Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- ☐ Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- ☐ Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- ☐ Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- ☐ Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- ☐ Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- ☐ Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- ☐ Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- ☑ Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- ☑ Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distorsion le long de la marge intérieure
- ☐ Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.

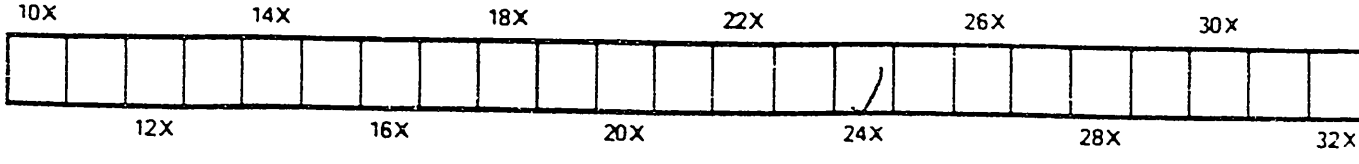
- ☐ Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- ☐ Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- ☐ Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- ☑ Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- ☐ Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- ☑ Showthrough/ Transparence
- ☐ Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- ☑ Continuous pagination/ Pagination continue
- ☐ Includes index(es)/ Comprend un (des) index

Title on header taken from:/ Le titre de l'en-tête provient:

- ☐ Title page of issue/ Page de titre de la livraison
- ☐ Caption of issue/ Titre de départ de la livraison
- ☐ Masthead/ Générique (périodiques) de la livraison

☐ Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/ Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.



THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 8.] NOVEMBER, 1875. [No. 5.

EXPERIENCES OF THE GREAT NORTH-WEST.*

BY JOHN CAMERON, ARNOTT, ONT.

"GREAT Lone Land" as applied to the Nor'-West is a misnomer, in that it conveys the idea of an empire of nothingness through whose amazing vastness the bewildered traveller might wander with the loneliness of a deserted Siberian miner. The Nor'-West may lack the hum of busy cities, the refining influences of a thousand triumphs of art; may be in blissful ignorance of the wonders of science: the musket and tomahawk may be better known than the pen and the printing-press; in short it may be a great "Undeveloped Land," but it is far from being a great "Lone Land." For no one can associate solitary sameness with the rejuvenating greenery of never-ending prairies; rocks streaked with mineral veins whose ruby crystals bespeak a Canadian Eldorado; waters teeming with sportive fish; woods with foliage of Brazilian richness; while in many places the whole air is resonant with whistling plovers, cackling prairie hens, cooing pigeons, quacking ducks, yelping foxes, growling bears, howling wolves, screaming hawks, and whimmering cranes.

Like everything else in the world, this region leaves different impressions on different minds. To one, its winter has a frigid coldness, with scanty fuel to give it warmth; its summer a torrid heat, and no shady groves to screen from the parching sun. He speaks of an Arctic December whose piercing frosts the warmest rays of June cannot overtake; of prairies—vast "muskegy" stretches with not even a spring to slake the traveller's thirst—whose monotony is relieved only by impudent gophers, and where black-fly bulldogs torment by day and mosquitoes by the million at night. He declares there is no society but that of ignorant half-breeds, scalping Sioux, filthy Crees, wild Saskatchewan traders, jealous Selkirk settlers, and Hudson Bay Company monopolists. He fears an isolation from the trade of the world, a glutted home-market, and the consequent commercial stagnation. He tells of a soil whose very fertility in some places makes it congenial to every noisome weed, while in others the glittering sand gives little nourishment to the sickly languishing grass that forms its thin covering. He laments the absence of thriving manufactories, wayside inns, schools, churches, and other concomitants of successful settlement. He dilates on a climate forbidding forever the pleasing orchard and its luscious fruits, and on a land where promising fields of waving

* A Prize Paper of the University College Literary and Scientific Society.

grain supply sustenance for an army of grasshoppers.

His neighbour, however, sees in its sunny, though frosty winters, its bracing air and its dry, unpacked snow, a pleasing contrast to the blowing, drifting, freezing, thawing, raining season in Ontario. He is delighted to find, instead of the oppressive sultriness of a Canadian summer, a day tempered by the prairie breeze and a night sufficiently cold for a heavy blanket, and a sound sleep. He regards the prairie as smiling for the husbandman; its "muskegs"* as offering the choicest food for his stock; while its lawn-like evenness fits it at once for improved machinery, and tells him to dispense with muscle and farm with brains. When, at a depth of six feet, he finds the frosts of centuries, it may be, he is pleased to know that the shallowest wells may have an icy coldness, while on the surface his crops grow with surpassing luxuriance. He sees no scarcity of fuel, or fencing, or timber in general, when he contrasts the bluffs of Dakotah and the sparse woods of flourishing Minnesota with those of the Assiniboine, in some places twelve miles deep on one bank; the deeper and denser still, on the White Mud; the forests of the Dauphin Mountains; and the area stretching from Pointe des Chenes to Fort Francis, and thence, for aught he knows, to the North Pole. The half-breeds he regards as an inoffensive people; the Indians as cheap, though by no means unprofitable servants; the Hudson Bay Company as a boon to the country, in that though they have the power to monopolize, still they ask but reasonable rates for their stores, allowing at the same time a fair price for produce, and dealing liberally with industrious immigrants, not as in the early settlements in Ontario, where the petty store-keepers, charging two prices for inferior goods and worse whiskey, became the mortgagees, at usurious rates of interest, of the chattels of the struggling settler, and too often a sheriff ended the tale. He will tell you that the old settlers and half-breeds never dreamed of trying fruit trees, but that the young orchards of the Canadians* give abundant promise, a matter of no surprise in a land where plums, peas, blueberries, and (cheering fact for the Mennonite and lager-loving German), even hops grow wild; where onions are as large as fair-sized turnips here, with beets and potatoes in the same proportion, while the average yield of cereals so far exceeds ours, that even if the grasshoppers ate every third crop clean, the garners of the Manitoba husbandman would still be fuller than those of his Ontario cousin.

That pictures so unlike should be drawn will not seem so surprising when we consider the natures of the observers. The one, before he is satisfied, must thoroughly inspect the whole country; he takes nothing second-hand: if to-day disappoints, he hopes for a better to-morrow; he can dress with the best or travel the day long in his shirt-sleeves, with a pair of old trowsers and older boots, wading to the knees and even to the waist through marshes and "muskegs," his muddy and wet clothes drying with the sun as he marches on; then without undressing he rolls himself in his blanket and sleeps in the shelter of a willow-bluff, through the cold Nor'-Western night, defended by veil, gloves, and smudge from the ubiquitous mosquito, to awake with chattering teeth and stiffened joints, whose suppleness returns only with the warmth of the sun and the exercise of his onward tramp. He can enliven a social gathering with his presence, or ride, tailor-fashion, in a Red-River cart, dig for subsoil, or examine the survey stakes. He will dine on the best when it is at hand, but when he is on the prairie, on pemican and bread of his own baking. He prepares for every emergency. Immediately on his arrival in Fort Garry, he procures an Indian pony and cart, tent, frying-pan, camp-kettle, pemican, tea, and flour. Then with a few companions who share his expenses, off he starts on something like a grand pic-nicing excursion through a land where, at a trifling cost, he combines an extensive business-prospecting with a marvellous array of novel sights and charming scenes.

His gloomy neighbour, accustomed to the quiet of rural life, or to contented ease in a country town, or pampered, it may be, as a son of luxury—at all events his thinking never out of the routine-rut of the little circle in which he moved—is quite unprepared for the annoyances of extensive travel. The hardships of the Dawson Route sour him against the country before he sees it. On his arrival he finds money slipping through his fingers on every hand. Nobody knows

* Muskeg, a swampy spot on the prairie.

* Settlers from Ontario and Quebec are called by the natives 'Canadians.'

him and he knows nobody. Parted as he is from his family, for the first time, perhaps, since he was connected with one, he is surprised to find how high a place they hold in his affections; home-sickness of the most malignant type attacks him, and the wretched stories of lugubrious fortune-hunters, who "loaf" at every corner, contribute to the dismal aspect which everything seems to wear.

But he must show something for his time. He prepares. His carpet-bag contains a supply of bread and cheese. At daybreak he starts. He is in fearful earnest. The sun rises. Already Winnipeg fades over the prairie. Eight—nine—ten—eleven o'clock. Still on he goes. No noontide nap for him. He waits just long enough to eat his frugal lunch, then onward he speeds. He leaves the trail. Now he stalks through prairie-grass, tall as himself; now in water and slush to the knees. His ardour begins to cool. Night comes. Wearied, he wraps himself in his blanket and falls asleep. His slumbers are not sound. In the visions of dream-land, ten thousand fairies, with sonorous voices, prick him with ten thousand tiny spears. Now he rushes naked through a forest of nettles, until in crazy agony he awakes to hear the diabolic revelry of a million mosquitoes and microscopic sand-flies as they drink in his life's blood. The night is spent in fighting the foe. Hundreds fall at every stroke, but hundreds more rush to their place with vengeful impetus. They take their flight not until the morning sun is high. But hands, face, body and head are as full of stinging sensations as ever, and a cooling plunge in the lake seems the only remedy for this cuticular pandemonium. He would resume his march, but his feet are a blubber-like mass of blister. Completely disheartened, as much by want of nourishing food (for between a buoyant spirit and a good dinner there is an almost necessary connection) as by the over-exertion of the previous day and the loss of rest at night, he limps his sad way back to Fort Garry; smothers his chagrin in a terrific "drunk;" then taking the most direct route to his old home, he figures as the man of travel, the oracle of his district, astounding the gaping rustics with stories of mosquitoes, 'many of them weighing a pound,' flies large as blackbirds, grasshoppers four feet deep on the ground and darkening the sky overhead, and things in general as in the gloomy picture above.

Allusion has been made to the Dawson Route. This, the present Canadian highway to Manitoba, irrespective of that crying necessity, a Thunder Bay and Fort Garry railroad, will always challenge the attention of the general tourist. To begin at Prince Arthur's Landing, the starting point of that tortuous route. To the left are the Kaministiquia, Fort William, and the Missions, with a history, a romance in itself; and McKay's Mountain, like a half-finished tower, rising in rugged, solemn grandeur; to the right, Current Rapids, where the river, placid as a mirror, all at once breaks into silvery foam down a thousand rocky steps, until its frothing is quieted far out in Thunder Bay. Then, stretching for miles to the west, is the gigantic mummy, known as "Big Injun," on whose prodigious, awe-inspiring form, fearful even in death, the red man still gazes with superstitious reverence. But the Big Indian sleeps on; his only covering acres upon acres of shrubbery, drawing sustenance from his carcase, and enveloping him in the morning in cerulean blue, changed at sunset, as if by magic, to a spectral grey. Then, in front are Pic and Welcome islands, and twenty-five miles out is that rocky speck, where from under the very waters of Superior, scores of busy men are taking the richest silver ore known in the annals of Canadian mining. The very dogs, with their bear-heads, lynx-eyes, wolf-ears, diabolical reveillé, and nonchalant yawnings, bear a part in the general interest. From Thunder Bay to Shebandowan is forty-five miles of the roughest, up-hill, down-grade, topsy-turvy country in which nature ever amused herself in combining the exquisite and the grotesque. Then begins a chain of thirteen lakes, linked by rocky portages varying from a quarter of a mile to four miles in length, the most interesting of which is Height of Land, where the water flowing into Hudson Bay is separated from our own lake system. To say they are all very beautiful were simply stale. Their scenery from first to last is a succession of the most startling combinations that the wildest fancy can conceive. Shebandowan and Kashaboiwe, where the panorama begins to unfold itself; Lacs des Milles Lacs, where are tall and slender birch of snow-white bark, and foliage of livid green, shading with an amber

hue myriads of Selkirkan coves; an endless variety of islands of romantic shape; some extending for miles, and others like gems of green in a watery bed of crystal clearness; some almost submerged, others towering boldly up by inaccessible cliffs; some rocky, rusty and red, others clothed with a velvety verdancy; here a marshy spot is rank with reeds and willows, there are tree clumps as if floating unfixed in the water; now the boat scrapes the bottom, then in depths unfathomed; in one place vegetation struggles for a foothold in the zig-zag crannies, in another runs out a long, dense, bushy line like a hedge-fence on the water; at one time you are on a rippling expanse, and again the branches overhang on either side; this looks like an aboriginal landing-place, yonder is a secluded inlet where pirates might hide—in fact in Lacs des Milles Lacs a world of surprising and pleasing contrasts seems to have epitomised itself. Then there is Lake Windegoostigon, nestling amid mountains up whose steeps the tourist is sure to go, though there is scarcely a friendly twig to help him up, and one careless step might send him hundreds of feet, with not even a projecting crag to break his fall, and no hope of ever rising from the fearful depths below. Up he looks. And up he goes! He will reach the top, where the white flags show where the fallen chiefs are ranged on high hemlock stumps in their birch-bark coffins, with pipes, tobacco, and implements for use in the happy hunting grounds. The perilous ascent is gained, and he gazes motionless as if their guardian spirits were hovering near, and then betakes himself to the amusement of detaching mighty boulders and sending them bounding and rebounding over the rounded rock with terrible momentum into the lake, with an engulfing splash that makes the very hills quiver. Hurrying on past the hissing rapids, *Maligne* in character as in name; past Kettle Falls with their lion-like roar; down Rainy River, with a scenery equalling the banks of the Hudson; crossing the pea-soup water of Lake of the Woods to Nor'-West Angle; then through seventy miles of tall tamarac, thick with a shrubbery bedecked with millions of wild roses, and at last the pretty village of Pointe des Chenes—and the long-looked-for prairie, in all its glory, unfolds itself to the view. Thirty miles further on is what three years ago was Fort Garry, containing a few houses all within a stone's cast of one another, but which has since developed, with a Chicago-like growth, into the "City of Winnipeg."

For the business man or intending settler the Dawson Route has few charms. He will have to drag out three or four dreary weeks, and if he persist in waiting until he gets his stuff along, he may be delayed forty-six days, as was the case with the Ralston Colony last summer (1874). He will have to load and unload waggons and boats at the portages (which of itself implies no less than seventy shiftings of boxes), and not only that, but he occasionally has to carry poles from the woods to the shore, then cut and load the wood into boats, row them to the tugs, and then pile the wood into the engine-room, before an *employé* will make an onward move, and even then, with a lazy reluctance. Then he can hitch himself and other unfortunates in an old Government waggon, and draw a team's load across a corduroy portage, or over a lengthy slide, with an occasional lift from a half-starved Ojibway Nitchi. Again, his boxes, whether they contain his Sunday's best or the little household souvenirs whose value no gold can measure, may be dumped into six inches of unbaled water, increasing in depth as a lake is crossed, so that at the portage he has to break them open and expose his clothing, books, and other valuables to the sun and air to prevent their becoming an odorous mass of mildew. And again, if by these delays his provisions run short, flour may be bought at the rate of one dollar for six pounds, a dollar and sixty cents for a loaf of bread, fifty cents for squares of gingerbread not the size of a man's palm, or from eighteen to fifty cents a pound for rattlesnake pork so salt and fat as to be absolutely uneatable to any one not on the verge of starvation. And then to stimulate him to inordinate activity in the lugging of boxes for which the transportation company is paid $2.00 per cwt. they will say that the next tug will be on hand in a few hours, and plainly give him to understand that if he be a good fellow, and chop wood, pile boxes, make a pack-mule of himself at the portages, row or steer a boat, and be surpassingly civil about it, he will, as an especial favour, get off on the arrival of the tug. "Anything to push ahead," says he, and with a vengeance he works till all is ready. The time comes round, but not the tug.

Later, still no tug. Later and later still, yet all is as before. Hours are passed in weary waiting, till at last she lazily heaves in sight, as lazily comes to shore, and then the crew, consisting of captain, fireman, and engineer, as lazily get all the passengers aboard. But still they wait. The hands take hours in cooking a simple dinner, or the engineer's lady is arranging her "fixins;" while the poor passenger and his baggage remain parching in the sun, or drenched with rain for want of tarpaulin with which the fireman has daintily covered his wood, and for the retention of which from the husbands of fatigued wives and the fathers of sick children, he brandishes a threatening axe, or intimidates by means of the savage Blackstone, one of the bloody heroes of the Minnesota massacre. But at Nor'-West Angle he expects his troubles to end. There, however, he may remain indefinitely, unless he can outbid all competitors in bribing the half-breed teamsters to give him a corner, failing which he may be grateful if he secures an ox-cart travelling at the rate of two miles an hour, or a team of Indian ponies which carry but three passengers, who have to walk every alternate mile for two-thirds of the way, or failing both, for aught the Company or the Company's officials care, he may walk the whole distance (108 miles), as dozens did last summer (1874). After all this he lands in Fort Garry, and learns, to his surprise, that his neighbour leaving Ontario ten days later and going by Duluth has arrived a fortnight ahead of him, his goods safe and sound, with no concern about them from the time they were bonded in Duluth till they were handed over to him in Winnipeg—all this saving of time and labour for the difference of fares—a difference for which the sound condition in which he receives his stuff repays him manifold.

As a commercial highway the Dawson Route will always be unsatisfactory, and the sooner a railway is built from Thunder Bay to Fort Garry the worse it will be for Yankee extortionists, and the better for Manitoba and the Dominion. But, even now, things would be greatly ameliorated were there proper governmental supervision. Were one or two inspectors constantly moving up and down the route, the lazy and indifferent *employés* being liable to a visit at any time, would, through self-interest, manifest some sense of regard for the convenience of travellers. Then, too, passengers should have some simple means of recovering damages for goods destroyed. As matters now stand, for an individual to sue the Company means little else than delay and expense. Every one is anxious to get settled. One hastens to the Portage; a second to the Pembina mountains; and another to the Saskatchewan, and so united action against the Company is almost impracticable.

The rapid rise of Winnipeg has been mentioned. Several other important towns are in their inception. Portage la Prairie in the garden of Manitoba, sixty miles up the Assiniboine; Westbourne on the North Saskatchewan trail, twenty miles to the north-west; Aytoun, in the Riding Mountain District; Morris, at the confluence of Scratching and Red rivers, near the Mennonite reserve, and at the junction of the Pembina R. R. and the south-western line through the Pembina Mountains; and Dufferin farther south, near the Emerson Colony. In other places mills and factories are being erected, nuclei, no doubt, of flourishing business centres. These can be seen for miles on the prairies; and from whatever direction approached, always seem up-hill. Close by will generally be found an encampment of Sioux, whose neat buffalo-skin tents form a striking contrast to the slovenly birch-bark wigwams of their Ojibway foes. The Sioux are from the American side, whence, after being participators in many a fearful massacre, they betook themselves to British territory, bringing with them what cunning and knowledge of domestic and agricultural arts they had acquired among the Yankees, to whom they bear an implacable hatred. They have sharply-defined intellectual features, and are singularly tall. They are no nuisance farther than that they will steal anything on which they can lay their hands. The men will plough, split rails, make hay, bind grain, while the squaws dig potatoes, tend stables, wash and scrub, satisfied with a little flour for pay. Some fear that their American atrocities may be repeated, but the Sioux are astute enough to perceive that in British territory is their only ark of safety, and that if they make enemies there they will be the Ishmaelites of the world. In this peaceful attitude there is friendship as well as policy. Hon. Mr. Ogletree, of Portage la Prairie, informed me that at the time of the Riel troubles, several hundreds of

them asked for arms with which to fight for their "beloved mother in the east," as they call the Queen. The Ojibways, as a tribe, are inferior to the Sioux. They are short in stature, with broad fat faces, and as filthy as hogs. They are first found in considerable numbers at Deux Rivières, while at Maligne and Island portages they are more numerous still, and at Fort Francis, on the Minnesota boundary, they appear in hundreds. On the banks of Rainy River, as the steamers pass by, they come out to cheer, their full dress consisting of a pocket handkerchief.

The American and Canadian tribes of the Rainy region make a sort of annual pilgrimage to Fort Francis, where they perform the mysterious rites of their Paganism. To detail these, and the "medicine-men's" odd initiation, is beyond the scope of this paper. Their social customs, too, are on the whole rather curious. One, for instance, is that no Nitchi husband ever speaks to his mother-in-law. The Indian there, as elsewhere, is noted for his imperturbability and love of "skidewaboo." Such is his immobility that if you fire a cannon at his heels, unstartled he will say, "Ugh! white man know too much." For whiskey whole tribes bartered a season's spoils of furs and buffalo robes, and then perished in hundreds for the want of blankets and ammunition. American traders have stolen over with a barrel of fire-water and gone back with a fortune of furs, a thing, through the presence of the mounted police, now no longer possible. To such an alarming extent was this carried on that, during the year 1873, no less than 100,000 robes were smuggled across the lines. Little wonder, then, that there is not a buffalo within seven hundred miles of Fort Garry, although the natives remember when they fed in herds on the meadows between the Assiniboine and Lake Manitoba. The short, thick skulls, with horns inseparably attached, and the antlers a load in themselves and as long as a man, bleaching everywhere, but especially on the banks of the Saskatchewan, show how terrible has been the hunter's carnage. But though the buffaloes have disappeared and moose are few and far between, there is an abundance of shot-gun game; and two hundred miles to the north-west of Fort Garry are found considerable elk, foxes, black bears, and prairie wolves. Ducks are seen in great numbers, even in settled districts. Up Red River, on the Dakotah boundary, they are shot with revolvers from the passing steamers. West of Rat Creek there are dozens of them on every pond. At the Sand Hills, Pine Creek, one hundred miles west of Winnipeg, the willow thickets are alive with rabbits. All the lakes from Shebandowan to Manitoba and Winnipegoosis abound with pike, white and other fish, which in spring ascend the streams in myriads, even to the hay-marshes. Then, as the water begins to lower, the connection is shut off, and they are left floundering in the pools to be pitchforked out by the whites and Métis. Indeed, moving slowly along a lake's edge with a birch-bark and trolling line, hauling in a big pike or pickerel every ten minutes, at the imminent risk of upsetting at every pull, is among the most cherished experiences of the tourist. Prairie hen is the only game not sensibly affected by the presence of man. Shoot them down in hundreds, and their numbers appear undiminished. In June and July they hatch, and unless almost stepped on in their grassy nests, will scarcely be noticed; but on the appearance of the broods they are seen everywhere, and early in the frosty fall mornings they line the fences and outhouses so thickly that three and four may be brought down at a shot. Plover, too, is plentiful. I have seen a Sioux, by means of a mournful, chattering whistle, bring them from all directions, fluttering within pistol-shot of himself. Great white cranes, with black-tipped wings, are numerous around the Saskatchewan lakes; and the eyries of nest-hiding eagles may be seen in the leafless tops of dead poplars on the Dauphin Mountains.

This part of what is now the Province of Saskatchewan, stands, in many respects, in marked contrast to Manitoba. Near the Red and Assiniboine rivers the prairie is one great level dotted with poplar bluffs, which, intercepting the view, make the horizon to appear as if fringed with a thin green line, leading the spectator to think there are woods ahead, but, rainbow like, it recedes as he advances. The grass on the arable land is about six inches in length, but in the hay-marshes it is from three to five feet. After the first crossing of the white mud, the poplar bluffs and oak ridges increase, and a somewhat sandy loam

takes the place of the deep, black, Red River loam. After the third crossing, belts of timber and waving meadows alternate with narrow, sandy strips, extending north and south as far as the eye can reach. The most remarkable of these is the "Beautiful Plain," an old battle-ground of the Black-feet and the Crees. Its average width is three miles. It is bounded on either side by woods, stretching for leagues as evenly as if marked off by a surveyor's line. But already the Dauphin Mountains are in sight. At first scarcely distinguishable from the clouds, then all the next day they appear with a lake-like blueness. Soon the prairie spots on their slopes become distinct. The tree-trunks and the streams gushing down the mountain side are next discernible. The Little Saskatchewan is reached. Beyond this is a prairie-roll, from the top of which you think you can get an extensive view. You ascend. But still another roll. Ascend that, and still a higher elevation is before you. And on you go, always hoping to reach the last, but only to find a tantalizing plateau still ahead. The Little Saskatchewan and the Riding Mountain streams have beautiful, gravelly bottoms, and swift, pellucid currents. The bed of the Saskatchewan has on either side a lovely flat, about one hundred rods wide, and marked off at every affluent stream by a poplar grove. This is enclosed by banks from three hundred to five hundred feet high, and so steep that the pack-horses of the traders and the surveyors have been known to miss footing, and, with their loaded carts, go somersaulting to the bottom, a mangled mass. On these high banks the prairie's beauty seems to concentrate itself. There stretches a series of the loveliest lakes, surrounded with grass reaching to the chin, and of a vivifying green. They are dotted with ducks of every colour, from the common grey to the glossy sky-blue, and so unaccustomed to being molested that you may come within a few yards of them, and unless you wound them, they will ignore your own presence as well as the report of your gun. Even the cunning fox and the cowering hare are tame through sheer wildness; they stare at you in mute and motionless astonishment until your rifle bullet ends their inquisitive gaze.

On the Seine, Red, and Assiniboine rivers all is different. Their waters, always working up the clay from the bottom and sides, are of a dirty yellow, and so "hard" that with all the soap in the world, you feel as if your face were being stroked with a wet napkin of coarse india-rubber. The banks are high, and not only perpendicular, but where the grass gives toughness to the surface soil, even overhanging; and as you stand on the brink and look over, you start back lest your footing give way, and you are precipitated from twenty to forty feet into the river beneath. If you succeed in getting out of the water and ooze, you may crawl under that overjutting bank for miles, before a friendly watering path will let you out to the prairie above. And then their serpentine crookedness! Two hundred and forty miles by land equals seven hundred and fifty by Red River, round whose points the up steamers, for the last thirty-six hours, do not pretend to turn. They run straight into the opposite bank, then allow the current to float the stern against the side, after which they back up, and then steam on to the next point, and so on to "Moorehead City," on the Northern Pacific R. R., a line extending some two hundred miles into Dakotah, and destined to be a formidable rival to our own much-needed Canada Pacific. From Moorehead, a cluster of small frame houses, dignified in true Yankee style, with the title of "City," this line runs eastward through Minnesota prairies to the "City of Brainerd," a mushroom town about the size of Galt, planted in the midst of woods, whose trees are scarce unsprung from the weight of lynch-law victims. Passing on eastward, the prairie and forest are exchanged for mountain and rocky pass. All at once your train slackens to a snail's speed. Has there been an accident? You look out. Your car seems to lose its equilibrium, and you almost feel yourself rolling over. You look again, and from your train, as if suspended in mid-air, you behold in succession, far below, crags, logs, standing trees, and down nine hundred feet, rushes the stream which, bearing on its bosom the commerce of a nation, pours the waters of a continent into the Gulf of Mexico. Passing a few more of those frightful ravines, you reach the "City" of Duluth, a town not the size of Port Hope, beautifully situated on a concave slope overlooking a lovely bay, divided into sections of mathematical symmetry by a succession

of natural piers, which run out two-thirds of the way across, and are covered with trees and shrubs of luxuriant green. This place has a Greenland winter, but its four months of open water are so deliciously cool that it is fast becoming a favourite summer resort.

But to overtake all the points of importance in this brief essay were impossible. There are many, on each of which might be written a paper by no means uninteresting. That crisis in which an unprincipled adventurer was one day the absolute despot of a British province, the next a one-booted* fugitive from the avengers of poor Scott, whose only crime was gallantry, courage, British loyalty, and patriotic devotion; the half-breeds, owing their parentage to prairie Cree mothers and European fathers, and settled along the rivers, on farms of from six to twelve chains wide and four miles in length, a plan of survey by which one may, without a guide, explore the whole country, and be able without a compass to tell his direction and exact mathematical distance from any known place; prairie and bush fires so terrific that in one instance the inhabitants of a whole village had to take refuge in the watery galleries of a mine, while in others, "the blackened and branchless tree trunks are ghostly witnesses of a bygone vegetation;" an educational system, as yet imperfect, at the head of which is Manitoba College, from which two students have come to our own honoured halls,† and on the strength of which one of our graduates bears the title of "Professor;" the Hudson Bay Company, with their posts and trading system, exercising a sort of territorial jurisdiction over a region well nigh as extensive as the Russias of the Czar; an immigration of about forty males for one female, and the consequent scarcity of servants, governesses, and wives; a dignitary whose heart's dearest aim has been to build a French province in the Nor'-West, a project to which the present English-speaking influx will oppose a healthy counterpoise; a contemplated railway and telegraph system to Thunder Bay, on the south-east, to Pembina on the south, to Morris and the Boyne settlement on the south-west, and the trans-continental branch over the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific. In fine, in the words of Captain Huyshe—"the fertile prairie, spread out before the eye, smooth and green as a billiard table, and stretching away to the west, lacking nothing but the toil of the husbandman to convert it into fields rich with yellow, waving corn, and whose future inhabitant, looking out on his rich inheritance, one can fancy exclaiming:

> "O'er the rich acres of our vast prairie,
> Our hopes as boundless, and our souls as free,
> Far as the heart can wish, the fancy roam,
> Survey our empire, and behold our home."

* Riel lost one of his boots in his passage to the left bank of the Red River, when he fled upon the arrival of Colonel Wolseley.

† University College, Toronto.

AN APOLOGY.

YOU chide me, love, because my lips
Are silent now to song,
And deem that thus, in idleness,
I do my nature wrong.

Ah well! I little claim to share
The poet's sacred fire;
At best I can but echo notes
Struck by a stronger lyre.

In pleasant fields of poesy
My frail and tiny shoot
Was planted, but it blossomed late,
And scanty was its fruit.

Love was the power that made it live—
That mingled thoughts of thee
With all bright things of earth, and filled
Mine ear with melody

Unheard before and passing sweet—
So sweet that I was fain
To utter with my lips the song
That beat in heart and brain.

But all too soon Love's sky grew dark!
A keen and bitter blast
Blew coldly on us, withering
The blossoms as it passed.

The vision fair my eyes had seen,
They now could see no more,
And silent were the happy birds
That sweetly sang before.

And now, when Hope has cast her bow
Athwart the mist of tears,
When, like a star 'mid darkness, glows
The promise of the years—

E'en now the heart can scarce forget
Its weariness and woe,
Or teach the voice to sing again,
The songs of long ago.

Yet think not that I lightly hold
The laurel leaves that twine
Round poets' brows—for thy sweet sake
I would such wreath were mine!

It grows upon a lofty height
My feet can never scale;
Yet may I gather at the base
A flow'ret small and pale—

And send the off'ring, dear, to thee,
As I have done erewhile,
Contented if it gain for me
The guerdon of thy smile.

GAMMA.

LOST AND WON:

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

By the author of "For King and Country."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A CRITICAL DECISION.

"Pure with all faithful passion,—fair
With tender smiles that come and go;
And comforting as April air
After the snow."

GEORGE ARNOLD, of course, was especially eager to secure the return of the ministerial candidate, not only from old family traditions of that side of politics, but also from the strong personal interest he had in securing government assistance for the projected railway;—assistance of which he almost despaired if the candidate now returned should not be a "Government man." The surrounding country was by no means overlooked in the political consultations, and every available means of gaining the country votes was eagerly considered.

One evening a telegram reached Alan containing some business intelligence which he felt he should at once communicate to Mr. Arnold, so that action regarding it might be taken as soon as possible. He therefore set out to walk to Ivystone, for the first time since his sister's visit had come to an end. He had, thus far, kept his resolution very fairly, though not without some rebellious longings which it cost him some trouble to keep down. Mr. Mortimer was, he knew, still staying off and on at Ivystone, going on shooting excursions with the boys, and in general whiling away his time pleasantly as English visitors fond of sport could generally do very easily in the neighbourhood of Carrington. The rumours which spring up so readily in a small place where everyone knows everyone else, had of course very soon connected his name with that of Miss Lenore Arnold, and sometimes with that of her elder sister. Alan had, however, shut his ears against gossipping reports, feeling that the news would come to him quite soon enough when well authenticated, as he compelled himself to believe it would be ere long. But yet as he walked along the well-known road that led his willing feet to their destination, he began to wonder, with a throbbing heart, whether he should see her, whether she had missed him at all, as he had missed her society sorely; how far Mr. Mortimer had prospered in the wooing which he could prosecute without any remorse or misgiving.

Just as he entered the avenue a lady and gentleman on horseback cantered up to him from the direction of the house. The gentleman was Lionel Mortimer; the lady, Alan at first felt sure was Lenore, but as they drew nearer he saw that it was Renée, and Renée with a look of brilliant, yet softened happiness which lighted up her handsome face to an unusual degree. And Mortimer seemed very well pleased too, turning to his fair companion with a look of admiration which might mean a good deal more. It was not lost upon Alan, who wondered what it could all mean. Could Mortimer have transferred his allegiance so easily from one sister to the other, or had his admiration for Lenore's more ethereal attractiveness gone out before the more commanding beauty of her sister? Somehow the thought made his heart lighter; and yet he asked himself what was it to him even if this were the case? Would it make his lurking hope in the least more feasible, or in any degree justify him in seeking, even if it were possible, to draw one like Lenore away from her own proper position and natural surroundings? He could not reply to himself in the affirmative, and yet, notwithstanding, he felt it would be a load off his mind should he hear that Renée Arnold was likely to become Mrs. Mortimer.

On asking for Mr. Arnold, Alan was shown into the library, a small room open-

ing off the hall, with a glass door on the verandah, which was open, and through which the sweet odours of mignonette and late flowers were wafted pleasantly in. George Arnold came to him at once, and after the business on which Alan had come had been got through, he went on rather excitedly to speak about the election. Alan said but little in reply to his remarks, knowing his strong leanings, and unwilling to come into any unnecessary collision. But when Mr. Arnold went on to say that in the interest of the firm every exertion must be used to bring about the return of Mr Fulton; and that as Alan had, he understood, some influence in Radnor, he would expect him to use it on their side. Alan felt it was necessary for him to make a stand. He quietly, but as courteously as possible, explained to George that, as Mr. Dunbar was his friend, and as his conscientious convictions were all on his side, he could not possibly use any influence against him, but that he did not intend using any influence at all, as his friend wished that people, having heard his views once for all expressed, should be left to their own judgment respecting their votes.

George Arnold remarked that that was all very well for a Utopian dreamer like Dunbar, but would never go down with practical men; that as his election was in any case quite hopeless, Alan could be doing nothing unfriendly to him in securing the return of one whose election would advance the best interests of Carrington in general, and of their own firm in particular—in fact Alan's own interests; for if affairs prospered as the railway would make them prosper, he contemplated ere long offering him a share in the business. But in the meantime he did expect that Alan should do his duty by his employer, and that he should go out to Radnor and secure as many votes as possible for the ministerial candidate. A liberal supply of money would, he hinted, be at his disposal, to be distributed, as he should see advisable, to the best advantage in securing the needed support.

Alan replied that it was quite impossible for him to comply with this expectation. His principles were entirely opposed to such a mode of proceeding, even were it on the side he could conscientiously support. George grew excited. His usually good-humoured face grew pale and stern, and his hand trembled as he more peremptorily and irritably insisted on Alan's doing as he wished.

Alan still refused, quietly but determinedly.

"Then," said George, losing all control of himself, and his blue eyes flashing with passionate anger; "if you're so confoundedly obstinate, and choose to quarrel with your own bread and butter you must take the consequences! We must part."

"Very well!" said Alan, quietly. He had just self-command enough to restrain the expression of indignation which was thrilling through all his nerves at this unjust and humiliating treatment. But his face, too, grew pale, and he set his teeth to prevent the utterance of any words which he might hereafter regret.

"Good evening," he said, after a few seconds of silence, taking his hat and moving towards the door.

"Good evening," growled George; a chilling haughtiness contending with his passionate excitement. "You had better reconsider the matter before ruining your own prospects."

"Reconsidering could make no difference; I could not possibly decide otherwise;" Alan said, still endeavouring to veil his real agitation under a calm exterior, and with another "good evening," mechanically uttered, he left the room, Mr. Arnold making no movement to show him out. Alan could hear him pacing up and down the room as he went out.

As he walked slowly along the path that led through the shrubbery and flower-beds, trying to realize the shock which had come so suddenly upon him, he was startled by seeing a slight dark figure advancing towards him from a little side-path. His heart told him directly who it was; it almost stopped beating as he waited till she came up.

"Miss Lenore!" he exclaimed, half under his breath. "Mr. Campbell!" said Lenore, "I couldn't help coming to tell you how sorry I am for what my brother has said to you; I heard it where I was sitting on the verandah, and how rightly I think you acted. I most heartily sympathise with you in your refusal, and am so glad you did refuse!"

Alan could scarcely express his thanks for the unexpected sympathy. It seemed to lift him out of the mood he had just been in to a state of exaltation which excited him

no less. Without knowing he did it, he took Lenore's little hand and held it in his own while he earnestly thanked her, and tried to express how great was his satisfaction in her approbation, whatever might be the result. All thoughts of his previous prud.nt reasonings were put to flight, and for the moment he felt only the delight of the sweet presence which had become dear to him. Lenore was the first to discover that he had taken possession of her hand for a longer time than was necessary, and quietly withdrew it, bidding him good-night. But the "good-night" was, somehow, a different one from any that had ever passed between them before, and notwithstanding the serious crisis which had come to his outward life, Alan walked home through the soft August moonlight with a lighter heart than he had had for many a day.

Little as Alan slept that night, and long as he thought the situation over and over, it was difficult for him next morning to realize that he was not to proceed as usual to the mills, to go through his usual daily routine. Instead, he walked over to Philip Dunbar's office to tell him of the changed state of affairs. Philip heard it with much concern, feeling as if he had, however innocently, been the cause of misfortune to his friend. He took it more to heart, indeed, than did Alan apparently, who rather surprised and perplexed his friend by the cheerfulness and equanimity he displayed in the somewhat serious situation.

"I would fain hope, Campbell," said Mr. Dunbar, "that it may be made up yet. George Arnold gets over his passions after a while, and I think when he cools down he'll feel a little ashamed of himself, and also feel the damage he would do to himself and the firm by letting you go. In the meantime it won't do you any harm to lie quietly on your oars and take a rest; or if you prefer a change of occupation, you can help me by looking after a few things for me while I am going the rounds of these necessary meetings."

Alan willingly agreed to do what he could for his friend, and soon found both his time and his mind fully occupied by such outlying untechnical details of business as he was capable of managing for him, and with the interest attached to Mr. Dunbar's political engagements, and to the speeches he delivered at the various meetings in town and country where he had to address his constituents. These meetings Mr. Dunbar, in this respect differing widely from the other candidates, always endeavoured to hold at some other rendezvous than the taverns, which were the usual political meeting-places, with such results as might have been easily anticipated. Some of the men whom Ralph Myles had been watching with the deepest interest, trying to free them from the bondage which had been sinking them into wretchedness and degradation, fell back again under the new and urgent temptations to drink which they constantly encountered at these meetings.

The important day of the election drew near at last, and the tide of excited feeling raged higher and higher. Parties seemed to grow more desperate and unscrupulous as the crisis approached, and there were not a few collisions in which hard words and disagreeable insinuations were exchanged, and breaches made in close friendships which had taken long years to cement. Sharp personalities were perpetually indulged in, in the two newspapers, which, agreeing in nothing else, agreed in heaping abuse on Philip Dunbar, all the more virulent in tone, perhaps, because they had no real fault to find with him, and had to make taunt and invective do duty instead of charges against his character, personal or political. The editors, too, were ordinarily kind-hearted men, who, left to themselves, would in cold blood have shrunk from injuring any inoffensive individual. But, unfortunately, this sort of thing paid. It suited the taste of their subscribers, and they were not men enough to withstand the current and educate the people to a better taste. The distant city papers, too, the *Post* and the *World*, took up the refrain, and numerous and monotonous were the changes rung on the haziness, the Utopianism, the instability, the untrustworthiness and general delusion and incapacity of the man who would come out as an Independent candidate. Philip took it all very quietly, with a sort of amused wonder that a person who had hitherto gone on so quietly should have become so noxious and so formidable the moment he aspired to the very moderate honour of representing his country in Parliament. Nor was this the worst effect of the contest. In the fierceness of the contest honour and integrity seemed to be in a great measure lost sight of, and men who at

another time would have scorned to do a dishonourable action, who would not for their own profit have deviated from honesty by a hairbreadth, were now, in the excitement of the moment, not ashamed to offer some inducement or equivalent for a vote, which, call it by what name they would, was nothing else than bribery. When this was done by men usually honourable in their principles, it may easily be imagined how far such men as Dick Sharpley would go in unblushing and open corruption, how far even George Arnold went, having no rigorous back-bone of principle to support him.

