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GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'A Princess of Thule,' 'Daughter of Helh,' 'Three Feathers,' 'Strange Adventures of a Phaeton,' etc.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A CONFESSION.

ON the morning of his departure for London, Balfour would take no notice of the marked disfavor with which Lady Sylvia regarded his setting out. It was hard on the poor child, no doubt, that he should leave her in the midst of these few Christmas holidays, and for the sake of some trumpery Parliamentary business. He might have remonstrated with her, it is true; might have reminded her that she knew what his life must be when she married him; might have recalled her own professions of extreme interest in public affairs; might have asked her if a single day's absence—which he had tried to avert by a proposal which she had rejected—was, after all, such a desperate business. But no. He had no wish to gain an argumentative victory over his beautiful young wife. He would allow her to cherish that consolatory sense of having been wronged. Nay, more; since she had plainly chosen to live in a world apart from

his, he would make her life there as happy as possible. And so, as he kissed her in bidding her good-by, he said,

'By-the-way, Sylvia, I might as well go round by the Hall and see your father. If he is in all that trouble—this is Christmas-time, you know—perhaps he will let me help him.'

Well, she did look a little grateful.

'And I shall be down as soon as I can to-morrow forenoon,' he added.

But as he drove away from The Lilacs in the direction of Willowby Hall, he did not at all feel so amiably disposed toward his wife's father, whom he conjectured—and conjectured quite wrongly—to have been secretly soliciting this help from Lady Sylvia. But at all events, Balfour said to himself, the relations between himself and his wife were of more importance than his opinion of Lord Willowby. The sacrifice of a few thousand pounds was not of much concern to him; it was of great concern to him that his wife should not remain unhappy if this matter of money could restore her usual cheerfulness.

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When he reached the Hall, he found that Major and Mrs. Blythe had left the day before, but would return for Christmas. Lord Willowby was smoking an after-breakfast cigarette in the library. He looked surprised when Balfour entered; his son-in-law had not often paid him a visit unaccompanied by Lady Sylvia.

'The fact is,' said Balfour, coming straight to the point, 'Sylvia is rather distressed at present because she imagines you are in some trouble about business matters. She thinks I ought to ask you about it, and see if I can help you. Well, I don't like interfering in any one's affairs, especially when I have not been solicited to interfere; but really, you know, if I can be of service to you—'

'Ah! the good girl—the dear girl!' said Lord Willowby, with that effusiveness of tone that his daughter had learned to love as the only true expression of affection. 'I can see it all. Her tender instinct told her who that man was whom you drove over the day before yesterday; she recognized my despair, my shame, at being so beset by a leech, a blood-sucker, a miserable wretch who has no more sense of honor—'

And at this point Lord Willowby thought fit to get into a hot and indignant rage, which in no measure imposed on his son-in-law. Balfour waited patiently until the outburst was over. Perhaps he may have been employing his leisure considering how a man could be beset by a leech; but inadvertently he looked out of the window at his horses, and then he thought of his train.

'And indeed, Balfour,' said his lordship, altering his tone, and appealing in a personal and plaintive way to his son-in-law, 'how could I speak to you about these matters? All your life you have been too well off to know any thing about the shifts that other men have sometimes to adopt.'

'My dear Lord Willowby,' said Balfour, with a smile, 'I am afraid it is those very shifts that have led you into your present troubles.'

'If you only knew—if you only knew,' said the other, shaking his head. 'But there! as my dear girl is anxious, I may as well make a clean breast of it. Will you sit down?'

Balfour sat down. He was thinking more of the train than of his father-in-law's affairs.

'Do you know,' said Lord Willowby, with something of a pathetic air, 'that you are about the last man in the world to whom I should like to reveal the cause of my present anxieties. You are—you will forgive me for saying so—apt to be harsh in your judgments; you do not know what temptations poverty puts before you. But my dear girl must plead for me.'

Balfour, who did not at all like this abject tone, merely waited in mute attention. If this revelation was to be protracted, he would have to take a later train.

'About a year and a half ago,' said his lordship, letting his eyes rest vaguely on the arm of Balfour's easy-chair, 'things had gone very badly with me, and I was easily induced into joining a speculation, or rather a series of speculations, on the Stock Exchange, which had been projected by several friends of mine who had been with me in other undertakings. They were rich men, and could have borne their previous losses; I was a poor man, and—and, in short, desperate. Moreover, they were all business men, one or two of them merchants whose names are known all over the world; and I had a fair right to trust to their prudence—had I not?'

'Prudence is not of much avail in gambling,' said Balfour. 'However, how did you succeed?'

'Our operations (which they conducted, mind you) were certainly on a large scale—an enormous scale. If they had come out successfully, I should never have touched a company, or a share, or a bond, for the rest of my life. But instead of that, every thing went against us; and while one or two of us could have borne the loss, others of us must have been simply ruined. Well, it occurred to one or two of these persons—I must beg you to believe, Balfour, that the suggestion did not come from me—that we might induce our broker, by promises of what we should do for him afterward, to assume the responsibility of these purchases and become bankrupt.'

A sudden look of wonder—merely of wonder, not yet of indignation—leaped to the younger man's face.

'My dear fellow,' pleaded Lord Willowby, who had been watching for this look, 'don't be too rash in condemning us—in condemning me, at all events. I assure you I at once opposed this plan when it was

suggested. But they had a great many reasons to advance against mine. It was making one man bankrupt instead of several. Then on whom would the losses fall? Why, on the jobbers, who are the real gamblers of the Stock Exchange, and who can easily suffer a few losses when pitted against their enormous gains.'

'But how was it possible?' exclaimed Balfour, who had not yet recovered from his amazement. 'Surely the jobbers could have appealed to the man's books, in which all your names would have been found.'

'I assure you, Balfour,' said his lordship, with a look of earnest sincerity, 'that so much was I opposed to the scheme that I don't know how that difficulty was avoided. Perhaps he had a new set of books prepared, and burned the old ones. Perhaps he had from the outset been induced to enter his own name as the purchaser of the various stocks.'

'But that would have been worse and worse—a downright conspiracy to swindle from the very beginning. Why, Lord Willowby, you don't mean to say that you allowed yourself to be associated with such a—well, perhaps I had better not give it a name.'

'My dear Balfour,' said his lordship, returning to his pathetic tone, 'it is well for you that you have never suffered from the temptations of poverty. I feared your judgment of my conduct would be harsh. You see, you don't think of the extenuating circumstances. I knew nothing of this plan when I went into the copartnership of speculation—I can not even say that it existed. Very well: when my partners came to me and showed me a scheme that would save them from ruin, was I openly to denounce and betray them merely because my own conscience did not exactly approve of the means they were adopting?'

'To condone a felony, even with the purest and highest motives—' said Balfour; and with that Lord Willowby suddenly rose from his chair. That single phrase had touched him into reality.

'Look here, Balfour—' said he, angrily.

But the younger man went on with great calmness to explain that he had probably been too hasty in using these words before hearing the whole story. He begged Lord Willowby to regard him (Balfour) as one of the public: what would the public,

knowing nothing of Lord Willowby's private character, think of the whole transaction? And then he prayed to be allowed to know how the affair had ended.

'I wish it *was* ended,' said Lord Willowby, subsiding into his chair again, and into his customary gloomy expression. 'This man appears to consider us as being quite at his mercy. They have given him more money than ever they promised, yet he is not satisfied. He knows quite well that the jobbers suspected what was the cause of his bankruptcy, though they could do nothing to him; now he threatens to disclose the whole business, and set them on us. He says he is ruined as far as is practicable; and that if we don't give him enough to retire on and live at his ease, he will ruin every one of us in public reputation. Now do you see how the case stands?'

He saw very clearly. He saw that he dared not explain to his wife the story he had been told; and he knew she would never be satisfied until he had advanced money in order to hush up a gigantic fraud. What he thought of this dilemma can easily be surmised; what he said about it was simply nothing at all.

'And why should he come at me?' said Lord Willowby, in an injured way. 'I have no money. When he was down here the day before yesterday, he used the plainest threats. But what can I do?'

'Prosecute him for attempting to obtain money by threats.'

'But then the whole story would come out.'

'Why not—if you can clear yourself of all complicity in the matter?'

Surely this was plain, obvious good sense. But Lord Willowby had always taken this young man to be a person of poor imagination, limited sympathies, and cold practical ways. It was all very well for him to think that the case lay in a nutshell. He knew better. He had a sentiment of honor. He would not betray his companions. In order to revenge himself on this wretched worm of a blood-sucker, would he stoop to become an informer, and damage the fair reputation of friends of his who had done their best to retrieve his fallen fortunes?

He did not frankly say all this, but he hinted at something of it.

'Your generosity,' said Balfour, apparently with no intention of sarcasm, 'may be

very noble ; but let us see exactly what it may lead to. What does this man propose to do, if he is not paid sufficient money ?

'Oh, he threatens every thing—to bring an action against us, to give the jobbers information which will enable them to bring an action, and so forth.'

'Then your friends, at all events, will have to pay a large sum ; and both you and they will be ruined in character. That is so, isn't it ?'

'I don't know about character,' said this poor hunted creature. 'I think I could make some defence about that.'

'I don't think your defence would affect the public verdict,' said this blunt-spoked son-in-law

'Well, be it so !' said his lordship, in desperation. 'Let us say that the general voice of business men—who, of course, never employ any stratagems to get out of predicaments in their own affairs—will say that we conspired to commit a fraud. Is that plain enough language ? And now perhaps you will say that the threat is not a sufficiently serious one ?'

'I will say nothing of the kind,' said Balfour, quietly. 'The whole case seems much more serious than any one could have imagined. Of course, if you believe you could clear yourself, I say again, as I said before, bring an action against the man, and have the whole thing out, whoever suffers. If you are disinclined to take that course—'

'Well, suppose I am ?'

'In that case,' said Balfour, rising, 'will you give me a day or two to think over the affair ?'

'Certainly ; as many as you like,' said Lord Willowby, who had never expected much from the generosity of this son-in-law of his.

And so Balfour got into his trap again, and drove on to the station. Nothing that had happened to him since his marriage had disturbed him so much as the revelation of this story. He had always had a certain nameless, indefinable dislike to Lord Willowby ; but he had never suspected him capable of conduct calculated to bring dishonor on the family name. And oddly enough, in this emergency, his greatest apprehension was that he might not be able to conceal the almost inevitable public scandal from Lady Sylvia. She had always

loved her father. She had believed in his redundant expressions of affection. In the event of this great scandal coming to her ears, would she not indignantly repudiate it, and challenge her husband to repudiate it also ?

That evening, by appointment, Balfour's two friends dined with him at his club ; and they had a more or less discursive chat over the bill which it was proposed he should introduce in the case of his being reelected at the following general election. Strangely enough, he did not enter into this talk with any particular zest. He seemed abstracted, absorbed ; several times he vaguely assented to an opinion which he found it necessary to dispute directly afterward. For what the member of Ballinascreen was really saying to himself was this : 'To-morrow I go down again to the country. My wife will want to know what I am going to do about her father's affairs. I shall be thrown a good deal during the next few days into the society of Lord Willowby and his brother. And on Christmas-day I shall have the singular felicity of dining in the company of two of the most promising scoundrels in this country.'

CHAPTER XXIV.

CHRISTMAS SENTIMENT.

THERE is no saying what a man, even of the strictest virtue, will do for the sake of his wife. But, curiously enough, when Hugh Balfour found himself confronted by these two disagreeable demands—that he should lend or give a sum to Lord Willowby in order that a very disgraceful transaction should be hushed up, and that he should dine on Christmas evening with that peer of doubtful morals and his still more disreputable brother—he found far more difficulty in assenting to the latter than to the former proposition. That was a matter of a few moments—the writing a few figures on a check ; this was spending a whole evening, and Christmas evening too, in the company of people whom he despised and detested. But what will not a man do for his wife ?

Either concession was a bitter draught to drink. He had always been keenly scru-

pulous about money matters, and impatiently harsh and contemptuous in his judgment of those who were otherwise. He had formed a pronounced antipathy against Lord Willowby, and a man does not care to strain his conscience or modify his creed for a person whom he dislikes. Then, there was the possibility of a public disclosure, which would probably reveal the fact that he had lent Lord Willowby this money. Could he defend himself by saying that he had counselled Lord Willowby, before lending him the money, to go into court and clear himself? He would not do that. When he gave that advice, with mock humility, he knew perfectly that Lord Willowby was only prevaricating. He knew that this father-in-law of his was hopelessly entangled in a fraud which he had either concocted or condoned. If this money were to be lent at all it was frankly to be lent in order that the man who threatened to inform should be bought over to hold his peace. But then what is it that a young and devoted husband will not do for his wife?

Moreover, the more distressing of the two demands had to be met first. Lord Willowby told him that his partners in that scheme of cheating the jobbers had resolved to meet on the first of the new year to consider what was to be done; so that in the meantime Balfour could allow his conscience to rest, so far as the money was concerned. But in the meantime came Christmas; and he told his wife that he had no objection to joining that family party at the Hall. When he said that he had no objection, he meant that he had about twenty dozen, which he would overrule for her sake. And indeed Lady Sylvia's delight at his consent was beautiful to see. She spent day after day decorating Willowby Hall with evergreens; she did not altogether neglect The Lilacs, but then, you see, there was to be no Christmas party there. She sang at her work; she was as busy as she could be; she even wished—in the fullness of her heart—that her cousin Honoria were already arrived to help her. And Balfour? Did he assist in that pretty and idyllic pastime? Oddly enough he seemed to take a greater interest than ever in the Von Rosens and some neighbors of theirs. He was constantly over among us; and that indefatigable and busy idler, the German ex-

lieutenant, and he were to be seen every day starting off on some new business—a walking-match, a run with the thistle-whippers, a sale of hay belonging to the railway; in fact, anything that did not lead these two in the direction of Willowby Hall. On one occasion he suddenly said to our Queen T—,

'Don't you think Christmas is a terribly dull business?'

'We don't find it so,' said that smiling person; 'we find it terribly noisy—enough to ruin one's nerves for a week.'

'Ah,' said he, 'that is quite different. I can understand your enjoying Christmas when you have a children's party to occupy the evening.'

'I am sure,' said our Sovereign Mistress, who to do her justice, is always ready with little kindnesses—'I am quite sure we should all be so glad if you and Lady Sylvia would come over and spend the evening with us; we would make Lady Sylvia the presiding fairy to distribute the gifts from the Christmas tree. It is the most splendid one we have ever had—'

'You are very kind,' said he, with a sigh. 'I wish I could. There is other joy in store for me. I have to dine with some of my father-in-law's relatives; and we shall have an evening devoted to bad wine and the Tichborne case.'

And at length Christmas-day came round; and then it appeared that Mr. Balfour was expected to go from church to Willowby Hall and remain there until the evening. This, he considered, was not in the bond. He had managed to make the acquaintance of a certain clergymen in the neighborhood of Englebury; and this worthy person had just forwarded him the proof-sheets of an essay on some public question or other, with a meek request that Mr. Balfour would glance over it and say whether the case of the enemy had been fairly and fully stated. This was courageous and honest on the part of the parson, for Mr. Balfour was on the side of the enemy. Now as this article was to be published in a monthly magazine, was it not of great importance that the answer should be returned at once? If Lady Sylvia would go on to the Hall with her papa, he, Balfour, would return to The Lilacs, get this bit of business over, and join the gay family party in the evening. Lady Sylvia seemed rather disappointed that this

clergyman should have deprived her husband of the pleasure of spending the whole day in the society of her relatives ; but she consented to the arrangement, and Balfour, with much content, spent Christmas day by himself.

And then, in the hush of the still and sacred evening, this happy family party met round the Christmas board. It was a pleasant picture—for the bare dining-room looked no longer bare, when it was laden with scarlet berries and green leaves, and Lord Willowby could not protest against a waste of candles on such a night. Then, with his beautiful young wife presiding at the head of the table—herself the type of gentle English womanhood—and Honoria Blythe's merry black eyes doing their very best to fascinate and entertain him, why should this ungrateful Scotch boor have resolved to play the part of Apemantus ? Of course he was outwardly very civil—nay, formally courteous ; but there was an air of isolation about him, as if he were sitting there by an exercise of constraint. He rarely took wine anywhere ; when he did, he almost never noticed what he drank : why, was it, therefore, that he now tasted everything, and put the glass down as if he were calculating whether sudden death might not ensue ? And when Major Blythe, after talking very loudly for some time, mentioned the word 'Tichborne,' why should this man ejaculate—apparently to himself—'O good Lord ?' in a tone that somehow or other produced a dead silence.

'Perhaps it is no matter of concern to you,' said Major Blythe, with as much ferocity as he dared to assume toward a man who might possibly lend him money, 'that an innocent person should be so brutally treated ?'

'Not much,' said Balfour, humbly.

'I dare say you have not followed the case very closely, Balfour,' said his lordship, intervening to prevent a dispute.

'No, I have not,' he said. 'In fact, I would much rather walk the other way. But then,' he added, to Miss Honoria, who was seated by him, 'your papa must not imagine that I have not an opinion as to who the Claimant really is.'

'No !' exclaimed Honoria, with her splendid eyes full of theatrical interest. 'Who is he, then ?'

'I discovered the secret from the very

beginning. The old prophecies have been fulfilled. The ravens have flown away. Frederick Barbarossa has come back to the world at last.'

'Frederick Barbarossa ?' said Miss Honoria, doubtfully.

'Yes,' continued her instructor seriously. 'His other name was O'Donovan. He was a Fenian leader.'

'Susan,' called out her brat of a brother, 'he's only making a fool of you ;' but at any rate the sorry jest managed to stave off for a time the inevitable fight about the fat person from the colonies.

It was a happy family gathering. Balfour was so pleased to see a number of relatives enjoying themselves together in this manner that he would not for the world have the party split itself into two after dinner. Remain to drink Madeira when the ladies were going to sing their pious Christmas hymns in the other room ? Never ! Major Blythe said by gad he wasn't going into the drawing-room just yet ; and poor Lord Willowby looked helplessly at both, not knowing which to yield to. Naturally, his duties as host prevailed. He sat down with his brother, and offered him some Madeira, which to tell the truth, was very good indeed, for Lord Willowby was one of the men who think they can condone the poisoning of their guests during dinner by giving them a decent glass of wine afterward. Balfour went into the drawing-room and sat down by his wife, Honoria having at her request gone to the piano.

'Why don't you stay in the dining-room, Hugh ?' said she.

'Ah,' said he with a sigh, 'Christmas evenings are far too short for the joy they contain. I did not wish the happiness of this family gathering to be too much flavored with Tichborne. What is your cousin going to sing now—

Oh how sweet it is to see,
Brethren dwell in enmity !

or some such thing ?'

She was hurt and offended. He had no right to scoff at her relatives ; because if there was any discordant element in that gathering, it was himself. They were civil enough to him. They were not quarrelling among themselves. If there was any interference with the thoughts and feelings appropriate to Christmas, he was the evil

spirit who was disturbing the emotions of those pious souls.

Indeed, she did not know what demon had got possession of him. He went over to Mrs. Blythe, a woman whom she knew he heartily disliked, and sat down by that majestic three-decker, and paid her great and respectful attention. He praised Honoria's playing. He asked to what college they meant to send Johnny when that promising youth left school. He was glad to see the Major looking so well and hearty; did he take his morning ride in the Park yet? Mrs. Blythe, who was a dull woman, nevertheless had her suspicions; but how could she fail to be civil to a gentleman who was complaisance personified?

His spirits grew brighter and brighter; he was quite friendly with Lord Willowby and his younger brother when they came in from the dining-room. Lady Sylvia deeply resented this courtesy, because she thought it arose from a sarcastic appreciation of the incongruity of his presence there; whereas it was merely the result of a consciousness that his hour of release was at hand. He had done his duty; he had sacrificed his own liking for the sake of his wife; he had got through that distasteful dinner; and now he was going back to a snug room at The Lilacs, to a warm fire, an easy-chair, a pipe, and a friendly chat.

But who can describe the astonishment of these simple folks when a servant came in to say that Mr. Balfour's carriage was at the door? Only ten o'clock—and this Christmas night!

'Surely there is some mistake, Hugh?' said his young wife, looking at him with great surprise. 'You don't wish to go home now?'

'Oh yes, child,' said he gravely. 'I don't want to have you knocked up. It has been a long day for you to-day.'

She said not another word, but got up and went to the door.

'Come Sylvia,' said her father who had opened the door for her, 'you must give us another hour anyway: you are not very tired? Shall I tell him to take the horses out again?'

'No, thank you,' said she coldly. 'I think I will go now.'

'I am sorry,' said Balfour, when she had gone, 'to break up your charming Christmas party; but the fact is, Sylvia has been

very fatigued ever since she put up those evergreens; and I am rather afraid of the night air for her.'

He did not explain what was the difference between the night air of ten o'clock and the night air of eleven o'clock; for presently Lady Sylvia came down stairs again wrapped up in furs, and she was escorted out to the carriage with great ceremony by her father. She was silent for a time after they drove away.

'Hugh,' she said, abruptly, by-and-by, 'why do you dislike my relatives so? And if you do dislike them, I think you might try to conceal it for my sake.'

'Well,' said he, 'I do think that is rather ungrateful. I thought I went out of my way to be civil to them all round to-night. I think I was most tremendously civil. What was it, then, that displeased you?'

She did not answer; she was oppressed by bitter thoughts. And when he tried to coax her into conversation, she replied in monosyllables. In this manner they reached The Lilacs.

Now before leaving home that evening he had given private instructions that a pretty little supper was to be prepared for their return; and when Lady Sylvia entered, she found the dining-room all cheerfully lit up, a fire blazing, and actual oysters (oysters don't grow on the hedge-rows of Surrey, as some of us know) on the table. This is how he thought he and she might spend their first Christmas evening together, late as the hour was; and he hastened to anticipate the diligent Anne in helping his wife to get rid of her furs.

