fully justified this grave warning, that it becomes all who duly care for their own and their children's welfare to look well to the foundations of their Beliefs, which are likely soon to be tested by such a wave as never before tried their solidity. New methods of research, new bodies of facts, new modes of interpretation, new orders of ideas, are concurring to drive onwards a flood which

will bear with unprecedented force against our whole fabric of Doctrine; and no edifice is safe against its undermining power that is not firmly bedded on the solid rock of Truth. How then are we to prepare ourselves to meet it? Shall we, like Canute and his courtiers, rest secure in our own supremacy, and try to keep back the waves by simply forbidding their advance? We need not go as far as Rome for examples of this mode of dealing with the difficulty; for we have a good many minor popes at home, who can scold quite as well—and just as ineffectually. Shall we go out, as Mrs. Partington did, with patens and brooms, to try and sweep away the Atlantic? Such seems to me the method of those who aim to put down a great scientific hypothesis, by citing a text or two; setting themselves up on the patters of Authority, and using arguments that are no more capable of holding water than the incoherent twigs of a besom. Or shall we imitate the able engineer, who without experience of the power of a Channel-sea, driven onwards at highest spring-tide by a S. W. gale, thought to protect his railway-embankment by a massive wall? That wall was broken down, that embankment washed away, by the very first storm that tested its security. And so will it be with any barrier which the intellect of man may try to erect against the progress of other intellects than his own; for it is only the Source of all Thought who can say, 'Hitherto shalt thou come, and no further, and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.'

The reflections, as well as the interrogatories, in this paragraph are forcible and pertinent as directed against the unreasoning clamour about science current in some religious circles. The theologians, however, would retort that Dr. Carpenter is begging the question as against the popular religion. They would reply that they are not opposing their human intellects to other human intellects; but Divine revelation against human assumption. Instead of being like the Danish courtiers (for, if history be true, the Dr. does Canute an injustice), Mrs. Partington or "the able Engineer," they would compare themselves to David contending with Goliath for the truth of God.

The writer proceeds to urge that like Smeaton, who erected the Eddystone light-house, taking the resisting power of nature for his model, as he found it in the bole of an oak, we also ought to erect our fabric of thought, if we wish it to be enduring, by laying the foundation broad and deep in the intellectual, moral, and physical constitution of man and his relation to all that is outside him. "Recognising it as a fact in the History of Human Thought that every grave error contains some admixture of truth, from which its power over men's minds is essentially derived, we must so shape our fabric that

it shall direct, rather than oppose, the force of the aggressive wave."

Dr. Carpenter proceeds to illustrate the difference between knowledge and belief, by likening the former to a dwelling and the latter to the furniture in it—the furniture being fitted to the house, not the house to the furniture. This comparison, which crops up again and again, is perhaps carried out to a fanciful extent. The axiom is then laid down that, in matters of belief, "the weights or probative values of evidentiary facts are *not absolute quantities, but matters of personal estimate*"—that, in mathematical language, "the *personal equation* of each recipient is a factor whose importance is at least equal to that of the impressing force, in the determination of the resultant belief." This is illustrated by a reference to the diverse opinions regarding the Tichborne claimant—not merely in the belief or disbelief of his story, but in the stress which different persons, who come to the same general conclusion, lay upon different branches of the case.

Most of our common beliefs, the writer endeavours to show, are the result of *natural* intuition, to which he opposes *acquired* intuition,—the one being *common* sense, the other, *special* sense. This is admirably illustrated by three cases, in which the ordinary mind would exhibit incredulity, where the educated mind would have no doubt. There is the case of Houdin the conjuror, who dipped his arm in

molten iron—of which a ready explanation is given; that of Louise Lateau, the Belgian girl, who exhibited the *stigmata* or Five Wounds of our Saviour—the physical effect of ecstasy; and finally that of the Fakeers of India, who sleep for weeks and months—the result of moody introspection. Dr. Carpenter proceeds to ask what would have been thought of an American professor who ten years ago had proclaimed the marvels of the Spectrum Analysis? Scientific men would, of course, have been convinced at once by the evidence submitted; and the popular mind would then have taken its truth on trust, as they do now. The writer hints that the untrained ought to accept Evolution in the same way. We should like, did space permit, to insert the writer's conclusions in full,—the following sentences, however, contain the pith of them:—"Absolute truth no man of science can ever hope to grasp, for he knows that all human search for it must be limited by human capacity. But he denies the right of any one else to impose upon him, as absolute truth, his own fallible exposition of the Revelation conveyed in the teachings of Religiously-inspired men; for he claims an equal right to be accounted a true expositor of the Revelation conveyed in the Divine order of the universe."