The polling was to take place on Tuesday. On the Sunday preceding a young clergyman, a stranger, preached in the church attended by Alan and Mr. Dunbar, which had for some time been destitute of regular supply, and for which this young man was supposed to be a candidate. He happened to be one of a constantly increasing number of ministers who look upon the pulpit not merely as a place in which to deliver desultory and vague theological essays, with too often but a slender bearing on the lives and consciences of their hearers, but as a place from which is to emanate a spring of spiritual life and influence that is to run through all the details of life; harmonizing and purifying them. He therefore considered it in no degree inappropriate to the sacredness of the place to allude to the approaching election, which was more or less filling and exciting the minds of almost all his hearers. He said not a word of the merely political aspects of the crisis, leaving those to more suitable seasons and better qualified speakers. But he said he felt it to be his duty to refer to the sacred duty which lay upon each man to exercise the right of his political franchise to the best of his judgment and under the approval of his conscience, uninfluenced by any selfish consideration or any excitement of blind partizanship. Above all, he appealed to his hearers not to bring dishonour on the sacred name of Christian to which they professedly laid claim, by indulging in the feelings of animosity and hatred which such excitements were likely to produce, and which were surely most grossly inconsistent with even the profession of being followers of Him who had enjoined upon His disciples as His last command, that they should "love one another."

The earnest, impressive words were such as might well have appealed to the best feelings of all who heard them, and to those of a few they did. But with many they only excited an irritation and impatience which found an outlet afterwards in indignant strictures on "parsons who preached political sermons;" and the critics on whose judgment depended in a great measure the choice of the man who was to fill that pulpit, oracularly declared that a young man who so imprudently meddled with things that were out of his line, and which he could not understand, would never do for them. The candidate had, in fact, ruined his chances. The people comprising that congregation—an exceptional one, of course—liked best theoretic discourses which did not disturb their equanimity, general truths to which they could complacently assent without feeling that they interfered in any way with their favourite courses of action, courses from which they felt that they neither could nor would depart; and they would esteem as most inconvenient a "religion" which should venture to interfere with them in so acting. It need hardly be said that Mr. Dunbar and Alan gave the "imprudent" minister a large share of their esteem and regard, and perhaps Mr. Dunbar dated a new grasp of the spirit of Christianity from that discourse. But as for substantial support this availed him little. It may well be, however, that, in the long run he did not suffer from his fearless discharge of what he felt to be sacred duty.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A COUNTRY POLLING, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"God blesses still the generous thought,
And still the fitting word He speeds,
And Truth, at His requiring taught,
He quickens into deeds.

"Truth which the sage and prophet saw,
Long sought without, but found within,
The Law of Love beyond all law,
The life o'erflooding mortal death and sin."

AS the decisive day approached, the keenness of the contest naturally did not relax. Business seemed forgotten, and appeared to conduct itself in some mysterious manner, while shopkeepers and artizans

were expending their time and energies in eager canvass or vehement discussions. The newspaper altercations waxed more and more violent, personalities more personal, repartees and epithets more forcible. Alan, who took the abuse of his friend much less lightly than did Mr. Dunbar himself, was, in an evil moment, goaded into making his *début* in print, in an indignant letter addressed to one of the papers, a rashness which he found reason to regret when he found that his defence only called down an additional torrent of vituperation on his friend, and ridicule on himself, which the anonymous writer, having no scruples as to such trifles as fairness and justice, could easily indulge. Philip, though inwardly gratified by the generous impulse that prompted Alan's ardent vindication, advised him to let the newspaper *mêlée* alone for the future, and treat the attacks upon him with silent contempt.

Some attempts were made to tie Alan down to remain in Carrington on the day of the polling, as his adverse influence in Radnor was feared by Mr. Fulton's party. He was made a deputy-returning officer; but, determined not to submit to any such checkmating, he paid the fine rather than forego the privilege of going out to Radnor to act as scrutineer for Mr. Dunbar. He had also, in virtue of the acres of rock and barren land on Deer Lake which he had inherited as his share of his father's property, a vote in a township still farther back, and this vote he was determined to give at any cost. He had, however, a more important part to play on the eventful day than he had at all anticipated.

Late on the preceding evening, Alan, having done justice to the supper prepared for him at Mapleford on his arrival there, was sitting in the midst of the little circle, composed of his mother, Jeanie, Miss Honeydew, and her *piquante* little American niece, Bertha, who just now formed the family in Miss Honeydew's cottage. The latter had utterly refused to allow Mrs. Campbell and Jeanie to seek any other home, declaring that she had never known how lonely her cottage had been in the old times, and that it would be the height of cruelty to her, now that her solitary existence had had so long a break in it, just to put her back again where she had been before. So, their scruples being set at rest, Mrs. Campbell and her daughter willingly remained in the quiet home which had become endeared to them by its associations with the father and husband who now no longer took part in their daily life, yet who never seemed far away from them there.

Alan's visits were always welcome events, bringing a breeze of stir and animation into the quiet feminine circle, which had few events to break its ordinary routine, and just now especially, when Carrington seemed the centre of interest to every man, woman, and child in the county. Alan had been answering all questions *con amore*, and telling all the latest news of the election, which, even here, was the predominant subject of interest, especially to Jeanie, whose flushed cheek and eager attention would have betrayed to a less preoccupied observer than Alan that she took a somewhat deeper interest in it than would have been accounted for by any desire for the success of her brother's friend.

Alan was in the middle of denouncing the system of mingled intimidation and bribery that was followed by Mr. Arnold and his party, the former of whom had threatened to discharge any of his workmen who should vote in opposition to his wishes, when a telegram was brought in. It was from Mr. Dunbar, informing Alan that he had just heard of a concerted plan for intimidation, and for compelling votes at the polling-place nearest to Heron Bay. If Alan would go there he might frustrate it, and another scrutineer would be provided for his intended post.

There was something in the idea of such a commission which appealed to Alan's adventurous Highland instinct, and he did not hesitate a moment. His mother was startled and alarmed, and visions of possible rough usage rose up before her, exciting fears which her son had some trouble in allaying, even with the assistance of Jeanie, who seemed perfectly fearless about it, and only eager that her brother should be on the spot, to guard the interests of Mr. Dunbar and of justice from such cowardly conspiracies.

A wild, somewhat inaccessible place, deep in the heart of the backwoods, had been fixed upon as the polling-place, from its being tolerably central for the people who lived at some distance back from the river. Alan knew that his nearest way would be to

strike straight through the woods, by a path he had been wont to take in shooting expeditions: and he went off to bed as soon as possible to get some sleep before the very early start he would have to make in order to walk so far before the hour of polling commenced. He took the precaution of sending a message to Ben, at Heron Bay, which would be out of his direct course, asking him to meet him at the polling-place with two or three trustworthy comrades.

It was considerably before daybreak when Alan started on his solitary walk, fortified by a breakfast prepared by Jeanie's zealous hands. The waning moon was giving a faint light. just enough to enable him to distinguish the path he was following, when it struck in among the deeper shades of the forest. For a good while he followed it without difficulty or misgiving, but, by and by, an uneasy doubt crossed his mind whether he were still in the path to which he had been accustomed. The underbrush grew closer and more tangled; great fallen trees here and there blocked up the way, and he could only get on by clambering over them; and at last he began to see that all traces of path were lost, and to have serious doubts whether he had not been too confident as to his own powers of finding the way. He felt, too, a little out of breath with the violent exertion of jumping from log to log, clambering over unmanageable boughs and branches, and forcing his way through tangled bushes and brushwood, so he sat down on a moss-covered log that lay stretched along the ground, to rest a little and wait till the grey dawn, now just perceptible, should have cleared and defined the dim and shadowy outlines around him, and enable him to take, with a little more certainty, the bearings of his position.

While he was sitting there, tormenting himself with the fear lest, by this unexpected delay, he should make himself too late for the mission on which he had been sent, he started as he heard a faint sound in the distance, as of some one chopping off boughs from the trees. He listened eagerly to the sound, which was fast becoming more distinct as it semed to advance nearer. He could hear the rustle and crackle of branches vigorously pushed aside, then the sound of the hatchet exercised on a more refractory bough. Some expert backwoodsman, no doubt, thought Alan, one of the Heron Bay workmen, perhaps; now he would find a guide to set his mind at rest. While he was speculating about the unseen wayfarer, his doubts were set at rest by hearing a well-known powerful and melodious voice strike up an air very familiar to him, and he could soon easily distinguish the words of one of Ralph Myles' favourite hymns:

> "On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,
> Their wings are faith and love."

Alan started to his feet and rushed to meet Ralph, whose figure, hatchet in hand, was easily discernible in the fast clearing light.

"Why, Alan, old fellow, what are you doing here? The last place I should have expected to meet you," was Ralph's astonished exclamation in reply to Alan's delighted greeting.

Alan hurriedly explained his errand and his destination.

"Well, it's a most providential thing for you that I've fallen in with you," said Ralph, "for you have been going out of your way as straight as you could for the last half mile, and it wouldn't have been very easy for you to get back to it, especially without this trusty hatchet of mine. Now, I have to go just a little farther to see a poor sick woman who sent for me, and if you'll come on, and wait a little while till I have seen and talked with her, I'll pilot you on till we strike the right path again, farther along."

As the two walked on together, Ralph's hatchet and pocket-compass keeping them in the straight course, Alan found that his friend was quite cognizant that nefarious designs of lawless intimidation had been concerted, and that Ralph, like himself, was boiling over with indignation at the unworthy conduct of the instigators of such lawless conduct.

"In fact," said Ralph, "though I have been keeping clear of taking any side in the election, I intended being over at the polling-place myself, to exercise any influence I might have on the side of law and good order. I'm afraid, from all I hear, that your employer, Mr. Arnold, has too much to do with all this."

"He is not my employer now—I don't know whether I'm glad or sorry to say," replied Alan, and he proceeded to give his friend an account of the circumstances that had ended their connection, which Ralph

heard with mingled concern and approval.

"Well, you did the only thing you could do, as an upright and honourable man," said Ralph. "And don't be concerned as to what is to come of it. That will be taken care of for you. When a man's motto is 'Trust in God and do the right,' he knows his sheet-anchor is a sure one! I congratulate you, Alan, upon being called to suffer for doing right!"

They soon arrived at the shanty to which Ralph's mission was directed—a little log hut of the rudest construction and with the roughest surroundings. A rudely enclosed potato-patch seemed the only evidence of any agricultural operations, and, early as it was, two or three half-dressed, neglected looking children were wandering about the little clearing—the eldest, a girl of some eleven years, being engaged in bringing water from the spring at some distance from the house. They had a wild, half-savage look, and scampered off like young deer at the strangers' approach.

Ralph went in, while Alan remained without, waiting. He could hear the poor woman's groans, and her fretful complaining tones, alternating with the cheering, soothing intonation of Ralph's voice trying to speak hope and comfort in circumstances as dark, perhaps, as an ordinary human lot can well be. When he came out Alan noticed there was the deep compassionate look in his eyes, so often visible in them when he had been contemplating human sorrow and suffering—the outward index of the spirit which, taking possession of his inmost heart, led him to follow in the footsteps of a greater Consoler in endeavouring to minister to the relief of the sufferers.

A tolerably clear path led from the hut onward, in the direction of the road, such as it was, from which Alan had wandered, and under Ralph's experienced guardianship they had soon reached it, though not without some scrambling over rocks and through boggy and marshy places, now and then seeing a harmless garter snake wriggle itself out of their way, while the birds were singing their morning song, and the squirrels were chattering in the branches overhead, and every now and then they heard the rustle and whirr of partridges among the underbrush.

Ralph had one or two other visits to make, which he could not neglect, and when he had seen Alan fairly on the straight road to his destination he bade him good morning for the present, promising to meet him at the tavern where the polling was to take place, and to do all he could to strengthen his hands in maintaining order.

When Alan arrived at the little tavern he found that, though he was in very good time, the ground was already occupied by a collection of very rough looking men, who were standing about in little groups, and whom the landlord was plying with whisky. Alan privately remonstrated with the man, representing the harm this must do, but the tavern-keeper had evidently got his instructions, and only replied roughly, that "he had better mind his own business."

Alan announced himself as scrutineer for Mr. Dunbar, and took his place beside the returning officer and Mr. Fulton's scrutineer—the third candidate not being represented.

The first six votes were, one and all, recorded for Mr. Fulton, Alan saw no reason to question them, though he had no doubt in his own mind, from various indications, that they had been bought. The seventh voter came in, looking frightened and nervous—a weak, bewildered-looking man. When asked for whom he wished to record his vote he stammered out, in his confusion, first the name of Mr. Dunbar, and then, correcting himself, that of Mr. Arnold. Alan's suspicions were aroused by this, and still further by seeing the heads of two or three ruffianly-looking loafers pushed in at a window, as if watching the actions of the voter. He followed the man as he went out, and taking him aside, asked him whether any intimidation had been used towards him. The man seemed afraid to give a direct reply; presently, however, he said in a low frightened tone, "If you want to know, just watch the turning of the road at the end of the house," and then, as if afraid to be seen conversing with Alan, he hurried away.

At the end of the house the road sloped abruptly down into a deep ravine through which led a narrow rocky path—almost a pass. Alan slipped quietly out, and climbing a rock at one side of it, which commanded a full view of it, he resolved to watch till the next traveller should come that way. He had not very long to wait. A man on horseback came in sight, picking his way along the difficult path. Immedi-

ately, about a dozen strong, rough fellows started out of various hiding-places, and coming forward, one of them seized the bridle of the horse, ordering the rider to dismount. As the horse was completely in the power of the man who had grasped its bridle, and who was evidently intending to annoy and excite the animal with a strong switch that he held in his hand, the rider had no choice but to comply. He was then asked, in no very gentle tones, for whom he was going to vote.

"Is that any business of yours?" said the man, endeavouring to maintain his liberty of action.

"Just this, that if you don't tell us we'll thrash you within an inch of your life!"

The man looked anxiously round the rough-looking mob. He could have made no resistance that would be of the slightest avail. How could his resolve and his courage stand out against such odds?

But before he could reply, Alan, unable any longer to repress his indignation, had exclaimed impetuously—"Men! how dare you interfere with a voter's freedom. Are you not ashamed of yourselves for such lawless conduct! If you don't desist I shall report you one and all!"

The men looked up in amazement at the unlooked for interruption. Most of them were Mr. Arnold's "hands" in the lumbering operations at Heron Bay, and knew Alan, by sight at least, from his occasional business visits. They might have been induced to pay some respect to his appeal but for the whisky which had already fired their brains and roused their latent brutality, so Alan's remonstrance only infuriated them.

"You'd better hold your jaw," one of them called out savagely, "if you don't want to be pulled down from there pretty quick."

Alan's blood was up, however, and he went on with an indignant remonstrance, reminding them that if they persisted in such conduct they would be exposing themselves to serious legal penalties.

The only reply was a yell of rage, as two or three of them rushed to where Alan stood.

"Give it to him," "Collar the fellow," with various profane ejaculations and savage threats resounded on all sides, as one proceeded to climb to where Alan stood, apparently quite ready to put their threats into execution.

He drew out a revolver, exclaiming—

"I don't want to use this, but you will advance at your own peril."

But his assailants seemed excited beyond all thought of prudential motives. Alan had promised both his mother and Ralph not to use the deadly weapon except in the last extremity of self-defence, but the affray was growing serious, and he was puzzled how to act, when, lithe as a panther making his spring, Ben sprang from behind at the throat of his nearest assailant, which he grasped with a firm and most uncomfortable gripe. The two or three men whom he had, according to Alan's request, brought with him, came forward at the same moment; and now that the party of the defence was so considerably reinforced, the assailing body recoiled a little from the attack, leaving their foremost man still helpless in Ben's powerful grasp.

But a new actor just then appeared on the scene, slowly and deliberately making his way down the steep and difficult path, and a strong, calm voice called out, "Let him go, Ben; I want to talk to you all a bit." Ben obeyed instinctively; somehow, few who knew Ralph Myles ever thought of resisting an order given in his calm, authoritative voice, which seemed to take compliance as a matter of course.

Ralph quietly advanced among the surprised and wavering "roughs," and taking a position as easy as if he were holding a familiar conversation with one of them, he calmly called them all by name, in a voice which, quiet and strong though it was, had yet a vibration of reproachful sorrow in it.

"Tom Hall, Joe Bennett, Sam Dawes," he said, going on till he had called each man by name. "What's this I find you at? Doing the devil's work. Is that what you've made up your minds to do then? Jim Larkins, have you forgotten already the good resolutions you made when I stood beside you over your dead baby? Sam Dawes, is this the way you mean to drive your dying wife into her grave? Now, just be quiet for a little. Here, we'll sing a hymn, first." And to Alan's intense surprise, he struck up, in the fine rich voice which was one of his greatest gifts, a touching, plaintive hymn—one of the simplest and most primitive, yet through which, both words and air, there throbbed the passionate expression of sin-bound, sin-burdened hearts,

with an eager, earnest appeal for deliverance. To Alan's still greater surprise, two or three of the men joined in, as if compelled by an irresistible influence, while some of the others, who but a short time before had seemed more like infuriated wild beasts than men, were softened to such a degree that the very emotion seemed to sober them, and tears flowed down some rugged cheeks.

Ralph followed the hymn with a short, earnest prayer, during which the men stood still, in the awe-struck quietude which his arrival had caused, and then he gave them an equally short address, but forcible, intense in its earnestness, and couched in words so homely and direct that not a word fell short of its aim. He pictured, in vivid language, the wretchedness of that bondage to the powers of sin and hell which they were rivetting upon themselves; reminded them of the "old, old story" of One who, loving as He was pure and holy, had undertaken a life and death of suffering to save them from the abyss of sin and misery into which, notwithstanding His sacrifice, they were recklessly endeavouring to precipitate themselves. Then, changing his tone of solemn remonstrance, he went on to appeal most touchingly to their sense of common gratitude, asking how they could turn a deaf ear and a cold heart to so great love, proved by so immeasurable a suffering.

When he ended, it was evident that the victory was won—the victory of good over evil—for that time at least. The men silently walked away, two or three of those who were most completely sobered coming up to him to assure him that they would have nothing more to do with such "dirty work." And then Alan and he, with the voter, who had been standing by an astonished spectator of the scene, returned to the tavern, where the man recorded his vote for Mr. Dunbar, much to the surprise of the opposing scrutineer, who, not daring by any remark to betray his complicity with the conspirators, was obliged to content himself with angry and suspicious glances in the direction of Alan and his friend.

The day passed quietly enough after that, the poll being about equally divided between Mr. Fulton and Mr. Dunbar, with a few votes for the opposition candidate. But the *fracas* of the morning soon got wind, as well as Alan's share in it, and before evening a report of it had found its way to Carrington.

CHAPTER XXV.

GIVING AND GAINING.

"In party's doubtful ways he trusts,
Her instincts to determine;
At the loud polls the thought of her
Recalls Christ's mountain sermon.

"How dwarfed against his manliness,
She sees the poor pretension,
The wants, the aims, the follies, born
Of fashion and convention."

BY the time that the hour for closing the the polls arrived, Alan's impatience to hear the result of the election became very great and he gladly availed himself of a seat in the vehicle which was to convey to Carrington, from the nearest point whence a wheeled vehicle could start, the returning officer and Mr. Fulton's scrutineer.

It was some time after dark when Alan reached the inn, at the door of which the returns, so far as they had come in, were posted. It was much as he had expected, or at least feared. Most of the business population of Carrington, all the operatives with about a dozen exceptions, and all the officials had voted for Mr. Fulton. For Mr. Baker were recorded a tolerably large number of votes, including of course, all the enthusiastic oppositionists. For Philip Dunbar, some thirty or forty of the more thoughtful and independent of the town voters had recorded their votes. So large was Mr. Fulton's majority in the town and the immediately surrounding country, that his return must be looked upon as an accomplished fact, whatever might be the returns from the more distant polls.

Philip Dunbar met Alan with his usual easy composure and quiet smile.

"Pretty much as I expected," he said; "it was well I hadn't by any means set my heart upon it. But I would far rather stand as I do, defeated, and with a clear conscience, than have been seated a dozen of times with one case of bribery on it. Even if I never should get a seat, I shall always be glad to have had the opportunity of giving a practical testimony in favour of honourable dealing! But I don't despair of working it out yet in time!"

Alan was still standing in the lighted passage of the inn, talking to Philip and two or three of his more prominent supporters,

when George Arnold walked out of the bar-room, arm in arm with one of his political friends, both of them flushed and excited by drinking, for the present excitement had developed rather alarmingly George's tendencies in that direction. George had just been hearing a rather magnified and distorted account of Alan's part in crushing the attempted intimidation. As he came rather suddenly upon him in the doorway, his companion drew his attention, with a word or two and a sneering laugh, towards Alan. George's flushed face grew almost white with passion, and his blue eyes positively glared as they met Alan's. He walked straight up to him, and without a preliminary word, brought down his clenched hand with a stinging blow on Alan's cheek. Alan's amazement for the first moment arrested his indignation; then the fierce tide of natural anger at the unprovoked insult rushed fiercely through his veins. He clenched his hand, he would have raised it—but a better impulse spoke within him, and then, almost like the sudden appearance of her gentle self, came the thought of Lenore. No; cost what it might, he would conquer himself! He held the clenched hand down with all the force of his will, the nails pressed into the palms with the force he was exerting over himself, and quietly and fixedly returned George's fierce stare.

A murmured "for shame!" broke from the by-standers, who had witnessed the unprovoked insult with indignant surprise, and Philip Dunbar saying quietly, "Mr. Arnold, I think you will regret this," drew Alan's arm within his own, and leisurely walked away. They were immediately surrounded by some excited young men, who denounced in no measured terms George Arnold's ungentlemanlike conduct; for although the latter was certainly rather popular in Carrington—being looked upon as a "good fellow"—such a proceeding as this was, of course, beyond the pale of the toleration which his popularity could procure for him. Philip disengaged himself and Alan as quickly as possible from the eager, talking group, and the two walked silently homewards, hardly exchanging a word until they were about to separate. Then Philip said, as he pressed Alan's hand at parting:

"Alan, you behaved splendidly! I am proud of you. By your self-command you have put George in a far more humiliating position than if you had returned his blow. Then it would have been just 'a row between Arnold and Campbell.' As it is, you have put the matter in its proper light—an unprovoked assault, of which he will be ashamed enough when he comes to himself. I honour you more for your self-control to-night than for the pluck you showed to-day."

It was not often that Philip spoke so enthusiastically, and his friend's generous praise, conjoined with the approval of his conscience, made Alan feel more than repaid for his self-control and self-conquest.

Next morning, as Alan was preparing to go down, as usual, to Mr. Dunbar's office, a little note was handed to him. He had seen the handwriting before—not often—yet quite often enough to enable him to recognise it without difficulty. He opened it with a heart beating a good deal more quickly than usual. It ran thus—

"DEAR MR. CAMPBELL,

"I have heard about last night. I can't tell you how very, very much grieved I am; I heard, too, how nobly you behaved. I know my brother will be sorry when the excitement is over. In the meantime, I can only ask you to overlook and forget it completely. I am sure you are generous enough to do so.

"Yours most sincerely,

"LENORE A. ARNOLD.

"Ivystone, Wednesday."

It would be difficult to describe the pleasure with which Alan read this note—the more so that it came so unexpectedly. He could not restrain himself from kissing the signature, and keeping the little letter very near his heart all day—a very foolish fancy, some may think, for a sensible young man. Nor could he deny himself the satisfaction of writing just a line or two in reply, in a hand tremulous with the nervous excitement which he could not altogether restrain. And this is what he wrote:

"MY DEAR MISS LENORE,

"It *is* forgotten, and will be thought of no more. Many thanks for your kind note.

"Ever yours,

"ALAN CAMPBELL.

"Wednesday."

Whether Lenore received Alan's note with as much pleasure as hers had given him need not here be investigated. It may only

be observed that it survived many more valuable epistles, and was occasionally re-opened and looked at in after years.

It so happened that Mrs. Junor, with an unaccountableness which sometimes characterized her actions, had fixed upon the very next evening for one of her little evening parties. Possibly she may have had some idea of healing breaches, for she was a politic woman, in intention at least, although her intentions were not always productive of the desired results. She still retained her favour for Alan, and her belief in his future prosperity, and she would have been glad to do anything in her power to heal the differences which the political excitement had caused, and secure a renewal of the connection between her son-in-law and Alan, without whose valuable and experienced assistance she rightly felt sure that George's business must seriously suffer. Her invitations had, however, been given previous to George's open insult, or even she might have felt hopeless of mending matters.

Alan, however, determined to go, partly to show that he cherished no ill-will towards the Arnold family and connection; and a good deal more because he hoped to meet Lenore. Her brother, he knew, he should not meet, as Mr. Fulton was that evening to entertain at dinner his friends and supporters at the "British Lion," and he felt an overpowering longing, to see Lenore and exchange a few words with her.

He went early. Mrs. Junor was "charmed" to see him, as well as inwardly somewhat surprised. He had to wait for some time before any one from Ivystone appeared, and had to endure his impatience as he best could.

"I'm afraid we shall have very few from Ivystone to-night," remarked Mrs. Junor to Alan, in her usual impressive and ingratiating manner. "George, you see, is engaged for the dinner this evening, and dear Addie is not very well, and hardly cares to go out without George. And Renée—well, I suppose we must not expect her, as Mr. Mortimer is expected home from a shooting expedition, and I suppose he will be too tired to come. You have heard of dear Renée's good fortune, I suppose, Mr. Campbell?"

Alan had not, and his eager, inquiring look showed a very special interest in the matter.

"Not heard of it? Ah! these elections, you see, throw everything else into the shade, or else her engagement would have been generally known by this time. The dear girl! I am so glad of her good fortune. Mr. Mortimer is such an excellent *parti*; has a beautiful estate—quite a little palace they say his house and establishment is; and then he is such an amiable, nice young man; and they are so attached," added Mrs. Junor, in a less enthusiastic tone, as it that were a secondary consideration.

Alan felt very glad, indeed, to hear of Renée's good fortune. Mrs. Junor went on—

"My private opinion is, from some little things I saw, that Lenore might have had him if she had chosen to encourage him. She was his first acquaintance, you know, and I rather think it was she who first brought him to Carrington. But then she never did encourage him, and Renée is far more suitable. Anything like state and grandeur is thrown away on dear Lenore. She is so peculiar in her indifference to it."

Just then the entrance of Lenore herself interrupted Mrs. Junor's conversational flow, and Alan was left to rejoice privately over the piece of news he had just heard. Lenore's eye caught his almost immediately, and there was a certain mutual consciousness in their meeting, and in the slight colour which flushed Lenore's cheek as she smiled her greeting, which seemed to add a secret and delightful charm to the pleasure which Alan always found in her society.

There was no opportunity for any private conversation during the evening, which passed as all such evenings do, though it did not seem to either Alan or Lenore just like an ordinary evening. There was an irrepressible sense of mutual confidence and sympathy, which found unconscious expression in involuntary modulations of tone, or in looks from which a hidden meaning could not be banished, when the chances of the evening brought them together, which made that evening, then and ever after, seem an enchanted time, standing out somewhat from the ordinary background of life. But the matter of the notes, and the circumstances which gave rise to them, had not even been alluded to between them when the party at last broke up. Lenore lingered behind the rest, waiting for the carriage which she expected to convey her home

when it called for her brother at the "British Lion." Alan hoped in his heart that it would not come, and he waited to see.

"I don't think it can be coming," said Lenore, at last. "I think the man must have forgotten, and George has gone home without me. He never would remember unless Thomas did."

"Stay all night then, my dear," said Mrs. Junor, but Alan interposed, rather eagerly, that if Miss Lenore would allow him, and was not afraid of the walk, it would give him great pleasure to see her home.

"But it would be so far for you to come and go back," said Lenore.

"The walk is nothing for me," said Alan, with a smile, which told her plainly that he was sincere in speaking of the pleasure it would give him. She made no further objection, and bidding Mrs. Junor good-night, they set out together, Alan having first carefully seen Lenore sufficiently wrapped up to protect her from the slight chill of the September air.

"Miss Lenore, how can I thank you enough for your note?" said Alan, before they had left Mrs. Junor's house a hundred yards behind them.

"How can I thank you for your forbearance ——"

She did not finish the sentence. Perhaps the slight quiver in her voice would not permit, but it was not necessary. The silence was as expressive as words.

It was a pretty long walk, but neither of them found it so, though they walked slowly along the winding road, with the stars softly shimmering down above the tall trees, and the waning moon rising in the eastern horizon. Neither knew exactly how it came about. Perhaps the magnetism of the little hand that lay on Alan's arm was too much for his resolution; perhaps the secret consciousness between them must necessarily find expression in words. At all events, before they had reached the end of their walk, the barriers of Alan's reserve had been broken down, and Lenore knew, what perhaps she had before felt, that she was enshrined in Alan's inmost heart; while Alan, in return, knew that that which he had hardly dared to hope for was true, and that the treasure of Lenore's love was really his.

"And I may dare to hope to call you my own Lenore?" said Alan, marvelling at his own boldness, as they stood at the gate of Ivystone, prolonging the first sweet moments of certainty and mutual understanding, which neither wished to terminate.

"Yours now and for ever," said Lenore, in a low but firm tone, the tone of one who would not promise rashly, but who, having promised, would never go back.

They walked very silently up the long avenue, and parted almost where they had parted so short a time before, on the evening when Alan, thrilled by Lenore's unexpected sympathy, had, for the first time, almost unconsciously permitted himself to hope. But now the full certainty of each other's love and mutual confidence irradiated, with an unextinguishable sunshine, a path which they knew must have its perplexities and difficulties before it could conduct them to the issue they desired. Alan at last compelled himself to take a fond leave of Lenore, promising to see her again next day, and walked rapidly down the avenue with a heart so light, a happiness so intense, that it seemed as if no burden of care could ever be heavy again.

He had not left the gate of Ivystone very far behind, when he heard a crash on the road in front of him, and hastening forward, could dimly distinguish the outlines of a vehicle which had been upset just where a sharp turn combined with a slight unevenness of the road to make careful driving especially necessary.

As he came up, the presentiment which had already sprung up in his mind was fully verified. He recognised, even in the dim light, the white-faced black pony which had been so early an acquaintance, and which was very sensibly standing quite still, while its driver, Mr. Arnold's servant, was making ineffectual attempts to right the fallen vehicle. As Alan approached the man he could easily discover from the stupid manner in which he replied to his questions that he was in such a condition of intoxication as to make him anything but a safe charioteer; and Alan felt sure that George Arnold would never have entrusted him with the reins had he not been himself still further overpowered.

George's prostrate form lay quite motionless where he had fallen heavily, evidently not having been able to make any attempt to save himself. Alan anxiously raised his head, satisfied himself that he was breathing, though quite insensible, and then laid him gently down until, with such assistance as

the man was able to give him, he had got the carriage raised into its ordinary position, the horse still standing with most commendable patience. Then, Alan, almost unassisted, succeeded after some difficulty in getting George's insensible form laid in the carriage, and, taking the pony's bridle, led it slowly towards Ivystone, the man, who was now tolerably sobered, following, evidently rather ashamed of himself.

Alan stopped the vehicle at some little distance from the house-door, while he went forward and rang the bell. It was answered by Lenore herself, the only one up in the house. She had gone into the library, where a fire had been burning as the evening had been slightly chilly, and had been standing over the still red embers dreamily thinking over the new happiness which had come to her, and over the possibilities that lay in the future; wondering whether George could be brought to look with any favour upon an alliance which she knew could not, at first, be otherwise than most distasteful to him. Not that she felt herself called upon to defer to her brother's unreasonable prejudice in the matter, but that, like every true woman, she would wish to enter into the new relationship with the sympathy and approval of the nearest and dearest of her old life.

She looked startled at Alan's reappearance when she had expected to see her brother; and her quick perception could easily read in his face that his reappearance had a somewhat serious cause.

"Lenore, dearest," he said, putting his arm affectionately round her, "you must try not to alarm yourself; but your brother has had an upset. He is not seriously hurt, but you had better go and prepare his wife while I have him brought in."

Lenore grew very white, but without a word she hastened to Mrs. Arnold's room to communicate to her, without alarming her unnecessarily, the sudden tidings. In the meantime Alan, with the assistance of Thomas, carried in George and laid him on a sofa, still quite stunned and insensible. Then, waiting only to speak a cheering word to Lenore when she returned, he jumped into the carriage and drove rapidly back to Carrington to find and bring back the doctor.

When he returned with Dr. Wilmot, they found George still insensible, though, under Lenore's quiet self-possessed direction, everything had been done for his comfort that was possible before the doctor's arrival. Mrs. Arnold had gone at once into hysterics, and Renée found enough to do in restoring her to composure, so that there was no one but Lenore to look after the chief sufferer. And the insight which her hospital visits in the south had given her into the treatment of wounds gave her a readiness and aptitude that did good service.

While Dr. Wilmot examined George's injuries, Lenore and Alan talked in subdued tones in the library, the former feeling, even in these anxious moments, the comfort and support of Alan's manly and tender nature. If anything had been needed to extinguish in his mind every spark of resentment against Lenore's brother, the sight of him now, a prostrate sufferer, would have done it, and added to his thankfulness that he had been able to restrain himself from returning the unprovoked blow. And the accident had riveted another link of sympathy and tenderness between himself and Lenore. At last, after what seemed long suspense, the examination was over, and Dr. Wilmot pronounced George's injuries, which were chiefly about the head, serious enough to require the greatest care, but held out good hopes of a favourable recovery. Alan remained in the house until the doctor's treatment had brought George back to at least a measure of consciousness, as much, the doctor privately told him, as could be expected at present, taking into consideration the combined effects of the fall and of George's previous condition of helpless intoxication. Then, taking leave once more of Lenore, with an irrepressible expression of his thankfulness that she had not been in the carriage, and had thus escaped almost certain injuries, he went home to rest after the excitement of an evening so eventful, and so full of momentous bearing on his future happiness.

(To be concluded in our next.)

"QU'APPELLE."

Inscribed, by permission, to the Hon. Alexander Morris.

IN Lac Qu'Appelle, the legends tell,
Of old a calling voice did dwell,
Which speaking to the stranger ear,
Awoke dismay and bred a fear—
This voice unseen and yet so near.

Where dwells the voice? The Lake is fair,
Yet coveteth more beauty rare,—
Doth rob the hill-sides of their green,
Their autumn tints and purpling sheen;
Then reacheth upwards to the sky
For changing hues which melt and die,
Tranquil repeats the every star,
Clasps shade and sunshine near and far,
Till wakes the wind each prize to mar.

'Tis like the heart of man—this Lake,
Which all things bright doth seek and take,
Which craveth every pleasure nigh,
And longs for those beyond, or high,
Till, roughened by some rising pain,
His fair delights take wing again.

So in the heart, as in this Lake,
A spirit-voice doth surely dwell,
Which ever to the ear of life
The lesson of that life doth tell.
Heed well each tone, 'tis Heaven's care,
And weep should it become more rare;
It is thy listening soul that hears
The unknown voice of kindred spheres.

Winnipeg. F. L. HUNT.

THE NEWSPAPER PRESS AND THE LAW OF LIBEL.

BY J. KING, M.A., BERLIN.

"Before this century shall have run out, Journalism will be the whole Press—the whole human "thought. * * * Thought will spread abroad in the world with the rapidity of light. Instantly "conceived, instantly written, instantly understood at the extremities of the earth, it will speed from "pole to pole. Sudden, instant, burning with the fervour of soul which made it burst forth, it will be "the reign of the human word in all its plenitude; it will not have time to ripen, to accumulate into the "form of a book; the book will arrive too late. The only book possible from to-day is the Newspaper."

THESE are the words of Lamartine—a great representative Frenchman, and one of the staunchest friends of popular liberty that have appeared in modern times. They were written many years ago; they were true words when they were written, and they are becoming truer and more capable of fulfilment every day and moment of our lives. We are rapidly approaching the last quarter of the century in which Lamartine penned them, and, as we cast our eyes swiftly backward, how wondrous is the spectacle which this ceaseless progress of the power of the Press presents? "How noiseless," says De Quincey, "is the growth of corn! Watch "it night and day for a week, and you will "never see it growing; but return, after two "months, and you will find it all whitening "for the harvest. Such, and so imperceptible in the stages of their motion, have "been the victories of the Press." From small and insignificant beginnings it has gradually become that great engine of intelligence which, as Thackeray tells us in his "Pendennis," "never slumbers and never "sleeps, whose ambassadors are in every "quarter of the globe, whose couriers are "upon every road, whose officers march "along with armies, and whose ubiquitous "envoys walk into statesmen's cabinets—" suggesting, directing, and controlling the policies of nations and the destinies of the world. The newspaper press, especially, has, in our day, through the influence of education, commerce, and freedom, acquired a range and intensity of action unparalleled in history. Every day's occurrences are a living witness to the energy and extent of the influence which it exercises over human society in every stage and phase of its existence. The vast increase in the habit of reading is attended with a corresponding increase of publications of all descriptions, suited to every kind of taste, and every degree of capacity and intelligence. But, while every class of literature is supplied in amazing profusion, the extraordinary increase of political and of fugitive and periodical writings is a striking characteristic of the modern press, and certainly must be reckoned foremost amongst the means of that active and omnipotent sway which it exerts over the minds of so many millions of people. Profound folios may suit academic cloisters and the lucubrations of our Universities and higher schools of learning; but the full influence of free publications on the minds, manners, actions, and habits of men in social life must be almost altogether effected by the more rapid and lively appeals of reviews, magazines, and other similar periodicals, but above all of newspapers. The Monthly has now superseded the Quarterly, and the daily and weekly press rules the hour. The statistics of publication prove this incontestably. Not to speak of Great Britain and the United States, where the power of the newspaper may be said to be supreme, we find that in Canada the growth of newspaper literature has been something truly marvellous. Less than fifty years ago there were published in the old Province of Canada just nineteen newspapers, only six of which appeared semi-weekly. There are now published throughout the Dominion and in Newfoundland, which, we shall hope, will some day unite its political fortunes with our own, close on to five hundred newspapers and periodicals of all descriptions. In 1867, when Confederation was inaugurated, 14,000,000 newspa-

pers were distributed through the Canadian Post Office alone: during the first half of the year 1873, the number was 25,480,000, an increase vastly out of proportion to the increase of population. The last two years have no doubt added largely to this immense circulation, and we can well believe that the impulse given to it will be materially increased, in the rural districts of the country especially, when the Government sees fit to abandon its restrictive policy towards the press, and the obnoxious impost on newspapers shall have been finally and forever abolished. But it is not merely in the mass of publication issuing from the newspaper press that this extraordinary change is seen; the advance and improvement in the whole quality of its productions are not one whit less remarkable. Any one who has even cursorily compared the newspapers of today with the corresponding publications of—say thirty years ago, must have been struck with the vastly superior information, the increased vigour of thought and style, the infinitely higher command of all the weapons of journalism, and all the means and appliances for producing effect on readers, and upon all those whose knowledge and opinions are derived by daily intercourse with the great newspaper world.