'Now, Syllabus,' said he, 'come in and make yourself comfortable.'

'Thank you,' said she, 'I am a little tired. I think I will go up stairs now.'

'Won't you come down again?'

'I think not.'

And so, without any great sense of injury, and forgetting altogether the supper that was spread out on the table, he shut himself up alone in the still dining-room, and lit his pipe, and took down a book from the library. Soon enough these temporary disappointments were forgotten; for it was a volume of Keats he had taken down at haphazard, and how could a man care what happened to him on the first Christmas evening of his married life, if he was away

in the dreamland of 'Endymion,' and removed from mortal cares?

Major Blythe and his family remained at Willowby Hall for some few days; Lady Sylvia never went near them. Nay, she would not allow the name of one of her relations to pass her lips. If her husband mentioned any of them, she changed the conversation; and once, when he proposed to drive over to the Hall, she refused to go.

On the other hand, she tried to talk politics to her husband, in a stiff and forced way, which only served to distress him. He remonstrated with her gently—for, indeed, he was rather disappointed that his honest endeavors to please her had borne so little fruit—but she only grew more reserved in tone. And he could not understand why she should torture herself by this compulsory conversation about politics, foreign and domestic, when he saw clearly that her detestation of every thing connected with his public life increased day by day, until—merely to save her pain—he could have wished that there was no such place as Englebury on the map of England.

He told her he had spoken to her father about these pecuniary troubles, and offered to assist him. She said that was very kind, and even kissed him on the forehead as she happened to be passing his chair; but not even that would induce her to talk about her father or any thing belonging to him. And, indeed, he himself could not be very explicit on the point, more especially as everything now pointed to his having to lend Lord Willowby money, not to hush up a fraud, but to defend a criminal prosecution.

About the third week in January all England was startled by the announcement that there was to be an immediate dissolution of Parliament, and that a general election would shortly follow. Balfour did not seem so perturbed as might have been expected; he even appeared to find some sense of relief in the sudden news. He at once grew active, bright, eager, and full of a hundred schemes, and the first thing he did was, of course, to rush up to London, the centre of all the hurry and disturbance that prevailed. Lady Sylvia naturally remained in Surrey; he never thought for a moment of dragging her into that turmoil.

CHAPTER XXV.

VICTORY!

THERE was not a moment to lose. All England was in confusion—local committees hastily assembling, Parliamentary agents down in Westminster wasting their substance on shilling telegrams, wire-pullers in Pall Mall pitifully begging for money to start hopeless contests in the interest of the party, eager young men fresh from college, consulting their friends as to which impregnable seat they should assault with a despairing courage, and comfortable and elderly members dolefully shaking their heads over the possible consequences of this precipitate step, insomuch that the luncheon claret at their club had no longer any charms for them. And then the volatile partisans, the enthusiasts, the believers in the great liberal heart of England, how little did they reckon of the awful catastrophe impending! The abolition of the income tax would rally wavering constituencies. The recent reverses at the poll were only the result of a temporary irritation; another week would give the government an overwhelming majority. Alas! alas! These confident professions were balm to many an anxious heart, this or the other luckless wight seeking all possible means of convincing himself that his constituents would not be so cruel as to oust him; but they did not prevent those constituents from arising and slaying their representative, transforming him from a living and moving member of Parliament into a wandering and disconsolate voice.

Balfour had to act and think for himself in this crisis; Mr. Bolitho was far too busy to attend to such a paltry place as Englebury, even if he had been willing to join in what he regarded as a Quixotic adventure. And now a strange thing happened. Balfour had long been of opinion that his wife's notions of what public life should be were just a little too romantic and high-strung to be practicable. It was well she should have them; it was well that her ignorance of the world allowed her to imagine them to be possible. But, of course, a man living in the denser and coarser atmosphere of politics had to take human nature as he found it, and could not afford to rule his conduct by certain theories

which, beautiful enough in themselves, were merely visionary.

Oddly enough, however, and probably unconsciously, he did at this moment rule his conduct by Lady Sylvia's sentiments. It is true that, when he first talked about that business of buying the filched common from Mr. Chorley, and subsequently presenting it to the Englebury people, he appeared to treat the whole affair as a joke; but all the same, he had not expressed any great disapproval of the scheme. It was only after Lady Sylvia's indignant protest that he came to consider that proposal as altogether detestable. Further, when Bolitho suggested to him that he should try to oust the member then sitting for Englebury, he saw no reason why he should not try to do so. Had not Harnden himself led similar assaults on seats deemed even more a personal perquisite than his own? Harnden was used up, was of no good to either party, had spoken of retiring; why should not the seat be contested? This was Balfour's opinion at the time, and he himself could not have told when he had altered it. All the same, as he now hurried up to London, he felt it would be mean to try to oust this old gentleman from his seat: if Harnden did not mean to resign, he, Balfour, would make a rush at some other place—Evesham, Shoreham, Woodstock, any quarter, in fact, that was likely to covet the glory of returning so distinguished and independent a person as himself.

And in his straightforward fashion he went direct to this old gentleman, whom he found in a little and old-fashioned but famous club in St. James's Street. The member for Englebury had once been a fine-looking man, and even now there was something striking about the firm mouth, aquiline nose, keen eyes, fresh color, and silvery hair; but the tall form was bent almost double, and the voice was querulous and raucous. He came into the small side-room with Balfour's card in his hand; he bowed slightly and stiffly; and in that second had keenly studied his adversary's face, as if he would read every line of the character impressed on it.

'Sit down,' said he.

Balfour sat down, and appeared to consider for a second or so how he would open the conversation. The two were familiar

with each other's appearance at the House, but had never spoken.

'I suppose you know, Mr. Harnden, that they mean to turn me out of Ballinascroon.'

'Yes, I do—yes,' said the old gentleman in a staccato fashion. 'And you want to turn me out of Englebury? Yes—I have heard that too.'

'I thought of trying,' said Balfour, frankly. 'But now I have made up my mind not to stand unless there is a vacancy. There was a talk of your resigning. I have called now to ask you whether there was any truth in the rumour; if not, I will let Englebury alone.'

'Ay,' said the elder man, with gruff emphasis; 'Chorley—that fool Chorley—told you, didn't he? You are in league with Chorley, aren't you? Do you think that fellow can get my seat for you?'

'I tell you I don't mean to try, Sir, unless you intend to give it up of your own free-will. Chorley? Oh no: I am not in league with Chorley; he and I had a quarrel.'

'I didn't hear about that,' said the old gentleman, still regarding his enemy with some reserve, 'I haven't been down there for a long time now. And so Chorley was humbugging you, was he? You thought he had put you in for a good thing, eh? Don't you believe that ass. Why, he made some representations to me some time ago—'

At this point Mr. Harnden suddenly stopped, as if some new light had struck him.

'Ha, that was it, was it? You quarrelled with him, did you?' he said, glancing at Balfour a quick, shrewd look.

'Yes, I did,' said Balfour, 'and I swore I would fight him, and you, and everybody all round, and win the seat in spite of any coalition. That was vaporing. I was in a rage.'

Mr. Harnden stroked his hand on his knees for some little time, and then he laughed and looked up.

'I believe what you have told me,' he said, staring his enemy full in the face. 'I see now why that presumptuous fellow, Chorley, made overtures to me. To tell you the truth, I thought he wanted me to spend more money, or something of that sort, and I sent him about his business. Well, Sir, you've done the best thing you could have thought of by coming straight

to me, because I will tell you a secret. I had prepared a nice little plan for dishing both you and Chorley.'

And here the old gentleman laughed again at his own smartness. Balfour was glad to find him in this pleasant humour; it was not every one, if all stories be true, that the member for Englebury received so pleasantly.

'I like the look of you,' said Mr. Harnden, bluntly. 'I don't think you would play any tricks.'

'I am very much obliged to you,' said Balfour, dryly.

'Oh, don't you be insulted. I am an old man; I speak my mind. And when you come to my time of life—well, you'll know more about electioneering dodges. So you've quarrelled with Chorley, have you?'

'Yes.'

'H'm. And you believed he would have given you my seat?'

'I thought with his help I might have won it—that is, if his representations were true. I was told you weren't very popular down there, Mr. Harnden.'

'Perhaps not—perhaps not,' said the old man. 'They grumble because I speak the truth, in Parliament and out. But don't you make any mistake about it—all that would disappear if another man were to contest the seat. They'll stick to me at an election, depend on that, Sir.'

'Then you propose to remain in Parliament,' said Balfour, rising. 'In that case I need not waste your time further.'

'Stay a minute,' said the old man, curtly. 'I told you I meant to dish you and Chorley.'

'Yes.'

'You and I might dish Chorley, and you might have the seat.'

Balfour was not an emotional person, but he was a young man, and desperately anxious about his chances of being returned; and at this abrupt proposal his heart jumped.

'There is something about that fellow that acts on me like a red rag on a bull,' continued this irascible old man. 'He is as cunning as a fox, and as slippery as an eel; and his infernal twaddle about the duties of a member of Parliament—and his infernal wife too! Look here: you are a young man; you have plenty of energy.

Go down at once to Englebury; issue an address; pitch it high and strong about corrupt local influence and intimidation; denounce that fellow, and call on the electors to free themselves from the tyranny of dictation—you know the sort of buncombe. That will drive Chorley over to me.'

'You are excessively kind, Sir,' said Balfour, who, despite his disappointment, could not help bursting out into a laugh. 'I have no doubt that would be excellent sport for you. But, you see, I want to get into Parliament. I can't go skylarking about Englebury merely to make a fool of Mr. Chorley.'

'There's a good deal of the greenhorn about you,' said the old gentleman, testily, for he did not like being laughed at, 'but that is natural at your age. Of course I mean to resign. I had thought of resigning in favor of that boy of Lord S——'s, who is a clever lad, if he would give up French radicals and atheism. But I will resign in your favour, if you like—at the last moment—after Chorley has been working for me like the hound he is. And what do you say to that, young man?'

Mr. Harnden rose, with a proud smile on his face. He was vain of his diplomacy; perhaps, too, it pleased him to patronize this younger man, to whom a seat in the House was of such infinite consequence.

'Do I understand, Sir, that you meant to give up your seat in any case?' Balfour asked.

'Certainly I did,' said the other. 'If I wished to retain it, do you think I should be afraid of you—I mean of any candidate that Chorley could bring forward? No, no; don't you believe any such stuff. The people of Englebury and I have had our quarrels, but we are good friends at bottom. It will be a very disgraceful thing if they don't give me a handsome piece of plate when I retire.'

'My dear Sir,' said Balfour, with saturnine simplicity, 'I will take care of that.'

'And I am not going to spend a penny in a bogus contest, mind that. But that is not your business. Now go away. Don't tell anybody you have seen me. I like the look of you. I think you have too many opinions; but as soon as you get into some small office—and the government might do worse, I will say—you will get cured of that. Good-day to you.'

There is a telegraph office at the foot of St. James's Street. Balfour walked right down there, and sent a message to his friend Jewsbury at Oxford: 'Come down at once to the "*Green Fox*," Englebury. Some fun going on.' Then, finding he could just catch the afternoon train, he jumped into a Hansom, and drove to Paddington Station. He arrived at Englebury without even a tooth-brush; but he had his check-book in his pocket.

The Rev. Mr. Jewsbury arrived the next day, and the business of the election began at once. Jewsbury was in the secret, and roared with laughter as he heightened the pungency of the paragraphs which called on the electors of Englebury to free themselves from political slavery. And Balfour laughed as heartily when he found himself lashed and torn to pieces every morning by the *Englebury Mercury*, because he looked forward to the time when the editor of that important organ might have to change his tune, in asking the sitting member to obtain the government advertisements for him.

It was a fierce fight, to be sure; and Mr. and Mrs. Chorley had such faith in their time-honored representative that they called on their fellow townsmen to raise a sum to defray Mr. Harnden's expenses. Then, on the night before the election, the thunder-bolt fell. Mr. Harnden attended a meeting of his friends and supporters. He thanked them most cordially for all they had done on his behalf. The weight of years, he said, was beginning to tell on him; nevertheless he had been loath to take his hand from the plough; now, however, at the last moment, he felt it would be a mistake to task their kindness and forbearance longer. But he felt it a privilege to be able to resign in favor of an opponent who had throughout treated him with the greatest courtesy—an opponent who had already made some mark in the House—who would do credit to the borough. That the constituency was not divided in its opinions they would prove by voting for Mr. Balfour like one man. He called for three cheers for his antagonist; and the meeting, startled, bewildered, but at the same time vaguely enthusiastic, positively roared. Whether Mr. Chorley, who was on the platform, joined in that outburst could not well be made out. Next day, as a matter of

course, Mr. Hugh Balfour was elected member of Parliament for the borough of Englebury; and he straightway telegraphed off this fact to his wife. Perhaps she was not looking at the newspapers.

Well, he was only a young man, and he was no doubt proud of his success as he hastened down to Surrey again. Then everything promised him a glad home-coming; for he had learned, in passing through London, that the charge against Lord Wil- lowby and his fellow-speculators had been withdrawn—he supposed the richer merchants had joined to buy the man off. And as he drove over to The Lilacs he was full of eager schemes. Lady Sylvia would come at once to London, and the house in Piccadilly would be got ready for the opening of Parliament. It would be complimentary if she went down with him to Englebury, and called on one or two people whose acquaintance he had made down there. Surely she would be glad to welcome him after his notable victory?

But what was his surprise and chagrin to find that Lady Sylvia's congratulations were of a distinctly formal and correct character, and that she did not at all enter into his plans for leaving The Lilacs.

'Why, Sylvia,' said he, 'surely you don't hate Englebury simply because you disliked the Chorleys? Chorley has been my sworn enemy all through this fight, and I have smote him hip and thigh.'

'I scarcely remember anything about the Chorleys,' she said, indifferently.

'But why would you rather live down here?' said he, in amazement.

'You know you will be every night at the House,' she said.

'Not more than other members,' he remonstrated. 'I shall have three nights a week free.'

'And then you will be going out among people who are altogether strangers to me—who will talk about things of which I know nothing.'

'My dear child,' said he, 'you don't mean to say you intend to live down here all by yourself during the time Parliament is sitting? You will go mad.'

'I have told you before, Hugh,' said she, 'that I can not leave papa while he is so poorly as he is at present. You will have plenty of occupation and amusement in London without me; I must remain here.'

There was a flash of angry light in the deep-set gray eyes.

'If you insist on remaining here,' said he, 'because your father chooses to go pottering about after those rabbits—'

Then he checked himself. Had he not vowed to himself again and again that he would be tenderly considerate to this gentle-souled creature who had placed the happiness of her life in his hands? If she had higher notions of duty than he could very well understand, ought he not at least to respect them?

'Ah, well, Sylvia,' said he, patting her on the shoulder, 'perhaps you are right. But I am afraid you will find it very dull.'

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE CRISIS.

THINGS had indeed 'come to a bonny cripus,' and he was altogether unaware of it. He was vaguely conscious, it is true, that his married life was not the married life he had looked forward to; and he was sorry that Lady Sylvia should insist on moping herself to death in that solitary house in Surrey. But then if her sense of duty to her ailing father demanded the sacrifice, he could not interfere; and there was some compensation for her in the beauty of the summer months that were now filling her garden with flowers. As for himself, he let no opportunity slip of paying her small and kindly attentions. He wrote to her every day. When he happened to have an idle forenoon, he would stroll into Christie's and buy some knick-knack for her. Lady Sylvia had never the chance of gratifying her womanly passion for old china; but now that Balfour had discovered her weakness for such things, she had them in abundance. Now it was a Dresden milk-jug, now a couple of Creil plates, again a Sèvres jardinière, that was sent as a little token of remembrance; while he scarcely ever went down on Saturday morning without carrying with him some similar bit of frail treasure, glad that he knew of something that would interest her. In the meantime he was intensely busy with his Parliamentary work; for, not having been in office, and having no hope of office, the tremendous overthrow

of his party at the general election had in no way damped his eager energy.

When the blow fell, it found him quite unprepared. One afternoon he received a telegram from his wife asking him if he could go down that evening. It was a most unusual summons; for she was scrupulously careful not to interfere with his Parliamentary duties; but of course he immediately hastened down to The Lilacs. He was more surprised than alarmed.

He went into the drawing-room, and found his wife standing there, alone. The light of the summer evening was somewhat dimmed by the multitude of leaves about the veranda; but his first glance told him that she was deadly pale, and he saw that she was apparently supporting herself by the one hand that caught the edge of the table.

'Sylvia,' said he, in dismay, 'what is the matter?'

'I am sorry to have troubled you to come down,' she said, in a voice that was strangely calm, 'but I could bear this no longer. I think it is better that we two should separate.'

He did not quite understand at first; he only felt a little cold about the heart. The next moment she would have fallen backward had he not caught her; but she quickly recovered herself, and then gently put his hands away from her.

'Sylvia,' he said again, 'what is the matter with you?'

He stared at the white face as if it were that of a mad woman.

'I mean what I say, Hugh,' she answered. 'I have thought it over for months back. It is no hasty wish or resolve.'

'Sylvia, you must be out of your senses,' he exclaimed. 'To separate! Why? For what reason? Is it any thing that I have done?'

He wished to take her hand; she withdrew a step.

'The sooner this pain is over, the better for both of us,' she said; and again the trembling hand sought the support of the table. 'We have been separated—we are separated now—except in name. Our married life has been a mistake. I do not think it is either your fault or mine; but the punishment is more than I can bear. I can not any longer suffer this—this pretense. Let us separate. We shall both be free to

live our own lives, without pretending to the world to be what we are not—'

'My darling!' he exclaimed; but somehow the warmth of his protest was chilled by that impassive demeanor; it was no outburst of temper that had summoned him down from London. 'Sylvia! why won't you tell me your reasons? What is it you want altered? I have tried in every way to make your life just as you wished it—'

'I know you have,' she said; 'you have been kindness itself. But it is not a thing to be reasoned about. If you do not know already how far we are apart, how can I tell you? We ought never to have married. We have not a single thought or feeling, a single opinion, occupation, or interest, in common. I have tried to bear it—God knows how I have tried, night and day, to school myself into believing that it was only the natural way of the world. I can not believe it; I can not believe that any other woman has suffered what I have suffered, and now I must speak. Your life is in your work. I am only an incumbrance to you—a something apart from yourself and your interests, that demands attentions with are paid by you as a duty. I wish to release you, and to release myself from a life of hypocrisy which I can not any longer bear. Have I said enough?'

He stood for a moment or two absolutely silent: he never forgot those moments during his life.

'You have said enough,' he answered, calmly; and then he absently turned to the window. The daylight was going; the hush of the evening had fallen over the birds; there was not a leaf stirring. 'Yes, you have said enough. You can not expect me to answer what you have said, at once. Apparently you have been thinking about it for some time. I must think about it too.'

He took up his hat, which he had mechanically placed on the table beside him, and passed out into the garden. His face had a strange grey look on it; the eyes were sunken and tired. Probably he himself scarcely knew that he opened the great wooden gate, went out into the road, and then by-and-by chose a familiar path across the fields, where he was not likely to meet any one. He did not seem to care whether his wandering steps led him. His head was bent down, and at first he walked slow-

ly, with the gait of one who was infirm or ailing; but presently he quickened his pace, his manner became more nervous and excited, occasionally he uttered a word as if he were addressing some one in an imaginary conversation.

The woods grew darker; the first stars came out. Far away there was the sound of a cart being driven home in the dusk; but all around him was still.

Then he came to a stone bridge over a small river; and here he paused for a time, leaning his arms on the parapet, and staring down—without seeing any thing—at the black water. How could he see any thing? For the first time since he had reached manhood's estate he was crying bitterly.

He was now a good many miles from home; but his wanderings had brought him no relief. It was all a mystery to him; he knew not what to do. How could he move by any piteous appeal that cold resolve? It was no mere whim or fancy he had to deal with, but something at once strong and subtle, a conviction of slow growth, a purpose that despair had rendered inflexible. But the origin of it? His brain refused to act; he wondered whether he too were going mad.

Now a short distance from this river there stood a house that he knew; and as he aimlessly began to retrace his steps, he passed the gate. There was a light burning in one of the rooms; the window was open; he heard a faint sound of music. Suddenly it occurred to him: surely Lady Sylvia, before she had come to this terrible resolve, must have spoken, in however indirect a fashion, of her manner of life, to some sympathetic woman friend; and to whom more likely than this kind person for whom she had professed so great an admiration and love? He went nearer to the house; she was alone in the room, playing some sufficiently sorrowful melody to herself. In his desperation and bewilderment, he determined that he would demand the counsel of this kind friend, who would at least understand a woman's nature, even supposing that she was not in Lady Sylvia's confidence. He was too anxious and perturbed to think twice. He entered the house, was at once shown into the drawing-room, and there and then told the whole story to his startled listener.

And it was with a great interest and sympathy that she heard the story, for she could not fail to observe that once or twice tears started to the young man's eyes as he tried to find some excuse in his own conduct for Lady Sylvia's resolve; and, moreover, she had a great liking for the young wife whose griefs and troubles had just been revealed to her. But what was the young man's surprise to find that this gentle and kindly lady, as he hurriedly told his brief story, began to grow inconstantly angry, and when he had finished was quite wrathful and indignant. There were no tears in her eyes; but there were tears in her voice—of proud and pathetic remonstrance.

'The cause of it!' she exclaimed, with the beautiful dark eyes, it must be owned, a trifle moist. 'If she had some real sorrow to think of, she would have no room in her head for these morbid notions. Look at the other young wife who is our neighbor—my greatest friend and companion—who has bravely made up her mind to go and live for a whole year in America without those young children that are the very life of her life. That is a trial, that is a sorrow that demands some sympathy; and if Lady Sylvia had some real grief of that kind to undergo, depend on it she would not be torturing herself and you with her imaginary disappointments. Her disappointments! What is the truth? She is too well off. She has been too carefully kept aside from any knowledge of the real misery that is in the world. Her notion of human life is that it should become just what every body wants it to be. And her cure for her fancied troubles is separation from her husband? Very well. Let her try it.'