By some mishap our English magazines have arrived so late in the month, that we are unable to give our usual *resumé* of their contents.

BOOK REVIEWS.

NOVA SCOTIA; in its Historical, Mercantile and Political Relations. By Duncan Campbell, Halifax, N. S. Montreal: John Lovell.

Mr. Haliburton gives the title of *History of Nova Scotia* to a work which, far from being a complete history, is yet a great deal more than a history, a very large space being given to a topographical description of the country. Mr. Campbell has produced a work to a great extent historical, but embracing more than a historical view of the Province. A historical sketch is quite compatible with a general account of a country, in its economic, mercantile and industrial aspects; but where the staple of a work is history, it is better to make that complete, and leave other subjects for a separate treatment. But something must be allowed for the exigencies

of the situation and the undeveloped state of colonial literature.

The least satisfactory part of this work is that which deals with the early French history of the colony. But passing over this for the present, we come at once to one of those periods in its history which most strangers first think of in connection with Nova Scotia—the deportation of the Acadians. The view taken of this painful subject, on which many are willing to take their ideas from Longfellow's *Evangeline*, is corrective of some false impressions, and is in the main sound. Longfellow is assumed to have taken Raynal's account as the groundwork of his poem, and there is much reason in the assumption. Raynal draws a picture of Acadian society in which innocence and benevolence were

the leading characteristics—such a society as has nowhere existed. At the same time, we do not accept so implicitly as Mr. Campbell does the reverse of the picture drawn by an English Governor, which presents the Acadians as a litigious people, wanting in “order and decency” among themselves. That they were, politically speaking, bad subjects after they were handed over to the British, is quite true. They persistently refused to take the oath of allegiance, though frequently warned that banishment would be the alternative. They constituted a source of danger to English authority. This persistence was partly due to the influence of French priests, and partly, no doubt, to their inability to realize that the star of France in North America was never again to be in the ascendant. The colony had so often passed under the government of France, as the fortune of war alternated, that they might reasonably suppose it would so pass once more. That government still held Cape Breton, with the stronghold of Louisbourg and Canada. If the Acadian swore allegiance to England, he might some day find himself in great disfavour in France. His position was embarrassing in the extreme. The rivalry between French and English power in America was about to be brought to the final arbitrament of the sword; and if England allowed the Acadians to remain, she might find a public enemy on her own territory. Nothing but the strongest necessity could justify deportation, and it should have been adopted only as a last resort. At the last moment the Acadians were willing to take an oath, if it were coupled with the exemption of their bearing arms in favour of the King of England. Their fate had practically been left to the Governor and the commander of the fleet; and, after a conference with the Admirals the Governor resolved upon the alternative of insisting on unconditional compliance or forcible deportation. Would disarmament have been sufficient? If so, no stronger measure would have been justifiable. If transportation were necessary, it should have been to France, where these miserable people could have been taken care of, not to the English colonies, where they were aliens, and were treated as intruders, and left to suffer great misery. The separation of families in the removal was a wanton cruelty, and the burning of crops, houses and homesteads was an act of barbarity which reflects everlasting discredit on the perpetrators.