That so much power and activity should be unaccompanied by any tendency to transgression and excess; that so much of good and utility should exist without its leaven of evil and abuse, was more than could be expected. On the contrary, it was only natural that, as the energies of the engine became more and more developed, its dangerous tendencies must become more conspicuous, and of course call for adequate safeguards against a redundant vigour. While every one, therefore, must have been struck with the progressive influence and authority of the press in Britain and in this country, there is no person but must also have been impressed with the corresponding increase of appeals to the law against the mischief of its exuberance and licentiousness. Libel suits and informations, in Canada especially, are growing "thick as leaves in Vallambrosa," and every few months the public ear is arrested, and the public taste regaled, with reports of proceedings in which individuals, more or less obscure or distinguished, have come into our courts of justice to claim the protection of the law against the calumniators and censurers of their conduct. It is of the last importance, therefore, that this law for punishing and restraining the excesses of journalists and all other public writers should be fairly understood, and that the reasons which have determined it and the principles upon which these are founded, should be fairly stated, and, if necessary, freed from all misrepresentation. There is all the more necessity for this when we consider that, in libel suits and indictments for libel, as in all other controversies of a legal nature, public opinion is, generally speaking, divided. The alleged aggrievor, and the aggrievee, who alleges the grievance, has each his circle, wide or narrow as it may be, of friends and sympathisers, and, whichever way the complaint is determined, or whether it be determined at all or not, there are always some persons who are dissatisfied with the result, who are ready to exclaim against the process which has brought it about, or perhaps to condemn those learned but much abused gentlemen who are popularly supposed to be the authors and finishers of most of the iniquity that is in the world.

The English law of libel, on which our own is based, and of which it is in fact a transcript, is by no means an ancient law. On the contrary, it speaks little for the boasted freedom of Englishmen, and the progress of liberty of opinion amongst them, that the law, as it now is on their statute books, should have been the product of comparatively recent, and, at the same time, of slow and wearisome legislation. That it has an ancient origin, however, may be very safely assumed; but what that origin is, is a matter of pure historical curiosity. Whether it came to us from the Court of Star Chamber, or from the Roman Republic or Emperors, is quite beside the present enquiry. The claims of every law to the respect of those who live under it must rest on its operation and influence, rather than on any merit of pedigree; and the vices of its birth-time or birth-place are of slight importance if its actual condition and effects are found to be sound and salutary.

Libel has been variously defined. In the courts of this country the definition generally adopted is, that it is "a publication, without justification or lawful excuse, which is calculated to injure the reputation of another, by exposing him to hatred, contempt, or ridicule." There must be (I.) a writing; (II.)

an unjustifiable publication thereof; (III.) an offensive tendency to vilify or lower in public estimation; and (IV.) a malicious intent to produce such effect. Considered in the abstract, this definition may appear, perhaps, vague and unsatisfactory; but when applied in the concrete—when the particular writing is properly tested, and the question is to be decided whether that be or be not marked by the required characteristics—much of the difficulty vanishes; and, except where prejudice or partisanship warp the judgment, there are few cases wherein any two intelligent persons would long differ in deciding whether the libellous qualities are made out or not.

No publication, therefore, being libellous but such as is distinguished by all the above criteria, it is at once seen what a wide and multifarious field of free publication is left totally open from the restraints of the law. Here, as in England, the law applies only to written compositions. Words spoken, however defamatory and malicious, are subject to no criminal proceedings, though they may, in certain cases, be the subject of a civil action. Neither will the noxious or defamatory tendency of the writing alone constitute libel, where the circumstances are such as to negative a wicked or malicious, and to raise a presumption of honest and conscientious, motive, in the publisher; while, as we shall hereafter see, the publisher may establish a good defence by alleging the truth of the matters charged as libellous, and proving that it was for the public benefit that they should be published.

The procedure by which the law is enforced requires little explanation. Blasphemous, immoral, treasonable, or seditious libels, not being of individual application, can of course only be regarded as public crimes—the object of penal proceedings. Libels affecting individual character are also regarded as crimes, being *contra bonos mores*, and hostile to the peace and harmony of society, but, as they are injurious to individual reputation as well, the injured party may seek redress in a civil action for damages. All libels are thus punishable criminally; libels of a private character are, in addition, the subjects of a suit for private reparation. The criminal proceedings are either firstly, by an *ex officio* information filed by the Attorney-General on behalf of the Crown, for libels on the Sovereign, her Representative, the Parliament of the country, or any other libels of a public nature, which that high public officer may think proper to prosecute; secondly, by a criminal information granted by the Court of Queen's Bench, at the instance of any injured party, on affidavits stating the publication of the libel, and asserting distinctly the informant's innocence of the imputations cast upon him; or thirdly, by an indictment, in the ordinary course, before a grand jury. The first mode is of course only resorted to against libels of a very grave public nature. The second is generally pursued in cases of libels on persons of some rank or station, or where the libel is of so flagrant a character as to call for an extraordinary interposition of the Court; for it must be observed that the proceeding by criminal information supersedes the office of the grand jury, and the party is called upon to plead, and held to bail, on the mere filing of the information, with permission of the Court, instead of the preliminary finding of a bill by the grand inquest. The third mode of proceeding is adopted in cases where neither the Crown interposes, nor the case is such as to be a fit subject for an application to the Court for a criminal information, and when the party prosecuting prefers this mode of avenging his wrongs to a civil action for damages.

Although, in this country, newspapers are extremely unsparing in their criticisms of the Government of the day, and individual Ministers of the Crown, it is many years since either the one or the other has stood forward among the complainants against journalists. This is due, in a large measure, to the very general acceptance with which our system of government is administered by men of all parties in the State, the general acquaintance of the people with the principles of constitutional rule, and the uniform forbearance shown all statesmanly efforts by those who, through the press, are the vigilant guardians of the Commonwealth. The circumstances would indeed be most extraordinary, which would warrant, in Canada, any prosecution, on the part of a Government, of a newspaper or any newspaper writer. Public opinion has been so thoroughly settled on this point, that it would not tolerate anything savouring of tyranny or persecution of a public journal, no matter how bitter, or determinedly hostile and uncompromising, its utterances might be against

those who fill our highest offices of State. The time has long since gone by, and will never come again, when it will be a received doctrine in Osgoode Hall, as it was in Westminster Hall before the Revolution, that "no man may publish a writing reflecting on the Government, or upon the character, or even the capacity and fitness, of any one employed in it;" and when we shall have Canadian Judges declaring, as the English Judges of that day declared, that "to possess the people with an ill opinion of the Government, that is the Ministry, is a libel," and that "there can be no reflection on those who are in office under Her Majesty, but it must cast some reflection on the Queen who employs them." Such a doctrine would be manifestly irreconcilable with the interests of any political party which, being in power to-day, may be summarily ejected to-morrow. In the one case, the party wishes to retain the rich prize which it has secured, in the other, to regain what it has lost, and, in either case, its best and only hope is to prepossess the nation with a bad opinion of its adversaries. However far public opinion would sustain them, no Ministry could, with the leverage afforded by a few indictments for libel, ever hope to stop the torrent of free journalism under the secret guidance of even a weak and impotent, much less of a powerful, Opposition. Experience has shown Ministers and administrators that it is more expedient and agreeable to act upon the *lex talionis*, to select weapons of defence from the same armoury which has supplied their opponents, and to retaliate, whenever necessary, with criticisms as keen and trenchant, and denunciations as strong as those with which they are themselves assailed. Public measures, and the public characters of our statesmen, are now attacked with the greatest severity. There is the widest possible latitude to newspapers in everything concerning these, and, although there are occasional excesses in this way—excesses that, in the interest of journalism itself, are very much to be deplored—yet the mutual check which newspapers hold over each other, and the restraint which enlightened public opinion imposes on them all, will always prevent anything like newspaper despotism. It is doubtful, indeed, whether the average political temper of the Canadian people would be satisfied with anything different in the average political tone of the Canadian Press. They are themselves the best judges of their highest interests, and of the conduct of those to whom they are entrusted, and, so long as party feeling is kept at a white heat, so long as party energies have to be rallied and party zeal inflamed, so long will they look for powerful denunciations on the one side and powerful vindications on the other. The time is past, however, when the malignant diatribes of a Junius against regal imbecility, and the vile rancour and venal pen of a Swift towards a political party, can be made palatable by pungency of style and the popular sympathy called forth by State prosecutions. Gross and wicked attacks upon the Crown and the Government would not now be tolerated merely for the sake of their diction, and constitutional freedom has been so well ascertained, and is so thoroughly understood by all classes of our people, that the unwholesome stimulant to the most hateful kinds of political virulence now happily no longer exists. Still, it must be admitted, there is a wide margin for improvement, even in this respect, by the press of this country. There is a prevailing tendency to regard great public questions less from that elevated plane where alone their real excellences or defects are visible, than from that lower level where both these are painfully confused by the presentations to the view of matters purely private and personal which, whether true or untrue, are wholly extraneous to the subject of discussion. The imputation of base motives, mean intentions, and low designs and ambitions, is as frequent as it is uncalled for in the interests of truth and justice. Unhappily, it is sometimes difficult to discriminate nicely between the influences, on the national polity, of a statesman's known private character, habits, or disposition, and the influences which usually or naturally sway him in public life, and govern his actions there. Where he is foolish enough to allow the one banefully to affect the other, to misuse his official position for his own personal gain, or to permit the sordid interests of self to control those higher and all important functions in the discharge of which he is a trustee for the public, and the public alone, he cannot complain if the press treat him as a dangerous common enemy and employ weapons of attack not commonly used in party hostilities. There is, however, too general a

disposition in Canadian journalism to see no virtues in eminent public men with whom it differs politically, to give them no quarter, and to hound them down with the meanest species of personal detraction. Because a man is selfish and grasping in his ordinary, every day business, it does not follow that he is, or will be, a grovelling self-seeker as a Minister of the Crown or leader of an Opposition. No man can rise to political eminence or distinction, in this or any other country, without having some capacity for government, and some qualifications for executive administration; and he is fairly entitled to receive honour and credit for whatever good there is in him. Fox and Sheridan were spendthrifts and gamblers, and even worse than that, in private life, but, as parliamentarians, they pleaded eloquently for economy in the public service, and wise and constitutional expenditure of the people's money. Burke was a blameless citizen, but was guilty of many public blunders. In the incessant heat and passion of politics in Canada, we have been driven to forget this—to identify the statesman with the individual, minus his official dignity and responsibilities, and to deal with him, less in the one capacity than in the other. The press, we fear, has accustomed the popular mind, by far too much, to this pernicious and degrading system of political warfare. It cannot, therefore, in its mission as a popular educator, accomplish anything grander or more ennobling for the public mind and taste than thoroughly to dredge out these channels, too long choked with stagnant impurities, and fill them with a purer and more healthful stream of journalistic thought and sentiment.

An objection that has sometimes been raised against the law of libel as a whole is, that it is not defined, as the law is in regard to some other offences of a civil or criminal nature—that the various kinds of libel are not set down and enumerated in our statute book, and that the precise limits of the offence are so far unascertained. The smallest amount of reflection will convince any one that an objection more superficial could not be conceived. Those who have urged it must have considered very inadequately the peculiarly intellectual nature of the offence, and the very wide distinction that separates it from all ordinary delinquencies which consist in some physical act operating against corporeal persons or property. What definition could any law-giver devise to embrace and mark out every species of composition which may be a means of occasioning any one of the innumerable species of injury which the characters and feelings of men are capable of sustaining? Clearly, the only approach to definition which could be attempted, must be made with reference to the tendency and intention of the writing. To describe, or enumerate, or classify the writings themselves, by any other criteria, is obviously impossible; and even taking this, the most certain mode of description which the subject admits, it is evident that the most elaborate efforts must end at last in a generality of description not less vague than that which our Courts from necessity adopt. It is easy for the definer to declare that every writing, imputing to any individual a legal crime, is libellous; and he may extend the definition with certainty to every writing imputing any moral offence. But where will he discover the terms to mark out all the other compositions or symbols, which, imputing neither legal nor moral guilt, yet having, when wantonly published, a tendency to vilify, or render ridiculous, or provoke, the law wisely considers as fit subjects for punishment? But does any rational man suppose that anything is gained in point of certainty of reasoning, or security of freedom, by any such legislative definitions as these, or any others which could be arrived at, on a subject at once so subtle and multifarious? General definitions on moral and practical questions are, indeed, the least certain and most hazardous things imaginable; and nothing is so easy as to stretch or contract them, in their application, for the admission or exclusion of any particular facts. Those, therefore, who reject any but a law of definition, must either be content to leave the transgressions of the press entirely without control, or they must admit the State for their critics as well as their rulers, according to Milton's phrase, and adopt the expedient of a preliminary censorship.

The fact is well known—for it is a fact of history—that, in Canada as well as in England, juries are, and have been for over eighty years past, the sole judges of the law as well as the fact in all civil actions and in all criminal indictments for libel. The law in that respect was first settled in 1792, by what is known as Fox's Libel Act—the same

Charles James Fox who, twenty years before, had spoken with such flippant scorn of the constitutional rights of juries, but who, rallied by Erskine in the forum and by Chatham in the Peers' House of Parliament, subsequently confessed his errors, and became one of the ablest and most courageous champions of popular liberty that have appeared in any age. But the struggle which culminated in Fox's Declaratory Act was a hard and desperate struggle, and vexatious, beyond all description, to the advocates of freedom of opinion and the friends of a free press. Trial by jury was the only security for that freedom, yet, for how many long and wearisome years was it found to have no place in the law of England? Until Fox and Erskine, with their matchless eloquence, and the mysterious Junius, with his thundering invectives, threw themselves into the arena on the side of truth and justice, *ex officio* informations for libel were levelled by the Crown with crushing effect against public writers, and the intervention of grand juries, between them and its vengeance, was unknown. The Courts were the ready and pliant instruments of the Government in the administration of the law. Petit juries, before whom an indictment for libel was tried, were steadily and persistently denied the right of judging of the criminality of the charge. They were required to pronounce merely upon the question of publication, and of the truth or falsity of the innuendoes or meaning put upon the statements alleged to be libellous, while the true and material issue, of whether the paper was libellous at all or not, was declared to be no part of their duty, and entirely beyond their jurisdiction. In the case of Almon, the London bookseller who was tried for reprinting and selling the inflammatory letter of Junius to George III., this outrageous doctrine was shown to have too many precedents, and was enforced with startling clearness by Lord Justice Mansfield, who presided at the trial. In the case of Woodfall, the original publisher of the letter, who figures conspicuously in those days, the same extraordinary rule was laid down His Lordship there told the jury that, "as for the intention, the malice, the sedition, or any harder words which might be given in informations for libel, public or private, they were merely formal words, mere words of course, mere inferences of law, with which the jury were not to concern themselves," But the jury, in that case, as in one or two others, very adroitly found the defendant "guilty of printing and publishing only." This was a result, however, that was seldom reached, for, generally speaking, if the jury itself was not packed by the prosecution, it was overawed by the presence and threatening appeals of the highest law officers of the Crown. That it might acquit was of course undeniable, but it was extremely difficult, nay, almost impossible, to secure an acquittal from any jury who were adjured and menaced by the greatest legal functionaries of the time with the consequences to themselves, to society and the State, of violating their oaths by disregarding the plain directions of the constituted oracles of the law. A doctrine so monstrous as that referred to, which placed such fearful restrictions upon the natural rights of juries, was clearly fatal to the liberty of the press. It was viewed with hatred and intense alarm, and was severely criticized and condemned by the friends of outspoken journalism throughout the kingdom. The popular cause, which at first was weak and wavering, became irresistibly stronger and more aggressive. Its friends in Parliament re-animated its friends outside, and they, in turn, made the whole country ring with the clamours of their agitation. Never had a law abler and more determined assailants, or vindicators more powerful. Both were tremendously in earnest, and each were foemen worthy of the other's steel. But the fetters which bound the journalist were already breaking. His claims received a fresh impulse and gained new strength from their espousal by many who, like Lord Chancellor Camden, were of high repute in English jurisprudence. Pitt said it was imperatively necessary that the practice of the courts, in trials for libel, should be made conformable to the spirit of the constitution; while those who saw that the liberty of the press would be placed at the mercy of the judges, steadily maintained that the doctrines thus enunciated were a dangerous usurpation of the powers of jurors on the part of the judiciary, and that the jury had a strict right to deal with the whole matter of the criminality or innocence of every defendant in a trial for libel, and to determine it, as they saw fit, according to the nature and circumstances of the publication.

The controversy raged for years with varying fortune; but at length found repose in the Act referred to, which has since been embodied in our own law. That Act declared that, in all trials for libel, the jury "may give a general verdict "of guilty or not guilty upon the whole "matter put in issue," and "shall not be re- "quired or directed by the Court or Judge" to find the defendant guilty "merely on "the proof of the publication" of the paper charged to be a libel, "and of the "sense ascribed to the same" in the indictment or information. Thus, at last, were the jury made the sole arbiters of every question of the kind that may demand enquiry and decision in our courts of justice. The wisdom and beneficent results of the change which was thus effected need not be enlarged upon. They are so universally felt and acknowledged that, despite the many amendments which, year by year, are being made in the practice of our legal tribunals, no amendment has been asked or attempted in the established practice of giving juries the largest possible powers with respect to the administration of the law of libel. Nor will there be any so long as the law remains in its present indefinite shape. The people of this country, who prize and revere the institution of trial by jury, should not forget that the very indefiniteness of libel has materially contributed to bring its practical administration so peculiarly within the jury's province. Had the law of libel been written and defined, like the law against forgery for example, there is little doubt that, to this day, the application of the law to the particular facts of each case would, in libel cases, as in the other species of offence, have remained entirely with the judge, instead of being, as it is now, vested in the hands of the jury. The case of libel would not have been made, indeed it would not have required to be made, an exception to the ordinary rule that the criminality or innocence of any particular act is the result of the judgment which the law pronounces on that act, and must, therefore, always be a question of law, and not a question of fact; and judges would probably have gone on to this hour requiring the jury to find a verdict of guilty on the mere proof of the publication of the libel, and on their being satisfied that the sense ascribed to it, by the information or indictment, was sound and correct. The jury would have thus continued to be now, as they were formerly, excluded entirely from one half of their present important functions—debarred altogether from pronouncing on the vital question in the prosecution, viz.: whether the writing complained of has or has not a calumnious or seditious character and tendency—whether it be or be not a libel. But the difficulty of dealing with so delicate a subject, and the great danger of entrusting the sole application of a law so indefinite to judges appointed by the Crown, were two reasons, at least, for legislative interference, and for occasioning the law to be what it now is. It was to guard against a judicial power so liable to abuse and suspicion, and the exercise of which, as we have seen, was attended with so much real danger, that the Legislature resorted to the only sound and satisfactory cure for the evil of a vague law, viz.—that of withdrawing its application from the judge, and leaving the whole matter, as Burke expresses it, "to the province of popular judgment." However anomalous, therefore, the extraordinary powers of a jury in libel cases may appear, the anomaly is in truth to be regarded as a wise and efficient compensation for the necessary uncertainty and imperfection attending the very best descriptions of this offence. Instead of striving at a hopeless remedy in metaphysical definitions and futile word catching, the legislature very properly looked for a practical safeguard in an impartial and popular application of the law. They thought it right that a penal rule, inevitably wanting the ordinary security of precise and defined terms, should be applied to particular cases by a popular, rather than a professional body—by a body whose constitution peculiarily guaranteed their independence and purity, and especially ensured public confidence, and whose minds were better fitted, by the absence of technical habits, for the determination of questions depending on plain sense and popular feelings. But though libel in this country, and in England, may thus be stated to be that, and only that, which twelve impartial citizens declare on oath to be libel, yet it is not to be supposed that all principles of law on the subject are superseded, and that juries can conscientiously decide upon the matter according to chance or caprice. On the contrary, the

law gives all the assistance it can by laying down the broad characteristics of the offence; and it leaves the application of these general rules to particular facts for a jury "guided, but not governed" by the skilful directions of a judge. The judge has full discretion to give to the jury his opinion on the matter in issue as in other criminal cases; the jury, instead of passing generally on the whole matter, may render a special verdict, if they think fit so to do; and the defendant, if convicted, may move in arrest of the judgment of the Court on any reasonable or legitimate ground. And thus there is, with all the indefiniteness of the law itself, a large measure of certainty with respect to the procedure adopted in cases of libel, and every opportunity afforded, which justice can require, for having the law applied with integrity, and without that fear and reproach which caused so many evils, and excited so much deserved odium, less than a century ago.

According to the old common law of England—that is the unwritten as distinguished from the statutory or written law—it was immaterial, with respect to the essence of a libel, whether the matter of it were true or false. This may seem strange and incomprehensible, but, in the view of the criminal code, it was not devoid of reason and common sense. That code, it should be remembered, regards libel as a public crime, on the technical ground of its tendency to disturb the public peace, but in reality because the attack on reputation is so flagrant a private injury as to amount to a public outrage. Truth clearly may be, and often is, the most effective instrument of malice and animosity; and, so far as the disturbance to society and the inroad on public tranquillity are concerned, it is at least as likely as any falsehood to produce noxious consequences. Hence it was that the common law held that the truth was no bar, and not even evidence, in defence of an indictment or information for libel—that, in short, "the greater the truth, the greater the libel." This doctrine, that was, in a measure, unassailable, naturally gave rise to much controversy, and the aid of the Legislature was long unavailingly invoked against it. As to the civil remedy, there never was any question. The civil action being simply a mode of securing compensation to the private party for the damage done to his fame, which the law always protected as a part of his property, it was clear that, if the statement complained of were proved to be true, the party's claim to compensation failed. It was obviously consonant to justice that, where an innocent person was foully and maliciously aspersed, there should be a reparation in damages; while no rational man could contend that a knave should pocket money for the injury sustained by the exposure of his knavery. But the other proposition of the law, which made truth no justification or excuse whatever in a criminal prosecution for libel, was for a long time unquestioned, and, when it was at last attacked, found many able and warm defenders. Those who assailed it maintained that the law was wrong, not in saying that truth *may* be libel as well as falsehood, and, consequently, that it should never be *conclusive* evidence in favour of the defendant; but in saying that truth was *immaterial* to the question, and, consequently, not receivable in evidence at all. They admitted the force of the argument that libel was as apt to excite to anger and violence when it was perfectly true, as when it was a compound of falsehood. Indeed it might be more provoking, for, if a thief be accused of stealing, he is sometimes more infuriated than an honest man would be at the like accusation. The truth, in that case, is the principal source of the breach of the peace tendency. But, they asked, are men to be restrained in their written communications lest the mention of delinquencies should excite the wrath of the perpetrators? Is a fellow's choleric character to be a legal prohibition against liberty of publication as to his offences? Is a ruffian to walk through society wearing the mask of virtue lest the exposure of his enormities might put him in a passion? Villains are always enraged at the detection of their crimes, while those conscious of their own rectitude despise the calumny of the liar. If, they argued, the mere tendency to produce a breach of the peace were alone to render a paper a criminal production, surely a warrant to arrest, or an information or indictment itself, would be the most atrocious of libels, as nothing in those cases prevents the prisoner or culprit from assaulting his official calumniators, but a feeling of his own individual weakness. Why, too, should the criminal law put no restraint on spoken words, which create so large a number of those breaches of the

peace that come under the notice of the public? Why allow men to call each other by the foulest and most opprobrious names in the language, without giving any remedy by information or indictment? Why, with like impunity, allow them to apply to women the worst epithets that Billingsgate ingenuity can invent? But the advocates for reforming the law went further. They went on to establish that, what was termed by the lovers of Star Chamber ethics, "the perfection of reason" had, in truth, nothing to do with reason in any state of perfection, and that it was reared up into its existing shape totally irrespective of uniformity, consistency, or the feelings or usages of mankind. They denounced it as a wild chaos of judicial *dicta*, founded on no general principle of right, reason, or conveniency, and as a medley of jarring and irreconcilable decisions. They showed how, in the formation of that portion of the law which related to the criminal process at the suit of the Crown, the wishes of the ruling powers, or, as they were called, reasons of state or state policy, were alone consulted. And to this they not improperly attributed the anomaly that, in civil actions, the truth justified, that criminal informations would not be granted, as they are still not granted, at the suit of one private party against another, if the court be satisfied of the truth of the imputation; and that, in informations at the suit of the Crown, no enquiry at all was admitted into the truth or falsehood of the libellous accusation. But, above all, they appealed to the provisions of the civil law, from which the greater part of our libel law is supposed to be derived, and showed that, under that code, the truth was admitted as a defence whenever the publication was advantageous to the community, and was not stated with any malicious intention of defaming. According to Justinian, the whole matter—"the truth and the whole truth"—was to be laid before the tribunal by which the civil or penal consequences were to be awarded. And this, it was contended, was what the law of England should do. The mere truth of the defamatory charge should not be a justification, but the entire case should be laid before the jury, and then let the proof of the truth be a defence or aggravation, according as they might regard it. This, it was alleged, would be a sufficient protection for private character; for as, in cases of seduction, an unsuccessful attempt to impeach the character of the victim is almost certain to increase the amount of damages to such an extent as to prevent parties from ever setting up such a defence unless they are certain of succeeding; so, in proceedings for libel, would the defendant be cautious of doing anything to excite the feelings of his judges against him.

The law reformers, however, were met with very plausible and ingenious opposition. They were told that, though they did not desire the free publication of all truth, yet, even if their milder innovations were adopted, the result would be that *all* truth in effect would be published, and that there would be an end to all practical responsibility of the press, except for the publishing of falsehood. If the truth were given in evidence as a conclusive bar, or only as one among many circumstances; if the libeller were to possess, in every case, the power of coming into Court, and reiterating his libel by production of solemn proof of his imputations; the result would be that indictments for libels of all sorts would be materially checked, and proceedings for libels of truth would soon entirely cease. Prosecutors would be deterred from a proceeding fraught with so much inconvenience and annoyance. They would not be induced from mere patriotic motives, and without much personal advantage, to come forward in courts of justice to front a battery charged with legal evidence of frailties and crimes, by the statement of which they were goaded into prosecution, merely for the precarious chance of making out a case of malice against the defendant. Any admission, therefore, of truth as evidence at all, would thus have the effect of admitting it as conclusive evidence; it would drive prosecutors from the courts, render the proceedings by indictment a dead letter as to libels of truth, and proclaim a virtual impunity for the publication of every thing not false, however useless, however defamatory. It was also argued that the truth or falsehood of the question, rightly understood and accurately stated, in no way affected it. The one or the other might be connected with it in a vague, lax, and popular sense, but neither tended to its *legal* determination and solution one way or the other. The tendency of the writing to provoke dissension, was independent of its truth or falsehood, since a person covered with true imputations was not less likely to

take a turbulent revenge, than one of whom lies were printed. The maliciousness of the publication was equally unaffected, inasmuch as not only the truest statement may be sent forth from a malicious motive, but a false statement may be published under circumstances which neither in law nor morals imply malice. The law, therefore, was right in excluding the proof of the truth in these cases, on the principle on which it excluded all irrelevant testimony, viz.: that it not only did not prove, but did not tend to prove, the point in issue. It was also alleged that the law declaring truth to be a libel, did not prevent the freest and boldest censures of public rulers, and that the libellers of the Government, who had already suffered punishment, must have suffered equally as much had truth been a justification. It was not, they said, the canvassers of public questions and the assailants of public measures who desired the law to be altered, for these were writers who often did much good, and whose excesses proceeded from excusable causes; but it was the slanderers of private fame, the traffickers in individual vices and frailties, the inquisitors of domestic life, the foul-fingered gropers for details which ought never to meet the light—a class whose objects are in general mere malice and gain, and whose writings are scarcely ever attended with any advantage to society. In what way, it was asked, could the publication of vituperative and defamatory truths contribute to improve morals, check crime, or incite to good conduct? And if it did secure any one or all of these results, would the end be attained without counterbalancing evils and disadvantages which would outweigh the good effected? It would be quite impossible to draw a distinction between the different descriptions of these truths; and one great evil that would follow would be the publication of thousands of mere indifferent and innocent actions, which it would import nothing to the public to know, but which yet, for numberless reasons, might harass, and distress, and render ridiculous, many worthy individuals by their disclosure. Natural infirmities, harmless absurdities, venial weaknesses in private life, which often belong to the best and most exemplary men—nay, even private calamities and afflictions—would all be laid open to public criticism and curiosity, to the infinite suffering of the parties, and to the real prejudice and debasement of the public taste. Those, too, who were criminals in the eyes of the law, and who might be detected but untried, would be put upon their guard by an exposure of their criminality in the public prints, while the laxity of the law would be discovered to all others who were disposed to follow or adopt the same or any other species of wickedness and dishonesty. These exposures would, moreover, prejudice the cause of parties put upon their trial, and would have a detrimental effect on the general proceedings of justice, by pre-occupying the minds of judges, jurymen, and witnesses with rumours and hearsays, the influence of which cannot be entirely guarded against, even by the most cautious and reflecting men. The press would thus, in a measure, supersede the regular legal tribunals, and have an arbitrary judicial empire of its own, causing infinite injury and mischief, in many cases, to persons entirely innocent. The publisher's judgment might be oftentimes based on mere reports, which he had no means of properly scrutinizing or authenticating, and so might anticipate the judgment of the Court, which would only award the calm and dispassionate sentence of the law on evidence ascertained in the most thorough and reliable way. In a court of justice innocence would be protected from danger by those strict forms and cautious rules, according to which guilt must be established. But the tribunal of the press, by admitting hearsay as truth, and whispers and rumours as proofs, would necessarily condemn the innocent almost as often as the guilty. The exposure of newsaper censors would also carry with it a diminished authority, even where it fell in a deserving quarter; but the sentence of a court carried credit on the face of it, and the individual there pronounced guilty would be believed to be so by the world. Neither was it advisable that a large class of vices and moral crimes, altogether beyond the reach of the law, should be handed over to the press for censure and castigation. All reasons which excluded certain offences of man against his Maker from the scope of human laws, existed, even more strongly, against their subjection to the irresponsible inquisitions of newspapers. The vices which laws failed to suppress, it was argued, should be left to education, to moral, intellectual, and religious habits in the community, to check, if not to eradicate. What the Legislature and

the judge could not punish should be trusted to the pulpit, the school, the university, and, above all, the conscience of individuals, to prevent. The dread of exposure was at least as likely to produce hypocrisy as virtue, and a better foundation must be laid for morals than the "terrors of a literary police." The confusion that would follow in the discrimination of the various shades of morality and wickedness would be no less lamentable. No distinction would be observed by the strange, and hardened, and eager eyes of the underling feeders of columns, between the settled profligacy of the man and the rash error of the boy. The *locus penitentiæ*, which God, and nature, and society grant, would be cut off. He whom Wisdom would rebuke with kindness, and bid "go and sin no more," would be at once pilloried and branded, and turned out hopeless and callous to a world in which he would think every man's hand must be forever against him. If such a system were to prevail, the peace of families and of neighbourhoods would be perpetually agitated and harassed by rude intrusions on the sanctities of domestic retirement. Vindictive journalists would drag forth not only the smaller vices and venial frailties of individuals, but their innocent and indifferent actions—nay, even their misfortunes, their infirmities, and their sorrows—whenever these could be made the subject of a heartless and mercenary exhibition to the multitude.

Thus the controversy went on between the friends and adversaries of the law which declared that a libel was criminally punishable, no matter whether it was true or false. But the law reformers triumphed, and, in the year 1843, what is known as Lord Campbell's Libel Act was passed, securing all the substantial reforms for which they had contended. By that Act, of which the sections of our own statute on the subject are almost an exact copy, falsehood was made an essential element in the guilt of the defendant, and a severe penalty was annexed to the malicious publication, by any person, of a defamatory libel, "knowing the same to be false." It was also provided that "the truth of the matters charged as libellous may be enquired into," but that they shall not amount to a defence unless it was for the public benefit that they should be published. To entitle the defendant to give evidence of their truth, he must allege it in his plea of justification, as it is termed, in addition to alleging that the public benefit required the publication. Without such a plea, the truth of the matters cannot be investigated, but if, when it has been pleaded, the defendant is convicted, the court may consider, in pronouncing sentence, whether his guilt is aggravated or mitigated by the plea, and the evidence given to prove or disprove it.

The last important change in the English law of libel that has been engrafted on our own may be very briefly noticed. We have seen that the question whether a particular publication be so far noxious in its tendencies as to amount in the abstract to a libel, is a pure question of law. If, in that view, the matter be libellous, it is then a question of fact for the jury, whether it was maliciously published, subject, however, to the ordinary presumption of law, that, in the absence of proof to the contrary, every person intends that which is the natural consequence of his act. So, according to the old common law, publication by the servant is publication by the master—in that it is presumed to be with the master's assent, and equivalent to publication by him. The publisher was thus held criminally responsible for his servant's acts, unless proved to be neither privy nor assenting to the publication of the libel. Of course, so long as evidence of an exculpatory character was admitted no great harm was done, and the doctrine was at least defensible ; but, in the case of Almon, the London bookseller, before referred to, and for many years thereafter, the judges refused to admit such evidence, holding that the publication of a libel by a publisher's servant—whose servant Almon was—was proof of his criminality. A greater hardship could scarce be imagined, yet, great as it was, this rule prevailed, and was the universal law of England down to the year 1843, when Lord Campbell's Act swept it at once and for ever off the English statute book. And now in Canada, as well as in England, whenever evidence shall have been given which shall establish a presumptive case of publication against the defendant, by the act of any other person by his authority, it shall be competent to such defendant to prove that such publication was made without his authority, consent, or knowledge, and did not arise from want of due care or caution on his part.

The material cumulative result of the two great Acts of Parliament referred to, viz., Fox's Act, passed in 1792, and Lord Campbell's Act, passed in 1843, was, for many years, the law of libel in the old Province of Upper Canada. In the other Provinces the law was, in some respects, different. But Confederation, which necessitated so many changes in the old relations of British America, necessitated changes in its system of jurisprudence also, for, on every such system, the peace, and welfare, and good government of every country must almost altogether depend. Ever since Confederation, therefore, our legislators have turned their attention, with diligence and success, to the work of assimilating and making uniform the civil and criminal laws of the Dominion. In the prosecution of this work they declared it to be "expedient that the "law respecting the crime of libel should, in "all respects, be uniform throughout all por-"tions of Canada," and this, "for the better "protection of private character, for more "effectually securing the liberty of the press, "and for better preventing abuses in exercis-"ing said liberty." The English law we have been reviewing was made the basis of this uniformity, and the Act which carried it out in this country received the Royal assent on the 26th of May, 1874, and is now the Act which embodies and governs the law of libel all over the Dominion of Canada.

One word, in conclusion, on the practical execution of that law. We have before applauded the wisdom of the Legislature which intrusts the application of so critical a code to the pure and popular tribunal of a jury. If our property and lives are safe in their hands, individual fame, "the outwork which defends all other possessions, and makes them all valuable," must equally depend for security on their verdicts. Journalists have reason to appreciate and value, perhaps more than any other class in the community, the time-honoured system of trial by jury; but journalists can never forget, and will always be willing to concede, that juries are invested by the law of libel with a two-fold trust; and that, while they are the guardians of all useful freedom of discussion, they are no less the constitutional safeguards on which society relies against anonymous detraction and ribaldry. It is with them to draw the line fairly between the legitimate uses and the pernicious misuses of authorship; and to remember that, whilst the press justly looks to them for defence against any undue or arbitrary aggressions, the public equally demands at their hands effectual protection against the invasions of those who would wantonly abuse the valuable immunities of journalism for the most cruel and wicked purposes. It is not less their duty to correct its abuses and rebuke its viciousness, than to respect its privileges, save its honour, and guard its legitimate exertions from obstruction. Injury and persecution, it must be said, are not always on the side of the press when it appears to plead at the bar of justice; and harshness and oppression are not the invariable attributes of those who may there be its accusers. There is a wide difference between animadversions, however severe, on the public conduct of public men, and those hateful inquisitions and despicable calumnies which hold nothing sacred in the dearest relations of their private life. Juries must discriminate between the two, and they must do so unbiassed by interested censure or suspicious eulogy, unswayed by insidious flattery or insolent intimidation. By the help of juries, the press has triumphed over all its enemies and antagonists, and is in possession of an authority and influence, daily increasing and immeasurably beyond anything that could ever have been anticipated. By their assistance it has won a great and splendid empire of its own. It is for juries now to defend society and individuals against the excesses of a triumph invaluable in itself, but indescribably perilous in its extravagances. They have saved a good, and brave, and fearless press from becoming a victim; let them restrain a bad, and debased, and licentious press from becoming a tyrant.

FROM PORT SAID TO SUEZ.

BY J. S. COWAN, TORONTO.

HE, who, setting sail from some dingy English seaport on a foggy day of October, is attacked by sickness in the Channel and a storm in the "Bay," is relieved when, about the eighth day out, leaving the rough Atlantic, he glides into the Mediterranean, through the Straits of Gibraltar.

Cold and sickness are left behind him; the climate becomes like that of an English spring, and, happily, no storm approaches to mar his enjoyment. Objects of interest on shore can now be viewed from the deck with no danger of suffering from a sudden chill.

In Spain, the snow-clad Sierra Nevada Mountains rapidly disappear, giving place to a lower range upon the coast of Africa. Algiers, like a white albatross, with outstretched wings, keeps guard upon its sunny bay. The great fish eagle wheels round the ship, till far beyond the land.

The deeply purple, many-plashing waters remind one by day of "That blind bard who on the Chian strand,"

> "Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssee
> Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea."

The numerous lighthouses flashing on the coast, the lightning and phosphorescence that illumine sky and sea by night, recall to one's memory those "frequent fires," that lit Æneas to the love-stricken Queen, whose funeral pyre was about to prove a beacon, warning the traitor from the angry shore.

For nine days we steamed over this delightful sea; on the tenth morning, exchanging its clear azure for the muddy tide thrown far out by the mouths of the Nile. A little farther on we received our Pilot, who took us safely into Port Said harbour, guarding the entrance of the Canal. As the vessel approaches, a well-manned boat shoots off from shore. The yellow quarantine flag and the scarlet fezzes of the crew make quite a pretty picture as she dashes alongside. The officer, making no difficulty about our "Bill of Health," bows himself politely down the ship's ladder, and we are shortly made fast to the buoys in the harbour.

As the steamer slows up to her moorings, crowds of native craft, laden with merchandise, swarm around her. Their industrious owners, by every available means, clamber on board. Tall Arabs, dusty from the desert, bring figs and dates from Upper Egypt. Turks, from the "Porte," bear the rarest eastern tobacco, tempting the smoker with every kind of curiously fashioned oriental pipe. Jews come, laden with beadwork of Smyrna, perfumes, ottar of Roses from Damascus, sticks that grew on Lebanon or on the banks of the Jordan, and were polished by the artificers of Jerusalem. Women of no particular nation come, bearing immense wicker baskets, the trays of which are full of curiosities suitable as gifts from gentlemen to ladies. Hence, many philopœnas of considerable standing have now a final adjustment.

In every quarter of the vessel one is deafened by the ceaseless jabber of broken English, the purport being—"Buy, buy; you are reech Engleesh lady—me poor Arab man." "Me one poor Turk." "Me Jew, me honest man. Oh, yes, sair?" All these itinerant vendors know well how to drive a hard bargain, as several of us learned by "sad experience dear."

The ladies, now flirting with fans, the gentlemen, brilliant in scarlet fezzes, began to fill the boats in waiting to take them ashore, and we soon had the satisfaction of setting our feet upon the sands of Africa. Here we were met by a dirty crowd of "touters," clamouring loudly for the privilege of conducting us through the wonders of Port Said. This little town, containing about five thousand inhabitants, is built in a corner of the desert. The streets are wide, paved in the centre with asphalt, bordered by the original sand. About the centre of the town there is a square, planted with trees and flowers, which are kept fresh and green by a little fountain. While sitting here, a bridal party, issuing from a neigh-

bouring church, crossed in front of us. The bride—a handsome Italian girl—was dressed in white, and her long veil floated lightly in the evening air. Three couples walked behind in orthodox fashion, the rear being brought up by a few children carrying flowers — the effect of all being very pretty, and in keeping with the holiday appearance of the little square. The hotels, on either side, are pretty good, but somewhat dear. Following the continental fashion, the guests sit, for the most part, out of doors. At the northern extremity stand the barracks and hospital; the Mosque being near the latter. While standing in the vicinity, a devout Mussulman approached, washed himself, cast off his sandals, and placing his hand on his mouth and his mouth in the dust, prostrated himself towards Mecca, while the sun sank in the sea behind him.