And here, of course, she did cry a bit, as a woman must; but Balfour did not at all resent her angry vehemence, although it was far from complimentary to his young and unhappy wife.

'Yes,' said she, with a passionate indignation, 'let her try it. You can not argue her out of her folly; let her have her will. Oh, I know the dreams that young girls have—and that is her excuse, that she has never known what life is. It is to be all rose-color. Well, let her try her own remedy. Perhaps she would like to see what real trouble is: a young mother tearing herself away from her children, and going to a distant country, where she can not

hear for weeks if one of them were to die. I can tell you, if she came with us, it might be possible to show her something of what human beings have really to suffer in this world—the parting of emigrants from their home and their kindred, the heart-breaking fight for money—'

'But why should she not go with you?' he said, eagerly. 'Do you mean that you are going with the Von Rosens?'

She paused; and the nimble wit within the beautiful little head was busy with its quick imaginings. She had not thought of this as a practical proposal when she held it out as a wild threat. But why not—why not? This woman was vehement in her friendships when they were once formed. What would she not do to purge the mind of this young wife of fancies begotten of indolence and too good fortune? There was some color in her face. Her breath came and went a trifle quickly.

'Why not, to be sure?' said she; and she regarded the young man with a strange compassion in her eyes. 'I do think if you trusted her to us for a time—if she would go with us—we could do her some good. I think we could show her some things. I think she might be glad enough to alter her decision—yes, glad enough.'

'But a year is a long time,' said he, staring absently at the open window and the black night and the stars outside.

'But we are not going for a year,' said she; and it was clear that now she was most anxious to attempt this soul-cure. 'We are only going to accompany our friends on their outward trip, and see them comfortably settled—comfortably, indeed! when that poor girl has to leave her children behind! If there was any righteousness in the law, they would give her the land and the money at once, and pay no attention to that ridiculous will. Oh no, Mr. Balfour, we shall only be going for a three months' trip or so; but we shall see many things in that time, and I think I could speak a little now and again to Lady Sylvia. Distance does a great deal. I don't think she will be sorry when we turn and begin to get home again to England. I don't think you will ever hear another word as long as you live about separation.'

His face has brightened wonderfully.

'Do you know what a great favor it is you are offering me?' he said.

'Oh no, not at all,' said she, eagerly. 'We are going for a pleasure excursion. It is a mere holiday. We shall have a sharp wrench when we bid good-by to the Von Rosens, but Lady Sylvia will have nothing to do with that. And she will see plenty to amuse her, and the change will do her health good.'

Well, this young man was grateful enough to her; but he was not at all aware of what she had done for his sake. What had become of all those pet theories of hers about the false ideals formed before marriage, and of the inevitable disappointment on the discovery of the truth after marriage? This—if the humiliating confession must be made to the indulgent reader—was the identical Surrey prophetess and seer who used to go about telling us that nearly everybody who was married was wretched. The man had dowered his sweetheart with qualities she never possessed; after marriage he learned the nature of the woman who was to be his life companion, and never ceased to look back with an infinite longing and sadness to that imaginary woman with whom he had fallen in love. The girl, on the other hand, married her lover with the notion that he was to be always heroic and her lover; whereas she woke up to find that she had only married a husband, who regarded her not as life itself, but as only one of the facts of life. These we knew to be her pet theories. When this young man came to tell her of his troubles, why did not this Frau Philosophin, as we called her, fall back on her favourite theories, as affording all the explanation that he needed? The fact is—though it requires a good deal of courage to put the words down—the heart of this person was much more trustworthy than her head. It was a very lovable and loving heart, answering quickly to any demand for sympathy, and most firmly tenacious of friendships. When she was told that Lady Sylvia was in trouble—when she saw that this young husband was in trouble—her fiddlestick theories went to the winds, and her true woman's heart gave prompt and sure answer. She was a little nettled and indignant, it is true, for she had had, for some evenings before, mysterious fits of crying in quiet corners of the house over this journey we were about to undertake; but her indignation had only made her

frank, and she had spoken bravely and honestly to Hugh Balfour. Yes, he had more to thank her for than he imagined, though his gratitude was quite sufficiently sincere and warmly expressed.

The tender-hearted little woman held his hand for a moment at the door.

'I shall not speak a word of this to any human being,' said she—just as if she had no husband to whom she had sworn allegiance—'until you tell me that I may, and then I hope to hear Lady Sylvia has accepted my offer. Don't argue with her; you might drive her into a sort of verbal obstinacy. Don't ask her to change her decision; she has not come to it without much heart-rending, and she can not be expected to abandon it for the sake of a few sentences. Accept it; the cure will be more permanent.'

'Thank you, and God bless you!' said he; and then he disappeared in the night.

'What if she should object?' he asked himself, as he hurried on through the darkness, his only guidance being from the stars. He had been so stunned and bewildered by the announcement of her resolve, that he had never even thought of what she would do further—whether she would prefer to go back to Willow Hall, or to remain in sole possession of The Lilacs. Either alternative seemed to him to be a sufficiently strange ending to the dreams that these two had dreamed together as they walked on that lonely terrace of a summer night, listening for the first notes of the nightingale, and watching the marshalling of the innumerable hosts of heaven. To go back to her father: to be left alone in that Surrey cottage.

He found her in the same room, calm and apparently self-possessed; but he saw from her eyes that she had given way to passionate grief in his absence.

'Sylvia,' said he, 'if I thought you had sent for me from any hasty impulse, I should ask you to let me reason with you. I see it is not so. You have made up your mind, and I must respect your wish. But I don't want to have any public scandal attaching either to your name or mine; and I believe—whether you believe it or not—that you will repent that decision. Now I am going to ask a favor of you. The —s mean to accompany their friends the Von Rosens to their new home in America, and

will then return—probably they will be away about three months. They have been good enough to offer to take you with them. Now, if you really believe that our relations are altogether so wrong that nothing is left but separation, will you consent to try three months' separation first? I will not seek to control your actions in any way; but I think this is reasonable.'

The mention of her friend's name brought some colour to the pale, thoughtful, serious face, and her bosom heaved with her rapid breathing, as he put this proposal before her.

'Yes,' she said, 'I will do what you wish.'

'And your father?'

'I have not spoken to my father. I hope you will not. It is unnecessary.'

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ISOBARS.

IT was an eager and an anxious time with our women-folk, who began to study the weather charts in the newspapers, and to dr. from thence the most dismal forebodings. The air was full of isobars: we heard their awful tread. Areas of low pressure were lying in wait for us; the barometer curves assumed in imagination the form of mountainous waves, luring us to our doom. And then we had a hundred kind friends writing to warn us against this line and that line, until it became quite clear that, as we were to be drowned anyhow, it did not matter a brass farthing which line we selected. And you—you most amiable of persons, who gave us that piece of advice about choosing a starboard berth—our blessings on you! It was an ingenious speculation. When two vessels meet in mid-Atlantic—which they are constantly doing, and at full speed too—it is well known that they are bound to port their helm. Very well, argued our sympathetic adviser, porting the helm will make your steamer sheer off to starboard, and the other vessel, if there is to be a collision, will come crashing down on the port side: hence take your berth on the starboard side, for there you will be at least a trifle safer. It was a grain of comfort.

But there was one of us who feared none

of these things, and she was to be the commander and controller of the expedition. She would have faced a dozen of the double-feathered arrows that appeared in the weather charts. 'Beware the awful isobar!' we said to her. 'Beware the awful fiddlesticks!' she flippantly answered. And on the strength of her having done a bit of yachting now and again, she used solemnly to assure Lady Sylvia—on those evenings she spent with us then, talking about the preparations for the voyage—that there was nothing so delightful as life on the sea. The beautiful light and changing colour, the constant whirling by of the water, the fresh breezes tingling on the cheek—all these she described with her eyes aglow; and the snug and comfortable evenings, too, in the ruddy saloon, with the soft light of the lamps, and cards, and laughter. Here ensued a battle royal, The first cause of this projected trip of ours was a dear friend and near neighbour called Mrs. Von Rosen—though we may take the liberty of calling her Bell in these pages—and in the days of her maidenhood she once made one of a party who drove from London to Edinburgh by the old coach-road, stopping at the ancient inns, and amusing themselves not a little by the way. This young lady now stoutly contested that life in a yacht was nothing to life in a phaeton; and for her part she declared there was nothing half so beautiful as our sunny English landscapes, far away in the heart of the still country, as one drove through them in the sweet June days. It was the rude-spoken German ex-lieutenant who brought ridicule on this discussion by suggesting that the two modes of travelling might be combined: apply to Father Neptune, livery-stable keeper, Atlantic.

Lady Sylvia was indeed grateful to her kind friend for all the attentions shown her at this time. Of course it was as a mere pleasure-excursion that we outsiders were permitted to speak of this long journey by land and sea. We were not supposed to know any thing of that cure of a sick soul that our sovereign lady had undertaken. Balfour was busy in Parliament. Lady Sylvia was very much alone, and she had not been looking well of late. These her friends happened to have to make this trip to America: the opportunity of the double sea voyage and of the brisk run through the

continent on the other side was not to be thrown away. This was the understood basis of the agreement. We were not supposed to know that a courageous little woman had resolved to restore the happiness of two wedded lives by taking this poor petted child and showing her the kingdom of the earth, and the hardship and misery of human life, and what not. As for Lord Willowby, no one knows to this day whether that reticent peer suspected any thing or not. He was kind enough to say, however, that he was sure his daughter was in good hands, and sure, too, that she would enjoy herself very much. He deeply regretted that he could not ask to be allowed to join the party. We deeply regretted that also. But we had to conceal our grief. After all, it was necessary his lordship should stay at home to keep down the rabbits.

The command went forth—a proclamation from the admiral-in-chief of the expedition that all ceremonies of leave-taking were to be performed within-doors and at home, and that she would on no account allow any friend or relative of any one of the party to present himself or herself at Euston Square station, much less to go on with us to Liverpool. She was very firm on this point, and we guessed why. It was part of her never-failing and anxious thoughtfulness and kindness. She would have no formal parting between Balfour and his wife take place under the observation of alien eyes. When Lady Sylvia met us at the station down in Surrey, she was alone. She was pale and very nervous; but she preserved much outward calmness, and professed to be greatly pleased that at last we had fairly started. Indeed, we had more compassion for the other young wife who was with us—who was being torn away from her two children and sent into banishment in Colorado for a whole long year. Our poor Bell could make no effort to control her grief. The tears were running hard down her face. She sat in a corner of the carriage, and long after we had got away from any landmark of our neighbourhood that she knew, she was still gazing southward through these bewildering tears, as if she expected to see, somewhere over the elms, in the roseate evening sky, some glorified reflection of her two darlings whom she was leaving behind. Her husband said nothing, but he looked more savage than

ever. For the past week, seeing his young wife so desperately distressed, he had been making use of the most awful language about Colonel Sloane and his flocks and herds and mines. The poor Colonel had done his best. He had left his wealth to this girl simply because he fancied she knew less about his life than most of her other relatives, and might cherish some little kindly feeling of gratitude toward him. Instead of paying for masses for his soul, he only asked that this young niece of his should remember him. Well, there is no saying what her subsequent feelings with regard to him may have been, but in the meantime the feelings of her husband were most pronounced. If he prayed for the soul of Five-Ace Jack, it was in an odd sort of language.

The homeless look about that big hotel in Liverpool! the huge trunks, obviously American, in the hall and round the doors! the unsettled people wandering around the rooms, all so intent on their own private schemes and interests! What care had they for the childless mother and the widowed wife, who sat—a trifle mute, no doubt—at our little dinner table, and who only from time to time seemed to remember that they were starting away on a pleasure-excursion? The manager of the trip did her best to keep us all cheerful, and again and again referred to the great kindness of the owners of our noble ship, who had taken some little trouble in getting for us adjacent cabins.

The next day was hot and sultry, and when we went down to the side of the river to have a look at the ship that was to carry our various fortunes across the Atlantic, we saw her through a vague silvery haze that in no way diminished her size. And, indeed, as she lay there out in mid-stream, she seemed more like a floating town than a steamer. The bulk of her seemed enormous. Here and there were smaller craft—wherries, steam-launches, tenders, and what not; and they seemed like so many flies hovering on the surface of the water when they came near that majestic ship. Our timid women-folk began to take courage. They did not ask whether their berths were on the starboard side. They spoke no more of collisions. And as Queen T——, as some of us called her, kept assuring them that their apprehensions of seasick-

ness were entirely derived from their experiences on board the wretched and detestable little Channel boats, and that it was quite impossible for any reasonable Christian person to think of illness in the clean, bright, beautiful saloons and cabins of a first-class transatlantic steamer, they plucked up their spirits somewhat, and did not sigh more than twice a minute.

It was about three in the afternoon that we stepped on board the tender. There was a good deal of cerebral excitement aboard among the small crowd. People stared at each other in a nervous, eager manner, apparently trying to guess what had brought each other to such a pass. Leaving out of view the cheery commercial traveller, who was making facetious jokes and exchanging pocket-knives and pencils with his friends, there was scarcely a face on board that did not suggest some bit of a story, and often that seemed to be tragic enough. There was a good deal of covert crying. And there was a good deal of boisterous racket in our quarter, chiefly proceeding from our young German friend, who was determined to distract the attention of his wife and of her gentle companion from this prevailing emotional business, and could think of no better plan than pretending to be angry over certain charges in the hotel bill, the delay in starting the tender off, and a dozen other ridiculous trifles.

Then we climbed up the gangway, and reached the deck of the noble and stately ship, passing along the row of the stewards, all mustered up in their smart uniforms, until we made our way into the great saloon, which was a blaze of crimson cloth and shining gold and crystal.

'And this is how they cross the Atlantic!' exclaimed Queen T—, who treasured revengeful feelings against the Channel steamers.

But that was nothing to her surprise when we reached our three cabins, which we found at the end of a small corridor. The yellow sunlight—yellowed by the haze hanging over the Mersey—was shining in on the brightly painted wood, the polished brass, and the clean little curtains of the berths; and altogether showed that, whatever weather we might have in crossing, nothing was wanting to insure our comfort—not even an electric bell to each berth—so far as these snug and bright little cabins

were concerned. Von Rosen was most anxious that we should continue our explorations of these our new homes. He was most anxious that we should at once begin unpacking the contents of our smaller bags and placing them in order in our respective cabins. What had we to do on deck? We had no relatives or friends to show over the ship. There was nothing but a crowd up there—staring all over the place. We ought to make those preparations at once; so that we should have plenty of time subsequently to secure from the purser good seats at the dinner table, which should remain ours during the voyage.

A loud bell rang up on deck.

'Confound it!' cried the lieutenant, as if he would try to drown the noise with his own voice. 'I have brought my latch-key with me! What do I want with a latch-key in America?'

But when that bell rang, our Queen T— turned—just for a moment—a trifle pale.

'Lady Sylvia,' said she, 'would you not like to go up on deck to see the ship get up her anchor?'

We knew why she wanted the young wife to go on deck, and were inwardly indignant that the poor thing should be subjected to this gratuitous cruelty. Was she not suffering enough herself, that she should be made the spectator of the sufferings of others? But she meekly assented, and we followed too.

It was a strange scene that this crowd on deck presented, now that the ringing of another bell had caused a good many of the friends and relations of passengers to leave the large ship and take their stand on the paddle-boxes of the tender. At first sight it seemed rather a merry and noisy crowd. Messages were being called out from the one vessel to the other; equally loud jokes were being bandied; missiles, which turned out to be keepsakes, were being freely hurled through the air, and more or less deftly caught. But this was not the aspect of the crowd that the mistress of Lady Sylvia wished to put before her eyes. There were other ceremonies going on. The mute hand-shake, the last look, the one convulsive tremor that stopped a flood of tears with a heart-breaking sob—these were visible enough. And shall we ever forget the dazed look in the face of that old

man with the silvery hair as he turned away from bidding good-by to a young woman, apparently his daughter? He did not seem quite to understand what he was doing. One of the officers assisted him by the arm as he stepped on the gangway; he looked at him in a vague way, and said, 'Thank you—thank you. Good-by,' to him. Then there was a middle-aged man with a bit of black cloth round his hat. But why should one recall these moments of extreme human misery? If it was necessary that Lady Sylvia should drink this bitter draught—if it was necessary that she should have pointed out to her something of what real and definite sorrows and agonies have to be borne in life—why should these things be put before any one else? The case of Lady Sylvia, as every woman must perceive, was quite exceptional. Is it for a moment to be admitted that there could be in England any other woman, or, let us say, any small number of other women, who, being far too fortunately circumstanced, must needs construct for themselves wholly imaginary grievances and purely monomaniacal wrongs, to the distress equally of themselves and their friends? The present writer, at all events, shrinks from the responsibility of putting forward any such allegation. He never heard of any such women. Lady Sylvia was Lady Sylvia: and if she was exceptionally foolish, she was undergoing exceptional punishment.

Indeed, she was crying very bitterly, in a stealthy way, as the great ship on which we stood began to move slowly and majestically down the river. The small and noisy tender had steamed back to the wharf, its occupants giving us many a farewell cheer so long as we were within ear-shot. And now we glided on through a thick and thundery haze that gave a red and lurid

tinge to the coast we were leaving. There was a talk about dinner; but surely we were to be allowed time to bid good-by to England? Farewell! farewell! The words were secretly uttered by many an aching heart.

It was far from being a joyful feast, that dinner, though Von Rosen talked a great deal, and was loud in his praises of every thing—of the quick, diligent service and pleasant demeanor of the stewards, of the quality of the hock, and the profusion of the *carte*. The vehement young man had been all over the ship, and seemed to know half the people on board already.

'Oh the captain!' said he. 'He is a famous fellow—a fine fellow—his name is Thompson. And the purser, too, Evans—he is a capital fellow; but he is in twenty places at once. Oh, do you know, Lady Sylvia, what the officers call their servant who waits on them?'

Lady Sylvia only looked her inquiry: the pale, beautiful face was dazed with grief.

'Mosquito!—I suppose because he plagues them. And you can have cold baths—salt-water—every morning. And there will be a concert, in a few evenings, for the Liverpool Seaman's Home.—Bell, you will sing for the concert?'

And so the young man rattled on, doing his best to keep the women-folk from thinking of the homes they were leaving behind. But how could they help thinking when we got up on deck after dinner, and stood in the gathering dusk? England had gone away from us altogether. There was nothing around us but the rushing water, leaden-hued, with no trace of phosphorescent fire in it; and the skies overhead were dismal enough. We stayed on deck late that night, talking to each other—about every thing except England.

(To be continued.)

THE INTEGRATION OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE:

FROM AN AMERICAN STANDPOINT.*

THE homogeneity of the English-speaking race declares itself more manifestly in its political instincts than in any other ethnical quality. In going forth to all the habitable latitudes and longitudes of the earth, it illustrates as well as proves this characteristic. However small the germ of a community it plants on continent or island, in temperate or torrid zone, whether it be a score or a hundred men and women, it takes the form of a self-governing commonwealth, just as naturally as if spontaneously following a political instinct rather than a reasoned plan of civil life. When a score of such little town-commonwealths have been planted within a circuit of one hundred miles' radius, the same instinct or law draws them into a representative union, called a colony, province, or territory, with a federal government in which each has its share and interest. In the lifetime of a generation half-a-dozen or more of such colonies or provinces are formed in the same section of a continent, numbering in the aggregate several millions of inhabitants. The same instinct, motive, and necessity that led them to the organisation of the first village government now operate with equal force to bring these separate and well-compacted commonwealths into a constitutional Confederation, called the United States in one part of America in 1783, and the Canadian Dominion on the other half of the continent a century later. This centripetal attraction grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength of all the municipal, colonial, and other confederate com-

munities of the English-speaking race all round the globe. They all gravitate into larger combinations and to fewer centres of national being. This law, or force, shows itself as strong and as active in the British as in the American branch of the family. If all the British Colonies had been planted on the same continent with the mother-country, however wide its expanse and varied its climates, they would long ago have been integrated with the British Empire, and had each its proportionate representation in the Imperial Parliament.

Then what stands in the way to prevent this political instinct, or law, from having its free and natural course and consummation? What prevents the political integration of the British Empire, and the direct representation of all its colonies, provinces, and dependencies in the Imperial Parliament at London? The instinct, the interest, the common motive and advantage are not wanting. Then what opposes, when all these favour and demand the union?

This is a question which it is natural for a thoughtful American to ask, but which he is unable to answer. It is a cause of honest wonderment to him that, in the light of the last century's experience, no British statesman answers this question—that the British press and public do not discuss it. This is a period of very significant and instructive centennials, indicating points of great departure in the past and for the future. No better time could be chosen for British statesmen and leaders of public opinion in England to consider this very question. And they might reasonably begin it at this starting-point of reflection: If each of the thirteen American Colonies, one hundred years ago, had been allowed even two representatives in the Imperial Parliament, what would have become of, or whence would have arisen, the ground-cause of the American Revolution, or 'Taxation

* [This article, which was written some time ago, has recently been sent to us by the writer as a reply by anticipation to Mr. Goldwin Smith's article on 'The Political Destiny of Canada.' Sir Francis Hincks's article published last month may be looked upon as a reply from a Canadian standpoint, and the present, as a reply from an American one. —Ed. C. M.]

without Representation'? Did it pay the English Government and people to shut the door of parliament against the representation of as intelligent, virtuous, and loyal Englishmen in America as any that then peopled the home islands of the Empire? Has the same policy of exclusion, in regard to any colony or province under the British Crown, paid the Home Government and people in any decade since 1776, in any form of compensation, in the sense of security, economy, or dignity? If not, then in the light of the past, in the brighter day of this present, and in the opening dawn of the great future before us, why should they longer be willing to repress and thwart the great political instinct of our common race, to arrest this centripetal law of their political being, and exclude these scores of loyal millions from the full and equal title and right of citizenship and ownership in a great and integral Empire? There was a time in the far past when the proudest words a man could utter, on the Danube, the Volga, the Nile, or the Euphrates, were '*Romanus civis sum.*' Paul, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, was glad and proud to say those words of power in the teeth of his Jewish persecutors. Britain's India alone outnumbers in population all the races that yielded obedience to the sceptre of the Cæsars. Why should not any man of those hundreds of millions of subjects of the British Crown be allowed to say, as proudly as Paul spoke those great words before the Roman governor, '*Britannicus civis sum,*' and to say it to as full compass of its meaning and prerogative as any Englishman could express and claim in the boast for himself under the shadow of St. Stephen's?