An interesting constitutional question came up in the Province in 1755—Had the Governor and Council, without the aid of an Assembly, the power to make laws? This power, claimed and exercised by Governor Lawrence, was called in question by Chief Justice Belcher, whose appointment dated only the year before. By him the question was re-

ferred to the Lords of Trade, and a negative answer returned. The Governor, on various pretexts, continued to oppose the calling of an Assembly till, in 1757, he received the peremptory directions of the Lords of Trade to carry into effect the orders they had given on the subject. The Province came under the dominion of the British Crown by the Treaty of Utrecht, 1713, and no Assembly was called till 1758, though the first settlement of the Province by British subjects had been made on the faith of a promise that representative institutions should be introduced, and non-compliance now threatened to depopulate the colony. During all this period there seems to have been no legal authority for local legislation. Governor Lawrence pleaded the precedent of Virginia, of which, in early times, the Governor and Council exercised the law-making power; but they did so in virtue of powers granted by their commission: no similar power was granted in the case of Nova Scotia. The legal exercise of the legislative power was confined to the Crown, and was manifested through instructions to Governors, proclamations and other media, while the Courts administered such parts of the laws of England as were applicable to the colony. The delay of forty-five years in granting an Assembly to Nova Scotia may throw some light on the motives which led to the creation of a Governor and Council for the Province of Quebec in 1774. The Acadians necessarily, for a long time, formed a majority of the population of Nova Scotia; and as they were disaffected subjects, it would have been inexcusable rashness to place the legislative power in their hands. If the French colonists in Quebec were not conspicuously disloyal to the new authority, the English population, however loudly they might call for an Assembly, would not have been content to place the real legislative power in the hands of a majority of another race but recently become—by no act of theirs, and against their strongest inclinations—British subjects. Till 1749, the seat of the local government of Nova Scotia was at Annapolis, the centre of the Acadian settlements, where the first efforts at colonization were made near the beginning of the sixteenth century. It was not till the Acadians had been thinned out, and any organization for hostile purposes had become impossible, that an Assembly was granted; not till the power of local legislation would of necessity be exercised by Englishmen or descendants of Englishmen. It is evident, from these considerations, that representative institutions could not advantageously be established in any part of New France which had fallen under the British dominion, till a certain point of development had been reached. The case of New Brunswick will form the most striking illustration. Till 1785 that Province formed part of Nova Scotia;

and it could not prudently have been granted separate powers of local legislation at the time when Nova Scotia was allowed to call an Assembly, for it was not till four years after that date that British settlers first began to seek a residence there, the whole population having previously been of French origin. If it had to wait twenty years from that date for an Assembly, there was probably not much reason to complain that it had been hardly dealt with. The truth is, the case of the British colonies founded on different parts of what had been New France, differed so entirely from that of the colonies originally founded by Englishmen, that a different treatment was not only allowable, but necessary and wise.

The archives of Nova Scotia must be very rich, if we may judge by the single volume of papers that has been published, and consider how small a portion it forms of the whole. Mr. Campbell has drawn much information from this published portion; and while we welcome his effort as an essay in historical literature, we cannot forget that no one can write the history of that Province, as it is capable of being presented, without making a laborious study of all the unpublished archives, besides taking a wide range of reading outside of them.

It is a curious circumstance that the only colonies which retained their allegiance to the British Crown, in the revolutionary war, were those which had been wrested from France. The motives mentioned by Mr. Campbell as influencing Nova Scotia in that emergency were not the most elevated: "The liberal grants made by Parliament for the settlement of Halifax, and the continuous circulation of money." The Massachusetts House of Representatives tried to influence Nova Scotia to join the common cause; but its communication, though addressed to the Speaker of the Assembly, was intercepted by Lieutenant-Governor Francklin, and forwarded to the Earl of Shelborne, with the assurance that nothing would induce the Province to act on the advice it contained. It is within the range of possibility that Nova Scotia put some faith in a prediction then commonly made by the loyalists and their friends in England, that if the revolted colonies succeeded in breaking off from the mother country, they would only be able to sustain themselves under the protection or semi-subjection of France; for she had much to fear from anything like a return to French dominion.

The peace, 1783, sent a stream of loyalist emigration to Nova Scotia. By September of that year thirteen thousand loyalists had arrived there—a number to which the Province was not able to afford accommodation, and much suffering was endured by the new comers. Many of the loyalists, who after-

wards came to Canada, halted at Nova Scotia on the way, hesitating whether to settle there or proceed farther; and some, after a trial of that Province, resolved to make their new homes on the banks of the St. Lawrence.