The European market is full of delicious fruit, such as one sees in France and Italy. Large, luscious apples, Eschol clusters of grapes, and pears that melt in the mouth like a delicious ice. Wine-shops are abundant, kept by Europeans who are moderately well patronised, selling, as in France, a considerable quantity of absinthe. We tried a bottle of Muscat wine, which proved barely palatable.

In the evening, a singing saloon is opened to an audience by no means select. Sailors, pilots, and stray male passengers are balanced by rather shady specimens of the opposite sex, the songs being somewhat in keeping.

To the European, the native Egyptian Bazaar offers the greatest attraction. It consists of a series of open booths, in each of which sits an Egyptian, behind the commodities offered for sale. The women are dressed, for the most part, in a sad coloured robe, all being closely veiled. The veil is made of dark blue cloth, about eighteen inches long, in the form of an isosceles triangle, worn with the base uppermost; down the centre runs a row of gold or silver coins. Several of the ladies, with a comical, half-defiant smile in the corner of their dark eyes, invited us to purchase their wares; but these seemed so filthily uninviting that we preferred the distant view to the near possession. I noticed that, generally, the finger nails of the right hand only were stained with *henna.*

Several of the coloured gentlemen evinced considerable taste by their profound admiration of a fair young English girl among our passengers. One swart Ethiop followed her closely with open eyes and mouth, until a gallant Colonel, with his umbrella, attacked and routed him from the field.

After dinner we had a row in the harbour, the moon, at the full, affording the most brilliant light. Shoals of flying fish rose around us, darting off like a flight of swallows, and plunging again into the sea. During the voyage many of these fell on board, always at night, being, like other fish, attracted by light. The first prisoners were carefully preserved in spirits; but as the captures became of nightly occurrence, a lady of a utilitarian turn had her *take* fried, and declared the flavour excellent. This eventually became the established rule.

When the flying-fish falls upon the deck, it raises a succession of flappings with its tail, uttering at the same time a pensive twitter, possibly due to the escape of air from the swimming bladder. Our second officer could exactly imitate these two sounds. Sometimes when the nights were dark he would creep behind a coil of rope, and carefully reproducing the notes, draw a knot of curious passengers to his vicinity. Upon one occasion, having secreted a large fish, he pitched it straight in the face of one of the eager searchers. Of course we all believed it had flown on board. The *ruse* was eventually discovered, and the culprit paid dearly for his practical joking.

At six o'clock on a beautiful November morning, we began to steam slowly up the Canal. Every one now-a-days knows that M. de Lesseps is the engineer who accomplished this mighty "ditch," pronounced impossible by Sir R. Stevenson. One authority, affirming that the two seas were at a different level, proved that locks could not be constructed in the shifting sand. M. de Lesseps held that all connected seas are at the same level, and that therefore he would find no need of locks. Another declared the sand would fall in as soon as thrown out! The sand was thrown out and remains out still. A third believed that the terrible simoom would, sooner or later, deposit a few hummocks of sand in the channel, effectually preventing navigation, and probably enclosing some unfortunate vessels in the midst of the desert. To each and all of these suppositions the existence of the invaluable canal is the fittest answer. It runs

through Egypt a distance of eighty miles, having a variable width of fifty to eighty yards, and a depth of twenty-six to thirty feet. The water is beautifully clear and full of fish. Along the bank run a pipe of fresh water from the Nile, and a line of telegraph wires. The former supplies the different stations, the latter transmits the order to these stations—or *gares*—instructing the keeper to allow a vessel to pass, or to detain her moored until another has passed from the opposite end. The canal is thus worked without fear of collision, in the greatest safety.

Before quitting the harbour a pilot comes on board to regulate the speed and steering. The speed being only four knots an hour, one has abundant time to observe the country through which he is passing. From one end to the other there is nothing but sand. A dead Arab, with bleached hands, floated past us towards the north, the current at this extremity being subject to the wind, as the Mediterranean is a tideless sea. About five miles beyond Port Said the steamer bumped heavily upon the bank. This happens pretty frequently, especially to a ship that slowly answers to her helm; and, on these occasions, there is a danger of swinging right across the canal, a mishap that might possibly break a fan of the screw. This casualty, however, did not happen to us; the mariners are proverbially dexterous with ropes and blocks, and we were soon again under way.

The lagoon that skirts Port Said lay upon our right. Its surface was white with an army of snowy pelicans, millions strong, drawn up in line of battle. They regularly changed flank as we approached, wheeling right and left upon the centre, keeping up their dressing perfectly. On the outskirts of this vast host, hover, by way of camp followers, large flights of wild-duck and golden plover, and the pilot informed us that the shooting in this neighbourhood is excellent.

Although it is the month of November the thermometer at noon stands at 72° in the shade. A light southern breeze, however, is blowing, keeping us quite cool under the awnings, yet—

> "As day increased from heat to heat,
> On stony drought and steaming salt,"

there arises on our left the persistent mirage, proving very troublesome and even dangerous to the eyes. Every one believes the mimic sea to be a beautiful inland lake. There are the green islands lapped by the rippling wavelets, with the sunshine and shadow of some past summer afternoon on the heathery bank of a Highland loch. "Quite a fairy lake," we say, clustering to the vessel's side, "but oh! so trying to the eyes." Here are two cases already in a fair way to require the doctor. The Pilot and Captain, —two old canal birds— warn us of our danger, and not before it is time, we leave off gazing at the phantom lake.

We are now far past the lagoon, and the banks, where there has been a cutting, are bare sandy hillocks, but in other places quite level with the desert. Occasionally we pass a swarthy Arab in a long white shirt. He throws his arms over the firelock slung behind him, staring calmy after us till we are out of sight. A wounded pelican floats past, and three Arabs have stripped on the bank preparatory to swimming for it. Their physique is splendid; recalling an observation in one of Lady Duff Gordon's inimitable letters:—"The young Arabs are as handsome as John of Bologna's Mercury, with divine legs."

Frequently a small passenger steamer flashes merrily past, its crew in red *fezzes* or *sola-topees*—the Indian sun helmet. One is waiting now for the letters, and the signboard on the bank,

"HOTEL
DE LA POSTE.
R. QUERZOLI."

surmounts a pretty little cottage, surrounded by plantation trees and evergreens. On the opposite bank stands Kantara, a hot looking little village of new houses, containing also a hospital.

At sunset we are made fast to one of the numerous *gares*, no night traffic being allowed on the Canal.

After dinner, four of us, arming ourselves with breech-loaders, went off in pursuit of game. The moon was full, and the dry atmosphere of the desert rendered everything beautifully distinct. Along the bank, at a mile's distance, stood a little wooden kiosk, erected for the Empress when she opened the Canal. We toiled on through the deep hot sand, towards the little eminence, and on reaching it beheld a silent village, stretching dimly across the desert. Fancying we saw a pariah dog sheltering himself in a shady

corner, I proceeded thither, alone, to stalk the ignoble game. The dog, however, proved a delusion and a snare. Anxious, however, to discover whether the silent village were inhabited, I passed through the unechoing street, and on reaching the farther extremity, raised my piece and fired. The noise soon brought a crowd of brown-faced Arabs, unarmed and curious, about me. None of them could speak either English or French. One tall, noble-looking fellow, in a richly embroidered robe, with a silk girdle, was pointed out as the sheik. Another approaching said, inquiringly "English?" and upon my answering in the affirmative, said "buono," the whole of them seeming to be much delighted. Signifying to the sheik my intention of retracing my steps, he, along with his dusky retinue, kindly escorted me. On reaching the kiosk, we frightened an innocent pair, who had come thither on a private flirting expedition. These happy lovers thought us a company of nomadic Bedouins, come for the purpose of kidnapping the lady. A tender clinging, therefore, round the neck of the gentleman—who was a young missionary—meeting from him with the warmest vows of protection, formed such a pathetic tableau that even the grave Arabs were visibly affected. Affairs were in this state when the first officer arrived with a boat's load of passengers to inspect the kiosk. One young gentleman, of a sentimental turn of mind, had with him a concertina, with which he made "music on the waters." On reaching the kiosk, a young lady, discovering that it had an excellent wooden floor, induced the concertinist to play a set of quadrilles, which led most of the party to engage in dancing. The clergyman and his charge, however—whether believing dancing to be sinful or not I didn't enquire—kept by me, and being joined by another young lady, we accompanied the Arabs back into the village. The sheik stopped suddenly before a large house, and, after a brief consultation, having opened the door, ushered us into a lofty hall, the walls of which were adorned with fresco paintings, and the tables with antiques and eastern arms. After passing through several rooms, he threw open a pair of noiseless doors, drew back a curtain that hid a garden, planted thick with palm and cypress, and heavy with the perfume of flowers. So sudden had been the transition from desert to fairyland, that it brought to our memories "the golden prime of good Haroun Alraschid." In the middle arose a fountain, whose high-flung waters sparkled like diamonds in the moonlight, filling the quiet air with softest music:

> "A noise like of a hidden brook,
> In the leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods all night,
> Singeth a quiet tune."

Every object was in most perfect harmony: the eastern foliage, the stately Arabs, "the rich, the balmy eve." It seemed so like a dream, that one lady proposed screaming to prove that we were actually awake. The sheik employed a different method to make our situation appear more real. While sitting beside us in an arbour, he gave an order to one of his followers, who had grouped themselves picturesquely round the door. The man withdrew; returning quickly with a bottle of wine, four wine glasses, and a silver lamp, all of which he placed on a raised dais at one end of the arbour. His master knocked off the neck of the bottle, poured a little of the wine—Madeira—on the floor, and filling the glasses, invited us to drink. After helping the ladies, we presented a glass to our courteous host: but "true Mussulman was he and sworn," raising the glass and bowing to the ladies, he set down the wine untasted.

After walking through the garden, we were conducted through the interior of the mansion, being surprised indeed to find each room fitted up somewhat magnificently in European style. There were baths and bedrooms, with every requisite appointment. Cool mats were upon the floors, and the beds were hung with the graceful mosquito net, giving to each room that faint hint of the East, so attractive to the curious western eye. Before leaving this Arab gentleman, he culled a bouquet for each of the ladies, then, escorting us to the door, he wished us "*bon soir*"—evidently the major part of his French. I went back with money in my hand, at sight of which our stately friend drew himself stiffly up, and gravely smiling, waved it away. We were somewhat late in reaching the ship, picking up by the way a party of fellow-voyagers, sitting gypsy-wise, round a fire on the sand. To them we told our tale, which would scarce have gained credence, had not our companion, the clergyman, vouched for the truth of every incident. One old infidel declared it a mere Arabian tale, like those—

"Told to save her pretty head,
By Scheherazad in bed."

Eventually, however, our adventure became the envy and delight of the whole of our fellow passengers. When the ladies retired, several of us bathed in the Canal. The water is quite warm, and, from admixture with the "Bitter Lakes," extremely buoyant. Swimming is thus comparatively easy, even to the uninitiated. One man who couldn't swim a stroke fell overboard, but managed to struggle to land; while those who sprang from the rail, a height of 16 feet, came to the surface with surprising ease and swiftness. During the night several of the ladies were bitten by mosquitoes.

By six on the following morning we were again under way, reaching Ismalia in about an hour. It is a pretty little town, clustering round the western shore of Lake Timsah, through which the Canal passes. Here the Khedive has established a military college, and there are several elegant chateaux round the shore of the Lake.

The French pilot now left us, his place being supplied by a modern Greek. Not by any means like to the son of Peleus—swift-footed Achilles—but a dark, dapper, little fellow, dressed in modern French style, with a flaring pugree twisted round his jaunty hat. He did not prove a very skilful pilot, running us several times upon the bank. On one of these occasions, while we stuck fast, a blind beggar approaching, whined for alms, and it was quite surprising with what facility he picked the money out of the wet sand.

A long caravan of heavy-laden camels is often seen crossing the desert. Passing a bridge of boats, an opportunity was afforded us of observing more closely this peculiarly eastern cavalcade. One half had already crossed the bridge and erected their black tents on the opposite side. The weary, dusty camels lay stretched upon the sand; the women sat in the doors of the tents; the men were busy among the unladen packs, or standing on the bank, leaning on the long firelock that is slung behind them on the march. Across the breast of a camel lay a little dusky Ishmaelite, apparently asleep. On the other bank stood the laden camels, each with a driver at its head, ready to cross as soon as we had passed through. They were probably in transit from Cairo to Damascus, or some other ancient city. How weary the poor beasts seemed to us at ease under the awnings; their masters meanwhile looking on, calm and silent, as the great ship ploughed past with fret of steam and noise of laughter. Sometimes a fisherman is descried upon the bank, with patient hook, waiting for a nibble.

About mid-day, we reached the "Bitter Lakes," through which the vessel is allowed to steam at full speed. The Captain had a bucketful of the water drawn up, in order that the ladies might have the pleasure of tasting it. To encourage the feeble-hearted, he took half a tumbler-full himself, pronouncing it delectable. I would, however, advise no lady passing that way to try the experiment. How the waters of the Dead Sea taste I know not, but, in several instances, those of the "Bitter Lakes" acted as a speedy and potent emetic.

When within a few miles of Suez, the vessel had the misfortune to bump, swinging with the receding tide of the Red Sea diagonally across the Canal. All that man might do could not move us till the morning tide. The Captain was furious; and if modern Greek be a vehicle capable of conveying expletives, be sure that the Pilot sent the souls of many heroes to Hades, a prey to dogs and all unclean birds. The passengers went down and vented their pent-up wrath upon the dinner. Thereafter, everyone, landing, proceeded to the nearest *gare*, kept by a young Viennese. Here some of the younger members enjoyed an excellent night's dancing, while others, proceeding across the desert, returned with huge crystals of crude nitre, that are scattered about in this region in great profusion.

With the morning tide the vessel swung clear of the bank, and about eleven, a.m., we cast anchor abreast of Suez at the upper extremity of the Red Sea.

No sooner was the vessel moored than tribes of the "children of Israel" began to board her, to spoil the English, as formerly they spoiled the Egyptians. About mid-day, a Royal Yacht, with a Russian Prince on board, sailed past us, receiving a salute of twenty-one guns from two Egyptian ironclads anchored in the harbour. The Egyptian mariners, in scarlet fezzes and white trousers, manned the yards, all the vessels in the bay spreading their bunting. It was a very lively scene, rendered all the more enjoyable by the splendour of the weather.

There are two harbours at Suez, one for

men-of-war, the other for merchantmen. Modern Suez is being constructed round them, on land reclaimed from the sea. The ancient village stands at the end of a range of low, red hills, about a mile and a half from the shore. It being too hot for walking, one is forced to take a donkey, crowds of which are always standing ready saddled, with the boys playing beside them. No sooner has a party landed than it becomes a prey to these young Arab thieves. Each one swears by Allah that his donkey is the best on the stand, the others being mere broken-kneed impostors. The curious inquirer, if not a knowing one in donkey-flesh, is startled to find that all the beasts, like their masters, have a vile habit of praying by the highways, with face or tail to Mecca. It is better to make this discovery before starting.

After much yelling, stumbling, tail-twisting, and energetic exercising on the donkey's back with a thick stick, young Selim, or Said, or Mohammed at length lands one among the mud houses, and narrow, crooked streets of Suez. Here a dragoman, speaking very broken English, endeavours to force his services upon the traveller. An hour may be profitably, although—on account of the filth and odour—not pleasantly, spent in riding through the bazaar, surveying the different nationalities that frequent it, and listening to the ceaseless Babel of those who buy and sell. Persians, Arabians, Jews, Turks from the fleet, Egyptians, European and American sailors, officers *en route* for India and returning, Hindoos, Negroes, and Lascars, all mingle together in the little square. The Europeans are buying goods from the East; the Orientals, those of Manchester and Birmingham.

Jewish merchants abound in Suez; so that, riding through it, one has an excellent opportunity of contrasting the elder with the younger son of Abraham. Ishmael, tall, flashing-eyed, straight-limbed, merry, and free; Isaac, cringing, cheating, supple-tongued, the slave of a bargain. Great was the difference between the brethren, when the Egyptian bondwoman—a veritable *mater dolorosa*—"sat her down over against Ishmael, a good way off, as it were a bowshot; for she said, Let me not see the death of the child. And she sat over against him, and lift up her voice and wept." But the superiority at the present day lies so clearly upon the side of Ishmael, that one would prefer rather to have departed with Hagar into the Wilderness of Beersheba, than to have remained with Isaac in the tent of Sarah.

We returned to the ship before sunset, having been informed that there was a risk of being "knifed" after nightfall. Two servants of the Peninsular and Oriental Company had been killed the previous week, but the murderers had never been discovered. They were probably far away in the pathless desert before the search commenced.

Early on the following morning we steamed down the Red Sea. The hoary mass of Sinai, gloriously crowned with moonrise, stood up, rugged and awful, upon our left. We passed the palm-marked wells where Moses halted the Israelites; lost sight of land; panted through the hot day, and by night slept well, beneath the Southern Cross.

TWO LIVES.

"What is there between us,
Hid in either heart,
That, as Love draws nearer,
Bids us stand apart?

"Does false pride in silence
Seal our lips around,
So that Love is deafened
By the lack of sound?

"Speak, my own, my dearest!"
—Answer came there none;
There was naught between us,
And my bride was won.

* * *

"What is there between us,
Why are we so dumb?
Long for joy we've waited,
Now our joy has come;

"Speak my own, my darling,
Sitting at my side!"
—"There's a kiss between us,
Nothing else beside!"

* * *

"Is there aught between us?
Have I thought or said
Anything to vex you?
Better were I dead!

"O my wife, my darling,
I am full of dread,
Put the grief behind thee,
Count the words unsaid!"

Came the answer gently,
"Husband kind and dear,
There was naught betwixt us,
Trust me,—but a tear."

* * *

"Is there aught between us,
Partner true and tried,
Is there more between us
Now that you have died?"

—"Only this between us,
That our hands unlace
(Fold mine on my bosom)
For a little space.

"Only that from silence
Comes an awe and dread,
Dropping on mine eyelids,
And my weary head."

—"Sweet my love, so be it!
Can I grudge thee rest,
Or shall true love tremble
At its final test?

"How can *we* be strangers?
Why should I despair?
When there's naught between us
But this breath of air!"

Barrie. F. R.

FLOSSY VENNER.

LEAVES FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY MISS FARMER, WOODSTOCK.

I.

ONE fine morning in September, loveliest of Canadian months, saw me, Flossy Venner, preparing to start on a leaf-gathering expedition; equipped in a rough boating suit of dark blue flannel, made after a fashion which has since come into high favour, but which would then have been voted "decidedly queer." No matter, it was convenient, and what did anything else signify in that wild backwoods neighbourhood? I remember thinking as I put on my tarpaulin hat, and threw one glance at the cracked mirror as I left the room, that I looked as much like a boy as a girl, except for my wild "mane" down my back.

Now, to get my leaves, I had made up my mind that I would take my own skiff, and push about among the islands with which the bay was studded—islands great and small, lofty and low, rocky, woody, ferny; the place of all places, for such expeditions as the one I was now bound on. No thought of danger entered my head; from my childhood I had been accustomed to roam about alone, unwatched and unfettered—free as air. Except for a few Indians in the spring, sugar making, and sometimes fishing or shooting excursionists from the town on the other side, our lake was lonely and deserted as heart could wish. To-day, I cruised about for hours, sometimes landing on a rocky point or sloping, turfy bank, gathering the treasures of blood-red oak, or scarlet and gold maple leaf, of fern and moss, until my spoils nearly filled my tiny skiff, and trailed over the gunwale into the water. The afternoon was waning, and the distant islands and shore were shrouding themselves in purple haze. How gloriously the sun-light steeps yonder orange and crimson grove, the swinging boughs dipping into the clear water, glassy-smooth, unbroken by a ripple! What a weird mass does that great craggy rock form, deep in shadow! And oh, *what* a flaming bough! That at least must be gathered; and I shoot across the "narrow inlet still and deep," and pulling close into the shadow of the great rock, against its rugged side, begin to strip off the maple-leaves, whose gleaming hues had attracted me. There were so many of them! They were perfect, like vivid jewels in their deep, pure tints. Impossible to leave one! So I gathered them leisurely, balancing myself in my cockle-shell, and beginning to sing:

"I know a maiden fair to see!"

half unconcious that I *was* singing, until as I raised my voice at the last—

"Beware, beware! she is fooling thee!"

I was startled by a sudden clapping of hands, and a man's voice, as it seemed, close to my ear, exclaiming, "*Brava! brava!*" I gave a jump, which nearly had the effect of precipitating me, leaves and all, into the water, and snatching the oars, pulled off from the dangerous neighbourhood.

As I did so, a figure stepped forward from among the rocks and tangled branches above the scene of my vocal performance, whence it had doubtless beheld my manœuvres for some time past. There seemed nothing very alarming about him—for it was a *him*—after all. A tall, youngish, moustached man; gentleman evidently—despite his rough, careless dress, a rod on his shoulder, and a pipe in his mouth!

Now, I had read many novels, and even, if it must be owned, concocted many a romance on my own account, in which I had fancied myself placed in all sorts of wild and perilous circumstances; meeting with strange adventures, and mysterious beings with "melancholy eyes," "an air of settled gravity."

enveloped in "ample cloaks," and in short provided will all the stock-in-trade of regular first-class heroes of romance. But now, this individual, so suddenly encountered, had nothing mysterious about him that I could see. Where was the romance of tweed knickerbockers? Where the mystery of a fishing rod? Fancy a hero with a pipe!

"Excuse me," said the individual, removing said pipe and lifting his hat, "I am afraid I startled you just now?"

I continued staring at him—breathless.

"I'm awfully sorry, but upon my word I couldn't help it. I was leaning against the rock, when you began to sing, and really could not move till you had finished. I was just wondering what had become of my boat, which I left fastened here to that stump, but which you see has disappeared. Perhaps you have seen something of it?"

I had recovered my breath by this time, and managed to intimate that I had seen nothing of the boat in question. As I spoke he swung himself down to the water's edge, and scrambled to the broken, jutting rocks beyond.

"There she is!"

I looked in the direction indicated, and there sure enough was the boat, carried by the current across the inlet, and caught in the boughs of a half-submerged tree. How it had hitherto escaped my notice I can't tell. Its owner looked doubtfully from his property to me, and seemed puzzled.

"Can I get it for you?" said I politely, feeling quite sure that I could do no such thing.

"No, you would not be strong enough—it would not be safe. Won't your skiff hold two? or would you mind lending it to me for a few moments?" he said, with such a pleasant smile that I suddenly discovered he was quite handsome.

"It will hold two very well," I said, pulling close in, so that he might get on board, which he did very cleverly, though his weight made the gunwale sink nearly to the water.

We exchanged no more words until the disentangling of his boat from the snags and boughs was safely accomplished. Oars and all were safe and sound. As I saw him about to step from my skiff to his own I cried—

"Oh! if you do that we shall upset. I *know* we shall! I will pull round the point and then you can land."

"*I* will pull round the point if you like, and you shall hold the tow-rope if you will be so kind, but I'm not going to let *you* pull *me* any more you know." He smiled again, but looked so determined to have his own way that I gave in and seated myself ignominiously in the stern, half-buried in the glowing leaves (which had suffered a little in all these manœuvres), and feeling like a "Lady of the Lake," only my *incognito* was evidently much better acquainted with oars than James Fitz-James was.

"I was not aware that nightingales were to be found in Canada," said he gravely. "Pray are there many in this neighbourhood?"

"Oh yes," said I, "and mocking birds too!"

He laughed, and sent the boat flying through the water with his long firm strokes. Rounding the point was one thing, landing was another. What did he mean to do? I suppose he read my thoughts, for he said, "I am going to show you our camp, if you will allow me. It is just here."

And so it was, for round a second point was a lovely little bay, with a beach of silver sand bordered with emerald turf, on which was pitched a good-sized tent facing the water. In front was a blazing fire, before which a rough-looking man in his shirt-sleeves knelt, broiling fish on the coals; beside him a young fellow, also in shirt-sleeves, but with a cigar in his mouth, lay stretched out at full length, his hands beneath his head, and his eyes fixed on the smoke curling upwards to the purple hazy sky. It was a pretty scene altogether, backed by the glorious many-tinted woods, and with the sparkling, transparent, rippling water for a setting.

The recumbent figure lazily rose as we appeared, but looked then as much astonished as if his friend had brought back a mermaid or a Dryad from the woods.

"Why, Dalton!" he cried. "Why Dalton!" with an expression of blank amazement on his fair boyish face.

"All right, Charlie," said my friend, with a nod. Then—as he ran the boat's head to the beach: "I'm awfully obliged to you, I'm sure. I wish you would let me pull you ashore?"

But I expressed my perfect ability to pull myself, in such a fervent manner, that he said no more than—

"Good-bye; thanks for your song as well as your help," and lifting his hat, with his peculiar bright smile, he stood on the bank watching me until I turned the point out of sight.

I said nothing of my adventure when I got home, though I thought of little else all the evening. As I sat at tea with my uncle, he suddenly looked up and said:—

"Were you on the lake to-day, Flossy? You had better not go there again—just at present that is. Max told me to-day that a large party of the officers of the 210th are expected down on a shooting and fishing expedition this week, and as they are to camp on the islands it won't do for you to go there. He said, in fact, that some of them arrived yesterday, but I have heard no guns as yet."

I was glad that he did not ask me any more. Somehow or other I felt an unconquerable objection to talking of my new friend. The 210th! I remembered now that I had seen the figures on some gun-cases and portmanteaus piled up by the tent, though I had hardly noticed the fact at the time. I knew the regiment was quartered at Fairville, for Marian had mentioned it in her letters. "Dalton!" That boy called him "Dalton." Well, I should never see him again, never—that was quite certain. Uncle James would never let me stay with my half-sister Marian, much as she wished it. He had never forgiven her husband for being a Roman Catholic, and would allow no intercourse between us except by letter. They were in Europe, too, now, and likely to remain there for some time. "Don't be a little fool, now, Flossy Venner," said I sternly, calling my unruly imagination to order, as I stood on the verandah trying to make out the whereabouts of my afternoon's adventures among the myriad islands of the bay.

Ah me! little I thought, that mellow autumn evening, as I watched the long shadows stealing over the lake while the sun sank slowly, a ball of mighty fire, in the solemn west, and the evening star shone out faint and clear, and a silver veil seemed to fall tenderly over hill, and wood, and water—little did I think that within one short week my kind uncle would be dead and gone, myself homeless and almost alone in the great world! I found kind friends, though, in the persons of my dear old governess and her husband; with them I passed four tranquil months, when the return of the Grahams, and a warm, loving, peremptory summons from Marian, brought me to Fairville—my future home.

II.

THREE days of quiet, if quiet it could be called, which seemed to me one endless day of "millinery and dressmaking," "trying on," "fitting," "choosing and ordering;" in all of which my part was chiefly a passive one. I was not allowed to show myself once in the street, or in the drawing-room when strangers were there, during those three days; for which reprieve, however, I was not sorry. Marian, in the meantime, sought to excite my curiosity by her accounts of amusements and distractions to come. She would say in her cool way:—

"You are quite a little beauty you know, Floss, or rather you *will* be when you are properly got up. Do you mean to say that you've never tried plaiting your hair, or putting it up somehow? Always worn that mane down your back? Absurd! Come here, Jeannette, we must find out what style will suit Mademoiselle best. *I* think the 'Gainsborough' in front, decidedly—but we shall see!"

So between them I suffered a slow martyrdom. I am sure that the number of times my unfortunately abundant locks were puffed, and curled, and braided up into every imaginable sort of structure, passes my powers to tell. Crimping irons luckily I escaped, since it was not in the power of art to trim locks into tighter waves than those nature had arranged for me. At last, after many trials, they let me alone, it being obvious that the more my head was tortured out of shape the worse I looked; and it plainly appearing that neither the "*coiffure à la Grecque*," "*à l' Imperatrice*" nor "*à la Pompadour*," to say nothing of that of "*à la Marie Antoinette*," or "*à la Josephine*," was the one, as Marian said, "to suit my peculiar style of beauty." At last the eventful evening came when I was to make my first appearance before the Fairville world, the occasion being the large dinner party in our own house. Marian was determined that I should "make a sensa-

tion," and I, for my part, had no objection, if it could be managed; only I much doubted my own powers in that line.

"Come and admire yourself, my dear!"

I was rather startled at my own appearance. Could that dainty damsel, rising, as it seemed, from a snow-wreath, crowned with pearl-wound braids of chestnut hair, be indeed the old familiar "Floss," whose shabbiness I was used to, but whose new finery I "had not proved?"

I shall never forget that dinner! In the first place, I had a presentiment that I was going to meet my friend of the boat again. I knew the 210th were still in Fairville, and that some of the officers were very intimate at the Grahams'; and I had not forgotten my adventure on the lake that September afternoon, though more than four months had gone by.

Man after man, old and young, married and single, appeared; were introduced to me one after the other; but my friend was not among them. It was a sort of "state dinner;" so colonels and their "*ladies*," majors and their "*wives*," etc., according to the ungallant gradation, together with several members of the government, leading men, and leading women too, composed the company.

"Whom do we wait for?" demands Mr. Graham.

"For Major Carr. Oh, here he is! Just in time, major!" and Marian turns to greet with her most bewitching smile and *empressé* manner the new comer.

"Major Carr, my sister, Miss Venner. Flossy, this is our great friend, Major Carr. You know his name well, I'm sure."

I raised my eyes to find them met by those of my friend of the knickerbockers and fishing rod. Yes, there was no mistaking those eyes, and that well-knit, athletic figure. He bowed as to a stranger, but I felt that he looked at me hard, and my cheeks grew hot. The mysterious rustling and pairing off took place at once, so no more words passed between us. As luck would have it, I was placed at table exactly opposite to Major Carr, and his attention to his dinner and his neighbour (a very pretty, silly little woman, wife to the second major of his own regiment) did not prevent his eyes from travelling over the ferns and crystal, fruit and silver, between us, pretty frequently. My neighbour on one side was a vapid young man, with high shoulders and a Roman nose, who asked me if I admired Tennyson, then began to quote "Maud," and choked—partly from emotion, I suppose, partly from soup; but the catastrophe prevented his making any further efforts at entertaining me. On my other side was old Colonel Maur, far too much engrossed with the good things before him to pay any attention to me. So it happened that I caught the major's eye two or three times, and every time I blushed like the little fool that I was. On the lake, in my skiff, I was quite at home. "My foot was on my native heath, and my name was Macgregor," so to speak. But here I was quite out of my element. "That woman's hair is false, I know. What big eyes she's got, and how she does roll them up at him. He seems very well satisfied with them. I wonder what they're laughing about." At this point in my reflections, my *vis-a-vis* looked up suddenly, and I felt "caught." By the time the ladies retired from the field, I felt ready to cry from weariness and vexation.

In the drawing-rooms things looked quite as new to me. Several young ladies and gentlemen had arrived for the "evening," and to them I had to be made known as Mrs. Graham's sister, and to endure the keen scrutiny of female eyes, criticizing my dress, manners, and appearance—taking stock of me, as it were, and considering whether or not I should prove a formidable rival. The two Miss Grants, tall, bony girls, with very low dresses and hay-stacks of tawny hair, voted me "a doll," I was sure; and I have always suspected that it was to me old Lady Race referred by the epithet "minx," which expressive word I caught as I passed the sofa where she was wagging her head in emphatic murmured conversation with Mrs. Kimberly; the two double chins and twin ostrich feathers of the dowagers giving the effect of perfect unanimity.

The large double room seemed quite full when the gentlemen appeared from the lower regions; a gorgeous assembly in my eyes. The girls well-dressed, well-looking, for the most part; with the indescribable air that town-bred girls always have, and which seems to give them such an advantage over their country cousins. The men, irreproachable in attire, eye-glasses and moustaches pretty much alike—only in voice was there

any difference between the Englishmen and the Canadians, and even in that respect not much, since what is popularly styled the "Haw-haw," or "Dundreary" intonation seemed to be considered the thing by both countrymen.

We had music, of course—duets by young ladies, with treble very high up, and bass very low down; tremendous solo by a stout lady, concluding in crashing chords that fairly startled into silence all the tongues which had wagged steadily throughout the fifteen pages of chromatic fireworks; and then a feeble song by my fair friend with the high shoulders and Roman nose, in which he expressed his passionate desire that some young woman would "weep o'er his grave," which I sincerely hoped she wouldn't do. Presently I find myself being escorted to the piano by Major Carr. It was Marian's doing, I thought; they had been talking apart for some time.

"Give us 'Beware, Beware!' Miss Venner, if you know it," he says, not looking at me, but turning over the music lazily, "it is such a favourite of mine, and I have not heard it for ages—not since last September," with a sharp glance at me.

"Oh, Floss! sing 'Bird of beauty!' it suits your voice so well," cries Marian, from the fire side. Glad of the suggestion, I dash at the notes, feeling an odd sensation as if I should like to run away. My voice trembles for a bar or two, but I speedily forget myself in my music, and finish amid a dead silence, broken presently by universal bravoes! Among the group round the piano, I recognize the "boy" whom I had seen in his shirt-sleeves that September day. The major, leaning over the piano, says in a low voice, "*Won't* you sing me that song, Miss Venner? I think you would if you knew——," without finishing the sentence, he draws back and leans on the piano again, his handsome eyes seeking mine with a look that sets my cheeks blushing again. Luckily or unluckily, I possess the feminine faculty of "seeing without looking," and at this moment I intercepted a significant smile between two of the adjacent men, which expressed plainly what I did not care to know. Major Carr was evidently considered an "old hand."

"Oh, certainly, I don't mind singing it if you like," and so I sang again that memorable song, sang it better than usual, with a defiant feeling at my heart, and a longing to let "that man" see that I was a match for him. What business had he to look at me like that? "If he thinks he can take me in with his nonsense he is mistaken." I decided; and getting up from the piano, walked over to Marian, deaf to all entreaties for "one more." Marian received me with an approving smile, and made room for me beside her.

"No, she shall not sing another note tonight. No, indeed, Major Carr, you have no mercy. Besides, we must hear *you* again, Miss Jones, etc., etc."

"Who is that gentleman crossing the room—the one with the fair hair—the one who looks like a boy?"

"That? Why that's Major Carr's younger brother, the ensign, Charlie. *His* name is Dalton."

III.

NEXT day, the day after the party, I sat at the piano in the dim, half-lit, further drawing-room. Faint sun-set gleams struggled through the ferns and lace of the window, fire-light leapt and quivered through the gathering shadows. Dreamily my fingers wandered over the keys; softly the wailing notes of the grand "Adelaida" flowed from my lips. I stopped, and heard a sigh behind me—it was Major Carr. When I looked up suddenly, he was smiling—not the old smile, but a bright mocking ray, that seemed to rouse every spark of "deviltry" in my disposition. He sat down and looked at me leisurely, as I swung to and fro on the music-stool.

"All alone, Mademoiselle?"

"Yes, Major Carr," said I, without lifting my eyes.

"Mrs. Graham's rooms are not often deserted at this hour."

"Marian has just gone out," plaiting up my crape frills diligently — "but several people have been here this afternoon."

"Indeed!"

"Yes, your brother, Mr. Carr, was here a *long* time."

"*Indeed!*"—with a different accent—"do you two get on well?" He said it as if we were two little children.

"Oh, splendidly!" I said, looking straight

at him. "Splendidly! he is *so* nice! and his voice just goes with mine."

"Charming!" says my lord. "Did you ever see your favourite 'Beware!' arranged as a duet?"

"Oh yes" said I, "and I prefer it so."

"Why, pray?"

"Oh, I think it generally suits both parties, don't you?"

"No. You see, Miss Venner, your charming sex don't require much warning as a rule. They have an innate suspiciousness about them that enables them to keep their young affections under complete control, and they never allow themselves to like any one, till they are pretty sure of his prospects, intentions, income, and so forth. Now, we unfortunate men are not so sensible, and go blundering along without thinking, till—success! we're hooked, and then, perhaps, flung back into the flood, to sink or swim, as the case may be!"

He said the last words with a bitter emphasis, quite different from his first sarcastic, bantering tone. He saw my wondering looks, for he laughed, and changed the subject. For an hour or more he sat there, I perched on my music-stool, and I am bound to say that he made himself agreeable. We talked of books and people, music and society—very pleasantly could he talk when he liked, and refrained from that sarcastic half-patronising tone that that I objected to so much. I was quite sorry when Marian appeared.

For the next fortnight I saw the Major and his brother every day. Sometimes the former was *nice* to me, and then I liked him—sometimes he talked sarcastically; sometimes gloomily; sometimes he teased and laughed at me, till I hated him; but he never fell into the vein that had puzzled me the first night. One evening I was at a little dance, a small "slow," at the house of an intimate friend of my sister. I had been dancing with Charlie Carr, three dances running, I am ashamed to say. Major Carr was there, but he had not spoken to me the whole evening. I ran up stairs to arrange something about my dress, and when I came down the hall was empty, save for the Major, who was lounging near the door-way, looking at the dancers. He turned as I came up, offered me his arm, and as I took it, led me to a little alcove near the conservatory, where we sat down. "Is he going to speak to me?" I wondered. Presently he asked me if I had enjoyed myself. "Pretty well!" I said.

"Only pretty well? Have you not received admiration enough, little Miss Vanity?"

"I am *not* vain," I said indignantly—"and not so very little either."

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure," with much gravity. "I forgot that you *never flirt!*"

"Well, I don't" I said. "And in the first place, I don't think I know how."

"Child! every woman can flirt. It is your nature."

"You don't know anything about my nature! and I don't see what right you have to say, 'every woman,' as if you knew."

"Child, I bought my knowledge dear, and—"

"I don't care! and I am *not* a child!" and I started up to go away, furious with him and with myself.

He stopped me, held my hand firm, and with his old kind smile;

"Don't be angry! Why are we always quarrelling?"

"Let go my hand, please! I don't want to quarrel, Major Carr, but you always tease me."

He looked amused, but held my hand fast.

"You should not be so easily teased. It is an irresistible temptation."

I struggled and got free. "Let me go! I *won't* be treated so," and seeing I was really angry, he tried to smooth me down, but I tore past him, and caught Charlie's arm, crying, "This is our dance, Mr. Carr!" without looking at his brother, who soon after appeared, devoting himself to one of the young ladies with "hay-stacks," as Marian called them. Charlie took me home, and his brother performed the same kind office for Miss Hay-stack—without our having exchanged another word.

I remember tearing my hair out of my head by energetic combing that night, and then pacing up and down my room, restlessly, crying out over and over again: "I hate him! hate him! Why cannot he let me alone? Marian says he never loses a chance of seeing me, but he treats me like a spoilt child, and I *won't* stand it! I *don't* believe him—he thinks he can do as he likes, but he *shan't* make a fool of me!"

So next day, when he called, I received him calmly, unsmiling; when he tried to

banter me on my bad temper, I turned a deaf ear, and at last he formally apologized for his rudeness, and took his leave of me with cool politeness. After that, we were very polite and distant. I flirted with Charlie, and we were seen everywhere together. People began to talk, of course. Marian laughed, and so did Charlie and I. Major Carr never alluded to the subject before me, and avoided being alone with me I thought, though he came to the house as usual. I watched him often, talking to Marian—oh, pleasantly could he talk! Never did his manner to other women take that teasing, patronising air—"That is only for me!" I thought. But I sometimes caught myself wishing for that same teasing tone again—anything but this stately, frigid, distant style; though it was all my own fault. I cared nothing for Charlie Carr, but pretended to prefer his society, partly from pique at his brother's tone, partly because I really found him amusing; no one could be for long in Charlie's company without hearing something of his brother—his hero and theme constantly.

It was the day of the weekly sleighing party—a bright February afternoon, "the last of the sleighing," everyone said.

"Just look at Dalton," said Charlie Carr, as he gathered up the reins for a start. I was his companion, as usual, in the perfect little Russian sleigh; and as the horses tossed their heads in the air, every bell jingling, and dashed ahead, I glanced over my shoulder and saw the major with his most "*soigné*" air disposing the robes round pretty Mrs. Smythe.