To the mind of an American, well read as to the character and history of his race before and since it branched off into two parallel nationalities a century ago, every motive, interest, and generous ambition, that should act not only on Great Britain, but on the race it begat, would seem to press for such an Integration of the Empire. Without giving one motive undue rank over another, let us begin with the patriotic sentiment, which is to the political forces of a nation what charity is to the sisterhood of Christian virtues in an individual. Certainly no nation can be great, in its own force or sense of being, at home or abroad, without patriotism, or a love of country that

endures to the end, whatever that end may be, or whatever may come this side of it. This noble, inspiring sentiment, like charity, has covered, almost ennobled, a multitude of sins in the lives of nations. When we feel the pulse of a nation, and find this sentiment beating faint and slow in its veins, we know it is affected with the heart-disease, and has but little *temps ou raison d'être*. But when the sentiment pervades all classes like a common inspiration; when even the toiling masses, though bending complainingly under heavy burdens and wrongful inequalities, can say, with as much pride as a peer of the realm, 'England, with all thy faults, I love thee still—aye, better than any other land the sun shines upon;' when they can sing with the enthusiasm of the French peasants, of 'La Belle France,' or, 'C'est doux à mourir pour la patrie;' when they can feel their souls lifted and thrilled by the songs of the German Fatherland, or by the 'Star-spangled Banner' of the American people; when we see what this great sentiment is and does for a nation, every possible motive and interest would seem to induce statesmen and governments to cultivate and extend it to every section and every subject or citizen within their domain. If patriotism, even at its lower valuation, is an active, ever-available political force, on which a Government may count in any emergency, then why strengthen it in one subject and weaken it in another? Why kindle it to a constant heat and glow in the loyal Englishman at home, and starve it down to a taper's light and warmth in an Englishman equally loyal in Canada, Australia, or India? The purest, noblest patriotism must live; must grow, by what it feeds upon. If it is the love of country, it must have a country to love—a country to whose history, character, and constitution it can cling with all the tendrils of its affection, faith, and hope—of which the subject, thus clinging to it, shall be, if not an equal, at least an infinitesimal constituent of its political being; in which he shall have a political birthright and portion, as well as the mere right to say, 'I was born there.'

Now, others beside intelligent Englishmen, when travelling in British North America, in Australia, India, or in the Cape Colony, must and do observe with admiration the loyalty of those distant subjects of

the British Crown. Even the great-grandchildren of the first settlers call England '*Home*,' just as if that were the surname of the country in which their ancestors were born. They will talk about such and such persons going '*home*,' about the latest '*home*' news. Indeed, the term is in their mouths so often that an American, French, or German traveller may be at a loss in regard to what they mean by it, until he learns by repetition that '*home*' is the generic name for old England. What more can one be able or expected to say of a country than to call it '*Home*,' the nearest and dearest name after *Heaven*? Why should not such a sentiment have the same to feed upon in those distant parts of the Empire as in England itself? Why should it not be allowed to cling to the motherland by a political tendril, as well as by the fibres of a common filial affection? It is said, and proved by much experience, that a republic cannot be established without republicans, nor a monarchy without loyalists; that even law cannot live and move without a public sentiment to sustain it. But can there be room for a question in any observant mind, that the requisite sentiment is ripe and ready, in every country under Queen Victoria's sceptre, for the safe, peaceful, and well-compacted Integration of the British Empire?

Well, this condition precedent exists; the sentiment is sufficiently strong and evident. The great vital force necessary for the compacting of such an Empire is ready and waiting for its construction. 'Where there is a will there is a way,' says the old proverb, saying it sometimes as an accomplished fact, and sometimes as an unrealised possibility. Why not make a way for this will to become part-and-parcel of one mighty Imperial whole? To foster, educate, and expand this sentiment of patriotism among all the continental and island populations under the British Crown to its fullest, warmest life of loyalty, would be in itself sufficient motive for the integration. But this is only one of the many happy results that would flow from it. The representation of all these colonial populations in the Imperial Parliament would do something more for them than to attach them to the British Crown and Government by a stronger sentiment of loyalty, or by the faith and feeling that they had the same part and interest in

the Empire as the home counties of England. It would stimulate the growth of cognate sentiments and conditions of equal force and value. The whole outside world knows and appreciates what Great Britain has done to protect, encourage, and help her colonies to develop their resources and to promote their material wellbeing; what an outfit she has given them in railroads, canals, irrigation, telegraphs, and other agencies helpful to their material prosperity. We know what she has done for them, in giving them institutions, political, educational, and religious, forms of representative government similar to her own, even to such small and distant dependencies as Cape Breton, Vancouver's Island, and Natal. Perhaps some home Englishman may ask: 'What more can we do for these colonies than we have done or are doing? What does a colonist lack that I possess? Look at their legislatures, their universal or easy suffrage, their churches, schools, cheap lands, and small taxes. Who pays for their defence, for the scores of costly warships and scores of regiments for their protection against foreign and domestic enemies? What social, industrial, or political advantage or possibility do I claim or enjoy here, in my county of Devonshire, that a loyal Englishman in Cape Breton or Natal does not possess?'

Let us look at the premisses assumed in these questions. We will grant them. We will admit that the British subject in Cape Breton or in Prince Edward's Island, with its cheap lands and small taxes, can make for himself as good a material position as his fellow-subject in Devonshire with the same industry. He can make himself, socially and politically, a better local position, if he has the requisite talent and worth of character. It is much easier for him to work his way to the first rank of his island society, than for the Devonshire man to reach the second rank of English society. He may rise to the first place in the Colonial Legislature or Council, while the other, with all his talent, wealth, and influence, may not get higher than the wardenship in a village church. The Cape Bretonian, with the learning to be acquired in his island schools, may rise to a height of intellectual power and eloquence which would befit the English bar or bench at Westminster, or the pulpit of St. Paul's.—Very

good and true,' says the Devonshire Englishman; 'then wherein is not his position equal and even preferable to mine, both in actual experience and prospective possibility?' We will tell you wherein the condition is disproportionately in your favour. The Cape Bretonian, by dint of long and earnest study, has become a man of broad and deep learning and of commanding eloquence. 'It may be so, but I have never heard of him,' you say. True, that is just the matter with him, and you too. And you will never hear of him, though he should rival Sir John Coleridge at the bar, or the Bishop of Peterborough in the pulpit. He has all the elements of an illustrious statesman in him, and all the stimulus for their development that the lieutenant-governorship of a small and sparsely-peopled province, whose history and geography are but dimly known to you, can supply. He has in him the latent talent and genius for a great writer, and as much scope, verge, and impulse for a literary reputation as an eagle for lofty flight in a hen-coop. This is one of the differences between you and him. You have risen to the wardenship in your village church, and he to a lieutenant-governorship in that distant colony. He has risen to the first social position in that province—you to the middle rank of the middle class in England. But let us apply a political standard to the measurement of your positions. What is his against the possibility of yours? You can vote for the Premier of the Imperial Parliament, the generating heart and head-spring of all the colonial legislatures under the sceptre of the Empire. Nay, more—there is no legal or political bar between you and the Premiership itself. That great position is one of the possibilities that rise before you to stimulate your ambition. But do you prefer a literary reputation? What a home constituency to inspire your hope and appreciate and reward your genius! We see and admire what brilliant literature small nations, like Denmark and Sweden, have given to the world; but what have colonies ever done in this field of intellectual effort and production? No sir; it is all very well for you to talk of the position and possibilities of your fellow-subject in Cape Breton or Natal, but you feel the difference between you and him from the sole of your foot to the crown of your head.

Test his sentiment and yours in your own mind. How do you feel towards him politically? Though he speaks your language, was born in your country, and calls England '*Home*,' do you not regard him as an *outsider*, and he you as an *insider*? What is his feeling towards all the other Colonies of the Empire? What is his political relation to them, interest in them, and influence over them, compared with yours, as a constituent of Gladstone or Disraeli, as a home Englishman whose single vote, in a close contest, may elect either of those statesmen?

The Integration of the Empire, by even a very small representation of each Colony in the Central Parliament, would make every man under the British Crown a head taller in political possibility, and conscious dignity of his relation, not only to a consolidated Empire the sun never would set upon, but also to the rest of the world. A seat in the Senate of such an Empire would be such a stimulus to a noble ambition as no colonist ever felt before. And the colonial constituency or legislature that elected him to that great position would feel that they elevated themselves in elevating him to fill it. The great prizes and possibilities of a world-girdling Empire would be thrown open to all its millions of loyal subjects, from the Premiership down through all its political, military, naval, ecclesiastical, and literary positions. Its illustrious honours, emoluments, patriotic duties and aspirations would all be put in one commonwealth of motive and reward, yielding all its prizes to those who should win them in the ennobling competition of true merit and talent. Who could estimate, to the full value of its direct and collateral results, the working of such a competition in every colony that now hugs the centre of its political being as the whole world of its hope, interest, and inspiration?

But a greater result than any we have noticed would flow from the Integration of the Empire. Nothing so dwarfs a man, and so impoverishes his heart and thoughts, as to shut him up in his own little self, in which there is only room for him to say '*I*' and '*My*.' The effect is the same on a small isolated colony or community with a government of its own. Its '*We*' and '*Our*' are no more generous towards other Colonies, widely separated from it by sea or land, than

the 'I' and 'My' of an isolated individual. Now this leanness of sentiment is the worst result of a long period of isolated independence in a small colony or state. It intensifies their small-minded love of self, and excludes from their thoughts all that does not make for the interests of self. Their little political entity satisfies their ambition. They are loth to unite it to a larger combination, lest some features of its local sovereignty should be lost. This characteristic of small political communities has been strikingly illustrated in both branches of our English-speaking family. Indeed, it has been proved as a fact of actual experience, what might be deduced from such a condition of things, that the smaller the independent community the more reluctant it is to relinquish its sovereign self, and become a joint constituent of a great and powerful union. After the war of the American Revolution, in which all the Colonies fought side by side for seven years, when they came to unite in one great Federal Union, the smallest of them stood out against it the longest, unwilling to yield one iota of its local sovereignty for any good or glory it might derive as part of a great nation. So it has been in the recent Confederation of the British Provinces in America: the smallest stood out against it the longest, under the influence of the same sentiment. Each had lived, moved, and had its being so long in a little self that its own 'I' seemed greater and dearer to it than any 'We' that it could form with other Colonies.

Now, there is nothing that so tends to enlarge the heart, life, and thought of a community as to feel that it is the constituent of a great whole; that 'We' is the grandest word a human tongue can utter, when the heart expresses by it its interest in the populations of a continent, its fellow-feeling with the commonwealths of an Empire. See how it has already worked in the Confederation of the British Provinces in America. What fellow-feeling, what common bond of interest, was there between Prince Edward's Island and Vancouver's Island ten years ago? Had they belonged to different and alien races, they could hardly have been farther apart in mutual thought, interest, and sympathy. But now they meet at Ottawa. Now they feel that they belong to one great and growing whole.

Now they say 'We' and 'Our' with each other, in all the faiths, hopes, progressive capacities, and destiny of a commonwealth spanning the continent. Why, this very sentiment alone pays well for all the effort the Confederation has cost, if it should produce no other result. If this sentiment works so well between Prince Edward's Island and Vancouver's Island, why not give it full play between the North American Dominion and Australia and India, by letting them meet and say 'We' in the Imperial Parliament at London, and say it in the full scope and inspiration of the feeling that they belong to a mighty commonwealth, that spans the globe and embraces whole continents and half the islands of the sea; that in all the realised wealth of the greatness and glory of its past, in all the hopes and grand possibilities of its future, they have their co-equal share; that what that great Empire is yet to be and do for the world shall depend upon their loyalty, as well as upon the virtue and patriotism of the Home Islands? Why not allow Canadian, Australian, East Indian, and Capeman to say '*Britannicus civis sum*' to the full prerogative and compass of meaning which such integration would give to it?

There is another moral effect which would be realised from this integration. The fellow-feeling and patriotism which would pervade and inspire all the varied populations of the Empire would impart to the Imperial Legislature a healthy element of action. This aspect of the subject may be neglected by many who may admit its other features as worthy of consideration. For, in the constitution of all representative governments, a country was divided up into several hundred little *selfs*, each called a borough, or electoral district. In the American Union, the man who represented one of these districts was required to be a citizen residing in it, under the admitted or apparent assumption, that no outsider could fully represent, defend, and promote its interests. When we come to analyse this assumption, we find it resting upon the narrow ground of self—and a small self at best. It seems to imply that the will and interest of a town or district stand, in its estimation, first and foremost among the objects of national legislation; that its representative is expected and chosen to look to these first, and secondarily to others more remote.

This assumption can hardly mean anything less than the claim that each electoral district may be, and ought to be, the subject of special legislation; that something should be done or left undone for it, in distinction from the general and even weal of all other parts of the country: in other words, that its own little self shall stand out and be held up in all the dignity of 'the great I and the little u.' This is still the law of Congressional Representation in the United States, and its spirit and object show its origin, or prove that *self*—first in the individual, then in the town, next in the district—asserted a claim upon the General Government which could not be understood, represented, and defended by any man in the next town or district, however wise, virtuous, and eloquent. And for nearly a century no congressional district in the United States has been represented by a non-resident.

But Great Britain has built her representative system on a broader basis of political faith and motive in its hundreds of constituencies. Each has learned to say 'We' first and 'I' afterwards, and their 'We' means and embraces the whole nation and its interests. They do not imply by their choice that their town or district has any claim to special, or any part in the general legislation of the country which an able and trusty man at the other side of the kingdom may not faithfully represent and defend in Parliament. Thus, for the last hundred years it would probably be found that two-thirds of the constituencies of the kingdom have chosen outside men, wherever they could find those who best commanded their confidence. They never demanded permanent residence as a qualification, or even recommendation, for their choice. They had the three realms for a field of selection, and felt it a duty and an honour to send the best man they could find to Parliament. And when did a constituency ever lose in its special or local interests by such a choice? If Lord Palmerston had been a native as well as resident of Tiverton, would he have been expected to do more than he did for that town? Did John Bright do less for Durham, or Sharman Crawford, of Belfast, less for Rochdale than each would have done if a native of the town he represented?

Here, then, is a broad and generous basis of representation in Great Britain, already prepared and available for the Integration

of the Empire. The home constituencies have learned to entrust their mind, will, and interest in Imperial legislation to outside men—some of them to Australian Lowe or Childers, or to Nova-Scotian Haliburton. Have they lost anything by this confidence? But when we come to consider the influence of direct colonial representation in the Imperial Parliament, one very important fact will supply the proof, that only the great and general interests of the Empire would become subjects of this united legislation. For it must be remembered that each of these colonies has a legislature of its own, with sufficient power to look after its own special and local interests, and would have no more occasion to bring these specialties into Parliament than one of the States of the American Union has to bring its matters of local interest into Congress. Then each colony, having such a local legislature for its special interests, would stand related to the Imperial Government and Parliament only by the *senatorial* connection that exists between each American State and the Federal Government and Congress at Washington. Of course a *popular* representation in the Imperial Parliament for all these Colonies is entirely out of the question. It would be all that each could claim, or need, to be represented by two senators. That is all that the State of New York, with a population of 4,000,000, has in the U. S. Senate; and Delaware, with less than 100,000, has the same number. Thus 100 representatives would be all that would be necessary or desirable to be brought into Parliament from all these scattered domains of the Empire. Leaving behind all the special interests entrusted to their local legislatures, Parliament would be a normal school to them in which to learn to be statesmen of such large and generous perceptions as to take into their daily thought the common weal of one-third of the population of the globe, embracing races of a hundred different tongues. Here representatives from all the great islands of the ocean and from all the earth's continents would meet together at St. Stephen's for half the weeks of the year, to study and promote the interests of three hundred millions, who would make up the mighty whole. What scene has the world yet witnessed to compare with such a spectacle! To the political world it would surpass what the Œcumenical Coun-

cil of five hundred Bishops was to the ecclesiastical as a representative body. What it was natural for each bishop of this great Council to feel in regard to the spiritual empire of the Roman Catholic faith, every colonial senator in the British Parliament would feel, in deeper and broader sentiment, in regard to the Empire he represented in part, though that part were only Manitoba or Natal. If either of the two, or smaller still, he would feel it to be a living member of the same great political body, beating with the same pulse of political life, and a sharer in all the destiny of greatness and glory which such a life and such a union could win.

There is a question which has undoubtedly suggested itself to many public men in England, in connection with any scheme for giving the Colonies a direct representation in the Imperial Parliament. It is a question that comes up in this form: 'What would these representatives from all the ends of the earth know or care about our home matters of interest? Are we to submit these interests to the judgment and decision of such — foreigners, we must call them at first, some of them ex-princes from India, who can hardly speak our language, and who have not yet adopted our religion?' Perhaps this wide question embraces all or the most serious difficulties that present themselves to Englishmen of highly intelligent and thoughtful minds. Let us, then, consider their weight and vinctibility.

First, then, the representatives of England proper would outnumber all the Irish, Scottish, and Colonial members. This fact may be cited only to meet the brute-force possibility of a coalition majority against the special interests of England, if such a strange possibility must be admitted. But what conceivable motive could induce the representatives of Newfoundland and New Zealand to enter into a coalition with East Indian or Irish members against the home interests of England? If they had the animus and ability for such coalition strategy, what earthly object could they gain by it? If they are to impart truthful information in regard to the condition, wants, and wishes of the Colonies they represent, as the basis of Imperial legislation in their behalf, could they be enticed into the fantastic hallucination that a readiness and habit of run-

ning into coalitions would promote their ends?

But what special institutions or interests has England now, or would have at the integration, that could be affected by this Colonial representation? She is now elaborating a system for the education of all the children of the realm, even bringing up from the gutters and lairs of poverty and sin the most reprobate street arabs and *gamins* of her large cities. Well, is it conceivable that the representatives of Colonies like those of North America and Australia, that have made common-school education almost as free and cheap as air, would throw a straw in the way of this home effort to educate all the children of the people? Let bygones be bygones, but one memory may be revived in this connection. If every colony calls England '*Home*,' every State and every well-read citizen of the American Union calls her 'the mother-country'; and if he and every loyal colonist ever had cause to blush for their common mother, it was for the reason that she left so many of her home children in the outer darkness of ignorance. Who outside of the home islands would be happier and prouder for her success in bringing up these children to the highest level of popular education than the Canadian, Australian, or the American citizen?

Well, what other institution, interest, or proposed improvement, special or advantageous to England, Scotland, or Ireland, could be put at hazard, or in any way obstructed, by this Colonial representation? The electoral basis has been reduced almost to universal suffrage in the three Kingdoms, and is likely some day even to reach that level. Very good. Then would representatives of Colonies that have already adopted this basis be likely to obstruct it in England? Then there is the British Constitution, which is a little world of history and historical precedent in itself, instead of a written compact, like the Constitution of the United States. Would that be exposed, by Colonial representation, to any change which the English people themselves should not propose and initiate? Would the great estates of the realm lose their relative place or influence? Would any of the prerogatives left by prescription and precedent to the Crown be annulled or weakened? Would either House of Parliament be abolished, or cur-

tailed in function, dignity, or power? Would there be any motive or tendency to diminish the rank and value of the great prizes and places now existing in the United Kingdom, and which would be thrown open to competition to all who had the ambition to strive for them and the ability to win them, anywhere in the vast Empire after its political integration? What possible good could accrue to any Colony from any change in the British Constitution, or in the estates of the United Kingdom, which the English people themselves should not desire and originate?

Next let us come to the complicated and agitating question of Church and State. Let us suppose this question should not be settled in England at the time of this Imperial Integration. It may be injudicious and improper in an American to express an opinion in regard to the subject; but perhaps he may take it for granted that the strongest friend of the Established Church believes that the time is coming when it must stand by, or fall from, its connection with the State, by the infallible test of the Divine Founder of the Christian Faith—by its fruits, not by its leaves; not by pretensions or professions it has not realized in its Christian work, life, and power for the spiritual wellbeing of the nation. When that time comes, if the Church shall be found to have failed both in fact and faculty of fruitage, most likely the English people alone, and even the best friends of the Church, will desire and effect its release from the State, in the belief that the severance will increase its vitality and vigour. But Integration would not and could not precipitate this event. For when the Empire shall be thus unified, the *State* Church must be a local institution, special to England alone, over which colonial representation would have no control nor influence, nor any interest or motive to exercise either, even if it had the ability. But if they had a desire to meddle with the question, the English members would have the numerical power to retain the connection as long as they thought it best for the wellbeing of either Church or State. Still, Disestablishment would tend to give the Episcopal Church a power for expansion it never had in its own independent spiritual right. It would be put on the same footing as the Episcopal Church in the United

States, where, from Maine to Georgia, and from Texas to the Canadian border, it is one and the same as an ecclesiastical organization, electing its own bishops without leave or license of any civil government. No finger of the State touches its prerogative as an independent religious body. No Crown or Parliament, no President or Congress, meddles with its choice, or touches, with a word or warning look, its faith, worship, or doctrine. Even if there were cause on the part of the English State Church to fear that Integration would hasten Disestablishment, it would find a full compensation for the severance in the new field for its life and power which a consolidated Empire would open up before it. Let it cast its eyes on the position of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States. In no part of the wide world does that Church grow so rapidly, and meet so few restrictions to its free will and expansion, as in the American Union. In no country is it more loyal and devoted to the Pope's spiritual authority. Yet he cannot throw around it a figment of civil power, nor does it receive, ask, or need an iota of such power from the American Government. Still, all its bishops and archbishops, and its cardinal, are appointed by the Pope, and always in conformity with the wish and interests of the American Catholics. If, then, the Roman Catholic Church is the freest, strongest, and most prosperous and loyal, where it has not a little finger's force of civil authority or State patronage, why should the English Church fear to put itself on the same footing, if Integration should actually hasten that consummation?