We pass over the sketch of the Maroons with the remark that the "dogs" used by Lord Balcarras to hunt them down, in Jamaica, should be called by their right name—bloodhounds, the use of which raised a storm of indignation in England, and for which even the inaccessibility of the defiles in which the Maroons took shelter formed no adequate excuse.

In the sketch of the early history of Nova Scotia, Mr. Campbell evidently relies too much on secondary and misleading authorities, who had themselves not mastered the facts they undertook to relate. Relying on the authority of the British Boundary Commissioners, he refuses to believe that Robeval built a fort on Cape Breton in 1541. That he is in error, Lescarbot, on whom the Commissioners are represented as relying to prove priority of British settlements in America, clearly proves. The commission of Robeval was dated Saint Pris, October 17, 1540, and delivered to him on the 15th January following. Lescarbot mistakes this date, and gives it as January 15, 1640: the commission bears internal evidence that it was not executed till October of that year. After giving the commission in full, that author says: "Les affaires expediées ainsi que dessous, leditz de Robeval et Quartier firent voiles aux terres-neuves, et se fortifièrent au Cap Breton, ou il reste encores (1618) des vestiges de leur edifice." The colonists, the sweepings of French prisons, were not of that self-sustaining material of which enduring colonies are made, and they abandoned themselves to reliance on succour from the French Court, which they were destined never to receive. All, or nearly all, the local historians, write in ignorance of these facts. One of them suggests that the word Cape Breton was wrongly used in this connection, when Cap. Rouge was meant. The truth is, the island now called Cape Breton was then named Bacailois—with varying spellings, according as the writers were or were not acquainted with the European original, which most of them suppose to be Indian—and the name Cap. Breton meant, what it clearly implies, a cape. It is so marked in the map used by Lescarbot to illustrate his history: "*Figure de la Terre-Neuve, Grand Rivière de Canada, et côtes de l'occan en la Nouvelle France;*" and it continues to be so marked on modern maps. Having settled this point, we leave to local industry and curiosity the task of finding out the precise spot on which Robeval's fort was built.

It was not on the 26th, as stated, but on the 27th July, 1606, when de Monte and Pontreincourt

arrived at Port Royal. An island near Pentagoet, spoken of as bearing grapes, is described as being in the latitude of Port Royal, and two hundred miles farther west. No island could exist at this point, because it is on the mainland. A voyager visiting this continent two hundred and sixty-seven years ago may be excused for falling into errors about distances and latitudes; but a modern writer has the choice either of copying the errors or correcting them by a critical examination and comparison. In spite of these defects, it would be difficult to obtain from any single work a more accurate impression of Nova Scotia than Mr. Campbell's work produces on the reader's mind.

THE HISTORY OF CANADA UNDER THE FRENCH REGIME, 1535-1763. With maps, illustrations and notes. By H. H. Miles, LL.D., D.C.L. Montreal: Dawson Bros.

We have here the history of Canada under the French, in a moderate-sized octavo of 521 pages. Most of the histories of that period, written in French, are too diffuse for English readers, while most of those in English are too meagre. Mr. Miles has, in this respect, hit the true mean. He has not contented himself with making a compilation from previous histories, but has often consulted the originals, though some exceptions to this rule will be pointed out. We are obliged to complain of what amounts to a want of historical accuracy, in suppressing the leading fact with reference to the part Champlain took in his first encounter with the Iroquois. The author does not state that Champlain fired an arquebuse with fatal effect on the savages; a blunder of policy, leaving humanity out of the question, which cost France the enmity of that powerful league, and which, thirty-three years later, led to the destruction of the Huron nation, the allies of France. The part taken by Champlain on that occasion has generally been considered a blunder and a crime; and this judgment will not be reversed by any attempt to suppress a fact which he himself has related, and which every other historian has repeated. In summing up the character of Champlain, whose achievements were certainly immense, considering the difficulties he had to encounter, Mr. Miles says:—"The only two defects of any moment alleged against him seem to have been absence of penetration or proper forethought in involving himself with the quarrels of the Indians, and also credulousness, of which latter he has been accused by Lescarbot." This implied censure, if such it be, is all Mr. Miles has to pronounce on an act of which the mischief lasted as long as the French dominion.