"Good old fellow, Dalton is, though he does make such an idiot of himself with that woman, Miss Venner."

"Well?"

"Now don't annihilate a fellow, but what *is* the split between you two?"

"Really, Mr. Carr, I don't understand you."

"I mean ——"

"Oh, never mind, I don't think we need discuss Major Carr at present. Where are we to refresh to-night?"

"At the Old Barrack," said Charlie, though he looked at me rather wistfully for a minute; and so we changed the conversation.

I was standing at the window, looking out on the great, shadowy Barrack yard. This Old Barrack, I must explain, was in use, but called "the Old" in contradistinction to the Cavalry Barrack, known as "the New."

Claret-cup had been disposed of—champagne, coffee, and bitter-beer—there was a lull in the proceedings, and a debate was in progress as to whether it would be advisable to return home at once, or prolong the entertainment by an impromptu dance in the large and comfortable rooms of the gallant major, who had placed them at our disposal for the evening. Yes, there he was, of course, doing the fascinating to Marian and two or three more, declining to give his vote either way.

"No, no, ladies; do as you please, but don't ask me to be responsible. Snow? no, I don't think it will snow. Dark? oh, no; lovely moon! Late? Cold? Anything else? Please yourselves, but really you ought to make up your minds."

"Major Carr wants us to vacate his apartments as soon as possible, evidently," said one.

"He has never forgiven you for stepping on Dash's tail last time," said another.

"He is growing misanthropical—is not that the word? What can be the reason?" said Mrs. Smythe, trying to look very significant and mysterious.

"Well, I *am* getting rather ancient, certainly. Here's Charlie growing to years of discretion, and beginning to consider himself quite grown up. It is nearly time for me to be vacating my post of tutor and bear-leader, and set him up on his own account."

"Or with a wife to complete his education," said Mrs. Smythe, glancing at me, as I felt sure.

"Oh, Mrs. Smythe, look here! Such a sweet picture of Dash!" cries a young lady from the other end of the room, where she is inspecting a volume of sketches.

"Major Carr, you must show Flossy your sketches," says Marian, calling me from the window, as the portfolio is produced. Very spirited and true the contents were—water-colours and crayons; groups of Indians, deer, dogs, little "bits" of rock and water, wood and sky, all free and life-like. I had never heard him speak of drawing. Exclamations of "Charming!" "How sweet!" "Oh, do look, Mrs. Graham!" resounded; the major meantime standing by stroking his moustache, and looking bored. Marian

held the portfolio on her knee, and handed the sketches about one by one.

"Oh, what's this? I never saw it before!" she cried, lifting a loose sheet and looking quite startled. He made a quick movement as if to take it, but stopped short. It was a water-colour sketch, more finished than most of them, of a hazy landscape, water, and autumn-tinted leaves, part of a boat forming the foreground, with a girl's figure in a boating-suit, sailor hat, and floating hair, rising out of a heap of autumn leaves! The brown eyes looked up with an arch expression, the lips parted as if speaking; and beneath was written "Beware! Beware!"

It was criticised and admired. Only Marian said nothing, but looked at the artist keenly.

"By Jove!" said Charlie, also scrutinising his elder brother; but that exclamation is his usual comment on all occasions.

"Why, it's the image of Miss Venner!" cried Mrs. Smythe.

"How strange!" and "Dear me!" said one and another.

"Hair and all," added Sophie Grant.

I stood as in a dream, living over that by-gone hour on the backwood's lake, half expecting to wake and find that I had been dreaming all the intervening events and scenes, not daring to raise my eyes for a while; then as the group dispersed I did so, to find them met by those of the artist, wearing the mocking triumphant smile I had learnt to know so well. That look seemed to turn me to stone, and then a wild defiant feeling came over me, and I felt ready for any desperate act. Going down the narrow stairway, I found myself the last lady; who was behind, I did not know until I felt a hand on my arm detaining me behind the rest. I looked up. To my surprise Dalton Carr's face bent over me, and he murmured very low, without looking at me:

"Will you drive home with me? I have something to tell you."

"Indeed! I shall return as I came, thanks," I answered in my usual tone, with my nose in the air; and I swept on with an air of supreme disdain—but all the same, all the same!

What passed between Charlie and myself that evening I cannot tell; I hardly knew where I was, or what I was doing. Once I remember, as poor Charlie began some remark, I exclaimed, "Oh, don't talk, please!" and I remember my voice rang sharply on the air, as my companion relapsed into snubbed silence. I remember, too, the wild, unearthly beauty of the winter landscape, the long lines of the snowy hills, the murmuring and moaning of the dark pine-woods, the deepening tints of the purple sky, and the slow, silver light, brightening gradually as the solemn moon sailed up and up, and night settled more deeply on the land. Ring-ting-ting! ring-ting-ting-ring! Peace, peace! and peace comes not, summon her as we will!

* * * * * *

"Good heavens, Floss! what do you think?"

Marian bursts into my room next day, as I was resting, after a very restless night.

"What on *earth* do you think? Major Carr—here is his note—ordered off, called off, I should say, to England. Family business, he says—see!"

"Yes, I see. Very sudden, it seems, does it not?"

"*Very* sudden. Charlie brought the note. He says a telegram came last night while we were at that place. Something about a will or something, he says—one would think there need not have been such haste—not even coming to say good-bye—starts in ten minutes, Charlie says! Really men are *too* queer!"

"So that is it!" I think, as the door closes. "He need not have been alarmed, I should not have thrown myself at his feet! There are plenty more men in the world, and, thank God! I am not one to break my heart for any man. Oh, I hate him!" and to prove it I bury my face in my pillow in a storm of tears. "Little fool," you say? Granted, my worthy friend, but I was only eighteen.

IV.

IT was the second day after Major Carr's abrupt departure; late in the afternoon I sat by my dressing-room fire—dreaming—not happy dreams either. I felt as if ten years at least had gone by since I came to Fairville. Something had gone out of my life—something, call it trust, or faith, or what you will, that is the bloom on a young life,

and that once gone comes not again. Presently I started to my feet and tossed back my head. "Idiot! do you mean to sit here all day?" Down stairs I marched. The drawing-room doors were shut—the house seemed asleep. I stole into the little drawing-room, went towards the piano, and had seated myself before I was aware that the next room was tenanted; the murmur of low voices reached me through the heavy curtains dividing the apartments. Voices—whose? I listened and caught my own name. It was inexcusable I know—my cheeks burn still when I think of it—but I listened. Marian's voice now.

"I really cannot advise you, Mr. Carr. You must use your own judgment. She is very young—"

"Yes, I know, and so am I," broke in Charlie Carr's eager tones, "but what does it matter? You know what I have—and all—and I ain't an extravagant fellow—and I'm sure I could make her happy—if only you think she likes me a little." He waited a minute, then went on:—

"I always thought you knew it was Dalton, but he has gone off and never said anything, and of course, if she had cared for him he wouldn't have—and—and—Oh! Mrs. Graham *won't* you help a fellow?

"My dear boy, you must help yourself. You have surprised me very much, and I must say I think you are both too young. How can a boy like you know his own mind?" However, after a great deal of coaxing she gave in—at least I suppose so, for at last I had come to my senses and fled.

"Flossy, Flossy!"

Marian, bending over me in the firelight, half-laughing, half-doubtful, has just told me of Charlie's visit and its cause. I buried my face in my hands, and then in her lap.

"Flossy! what is it? Not—not—surely you don't—"

I looked up suddenly:—"Is he gone?"

"Charlie? No. He is down stairs. But dear, have you considered? Don't—Oh! there's no hurry!"

"I will go down, please."

"But Flossy, I thought—"

"I am going, Marian." And I went.

And three days after, all Fairville was talking of "Miss Venner's engagement."

"All very fine, my dear," remarked Mrs. Grant to her eldest daughter, "all very fine; but if the Major had not been wise enough to take himself off in time, *he* would have been the happy man, take my word for it. Pity he did not carry his brother off with him!"

* * * * *

It is again the next day but one. I am alone, brooding over my bed-room fire, gazing, gazing into the embers, gazing—but seeing nothing; at least nothing like coals and flame; but many and varied scenes; strange and vague figures; events dimly shadowed forth.

"A letter, Miss," and the door closes again.

I take it up; the large square envelope, the heavy seal (instead of the usual monogram) are peculiar. I know the square, firm writing—it is Dalton Carr's.

The letter dropped from my fingers; I could not make up my mind to open it. Strange, wild thoughts came crowding into my brain as I looked at it—what could Dalton Carr want with me? The post-mark was Quebec. Twice I fingered the seal; once I had nearly thrown the thing bodily into the fire; at last I opened it with a jerk. It began abruptly:—

"You will be surprised at receiving a letter from me, but my sudden departure has left me no other resource than writing what I would have said to you the other night, had you given me the opportunity I asked for. Yet I think what I have to tell you can hardly cause you much surprise, as you must have seen long since what I have not tried to disguise—my deep and passionate love for yourself."

I dropped the paper from my hand—the room seemed to whirl round with me. After a while I picked it up again.

"Of the difference in our ages," it went on, "I am painfully aware. I am a battered man of the world,—you little past childhood. But in spite of this disparity in age, I know that in tastes and mind we are akin—*I know* I can make you happy, and I know that you can confer on me such happiness as I never thought to call mine. Once—long ago—I knew one towards whom I felt what I then thought was *love*—now I know the difference, and that you are the only woman who has had my whole heart."

He finished by telling me that his departure had been utterly unexpected by him, and that, when the business which called him home (some dispute about a will to which he was an executor) should be finished, he intended immediately to return.

"That is, if you recall me Otherwise I shall care little what becomes of

Your's till death (if so you will),

"DALTON CARR."

Over the next hour I must draw the curtain. Reader! It is long years ago now, and the hand of Time has well nigh smoothed away the pain, but never while my footsteps walk this earth can I entirely forget the bitter, unavailing misery that bowed my head that night.

V.

IT was summer-time again—hot, burning June weather. The scene, a watering-place on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, now well known, but then little frequented, where the Grahams had a summer residence—a large, low, square house, with a verandah running round it, and broad eaves that gave a comfortable, old-fashioned air to a modern building. It stood high on a rocky promontory or platform above the *sea*, as we called it by courtesy. In front, the ground sloped in irregular terraces and rocky stairways to the beach; behind, and forming a protection from the wind, rose a second ridge, wooded, and sweeping round in a half circle that completely shut off the view on that side, and hid the road and other houses. On the very highest point stood a small stone summer-house, or observatory, as we called it, also facing the sea, and whence a most magnificent prospect rewarded the adventurous climber to such windy altitude.

Below, the muslin curtains swayed back and forth in the warm breeze; the green venetians tempered the sun-rays to a grateful half-shadow; the matted floors and light furniture suited well with the general character of the place. On the verandah swung a hammock, in the hammock swung Charlie Carr, smoking as usual. Rising from a low chair within the window, and flinging down my book, I sauntered out into the light.

"Where are you off to, Floss?"

"Oh, nowhere—in particular."

"It's too hot to walk yet, but if you're going—" and he rose lazily and threw away his cigar.

"Don't disturb yourself, pray," I said, and I felt how hard my voice rang, "I would rather be alone, *much* rather."

"All right," said Charlie, turning off; but I caught his half-sigh, and the look of pain that was common enough now on his once jolly face. Poor Charlie! I hated myself as I took my way over rock and mossy steps to the shore, and sought my favourite seat. A ledge of broken, jagged rocks, covered to the summit with low, tufted shrubs and stunted firs, jutted out into the sea, ending abruptly and steeply in a sharp crag rising high out of the water. At the extreme end was a second rock completely separated from the mainland, though the dividing *crevasse* was not more than a couple of feet in width. I used to jump over the deep, narrow passage, and sit sometimes for hours on this queer solitary perch, watching the daylight decline into gorgeous sun-set, and the orange, and purple, and gold, and crimson fade away into the brief twilight, and that into the moon-lit or murky night.

"Oh, what a relief it is to be alone!" and I threw myself down on my favourite seat, and gazed off into the sun-set sky, with feelings almost of happiness. *Almost!* Quite happy, I do not think I had ever felt since that winter morning that seemed so long ago, when Dalton Carr went away; and with the blind, passionate impatience of youth, I quite thought that I should never feel happy again. And it added to my own trouble that I had only brought sorrow and chagrin to Charlie, and that day by day the shadow on our lives seemed to deepen, and neither of us had the courage to attempt its removal. I often wondered whether Charlie would not have broken off the engagement between us, but for the talk and scandal such a step would have caused; and as for me—I *could* not do it! No, not though I knew myself miserable, and thought of marrying my betrothed with no other feeling than one of horror and dread. I had been trying to make up my mind to free us both from the entanglement into which we had so thoughtlessly entered; trying, I say, for some days past; but that very morning Charlie had received a letter from his brother from Fairville, whither the Major had just returned; and my mind was in a fresh tumult. He had come back then! *He*—the man I loved and feared, whose first and last letter was at this very moment resting on my heart. Oh, what was I to do? Charlie had no suspicion of the real state of affairs—that was evident. He only thought, poor fellow, that he had failed to make me love him as he loved me—or *had* loved, for I thought even that over now. He avoided me, if anything, of late! However, I could not take the initiative now, if ever it had been possible. Dalton Carr was in the

country, might be with us any day; his letters were friendly and brotherly as ever—no trace of any feeling of pique or wounded pride. And to break my engagement now, would be to subject myself to a suspicion which I vowed should never be excited on my account.

"To bear is to conquer our fate!"

We shall see, I thought—but—poor Charlie!

The air was still—not a breath stirred. The purple shadow was deepening over sea and sky. The young moon floated in the soft light, and one star twinkled over the horizon. I rose to return home, and as I turned I saw two figures descending the rugged path-way to the shore. One was Charlie; I could tell that even by this uncertain light—but the other? I felt my very heart stand still, and my senses reel. Yes, there could be no doubt—it was Dalton Carr.

I walked steadily to meet them, though feeling thankful for the twilight, and I held out my hand, saying in a quiet voice:

"Welcome, Major Carr."

Charlie looked quite his old self, his joy at meeting his brother sparkled in his eyes and flushed in his fair, boyish cheeks. All the way home he laughed and rattled, and as the Major talked away quite in his old manner, my comparative silence was not observed; but my heart swelled with indignation as I listened—

"His indifference is positively insulting!"

Oh, Flossy Venner, what a little fool you were, to be sure! But my feeling of pique stood me in good stead, and enabled me to throw off all embarrassment, and contribute my share to the general conversation, even to sing at Major Carr's request, more than once during the evening.

I must pass rapidly over the next few days. During their progress I seemed scarcely my very own self, even to myself; every moment I had to keep guard over my face, voice, and manner, lest they should betray something I would fain have concealed; and I hardly knew whether the Major's off-hand, indifferent manner, when in my society, or his frequent and prolonged absence, caused me the most mortification. Charlie and he took long walks together, and scoured the country on horseback. There seemed no cloud betwen them. In the evenings we all boated, drove, or rode together as before; Dalton sometimes remaining at home, but generally joining our party, when he would devote himself to Marian as of old, Charlie and I appearing, no doubt, to fill our part as engaged lovers quite *en règle*, though sometimes hardly a word would pass between us for half an hour at a time. Charlie seemed otherwise quite his old self; but one thing I noticed, he never kissed me in his brother's presence, nor, indeed, at any other time since the latter's return, but once. I remember the occasion well. I was reading in the drawing-room one afternoon alone, when Charlie entered the room hastily, with his hands full of papers, his hat and riding-whip. His entrance startled me, and I jumped up.

"You there, Flossy? I beg your pardon. I didn't know."

"Is anything the matter?" I asked.

"Oh, I was just going to ride with Dal, and here comes this note from Mrs. Forsyth, saying that she wants this thing back at once, and it's all ——"

"What thing?"

"Why—'Elliot Grey'—in 'Rosedale,' you know—I was to have played the part in the Forsyth theatricals next month, so I got the score from her to learn the words, and never thought about returning it; and now it's all upside down, knocking about among my things, and two pages so torn and grubby that I don't like to send them to her, and Dal's waiting, and ——"

"There, there," I said, laughing outright at his troubles. "Give the thing to me; I will put it right for you. I have nothing else to do," I added, seeing his surprised glance, and feeling rather ashamed that he *should* be surprised at so simple an offer.

"But I don't like to bore you—dear," he added the last word hesitatingly.

I felt myself colour up, and answered that I had nothing else to do, should be glad of employment, etc.; and as I looked up at him in speaking, he suddenly threw his arm round my shoulders and kissed me twice, then left the room suddenly, as he had entered, leaving me perplexed and disturbed at his strange demeanour.

* * * *

That very evening I was sitting alone, as usual, on my favourite rocky throne, watching the sunset, when I heard footsteps coming behind me along the ridge. I sat quite still, and waited. Was it Charlie? Something

said no, and when Dalton Carr's voice beside me said, "Good view from here," in his usual cool tone, I felt no surprise.

"Very—particularly at sunset," I replied, wishing my hat was on my head instead of on the rock beside me.

"I have observed that you think so, so I felt sure of finding you here."

"Indeed!"

"Yes—I—look, Miss Venner," throwing himself down beside me. "I have something to say to you that concerns us all, *all*—and you *must* listen. Sit still," he said, and laid his hand on my arm as I was rising hastily. I obeyed, but he looked out to sea without speaking, for some moments.

"You never answered my letter!" he said, at last, looking straight into my face with keen scrutiny.

"Major Carr——"

"Hush! I am not going to distress you—what is done is *done*. But for my brother's sake, as well as my—your—own, I demand the reason of your conduct."

"I don't understand you."

"You must then. With what feelings I left for England you know. With what feelings do you suppose I read the news in Charlie's letter, which reached me within a week after my arrival in England? However, I blamed myself alone *then*—blamed my own conceit—blamed Charlie—Heaven forgive me—blamed every one but you. At last, I taught myself to believe that I was glad for my brother's sake—glad that he would be happy, and fancied that in time I might—would, learn to look on you as a sister, and forget the past. But on my return here—good heavens child! don't you see what you are doing? You don't care for that boy—you don't even pretend to care for him—and he! You are driving him wild! Break off this unlucky engagement before worse comes of it."

"Major Carr" I said, and I rose and stood before him. "How *dare* you talk so to me? *You* to upbraid my conduct—what has been your own? Think of the position I was in—the—No! I will not make any defence—if I have been to blame so have you—doubly! As for my engagement, it is not for me to break it off—and I will do no such thing. Until he releases me I am bound!"

"You are? Then allow me to return you this letter, which I believe you lost last night."

I looked—it was *his* letter—the only love-letter I had ever received. I had indeed dropped it the night before, and been in great trouble in consequence.

But what must he think of me? I could not raise my eyes—my heart seemed to stop beating—oh! if he would not look at me!

"Don't you wonder where I got it?" He was standing beside me now, and there was a ring of positive amusement in his voice. I was too angry and hurt to speak.

"Charlie gave it to me to-day."

"*What?*"

"Take care—" and he caught my arm as I sprang dangerously near the edge. "Yes, Flossy, so it is. Charlie knows all, poor boy! But he has made up his mind to take what seemed to us both the best course—and—here is a note from him. You will not see him again—he has just started for Fairville, and means to apply for leave for three months."

The note contained but these words—

"Good-bye, dear Flossy. You never cared a button for me, I know. I know *now* who you do care for—I saw you drop the letter—forgive me—it was disgraceful, but I was so wretched! I read it. I did not know what to do—so gave it to Dal. If I have blundered as usual, forgive me—and Flossy—good-bye."

It would be difficult to express my state of mind on reading this hurried, blotted epistle. Shame, sorrow, joy, pride, and embarrassment held me by turns. Anger rose at last, as I realized my position.

"Really I must admire the delicacy and consideration for me, you two have shown, sir!"

"Don't blame Charlie at least" he said, with a vexed look. "He was quite bewildered with trouble and anxiety when he left, and only desirous that your feelings should be spared in every way."

"And now?" I said. "Can you not see—" but I could say no more, and I covered my face and sobbed.

"Flossy, Flossy, hush! for mercy's sake—oh, my poor little darling what have I done?" and he held me so close that I could not choose but hide my face on his arm—his shoulder I did not come near by inches!

* * * * *

You must not suppose that we were openly engaged all at once—that I was

handed from one brother to another as unceremoniously as if I had been a basket or a bundle! Marian would have been horrified at such want of propriety, if no one else would. But by degrees it came to be understood that my fate was to be the Major instead of the Ensign; and by the time the engagement was announced, Charlie was on his way to Japan, and Dalton was making arrangements for retiring from the service; so that there was less excitement than I had feared over my change of destiny.

Did Charlie wear the willow for ever and ever? By no means—he married a sweet young English girl, only a year or two after his brother had filled up the measure of his folly (in the estimation of the Fairville matrons) by marrying me.

Marian and her worthy husband flourish.

Dalton and I? We are very happy, and his favourite song is still, "Beware! beware!" his favourite season that of the gold and crimson Autumn Leaves. Need I say more?

HARTZ REMINISCENCES.

BY A. M., BERLIN.

FEW nations, perhaps none, have so rich a treasury of legends and ballads as the German. Every ruin, nay, almost every mountain, is surrounded with a mysterious, romantic veil, which can be lifted by the gifted hand of a "Sountagskind"* only, at midnight, when the moon stands highest.

It is a predominant trait in the German character, this love for the romantic supernatural. One would think they had imbibed it from their earliest infancy; and it is not to be wondered at, for if you step into the *Spinnstube*, on a winter's evening, you will be sure to hear the grandmother, behind the great stove, relate to her breathless audience of spinning village-beauties, tales of good Count Otto, and how the people prospered under him, until he left for the Holy Land, where, valiant knight as he was, he greatly distinguished himself, while his steward oppressed the people, and spreading the report that Count Otto had been slain, endeavoured to gain his mistress's favour. Or when you meet the miner coming from his work, it does not require much persuasion to induce him to tell you legends of dwarfs and monks, who assist the diligent, sober miners in their work, or fill their lamps with oil that will never be exhausted, but who note down every profane word uttered in the shaft, until a day of reckoning.

But an endless number of tales is at the command of the mountain shepherd; and no one relates them with so much reverence and awe, as he. Nothing used to give me greater delight in my college-days, which were spent in the Hartz Mountains, than taking my knapsack, mountain-staff, and that constant companion of the Germans, the pipe, and sallying forth up the mountains, to hunt up my Arcadian friends. Receiving from them a couch on the soft, fragrant grass, a piece of bread and cheese, and a glass of milk, with a well-related tale of yonder castle, I was set at rest with all the world, from Euclid and Cæsar down to the principal and masters of our college.

Occasionally I met a shepherd, who required to be drawn out; but a pipe of tobacco generally worked wonders; if, however, this proved unavailing, I took refuge in my last, never-failing resource, namely, ridiculing their stories, calling them superstitious nonsense, and the old mountaineer would not be one of his tribe, if he would not warn me not to talk about things which no man has yet ridiculed with impunity; and after a number of examples had been brought forward to illustrate how rash it is to doubt the existence of ghosts and goblins, it was no difficult matter to lead the old man to the cause of the destruction of Castle

* Sountagskind (Sunday-child), a child born on a Sunday, or as it is termed, the Lord's Day, and supposed from that circumstance to be endowed with peculiar faculties.

Hohenstein Ilsenburg, and the ghost which nightly haunted the place.

Most numerous are the legends of the Kyffhaüser, and none I found more interesting, because they illustrated to me the strong love of my countrymen for a united Germany, which for centuries has been burning, sometimes almost extinct, sometimes shooting forth in bloody flames in the hearts of the Germans.

The legends of the good Emperor Frederick Barbarossa have been handed down from generation to generation, showing that the memory of the good dwells with the people, for to this day, the mountain-shepherd will tell the weary traveller, who demands his hospitality, of the prosperity of Germany under "*Friedrich der Rothbart*," as he was called on account of his red beard; how justice was administered, and foreign countries were compelled to do homage; how the arts and commerce were protected, and feudalism weakened. No proud baron dare to oppose his humble subjects; in short it was the golden age of the empire which found its termination when Friedrich, in a war of the holy cross, was drowned, while crossing a river in full armour.

Every one who has buried a friend will understand the feeling which prompted the Germans to say that Barbarossa was not dead, but had returned to the Kyffhaüser, his favourite place of resort during his lifetime, to sleep there in a vault, and arise some day in great state to make Germany again a great country, united under his powerful sway. But although he is waiting for so lofty a mission, he still deigns to take notice of the griefs of the humblest peasant, and condescends to assist them, if deserving help, but makes every oppressor of the poor tremble, for the Emperor is sure to punish insolence committed against the defenceless. The following story which was related to me by an old shepherd, strongly illustrates the regard in which the great Emperor is held:

"In a village on the foot of the mountain on whose summit the Kyffhaüser is built, or rather is decaying, lived an orphan, a Sunday-child, who, on account of her beauty, kindness, and industry, had won everybody's good will. Although hers was no easy lot, she was gay and joyous as a lark, rising as early as the birds to spin and weave till dark night; and, indeed, she might well be happy; for was she not betrothed to *Hans*, the shepherd on the neighbouring estate, the handsomest and best fellow on this side the mountain? And had not the *Herr Amtmann* promised to give them a cottage in the spring, that they might get married? What did it matter then if she had to work a little hard; in spring Hans would be hers, and how he would open his eyes when he would see the stock of linen she had been able to lay up for herself! How slowly the winter dragged by! But spring came at last, and with it—not the pealing of the wedding bells and a happy and contented lot—but a time of misery and sorrow for poor Gretchen. The *junge Herr*, the son of Herr Amtmann had returned to his father's estate, and pursued Gretchen with an attention which was degrading and dishonourable. Since Gretchen would not listen to him, he had Hans discharged, and all hopes of the lovers ever being united were forever blighted.

With sad hearts the two lovers walked one Sunday afternoon, hand in hand, from the village, trying to console each other, and not heeding their way, found themselves, at the setting of the sun, in the neighbourhood of the Kyffhäuser. At the foot of the mountain was a great door, which Hans had never seen before, wide open, and a beautiful Princess, with blue eyes and long golden tresses, inquired what brought them to the mountain.

Gretchen, trembling, related their sorrowful tale, which was occasionally interrupted by Hans, when it was necessary to put the baseness of the *junge Herr* in the proper light. The Princess deeply sympathized with them, and invited them into the mountain, promising to lay their case before the Emperor.

Fearlessly they followed her (for a sad heart knows when it meets real sympathy) through a long passage, dimly lighted, until they reached a large hall. Around a marble table sat the Emperor, with his vassals, all sleeping. Having been called by the Princess, the Emperor kindly nodded, and asked the usual question, whether the ravens were still flying around the mountain; having been answered by Hans in the affirmative, he sighed: "Then I have still to sleep another hundred years." When the Princess had laid the case of Hans and Gretchen, with Herr Amtmann, before him, he ordered

a dwarf to light a fire and brew a storm ; but the Princess he requested to prepare a banquet for the whole of the subterranean household, for Gretchen's wedding should take place that very day, the Emperor taking it upon himself to give her away in marriage. They consequently were led into a large hall. Innumerable lights gave a festive appearance to the gorgeously decorated room ; gentle voices, accompanied by soft music, chanted the marriage chorus ; and an aged monk, with long silvery white locks, performed the service as prescribed by Holy Church, the Emperor himself giving away Gretchen to Hans. After they had partaken of the bounties of the banquet, they were led by the Princess into another room, where they were lulled to sleep by heavenly music.

The next morning the Princess, having in vain urged them to stay altogether, led them through the passage, by which they had entered, out of the mountain ; but told them that in case they should like to return, the door would be open till sunset ; then taking a fond farewell, she handed each a large gift of money, and went back into the mountain.

Hans and his young wife were so taken up with their good fortune, that they had no time to perceive the change which had taken place in the country since yesterday. New houses had sprung up, none but strangers met them, as they approached the village, and everybody looked astonished to see them, and, indeed, quite a large number had collected around them before they knew it. At last, since nobody could give them satisfactory answers to their numerous questions, they were brought to the aged minister of the parish. Here they were informed that they had been this very day a hundred years in the mountain, and that they were recorded as dead, the writer of the village chronicle presuming that they had sought death by committing suicide in a fit of despair. All this was faithfully entered in the chronicle, along with the fact that on the same day they had disappeared, a terrible storm had consumed the whole estate of the Herr Amtmann, in which the *junge Herr* found his death.

Hans and Gretchen then told their story to the old minister, who duly wrote down every word in the chronicle, where it can be read to the present day by any one who doubts the veracity of this tale. Then, seeing that they had nothing in common with the present generation, they determined to return to their friends in the mountain.

Many an old shepherd has seen Hans playing in the long summer evenings on the flute, his faithful Gretchen sitting beside him. Some day they will come in the train of Emperor Frederick Barbarossa down to the valley. But that will be a long while yet, for still the black birds of misfortune are flying around the Kyffhäuser.

CANADIAN NATIONAL HYMN.

(Written for Music.)

I.

THOU whom we all adore,
Gathered from many a shore,
One heart though many a tongue,
To Thee our prayer is sung ;
Grant us prosperity,
Honour and liberty,
With true nobility ;
Long may our motto be,
Honour to Canada.

II.

May race dissensions all
Fade as our leaves in Fall ;
May laws and manners grow
Pure as our ice and snow ;
Last-born of nations we,
Our flag, from sea to sea,
Inwove with mightier fold,
Shall yet, through all, uphold
Honour to Canada.

Ottawa. F. A. D.

CANADA'S ALTERNATIVES.

BY ROSWELL FISHER, M.A., CANTAB, MONTREAL.

ASSUMING that an Imperial Federation has been shown to be impracticable, the questions, what should be our present policy, what do history and the stream of circumstances indicate as the probable alternatives which the future has in store for us, are not slow in arising.

Mr. Drummond, in the May number of THE CANADIAN MONTHLY, seems to have given expression to the answer which the majority of sober men in the country give to the first part of the question. Leave well alone, is the truest, as it is the easiest policy for us to pursue at present. But as there are nearly always two ways of interpreting every rule, so there are two ways of letting well alone. There is the old, lazy, stupid policy of *laissez faire:* the policy of assuming that things will go on indefinitely in the future as they have done in the past, or, that if they do not, it will be time enough to consider change when it is imminent. On the other hand, there is the policy of letting alone till we are ready to carry out a desired, or at least inevitable, change for which we shall have had full time to make our preparations in such a manner that the revolution, when it comes, will take place with the least possible disturbance, and will afford the greatest prospect of lasting gain.

The former interpretation is generally that of the Party Politician, of the so-called practical man, and of the pessimist; the latter that of the statesman, the thinker, and the optimist. This is the reading which it is for us to adopt.

Probably the simplest method of indicating what kind of change is desirable or inevitable, and how we are to prepare for it, is to show why any immediate change would be fraught with danger to the republic.

There are three courses which can be conceived as not impossible for Canada to enter on at once or at a very early date; the tightening in some direction of our connection with Great Britain and the other Colonies; the declaration of our Independence; and Annexation to the United States. The first could only be in the direction of an Imperial Federation, which has been shown to be impracticable as a durable condition. The third, very few Canadians believe would be for the advantage of the country, or, in any event, desire. There remains then, the second for consideration. Why should we not declare our Independence to morrow? No one who knows British opinion will doubt that the mother-country would give us her blessing, and tell us to depart in peace.

Apart from the fact that there are still too many Canadians, who are first British and then Canadians, and who would successfully oppose any such action, there are generally two answers given. The most obvious and general is that of Mr. Mathews, who argues that we should be a new example of the old story of the wolf and the lamb, or, to use a more appropriate metaphor, Canada would be a veritable dove, which the American eagle would, on the slightest pretext, seize in her remorseless talons and devour. The second answer is more vague, and probably often includes the first; it is, in general terms, that we are too helpless to stand alone. This might be interpreted to mean that, as Mr. Mathews says, we should be overpowered by external force, or that our inherent weakness is too great for us to stand without strong support, or perhaps from both causes combined. In the one case we might be likened to a tree planted in such a position that, whatever its vigour, it would be blown down by inevitable gales; in the second to a sapling not sufficiently rooted to stand without the support of a stake; or, possibly we might be in the unfortunate position of a rootless sapling in a fatally exposed situation. Taking these answers in their order, let us examine their validity.

Mr. Mathews argues, very strongly, that

let Canada grow ever so fast, she will, from her position and resources, always hold much the same relation, in point of population and wealth, to the United States as she does to-day; and that therefore she will never be able unaided to defend her national existence against that power. It is hardly possible to deny the truth of this argument. Mr. Mathews then quotes Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, to the effect that war and conquest decide all great questions of Politics; and further, cites certain great contests as showing the certainty of the United States undertaking to conquer Canada. He fails to perceive that in all the cases cited except the last, religion and race, which are not factors in the present case, occasioned the contest; and in the last instance, the American Civil War, Mr. Stephen's governing clause, *a great question of Politics*; viz. slavery, came in. But Mr. Mathews has not shown that any great political question is certain or even likely to arise between the United States and an Independent Canada. It is probable that all the questions which are likely for the future to arise between the two countries, will be directly or indirectly commercial questions. Commercial questions, however, have rarely, if ever, given rise to wars, and are still less likely to do so in the case of nations intimately related by ties of race, language, literature, and intercommunication. It must be further borne in mind that, other things being at all equal, Democracies are less likely to be agressive than Monarchies, Federal than centralized Democracies. This arises from the great variety of interests among the governing powers, which renders it difficult for any question, not threatening the national existence, to interest all classes and sections of the Democracy sufficiently to induce them to undertake the burden of a costly and stubborn aggressive war. On this point, however, Mr. Norris's arguments as to the probable policy of the United States, read by the light of its past and present conduct, are sufficient to convince those who believe in a gradual progress in national morality. Nothing short of actual experience will convince those who believe that for all time a big nation must eat up a little one, if not prevented by outside force; or, at any rate, think that the United States is, and always will be actuated by a spirit of pure *chauvinism*.

So far from the United States certainly conquering an Independent Canada, it seems to me no impossibility that they, for the sake of getting Great Britain out of this continent, would, jointly with that power, guarantee our Independence, on the understanding that all questions between the United States and Canada were to be referred to European Arbitration, and that Canada was to be at liberty to join the United States if she so wished. However this may be, it is by no means a self-evident proposition that Canada would fall a speedy victim to the selfish greed of a rapacious neighbour. But allowing that no actual force was used, is there no other danger of annexation? Is it not probable that the Americans, for the sake of having the whole continent, north of Mexico, under one government and one commercial system, would offer us such material advantages as the price of our annexation, to be alternatived with the most rigorous exclusion from their markets and carrying trade on our refusal, that it is doubtful whether our desire to develope a different, and as we reasonably believe better stamp of Democracy would be strong enough to resist the prospects of wealth thus held out to us? Certainly such a policy would be more natural than an aggressive war. Even, however, if our autonomy were in no danger from the bribes or the threats of our great neighbour, it is by no means certain or even probable that we should ever be in a position to declare our Independence with any chance of permanent success. Our fatal weakness consists in the fact that, between the different Provinces which constitute the Dominion of Canada, there are still questions likely to arise which might break up our union. In other words, the feeling of *Canadianism* is not yet sufficiently strong to override all conflicting local feelings and interests.

Let us take some illustrations of the difficulties which would be likely to arise between the provinces and the nation, from recent instances in our history, all of which are yet unsettled. Canada being independent, and British Columbia not satisfied in regard to the Pacific Railroad, what would prevent her seceding if her demands, however unreasonable, were not complied with? This would, perhaps, be no great loss, but suppose a second New Brunswick School law case were to come up, and that the national overrode the local legislature on a question held by the latter to be exclusively provincial, is it not likely that the province

so overruled would withdraw from the Federation; peaceably if possible; if not, by taking up arms in defence of what it considered its liberties? Time, it is true, is marking out more clearly the spheres of the central and provincial Governments and the home; but it is just time which is asked and which is necessary. As regards the English provinces, the necessary time gives promise of being short, but it is otherwise with the Province of Quebec. Here we are brought face to face with a problem of the utmost importance to our future existence, and one which most, if not all, party politicians, and even writers, are afraid to touch; yet it must be faced and overcome, if we are ever to become one people. In the Province of Quebec, lying between the sea-board and maritime provinces and the west, there are over a million of people alien to the majority of the other provinces in race, language, laws, and religion. Here we have no inferior race to consider, but one which has long vaunted that it leads the van of civilization, and whose traditions are cherished in our midst; a people growing rapidly in numbers, and extraordinarily jealous of their rivals and tenacious of their individuality.

So far from there being at present any tendency towards an amalgamation of the races, intermarriages are more than ever discouraged; and since the creation of the Quebec Legislature, and more especially since the close of the Vatican Council of 1870, the French majority in that province have, by their legislative and individual action, persistently shown that they are at least as little in harmony with their British fellow countrymen as they were a hundred years ago. This is written from no feeling of national hostility, but because it is a fact—a fact so portentous to the future of the country that its influence can hardly be overrated; and yet some of those who are party leaders, and in the highest official positions, consider it politic, in speeches uttered not only in Canada but in Great Britain, to refer to the Province of Quebec as the fortunate country, where the French and English races dwell together in beautiful harmony. The contrary being the case, as has been stated above, let us suppose a Guibord case to arise in a newly-created independent Canada; and that a similar decision were given by the Supreme Court at Ottawa as was given by the Privy Council, what would be the probable result? It is difficult to say; but it is only too probable that open defiance to the judgment would follow. If this were considered impolitic, is it not probable that at the next meeting of the Quebec Legislature a bill would be passed by the majority placing the Roman Church in that province without the jurisdiction of the Civil Courts? And if such a measure were disallowed at Ottawa as being without the province of the local parliament, is it not possible, nay probable, that the majority of that province would secede from the union, on the ground that their liberties were overruled by an alien majority? Would such a secession be peaceably allowed? Would the English speaking provinces submit to the establishment of a hostile state which would be in possession of the mouth of the St. Lawrence, and of the great ports of Quebec and Montreal, with their wealthy populations of English speaking people? Certainly not. Then we should either have a repetition of the Civil War in the States, or if the majority in Quebec were convinced of the hopelessness of force, there would be a lasting sore established which might at any time prove fatal to the union. But this and kindred cases of a religious nature are not the only evidence of a want of harmony or union between the races. During the Franco-German war, the sympathy of the French population of Quebec with the French, and their chagrin at their defeat, were much stronger than we should expect, as the mere traditional sympathy for a kindred race. In the face of these and other similar facts, it is not too much to say that at the present time, and for some time to come, an independent Canada would possess in itself the strongest elements of its own dissolution, quite aside from any foreign hostility. These facts and arguments, as has before been said, are not brought forward to stir up ill feeling between two people living under one government, or to draw invidious distinctions between French and Saxon, but to show that race and ultramontanism combined have produced, and are producing, a want of harmony between the two peoples which it would be absurd to overlook in attempting to forecast the political future of the country. It follows, then, that our union with, and, to a certain extent, subordination to Great Britain are, and for some time will be, our only safeguards against internal rupture. Assum-

ing that it has now been shown that the immediate or early severance of our ties with Great Britain would be dangerous and probably fatal to our national existence, not so much from external force as from our own want of cohesion, the question arises as to what we are to do, so far as we may hope consciously to shape our destiny. Are we, expecting to continue indefinitely connected with Great Britain, to pursue the policy of *laissez faire*, or, shall we consciously prepare for a future which may be distant, but which no patriot can deny to be desirable—a future which will see us an independent Canada, possessing a strong and lofty national individuality of our own. Though it is easy, in view of the goal to be reached, to make a rhetorical appeal to the people to put themselves in training for such a future, it is not so simple a matter to point out the method to be pursued; consequently, the following course is not dogmatically put forth as the only one, but that which, on a review of the past history of national development, taken in conjunction with our present situation and circumstances, seems to promise the most reasonable chance of success.