We will only consider one more of the questions involved in the proposition we are discussing: that is, the commercial relation and interest. Let us look at this question from a common-sense point of view. We have dwelt upon the intellectual, sentimental, and political impulses and advantages which would be gained by two hundred and fifty millions of British colonial subjects by being put on the same political footing as their fellow-subjects in England. Probably no thoughtful home Englishman would doubt that these colonial populations would be greatly benefited in these respects by this political equalisation. But he may ask, 'After all, what

should we English people at home gain by it?' This may be answered by another question: 'What do you gain now from the North American Colonies or Australia, which you would not if they were independent nations? What do they contribute directly to the support of the Imperial Government? Do you try on your Income Tax, or any other tax, upon them? The whole world knows what you have spent on them in the last fifty years: have you got any of it back in this period through any form of taxation?' 'But they buy our manufactures,' you say. Very true, but would they not buy as many if they were independent States? Do they not act towards you as if they were? Do they not impose a duty on the manufactures you send them, just as if they came from a foreign country? How is it about the old discriminating duty question? You must remember that, unless you have forgotten Cobden. Did not the English home people pay, in fifty years, £100,000,000 more for their colonial sugars than the same quantity and quality would have cost them if bought in other markets? Have you forgotten the old colonial timber-duty; how home Englishmen, when they were obliged to have Baltic timber for certain purposes, had first to ship it from Norway or Sweden to Canada or Nova-Scotia, unload it into colonial ships, and hire them to bring it to Liverpool, all for colonial *protection*?

Let us glance at the present commercial relations between the mother-country and her Colonies, and appreciate their anomalies. To do this adequately, let us put them side by side with the commercial relations between the American Union and its territories. These are political communities, in training to be admitted into the Republic as full-organised States, when they have acquired the requisite population. Each of them, like a British colony, has a legislature of its own. The Governor of each is also appointed by the Central or Home Government. It has the same right of petition as a British colony, and other faculties of influence to use at Washington in behalf of its interests. Congress engages to defend it against the Indians and other enemies, just as England does in regard to each of her Colonies. Now, then, suppose such an anomalous

commercial relation should be suggested between the American Government and one of its territories as that now existing between England and Canada or Australia. Can an intelligent Englishman believe such a relation could be tolerated six months, without stirring the people of all the old States to indignant emotion? Suppose that Washington territory, Arizona, or New Mexico should take it into its head to establish a set of custom-houses around its borders, and levy a duty on all productions imported into it from the States, in order to raise money for making roads, building bridges, and for educational and other purposes. But does not Canada do also to each of the other Colonies what she does to the mother-country? Does she not impose duties on the colonial produce of the West Indies, just as if it were imported from the most favoured foreign country?

This, then, is the unnatural, anomalous commercial relation existing not only between the home-country and its colonies, but between one colony and another in several cases. Compress the principle within an area like France, or even the American Union, and we have the old French *octroi* system in full operation, putting colonies for cities, and giving each power to tax all articles brought into it from the others. Now the Integration of the Empire would change all this. It would bring all the Colonies under the British Crown into just that commercial relation to it and to each other which now exists between all the States of the American Republic, and between them and the Federal Government. It would abolish the *octroi* system from one end of the Empire to the other. All the custom-houses from Canada to New Zealand, and from Vancouver's Island to Heligoland, would be Imperial, however the revenues they collected might be distributed.

These, then, are several of the more important considerations which would occur to a thoughtful American mind in favour of unifying the British Empire, after the representative system of the American Union. With all his loyalty to his own country, with all his faith in its great destiny, he knows this glorious future he expects for his nation must be inseparably associated with the future of the mother-

country; that they must and will go over the sea of remaining time, yard-arm to yard-arm, bearing aloft to all other nations and peoples the same flag of civil and religious freedom, vitality, and civilising power. He would say to her, at this momentous juncture, what Nelson said

at Trafalgar: 'Anchor! England, anchor!' Now is the time to anchor these drifting ships of her fleet, that, brought into a new line of battle for universal humanity, they may sail forth abreast to conquests they never won.

ELIHU BURRITT.

AUTUMN IN SOUTHERN RUSSIA:

NOTES OF A VOYAGE UP THE DNEIPEK.

I.

FROM KREMENTSCHUG TO KIEV.

THAT celebrated invalid who, on being told that the Russian calendar was twelve days behind that of Western Europe, went to Russia that he might have twelve days longer to live, would have liked nothing better than a tour from Moscow to the Black Sea in the beginning of autumn, *via* the Volga and the Don, if only as a means of recalling the fading glories of the summer, and enjoying over again, even so late as October, the warmth and freshness and brightness of golden June and dazzling July. On the sunny terraces of Kertch, amid the soft Italian beauty of Yalta, under the cloudless skies of Sevastopol, with butterflies hovering around his head, and coatless peasants selling huge clusters of ripe grapes at his side, any traveller might well be excused or doubting whether he had not antedated his journal three months at the least, and for regarding the rain and mist, the cold winds and lowering skies, the heated stoves and double windows, which he had left behind him in Moscow, as merely the phantoms of a troubled dream.

But this, like other artificial pleasures, must be paid for—and that, too, at no moderate price. The moment Odessa is left behind on the return journey, the mists and showers and cold winds of a

Russian October assert themselves once more. Nor are these the worst evils to be feared. At a season when every man who has been south during the summer, is posting north again, the overcrowding of the trains is so great, that it is no uncommon thing to have to remain, for a whole day together, 'doubled up' (as an American friend of mine emphatically phrased it) 'like a long nigger in a short bed.' If you attempt to forget your discomfort, in admiration of the surrounding scenery, all that you find to admire is a flat unending waste of lifeless steppe, which may be best imagined by multiplying a billiard-table by five million, and subtracting the cushions. And should your ill-fortune lead you off the track down a branch line, matters become ten times worse. There is, perhaps, no drearier sight in the world than that of a newly-constructed Russian depot in bad weather. The damp grey sky, like an illimitable sheet of wet blotting-paper—the long, straight line of rail losing itself in the brooding fog—the half-seen skeletons of the unfinished buildings, surrounded by piles of bricks and rotting timber—the muddy platform stamped with the impress of countless miry feet—the few sheepskin-clad figures, hanging idly around like men who have no object left in life—all unite in noisome harmony, to make up a picture which would have tried the nerves of Mark Tapley himself.

Somewhat after this fashion do I moral-

ise, when, having crossed the plank bridge that spans the Dnieper at Krementschug, and found my way, not without difficulty, through the labyrinth of flat sandy streets composing the town, I embark at length upon the steamer which is to carry me up the river to Kiev. And certainly, after the magnificently-appointed boats of the Black Sea Company, with their velvet-covered sofas, gilt-edged mirrors, and cabinet editions of Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer, for all who care to read, it is rather a shock to find oneself on board a crazy little cockle-shell, with a deck as black and greasy as a knife-board, a cabin as big as a sentry-box, where we all lie 'heads and tails,' like herrings in a barrel, with the water dripping upon us from the roof as if to atone for the stifling heat of the stove, and a set of passengers who smoke all day with the windows shut, and play cards at night with four candles burning.

Nor do the surroundings do much to redeem the interior; for, during the first day's voyage, the scenery consists chiefly of sandbanks, which, with the gaunt pines that bristle upon them, look like an endless perspective of canvas pincushions; while, on the second morning, we are suddenly shut in by a fog so dense, that, for all we can see of the country around us, we might as well be sailing through the empty air. Our mainstay during this time of trial is a fat, jolly little Russian officer, whose sole mission in life appears to be the telling of every possible kind of ludicrous story against his own countrymen—one of which is too characteristic to be omitted.

'They say, you know, David Stepanovitch, that we Russians are apt to construe our orders rather too literally; and I'll just give you an instance of that. When the telegraph was first started between St. Petersburg and Warsaw, the instructions given to the clerks were, that every man should repeat exactly whatever signal might be made by his right-hand or left-hand correspondent. Well, as ill-luck would have it, the fellow at the first station lost all his money at cards one night, when he was off duty; so, in despair at the loss, he went and hanged himself on one of the posts, the first thing next morning. The next clerk, seeing him do it, and making sure it must be a signal of some kind, jumped up and hanged himself with all possible

despatch; and the end of it was, that all the clerks from St. Petersburg to Warsaw hanged themselves one after the other, and there was nobody left to work the line!'

On the third morning of our voyage, the great river at length begins to show itself worthy of its renown. The rising sun touches with a streak of crimson the ridges of a long line of dark hills, which surge up, wave beyond wave, far as the eye can reach; and as we steam past the little log-hamlet of Kaniova—our last halting-place before Kiev itself—the full splendour of the panorama unrolls itself before us. Endless clusters of wood-crowned islets, mirroring their drooping boughs in the wide, smooth stream below; vast bastions of naked rock, glowing like living fire in the broadening sunshine; shady little dells nestling in the hollows of the rock, through which tiny rivulets run prattling to welcome 'Father Dnieper'; and quaint little hamlets, peeping forth like shy children from the shadow of their encircling forests.

'See there! the railway bridge!' shouts an enthusiastic Russian, with very natural exultation, as the huge stone piers begin to grow dimly up out of the horizon, like an army of giants wading across the stream.

The last bend is at length left behind; and the ancient capital of Russia* rises before us in all its splendour. High over all, on its lovely hill-top, towers the great white mass of the Petcherski Monastery, facing the half completed fortress that crowns the opposite ridge; and all along the slope beneath lies a wilderness of green domes, and golden cupolas, and white towers, and many-coloured houses, which, dipped in the brief bright sunshine of a Russian autumn, bursts upon us in one blaze of glory.

And, on the crest of the nearer ridge, stands darkly out against the sky a colossal statue, commemorating a long life of savage valour, bloody conquest, bitter repentance, weary groping in darkness before bursting at last into the glorious sunshine of truth—the statue of the Charlemagne of Russia, Vladimir the son of Sviatoslav. Here, on the actual scene of his exploits, one can almost imagine him standing once more be-

* The seat of government was removed to Kiev from Great Novgorod (the first capital) in the tenth century.

side the great river into which he cast the idols of heathen Russia, and uttering, 'in a voice like the roll of thunder,' the martial vaunt which the old national ballads put into his mouth :

'Now clothe me not, my mother,
In robes of silken fold ;
And deck not mine apparel
With silver or with gold ;
And let no brodered 'kerchief
Around my neck be tied,
And place not on my forehead
The bonnet richly dyed.

'Clothe me with plates of iron,
And rings of tempered steel,
And let my golden tresses
The cramping helmet feel ;
And set the mace destroying
Within my strong right hand,
And in my wrath resistless,
I'll march throughout the land.'

But the impressiveness of this glorious picture is suddenly and ludicrously marred. My companion on board is a noted English critic and traveller, whose incognito remains inviolate during the first two days of the voyage ; but, on the third morning, the attention with which the other passengers watch to see whether their unknown comrade lights his cigar or drinks his tea in the same way as other men, shows me that the secret is beginning to leak out at last. An hour later, one of them confidentially informs me that Mr. Dickens is on board, and that he has recognised him at once by his portraits, which are wonderfully like. Another asserts that the stranger is a great historian, engaged in compiling the annals of the Russian Empire ; but the truth is at length discovered, and Mr. D—— has barely shown himself on deck, when the tide of popular enthusiasm bursts upon him.

First comes an immensely tall, gaunt, dried-up man, not unlike a smoked sturgeon, flanked by a little thickset fellow, half-buried under an enormous fur cap ; then a long-legged young subaltern with a figure like an overgrown pair of tongs, and the grin of a boy just clapping his hat upon some unsuspecting butterfly. Then follows the jovial officer aforesaid, eyeing his illustrious fellow-traveller as if mentally taking his measure for a coat ; while the skipper brings up the rear, watching the general rapture with a smile of fatherly indulgence.

The long man bows and bows as if making obeisance before a crucifix ; the little man, having taken a good front look at the hero, runs round to get a view of him from behind ; the jolly officer, rubbing his hands with a 'nunc dimittis' air, informs the amazed author that he has his 'Holy Land' by heart, and that his favorite passage is the description of the 'Spiritual Wives' in Salt Lake City (!). The gestures of the deputation, and the air of amused astonishment with which Mr. D—— contemplates their proceedings, irresistibly remind me of the famous picture in *Punch*, where, after his first tiger-hunt, Mr. Peter Piper is complimented by his friends upon the manner in which he has sustained the fatigues and perils of the day. But, happily, just as the general excitement is at its height, the boat runs alongside the jetty, and we make our escape.

II.

THE CATACOMBS OF ST. THEODOSIUS.

AROUND the landing-place are the usual clamorous swarm of *izvosh-tchiks* (cabmen), blue-frocked, red-girdled, low-hatted, thick-bearded, and bountifully perfumed with *vodka* (corn-whiskey). One of these acts as our ferryman across the lake of thick black mire which covers the 'Podoll' or Lower Town. Arrived at the principal hotel (whose name I have ungratefully forgotten) we proceed to discharge the two great duties of the Englishman abroad—first, that of seeing ^{*} what there is in the place fit to eat, and, secondly, that of reviling it, when eaten, as 'beastly trash, only fit for foreigners.' But, our consciences being thus satisfied, it behoves us to nerve ourselves for the trying but inevitable duty of 'seeing whatever is to be seen.'

'Well, what's to be the programme?'

'The Petcherskaja Lavra to begin with, of course,' answers my companion, assuming instinctively the look of stern resignation wherewith the English martyr goes forth to dance a quadrille, or to undergo a day's pleasure. 'That's where the Catacombs are, you know, and every man who has ever spoken to me about Kiev, always told me to be sure to see *them*, if I ever went there.'

“It is our destiny, and who can avert it?” respond I, donning my knee-high boots and black sheepskin cap. ‘Well, if they can beat the Grotto of Adelsberg, or the underground Temple of the Sun at Heliopolis, I’ll forgive them; but never mind—there is no tourist like John Bull, and Murray is his prophet. If *he* says we’re to see it, why, of course we must.’

Nevertheless, it must be owned that sight-seeing on such a day might well be considered a penance by far more mercurial travellers than a brace of ‘splenetic Britons.’ The brief bright sunshine of the morning has vanished in a chill, sombre greyness which would alone suffice to tell us that we are getting north again, and beneath which the straight wide streets and tall gaunt houses look doubly dreary. The few passers-by eye one another viciously, as if each thought his neighbor in some way to blame for the general discomfort; the very rain falls in a sneaking, spiritless fashion, as though it could not muster energy enough for a good hearty down-pour; and over earth and sky alike broods a raw, cheerless gloom, as if the sun had suddenly become bankrupt, and all nature were holding a meeting of his creditors. Even our driver appears to have something on his mind, and, instead of laughing and chattering as usual, plods silently along, with the look of a man conveying two desperate malefactors to the place of execution.

But all thought of discomfort is forgotten, when, in a stray gleam of sunlight that at length struggles through the breaking clouds, we crown the highest of the two ridges upon which the ‘Upper Town’ is built, and, glancing across the intervening space at the formidable citadel which is rising on the brow of the Lysaya-Gora (Bald Hill) in readiness for any hostile visitor who may come marching across the Galician border, turn from it to look down upon the splendid panorama below. The faded glories of the ‘Russian Jerusalem,’ so majestic even in its decay, harmonise well with the sombre magnificence of expiring autumn; and, seen beneath the pale October light, the ‘diadem of towers’ which, catching the eye of the traveller miles away upon the great river, tells him that the goal is at hand—the bold outline of the overhanging bluffs—the vast mass of painted houses and many-colored church-

towers outspread beneath—the wide, smooth face of the Dnieper between its wood-crowned shores, and the distant panorama of the immeasurable forest—all wear the impress of that stern and passionless beauty wherewith ancient sculptors loved to array the passionless face of Minerva.

For the time being, however, our attention is sorely distracted by the exertions necessary to keep us from rolling out of the drosky* altogether; for, even to those who have been in Brazil or Central Asia, a drive over a Russian street, in a Russian vehicle, is the closest imitation of ‘breaking on the wheel’ which modern civilisation has invented. It is not without much secret satisfaction that we at length find ourselves upon the level summit of the ridge, and see the vast white battlements of the famous monastery rising up, in all their massive strength, against the cold grey sky.

And, all in a moment, the awe of the place falls around us, as we stand looking up at it in silence. Huge, and grey, and voiceless, with its moss-grown walls and deep shadowy gateways, it hardly seems to belong to the living world; and, in truth, if there be one spot on earth where the Past might fitly entrench itself against the Present, it is this. In days when Danish pirates were ravaging the coast of Yorkshire, and Christian priests singing mass in the churches of Constantinople, this bare hill-top was the centre of a great nation, and the seat of a mighty empire. Here the first Christian ruler of Russia was baptised and crowned; here seven generations of the House of Ruric stored in triumph the spoils of the South; here Tartar and Petcheneygan, Pole and Osmanli, set the battle in array for the national existence of Russia. And where are they now?

‘Nice place for Harrison Ainsworth,’ says my comrade, with a grin; ‘he would not be long fitting it up with “couchant hounds,” and “slumber-bound men-at-arms,” and perhaps the Sleeping Beauty herself into the bargain.’

‘Or a caldron surrounded by flames of ghastly blue, like Joseph Balsamo’s crib in the Rue St. Claude.’

* The much-abused word is really spelt ‘drojki’; but the corrupted form is now too universal to be altered.

'Or a tall figure in the mouldering robes of a Cistercian friar, like that objectionable party in the "Lancashire Witches."'

'Or a giant form in blood-rusted armour, carrying his own head under his left arm like an opera-hat.'

But here this cheerful catalogue is cut short by the hoarse voice of a grey-bearded monk, who, after parleying with us for a moment through the little grating in the oaken door, admits us into the wide, desolate, grass-grown courtyard, which wears the same dreary, old-world look as every other part of this singular structure.

And then, for the next two hours, we are in a world of shadows—the shadows of the things that *have been*. Dim cloisters, through which a few shrouded figures flit spectre-like in their long, trailing robes; painted cupolas, bright with barbaric decoration; lonely turrets, whence, ages ago, pale-faced monks, faltering broken prayers, saw, rising along the verge of the boundless plain below, the glittering spears of the Tartar; and quiet little shrines, unchanged in every feature since the day when the rough-hewn image of Peroun, the Thunder-god, fell from its place at the fiat of Vladimir Sviatoslavitch. The quaint little cupola and painted front—the low, narrow doorway—the rude pictures, each with its tiny lamp burning in front of it—the sacred vestments hanging upon the wall—the open space in the centre for the worshippers. This is one of those national symbols which never pass away, preserving amid the age of railways and telegraphs the living impress of that time when bears prowled over the site of Moscow, and marsh-frogs croaked over that of St. Petersburg.

'This is a sight worth seeing,' remark I, enthusiastically, as we debouch at length upon the inner courtyard.

'It's all very well in its way,' rejoins my matter-of-fact comrade; 'but all this isn't the Catacombs; and as that's what we came to see, I think it's just about time to begin seeing them. Just hail that old buffer yonder, and ask whereabouts they are.'

The 'old buffer' in question—a venerable old white-beard who is gliding shadow-like along the other side of the court, professes himself unable to satisfy us; but, if it please Heaven, he will ask Brother Constantine. Brother Constantine, being pro-

duced, is equally ignorant; but, with the blessing of the saints, he will ask Brother Theodosius. Brother Theodosius minutely directs us wrong, as do three or four others in succession; and it is not until this hide-and-peek through the wet mud has lasted longer than is quite satisfactory, that we at length light upon a 'brother' who really *does* seem to know something about the matter.

'The "Podzemelié"? To be sure! Just follow those people yonder, and they'll bring you right to it!'

Obeying this judicious counsel, we speedily find ourselves, in company with half a dozen other victims, standing in front of a small, narrow, iron-clamped door, which is opened by a gaunt, pale-faced, hollow-eyed monk in a long black robe, who looks very much like one of the dead men whom we are about to visit, disturbed from his grave by our approach.

Silently and spectrally he leads the way down a dark, tunnel-like passage, ending at length in a small, square, dimly-lighted recess, bearing a disagreeably close resemblance to the ordinary conception of a torture-chamber in the Inquisition. Is that a rack half visible in yonder corner? Is this hanging lamp about to disgorge a converting shower of boiling oil upon our heretical pates? Will these walls suddenly clash together, flattening us all into human pancakes? or, as in the ghastliest of Edgar Poe's goblin tales, force us, inch by inch, into a fathomless abyss in the centre of the floor?

But no—the supposed rock proves to be nothing more than a large oaken chest, from which our spectral cicerone takes a packet of consecrated tapers, which he distributes at the rate of ten *kopecks* (six cents) each. Then he steps forward into the darkest corner of the cell—and, as we light our tapers, a rusty key is heard to grate harshly in an unseen lock, and right before us gapes a black, narrow, tomb-like hollow, barely large enough to admit one man at a time—a fit portal, indeed, to the nether world, and matching well with its ghastly janitor, who comforts us, as we enter, by saying in a hoarse whisper:

'Mind you keep together; for if one gets parted from the rest, God help him!'