The statement that the primary object of the French colonization was the conversion of the Indians, so often made, is here repeated with too great confidence. The commissions granted to the early discoverers are themselves sufficient refutation of the statement, as they admit other objects besides those of religion to constitute the governing motive. The hope of finding gold was one of the great allurements which spurred the cupidity of adventurers; the desire to extend French dominion was a strong national sentiment: if Francis I. had been wholly under the influence of religious motives, he might have left the missionary work to Spain and Portugal, instead of asking to see not the Pope's bull, with which he must have been familiar, but "the clause in old Father Adam's will by which an inheritance so vast was bequeathed to our brothers of Spain and Portugal." Not that we believe there was no other motive than that stated by Mr. Gladstone some years ago, that "it was the love and desire of gold that drew forth from Italy, from Spain, from France, from England, and from Portugal, those men whose bold and adventurous spirit tracked the stormy Atlantic, and founded successively, amidst dangers and difficulties indescribable, those colonies which have now grown into the great States of North and South America." But let us not narrow the motives to one object of desire; let us not seek to give purely spiritual and unselfish motives to actions which were largely based on the hope of earthly reward. If religious motives alone had led to the colonization of Canada, eighty years would not have been suffered to elapse between the time of Cartier's discovery and the sending out of the first missionaries. The injury to the Indians from the contact of the white man was far greater than the benefits; the religious impressions made were feeble and evanescent; the destruction caused by intoxicating drinks was terrific. The Huron nation was cut off by the Iroquois in consequence of a quarrel brought on them by the French, through Champlain, whose piety, which we have no desire to deny, was extolled by the Jesuits, whom he favoured when there was a question whether Huguenots should be allowed to settle in Canada. The fur traders cheated the Indians without compunction. The object of the Company of the Hundred Associates was wholly commercial. They fulfilled the obligations they had come under with respect to the support of religion in the most inefficient manner; and, so eager were they to make money, they neglected equally to send out the colonists they had undertaken to settle in New France, and to afford the stipulated military protection. If they got their thousand-weight of bearskins they were happy; and they never ceased to press for them even when the colony was unable to produce so much. Religious

exclusiveness was carried to the extent of refusing to allow any one to settle in the colony who was not of the established religion; and it was made a crime to neglect attendance on mass or divine service on fête days. But in that age of bigotry, the Puritans of New England were scarcely more tolerant. The French Government was far from always having a religious motive, even in the use it made of the priests. Two Jesuit priests were made the unwitting instruments of Governor Denonville when, in 1687, he entrapped a number of Iroquois—chief and warriors—into Fort Frontenac, with the premeditated design of sending them to France to do the work of galley slaves, in fulfilment of an order of the Court. Another priest entered fully into the intrigues of the French for territorial extension on the frontiers of Acadia, and others rendered similar services at the north and in the west. Both Recollets and Jesuits, Dussieux does not hesitate to confess, assisted in making the Indians French subjects, while the latter made special efforts to bring the Iroquois under the French alliance. Père Le Jeune admits that his Order acted as “ecclesiastical police.” On the subject of the French and English rivalries in America, at the end of the seventeenth century, Mr. Miles himself says, “The intrigues of both parties continued without interruption. The French, by means of their missionaries, and of chiefs under Frontenac’s influence, lost no opportunity of conciliating the Iroquois.” The natural consequence was that Jesuits were forbidden by law to enter New England. Gallisonière “commissioned the priests,” Mr. Miles admits, “to use their influence with the converted Abenakis and the French inhabitants of Acadia, to induce them to withdraw from the territory claimed by the English. One of the priests—the Abbé de Loutre—was very successful in executing the Governor’s wishes.” And it might have been added that more than one was instrumental in preventing the Acadians who remained from fulfilling the duties of British subjects.