It is believed that we should, as quickly as possible, assume a position of national self-respect, in regard to the both United States and great Britain. That in regard to the latter power, we should, moreover, from time to time, as circumstances may point out, endeavour to come to some more definite understanding as to our inter-relationship, any modifications being made rather in the direction of freedom than in that of closeness. The following agreement is proposed as that which would probably secure both to Canada and Great Britain the greatest advantages, at the least possible cost. Great Britain would still appoint the Governor-General, by which we should be saved from Presidential elections; would act as inter-provincial arbitrator, with power to carry out her decisions by force if necessary; by which we should be saved from secession. Great Britain shall also defend Canada from any external attack, but in all cases between Canada and the United States and Great Britain and the United States, both Canada and Great Britain shall be proportionately represented in the consequent negotiations; as a corollary of which Canada would undertake her full share of the burdens of any war with the United States. Canada to have full control of her finances, including tariffs. In the case of a foreign war, other than American, Canada to close her ports to the enemy and encounter what marine risks might ensue. This may be said to be practically the situation at present, but it would be well, in the interests of both Canada and Great Britain, that it should be more clearly defined. If it be asked what Great Britain would retain or gain by such an arrangement it is easy to reply. She would, at little risk and no cost to herself, insure one enemy the less; in case of foreign wars, our ports would be closed to her enemies, and in the case of a war with the United States, she would gain or keep an ally, ever growing stronger, and retain in her own hands our ports on the Atlantic and the Pacific, as a base of operations against the ports and marine of that power.

In regard to our home programme, our course is more difficult to carry out, but none the less clear. We should, as soon as may be, endeavour to settle definitely the respective spheres of the local and national legislatures, and also all questions of an inter-provincial character. Furthermore, the English speaking population, without distinction of party, should on the proper occasions, temperately, but none the less firmly, give the majority in the Province of Quebec to understand that the formation of an exclusively Gallic and Ultramontane State on the North American continent, whether as a Province of Canada, as a State of the United States, or as an independent State, is, and must remain, an impossibility. Having on this point done our duty, we, the English inhabitants of Canada, must by our consideration and fairness, show our French countrymen that in continued union with us is their best chance of preserving what is best in their national characteristics, and for the rest we must leave the solution to time, with the hope that increased development and education will soften and finally rub out national and religious differences.

Further, individually and nationally, we must so shape our growth and course, keeping what is best, throwing off what is worst, in the qualities of the different people from which we are sprung, to form in the future a nation, at once united and strongly marked, which shall not be British, nor American, but something different, something better than either—in a word, Canadian.

We will not, we cannot, always remain tied to Great Britain; therefore it is on pain of producing a national individuality at least as strong as, and not less worthy than that to our south, that we can hope for a national future. If we cannot do this we have no right to live, and in the struggle for national existence we shall inevitably go down before a stronger, a more worthy than we.

This then should be our policy: to retain a modified connection with Great Britain till such time, which time circumstances must determine, as we shall have had a fair chance to develop a superior national individuality, when it will be for the interests of both Great Britain and Canada that we part in friendship and good-will.

These our alternatives. To develop such a nationality; or to gain strength and growth by absorption in a stronger and a better nation. The former alternative is to be attained in spite of difficulties so great that their successful solution must make us one of the finest nations in the world, and therefore we should strain every effort not to fall below the highest possible destiny which the future may have in store for us.

The year nineteen hundred will probably see our future fate settled: the answer to the problem therefore lies with the present generation.

THE MAPLE IN AUTUMN.

BY W. E. W., LONDON, ONT.

THE leaves of our noble maple
Are changing to yellow and red;
Silently falling, one by one,
Like tears for a lost one shed.

Cov'ring the earth with a carpet of leaves,
Rustling along the street,
Trampled and shattered, while drifting along,
By heedless passing feet.

And are we not falling one by one,
As the winter of life draws nigh?
Like the leaves of the once green maple,
We all must wither and die!

But spring-time will follow winter,
The leaves will be green again:
And after our bodies have crumbled to dust,
Our souls will live and reign.

GRECIAN ARCHITECTURE.

BY SERTANEGO, STRATFORD.

ONE of the most glorious fruits of ancient Greek civilization was that noble architecture which, for more than two thousand years, has excited, by its unsurpassable excellence, the enthusiastic admiration of every lover of the beautiful.

Unlike other legacies received from antiquity, this is one which we moderns have had to accept and utilize precisely as it has been bequeathed to us. We could not—cannot—without marring, attempt to alter or improve the petrified grace and majesty which constitute Grecian Architecture. There have been, indeed, many attempts of this nature, but all have signally failed; and the modern world has been compelled to acknowledge that a portion of the ancient, although lacking the intellectual stimulus derived from the numberless magnificent triumphs of Science and Art in our own day, had attained, far back in the vista of many ages, a degree of excellence in this respect beyond which we cannot go, and which, in our human judgment, may be termed perfection.

Pure Grecian Architecture was, and is, divided into three different kinds, termed Orders: the Doric, the Ionic, and the Corinthian. It is proposed to consider the striking characteristics of each; and as these are found in the column, the principal part of the Order—which consists of the column and its entablature—my observations will refer chiefly to that.

To begin with the Doric, the oldest of the Grecian Orders, and that which has been employed in the erection of some of the most splendid edifices of antiquity. The Doric column is remarkable for the relative shortness and sudden tapering of the shaft, and for the severe simplicity of its capital, which consists of a square tablet (abacus) imposed on a flat, elliptical moulding, beneath which are from three to five channels (canales) and a small moulding, which forms the junction of shaft and capital. In some of the earlier examples of this Order, the length of the shaft was only seven-and-three-quarter modules, or semi-diameters; but this was afterwards increased to twelve; and in some of the best examples we find it even a little more. The Doric column was, by the old Grecian architects, always erected without a plinth or distinct base of any kind; but this was introduced by their successors, and is now generally adopted. On the head of the capital, which, by some writers, is spoken of as a distinct part of the Order, being considered separately from the shaft or column proper, rests the architrave, or first member of the entablature; above this is the frieze, or sculpture-bearer; which, in its turn, is surmounted by the cornice, the last of the three chief divisions of the entablature. I say *chief*, because these parts are themselves subdivided in each of the Orders, in all three of which, however, the grand divisions are the same; that is to say, commencing from below, the base of the column, the shaft, capital, architrave, frieze, and, lastly, the cornice. As might have been expected from a people whose architecture displays such a fair sense of congruity, the entablature of the Doric Order harmonizes admirably with the shaft and capital of the supporting column. Less ornate than the Corinthian, it is yet not quite as simple as the Ionic, which depends for not a little of its effect upon the relievos in the frieze; while, in the Doric, this expanse is adorned with triglyphs, which, while they present the sameness characteristic of the *unsculptured* Ionic frieze—the cornice over which is devoid of the carving that, in the Corinthian, relieves the simplicity of an entablature with a frieze of equal blankness—nevertheless do not in any way impair the aspect of strength and majesty for which this Order is so noticeable. The beauty and grandeur of this Order of Architecture is to be seen still in some of those monuments of ancient Greek skill and genius,

which have happily survived the ravages of time and the violence of barbarian destroyers, and in which we shall find these principles of just proportion and congruity embodied—petrified, as I have said—for the admiration and instruction of, in this respect at all events, a far less happily gifted people.

One of the finest examples of Doric architecture is afforded us by the world-famed Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva, which crowns the Acropolis at Athens. Notwithstanding the injuries which modern vandalism has inflicted on this magnificent structure, it still presents, to the eye of the cultivated observer, a truly grand and imposing spectacle, as his glance wanders over its sadly mutilated glories; its lofty columns, its noble pediment, and the numerous melancholy attestations of gothic barbarity that lie thickly strewn around. Who is it, with aught of enthusiasm in his soul, with any love for the noble and the beautiful, would not experience, when gazing on this glorious relic of a glorious past, the mingled emotions of pride and sadness—pride in the genius and power of our race; sadness for the degeneracy of a mighty people—which filled the soul of Lamartine when, visiting Athens, he sat for hours before the temple, and saw in his fervid fancy the mighty fane as it appeared on the great festivals in the days of its pride, perfect, undisfigured; with the long procession of warriors, priests, and hoary philosophers; the majestic matrons and the beauteous maidens of Greece; intoning the choral chant, and sweeping on to worship at the thrice-holy shrine of the blue-eyed Minerva? Few are the gentle souls, to our thinking, who would not feel with the Historian of the Girondists, when musing on the summit of the Acropolis.

Best example of the Doric style as the Parthenon undoubtedly is, there are, nevertheless, other ancient edifices belonging to the Order, both in Greece and elsewhere, which were its not unworthy rivals in point of architectural excellence. One of these noble Doric fanes is to be found in the Theseion or Temple of Theseus, that renowned, if apocryphal, Grecian hero. Another magnificant Doric structure, even now, is the Temple of Poseidon, or Neptune, at Pæstum, on the Italian coast, some fifty miles south-east of Naples. This grand edifice is the sole vestige remaining of the Greek colony by whom it was erected nearly two thousand years ago. Notwithstanding that it has none of the undying memories, the thrilling associations, which surround the Parthenon, yet does this ancient temple of the ocean-god powerfully impress the spectator of least susceptible soul. Standing, as it does, in the midst of a drear and desert tract of country, and far removed from any object that, by its superior magnitude and close proximity, would have a lessening effect upon its colossal presence, this immense structure suggests to the mind an idea of Titanic might, of more than human power. The traveller gazes, awe-struck, upon the towering columns of the peristyle, soaring far up into the blue sky, and crowned by the wide and massive pediment, and involuntarily he exclaims, "Truly there were giants in those days!" And, certainly, one might not unreasonably think this. So vast an edifice, noble and perfectly just in its proportions, as this temple is, appears to us puny builders of modern days, as if it must have been the work of men of giant stature, and correspondingly mighty minds. And, after all, this conjecture may yet be proved not altogether incorrect.

It is thought by most who think at all on the subject, that the Greeks derived their ideas of Doric architecture from the Egyptians; and beyond question, the most sceptical dissenter from this theory must acknowledge a wonderful resemblance of form and proportion between the massive Doric columns of Pæstum and the stupendous pillars to be found in some of the Egyptian temples. These columns at Pœstum are six feet in diameter at the base, and nearly thirty feet high.

The Ionic column is much more slender than the Doric, while its capital is more or nate; the shaft is invariably found rising from a distinct base. The length of the column was, and is, sixteen—sometimes eighteen—modules. The shaft is separated from the capital by an astragal moulding; and this capital consists of, first, commencing from below, an astragal moulding, above which is a fillet adorned with the well-known egg and snake-tongue carving; over which is the channel (canalis) from which spring the large volutes that are so prominent a characteristic of this Order Immediately above these volutes is the entablature, whose ample, unbroken frieze is well adapted for

the reception of sculpture; a remark which applies with equal force to the Corinthian. The simplicity of the Ionic entablature has been already mentioned; in this and all other respects it appears to the spectator to be in perfect keeping with the pillar. The Ionic style is remarkable for its grace and majesty, but has not the robust aspect of the Doric.

This Order was a favourite with some of the master-minds among the Greek architects, and fortunately for us who follow in their footsteps, some fine examples of their labours in this style are still extant. Of these the Erechtheum and the Temple of the Wingless Victory *(Nikè Apteros)* are, perhaps, the most worthy of notice; and well do both edifices merit the encomium bestowed upon them by nearly all the travellers who visit Greece. One of the most famous structures ever raised by man for the worship of the Unseen belonged to the Ionic Order; and from its size and splendour was justly considered one of the Seven Wonders of the World. I allude to the great Temple of Diana, at Ephesus; whose destruction has conferred an unenviable immortality upon the madman by whom it was burned.

The last and most beautiful of the three Greek Orders, the Corinthian, is remarkable for a column still more slender than the Ionic, and for the elaborate style of the capital. This capital is very rich in its decoration; and is said to have been suggested to the inventor, Callimachus, by a votive flower-basket, partly hidden amid the leaves of an acanthus, and placed on the grave of a Greek maiden, in accordance with one of the graceful and touching customs of this poetical people. The capital consists of first and lowest, a calyx (or cup) with indented edge, and surmounted by a double row of leaves; over which, at the corners, are small volutes. The spaces between these were sometimes filled up with two others, represented as intertwining, and sometimes by the decorations. The Corinthian column, like the Ionic, is always found provided with a plinth; and, like the shaft in both the preceding Orders, is in the most perfect congruity with its entablature.

One of the most interesting remains of Corinthian architecture is the Choragic Monument of Lysicrates, which is also known as "Demosthenes's Lantern," although the evidence that the great orator neither dwelt nor wrote in this beautiful structure is unquestionably conclusive. The portico of the Pantheon, at Rome, is another splendid example of architecture in this Order. But the grandest Corinthian edifice of antiquity is considered, by many connoisseurs, to have been the vast temple of Jupiter Olympus, at Athens. Some idea of its immense magnitude may be obtained from the fact that the fluting of the enormous columns would each contain, with ease, the body of a full grown man! And the entire temple was constructed on a scale proportionally gigantic. Even in the present day its ruins excite the amazement of the traveller. They attest such boldness and beauty of design, and such success in its realization, that the spectator, looking at the vast and noble columns yet remaining erect, and the enormous fragments of the entablature, is literally lost in admiration and wonder. If we leave Greece and direct our course to Syria, we shall there also find grand Corinthian remains. Let the wanderer visit Baalbec; let him gaze upon its lone and mighty ruins, not merely during a first visit. but during many; let him above all bestow his attention upon the magnificent Temple of the Sun; and then let him confess the immeasurable superiority of these ancient builders, many of whose works appear to have been intended to outlive old Time himself, and to witness at least the dawning of Eternity.

These three kinds of columns, then, with their corresponding entablatures, constitute what architects term the Greek Orders. Even at this day, so distant from the dates of their perfection by the master-minds of Hellas, we still take these three styles unchanged as we have received them from the past as our unerring guides, our best models, when we are about to erect any edifice which we wish to see constructed on the principles of *true* beauty and majesty. We have, indeed, other Orders to select from: the Tuscan or Roman Doric, the Composite, the Gothic, and others that might be mentioned; but while fully conceding the numerous beauties that exist in some of these, there are, in all probability, very few who would not place the Greek Orders at the head of all styles, ancient and modern.

But it is not alone to the intrinsic merits of the old Hellenic architecture that we are to look for the cause of that enthusiasm

which the temples of his gods excited in the mind of the Greek worshipper. There were other circumstances which had no little influence in producing this feeling; and one of the most important of these was the site of the edifice to which he went to pray. The Greeks were a people who, to their passionate love for the beautiful in art, added an equally passionate admiration for that in nature. And no wonder. With all its subtlety and power, the old Greek intellect was eminently poetical; and to the æsthetical faculty of that wondrously gifted race Nature appealed for admiration with all the mute eloquence that lay in the thousand glorious productions of her hand, with which she had so lavishly endowed their country; the purple mountains, the bold and towering cliffs, the laughing rivulets, the groves and sweet sequestered vales; all of which yet remain to delight the eye of the traveller, be he native or alien. And to these beauties must be added a sky of glorious blue, rarely hidden by clouds; and a sun whose warm golden beams diffused then, as now, a delightful temperature through the calm and crystal atmosphere. Dwelling in a land like this, under such a heaven, when the Greek architect meditated the erection of some grand edifice, and particularly a religious one, his exquisite sense of the beautiful and congruous led him to choose a site where such natural features as vale and mountain, rock and river, grove and emerald greensward, were so disposed as to harmonize perfectly with the addition which he was about to make to the landscape. The great Doric temple, grand and imposing in its severe simplicity; the graceful and majestic Ionic edifice, and the rich and beautiful Corinthian, were, on this principle of congruity, always placed amid scenes which enhanced their grandeur and their beauty to a wonderful degree; while they, in turn, by testifying to the genius and presence of man, gave an additional charm to spots which, however beautiful in themselves, had previously lacked the interest derived from human associations. Thus we find the Parthenon at Athens rising in ruined grandeur from the brow of the lofty and precipitous Acropolis, with a noble and diversified landscape stretching far away on three sides of the view; on the fourth, the blue and gently-heaving sea; while at the foot of the bold rock, under the benign but stern, steel-blue eye of the mighty goddess herself, nestles the fair and famous city, the eye of Greece, immortal Athens! still beautiful though changed, and looking bright and *gaillarde* under the unclouded Grecian sun. Again, where could a more fitting site have been found for the erection of the temple whose remains give a name to Cape Colonna? From the ruins of this edifice we can see, even now, how well the perfect structure harmonized with the lone and stern grandeur of this famous promontory. That well-known, oft-quoted line of Byron's—

"Place me on Sunium's marbled steep"—

refers to Cape Colonna; which, as I have said, owes this latter name to the fact of its being crowned by the columns of the ruined temple. Sometimes, in visiting one of these noble relics of a by-gone civilization, the traveller pursues his way for a considerable distance through gorges and difficult passes of the most rugged nature; when, suddenly, he finds the rude track on which he has hitherto journeyed debouch into a lovely valley, covered with a sward of velvet softness, and rivalling the emerald in hue, through which runs, sparkling in the sunshine, a cool, pellucid brook, pursuing its sinuous course between banks laden with flowers, until, shimmering like a silver riband, it disappears in the far distance. The traveller sees the green and sunlit sward, shadowed here and there by groves of venerable trees, beneath which recline, perhaps, the shepherds and their timid charges, grateful for the sheltering boughs that protect them from the fervid beams of the day-god; and lo! at the valley's farther end, its white columns, slightly yellowed by time, gleaming in the brilliant light under the cloudless blue of the Grecian sky, there rises before his enraptured eye the object of his arduous journey. The air is laden with the fragrance of wild thyme; the busy bees go from flower to flower with gentle hum, and plunder them of their hidden treasures; while on either side, and trending away until they become blue in the distance, the encircling hills uplift their wooded summits. Amid scenes like this, scenes of quiet beauty and repose, the Grecian temple, erected for the worship of some favourite rural deity, potent and all-benign, often reared its sculptured pediment and marble columns.

In the present day, while we copy the magnificent works which the architects of ancient

Hellas have bequeathed to posterity, and while we are scrupulous in realizing their ideas of beauty and proportion in the employment of stone and marble, why is it that, doing all this, we do not a little more, and take yet another lesson from men whom we admit are reliable guides in this respect also, viz., the art of keeping our great public edifices in harmony with their surroundings; instead of erecting them—as we often do—upon sites which seem specially selected for the purpose of detracting from any merit which the buildings may happen to possess? Far different was the action of the old Greeks, and their close imitators, the Romans. They knew better; and while the magnificent ruins which stud the classic lands of Greece and Italy are ample and convincing evidence of the æsthetic genius of the ancient architect, the scenes amid which their works arise, where but little altered by man or time, are no less fitting memorials of the critic's keen perception of congruity.

CHRISTIANITY AND MODERN THOUGHT.

BY REV. C M. GRANT, HALIFAX.

I HAVE to thank LAON, not only for the general tone of his rejoinder, but for taking up the three divisions of my article in their order. He has thus made it easy for readers to judge between us on each of the three points raised, and I am quite willing to abide by their verdict. Little additional need be said; yet as I have spoken but once, and then more as a protest than in the way of positive answer, I may be permitted a few words of reply to "Proofs and Disproofs," and with these to close the subject, so far at any rate as I am concerned.

I. LAON claims that he did not misrepresent Moody. I believe that he did not intend to do so, but we are apt to misrepresent men whom we do not understand. His interpretation of the sermon on "Human Instruments" is proof sufficient that he does not understand Moody's language, just as his reference to the Deluge proves that he does not understand Scripture language, nor even what is meant by a literal interpretation of Scripture. He "honestly thinks" it to be Moody's view that "the beasts from the four quarters of the globe came trooping into the ark," because he knows "how literally Mr. Moody interprets the Bible, and how he despises scientific objections." Is it necessary to point out that if any one interprets the Bible literally, he will not speak of "the four quarters of the globe" in describing the Deluge? You may *infer* that the beasts came from the four quarters of the globe; just as you may *infer* that St. Luke did not know that there were parts of the world beyond the Roman Empire, because he says that a decree went forth from Cæsar "that all the world should be taxed;" but both *inferences* would be unwarrantable. If the writer of Genesis had spoken of the four quarters of the globe, the language would have been unintelligible for thousands of years. The language of the Bible was, of necessity, adapted to the mental condition and knowledge of the particular age to which particular parts were addressed. Even in this learned age, we speak with the vulgar and think with the wise. We all speak of the sun rising and setting, without imagining that we teach that the sun goes round the earth.

But enough on this. LAON may not consider this a "signal, decisive, and unquestionable instance of misrepresentation." Only a bungler gives such instances, and I do not consider LAON a bungler. He knows that misrepresentation insinuated in the tone and spirit of an article is infinitely worse than that which is contained in detached

sentences. And, to use his own illustration, a man may have ten talents without two or three of them being necessarily bigger or more "signal" than the others. I abide, therefore, by the instances already mentioned, and refer readers to my former article.

II. In entering upon this division, LAON says that I "wander away very surprisingly from the rich mine of misinterpretation furnished by the article, to delve in a letter," &c. This is extraordinary. Had the letter been on some other subject, or even an additional contribution of his to the same subject, the language might have force. But what can it mean when the letter was written avowedly as an explanation of the article, in answer to a misconception of the principal term and the main object of the article? In my criticism, I had regard to his own explanation. If this is "wandering away very surprisingly," I plead guilty.

On this division, what is his rejoinder? Substantially, the reiteration that there is "one department of thought from which candour and intellectual honesty are all but totally excluded;" and in proof he cites admissions from theologians as to "the very considerable prevalence of tortuous, if not positively dishonest, methods of reasoning in theology," the prevalence of false logic, of "party efforts to wrest the meaning of Scripture to different sides," &c. No one denies that theologians have thus erred; but if this is enough to prove his point, then it would be easy to prove that candour and intellectual honesty are excluded from every department of thought. Nay, more, according to the importance of the department, according to the degree that it affects human interests and destinies, we expect to find developments of passion and party spirit, with all their baleful consequences. In every department man advances slowly, not only because of his ignorance and the difficulties of the subject, but because of his prejudices, his one-sidedness, and the demand made on him for false logic by his interests or his passions. Every advance in science has been delayed by crude theories obstinately clung to, false reasoning, and bitter personalities. Modern instances lie provokingly at hand, but instead of mentioning them, let us go back two centuries. When the Royal Society was established to search for truth according to the new experimental philosophy, instead of in the old trivium and quadrivium laid down in the four Aristotelian modes, endless were the misrepresentations of the opposing school. The Aristotelians were determined to keep the boundaries of knowledge at the limits laid down by their great master. In criticism, so universal is the influence of feeling and party spirit that the very utility of criticism is doubted. The great Bentley was made to appear no scholar by a Boyle and "the Bees of Christ Church." Tasso was goaded to madness by his critics. Dr. Johnson describes the Samson Agonistes as "a tragedy which ignorance has admired and bigotry applauded." When we come to politics the case is worse, for as the interests are more personal and pressing, the passions excited are more vehement. Voltaire says, "So violent did I find parties in London that I was assured by several that the Duke of Marlborough was a coward, and Mr. Pope a fool." Read our newspapers, and if we believe both sides, there is no such being as an honest statesman, and no such thing as political morality. What is the explanation of all this? Not that there are no scientific truths, no canons of sound criticism, no patriotism nor honourable political life. No, but simply that men are imperfect, and that we must always distinguish between the advocate and the cause. In every department good work is done, despite the errors of partisans and the zeal of fanatics. Juries have given ridiculous verdicts, and men who speak in haste have thereupon demanded the abolition of juries—hitherto without success, I am thankful to say.

What is the conclusion of the whole matter? Deal with theology as with other departments of thought. When the theologian errs, correct the error; and make the correction as knowing that you also are liable to err, and that Christianity is so vast and many-sided that it is little wonder if the best of the sons of men should apprehend and reflect it imperfectly.

But LAON is impatient. If a man differs in opinion from him, let the wretch be summarily executed, for he must be dishonest as well as in the wrong. I cite two cases under this division.

(1.) The treatment of the Parable of the Unjust Steward is a painful reminder of the light and reckless style of the first article. As helps to the true understanding of the

Parable, let me point out, in passing, that the rascal had been a rascal during the whole of his stewardship, but that, recognizing the inevitable, he had added to his rascality shrewdness, foresight, and the determination to secure himself; that the *shrewdness* and self-regard, and not "the *crime* is represented as actually receiving praise" of his master; that the master as well as the steward is "a child of this generation," seeing things from one and the same standpoint; and that the Pharisees, when they heard the Parable and its lessons, *derided the Lord Jesus, because they were covetous.* (2.) "I maintain," says LAON, "that to retail as sober facts of history the capture of Jericho . . . . does insult the intellect of the present day, and that the marked avoidance of such themes by the higher minds among the clergy shows that *they know it.*" The italics are his, and they insinuate volumes. If the higher minds among the clergy do avoid such themes, could *they* not assign a more honourable cause? Would they not say, the Revelation of God teaches by a history extending over 4,000 years; there is an unity of religious doctrine running all through it, but there were "sundry times and divers manners," and also a growing light and beauty. Each age and country has its own standpoint; we should lay most stress on the Scripture truths that are in accordance with *our* standpoint, and when we refer to what is out of harmony with that, it is always necessary to compare carefully the separate part with the surroundings of that part. Such reference to "the misty annals of a world long lost" requires effort on the part of speaker and hearers. Those parts of the Bible were written for the infancy of the world. They are still the delight of children, and grown men delight in them when they have imagination to conceive the surroundings. True, the nineteenth century does not readily believe in a miracle. But, suppose we reject the miracles of the Bible, do no difficulties remain?

III. Under this division of the subject, LAON'S language was, that if the teachings of the Revivalists be true, "then all that we dignify by the name of modern culture is a damnable illusion and fraud." He announced to the multitudes that they must choose "between doctrinal Christianity on the one hand and free thought on the other." I assumed in my answer, and he has not corrected me, that this meant that modern thought and Christianity were contradictories, that rejoicing in the one was incompatible with rejoicing in the other, and I called for proof. In the rejoinder, he represents this as a formal challenge for proof "that the current of modern thought is flowing away from Christianity." Well, that is certainly a milder statement than his first. Some people may suppose that the current of modern English thought is flowing away from monarchy; but that would not be the same as a call upon Englishmen to choose between being thinkers and monarchists. However, coming to the position taken up in the rejoinder, what is the proof offered? A series of acknowledgments from seven or eight Christian writers. These may be met in two ways. Analyse each quotation, give the context, and show its exact force. I recommend that way to my readers. It will give them some good reading, and show them how highly developed is the art of quotation-making. But I am unwilling to leave the subject without saying something positive concerning it, and will therefore—as a more satisfactory way to all parties—indicate briefly what opposition there is, and what there is not, between Christianity and modern thought. The virulent war that has raged round "culture" has so sectarianized a very good word that I do not care to use it exclusively. Mr. Frederick Harrison runs a-muck at it, and declares that "the very silliest cant of the day is the cant about culture;" and John Bright defines it oddly enough as "a smattering of the dead languages of Greek and Latin."

What, then, are some of the relations of modern thought and Christianity?

(1.) Whatever antagonism there is between the two, is not confined to *modern* thought. There always has been, and there must necessarily be, opposition between the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christ; and this opposition will show itself in literature as well as in life. LAON assumes that this opposition is more pronounced in modern literature than in the literature of former times. I believe, on the contrary, that modern literature, taken as a whole, has borrowed more from, and assimilates more to, Christianity than that of almost any other generation. On this, let us listen to Miss Dora Greenwell, in the passage quoted by LAON. Why did he not give the sentence

before, or the sentence after, her lament over the respectful denial of Christianity, as a power in the popular literature of the day? Here is what she does say: "From age to age, false witnesses have risen up against Christ. . . . . But the day of insolent derision is over." Then comes the sentence quoted by LAON. And then—"Our age has nothing in common with the degrading scepticism of the past century," &c. Is it possible? LAON quotes "from unexceptionable witnesses, who express, with a precision that leaves nothing to be desired, the present relations of literature to religion." And the point to be proved by him is, that the present relations are more antagonistic than those of the past. But the actual contention of the witness is, that the present relations are less antagonistic than those of the past. Verily, there is an art in quotation-making!

From the days of Barabbas, upward and downward, there has been opposition between the spirit of the world and the spirit of Christ. "We preach Christ crucified," writes St. Paul, "to the Jews a stumbling-block, and to the Greeks foolishness, but to us who believe, Christ the power of God and the wisdom of God." Follow the stream of time, and has it not been always the same in one form or another? To the judicious Tacitus, Christianity is a thing detestable, filthy, and flagitious, and Christians are rightly condemned, not so much for the burning of Rome as for being the enemies of mankind. To Martial, Christianity is only *superstitio maleſica*. In the second century, philosophic Pliny barely tolerates, and the "good Aurelius" bitterly persecutes Christ. Is it necessary to enlarge; to speak of Julian's days and of the Renaissance; of the seventeenth century in England, of Toland, Tindal, Woolston, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Boyle, Collins, Lord Herbert of Cherbury; of the illuminati in Germany, and the universal and hideous unbelief in France, in the eighteenth century? LAON cites Walter Scott and Dickens. Let me simply ask him, does he consider their writings more anti-Christian than the novels of Smollett and Fielding, that our great-grandfathers read?

Does this opposition come out in scientific works? It should not, for science has a field of its own, and there is no provocation—for the heart is not enmity against science, neither indeed can be. That it ever should have appeared is the shame of theologians and of scientific men. Doubtless the Bible was once supposed to cover a large area of scientific and other fact which progress in knowledge has caused us to relinquish. That this has been done slowly, is the fault of both sides. "The mediæval error of making the Scriptures an universal authority was a mistake, not of theology but of science; which then thought that it had found a short road to physical knowledge in assuming as Divine dicta on that subject any Scriptural expressions which seemed applicable" (*Quarterly Review*, January, 1875). Many theologians have shown an absurd dread of science. Many scientists have shown an unwise hatred of Christianity. But there are auspicious signs of a better spirit and a new era, for proof of which I may refer to the latest edition of Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," and other authorities almost equally high.

(2.) The opposition between supernatural Christianity and true human thought is not fundamental,' and it must therefore eventually disappear. The opposition springs from the evil in us, and therefore the more that man attains to true culture, the less will it be. Christianity teaches that human nature is fallen, and it comes to us with a new force, a new life. The sin in us—which is really a foreign ingredient—predisposes us to reject the gift of God. Instead of repentance, we manifest haughty defiance; instead of humility, pride; instead of faith, unbelief; instead of the cry of want and weakness, self-sufficiency. But the more that man comes to know himself, the more will he see that he needs Christ. Therefore we recognize as coadjutors, rather than antagonists, all those men whose works are beneficent to man in any department, though their creeds, like Carlyle's, square not with that of any of the existing churches. Terence could say, *Homo sum, humani nihil a me alienum puto.* Our view of man is wider than Terence's, and we say the same. I do not call Carlyle "doctrinally sound." I dislike the expression. It identifies faith with one of our little systems, and that is the root of Pharisaism, persecution, and unbelief. Beneficent work, though chiefly as a Jeremiah, one of God's pullers down, has Carlyle done. For when we cannot plant until we destroy, the man who roots up is as real a benefactor as the man who comes after him to sow. True, the best benefactor is he that leads us into the Holy of

Holies. But we are thankful even to him who leads us into the outermost court, provided that he does not set up there an altar to Baal. Once there, neither the honest guide nor the seeking disciple is far from the shrine.

(3.) The opposition is not mutual. Phases of thought or thinkers may set themselves against Christianity; but the spirit of Christianity is never opposed to true thought or culture. Fourfold is the source of Revelation, says Schlegel in his "Philosophy of Life"—Nature, Scripture, Conscience, and Universal History. From those four fertilizing streams does the soil of the soul receive higher truth. Christianity accepts all four, and thus puts right the centre of man's being, heals its diseases, and hallows all its activities. Scepticism rejects one of the four, and therefore does not get from the other three the good they are calculated to give. Those four sources agree in one, though it is not every one that sees the glorious unity. As history goes on and man makes new conquests, Christianity makes new advances. It is woven into the texture of each new generation, woven into the fabric of society, and more and more deeply into humanity. Each advance is preceded by an apparent defeat, caused by the ever new wine of the Spirit breaking man's old bottles. Were Christianity only a creed or catechism, man would outgrow it. But it is a force—ever living, indestructible. The object of this force is to assimilate to itself all true elements in human nature, to develop character to all its rightful issues, to make us men of culture by making us "perfect even as our Father in heaven is perfect." The spirit of the world rejects this transforming power; but the spirit of denial is met and conquered by the spirit of truth,—the spirit of hatred by the spirit of love.

The opposition, so far as it is genuine, springs from the impatience of man. A one-sided culture revolts against coarse conceptions of the truth, forgetting—as a writer in the *Nation* puts it—that "even the same belief, and one productive of the same practical results, will take a simpler and coarser form in the uncultivated than in the cultivated mind." Culture sometimes restlessly rebels against any authority, and demands that it be a supreme law to itself. Were the claim allowed, true culture would soon perish. Christianity claims paramount authority, but this authority is not a yoke from without, but a law within, submission to which is true freedom. That these revolts do not indicate any real opposition on the part of Christianity to culture is proved by the world-historical fact that the highest developments of man have occurred under Christian influences. The Christian believes that "one thing is needful;" and, absorbed in this one thing, he, like Novalis, may find his faith "a foe to art, to science, even to enjoyment." But we have also been taught to "call nothing common or unclean." We believe that every creature of God is good; that the earth is full of the goodness of the Lord. Redeemed and free, life is an infinite blessing. Contradictions have vanished. All things are gathered together in one, even in Christ, and we are Christ's. Therefore, with St. Augustine, "we love God, and do what we please."

One word in conclusion to LAON personally which I trust he will take, not from the Church minister, but from the brother-man. The real point with you is not whether the current is flowing to or from Christianity. You plant yourself squarely on the side of scepticism. Well, suppose that we reject the Bible, that we relegate it to the limbo of heathen mythologies. What then? What have you got to offer instead? O man, be very sure that thou hast found a life-boat, before thou causest others to make shipwreck.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE public mind has been strongly and painfully impressed of late, by the appearance of what may be termed a criminal epidemic. It is only to be regretted that impressions of this kind seldom persist long enough to be of permanent value to the community. Popular feeling is excited with ease, but permanently influenced with great difficulty. Indeed it would almost appear that the lasting effect stands always in an inverse ratio to the force and violence of the excitement. A startling crime, or a series of startling crimes, makes at once a vivid call upon general notice, and this is stretched to the highest point of tension; but the appeal is answered by the feelings, and not by the intellect. Hence the results are transient and unsatisfactory. The momentary panic over, the occasion passes by unimproved, the causes of the outburst remain unexplored, and the evil is permitted to work out its own cure—which it never does. Here as elsewhere, the law of stimulants obtains: temporary excitation, painful or pleasurable, leaving its subject languid, quiescent, and unfit or indisposed to put forth any salutary effort in the end.

That the Dominion has suffered and is still suffering from a visitation of crime, appalling in character and widespread in its area, is unquestionable. From Halifax to Sarnia, at any rate, we have been made too familiar for months past with the story of crime. There have been crimes of violence, crimes of craft, crimes of fraud: offences against the person in every form, from assault to murder, including offences against women, equally varied in character; offences against property, as larceny, robbery, burglary, forgery, and embezzlement; offences against the rights of others, combining, by a happy irony, riot and assault with a high regard for religious faith—Protestant or Roman Catholic. Moreover, as if to give additional zest to these lawless orgies, not only have classes, genera, and species been fully represented, but there has also been a startling variety of motive and circumstance in the individuals of each species. So thoroughly does the air seem pervaded by the miasma, that if the dangerous classes had assembled in convention with their more subtle brethren, for the purpose of providing select and assorted samples of every crime in the calendar, it may be doubted whether they would have been so successful as by these isolated and sporadic efforts.

Such being unhappily the present state of the case, the first duty seems to be, to seek some clue to its causes. Those philosophers who regard morals as stationary, and prove by statistics that we have, age for age, an equal amount of crime *per capita* always with us, resolve the matter into a law of nature or, at least, of sociology. Extraordinary outbursts of crime occur with wonderful regularity, but these, it is contended, do not affect the results taken over long periods. Mr. Buckle adduced figures to prove that the same percentage of people commit suicide every decade or so, and that the law held good, not only of self-destruction *per se*, but also of its means—drowning, poisoning, hanging, or shooting. Now, if this theory covers also the *rationale* of crime in general, it must tell most discouragingly upon every effort or hope for the amelioration of the race, and Mr. Darwin's law must be extended so as to cover two "survivals"—one of the fittest, and the other of the unfittest it is possible to imagine. It may be the fact that some of the causes of crime recur periodically; if, for example, as seems likely, times of financial depression are more or less regular in their appearance, then we have one cause of crime which will also appear regularly. Therefore, for the removal of this antecedent, we must look not so much to the jurist as to the economist.

It is the fashion of the day to seek in one factor the solution of every calculation, however complex and abstruse. In social phenomena, men are readily beguiled into this easy path, because it saves the trouble of careful thought and patient analysis. In the case before us, the briefest attention to facts will show that the prevalence of crime is due to no one cause, but to a multiplicity of causes, some of which are within our

power, and others beyond it. The varied character of the offences committed of itself precludes the admission of any single agent, as adequate to produce the terrible aggregate. It is unquestionable, for example, that intemperance is one of the chief causes, or occasions, at any rate, of crime in its most repulsive forms. Its influence is not calculable with any degree of preciseness, and all attempts to apportion its share in the social malady are but wild guesses. When public speakers tell us that two-thirds of the prevailing crime is directly produced by drunkenness, there seems no reason why they should have chosen that proportion, rather than three-fourths, four-fifths, or nine-tenths. There are no reliable data for such a calculation, because not only are the motives for a particular crime often complex in their nature, but the character, the antecedents, and surroundings of the criminal are usually involved in obscurity. In taking this objection to the statistical method of temperance warfare, we have no desire for a moment to underrate the terrible effects of this social scourge. It is all-important, however, that those who are animated by the laudable desire of stemming the torrent should not overstate its violence, or magnify the woful mischief it has wrought. These unhappily need no exaggeration; and therefore exaggeration will almost certainly do more harm than good. The naked truth is far more effective by its own repulsiveness than it can possibly be, when tricked out in the adornments of an inflated and tawdry rhetoric. Of the magnitude of the evil, there can be no question. It presses upon the public ear and eye from every side: in judicial charges, presentments, newspaper reports, and in the sights and sounds of every-day life. On this we need not insist, for it is indisputable; but there is one feature in the case which seems to have escaped attention, although it is of no slight importance in its bearing upon the punishment of crime. The law refuses, and rightly, to admit drunkenness as a plea in mitigation; yet there can be little doubt that the average juryman has a higher law of his own on the subject. That this is the case will be evident to any one who considers the tactics of counsel for the defence, who are generally supposed to be shrewd enough in presenting their strongest points. Now, although they may allow that the excuse of drunkenness is invalid in law, and will probably say so, yet they none the less press that excuse upon the attention of the jury, trusting that it will work its usual effect there. In a majority of cases it actually does so. There seems to be a notion that jurors ought to be governed by a sort of rude equity of their own, according to which the rigour of the law may be softened as caprice or circumstances suggest. This element in the question ought to be taken into account by those who place their reliance on drastic laws of suppression, because it indicates a *vis inertiæ* of public feeling which might prove fatal to the enforcement of such laws. The fact, however, remains that intemperance is a fruitful source of crime, and unfortunately a steady and constant one. It should, therefore, be the object of serious consideration, although, for our present purpose, its very uniformity in action excludes it from the catalogue of extraordinary causes in any sudden and violent outbreak of crime.