I will not attempt to describe the next hour—it was less like any actual reality

than the phantasm of a hideous nightmare. Though one word would have broken the spell, no one had power to utter it. All speech, all laughter, seemed to expire instinctively in those sunless caverns, whose only light was the fitful gleam of our tapers, whose only sound the sullen drip of water from the damp slimy roof. Shut in as we are by the gloom and silence of the grave, all sense of companionship is utterly blotted out; and the feeling of isolation becomes overwhelming. Touching each other at every step, we are still, every one of us, as utterly alone as if upon a rock in mid-ocean.

Onward, ever onward—the echo of our tread sounding unnaturally loud amid the dead, utter silence. In the blue, ghostly glimmer of our waning tapers, the clammy earth below, and the low, ponderous roof above, and the damp, rugged, misshapen rocks on either side, have a weird, unearthly look; and the black mouths of the rock-tunnels yawn dismally on every side, and channels upon channels wind spectral-ly away into the darkness. Not a bat flits overhead, not a mouse rustles below. Life has no place in these ghostly solitudes; but they *are* peopled, nevertheless, by inhabitants well worthy of them. On a sud-

den, the gleam of our tapers is flashed back from jewels and cloth of gold, and a tall, commanding figure starts up as if by magic from a deep niche on our right. Its head is crowned with a jewelled mitre, its robes are gay with splendid embroidery; but from beneath the gorgeous trappings gape the rattling jaws and eyeless sockets of a skeleton, and the rich patriarchal staff is clutched by the bony fingers of the grave.

We pass hastily on, only to encounter fresh repetitions of the hideous mockery; and the sudden apparition of these bedizen- ed spectres, amid the utter gloom and silence of this great sepulchre, has an indescribably ghastly effect. In these noisome dens lived and died, in days when men thought to serve God by renouncing every duty of man, scores of the filthy maniacs called 'Eastern Saints'; and here they still remain, watching, through countless years, the scene of their impious folly. Little by little, the awe which at first overwhelmed us gives way to unmitigated disgust; and I think there is not one of us who does not feel relieved when (after a seemingly endless lapse of time) we hear the key grate in its rusty lock, and emerge into the light of day once more.

DAVID KER.

SONNET.

NOT for the deed that's done is this our praise;
 Not to the word that's written bow we down;
 'Tis something greater far that we would crown:
 The highest work a higher thought can raise.
 When life is painted in some noble phase,
 And skilful art has merited renown,
 The artist to himself will sadly frown
 To find how feebly he his thought conveys.
 The picture's but a symbol from his hand,
 And symbolizes, to *his* mind alone,
 The fulness of his fancy's sunniest gleam:
 Admiring crowds will gaze—an endless band,
 And deem they follow out each thought and tone;
 But hardly one shall catch the artist's dream.

GOWAN LEA.

THE OLD JAPANESE CABINET.

IN the course of the last summer, I followed the example of the rest of the rest of the world and made a visit to the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia. When I had enjoyed those features of that splendid show which had for me the most attraction, I found myself at last in front of the Japanese department, to which I had been unable, previously, to give a close inspection on account of the crowd which was continually pressing round that peculiarly interesting part of the Exhibition. Of course, when I was able to obtain a good view of that department, I was as much surprised as any one else at the superiority of the Japanese artists in many articles of vertu and ornament; but there was one specimen of Eastern ingenuity which attracted my attention above everything else, and that was a small cabinet, especially conspicuous for the grotesque mélange of carvings which covered the entire front. Serpents and lizards supported the shelves, while birds of brilliant plumage surmounted the top and appeared making vain exertions to escape from the cruel creatures whose basilisk eyes flashed just below, and seemed to be exercising a mysterious charm over the feathered beauties. The materials of the cabinet were different valuable woods of the Eastern seas, and were put together with a skill which European artists might well envy. The various birds and reptiles which covered the cabinet were so many illustrations of that fidelity to nature and artistic skill which attest the progress of the Japs in certain classes of ornamental art. But it was not simply its excellence as a work of art that caused me to linger so long in front of the cabinet. As I looked at this bizarre specimen of Eastern mechanical skill, I began mentally comparing it with one that I had previously seen in a very different place, and which resembled it in a very remarkable manner. The first cabinet, now so suddenly called to my memory, had made a very vivid impression on my mind at the time, not merely on account of its grotesque workmanship, but

chiefly in consequence of its having been intimately associated with a somewhat startling episode in the life of an old friend.

Having said so much I suppose that I am bound to go further and relate the incidents which led me to pause for some time alongside what was certainly the most curious specimen of Eastern art to be seen at Philadelphia. As I was standing there my thoughts carried me to a scene very different from that around me. It was not in a busy hive of industry and enterprize that I saw myself for a moment in imagination. It was not to the sunny isles of the Japan Sea, where a mysterious people isolated themselves for centuries from European civilization and commerce, but to a younger land in a northern clime, that my mind took a rapid flight. For the scene of the story which I am about to tell is laid within sight of the St. Lawrence, in a little village which twenty-five years ago strikingly illustrated the conservative and quiet habits of the French Canadians, and their indisposition to be carried away by the turmoil and unrest which generally characterize life on this continent. I am not an actor in this story and shall only attempt to relate it as I heard it from the lips of my friend, Ralph Montague, some four years ago, when I made a visit to his fine old country residence, in a distant part of the province of Quebec. When he told me the story he kindly consented to write it out at his leisure; and this promise he fulfilled not long afterwards. Owing to a press of varied engagements, I neglected translating the notes, which are in French, and they lay forgotten in a drawer of my desk until the story was revived in my memory by my visit to the Centennial, and then I decided to give it to the public, as nearly as possible in the words of the author.

I

Nearly a quarter of a century ago—my friend will now speak for himself—I was

living in the old city of Quebec, which was then comparatively little touched by that spirit of modern progress, which now-a-days is levelling its memorials of a famous historic past, and bringing the ancient capital, to the disgust of the antiquarian, more in harmony with modern ideas of convenience and taste. I had been engaged in practising law for several years, and was in the enjoyment of a fair modicum of success. One day in the summer of 1852—I remember it well, a broiling day, without a breath of air from the sea to cool the temperature—I was seated in my office, and wondering whether I could not throw my papers aside and enjoy a few holidays in some distant village on the St. Lawrence, where I could breathe the cool, salty breezes of the ocean. As I was running over in my mind the different places to which I might go, my office boy brought me a letter addressed in the handwriting of an old college friend, which I immediately recognized, though we had not corresponded together for years, and, indeed, had not seen each other since we left college—he, to return to his parents' roof and a fine estate, I to the hard study and plodding of a lawyer's office. I had heard, some months before the receipt of Henry Duchesnay's letter, that he had gone to travel in Europe, by the advice of his physician, who had warned his father that his constitution was too delicate to allow him to enter on the pursuit of any business or profession which would force him to remain constantly confined in-doors. He now simply asked me to come down the river and pay him a visit for a few days, as he wished to consult me on some business matters of much importance to himself and family. He added that if I could not come immediately, I was to write and tell him; but as he confidently expected me he would not fail to come in a carriage to the steamer-landing on the following Saturday.

It was on a Wednesday that I received my friend's invitation, and I decided at once to accept it, especially after his hint that I might be of assistance to him professionally. It was a lovely morning when I stood on the upper deck of the little steamer which then connected with the villages of the lower St. Lawrence. Quebec loomed out of the morning mist, which was slowly fading away before the sun's warm rays, like some mediæval castled city of the Danube or the

Rhine. The shipping lay lifeless on the bosom of the noble river, which bears to the ocean far below the tribute of many a lake and stream of the far distant West. Heave ho! heave ho! were the only sounds that came from the port where some stevedores were just commencing their work. A few vessels had hoisted their sails, which hung motionless from the masts. Passing the Island of Orleans, covered with verdure and dotted with white cottages hidden in the clustering foliage, we soon found ourselves making rapid headway down the river, in company with several tug-boats, which were puffing lustily as they bore along some heavily laden ships bound for countries far beyond.

In four or five hours' time we reached the wharf which had been built for the accommodation of the surrounding district. It was a quiet, secluded spot, the only buildings in sight were a small warehouse and a tiny white cottage, where the guardian of the place lived. The woods covered the sides of the lofty hills, which came sloping to the water's edge. A picturesquely wooded island was moored midway in the river, and I imagined it was still left in a state of natural wildness, until one of the passengers told me that several families were living in huts, and cultivating little patches of ground on the opposite side. Several clumsy carts and a couple of calèches, drawn by stout Canadian ponies, were waiting on the wharf for passengers or freight. I did not see anything of my friend when we first reached the wharf, but a few minutes later he drove down the hill and greeted me warmly. It did not take me long to get my valise into the comfortable waggon which my friend was driving, and then we made our way into the country as fast as the ponies could take us. The surrounding country was very hilly, and we were obliged to make more than one considerable ascent on our way to the old home of the Duchesnay's, which was situated in the neighbourhood of a little village on the plateau of the hills. The road showed many a graceful curve and many a beautiful bit of scenery. Here a glen, where maples and birches threw their shadows over a rapid brook whose source was hidden deep among the hills. There a rugged height, where wild blackberries, just ripening, peeped out among the rocks.

Now and then, as we ascended a prominent point, we caught a glimpse of the lordly river, sparkling in the sunshine and flecked with white wings. We passed a few habitants, dressed in rough homespun, and straw hats, which they touched courteously with a 'Bon jour, M'sieurs.'

But I am forgetting, as I recall the memories of that charming drive, to introduce you to my friend. He was a slender, rather delicate looking man, with piercing black eyes, and dark curly hair clustered carelessly over a prominent brow, which showed him to possess no ordinary intellectual power. I was glad to find that he believed his trip to Europe and the healthy natural life that he led on the Seignior had strengthened his constitution, and that he had not had, of late, any recurrence of those attacks of weakness which had been a frequent cause of alarm to his friends in his early youth. I now learned, for the first time, that his father had died nearly twelve months before, and left the estate, which had been in possession of the family for many generations, very heavily involved, on account of some speculations in iron mines which had turned out very unsuccessful.

'I have been hoping,' said Henry Duchesnay, 'that we might save at least a small part of the large sums which my father raised on mortgages at a very heavy rate of interest, but I now find that the stock is literally worthless, and that the shareholders will lose all they have invested. I have only known the truth very recently, and in the hope that you might assist me in some way, I have asked you to come down. I was in Quebec a couple of months ago on the same business, but found you were absent in Montreal. The friends I did consult gave me no comfort whatever.'

I could not disguise the fact that the mining stock of which he was speaking was quite worthless at that time, and that it was out of the question to expect to raise a shilling on it. The chief creditor, I learned, was an old notary, living in the village, who, like his father, had amassed what was a considerable fortune in Lower Canada.

'Jean Brouette,' continued Henry Duchesnay, 'appears to have drawn my father into a perfect network of trickery during my absence in Europe. My father was too easily influenced in business matters, and placed implicit confidence in the old notary,

who had managed our affairs for years. If I were alone in the world I would not, perhaps, mind my ill-luck so much, but the old rascal has had the audacity to suggest a compromise, as he calls it; one that is very repugnant to me. He proposes that I should consent to the marriage of his only son to my sister, Estelle, who, I am sure, dislikes him, although, in her affection for me, I believe she would not hesitate to sacrifice herself rather than allow the estate to pass completely out of our family. If this marriage could be arranged, Brouette would be satisfied with a part of the estate, on which he would build a house for his son and wife. Of course the proposal is liberal in the extreme, and if young Brouette were at all a fellow I could esteem, or my sister had any liking for him, I could not have any objection in the world to this plan of settling our difficulties. But I have decided, if no other means can be taken, to allow the estate to be sold rather than see my dear sister throw herself away on so cold-blooded a creature as this Francis Brouette. The worst of it is I am fit for nothing in practical life. I have no professional education, whilst my health at the best is very precarious. It will end, I suppose, in the Duchesnays becoming only a name in the country, like so many other families of the old régime.

II.

CONVERSING on the difficulties of his position, we at last reached the summit of the hills, and drove for a while through a more level country, presenting cultivated fields and many snug cottages of wood, with here and there one built of the common stone of the neighbourhood. We had now reached the Seignior of the Duchesnays.

'Our family,' said Henry Duchesnay, 'has held the land you see for miles around since the first Duchesnay came over as a captain in the Carignan regiment, in the seventeenth century. It is true, the settlement of the Seigniorial Tenure question has deprived us of much of our land, and of our old privileges, but still we have enough to make my patrimony a valuable one for this part of the country, and if my

father had not been led away for years to invest all his money in rash speculations, I could have no reason to be dissatisfied with my lot as the heir to so fine a heritage. At present Brouette, whose house you can now see close to the church—a low, stone building—may be said to be the real owner.

We passed by the village, a small collection of white-washed, or painted, low-browed, red-roofed houses, all scattered around a large stone church with a lofty steeple, topped by a huge gilded cross, which glittered brightly in the sunshine. We took a road which led us to an avenue of lofty native trees, about a quarter of a mile from the village, and soon found ourselves on a fine lawn, in front of a large stone mansion, unpretending in appearance and covered with wild grape-vines, which clambered over the wide verandah, running along the entire front. The solidity of the stonework, and the massive, clumsy chimneys, showed that the house had been built in old times, though it had been very materially altered of late years, by modernizing the interior and adding a wing and verandah.

A young lady, whose dark and expressive eyes at once spoke of her relationship to my friend, came out on the verandah, as we jumped out of the waggon, and I was introduced to Estelle Duchesnay. Close behind her came a charming old lady from whom even old age had not robbed all her grace and beauty. This was Madame Duhamel, the aunt of the young Duchesnays. She was the widow of a brother of Henry's father, who had been an officer in the British navy, and subsequently a roving captain in the merchant marine. Two fairer types of youth and age, of innocence and experience, of maiden grace and matronly dignity, need scarcely be sought for; the resemblance of their features heightened the contrast of age and character. Each had the same elliptic arch of brow, the straight nose and delicate chin, and the graceful carriage of the well shaped head. Though so many years separated the aunt from the niece, each had her special charm to attract the eye; the one the freshness and joyousness of a hopeful youth; the other, the gentle serenity of a kindly old age, neither saddened by vain regrets for the past, nor distrustful of what the future had in store.

Passing through a large, lofty hall, decorated by a few fine moose and deer heads, we entered a spacious room, comfortably furnished with old-fashioned sofas and arm-chairs. The walls were covered with several old paintings, chiefly portraits of members or friends of the family. What attracted my attention particularly at the moment, was the number of curious ornaments which were scattered on the mantelpiece and on tables everywhere, and which I afterwards learned had been sent home at different times by Captain Duhamel, who had been very fond of collecting such curiosities.

After a comfortable wash in a snug bedroom, where the windows looked down immediately on a pretty little flower garden, and gave a wide prospect of woodland and meadow, I returned down stairs to a bountiful supper, that was awaiting my appearance. Then the ladies accompanied us to the verandah, where we enjoyed the cool, fresh breeze that came from the hills far to the northward, and seemed so fragrant and invigorating after the not dusty atmosphere I had been inhaling in a musty office for weeks past. Our conversation gradually turned to the curious ornaments that had attracted my notice, and Henry Duchesnay then gave some particulars about Captain Duhamel's adventurous career, whilst his aunt was absent for some moments giving directions to the servants.

My uncle left his home at a very early age, as a midshipman on board an English frigate, and by his twenty-fifth year had obtained a lieutenantcy. But when his ship was put out of commission, and he saw no prospect of employment for some time, he left the navy, married my aunt, and settled near Quebec; but he soon became tired of an inactive life, and took command of a large merchantman bound to the China Sea. It was on this voyage he collected many of those curiosities which you see scattered about the house. He remained in command of different merchant ships for some eighteen years, in the course of which he paid visits home only at distant intervals. My aunt accompanied him on two voyages—one to Brazil, and the other to the Cape of Good Hope; but her health did not permit her to leave her home for a long time afterwards; and had

it not been for his remittances of money and presents of different kinds, my Uncle Ralph would have been considered by us children as a mythical personage. Two years ago, or a little more, he suddenly made his appearance with his ship at Quebec, and there he was taken with a stroke of paralysis, almost immediately after his arrival, and before my aunt had time to reach him. He never spoke afterwards, but lingered for a fortnight in a perfectly helpless state, very pitiable to be seen, and then died without being able to utter a word. Unhappily for my aunt, she was never able to obtain any accurate information as to the disposition of his property. He was supposed to have saved a considerable amount of money; but he was always reticent on such subjects, of late years, though his letters to my aunt intimated that she need have no fears as to their future comfort, when he retired from his active life on the seas. But, strange to say, we could not find any papers to tell us what he had done with his property. His chief officers were as ignorant in the matter as we were, and all admitted that he never gave his confidence to those about him, with respect to his private affairs. There was one person from whom we might have obtained some clue, and that was, a Henry Martin, who had been his chief mate for years, and who, from his superior education and companionable qualities, was always a great favorite with my uncle. But Martin left the ship many months before my uncle's death, and settled somewhere in South America, and though we have written to him time and again, and addressed our letters to every place where he was likely to be found, we have never received any answer. All the property that my aunt could find was a share in the ship he had been sailing for years, besides a couple of valuable rings, set with precious stones, for which he had a perfect mania, and of whose value he had a remarkable knowledge—equal to that of the best lapidary or jeweller anywhere. The most fantastic illustration of his fancy for curiosities is an old Japanese cabinet which, I believe, accompanied him in all his voyages, and which I will show you now, if you like, for it is a wonderful piece of workmanship, in its way.'

With these words, Henry Duchesnay led me through the hall and dining-room,

into a small apartment; wainscoted with oak, now dark with age, and fitted up as a library. It had an air of seclusion, particularly attractive to a lover of books. Several comfortable arm-chairs were scattered about, a well-filled case of books stood between two windows, looking upon a small flower-garden and shrubbery. But the most conspicuous object in the room was a cabinet of decidedly bizarre appearance, made of a variety of costly woods, and standing some six feet high. The faces of the drawers were inlaid with ivory and ebony, making a sort of mosaic pattern, and the handles were exquisitely formed butterflies and humming birds, the colours of which were still remarkably well preserved, despite the rough usage to which it had been subject on many a long sea voyage. Above the shelves of lacquer work and on the top was a large bird of brilliant plumage in the coils of a gorgeously striped serpent, carved out of ebony and ivory, and then painted with exquisite skill.

'Yes,' I exclaimed, 'this is a wonderful piece of workmanship. The eyes of many a connoisseur in London or Paris would covet so rare a piece of carving and coloring.'

'The Jap artists,' replied Henry, 'are evidently very clever fellows in their way. I have no doubt it is a prize, and would be worth a good deal if my Aunt were willing to sell it. Indeed, we could find a purchaser to-morrow if we wished. For the inevitable Brouette, only last week, offered to buy it at our own price, but my Aunt laughs at the idea. What the old notary can want with it, I cannot for the life of me say, unless he has taken a fancy to the idea worked out in the serpent and bird. That about illustrates his mode of dealing with his friends and enemies alike.'

Here Estelle Duchesnay came into the room, and said, with a shudder, as she looked at the cabinet,

'Just look at the anguish depicted by the artist in the eyes of the lovely bird that the horrid creature is crushing in his coils. I cannot bear the sight of it, and wish my Aunt would send it away. What a strange taste the artist must have had to mingle the frightful with the beautiful in so fantastic a style.'

I quite agreed with the fair speaker that the cabinet would be far more harmonious were the serpent left out altogether.

'If it were possible to remove the obnoxious part,' said Henry Duchesnay, 'I would make the attempt myself, but if you look closely you will see that the serpent and its victim are so closely connected with the whole fabric, that to destroy one thing would be to ruin the entire cabinet. And then, after all, it is so admirable an illustration of the ingenuity of the Japanese, that it would be a pity to injure it. We should look at it as we would at that famous specimen of antique sculpture, the Laocoon group.'

III.

WHEN we returned to the verandah Madame Duhamel rejoined us, and suggested that we should take a walk in the flower-garden of which I had just caught a glimpse through the library-windows; but we had hardly stepped on the lawn before we saw two persons coming up the shady avenue.

'It is too bad,' said Henry Duchesnay, in a tone of annoyance; 'here come that precious father and son; we might have at least this evening to ourselves.'

I was speaking to Estelle at that moment, and I could see she was equally annoyed at the intrusion; but she said nothing, though she looked anxiously, as if she were afraid her brother might allow some exhibition of his feeling to escape.

As they joined us I was not prepossessed in their favour. The elder Brouette was a little wizened-faced man of between fifty and sixty years of age, with small, keen eyes and dry, parchment looking cheeks, and a voice which, obsequious as he tried to be, was far too sharp and incisive to be pleasant. The son was certainly more presentable both in looks and dress, but he too had the cunning ferret-like eyes, and his manner was far too fawning to be agreeable. Both shook hands with me, when my friends introduced them, and looked at me with their dangerous little eyes as if they would probe out the object of my presence at the manor.

Whether from fear of the well matched couple, or a desire to keep them in as good a humour as possible, the two ladies allowed themselves to be monopolized by the father and son. Henry Duchesnay could hardly

restrain his annoyance, and I doubt if he would have done so, had it not been for a warning glance now and then from his sister. We walked through the garden, where a few late roses and some old-fashioned flowers perfumed the evening air. Fortunately the Brouettes did not come to spend the evening, but soon took their departure; but before doing so I heard the old notary say to Henry Duchesnay, as he took my friend aside for a moment to the library window to speak about some matter of business,

'Have you then decided not to sell me that old cabinet; I have taken, as you know, a great fancy to it, and you might please me in so small a matter, as I will pay you more than you can ever sell it for elsewhere.'