If the Jesuits served the State in these different ways, they did not do it with any other object than that of extending the bounds of their own empire. So very far were they from yielding anything of their authority, Frontenac complained to the French Government that the Jesuits had practically usurped the authority of the episcopate, which ought to have counteracted theirs, and that the heads of the seminary were equally under their influence; the effect of which was that, through the authority of the latter, the Jesuits *font sans paraître tout ce qu’ils veulent*. Frontenac charges them with having paid spies (*Inspecteurs à gages*) in families everywhere, who reported everything that took place; with abusing the confessional, to pry into matters which in no way concerned religion; and with setting limits to the royal authority in purely temporal matters over which they wished unduly to extend the spiritual. These doctrines they openly preached from the pulpit in presence of the Governor—a practice which so irritated him that he is led to confess *je fus tenté plusieurs fois de sortie de l’église avec mes gardes et d’interrompre le sermon*; but he contented himself with going to the grand vicar and the superior of

the Jesuits when the service was over, and remonstrating with them on the ill effects which might be produced by such discourses on the minds of people “who could not, like himself, read in the Scriptures that kings had been sovereign pontiffs, but not that sovereign pontiffs had ever been kings.” In reply to the Governor’s remonstrances, these spiritual functionaries affected to blame the preachers, and to disavow opinions of which they attributed the expression to an excess of zeal. Montcalm, on his part, pretended to be satisfied with the explanation; but he took care to say, before leaving, that if the offence were repeated he should put the preacher where he would learn how to speak in a becoming manner. This remonstrance caused them to put a little restraint on their tongues for a while; but the Jesuits always “made a point of trying to persuade the people that their authority ought to be respected before any other, even in secular affairs.” Thus did they, contrary to general belief, show their normal character, even in Canada, when the opportunity offered. The reader will find of this, in Mr. Miles’ work, nothing beyond an intimation that the Jesuits and the Governor had disputes chiefly over the question of selling brandy to the Indians. The truth is, Frontenac prohibited the practice with a rigour never shown before.

Some signs of superficiality and carelessness are noticeable. For instance, we are told (p. 282) that the only result of the commission of 1740 to settle the boundaries between the French and English possessions was “a voluminous report in thirty-two quarto volumes,” and M. Dussieux is given as authority for the statement. M. Dussieux made no such blunder. His words are: *la commission de frontières ne produisirent que trois volumes in 4° de mémoires*. Mr. Miles should not have depended on M. Dussieux, when he could easily have had access to the memoirs themselves; and formidable though the task may seem, it was the bounden duty of an author who undertakes to give us the history of the French dominion in Canada to have consulted them for himself. In another place (p. 301) we read that, “by the Treaty of Utrecht, Nova Scotia had become an acknowledged possession of Great Britain.” If Mr. Miles had read the memoirs, in which the claims of the two nations were argued, he would have learned that the main dispute turned upon this point: the English claiming, and the French denying, a right under the Treaty of Utrecht to the whole of Nova Scotia. The French, far from admitting the right of the English to the whole of the peninsula, claimed the western part of it for themselves.

If this work does not come fully up to what we think a history of the French dominion ought to be, we know not where to point to a preferable work within the same compass. It is due to the author, who, we believe, is a Roman Catholic, and who holds offices under a Government of which a majority are necessarily of that religion, to say that he is free of all undue bias on the score of religion. If he does not condemn the exclusion of Huguenots from the country in the text, he quotes in a note a French author who does so in terms of some severity. Dussieux has produced the best synopsis of that period. Mr. Miles has attempted something more, not entirely without success. But Dussieux read, in the archives in the Marine and Colonial Department at Paris, all the documents relating to Canada—Mr. Miles has had the opportunity of reading only some of them.

LITERARY NOTES.

As we go to press we are again startled with the intelligence, conveyed in a cable despatch, that the great explorer, Dr. Livingstone, of whose safety we had so recently been assured by the indefatigable Mr. Stanley, was now no more. Heroic in the utter loneliness of his position, and undaunted by perils and misfortunes, the graphic picture which Mr. Stanley has drawn of the old traveller's devotion to his mission must have won the admiration of every reader whose mind has lingered on the scene. To little purpose, it would seem, has the *terra incognita* of his labours been made to give up the secrets of long-cherished projects and aspirations, should death have now intervened not only to prevent the accomplishment of his purpose, but to hinder his restoration to the world again, and to the society of his admiring countrymen. But, without further confirmation, we cling to the hope that the report of Dr. Livingstone's death may prove untrue.