Of the latter, many readily occur to the mind, apart from those which arise from the mere increase of population and wealth. The criminal class in Canada has enjoyed exceptional advantages of late in the way of recruiting. Since the surrender of Lee, American society has been flooded with idlers and vagabonds, a large proportion of whom have been transformed, with more or less speed, into law-breakers. The supply of rascality having largely exceeded the demand across the lines, a portion of the surplusage, increasing year by year, has overflowed into the Dominion, until even our rural districts are covered with tramps eager for "business." Moreover, immigration has introduced another stream, on which has floated hither a most unwelcome class of settlers from Bethnal Green, Whitechapel, and Wapping. Many of them already belong to the guild of crime, and many more are in that border-land of unsettled boundaries between indolence and crime. They cannot dig and, although they are not ashamed to beg, they speedily discover that mendicancy is not a paying occupation. Superadded to these sources of mischief is the spirit of lawlessness manifested by large numbers of our indigenous population. Insubordination to authority, begun, there is reason to fear, in disobedience to parental rule, has been gradually working its way amongst young men in cities. Hundreds of them, who are reckless and lawless by training and habit, are even now hovering

over the brink of the gulf. If not yet criminals, they are the materials of which criminals are made. No one can pass along the principal thoroughfares of Toronto, especially on Sunday evenings, without asking himself, as he is jostled about through this seething mass of vagabondage, what is to be the outcome of all this? What will be the probable future of these rowdies, male and female? The riots of September 26 and October 3 were merely organized demonstrations of this class. In American cities generally, the same phenomena are observable, under the same conditions—the only difference being one of name and style. The opportunity of breaking the quiet of a Sunday afternoon in the name of religion was too tempting to be foregone; lawlessness found its pretext, and did not fail to make the most of it. The plea was transparent enough; for those who break the Sabbath in order to preserve it, and find arguments, if not sermons, in stones, are sure to find other vent for their depraved passions, when the theological door is closed against them. Rowdyism is bad enough, we may again remark, without being armed with the advantages of organization, and upon their heads rests a heavy responsibility who have established, encouraged, and defended nurseries of lawlessness, Protestant or Roman Catholic, which, under the pretence of helping God's truth, are rendering essential service to the devil.

It would be instructive to ascertain how far extraordinary developments of crime synchronize with periods of financial depression. It is quite certain that the scarcity of employment which attends business perturbations has a marked influence on the *morale* of the community. That it contributes its share to the present trouble is highly probable; still it may be doubted whether actual want has of itself caused much of the prevailing crime. The Roman poet places at the vestibule of his inferno, *malesuada Fames ac turpis Egestas*, but, in this new country, the suasive power of hunger must, to have any effect, act upon natures already predisposed to receive it, and poverty is deemed disgraceful chiefly by the embezzlers and the forgers—the *élite* of rascaldom. At the same time, it must be admitted that want of employment is of itself a sore tempter to that "mischief," which we learn, on the high authority of Dr. Watts, is prepared by no less an employer of labour than Satan himself.

Finally, what can the law do by way of prevention or punishment in repressing crime? We use the term law as synonymous with authority generally, and, in this sense, what it does do may be instructive. It pretends, especially in our cities, to provide a police and detective force for the protection of the people, and utterly fails to do so with any show of adequacy. It places upon the bench stipendiary and other magistrates, without supplying them with any clear method of procedure. Owing to the laxness of their summary jurisdiction, these officers sometimes give comparative immunity to crime, and at others punish it with merciless and unjustifiable rigour. Chaos reigns over the whole system; punishments are uncertain, and offenders are bailed when charged with crimes which are not, or ought not to be, bailable. And, as if the avenue of escape by "straw bail" were not wide enough, jails are maintained, from two-thirds of which any prisoner, seized with a passion for travel, may indulge it at will. But what need of heaping fact upon fact? Is it not notorious that our entire punitive system needs overhauling from top to bottom? What the law can do is, first, supply what is defective and replace what is rotten; secondly, reform its code of punishments so as to include corporeal chastisement in a large number of cases; thirdly, it can make punishments certain on conviction, by limiting the jurisdiction and controlling the caprice of magistrates; and, fourthly, under a new treaty of extradition it can prevent a vast amount of crime, by throwing down the wall of protection which shelters the culprit from outraged justice.

The abortion and infanticide cases which have recently been brought to light have had the effect of calling public attention to the unsuspected presence, to an alarming extent, of offences against chastity. The subject is of too delicate a nature to be handled thoroughly in these pages, yet it is too important to be entirely ignored. Recent events have served to arouse the public mind more thoroughly, because the amount of misery known to be wrought by this species of immorality is not only appalling in itself, but indicates a far darker mass concealed and unknown. In the excitement of the moment, it has been proposed to make se-

duction a criminal offence, and, under the circumstances, we are not surprised at the proposal. Of the offence itself, in its aggravated form, it is impossible to speak in exaggerated terms, and it would be well if those who may possibly fall its victims were forewarned in time by their natural counsellors and guides. Still we think the objections to the measure suggested are grave enough to insure its general rejection as definitively as it has already been rejected by jurists. In the first place, there are two parties to the offence, to one or other of whom the major share of the guilt must attach; yet if the act were made a crime, the one would be placed in the dock with closed mouth, and the other in the witness-box to tell any story taut enough to stand the ordeal of cross-examination. The second objection is that, under one name, the proposed crime would include an infinite number of shades in guilt, from the highest culpability to sheer weakness in yielding to temptation. What comparison, for example, can be made between the villainy of a *roué* who lays siege for months to unsuspecting virtue, under promise of marriage, as one of the monarchs of the reigning house is said to have done, and the frailty of the man who is unable to resist improper advances, or who falls a victim to the wiles of a designing *intriguante?* Now, between these extremes there are many grades in wickedness; and yet not only is it proposed to treat them all alike, but to let one party, perhaps the guiltier of the two, tell the story to suit herself, and carry a jury with her if that story be only a colourable and consistent one. Again, every one knows that charges of this nature are even now trumped up for purposes of blackmail; every one acquainted with the working of affiliation orders knows what use is made of that system; every one familiar with the history of civil action for seduction will recognise the danger at which we are hinting—a danger which, even in this mitigated form, has caused weighty authorities to propose the abolition of that form of action altogether. In one way, it is true, the threat of punishment might bring about marriage; but it might also superinduce some dark plotting to secure an eligible party who could not be brought to book without being taken at a disadvantage. Readers of Massinger will remember Sir Giles Overreach's advice to his daughter, previous to the arrival of the noble suitor. Under the proposed measure, we might realize in modern life a new way, if not to pay old debts, at least to facilitate matrimony. Whilst, therefore, we thoroughly applaud and sympathize with the motives of those who have suggested this addition to the catalogue of crime, we cannot but think that they have done so without duly considering the difficulties and dangers in the way. To us it appears utterly out of the question, in whatever light it may be regarded.

Arthur Davis and his wife have been found guilty of the murder of Jane Gilmour, and are now lying under sentence of death. There is no need for a recital of the facts in this melancholy case. It is the old story of a poor girl fallen from her high estate, and seeking to hide her shame from her father and the world. That she should herself have sought the abortionist under whose hand she perished is in the highest degree improbable. Miss Gilmour had lived the greater part of her life in the country, was modest and decorous in her behaviour, and could hardly have known the nature of the operation or its danger; still less is it likely that she could without prompting have so readily found the man who would perform it. There must be another wretch who is still at large, and whose name may never be revealed. What his feelings may be when he reflects upon the ruin he has wrought, it is idle to conjecture; the probability is, that he has passed that stage when conscience ceases to be either a burden or a consolation. The poor father, whose sorrows found vent in Court, claims our deepest sympathy; his anguish must be poignant indeed, for it is unrelieved by any soothing and compensating memories. All is dark behind him, and nothing is certain but his daughter's shame and ignominious death. It is impossible to refrain from asking how it came that this man Davis was permitted for so long a time to outrage the law with impunity? The authorities and the medical profession were cognizant of the nefarious trade he was plying; why was he permitted to run on thus to the end of his tether? He has done so at last, but we have to thank his blundering for it, and not the doctors or the police. As for the case which has wound up Davis's business, nothing further need be said, for it carries its own terrible moral with it. There still remains a question which has excited already

an angry and rather unseemly discussion—should the sentence be carried into effect? The discussion we call unseemly, because, on one side at any rate, it is conducted with an undisguised thirst for vengeance. Journalists have a duty to perform to the public, and it is often, as in this case, a disagreeable one—unsought for, and discharged with reluctance; but volunteer correspondents, who, without having the slightest responsibility in the matter, rush into print as the hangman's body-guards, are something worse than contemptible. If a feeling of humanity leads an outsider to suggest any plea in mitigation, he is at liberty to do so; but the interests of justice and public morals may be left with safety to the care of cooler and wiser heads. For our own part, in looking at the subject, we can discern a marked difference between the man and his wife. Of him we prefer to say nothing; but in her case it may be well to inquire how far the ends of justice could be injured by a commutation of sentence. The particular offence of which Mrs. Davis stands convicted is to be taken by itself. Newspaper rumours, other alleged offences, and the violent philippics of Crown counsel against her, must be cast to the winds, and the question approached exactly as it would have been by a jury brought from the moon, who heard nothing but the evidence adduced at the trial. Now, we are not about to impugn the integrity of the jury; indeed, from the manner in which the Crown presented the case, it is difficult to see what other verdict they could have given, unless one of absolute acquittal, which would have been unquestionably a wrong one. Moreover, not satisfied with undue severity when he spoke of the wretched woman, Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie took a most reprehensible course when he made an extra bid for a verdict of guilty. He must have felt that his case needed propping, at least as against Mrs. Davis, when he could stoop to eke it out with the extraordinary remark that, although sentence of death were passed, "it was not necessary" that it should be carried out, for the Crown might exercise the prerogative of mercy, as it had done in the case of Dr. Sparham, of Brockville. What, we should like to ask, had the jury to do with that? Simply nothing; but the making of the observation has introduced a painful doubt whether the jury would have convicted Mrs. Davis but for what they may have accepted as an assurance from the Crown's legal representative that her life would be spared.

We take it that men are almost universally opposed to the execution of women, except when the guilt is peculiarly atrocious, and the evidence of it unexceptionably clear. This feeling may be styled misplaced sympathy, or mawkish sentimentality, if you choose, but it has for its basis the inmost heart of man—the strongest part of him,—his affections, and the tender memories which are entwined about them. Now, in the case of Mrs. Davis the matter appears to stand thus:—Her guilt, from whatever standpoint the evidence is viewed, can hardly be called atrocious in any proper sense of the word. Malice, certainly, was absent; and although the law implies it, human feeling has a right to be heard in mitigation of punishment where actual malice was wanting. It is conceded that Davis did not intend to kill his poor victim, but he certainly knew that the operation might prove fatal. Now, even supposing the wife to have been present and accessory, there is in her case a still weaker case of intent; indeed, there is no proof that she had any idea that there was danger at all. Now, when we consider how frequently a wife yields to the stronger will of her husband, and places implicit faith in his representations, we hardly think it can be said that, in the worst aspect of the case, this woman's offence can be called "peculiarly atrocious." What, then, shall be said of the evidence? Is it quite so conclusive as to carry the mind away with it when the question lies between a woman's execution on the scaffold and her immurement for life? That she was an accessory after the fact is unquestionable, and she should, therefore, be punished severely for it. The instinctive desire to save Davis is no plea in extenuation; not even a wife's affection could justify her in acting the part she acted on that Saturday night. But the crime of which she has been convicted is that of being an accessory before the fact, and of that crime the evidence adduced at the trial is supposed to have convicted her. To our mind there was considerable room for doubt in the premises. That there were indications amounting to probabilities we are free to admit; from a chain of these probabilities was woven a strong presumption, and that is all that can be said. The evidence,

in short, was not even circumstantial, but inferential only, and the inference was drawn from a purely hypothetical state of the facts. We are firmly convinced that if the minds of the jury could have been relieved of the unconscious bias occasioned by fact or rumour extraneous to the case, they would have acquitted Mrs. Davis of the more serious offence. This will be apparent if we put it in this way: Suppose that Mrs. Davis had been married only a fortnight before Miss Gilmour's death, what proof would there have been of her complicity in the operation? None whatever, save that she was an inmate of the house; and that is, in reality, all the legitimate evidence now against her as an accessory *before* the fact.

We have, of course, the usual display of cant employed on the side of severity. There is plenty of sympathy with the prisoners, it is said, but none with the victim. We are not aware that any one can be said to sympathize with either Davis or his wife; pity may possibly be felt for them, and there may also be an anxiety that justice should pause and consider before it executes an extreme and irrevocable act. With the afflicted father every one sympathizes deeply; but to talk of sympathy with the poor girl, who is far beyond human sympathy or help, is to talk nonsense. It is urged that punishment should be certain, and upon that we have ourselves insisted; but there are several other certainties to be desired. The certainty of guilt, as well as the circumstances under which it is committed, is one; and the certainty that juries will convict is another. Now, to inflict the highest penalty of the law in cases where a less severe punishment would meet the requirements of the case is to present juries with a motive for acquittal; and it may well be that the taking of this woman's life, under the circumstances we have indicated, may incline juries to refuse to convict when much guiltier women are on trial. If these two certainties be wanting, what will become of "the certainty of punishment?" On the whole, with due submission to the Executive, we venture to express a hope that mercy will be extended to the female prisoner, as well for the reasons we have urged, as because we believe that to be the course which will commend itself to the public mind long after it has ceased to be fevered with excitement and overwrought by indignation.

The task of reviewing the month's politics is so dreary and uninviting that we are almost inclined to shirk it altogether. Never, perhaps, in the history of Canada have public affairs been in so shabby and pitiful a plight. If it were likely that the meeting of the Provincial Parliament would afford any relief, would it had commenced! There is little hope, however, from that quarter; the next session will, no doubt, be as the last, and "more so." It will be some diversion, no doubt, to witness Mr. McDougall pounding Mr. Mowat, and Mr. Cameron pecking at Mr. Crooks. Still it will be a Barmecide feast at the best, where the viands, were they not of the air, must be supplied by the imagination. The London *Spectator* unconsciously depicts the wretched state of Canadian politics when it says:—"If party spirit would disappear with party principles, some compensation might perhaps be derived from the diversion of national energy into unforeseen channels. But there is no reason to expect any such result. Experience shows that party spirit never burns more fiercely than when the only distinction known to the partisans on each side is the distinction between the colours of their badges. The rivalry of blue and yellow will arouse as much enthusiasm and as much hatred as the disestablishment of a church or the enfranchisement of a nation." This description, *mutatis mutandis*, may answer, so far as it goes, for the condition to which Canada has been educated by parties without principles. But it is not complete in two respects. To begin with, Canadian politicians are not so easily satisfied with mere names or colours. They are a "spouting" race, to use a Carlyleism, and where principle is not at hand they are compelled to take refuge in personality. It taxes the abilities of a clever man to talk to any purpose about nothing; and, as a general rule, our politicians are not clever men. Hence, each year, and each month even, brings forth its crop of slanders and personal abuse. Then it must also be added that not only are parties here absolutely without distinctive principles, but there is not the slightest prospect of any arising. A cloud above the horizon, though not larger than a man's hand, would give some prospect of relief, but the sky is

beautifully clear, or would be so but for the dust caused by insignificant caracollers in the public arena. There is only one issue we know of that might possibly divide parties, and that is precisely the one with which the politicians are playing fast and loose—the fiscal policy of the Dominion. Nor is that all, for now even the *ad captandum* cries which sound in lieu of principles are dying away in the distance. What has become of the party of purity, we should like to know? If the Opposition party were unimpeachable witnesses we should suppose that the factions had changed places. It is actually asserted that the unofficial chief of the Government side himself made the discovery that the best way to put down bribery and corruption is to acquire "lots of money." The London letter-writer was a plagiarist or else he was indiscreetly blabbing the secrets of his party's esoteric morality. It is related of Governor Marcy, of New York, that when reproved for uttering the famous maxim "to the victor belongs the spoil," he answered that every one recognised the principle and acted upon it. To which the retort was made—"Certainly; but no one was fool enough to put it into half-a-dozen words before." Perhaps the partisan who indited the celebrated invitation to John was also foolishly garrulous rather than profoundly original.

The charge against Mr. Brown is, that during the obstinately contested elections of 1872, he wrote a letter to the Hon. Mr. Simpson asking him to be one of a few outsiders willing to subscribe money to defeat the Government candidates in East and West Toronto. This letter Mr. Brown publishes in *extenso* in the *Globe*—a point certainly in his favour, because it is completely at variance with the usual practice of his paper. The hon. gentleman appends an explanation to the effect that the fund subscribed amounted to only $3,700, and that this was collected only to cover legitimate expenses; and he further divides that sum by eighty-two, the number of the Ontario constituencies, to show how insignificant was the portion that fell to the lot of each. Now we do not intend to close the case abruptly as it stands, because all is not before us. There is at present neither the entire indictment nor the entire defence. At the same time it may be as well to examine this "big push" letter in connection with Mr. Brown's apology, and then, if possible, enter a provisional or interlocutory judgment upon it. We shall state in order the exceptions we take to the defence, numbering them for convenience sake. 1. There were not eighty-two contested elections in Ontario in 1872. 2. We are told that the entire fund amounted to $3,700. What fund? Was it the fund which constituted "our strength expended in the out-counties and helping our city candidates?" Or was it the "big push" fund merely, raised in haste at the last moment? How many funds were there, all told, and does the $3,700 mean one, two, or three of them, or all taken together? 3. It is scarcely credible that the sum named could be covered by such phraseology as a "grand stand" and a "big push," otherwise Reform steadiness and power of shoving must be exceedingly feeble. 4. The letter speaks distinctly of East and West Toronto, already aided by a portion of "our strength," as the places requiring further attention; is language of this kind ever employed when "legitimate expenses" are in question? 5. How does it come that any legitimate expenses remained unprovided for so late as August 15th that could not have been met by the candidates or their party? 6. Is it compatible with the theory of the defence to speak of "half-a-dozen" as the pecuniary salt of the earth who alone "could come down handsomely?" Or could "legitimate expenses" have been referred to in the words "we have all done that we possibly can do, and we have to ask a very few outsiders to aid us. Will you be one?" 6. Is not the true purpose of the fund betrayed in passages Mr. Brown did not italicize—"it is hard to work up against the enormous sums the Government candidates have in their hands," and again, "we could carry all three divisions easily but for the cash against us?" 7. In fine, would not any outsider, who read the letter dispassionately, conclude that the only construction it could bear is this, that Mr. Brown wanted Mr. Simpson's assistance in fighting the devil with his own weapons.?

Such is the conclusion to which we have come *ad interim*, simply because we cannot find a more plausible or reasonable one. So far, however, from adopting it with avidity, we do so with reluctance, and shall reverse our judgment with unfeigned pleasure, if we can do so sincerely. It will be

no agreeable moment for any friend of the Dominion, should it ever arrive, when the truth dawns upon him unmistakably that all politicians are alike corrupt, and that both parties have vied with each other in "debauching the constituencies." Especially will it be painful to find that Mr. Brown, who at the time he penned the Simpson letter was inveighing against Governmental corruption, was himself a sinner; nor will it be forgotten that, in the very next year, should the present charge be substantiated, in 1873, when Mr. Brown was putting Sir John Macdonald on the pillory for receiving money from Sir Hugh Allan and spending it in bribery, he had within him the guilty knowledge of his own bribing back with money obtained by solicitation from a Bank President in quest of increased Government deposits. If all this be true what a melancholy hue it imparts to the political outlook. Yet even the corruption of both parties would not be so overwhelming, were it not for the sickening Pharisaism of one of them. If the standard-bearers of "purity" are themselves impure, whom can we trust? The man who is thankful that he is not as other men are, has assumed the responsibility of a great reputation, and his fall will be proportionably heavy. The future will doubtless settle the question one way or other; meanwhile there is at present room for neither faith nor hope in party politics, and scarcely for charity—no room for anything but a sullen brooding upon the vanity of all earthly things. *O curas hominum! O quantum in rebus inane.*

During the contest for West Montreal, a cause for controversy arose to which a factitious importance has been attributed, it may be presumed from lack of more profitable subjects. At one of his meetings, Mr. White criticised the policy of the Premier in the purchase of steel rails for the Pacific Railway. He contended that they were purchased at a disadvantage in a falling market, and long before they would be required. In doing so he mentioned one purchase from, but really through, Messrs. Cooper, Fairman & Co., of Montreal, a firm in which Mr. Charles Mackenzie, the Premier's brother, was a partner—in fact a "sleeping partner." Mr. White protests that he laid no stress whatever upon the relationship—his object merely being to show that the Premier had made a costly and improvident bargain. It is to be regretted that the matter did not rest here; election speeches pass for very little, and it would have been better if a question which is not important in itself, and apparently incapable of solution if it were, had been dropped pending the canvas. The Premier, however, naturally chafed under the charge of nepotism, and met it at once in a curt and rather angry letter, in which Mr. White was accused of "deliberate falsehood." Now we must confess that we cannot see the propriety of this utterance; indeed, we have very grave doubts whether Mr. Mackenzie did not seriously compromise not only his personal dignity, but the dignity of his position, when he penned it. The facts of the case might well have been left to the firm and to the Premier's brother for elucidation, for no light was thrown upon them by the letter. To it the public are indebted for nothing except some objurgatory phrases, rather un-Premier-like in their character; and if official reticence had been observed, no damage could possibly have come to the Premier. Even had the charge been less trifling than it was, silence and patience were obviously imposed upon him by the position he occupies. Having been charged with "deliberate falsehood," Mr. White produced his proofs, still protesting that he had been forced into an unwelcome position against his will. It turns out apparently, for it is by no means clear, that Mr. Charles Mackenzie was not a partner when the commission for the rails was earned. There seems no reason to impeach the veracity of Cooper, Fairman & Co., and they assert as a matter of fact that that gentleman had previously withdrawn his capital. Yet to the outer world, informed only by the registration records, he was published as a partner, and remained so until after the rail contract. Mr. White, therefore, was not guilty of "deliberate falsehood," because the facts as recorded sustained him. The discussion has been a profitless one throughout; the Conservative chanticleer, indeed, has flapped his wings and crowed lustily over an imaginary triumph, yet it might have been as well if he had waited until his feathers were thoroughly dry after the rough cleansing of two years ago.

The Province of Ontario has also made

a small contribution to the common stock. It is alleged that during the recent election canvas in West Wellington, Mr. Hay, M.P.P. for North Perth, at a meeting in Mount Forest, made a corrupt bid for the support of that place. He is reported to have said that he had been requested by Mr. Mowat to inform them that if Mount Forest supported the Government nominee it should be made the county town. Several persons, including a reporter, assert positively that Mr. Hay did make the announcement in explicit terms: the hon. member, on the other hand, denies the charge, particularly that part of it referring to Mr. Mowat. The Premier has hitherto, very properly in our opinion, preserved strict silence upon the subject. Between Mr. Hay and his opponents there rests a question of veracity yet to be tried; as against the former there is the ugly fact that while Mount Forest gave Mr. McGowan a majority of 223 in January last, it gave him but one at the recent election. On this particular case we have nothing more to say now; but it seems necessary to enter a strong protest once more against any attempt to bribe the people by the promise of Government favours. Personal bribery has received a check, but it is by no means extinguished, and yet before this work is half done we have a rival form of corruption set up of a more subtle nature. The result will be, as an English journal observes, that "the candidate who spends his own money freely will find himself hard pressed by the candidate who is willing to spend the nation's money still more freely, and gratitude for bribes already reduced into possession will be balanced by hopes of 'concessions' still to come." A more thoroughly vicious system could hardly be devised than this new bribery by wholesale, and yet, whether the Mount Forest speech be a case in point or not, there is reason to fear that it is rapidly coming into fashion. The electorate is hardly prepared, it may be hoped, to see corruption come in at the window, after what has been done to keep it out by barring and bolting the door.

It is to the credit of the politicians that they have recognised ungrudgingly, and at once, the excellence of recent judicial appointments in Ontario: Chief Justice Harrison and Mr. Justice Moss, carry with them to the bench the unanimous approval, we believe, of their profession, and the entire confidence of the people. Of their eminent fitness there is no room for question, and we beg to express the hope that they may long adorn the positions they have so deservedly won. The vacancy in West Toronto has, of course, afforded scope for the usual amount of party wire-pulling. The candidates announced at length are Mr. J. B. Robinson, and Mr. John Turner, either of whom would be well qualified for the honour. Each of them possesses some characteristic traits of character which would be of advantage to his opponent. Personally, however, there is not much to be said against either of them. It is noticeable that the everlasting "Family Compact" again figures on the stage. There is no use striving to be rid of it; it haunts us like a familiar spirit, although it has been laid and exorcised again and again. If people would only investigate the matter, they might readily discover that the "Family Compact" is not a real spectre of the good old sort, but a factitious one, like Mr. Pepper's ghost, got up to order. Now, as between the candidates, we incline to Mr. Turner, and we do so because he possesses special knowledge on commercial and financial subjects. When it is considered that these subjects are rapidly becoming of paramount importance, the propriety of having a large mercantile representation at Ottawa will be readily conceded. For this reason, we advocated Mr. John Macdonald's election; for this reason, we desire to hear of Mr. Thomas White's return in Montreal, and Mr. John Turner's in Toronto. There is one good point which is common both to Mr. Macdonald and Mr. Turner — they have opinions of their own and dare to avow them in spite of the organ. It will be a sore disappointment if either of them should ever be discovered on his back in the sawdust, trailing the *Globe* upon the soles of his feet, for the admiration of the world.

We take pleasure in recording the safe arrival from England of their Excellencies, the Governor-General and the Countess of Dufferin. During the vacation his Lordship has laid Canada under fresh obligations by the lucidity and force with which he described her resources, and unfolded the story of her progress. Unlike some of his predecessors in office, he did not leave the

interests of this country behind him when he left its shores; on the contrary, every opportunity that presented itself to him of pressing its claims was embraced with generous eagerness. Having already written, at some length, upon his Excellency's addresses in England, we have nothing now to add except our testimony to the pleasure and satisfaction with which they were received throughout the Dominion. The enthusiastic welcome extended to Lord Dufferin on his accession to the Government, at a time when he was untried and comparatively unknown, has been amply justified by the event. His Lordship's first step was to make himself personally acquainted with the nature and resources of the country, and with the habits and dispositions of its people. This was accomplished by the laborious progress from Halifax to Windsor, still remembered as the latest event of importance in many a country town. During the political *bouleversement* of 1873, his Excellency had the opportunity of proving his capacity as a constitutional ruler. Some little restiveness was manifested by each of the factions successively; but both would now admit, cheerfully we believe, that the country was piloted through a trying and rugged crisis with dignity and credit. Those who have any acquaintance with Canadian history are aware that Lord Dufferin was exceptionally fortunate at that time, if we may attribute to fortune what was due, for the most part, to a clearer insight and a broader *savoir faire*. Political crises, like epidemics, obey the law of periodicity, and therefore we may reasonably hope to be spared another during the current decade. In that case, Lord Dufferin will have peace during the remaining years of his term, and both their Excellencies will leave behind them grateful reminiscences of their residence in our midst.

It is a gratifying duty, sometimes incumbent upon the chronicler, to record fresh evidence of advancing civilization. Such a duty we have now to perform. Every one interested in the matter—that is to say, all who have hearts to let, unfurnished, must have observed that the matrimonial market is not so brisk as it might be. Now that state of society must be pronounced bad in which all the young women who desire to get married are denied the opportunity, and all the young men who ought to marry are not shamed or forced into the noose. As an axiomatic principle of ethics, we may assume that to be unassailable. In England—the realm of the gloomy Malthus—there may be reasons for and against "the happy state;" but here there is no excuse—for the most orthodox Malthusian may marry without fear of any consequences to the community. Five times the number of marriages now solemnized in Ontario might be contracted, and there would yet be room. Such being the case, it becomes the obvious duty of the philanthropist "to fly a kite," speaking financially, in the matter of matrimonial investments. A city contemporary, with characteristic love of his kind, has opened a matrimonial agency of a novel description. In London, Hymen has a special organ, of which Cupid is reported to be sub-editor, especially devoted to that branch of social arithmetic known as "pairing." One editor, or one of his correspondents, was canny enough to play with the subject for a while as if it were a trout. Column after column was filled with letters from "young men and maidens," expatiating on the desirability of marriage and the difficulties in its way—the latter being, we grieve to say, chiefly financial. The moral of the correspondence, so far as we have read it, appears to be, that in matrimony, as in politics, what is chiefly required is "a big push." In short, that his general eligibility being guaranteed, there is no reason why any one should stand shivering on the brink of perfect bliss. One thing at first surprised us, and that was the absence of any mention, either eulogistic, or cautionary, or Welleresque, of widows. It seems hard that they should be left out in the cold; but are they? We think not, for the simple reason that they do not wander up and down, in a dazed way, blinking for husbands like owls at noontide. They will not be found trolling in the muddy waters of journalism, nor will the class they are seeking, those—but it must not be said in English—*qui crustis et pomis viduas venentur avaras*. To return to our contemporary, it may be at once admitted that had he been a match-making mamma he could not have concealed both point and barb more artfully. At length, however, there appeared an advertisement, headed "Marriage Correspondence," from one of the letter-writers—the first of them, if we remember right—which opened our

eyes. "Artisan," the advertiser, who must be an artist also if he concocted the scheme, desires to correspond with two of the lady letter-writers—the one living in the city, the other in the country. If both should answer the summons of this amorous swain, we foresee a difficulty. He cannot marry them both, certainly, without endangering his liberty; but there is nothing worth mentioning to prevent his making love to them both at the same time. Still there is a kink here which it is difficult to disentangle. At all events, he is the first candidate for Benedictine honours who can boast that he has made love *at* a girl in a letter to the editor, and the first also to suggest marriage to two girls in one advertisement. It is generally said to be better for a man to be off with the old love before he is on with the new; but here is a Lothario who desires to be on with two new ones simultaneously. Without mentioning Captain Macheath's name, but taking another tack, we venture to hope this new Cadensis will not make shipwreck of his hopes with Stella and Vanessa. The *Globe* deserves well of all bachelordom and spinsterdom, and should succeed beyond its hopes in the new Matrimonial Agency.

The State elections supply the only topic of interest from the United States. In those already held the Republicans have carried the day, and the bubble of inflation has collapsed—at least for the present. The Ohio election was the chief cause for solicitude, owing to the desperate efforts to carry it on the platform of "more money." Governor Allen, whose name stood at the head of the Democratic "ticket," had boasted that he would secure a majority of fifty thousand, and at an early period it did not seem improbable that he would do so. Economic intelligence, however, prevailed in the end, and the Hayes ticket was elected. This fortunate issue was principally owing to the indefatigable exertions of Carl Schurz, the ex-Senator from Missouri, who laboured unceasingly amongst the large German population of the State. The defeat of inflation in Ohio has had a marked effect upon the prospects of the Democracy in Pennsylvania, where the next important election will be held. The party is beginning to shrink from the prospect of another defeat which would be still more disastrous. The inflationists are less outspoken and defiant than they were this time last month. They evince a desire to cover up the deformities and crudities of their scheme with specious phrases of limitation and concession; indeed, if hard pressed they will, no doubt, repudiate it altogether. The currency question will not enter into the contest in New York, and the Governor's term does not expire for a year, so that the elections in that State would excite little interest were it not for the schism in the Democratic ranks of which we spoke some time since. So far as general results are concerned, it may be safely averred that should Pennsylvania go with the Republicans—and it will almost certainly do so—Grant's game is up and there will be no third term. Senator Cameron, the leader of the party in that State, has positively asserted that the Republicans there will be no parties to Grant's re-election under any circumstances. If the two great States had been secured by the Democrats, the renomination of Grant would have been inevitable. There is no reason to think that the Greenback party has been broken up; it has received a serious check, but with average powers of recuperation it may possibly present a very strong front at the Presidential election of 1876.

European affairs are remarkably dull, even for vacation times. In England, public men, following the established practice, are airing their eloquence in the Provinces. Of the Ministers, Mr. Cross and Lord Derby have delivered notable speeches. The Home Secretary is evidently making heavy bids for popularity with the Conservative working class. Having introduced and pushed through the most Radical measures of labour reform, he is now striving to "educate the party," or rather to enlighten them on the subject of popular instruction. He informed his constituents that they must be prepared to see the standard of primary education considerably raised, and he had even the boldness to announce that school attendance would soon be made compulsory throughout England. Lord Derby's review of foreign affairs, if not striking, was reassuring. The war with China, which has been so much feared, is deferred; in the matter of Herzegovina, the noble lord's caution has restrained him from being of any active service: *au reste*, there is peace every-

where. One of the worst blunders committed by Mr. Disraeli's Government has been the now celebrated Admiralty circular concerning fugitive slaves. It seems difficult to conceive what motive Lord Derby or Mr. Ward Hunt can have had for taking so thoroughly un-British a step in the interest of slave-holding. The Foreign Secretary, in his Liverpool speech, protested that these instructions did not bear the construction popularly put upon them; that the traditional policy of England had undergone no change: and that, in point of fact, the circular meant nothing. If Lord Derby and his colleagues really intended no alteration in England's attitude towards a vile traffic, especially hateful to a country which has made many sacrifices, pecuniary and other, to clear its skirts of all complicity with the hated thing. why were the instructions issued at all? If the Admiralty meant nothing, why could it not be content with saying nothing? As it is, Mr. Disraeli's Government have been compelled to bow to the storm of public indignation, and annul the circular under the euphemistic turn of phrase "suspending" it. The "romantic" episode of Mr. Plimsoll was nothing compared with this, since all that was there chargeable to the Government was a sin of omission; here, on the contrary, there was a wanton and flagrant assault upon the national conscience at one of its most sensitive points.

The Continent is tolerably tranquil all over. The Herzegovina trouble will probably be terminated, under the direction of the Great Powers, by an arrangement which Turkey will observe or not as suits her. The patching-up of the decaying system can only be temporary, and the sick man must go to pieces at last. In a few days the French Assembly will come together for the last time. M. Buffet will keep his promise to the ear and break it to the hope. The dissolution will be ordered in due course: but the talons of the Radical eagle will be clipped by the *scrutin d'arrondissement*. Under the benign influence of prefects, Orleanist or Bonapartist, the edge of the Republican knife will be dulled, and France stand pledged to Conservatism, ready for a new second of December when the man and the army are ready. M. Léon Say, the "Whiggist" of the Cabinet, as he has been aptly called, got his colleagues into trouble by an indiscreet speech, in which he was showing the MacMahon hand rather too freely and ostentatiously. The Premier was compelled to disown these utterances, and M. Dufaure must have been terribly shocked. In the end all was well, as it usually is in France, by hook or by crook. In Germany there is nothing of note to record, save the Emperor's visit to Italy. There are some signs of a *rapprochement* between Bismarck and the Vatican—not cordial of course, but workable. The Chancellor begins to perceive that he made a great blunder in declaring war against the Church, and the Church has also learned that the pretensions of Gregory VII., Innocent III., and Boniface VIII. are not suited to the time in which Pius IX. has lived so long and so comfortably.

BOOK REVIEWS.

BRITISH NORTH AMERICAN BOUNDARY COMMISSION: Report on the Geology and Resources of the Region in the Vicinity of the Forty-ninth Parallel, from the Lake of the Woods to the Rocky Mountains, with Lists of Plants and Animals collected, and Notes on the Fossils. By George Mercer Dawson, F. G. S., Geologist and Botanist to the Commission. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, pp. 387.

It would not be possible, without extending our notice to altogether undue length, to give anything like even the briefest abstract of the material exhibited in this valuable and interesting Report. Probably no Report amongst the many which have been issued as to the Geology and Natural History of British North America, interesting and important as these are, contains a greater accumulation of scientific facts within the same space, or is more conspicuously the outcome of genuine and long-continued scientific labour. Mr. Dawson, if comparatively unknown before, may be congratulated on having raised himself by his pre-

sent work to the first rank of geological observers, where he may fitly take place beside his distinguished father.

The field-work, of which Mr. Dawson's Report forms a permanent record, covered in extent a region stretching from the Lake of the Woods on the east to the Rocky Mountains on the west, lying in the neighbourhood of the forty-ninth parallel, which forms here the boundary between the Dominion and the United States. Covering, as it does, a space so vast, it has necessarily resulted that much of the geological work is of a general character, and that plenty of room has been left for detailed observation as regards minor features at a later date. It is marvellous, however, that so many minutiæ of observation should have been jotted down in the arduous and almost continuous travelling required by the exigencies of the Boundary Commission.

In the words of the writer, "The main geological result arrived at is the examination and description of a section over eight hundred miles in length, across the central region of the continent, on a parallel of latitude which has heretofore been geologically touched upon at a few points only, and in the vicinity of which a space of over three hundred miles in longitude has—till the operations of the present expedition—remained even geographically unknown. In working up the geological material, I have found it necessary to make myself familiar with the geological literature, not only of the interior region of British America, but with that of the western portion of the United States to the south, where extensive and accurate geological surveys have been carried on. It has been my aim to make the region near the boundary-line as much as possible a link of connection between the more or less isolated previous surveys, and to collect, by quotation or reference, the facts bearing on it from either side. In this way it has been attempted to make the forty-ninth parallel a geological base line with which future investigations may be connected. The matter contained in the special preliminary Report on the Lignite Tertiary Formation, published last year, has in this final Report been included, in so far as necessary to complete the general section on the line."

We cannot do more here than simply indicate the nature of the more important subjects dealt with in this able and exhaustive Report. The mere enumeration of these, bald as it necessarily is, will afford convincing proof, not only of the wide scope of the enquiry conducted by Mr. Dawson, but also of the extent to which the general reader, the professional geologist, the naturalist, the botanist, or the intending settler may benefit by his labours. After a short but comprehensive account of the general physical geography and geology of the region surveyed, the special work of the Report is commenced by an account of the geology of the Lake of the Woods, the rocks surrounding which are almost exclusively Huronian and Laurentian. An interesting section is devoted to the structure of the Rocky Mountains in the vicinity of the forty-ninth parallel; and the following five chapters are concerned chiefly with a consideration of the largely developed Cretaceous and Tertiary formations, which extend from Pembina to the Rocky Mountains. Under this head, much interesting information is given as to the composition, economic value, and geological age of the so-called "Lignite-bearing Formation," and as to the exact position of the line—much less defined in the New World than in the Old—between the Cretaceous and Tertiary systems. The next two chapters deal with the glacial phenomena and superficial deposits of the region surveyed; and, though glacialists are hardly likely to accept some of Mr. Dawson's theoretical views on this subject, all specially interested in this department of geology will gladly avail themselves of the mass of facts here carefully stored up. The two concluding chapters of the Report are those which will most deeply interest the general reader, concerned, as they are, with an exhaustive discussion of all the points connected with the capabilities of the region for purposes of permanent colonization and settlement. The author treats here of the areas capable of cultivation or the reverse, of the rain-fall, the water-supply, the climate, the meteorological conditions affecting farmers, the "locusts," the supply of timber, the causes of the absence of wood on the prairies, and, indeed, of almost all those points which an intelligent settler in a new district ought to care to know—and it may be added that he treats of all in a thoroughly scientific spirit.

The Report is completed by five appendices, dealing with the flora of the region, the terrestrial and fresh-water Molluscs, the Butterflies and Orthoptera of the district, the Vertebrate fossils, the fossil plants of the Lignite Formation, and the igneous dykes and veins of the Lake of the Woods. In the preparation of these, the author has been indebted for assistance to Principal Dawson, Prof. Cope, Mr. Scudder, Dr. Carpenter, Prof. Macoun, and other well-known naturalists.

In taking leave of this admirable Report, we need only add that its value is much enhanced by a general geological map of the country in the vicinity of the forty-ninth parallel, and by numerous sketches, sections, and plates of fossils interspersed throughout the volume, or collected at the end.

THE CHILDHOOD OF THE WORLD; a Simple Account of Man in Early Times. By Edward Clodd, F.R.A.S. London: Henry S. King & Co., 1875.

THE CHILDHOOD OF RELIGIONS; embracing a Simple Account of the Birth and Growth

of Myths and Legends. Edward Clodd, F.R. A. S. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1875.