'Mr. Brouette,' replied Henry Duchesnay, 'the cabinet, you know perfectly well, is not mine to sell or give away, and I trust you will not trouble me again about it.'

'Oh! very well,' answered the notary; 'keep it since you are so fond of it. It is not worth while quarrelling about, I am quite sure. But come, Francis, we must leave before it is too late. There is no moon to-night, and the road is very dark.'

'I cannot endure this life much longer,' said Henry Duchesnay, as soon as their unwelcome visitors had taken their leave, which they did with as much *empressement* as if they were the dearest friends of the family; 'I would rather pick up stones than be exposed to the coarse insults of the old notary and his son.'

'Be patient, my dear brother,' said Estelle, as she took his hand; 'let us hope for the best; I feel that all is not so dark as it really seems. But come, the dew is commencing to fall heavily, and it will be pleasanter in the sitting-room, where my aunt is waiting for us.'

The rest of the evening passed very delightfully, for the two ladies vied with each other in their efforts to dispel the gloom which the visits of the old notary invariably threw over Henry Duchesnay. Both related for my amusement many interesting incidents in the lives of the ladies and gentlemen whose portraits stared down on us from the walls. One face, from its striking resemblance to Estelle Duchesnay, impressed me particularly, and that was a painting of a young girl of some nineteen or twenty years, elaborately dressed in the

costume of Marie Antoinette's times just previous to the revolution. Her eyes and features generally were very like those of the aunt and niece—those of a true Duchesnay—but there was visible on the countenance of the portrait a sadness, a wierd sadness seemingly, which was in decided contrast with the more healthy, natural expression of the living girl. Estelle Duchesnay told me that the lady of the portrait had been married at an early age, soon after coming out of a French Convent in which she was educated, to an officer in the King's guards, who was one of the first to die in vain efforts to save his sovereign and his Queen in those terrible times. After many trials and vicissitudes she succeeded in reaching her friends in this country, with an only child; but the burden of her sorrow became at last so heavy that her reason gave way and she never recovered it.

'For many years,' continued Miss Duchesnay, 'the unhappy lady lingered in the old chateau; her only pleasure was in gathering flowers, for which she would haunt the deepest, most solitary woods, from the time the white lilies and violets first appeared, and out of which she would make *immortelles* to hang on the imaginary grave of her husband, who, she believed, was resting beneath the shadow of our old church in the village. The habitants would often meet her as she wandered through the woods and meadows, and would bow to her reverently and cross themselves fervently, as if they were in the presence of one from the other world; and so she must have seemed to many, with her saint-like, mournful expression, and her white draped figure. One day she never returned home, and after a search of many hours her friends found her lying peacefully by the side of a brook, with a bunch of white violets in her hand. Here, tired with her walk, she must have laid down to rest, and then fell gradually into a sleep from which no mortal could ever awake her. That spot is still respected by the people far and near, who, in their superstition, have often imagined that they have seen her, a white-robed figure, picking flowers in her favourite haunts.'

'The habitants,' said Madame Duhamel, when her niece had brought her sad history to a close, 'inherit much of the superstition of their Breton and Norman ancestry. Some of them persist in believing that Marie

D'Estouville can be seen, every anniversary of her death, picking flowers by the brook where she died. Claire, one of the young servants, declares that she saw a figure, just like that in the portrait, standing on the lawn, beneath the old maple tree, one night in the early part of this summer, when she had got up to open the window wider, on account of the sultriness of the air. In a terrible fright, she called up Margaret, who occupies the same room, but when they summoned enough courage to look out of the window, nothing could be seen. It is in this way, no doubt, most ghost stories originate.'

Music and stories of the peasantry wiled away the rest of the evening, till near midnight, when the ladies retired and left my friend and myself to talk over college days for some moments before we followed their example.

I was up at an early hour in the morning, and strolled out to the lawn, and thence into the little flower-garden, where the flowers that had resisted the heat of the summer were still heavy with dew. Here I found Estelle Duchesnay cutting a few flowers for the breakfast table.

'My brother has never been an early riser,' she replied, when I made enquiries after Henry Duchesnay; 'his delicate health for many years required that he should take a great deal of rest, and what was so long a necessity has now become a regular habit. As for myself, I always enjoy these earlier hours of the morning; everything is so fresh and fragrant; the sun has not had time to burn up the new life which the night's rest and dews have given to the flowers and leaves.'

It was indeed an exquisite morning. The heat of the sun was still modified by a slight mist, which was slowly rising and working its way in almost imperceptible clouds up the hills which rose to the northward, until it was lost in the azure of the heavens. The air was fragrant with the perfume of late blooming roses and honeysuckles which clambered up the side of the veranda or hung carelessly over the low fences. The only noises which disturbed the stillness of the morning were the bells of the cattle in the pastures or the notes of some canaries which trilled their songs on the veranda as cheerily as if they were flying in the woodlands of their natural home.

We strolled up and down the gravelled walks, conversing on different topics which naturally suggested themselves, until Madame Duhamel summoned us to the breakfast table.

Then, Henry Duchesnay, as soon as we had finished breakfast, took me off to the library, that we might freely talk over business matters. When I had looked carefully over the papers, I had to confess that the prospect was by no means bright. The property, though covering an extensive tract, only brought in enough income to support the family in a respectable, and certainly not extravagant style. The mortgage held by the notary very probably represented as much as the property would realize if suddenly forced into the market. Our only hope was in raising the money elsewhere to pay off Brouette; but that was not to be easily done in times when great financial distress was prevalent in all the large commercial centres.

'On one thing I am decided,' said Henry Duchesnay; 'my sister must not listen to the proposals of young Brouette. She, at least, must not be sacrificed.'

To this decision of my friend I gave an emphatic response in my own mind. It would indeed be a sacrifice, I said to myself, to see the charming Estelle Duchesnay the wife of a mere miser, as I felt the younger Brouette would become sooner or later, for he had imprinted on his face all the signs of innate greed and selfishness. Later on, as I was thrown more frequently into the company of Estelle Duchesnay, my repugnance to hearing her name even mentioned in connection with that of the young notary became still greater. From the moment of that interview among the roses and honeysuckles, the expressive eyes of the lovely girl were seldom absent from my mind.

Having sent off several letters in connection with my friend's affairs, I accompanied him round the village. The primitive tastes of the habitants were illustrated on every side. Everything was old-fashioned—remember I am writing of some twenty years ago, when improvements made only slow way in French Canadian villages. Large, clumsy sweeps hung over the wells, and oxen were busy in the fields, hauling, in heavy wooden carts, the grain which was just ripe for the sickle. Some women, for the most part stout and bronze-faced, and

dressed in homespun petticoats, white jackets, and broad-brimmed straw hats, were helping the men in the fields. Hollyhocks and sunflowers flaunted their showy blossoms in front of every cottage. The houses we entered were extremely neat, and had the inevitable double stove between two rooms. Every one, old and young, had a pleasant word for my friend, and several made more than one remark, as we stood conversing on the weather and the crops, which showed how little esteem was felt for the old notary and his son. At the same time it was easily seen that he had a strong hold over more than my friend in that part of the country. Every one evidently feared, and all despised, his character, but none were ready to quarrel openly with the only moneyed man in the settlement.

We stopped at the Post Office, which was kept in a shop with a sign over the door—

PIERRE GAUDET,

Marchandises Sèches & Epiceries.

This was one of the general shops, to be seen throughout the country, where everything is sold, from a needle to a ready-made coat or Digby herring. Here the postmaster, a careworn man of some fifty years of age, handed us a parcel of letters and papers out of one of the little pigeon-holes which took up a corner near the window. I noticed that he looked at my friend as if he were afraid to meet his eye, and after delivering the package he made an excuse to hurry to the back part of the shop.

'That poor fellow, Gaudet,' said Henry Duchesnay, as we drove off, 'is one of Brouette's victims, and I am not astonished he should look so wretched. He has been borrowing money for years from the notary at an enormous rate of interest, and is now known to be entirely at my old friend's mercy. I daresay you must by this time think us a particularly happy community, since an old money-lender has us all by the throats. But, unhappily for the habitants, there are too many of Brouette's class in the rural districts. No wonder the people are poor.

IV.

A WEEK passed away very quickly—
A certainly the happiest week of my

life. I enjoyed the society of Estelle Duchesnay for many hours in strolling through the pleasant walks in the forest, and on one occasion we all made an excursion to a lake situate a few miles distant in the bosom of encircling hills. Here nature luxuriated in all its primitive wildness. The white clematis hung in masses over the trees, which bent their boughs into the very water, and great pines, which had resisted the tempests of a century or more, towered like grim sentinels on the mountain slopes. From more than one lofty hill we saw a noble panorama of mountains behind and of level meadows below, while far away stretched the dark blue waters of the great river. Is it strange that amid such scenes, my feeling of admiration for the sister of my college friend should have gradually ripened into a deeper sentiment.

My friends had not seen or heard anything of the Brouettes for some days—in fact, my presence at the manor-house seemed to keep them at a distance—but I felt that the time was fast coming when my friend must decide on his course for the future.

One afternoon, I happened to be walking in the outskirts of the grounds. For a wonder I was alone—Henry Duchesnay was tired and had laid down to sleep, while the ladies were busily engaged in some domestic occupation. I wandered carelessly through the shaded avenues, and at last found myself close to the main road. Here was a thick grove of spruce, which looked so cool and inviting on that hot August afternoon, that I threw myself down under their fragrant boughs, and took out a little volume, a copy of Montaigne's Essays, which I had found on the shelves in the library. I did not read much, but lay reflecting on the present and future, when I was aroused from my meditative frame of mind by the noise of some footsteps coming slowly over the road, which passed only a few feet from my resting-place. I could not see the faces through the thick growth of fir, but as the footsteps drew nearer, I recognised the voices as those of the old notary and his son. I did not wish to play the part of an eavesdropper; but neither was I inclined to meet them, and I consequently remained quiet in the hope that they would soon pass on; but, as it happened, they stopped near the gate, as if

they were hesitating about paying a visit to the house. They were now just far enough off to enable me to catch snatches of their conversation.

'Remember now, Francis,' said the old notary, 'I must have no more of this faint-heartedness. I have set my heart on your having the lady as well as the estate—it has been the object of my life for years to see you married into the oldest family in the country. The doctor has told me Henry Duchesnay is dying of consumption; that his life cannot be spared many years, though he himself believes he is stronger. Then you must be the owner of everything, if you marry Estelle.'

'Father,' replied the young man, 'I am willing enough to marry Estelle Duchesnay—how I should like to have shaken the rascal for so freely using her name—but she will not listen to me when I try to speak to her; she too clearly dislikes me, and I cannot go to be insulted by that upstart brother of hers.'

'I will see Henry Duchesnay at once,' said the father, emphatically, 'and let him know my terms for the last time. I don't like to see that Quebec lawyer hanging about; he may thwart our plans. But remember there is that other affair to be attended to at once.'

Here I lost the thread of their conversation, as they dropped their voices on hearing a cart coming up the road. After the cart had disappeared, and all was quiet again, I only caught one sentence, and that was not very intelligible to me.

'I am sure'—it was the father who was speaking—'that I have got the clue I've been looking for. It was only a week ago that Gaudet gave me a letter which, I think, solves the mystery which has so long been perplexing the Duchesnays, and as I see no other means just now of finding out the secret, I've resolved on the plan I've told you. It must be done at once; there is no risk whatever; better try that plan than let some lucky chance discover the whole affair to the family; and then what becomes of my long cherished schemes for your advancement.'

Here I lost the rest of the conversation, for the speakers entered the gate and proceeded towards the house, while I took a walk in another direction to reflect on what I had heard. It was quite evident to me

that the old notary was hatching some new scheme which foreboded no good to my friends, but what I had overheard did not give me much inkling into the subject. I decided to say nothing to young Duchesnay, for the present—it would only worry one of so excitable a disposition, and perhaps lead him to commit some hasty act which would complicate matters still more. On reaching the house I learned that the Brouettes had only remained half an hour, and then left, with the threat that they were not prepared to wait much longer. The old notary, I also found, had made a formal proposal for the hand of my friend's sister.

'I gave him an answer,' said Henry Duchesnay, who was much excited, 'which will prevent the old intriguer ever daring to approach me again on that subject. I suppose,' he added, with a sigh, 'that we must soon make up our minds to leave the old homestead.'

I was not able to afford any direct encouragement to my friend, but I decided, as I had not yet received any answers to my letters, to leave on the following day for the capital, and see for myself what might be done. We passed a very quiet evening, talking over probabilities for the future. I had, I confess, felt much relieved that Estelle Duchesnay was not to be allowed to sacrifice herself by a marriage with so unworthy a man as the younger Brouette. Though no words of mine had ever revealed my affection for her, yet I was sure, at times, that she was not unconscious of my attachment, and that her own feelings were not unfavourable to me. I believed that were I to succeed in assisting her brother out of his great difficulty, I should have an additional claim upon her regard, and might hope eventually to win her love. That evening particularly, I thought her manner, whenever she spoke to me, was even kinder to me than usual, and that I felt a sympathetic pressure of her hand as she bade me good night. Be that as it may, it served to feed the hope that the day would soon come when I could ask her to become my wife. Never more did I regret that I was not a capitalist. What an unspeakable gratification it would have been, to have relieved my friends of the heavy sorrow that was now apparently in store for them.

The night was fine, but remarkably dark, and the trees that stood in every direction, so close to the old house, naturally added to the prevailing gloom. Even the whip-poor-will that generally came every night and sang his curious refrain on the trellis-work below my window, seemed to have deserted his favorite haunts, or else to have sought his secluded nest unusually early. I had put out the lamp that I might more perfectly enjoy the calm that rested everywhere, and burying myself in an arm-chair, gave myself up to reflections on what might or might not be in the future. The most practical and prosaic amongst us will build, at one time or other in his life, his *châteaux en Espagne*. The only difference is the style of architecture these castles will assume in each imagination.

And then having built my château, of which, it is needless to say, Estelle Duchesnay was the fair *châtelaine*, my thoughts carried me to a less pleasant subject for reflection, and that was the conversation I had heard the previous afternoon in the spruce copse, and which I had forgotten for the moment, in the society of my friends. What could be the secret which the old covetous Paul Pry had managed to ferret out? I was sure, from the few words I had caught, that his scheme, if successful, meant some new misfortune to my friends. While reflecting over the affair, I gradually fell into a half dreamy state, in which I must have remained for a long time, till I suddenly started up with one of those presentiments that will frequently impress themselves forcibly on our minds—a presentiment that a crisis was approaching in the fortunes of my friend. I tried to throw off the idea that was burning itself into my very brain, and to force my thoughts to take another direction. Restless and excited though I was, I decided at last to try and compose my oppressive thoughts in sleep, and as I rose from my chair, and was about relighting the little lamp, I was sure I saw a gleam of light flicker near the garden gate, as I happened to look out of the window for a moment while holding the match in my hand. I thought for the instant that the light might come through the closed blinds of one of the other windows, but I knew that everyone in the house must have long since retired, and if I had any doubt on the

matter, that was soon removed by the fact that it was moving slowly through the garden, and I could hear the cautious movement of some person or animal, as a branch or pebble was touched. I sat down again in my chair, where I could better observe the light without the danger of being seen, and reflected what was best to be done. I soon found that the light proceeded from a small lantern; but who was carrying it? It could not be anybody belonging to the manor, and certainly burglars were never heard of in that secluded part of the country, where doors and windows were hardly ever fastened securely. Then, like a flash of lightning, there came again to my mind the conversation that I had overheard that afternoon. The light stopped immediately below my window, and I was able at last to detect the outlines of two figures, and could hear a faint whispering. Then I heard the lower window opened gently, and there was a pause for some moments as if the persons were listening. It was quite clear that the robbers, who I was now convinced were the Brouettes, were about to enter the library, which was separate from the main body of the house where the inmates slept. In that room was evidently hidden the secret of which Brouette had dropped a hint in my hearing. I determined to act with the greatest caution, and to catch the rascals in the middle of their scheme, whatever it might be.

In the meantime, whilst these thoughts were flying through my mind, I looked cautiously out, and noticed that one of the two forms had climbed through the window with the light, and left the other to watch outside. I hesitated for a moment before proceeding noiselessly to Henry Duchesnay's room, when my eyes were enchained by a strange spectacle which affected me with an unaccountable awe. Coming up the path which led from the maple grove directly to the library window, was a figure draped in white. My eyes could perfectly trace the shadowy outlines of the mysterious visitant, as I peered into the gloom. Then I caught, or imagined I caught, a glimpse of the face in the portrait of the unfortunate Marie D'Estouville. My imagination was now naturally excited to the most intense degree, and prepared to accept even the most incredible incident as a reality. All the surroundings of the scene

were calculated to impress even the most obtuse and practical mind with a sense of the marvellous. All the stories that I may have heard of unaccountable incidents, flashed across my memory, and seemed not improbable in the gloom that rested that summer night around the old mansion.

But instantaneously another thought took the place of the superstitious fancies which, for a moment, carried me away into the realms of the marvellous. Fearful of the consequences, if what I now imagined turned out a fact, I awoke my friend hurriedly, and informing him in a few words of my suspicions, proceeded as fast as I could to the garden. I was not a moment too soon. My hasty movements down the stairs evidently disturbed the housebreakers, for as I reached the garden gate, I could see one of them stepping out of the window. As he reached the ground, he put out the light and prepared to make his escape. Neither of the two had yet seen the white figure which was standing in the midst of the flowers, like a guardian angel in a robe of celestial innocence. As they turned to fly from the garden at the sound of my approaching steps, they caught a full view of the white draped figure, and as they did so, the one darted precipitately into the woods with a cry of intense terror, while the other—whose faint voice I recognised as the old notary's—fell panic-struck, on his knees, with appeals to the 'Blessed Virgin' to protect him.

But I had no thought at that instant for the abject wretch, for my whole attention was directed to the mysterious visitor, now trembling with fear. I was not mistaken in the conjecture I had formed when I caught a second glimpse of the figure from the window. It was Estelle Duchesnay, who had been walking in her sleep, and, now suddenly aroused from her lethargy, was asking in trembling accents the meaning of this strange scene.

By this time Madame Duhamel and Henry Duchesnay made their appearance with lights, and for an instant or two all was confusion, until my hurried explanations gave some insight into the cause of the excitement. Whilst Madame Duhamel assisted her niece, almost fainting with nervous excitement, to the house, Henry Duchesnay and myself turned to look for the old notary, who had been for the mo-

ment forgotten, but we found that he had disappeared during the confusion of the explanations.

V.

WE wasted no time in following the old notary, for we knew he could be found later on without difficulty, but hurried to the library, where we saw abundant evidence of his hasty flight. A screw driver and file were lying on the table, and a sheet of paper was on the floor. My first glance, as I entered the room, was in the direction of the cabinet, but so far as I could see that had not been disturbed. Henry Duchesnay picked up the paper, which happened to be a letter dated from a small village in the interior of Brazil. With an exclamation of wonder, Henry Duchesnay glanced at the name of the writer, and then read it aloud :

'DEAR SIR,—I daresay you have been much surprised at my not having answered the letters which, I judge from the only one I have received, you have addressed to me on several occasions. You must know that for nearly two years I was acting as agent to a large estate in the Argentine Republic, and owing to the unsettled state of the country for months, was unable to communicate with my friends. It is only within the past eight months that I have left that wretched country and bought a plantation in Brazil. I am sorry I cannot give you much information as to your uncle's property. You are certainly correct in supposing that Captain Duchesnay gave me a good deal of his confidence, but he was the last man in the world to let even his dearest friend into the secret of his wealth. I am sure he had saved considerable property, but in what shape I cannot say. He had a mania, as you doubtless know, for collecting curiosities, and among other things he once showed me some valuable diamonds which he had purchased in Brazil, and on which he expected to realize a large sum. On one occasion, when he was more communicative than usual, he pointed out to me an ingenious contrivance which the artificer had devised as a hiding place for valuables in a curious cabinet he had bought in Japan. My memory is not very clear, but I think there was a serpent entwined about a bird, and that the secret was discovered by untwisting the coils. You must measure some eight or ten inches—I forget which—from the serpent's fangs and then, if you press firmly on an ebony stripe, you will find a spring give way, and allow the key-piece, as it were, to slip out. You must next unscrew each joint separately, and then you will free the bird, under whose wings are two cleverly contrived places for concealing valuables. I suppose you have seen this cabinet or at least know where it is to be found. It would be curious if you should find

in the secret receptacle some clue which will help you in discovering the whereabouts of your uncle's property. Hoping that you may yet be successful in your search, and again regretting that I can be of so little assistance to you, I remain,

Very sincerely and obediently yours,

HENRY MARTIN.

Then we turned simultaneously to the cabinet, which looked even more fantastic than ever in the dull light of a flickering lamp. Henry Duchesnay paused, as if undecided what to do next, and then said to me,

'Would you believe it, Ralph; this excitement has made me so nervous that my hand is actually shaking. All this seems like a dream. You must discover the secret, if there is any, in the old cabinet.'

I read once more that part of the letter which referred to the cabinet, lest I might not have perfectly understood it, and then measured ten inches, and when that length did not appear to answer, eight inches. Nothing yielded to my first pressure, but as there were several ebony stripes I tried each one separately until at last I felt one give way, and in the next instant a little coil lay in my hand. It was then an easy task to untwist the rest, and when that was done the exquisitely carved bird was liberated. I touched the wings, but nothing moved, and for the moment I thought I was to fail. At last, by pressing gently on each part, I accidentally touched a hidden spring, and then the bird seemed ready to fly off on extended pinions. In the body of the bird, which was lined with some curious perfumed leather, we found a miniature ebony casket, and a small package encased in oiled silk. We opened the casket first, which was fastened by a spring, and then our eyes were dazzled by a wondrous sight. Here, on a soft couch of wool, lay some exquisite gems, diamonds and opals, which sent forth countless tints and gleams to light up the dull room with all the colours of a glorious rainbow.