A cablegram brings us also the news of the decease of Mr. Adam Black, the Edinburgh publisher. There is here no room for doubting the reliability of this event, as the late worthy head of the great Scottish publishing house of Adam and Charles Black must have approached his hundredth year. His has been a long career, marked by many vicissitudes, yet it was one of which any of the modern guild of publishers might be proud. His connection with the proprietorship and publication, for many years back, of the "Waverley Novels," the "Encyclopædia Britannica," and many other important publications, marked him a notable bookseller of his time; while his civic and parliamentary career, in the representation of the "Modern Athens," brought him into universal contact.

Messrs. Dawson Bros., of Montreal, have made arrangements to bring out a cheap edition of Capt. Butler's new work, "The Wild North Land." The same author's earlier book on "The Great Lone Land" has met with an extensive sale. In the new volume, the interest attaching to the "exhaustless waste" stretching from the Valley of the Saskatchewan to the frozen regions of the north, will doubtless elicit the same eager expectation.

Messrs. Edmonston & Douglas issue a vademecum for young men and students on "Self-Culture, Intellectual, Physical and Moral," by Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh University. It is a strong and vigorous book, and will well repay perusal.

Dr. Edward Freeman's Lectures on "Comparative Politics," now to hand, will be eagerly read by all thoughtful students of history and of the science of politics. They are an attempt, says the author, to claim for political institutions a right to a scientific treatment of exactly the same kind as that which has been so successfully applied to language, to mythology and to the progress of culture.

Messrs. Macmillan announce in preparation two new volumes from the pen of Sir Samuel Baker, concerning the recent expedition to Africa of this great traveller.

Two elegant little volumes reach us from Messrs Henry S. King & Co.—the one an exquisite selection of "English Sonnets," and the other an extremely tasteful collection of "Lyrics of Love," both of which must find favour with students of the muses.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, we know, entertain exalted opinions of the *raison d'être* of the writer of fiction. He illustrates in his own person at present his high sense of the important services of the novelist. For we find him weaving a triple thread of narrative. In Harper's *Weekly*, "Phineas Redux" is appearing serially; in Harper's *Bazaar*, we have "Harry Heathcote, of Gangoil," and, in shilling monthly parts, his English publishers are issuing "The Way We Live Now."

Messrs. Harper Bros. will issue during the month the Evangelical Alliance Report for 1873, embracing the essays and orations prepared for and delivered at the late General Conference held in New York, with a history of the Conference and other official documents.

The new issues of Messrs. Trubner, whose publications are unmistakably of the advanced school of thought, embrace an autobiography, entitled "Threading My Way," of the Spiritualist, Robert Dale Owen; and the first volume, on the "Foundations of a Creed," of a work under the title of Problems of Life and Mind, by George Henry Lewes.

Messrs. W. Isbister have ready a translation of Ludwig Haussler's great work. "The Period of the Reformation," and they announce new works by Sir Arthur Helps, Samuel Smiles, W. F. Rae and Mrs. Lynn Linton. The first volume of the important "Memoir of Dr. Guthrie," by his Sons, issued by this house, has passed at once into a second edition.

Messrs. Cassell issue, in their usual attractive style, the first volume of their new serial publications, "Old and New London," by Walter Thornbury; "The Races of Mankind," by Dr. Robert Brown, and "British Battles on Land and Sea," edited by Mr. James Grant, the well-known novelist.

"The Parisians," the last production of the late Lord Lytton, comes to us in a native reprint from Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto. We shall take occasion to review it next month, in connection with "Kenelm Chillingly," to which the new story bears the relation of twin-brother.

Messrs. Collins, Sons & Co., of Glasgow, introduce a novelty in educational literature in the shape of a periodical to be called "The School Newspaper: a Monthly Record of News and Extracts, for reading in the Upper Classes of Schools." Educationists will have to look to their laurels, or the Fourth Estate will crowd the fossil text-books out. The same publishers introduce to British schools the recent class-book on Algebra, prepared by Mr. Dean Loudon, of University College, Toronto, by arrangement with the Canadian publishers of the work, Messrs. Adam, Stevenson & Co.