It must often have been a subject of regret to those who desire the issue between science and religion to be contested in a rational way, that no plain and untechnical statement of all that science claims to have established has hitherto been put forward. The primary step towards convincing an opponent or being convinced by him, is to have some clear and adequate idea of the positions we propose to combat. There are two obstacles in the way of any treatment of the subject which would be at once elementary and comprehensive. The vast extent of the subject is the first giant in the path. To obtain any notion of it, the general reader must labour through a course of study which is an effectual bar to any thorough acquaintanceship with it, at the outset. One has only to turn to the appendices to Mr. Clodd's second work to gain some idea of the intellectual labour to be undergone. For most of us there is not the leisure, and to more the requisite patience and perseverance for the task. In the case of orthodox people, there is an additional hindrance. They do not read the works of antagonists, and have little idea of the immense labour and the earnest and honest thought expended in observing, collecting, and collating facts which they involve. The works of apologists are no doubt perused with avidity, but they do not fairly present the position of antagonists, not so much because their authors are unfair or disingenuous, as because they are not thoroughly acquainted with the subjects they treat, and have very imperfectly grasped the gist of the great matters in dispute. What was most wanted was a clear, succinct and comprehensive statement of the scientific side in a controversy which is growing in moment day by day, and it is because Mr. Clodd appears to have performed the task intelligently and well that we commend his two little works to our readers. It is quite possible that the majority of them may rise from their perusal unconvinced by scientific argument, but they can no longer plead ignorance of its scope and force. In one of his prefaces our author remarks: "The question which forces itself upon all who are interested in the education of the young, is that they shall be taught regarding the relation of the Bible to other sacred scriptures, and to the declarations of modern science where they fail to harmonize with its statements: and it is as a humble contribution to the solution of that question" that these volumes have been written. The time has surely arrived when those of us who have a firm faith in Theism, in man's immortal destiny, and in the essential truths of scriptural religion, should be prepared to face the perplexities which crowd upon the horizon and threaten to overwhelm our cherished beliefs; at any rate, whether we can face them or not, it will be quite as well that we should know what they are. It is much to be regretted that even when science preaches to the eye from the printing presses of every civilized nation, the pulpit is dumb because it knows little or nothing of the foe it should encounter. When references are made to rationalism or pure unbelief, the mere mention of names jumbled together, under the general caption of atheists or sceptics, is supposed to be an evidence of adequate knowledge. It is nothing unusual to hear Voltaire, Spinosa, Mill, Diderot, Darwin, Paine, Huxley, and Spencer mentioned in close connection, as if they were merely negative quantities in some imaginative equation, where x is not only unknown but unknowable.

In order that religion may regain its lost ground, it must first reconnoitre thoroughly the position of its foes. It must not look through the field-glass with a bleared eye; and it is of no use to undervalue an enemy's position or his force now that men are in the thick of the fight. The policy of Fabius Cunctator will no longer serve; and apologetic to be serviceable at this crisis must be straightforward in method, founded, that is to say, on a thorough understanding and a fair statement of every difficulty to be encountered. Above all, we must not seek to deceive the rising generation; we may bury our own heads in the sand if we like but we cannot by so doing blind the eyes or quiet the minds of those growing up around us. Kindness never appears nearer akin to cruelty than when it seeks to quench the spark of inquiry in the murky pool of credulity.

Believing, as we do, that physical science has almost attained the point when it may be, without exaggeration, called self-intoxicated, it appears all the more necessary that we should sift out and treasure up the vast wealth of knowledge we really owe to it, and to fling its foundationless hypotheses to the winds. To do so intelligently we must know its claims, and be prepared to examine them rationally and fairly as its masters expound them.

Mr. Clodd is no atheist and no disbeliever in any sense. He would probably class himself with the Broad, or Liberal, section of the Church of England; and those who will take the trouble of reading these interesting little works at our recommendation, may find many statements at which they may demur, but nothing strained, nothing disingenuously or offensively put. It is not our present purpose to enter the field of argument, vast and important though it is, opened up in these volumes; it must be sufficient to indicate briefly their contents. "The Childhood of the World" is, perhaps, too simple in style for the adult reader, but there are many grown people who would perhaps be the better for the information it contains. It embraces a lucid statement of the scientific theory of evolution in

the civilization of man from the primitive stage of savagery. The use of fire, cookery, the plastic arts, the invention of tools and weapons of stone, bronze, and iron, language and writing, calculation, and the development of all that is man's distinctive work as contrasted with the beast's, ar briefly but comprehensively treated. Then follows a second part, more fully treated in the other volume, on religious myths, fetish-worship, polytheism, nature-worship, dualism and pure theism, with the cults which arose from them. "The Childhood of Religions" is an elementary treatise, also; but its style, easy or readable though it be, is evidently intended for children of a larger growth. It embraces, in a brief space, a carefully drawn sketch of all the great religions of the world. We have the legends about the creation, about the history of mankind and the early races, placed in juxtaposition with what science claims to have discovered on the same subjects. Following it are unfolded, in seven chapters, the character of the great races in matters of belief—the Aryan, the Hindoo, the Persian, the Buddhist, the Semitic, and the Mohammedan creeds. Finally, a chapter is devoted to the relation Christianity bears to to the heathen lands, and its position as a theology. The appendices which refer the reader to more copious sources of information, are invaluable to the student. As may be gathered from what has been already stated, it is not probable that if we had entered into detail we should be found in agreement with the author on all points. His little volumes are, however, none the less valuable on that account. He possesses a wonderful power of condensation, and an equally valuable facility of expression which make them at once interesting and instructive.

SERMONS OUT OF CHURCH. by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," &c. New York: Harper Brothers. Toronto and Detroit: Belford Brothers.

With some minds it is the fashion to deplore that what is termed "Modern Culture" is in these days altogether uninfluenced by religious thought, and reveals in its current expression nothing of the spirit of Christianity. This volume of lay sermons by Miss Muloch, doubtless, will be admitted to be a remarkable exception to this statement; and that on the part of one of the most esteemed and influential of our modern novelists, there is here, at all events, evidence that her thought and writings are largely leavened by the influence of Christian teaching. But admitting that this inference in the present instance is correct, is it a matter for congratulation alone that such a book as this is written, and that by a non-clerical writer? Is there no alloy that mingles with our satisfaction in finding that such truths have to be presented as they are here by a lay writer, and that such Sermons as these are only heard "*out* of Church?" Our authoress s in one of these Essays: "It is one of the trying things of going to church, that whatever a man says one must hear him; one cannot stand up and contradict him." And is it not this that is the trouble with most of our Sermons *in* the Church—with our religious writers also, and with the Christianity they would seek to make current in the literature and culture of our time—that we are impatient with it all—that we hear it unacceptedly—that we would, in great measure, contradict it? Hence comes, in great degree, the repression of its discussion in intellectual society, and its non-intrusion in our healthful literature. So much of it is irrational; so much of it sectarian; so much is ignorance; so much is humbug! But with a religion that is not rabid, fanatical, nor intolerant; with a Christianity that is free from corruptions, human in its sympathies, wise in its charities, and all-embracing in its provisions—disentangled from the warpings of dogma, and disenthralled from the fetters of a creed—it is this that must win its way in the world, making it helpful to humanity and honouring to the Deity. Let the pulpit see to it, else its influence, sadly waning as it now is, will utterly fail as a power or a force in the world. The Church, as an organization, has need to stir itself to retain its hold upon the people. Already the thought and influence of the age is coming from the press. "Sermons" are being preached "out of church;" and such Sermons as these are that lie before us—kindly in their aim and loving in their spirit—are of the material that the preachment of the coming time is, we hope, to be made—discourses full of wise lessons, embracing a creed without its dogmatic form, and a gospel purged of what the mind revolts at. There is much in the world for a true Christianity yet to do—much that Sermons of the right sort may yet accomplish—much that wise truths, accurate thinking, rational interpretation, and earnest, manly piety may yet achieve. But let such volumes as the present have their field; be sent on their mission; and we have faith in the result—faith that their words will touch the large human heart of mankind, and that their spirit will call forth many a responsive amen! We have but space to indicate the subjects of Miss Muloch's texts, referring the reader to the volume for the pleasure and profit he will experience in its perusal. These are their titles:—What is Self-Sacrifice? Our Often Infirmities. How to Train up a Parent in the Way he should go. Benevolence—or Beneficence? My Brother's Keeper. Gather up the Fragments.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE few half-notes left by Bishop Thirlwall are somewhat disappointing, because, although they justify the general reputation of the great prelate, they only nibble, as it were, at the edges of current matters in controversy. There are six of these "Notes on Contemporary Questions" in the October *Contemporary*, of which the first, fifth, and last are interesting enough, but hardly satisfying. Mr. Murray's paper on "The Etruscans" is instructive, since it touches upon a somewhat obscure subject and throws no little light upon it. The vexed question regarding the origin of the Etruscan population and the source of their art is treated intelligibly and with skill. Mr. Hall contributes an essay on the changes proposed by Continental Powers in the usages of war, especially as they would affect a maritime Power like England. He is of opinion that the set of general opinion is so strongly in favour of a modification in the maritime code that England will be compelled, sooner or later, to yield to the demand. "West Indian Superstitions," by Mr. Branch, is an entertaining sketch of the negro side of the credulous in its vulgar forms. There is nothing of the higher mythical type about them. They are, for the most part, silly and puerile, yet there is a certain interest attaching to them when they can be distinctly traced to their origin. To quote one passage only :—"Such, for example, is the belief about a parson's giving a vessel a bad passage—a superstition that has evidently sprung from the bad results of Jonah's presence in a certain vessel. An old West Indian skipper once told me that he had remarked that if you carried more than one parson at once you were all right. The old fellow thought that one acted as an antidote to the other. 'The trouble is when you have *only* one, sir,' he said to me; 'no matter how favourable the wind has been, it is sure either to go dead ahead or to fall off entirely.'" Mr. James Gairdner, of the Record Office, in "The Historical View of Miracles,' treats of an absorbingly interesting subject in a common sense way. His paper is directed against Hume's celebrated essay, especially in its main thesis—the antecedent incredibility of miracles. He urges that if we were to reject everything which is *à priori* improbable, history could not be written, and the ordinary faith on which we are compelled to act in daily life would fail us. "It is the function" he says, "of history to determine the truth of miracles, as of other things, not from *à priori* considerations of any kind, but by a genuine philosophical inquiry, in every case, into the value of the testimony. If David Hume really treated the history of England, even under the Tudors or the Stuarts, in harmony with the principle he endeavoured to establish in his famous 'Essay,' I maintain that on that very account the work would be altogether valueless; for the principle must have inevitably led him to prefer testimony which was probable in itself, to other testimony which was not so probable, without inquiry into the characters and motives of the witnesses." Mr. Innes contributes a very able paper on the European Church question. It is a defence of the Italian policy as distinguished from the German, to which the writer is strongly opposed. Believing that Count Bismarck has made a great blunder, he recommends a revision of German policy touching the Church. The general drift of the essay may be gathered from a sentence or two :—"No doubt the way to cut the German knot which has occurred to most thinkers throughout Europe is simple disjunction of Church and State. Let Prussia take the same relation to the Church of Rome as is held to it by England or by the American Republic, and what further difficulties can there be? I have had many occasions to point out that this mere severance is not an end of all strife; and that so long as Church and State exist in the world, however separately, questions will arise which will force the recognition of the one upon the other—a recognition which may be occasional merely, but which may also be systematic. But the excellence of the Italian theory, which we have seen above expounded by the Minister Vigliani, seems to me to be that it is universal—equally applicable whether the Church is established or not established, endowed or not endowed. In either case, the position that the State meddles with the Church *only to civil effects* promises important results." Canon Lightfoot concludes his review of Papias's testimony to the authenticity of the Gospels, in reply to "Supernatural Religion."

The *Fortnightly Review* is rather barren of interest this month. The opening article, by Mr. Hubert Richards, on "The Church of England and the Universities," is a good one, because it sketches in a kindly spirit the record of reform, and suggests its extension without any dash of iconoclasm. A recently published collection, in three volumes, of Wordsworth's prose works has afforded Mr. Dowden an

opportunity of giving a readable paper upon the Poet of the Lakes. Mr. Sayce's "Ramble in Syracuse" is a pleasant bit of mingled travel and history, and Prof. Hunter's account of "Poor Relief" abroad is a timely contribution on a hotly contested subject. Mr. Saintsbury's monogram on Charles Baudelaire is interesting as a tribute to genius employed sometimes in a rather doubtful way. The writer compares him with Swinburne, whom he no doubt resembled in some respects. His best defence is not the essay, but its motto: "*Ce Baudelaire est une pierre de touche; il déplait invariablement à tous les imbéciles.*" Mr. Scot Henderson gives a short but effective criticism of Mr. Lewes's "Problems of Life and Mind" under the title of "Reasoned Realism;" and General Strachey contributes a very readable paper on the present position of Physical Geography as related to the other branches of physical science.

LITERARY NOTES.

Messrs. Collins, of Glasgow, have completed their series of Educational Atlases by the publication of a Library Atlas for general reference, consisting of a hundred maps of modern, historical, classical and astronomical geography. The work is prefaced by a lengthy descriptive treatise, copious index, &c., and its value and accuracy is amply vouched for by the names of the learned scholars which appear on the title-page—Drs. Schmitz, Bryce and Collier.

"Our Place among Infinities" is to be the title of Prof. Proctor's new astronomical work.

A third series of Dean Stanley's "Lectures on the Jewish Church," is announced by Mr. Murray among his forthcoming publications.

The same publisher is about to issue a selection from the late Mr. Grote's posthumous papers, edited by Prof. Bain, under the title of "Fragments on Ethical Subjects."

A volume containing three essays on the grounds of religious belief, by Mr. Stanley T. Gibson, B.D., entitled "Religion and Science; Their Relations to each other at the Present Day," is announced by Messrs. Longman; also a work on "Some Questions of the Day," by the author of "Amy Herbert,"—Miss Sewell.

Prof. Longfellow's new work, "The Masque of Pandora, and other Poems," is among the list of forthcoming books.

A translation into French of his Excellency Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes" is being undertaken in Montreal on behalf of his Lordship's many admirers in the Sister Province.

Miss Warner, the authoress of "Queechy," and "The Wide, Wide World," has recently been staying at Montreal, with the object of securing an English copyright for her forthcoming work, "Witch Hazel," by writing the closing chapters, and making an affidavit of residence on Canadian soil.

Principal Dawson's new work, "Life's Dawn on Earth," just published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, of London, will be introduced to Canadian readers by Messrs. Copp, Clark & Co., of Toronto.

M. Taine's new work, "A History of the French Revolution," is being translated for immediate publication in London.

Messrs. James Campbell & Son, of Toronto, have just issued a School History of Canada, by Mr. J. Frith Jeffers, B.A., of Picton, which we shall notice critically in our next issue.

Sir John Byles, the eminent legal authority on the Law of Bills of Exchange, &c., is said to be writing a work on "The Foundations of Religion in the Mind and Heart of Man."

Messrs. Harper Bros. have just published a somewhat curious contribution to English Literature and Language, in a work by a Professor of a Southern University, entitled "The Might and Mirth of Literature." Its sub-title explains its scope in some degree, though the novelty of the production can only be apprehended by its examination—"A Treatise on Figurative Language, with Discussions on the Fundamental Principles of Criticism and of the Weapons of Oratory."

A novel by Joaquin Miller is about to appear in London, under the title of "The One Fair Woman." A reprint of the author's recent Poem, "The Ship in the Desert," has just been issued in Boston.

A further new novel by Anthony Trollope, bearing the title of "The Prime Minister," is announced by the novelist's publishers.

A new work by Thomas Hughes, the popular author of "Tom Brown's School Days," on "The Economy of Thought and Thinking," is nearly ready for publication.

New works by two notable authoresses, Hesba Stretton and Mrs. Charles, the author of "The Schonberg-Cotta Family," are announced. A new poem of Whittier's, entitled "Mabel Martin," is to be produced in handsome form for the approaching holiday season.

(Prince Edward Island) by Governor Patterson. The Assembly met in July; there were eighteen members. The land question (which has never yet been satisfactorily disposed of) engaged the atttention of the Assembly, and an act was passed to secure the payment of quit rents.*—A papal decree abolishing the order of Jesuits in Canada was issued.—The last capitulary act of the chapter of Quebec took place in this year.—The Nova Scotia Assembly met on 20th April, and the session closed on the 24th; five acts having been passed.—Lord William Campbell appointed Governor of South Carolina. He was succeeded by Francis Legge, a major in the army.

1774. A proclamation appeared in the Nova Scotia *Gazette* on 20th September against public meetings on the ground that they tended to disturbance. —A cargo of tea having arrived at Halifax from New England consigned to a Mr. William Smith, Mr. Smith called a public meeting to consider the mode in which the tea should be disposed of. This conduct being considered by the authorities as likely to provoke disturbances, the meeting was forbidden, and Mr. Smith and a Mr. Fillis, who had acted with him, were deprived by the governor in council of all offices held by them under the government. This prompt action on the part of the council seems to have

* The recent appointment of the Right Hon. Mr. Childers, Dr. Jenkins, Mr. J. S. Cowell, and Mr. Haliburton, as Land Commissioners for Prince Edward Island (with instructions to enquire into the original grants, the extent to which the conditions attached to them have been fulfilled, the amount of rent paid by the tenants, and the cost of recovering arrears), having called public attention to the question of land tenure in Prince Edward Island, it may not be uninteresting to give at length the views of the Earl of Durham upon this subject as expressed in a letter addressed to Lord Glenelg (then Colonial Secretary), in October, 1838, which letter has been recently published by Mr. Duncan Campbell, the historian, who is now engaged in writing a history of Prince Edward Island:—

"CASTLE OF ST. LEWIS,
"QUEBEC, 8th October, 1838.

"MY LORD,—

"I have had the honor of receiving your Lordship's despatch of the 5th ultimo (No. 103), whereby you desire that I will express to you my judgment on the whole subject of Escheat in the Island of Prince Edward.

"After perusing the voluminous documents enclosed in your Lordship's despatch, I do not feel that it is in my power to add anything to the very full information on the subject which these documents comprise. The information before me is now so ample, that upon no matter of fact can I entertain a doubt. Nearly the whole Island was alienated in one day by the Crown, in very large grants, chiefly to absentees, and upon conditions of set lement which have been wholly disregarded. The extreme improvidence, I might say the reckless profusion, which dictated these grants, is obvious. The total neglect of the Government as to enforcing the conditions of the grants is not less so. The great bulk of the Island is still possessed by absentees, who hold it as a sort of reversionary interest which requires no present attention, but may become valuable some day or other, through the growing want of the inhabitants. But in the meantime, the inhabitants of the Island are subjected to the greatest inconvenience, nay, to the most serious injury, from the state of property in land. The absent proprietors neither improve the land themselves, nor will let others improve it. They retain the land, and keep it in a state of wilderness. Your Lordship can scarcely conceive the degree of injury inflicted on a new settlement by being hemmed in by wilderness land, which has been placed out of the control of Government, and is entirely neglected by its absent proprietors. This evil pervades British North America, and has been, for many years past, a subject of universal and bitter complaints. The same evil was felt in many of the States of the American Union, where, however, it has been remedied by taxation of a penal character, —taxation, I mean, in the nature of a fine for the abatement of a nuisance. In Prince Edward Island this evil has attained its maximum. It has been long and loudly complained of, but without any effect. The people, their representative Assembly, the Legislative Council and the Governor, have cordially concurred in devising a remedy for it. All their efforts, however, have proved in vain. Some influence—it cannot be that of equity or reason—has steadily counteracted the measures of the Colonial Legislature. I cannot imagine that it is any other influence than that of the absent proprietors, resident in England; and in saying so I do but express the universal opinion of the Colony. The only question, therefore, as it appears to me, is whether that influence shall prevail against the

checked any tendency to disorder, as no further trouble occurred.—The fifth session of the sixth General Assembly of Nova Scotia commenced on 6th October and closed on the 23rd December, when the Governor (Legge) referred to the question of the public debt of Nova Scotia, expressing his astonishment that so young a colony should already have contracted a debt.—A census was taken in Cape Breton in October, when the population amounted to 1013 persons, of whom 686 were Roman Catholics, and 327 Protestants. —Sir Guy Carleton returned to Canada and assumed the reigns of government. The affairs of Canada had, during the governor's absence in England, been administered by M. Cramahé. — A notice dated 28th December, and signed James Jeffrey, was issued from the Quebec Post Office stating that mails would be made up at that office for New York at 2 p.m. on Monday and Thursday. These mails were sent *via* Montreal and Lake George. Notice was given at the same time that "for the convenience of persons who may have concerns on Lake Champlain," a Post Office had been established at Crown Point, and another at Fort Edward.—The Act 14 George III., Cap. 83, commonly known as the "Quebec Act," was passed this year, and as its principles were warmly discussed both in England and America at the time of its passage through Parliament, it may not be out of place to give here a summary of its provisions. Section I. declares that all the territories, islands and countries in North America belonging to the Crown of Great Britain from the Bay of Chaleurs along the height of land immediately south of the St. Lawrence to the east of the Connecticut River, thence by line of latitude 45° N. until the line cuts the River St. Lawrence, (except the Hudson's Bay and Newfoundland districts) shall be part and parcel of the Province of Quebec. Section II. states the provisions of the Act are not to affect the boundaries of any other colony. Section III., nor to make void rights formerly granted. Section IV. declares all former provisions for the government of the province to be null and void from 1st May, 1775. Section V. provides that inhabitants of the Province of Quebec may profess the Romish religion subject to the King's supremacy as declared by the Act 1 Elizabeth, chap. 1, and that the clergy may enjoy their accustomed dues with

deliberative acts of the Colonial Legislature, and the universal complaints of the suffering Colonists. I can have no doubt on the subject. My decided opinion is that the Royal assent should no longer be withheld from the Act of the Colonial Legislature.

"At the same time, I doubt whether this Act will prove a sufficient remedy for the evil in question. It was but natural that the Colonial Legislature, who have found it impossible as yet to obtain any remedy whatever, should hesitate to propose a sufficient one. Undeterred by any such consideration, relying on the cordial co-operation of Her Majesty's Government and Parliament in the work of improving the state of these Colonies, I had intended, before the receipt of your Lordship's despatch, and still intend, to suggest a measure which, while it provides an efficient remedy for the evil suffered by the Colonists, shall also prove advantageous to the absentee proprietors, by rendering their propert more valuable. Whether the inhabitants of Prince Edward Island would prefer waiting for the now uncertain results of such a suggestion of mine, or that the Act which they have passed should be at once confirmed, I cannot tell; but I venture earnestly to recommend that Her M jesty's Government should be guided by their wishes on the subject. And in order to ascertain th se, I propose to transmit a copy of the present despatch to Sir Charles Fit roy, with a request that he will, after consulting with the leading men of the Colony, address your Lordship on the subject.

"With respect to the terms proposed by the proprietors, I am clearly of opinion that any such arrangement would be wholly inadequate to the end in view.

"I am, &c., &c.,

"DURHAM."

"LORD GLENELG."

respect to such persons only as shall profess the said religion. Section VI. gives power to His Majesty to make provision for the support of the Protestant clergy out of the rest of the accustomed dues and rights. Section VII. declares that no person professing the Romish religion is to be obliged to take the oath prescribed by 1 Elizabeth, but may, in lieu thereof, take before the governor the following, namely:—"I, A. B., do sincerely promise and swear that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty King George, and him will defend to the utmost of my power against all traitorous conspiracies and attempts whatsoever which shall be made against his person, crown and dignity; and I will do my utmost endeavour to disclose and make known to His Majesty, his heirs and successors, all treasons and traitorous conspiracies and attempts which I shall know to be against him, or any of them; and all this I do swear without any equivocation, mental evasion, or secret reservation, and renouncing all pardons and dispensations from any power or person whomsoever to the contrary, so help me God." This section also provides that any person refusing to take this oath shall be subject to the penalties imposed by the Act 1 Elizabeth. Section VIII. continues to all His Majesty's Canadian subjects (religious orders only excepted) the right to hold all their possessions, &c. as heretofore, and provides that in matters of controversy, resort is to be had to the laws and customs of Canada for decision. Section IX. exempts from the provisions of this Act any lands granted, or to be granted, by His Majesty in common soccage. Section X. gives power to owners of lands, goods, &c., to alienate during lifetime, or devise by will according to the laws of Canada or of England. Section XI. declares that the criminal law of England shall continue to have force in Canada. Section XII. authorizes His Majesty, with the consent of the Privy Council, to appoint a council for the affairs of the Province of Quebec, to consist of persons resident in the Province, not exceeding twenty-three, nor less than seventeen, who are to have power, with consent of the governor, to make ordinances for the peace, welfare, and good government of the Province. Section XIII. prohibits the council created by the preceding section from levying any taxes, but the council may authorize towns and districts to asses taxes for local purposes. Section XIV. provides that all ordinances of the council shall be laid before His Majesty within six months, and if disallowed, shall be void from the date of the publication in Quebec of the order in council disallowing them. Section XV. declares that no ordinance touching religion, or imposing greater punishment than fine or imprisonment for three months, shall be in force until approved by His Majesty. Section XVI. provides that no ordinance shall be passed at any meeting of council where less than a majority of the whole council be present, nor at any time, except between 1st January and 1st May, unless upon any very urgent occasion, when the council may be specially summoned. Section XVII. reserves to His Majesty the power to create any courts with criminal, civil, or ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Section XVIII. declares that no general acts respecting trade or commerce in British North America, shall be affected by this Act, but that all such Acts are in force in the Province of Quebec. An Act (14 George III., chap. 88) was also passed to impose a duty on the importation into Canada of spirits and molasses, and to levy a license duty on the

sale of spirituous liquors, &c., in order to provide a revenue for the support of the civil government.

1775. In January, 1775, a list of letters remaining uncalled for in the Quebec and Montreal Post Offices was published. Among the Quebec addresses occur the names Batiscan, Beauport and St. Charles, whilst the Montreal list includes L'Assomption, St. Sulpice and *Detroit*.—Governor Legge opened the seventh session of the fifth General Assembly of Nova Scotia at Halifax on 12th June; this session closed on 20th July. On 5th July a proclammation was issued by the Governor of Nova Scotia forbidding all persons in the Province from corresponding with, or assisting the rebels in New England.—Attacks were made on various settlements on the Bay of Fundy by parties of New Englanders who established themselves at Machias. —The first congress of the thirteen colonies had met at Philadelphia in September, 1774, and it was now determined, on the proposition of Colonel Arnold, to attempt the conquest of Canada. General Schuyler was appointed to the chief command, and he and General Montgomery advanced against Montreal by way of St. John's. The fort at Chambly was surrendered by Major Stopford almost without a struggle. St. John's held out for over a month, but was at length compelled to surrender. A premature attack on Montreal by Colonel Ethan Allen failed, and Allen was taken prisioner; but a very few days afterwards Montreal opened its gates to Montgomery. General Carleton having been compelled to retreat to Quebec with a remnant of his force, barely sufficient for an escort, Montgomery followed the governor down the St. Lawrence, and entered Three Rivers without resistance, thence proceeding on his way to Quebec, where he was joined by Colonel Arnold, who had ascended the Kennebec, and the combined force invested Quebec early in December. General Carleton's first care on his return to Quebec was to put the city in a state of defence. The population of Quebec at that time is estimated to have been about 5,000, and the governor was able to collect a force of nearly 1,800 men, consisting of regulars, militia, sailors, &c.; more than 150 pieces of artillery were in position in the upper and lower town. When Montgomery arrived he at once proceeded to invest the city, occupying Beauport, La Canardière and St. Foye, fixing his head quarters at the latter place. The only plan which appeared likely to succeed was to carry the city by a sudden assault, and this General Montgomery determined to attempt. The night of December 30th being dark and stormy, with a heavy fall of snow, was selected for the assault; feints were to be made on the western side of the city, whilst the main body of the enemy was to be divided into two parties, one under Colonel Arnold was to march through the St. Roch suburbs and carry the barricades and batteries at Sault-au-Matelot; whilst Montgomery, descending by Wolfe's Cove, was to force the barrier at Près-de-Ville, and enter the city by way of Champlain Street. These arrangements were all satisfactorily carried out, and by 4 a.m. on 31st December, Montgomery was drawing near to the barrier at Près-de-Ville; this was passed without difficulty; shortly after passing the barrier Montgomery was confronted by a masked battery. He halted for a few moments, then rushed to the assault, but the deadly shower of grape with which he was received broke the head of the column, and so discouraged the enemy that no second attempt was made. Montgomery was

killed, and several of his officers, including both his aides-de-camp, were killed or severely wounded. Arnold meanwhile had encountered a spirited resistance, and being himself disabled, and his force attacked in rear, was compelled to retreat with a loss of over 400 men who were taken prisoners. The killed on the side of the enemy exceeded 100, whilst the British loss did not amount to 20. No further attempt was made on the city during the winter; the enemy under command of Colonel Arnold, who had succeeded General Montgomery, kept up a blockade of the city at a distance of three miles.—The eighth session of the fifth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened by Governor Legge on 20th October, and lasted until 18th November.—With a view to the better protection of the province from the designs of emissaries from the revolted provinces, martial law was declared in Nova Scotia on 30th November, and all strangers were required to report themselves on arrival to two magistrates on pain of being treated as spies.—Two armed schooners from Marblehead called at Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, and carried off Attorney-General Callbeck (who was, during the absence in England of Mr. Patterson, the Governor, administering the government), and some other officers of the government. When the capture of Mr. Callbeck was reported to General Washington, he reprimanded the captors, and returned the prisoners and plunder with expressions of regret.—Governor Legge was authorized by the Earl of Dartmouth to raise a regiment of 1,000 men for the defense of Nova Scotia.

1776. When congress learned that General Montgomery had fallen in the attempt to capture Quebec, and that the failure of the expedition was probable, it was decided (early in February) to send commisioners to Canada invested with full powers to treat upon all matters and things whatsoever. The commissioners were Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll; they were accompanied by the Rev. John Carroll (afterwards Bishop of Baltimore). The party left Philadelphia about 20th March, and reached Montreal towards the end of April. They were not more successful in diplomacy than Montgomery had been in war, and returned to Philadelphia in June. One good resulted from their mission; they had in their train one Mesplets, a printer, who, having with him the materials for his business, thought he saw an opening for him in Montreal, and therefore when the commissioners returned to Philadelphia, he remained and became the first printer in Montreal. From his press the Montreal *Gazette* was first issued in 1778.

1778. A treaty of alliance and trade was signed by France, and the revolted British Colonies.—General Carleton left Canada for England, leaving General Haldimand to administer the affairs of the Province as Lieutenant-Governor.—Four companies of Provincial troops were sent to garrison Charlottetown.—Bryan Finucane, who had been appointed Chief Justice of Nova Scotia, arrived at Halifax on the 10th April, and was sworn in as a member of Council on 1st May.—Lieutenant-Governor Arbuthnot was promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral.—The eleventh session of the Fifth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened by the Lieutenant-Govenor, Admiral Arbuthnot, on 6th June. This session closed on 25th June. The public debt of Nova Scotia appears, from a statement laid before the Legislature at this session, to have been, at this date, £14,500 sterling.—Commissioner Rich-

ard Hughes was sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, on 17th August, Admiral Arbuthnot having sailed for England in the *Thetis*.—An Act of Parliament (18 Geo. III., Cap. 12) was passed declaring that no tax should thereafter be imposed by the King and Parliament of Great Britain, on any of the colonies in North America, or the West Indies, except such duties as might be imposed for the regulation of commerce, the net produce of which should be applied to the use of the colony. So much of the Act (7 Geo. III.,) as imposed a duty on tea imported from Great Britain into America, was repealed by this Act.

1779. The 12th session of the Fifth General Assembly of Nova Scotia, was opened by Lieutenant Governor Hughes. who announced in his speech that Mr. Francklin, superintendent of Indian Affairs, had effected the re-establishment of peace with the Indian tribes, and had succeeded in getting a treaty annulled, which had actually been made by the Indians with the revolutionary leaders, by which the Indians had engaged to furnish 600 men to aid in the struggle with Great Britain.—The Third General Assembly of Prince Edward Island (Island of St. John) met in October, the Honourable T. Des-Brisay acting as Lieutenant-Governor during the absence in England of the Governor, Walter Patterson.

1780. The thirteenth session of the Fifth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened at Halifax on 9th October, by Lieutenant-Governor Hughes.—An Act was passed during this session to establish a public school at Halifax.—The Assembly was prorogued on 3rd November.—Sir Richard Hughes, Lieutenant-Governor (who had recently become a baronet), was, on 26th September, promoted to be a Rear-Admiral of the Blue.

1781. Brigadier-General Francis McLean, Colonel of the 82nd Regiment, who commanded the troops in Nova Scotia, died at Halifax on 4th May.—The General Assembly of Nova Scotia met at Halifax on 11th of June.—The session was opened by Sir Richard Hughes, who, in his opening speech, mentioned his promotion, and that he was to be succeeded by Sir A. S. Hamond. A resolution was passed during this session to pay ten shillings a day to members of the distant towns and counties who "shall think proper to apply for the same." A pension of £50 sterling was voted for life to Elizabeth Amelia Belcher, orphan daughter of the late Chief-Justice Belcher.—The Assembly was prorogued on the 5th July.—The new Lieutenant-Governor, Captain Sir Andrew Snape Hamond, R. N., arrived at Halifax on 30th July, and was sworn into office the next day.—August 29th. The town of Annapolis Royal was plundered by the crews of two rebel schooners which had sailed up the basin the previous night and landed there unobserved at break of day.—December 8th. Attorney-General Brenton, of Nova Scotia, was appointed Assistant Judge of the Supreme Court in place of Mr. Morris, deceased. Charles Morris, son of the late Judge, was appointed Chief Land Surveyor of Nova Scotia.—Governor Patterson, of Prince Edward Island (Island of St. John), ordered the sale of nine whole and five half townships for non-payment of quit-rents. This act was not approved by the Home Government, and created much dissatisfaction, resulting, in 1786, in the recall of Governor Patterson. The sale of these lands, and the disturbance consequent thereon, may fairly be considered as the commencement of the difficulties which the peculiar tenure of land in Prince Edward Island has

brought upon that colony, which difficulties the legislation of nearly a century has failed to remove.

1782. The fifteenth session of the Fifth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened by Lieutenant-Governor Hamond on the 11th of June. The Lieutenant-Governor, in his opening speech, complimented the Assembly for their loyalty, and expressed the hope that peace would soon be restored. This session terminated on the 4th of July.—The settlements on the south-western coast of Nova Scotia and in the Bay of Fundy were much annoyed by frequent attacks of American privateers. Annapolis had been plundered in 1781, and Lunenburg suffered a like misfortune in 1782.—Lieutenant-Colonel John Parr, who had been appointed Governor of Nova Scotia, arrived at Halifax in the *St. Lawrence* on the 6th October. On the arrival of Colonel Parr, Sir A. S. Hamond at once wrote to the Earl of Shelburne (then Colonial Secretary), tendering his resignation of the office of Lieutenant-Governor, to which he had been re-appointed.—Colonel Parr was sworn into office as Governor of Nova Scotia on the 19th October.—The Honorable Michael Francklin died at Halifax after a residence of thirty years in Nova Scotia, during which time he had filled many public offices of high trust, and had secured the esteem of his fellow-citizens both for his ability and integrity.—The preliminary articles of peace between His Britannic Majesty's Commissioners and those of the United States of America, were signed at Paris on the 30th of November; by Richard Oswald for the King, and by John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, John Jay, and Henry Laurens for the United States.—December 3rd. A proclamation was issued by Governor Parr, of Nova Scotia, against the impressment of men for the King's service without permission of the civil magistrate.

1783. A treaty of peace was signed at Versailles, on the 3rd of September, between Great Britain and France, and also between Great Britain and Spain. A treaty between Great Britain and the United States was signed at Paris on the same day, by which the independence of the thirteen United States of America was recognized. By this treaty the limits of Canada were considerably abridged. Lake Champlain in the East, and Detroit in the then far west, passed away forever from the power of Britain.—During the progress of the war many thousands of the loyal minority had left the States and had settled in Canada and Nova Scotia, where they were gladly received, and commended to the special favor of the Provincial Governments. Liberal grants of land, and assistance in various ways, showed in an unmistakeable manner the satisfaction with which so valuable an accession to the population of the British Provinces was received; and the United Empire Loyalists, as the new comers were called, proved, by the energy with which they set to work to develope the resources of the country, how well they merited the hearty reception which had been given them.—A deputation, consisting of Messrs. Adhémar, Powell, and Delisle, went to England with a petition to Parliament asking for the introduction into Canada of the law of *Habeas Corpus*, and other rights and privileges enjoyed by British subjects elsewhere.—Colonel de Seitz, who commanded one of the Hessian regiments, died at Halifax.—The preliminaries of peace, and the King's proclamation for a cessation of arms, were published in the Nova Scotia *Gazette* on the 22nd April.—On the 6th of June, Governor Parr writes to the Secretary of State that, since January,

upwards of 7,000 refugees had arrived in Nova Scotia from the United States, and that 3,000 more were expected;* and he also asks aid from the Home Government to furnish shelter, implements of husbandry, &c.—On the 23rd September, Edmond Fanning, Esquire, was sworn in at Halifax as Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia.—The sixteenth session of the Fifth General Assembly of Nova Scotia was opened by Governor Parr at Halifax on the 6th October. This session closed on the 2nd December. Mr. William Nesbitt,† the Speaker, tendered his resignation of the chair on account of his age and infirmity. The Assembly passed a vote of thanks to him for his long and faithful services, and granted him an annuity of £100 a year for the remainder of his life.

1784. Among the persons who had suffered from the arbitrary measures of the Government of Canada during the administration of General Haldimand, was a M. du Calvet, a Huguenot, who had taken a very active part in urging the adoption of changes calculated to render the constitution more acceptable to the people, and had thus rendered himself obnoxious to the Governor. M. du Calvet went to France in 1783, ahd the next year published, in London, a work illustrative of his views on the constitution of Canada. It is somewhat singular to find that at so early a period of our history the question of representation in the Imperial Parliament should have been discussed, but it will be found among the changes pressed upon the attention of the British Government by M. du Calvet.—The Iroquois, under Brant, were settled on the banks of the Grand River.—M. de St. Luc moved an address in the Council thanking His Majesty for his protection of Canada during the American revolution, and praying that he would maintain intact the Government of 1774. This motion was opposed by Messrs. Grant, De Léry, and Levesque, but was finally carried. Indeed from this date until 1790 a perfect flood of petitions poured in upon the House of Commons and engaged the attention of the Home Government, all having reference to the future government of Canada.—July 19th. The frame of the first Roman Catholic Church in Halifax was raised on the present site of St. Mary's Cathedral.—Nova Scotia was divided into two Provinces, the line of separation to be drawn from the mouth of the Missiguash River, in the Bay of Fundy, to its source, and from thence across the Isthmus into the nearest part of the Baie Verte. The New Province was called New Brunswick.—Colonel Carleton, who had been appointed Governor of the new Province of New Brunswick, reached Halifax in October, and, shortly afterwards, proceeded to the seat of his government, reaching St. John* on Sunday, the 31st of November, where he met with a most enthusiastic reception. Jonathan Odell, Secretary of the new Province, accompanied the Governor to St. John. A proclamation was issued by Colonel Carleton, on 22nd Novem-

* This estimate fell far short of the actual number, as, from subsequent statements, it would seem that at least 25,000 persons left the United States and settled in Nova Scotia.

† William Nesbitt accompanied Governor Cornwallis to Nova Scotia in 1749, and was employed in the Secretary's office for some years. He afterwards practised as an attorney and solicitor in Halifax, and became Attorney-General of Nova Scotia. On the establishment of Representative Government he was elected a member of the Assembly, and was made speaker in 1759. Mr. Nesbitt continued in the chair, with the exception of one year (1774) when he was sick, until his retirement in 1783. He died in 1784.

* St. John was then called Parr-town, after Governor Parr, of Nova Scotia.