So dazed were we for some moment's by the sparkle of these wonderful illustrations of Nature's most cunning workmanship, that we could do nothing but look and admire. When we recollected the smaller package, we ripped off the silk and found that it contained the captain's will, devi-

sing all his property to his wife, and, on her death, to his nephew and niece in equal proportions, as well as a statement of the value of the jewels, which represented nearly all his wealth. As the jewels had been bought under peculiarly favorable circumstances, it was probable that they would realize far more than the sum at which they had been purchased, some thirty thousand dollars; and this turned out the case afterwards.

Madame Duhamel, who was all this while in attendance on her niece, who was utterly prostrated from the shock of the excitement, was overjoyed when she was informed of the wonderful discovery, and clapped her hands in the happiness of the thought that she would now be able to ensure the future of her nephew and save the estate.

But we soon woke to the necessity of attending to more prosaic matters. We could not forget the Brouettes, whose scheme had turned out so signally to their own discomfiture. It was now evident enough that the old notary, believing from the tenor of Martin's letter that the old cabinet concealed a valuable secret, had used his best efforts to purchase it, and when those failed, had determined to make a desperate venture to solve the mystery for himself. To marry his son to Estelle Duchesnay, and to see him eventually the proprietor of the estate, of which his father and grandfather had been the *censitaires*,—the mere dependants—had been notoriously the dream of his life, and rather than see his darling scheme thwarted by any discovery which might place the Duchesnays beyond his reach, he had resorted to the daring stratagem in which he had been caught himself.

But the first query I put, as we talked over the best plan to pursue, was as to the way the letter had fallen into the elder Brouette's possession.

'You remember my telling you,' replied Henry Duchasnay, 'that we never received a reply to the letters we addressed to Martin. A few weeks after my father's death I determined to make another effort to reach Martin, and wrote the letter to which this is evidently the reply. I now recollect that the old notary came in when I had finished, and as he had then my entire confidence, I read it aloud and gave it to him

to mail. The old scoundrel has managed to intercept the reply, which indeed I have never expected; in fact I had forgotten all about it.

I took upon myself the management of the whole affair with Brouette. But before we visited his office, we proceeded to the post-office. I had a private interview with the postmaster, who confessed—as I expected he would—after we had threatened to expose him and had shown him that Brouette was at our mercy, that he had for a long time back been in the habit of allowing the notary to look over all letters addressed to the Duchesnays, and had retained any which bore a foreign postmark. The unhappy man, it appeared, was entirely in Brouette's power, and too weak to resist his importunities. He now remembered that he had received a letter some ten days before, with a Brazilian postmark, and this Brouette had put into his pocket with the remark that he would deliver it himself, as he was interested in its contents.

Our interview with the old notary, whom we found alone, his son having left the village at an early hour in a schooner bound for the Gulf, did not last long. He assumed a very indignant and even defiant air when we first made our purpose known, but he soon found he was at our mercy, when we told him that he had been recognized the night before, and that we had learned from Gaudet the means he had used to obtain possession of the letter which he had accidentally dropped in his haste to fly, and which, he confessed, he had foolishly taken with him to consult in his quest after the secret of the old Cabinet. My friends were so reluctant to have their family affairs exposed to public notoriety that I was compelled to forego the pleasure of taking measures to have him prosecuted criminally; but we gave him two alternatives to choose from: either to be brought to trial for his attempt to rob, and for his letter-stealing; or to leave that part of the country as soon as he could settle his affairs. I daresay we could have made our own terms with him, when his courage had thoroughly broken down, but Henry Duchesnay would not free himself from his just obligations in the smallest degree, and came to an arrangement by which the notary was to be paid the sum due him, within a time which would enable us to realize the value of the

jewels. A careful investigation of the accounts, which ran over many years, revealed the fact that Brouette had taken advantage of my friend's father in numerous ways, and when we came to a final settlement, the amount justly due was considerably below that which he had claimed at the first. Both father and son disappeared immediately afterwards to find a new home somewhere in the West, but we never heard of them again. As to the unfortunate postmaster, he emigrated to New Hampshire, where, I understand, he is now doing well.

This story, which I have told you in my imperfect way, said my friend in conclusion, has been written in that same library, and close by that old Cabinet which has played so important a part in the fortunes of a Canadian family. But as I recall the past, I miss two of those familiar and kind faces, present in this room some twenty years ago. Madame Duhamel lived for ten years after

the discovery of her fortune, while Henry Duchesnay, who never married, left us about six years ago on a trip to Egypt, but he never returned, and his body now rests in the little European cemetery near Cairo. In reply to the other query, which I know will be asked by those who may hear or read this story, I have to say very simply that, if you could look out into the little garden, now in the freshness of its summer beauty, you would see at this very moment two ladies who resemble each other remarkably. The elder is still a youthful matron; the younger is a slim, graceful girl of seventeen years. They are trimming the roses and gaily laughing at the antics of a little spaniel who finds the birds far too wary as he eagerly springs after them among the shrubs and flowers. Estelle is the name of both these ladies. One is my wife; the other, my eldest daughter.

J. G. BOURINOT.

NOX ERAT.

HE stood alone and saw the great world rushing
On with its throbbing mass of human life;
He stood and saw the moil and toil of millions,
While in his own heart clashed their din and strife.

'O, world so strange in which our lives are shapen;
O, land so vague to which our pathways tend;
O, Thou in whose vast palm our destinies are hidden,
When wilt Thou bring our sorrows to an end?

'Must man walk on alone throughout the ages,
Evil in silence gnawing at his heart?
Shalt never lyre sweet for him be tunèd?
Or flower for his poor pleasure bloom apart?

'Here must he always suffer pain and anguish,
And see, yet never gain the wished-for goal;
And sing, but never waken with his rapture
The only heart for which he breathes his soul?

'Oh, lonely, dark, and drear this life of toiling,
Black as the night that broods o'er Lethe's wave!
Shall never rest be found from endless labour,
Until man lays him in the silent grave?

'Oh, tell me, trembling heart, that beats so faintly,
Shall I not find this side the grave, the goal,—
That rest the heaven-born being craveth,
The just reward and recompense of toil?'

There came upon the moaning wind, that swept
 His wing across the sable brow of Night,
 A whisper sweet as seraph's echoed note ;
 He caught its meaning thrilling in its flight.

'O, thou whose heart is dark and full of doubting ;
 O, thou whose eyes are turned within to look ;
 Dost thou not know of Him, who, for thy safety,
 The burden of thy sin and sorrow took ?

'And carried all for thee, O sinful creature,
 And now stands waiting with His pardoning love ;
 And, in His pleading goodness, calls thee higher,
 Bidding thee trust in Him and look above ?

'Cans't thou not look to Him, and, trusting all things,
 Within His strong arms feel thyself at rest ?
 O, foolish child, thou never shalt be lonely,
 For God Himself stands with thee in the test.

'Then dost thou fear to go out in the darkness
 And tread the way where He has gone before ?
 Or lay thy head upon the stony pillow ?
 Or cross the billows, though they wildly roar ?

'Go thou with Him who hast not thee forsaken ;
 Walk on, though dark and drear the way may seem :
 For in His Word He saith He careth for thee ;
 And soon thou'lt see His precious promise gleam

'Adown the narrow way, and pierce the gloom.
 Then come, thou lonely, wandering, wayward one,
 Press on with Him, and all the night shall shine
 With light as glorious as the mid-day sun.'

The youth who stood upon the lonely height
 Then turned his glowing face, all wet with tears,
 And from a humble, broken, contrite heart,
 There fell the desolating pride of years :

'I'll go with Him though darkness be around me,
 I'll put my hand in His and hasten on.
 Lead Thou the way, the darkness disappeareth—
 I know my life-march fairly now begun.

'Thank God, I not alone in night shall journey ;
 The light of Heaven shines on the conquered sod,
 And with this Friend, whose arm is strong and helpful,
 I'll tread the path His bleeding feet have trod.'

H. C. MAGEE.

THE SCHOOLBOY DAYS OF LORD BEACONSFIELD.

IN an English paper of high character and large circulation, much read in Canada and all over the world, there appeared some time back a biographical notice of some pretensions of Mr. Disraeli, his literary works and political career. We were there told that 'Mr. Isaac Disraeli' (the father, commonly known as the elder Disraeli), 'did not adhere to the Jewish religion, but he dissented from the Church of England, and his son Benjamin was therefore educated at a small private school kept by the late Rev. E. Cogan, Unitarian minister of Walthamstow.' Or put it thus: The Rev. E. Cogan was a Unitarian minister and kept a school; Mr. Isaac Disraeli had Jewish blood in his veins, still warm; it was not unlikely that he would be a Unitarian, as was really the case with a Mr. Isaac Solly, whose forefathers had been Jews, and whose sons were at Cogan's; Mr. Isaac Disraeli sent his son to Mr. Cogan's school; therefore Mr. Disraeli was a—Unitarian? No, a dissenter from the Church of England. So that Unitarian and dissenter are offered to us as convertible terms. We were further told that, 'His' (Mr. Disraeli's) 'father possessed the estate and mansion of Bradenham Manor, near High Wycombe, and might have associated on equal terms with the landed gentry but for his peculiarities of foreign race and creed [?]' and his secluded life as a student. When Mr. Benjamin Disraeli left school, instead of going to one of the universities, which were then more under church direction than they now are, he was placed in an attorney's office to learn some details of business.' We are also told that Mr. Disraeli's only brother was deceased. What happens? In the same paper of one week later date we read as follows: 'We are glad to find we were in error in stating, last week, that Mr. Ralph Disraeli, the only brother of the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli was dead. He is still a Registrar of the Court of Chancery, is married, and has a son.' So that the same paper, which cannot state correctly whether the brother

of the Prime Minister of England, and a Registrar of the Court of Chancery, is dead or living to-day, nevertheless undertakes to tell us all about Mr. Isaac Disraeli sixty years ago. It is much the same as if a man, who could not see what was in front of him, a few yards off, were to pretend to descry what was taking place across the next county. Is it any matter of wonder that it should be all wrong? To any one who does not see at a glance the *non sequiturs* which it exhibits, it seems well enough pieced together and presents a fair appearance. It is not every one perhaps who, when he hears that 'peculiarities of foreign race and creed' shut out the possessor of Bradenham Manor mansion and estate from association with the landed gentry, thinks of the Rothschilds of our own day, and of the Maharajah Dhuleep Singh and others, and of what we are frequently hearing about them all.

How stand the facts with regard to Mr. Isaac Disraeli?

It is quite true that Mr. Cogan kept a school (not by any means a *small* private school), at Walthamstow—at Higham Hill (to be exact), an outlying district of that suburban village—that he ministered at a Unitarian chapel in Marsh street at Walthamstow, and that the young Disraeli was sent to his school. But it is also true that Mr. Cogan himself and his school were alike of very high character, and that churchmen of such station and standing as Mr. Isaac Disraeli, Mr. Baron Gurney, Mr. Sergeant Peake (to mention the first that occur to our memory), and many others did not hesitate to entrust their sons to his care, although he was an officiating minister of a denomination against which there existed at that time a perhaps greater prejudice than now. It was a trust that was never betrayed in either public or private worship. On Sunday mornings the boys were drafted off into two detachments, one of which was marched away to Walthamstow Church, under the command of an usher, while the other, commanded

by Richard Cogan, the second son, took its way to the chapel. With the former went young Disraeli, the Gurneys, the Peakes, and say thirty more boys, about half the school. There were some Jews at Cogan's, the Lonsadas, but not, to our recollection, dissenters of any other denomination than Unitarian.

It is surely amusing to mark how, read by this simple explanation, the whole ingenious fabric of the biographer falls to pieces like a house of cards, cleverly built up as it is with its 'dissenters,' its 'Unitarians,' its 'landed gentry,' its 'foreign race and creed,' and its 'Church direction.'

No doubt, if you knew it, ladies and gentlemen readers of newspapers, this sort of thing is often offered for your acceptance. There was a similar biographical notice of Mr. Gladstone in the paper of the previous week. Who can say how much of it you may believe? It has no unpleasant flavor and you swallow it readily enough. Why not? It is not unadulterated, to be sure, but neither is it unwholesome. It is like coffee with chicory in it; the flavor is heightened to some palates. We have heard old ladies say, 'it must be true, I saw it in the newspaper.' Very well. There is a bliss of ignorance which turns wisdom into folly. So we are told. Still one would rather have his facts pure when he pays for them; he does not want to drink dandelion-root at fifty cents a pound. And then adulteration is thoroughly bad in itself. To you, Messieurs Adulterators, we would say—beware. The analyser may not be always looking over your shoulder. It may not always be that,

'A chiel's amang you takin' notes,
An' faith he'll prent it.'

But see how he may spring up when and where you least expect to find him.

Mr. Isaac Disraeli, then, was a member of the Church of England, and so was his son from the beginning. If we are not very much mistaken, the elder Disraeli was a strong Church and King man, and a supporter of and contributor to the Quarterly Review, in times when those designations meant more than they would now-o'-days. He was a Tory of the old stamp, before such fine-drawn distinctions as Conservative and Liberal-Conservative had any

existence. In Lord Beaconsfield's young days there were Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, and the party lines were distinctly drawn. Though the Radicals could hardly be correctly called a party yet. It was the radicalism of such men as Cobbett and Hunt, and it would be difficult to exaggerate the scorn and hatred with which it was regarded—a radicalism which prime ministers have well-nigh dug down to now. Those were stirring times. They were the times when the war had not long been over, and wheat had fallen from a hundred shillings the quarter down to forty, and consols had gone up in a similar proportion, and half the farmers in the country were ruined. They had been prancing in the pride of high prices—thinking more of pianos and saddle-horses for their daughters than of preparing for a rainy day—and down they came. There was wide-spread agricultural and manufacturing distress. Those were the times of 'The Battle of Peterloo,' of the Cato Street conspiracy, of hangings by dozens, of the committal of Sir Francis Burdett to the Tower, of the death of the Princess Charlotte, of 'The First Gentleman in Europe,' of Queen Caroline mobs smashing windows. In that day men went about their ordinary business, lawyers and doctors, say, in breeches and top-boots, and collars to their coats big enough for a horse. The time had not long gone by when a fashionable lady appeared at a theatre in Paris, as Sir John Carr wrote, seemingly 'wrapped only in a little muslin,' and created such a sensation that she was compelled to leave the house.

The date of Lord Beaconsfield's birth, 21st December, 1805, may be correctly given. But in that case, he can have been only just fourteen at the time when we first saw him, namely, at the beginning of the first school half-year in 1820. That is not consistent with our recollection of his appearance. Disraeli was then one of the 'big fellows,' which a lad only then entering on his fifteenth year could hardly have been. There was in those days a very defined line of demarcation between jackets and tail-coats. Transition was abrupt, not shaded off by any intermediate stages. Lads assumed all at once the full coat, the *toga virilis*, so to speak, and this would not usually be done until they were closely approaching the threshold of manhood. Now

Disraeli had done this. Blue coats with brass buttons of the size of a half dollar, of resplendent polish, and folded in silver paper when the coat came from the tailor's, were the thing in that era of fashion, and we can remember Disraeli's long blue tails depending from the two waist buttons set at a high level, somewhere in the region of the shoulder-blades. He was a remarkable lad at that early period. He assumed manly airs; did not join in the sports of the boys; might be seen reading the Quarterly Review which the elder Disraeli sent to him—a reading certainly not common with boys at his time of life. Higham Hill is now a remote place, though no more than seven or eight miles from London, accessible by a very unfrequented loop-lane. In those days it was got at by a branch coach, such as branch coaches are or were then. It happened to ourselves to return to school after the holidays on the same evening with Disraeli. It seemed to us, youngster-like, that any modicum of delay was so much gained from the moment when the dark portals of the 'half' should close upon us; but Disraeli, not deigning to take any more notice of us than a man in his third year would of a freshman, was continually putting his head out of window and objurgating old Fred, the driver, for his many stoppages and divergencies from the direct route, just as a full-grown man, who had yet to dine, might have done. Poor old stupid Fred! What different aspects he assumed when he fetched us away and brought us back again! He can be driving no mortal horses now. For aught we can tell, he may be driving a 'bus which 'connects' with Charon at the Styx.

There was no appearance then of the fopperies in dress by which Mr. Disraeli was afterwards distinguished, but which he has doubtless long thrown aside. If one of those amazing correspondents of American papers may be believed, against which the odds are very heavy, he has gone into the opposite extreme. The boys' boxes, for the most part, stood under the desks, and the boys could either scrape their shins against them or rest their feet on them, according to the length of their legs. These boxes were subject to domiciliary visits from contraband silkworms, but that was a suspicion under which Disraeli would never have come. His box, which was large, and we

have a lingering impression was of a reddish color, was placed in a small open space under one of the windows. This is mentioned, not as having a shade of importance in itself, unless as a possible indication of Disraeli's standing in the school, but as a curious instance of a memory, over which more than fifty years have passed since that time, still clinging to little things, and as a proof that its hold is yet firm upon those long past days. Disraeli was not looked upon while a schoolboy as studious or clever. He reached the upper form of the school and passed out of it in due course. That was all.

The date of the publication of 'Vivian Grey,' is said by the same accurate authority, whom we have already quoted a little, to have taken place 'so early as 1827.' We can positively fix its occurrence as early at least as before midsummer of 1826. At that date Mr. Cogan, growing old, discontinued his school, and, as it left us, the then remaining boys, so we left it. But we can well remember that, while we were yet there, Richard Cogan told us that Disraeli had written a book, and had introduced him into it, as he had heard, in no complimentary character, and he uttered some threats that, if that should prove to be the case, he must call him to account for it. Now those were the days, the palmy days, of prize fighting, which excites our wonderment now, but for which Mr. George Borrow makes a fair show of defence. 'Calling to account' might well mean a thrashing with fisticuffs. And from that point of view Richard Cogan's threat was a little ludicrous. He was a diminutive man, swarthy, bilious, bandy-legged, short in temper and in person alike. When we last saw him, it was at Dr. Williams's Library in Redcorn Street in London, and he was then a little old man with white hair. As that is more than thirty years ago, he cannot survive now. There can be no doubt that what is told of school-doings in Vivian Grey was drawn from Cogan's school. The character in question is compounded of Richard Cogan and one Mackney, an usher who was there before our time. It is rather curious, when we consider what Dr. Arnold and Mr. Thomas Hughes have since done for Rugby School, that young Vivian is made to say to his father, when the pros and cons of various schools are

under discussion, 'anything but Rugby, it is so deuced low.'

If Disraeli was born in December, 1805, he must, from what has been shown, have been at least as young as twenty when 'Vivian Grey' was published, a very remarkably early age at which to produce a book commanding so much success. Whatever may be thought of it now, it at once established for the author an assured position as a writer of that class. It was quickly followed up by second and third parts. In our humble opinion, Mr. Disraeli's books are full of froth and frippery, and are spiced hot with a reckless personality, but they have, it cannot be denied, a sparkling cleverness and an effrontery of audacity which is sometimes very happy. The mock miracle in his latest work is perhaps the most audacious thing ever written.

Let us give our biographer what crumbs of comfort we can. It was not a bad conjecture that a Jew, embracing Christianity, would stop at Unitarianism. Such was, as we have said, the case with the Sollys, whose forefathers had been Jews, and several of whose sons were at Cogan's. One of these died not long since, having attained considerable eminence as an operating surgeon. He was a twig early bent in the direction in which the branch would grow. His writing books used to be scrawled over with laudatory hyperbole about surgery. The Sollys lived at a large handsome house at Leyton, adjoining Walthamstow, and sometimes a detachment of the boys would be invited there to spend the afternoon. But their entertainers suffered the fate which not seldom overtakes your Lords and Ladies Bountiful. Some rhyming wag in the school celebrated their visits in the following doggerel. It *may* have been Disraeli; it may be looked upon as almost certain that he was one of the company:

'Large rooms,
But little cheer,
Large cellars,
But little beer.
Large house—
Almost haunted,
Large garden,
Peaches counted.'

A few more particulars of the school with which the boyhood of the future novelist-statesman and prime minister was associated may perhaps not be un-

welcome. Greek and Latin were everything, and everything else was nothing. Even mathematics—taught by Mr. or Dr. Hutton in our time—were an extra, like dancing and drawing. Mr. Cogan was a critical Greek scholar; he maintained at least one public controversy on some Greek point with Dr. Bloomfield, bishop first of Chester, afterwards of London, and a critical scholar also. Mr. Cogan seemed to pass all his spare time reading Greek, except a little very indifferent fiddling and a daily ride on horseback, when he made a very good representation of Dr. Syntax, just a little moderised. He had narrowly escaped the cocked hat. We can remember one of the last of the cocked hats disappearing below the horizon. It was borne on the head of an old gentleman, a Mr. Dennis, to whose house we used to be taken. He was a brother of Dr. Dennis, Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University, who, whatever other reputation he may have left behind him, may be remembered with pity for this, that both his sons took to stage driving, not as amateurs (a strange mania of that day, as in the case of the Marquis of Worcester, afterwards Duke of Beaufort, and of many others of only secondary rank to his), but as professionals. One of them actually drove the Oxford and London stage while his father held that position there. One of them we met, at a late period, broken down into the veritable coachee, out of employment and lamenting that the coach proprietors gave the preference to younger men, and glad of a seat at his cousin's dinner table.

Mr. Cogan was a well made, tall, handsome man, with somewhat spindle legs, undeveloped for want of exercise, always encased in knee-breeches and silk stockings. He lived to be ninety-five, and passed his declining years all along at Higham Hill, in the enjoyment of a fortune of £30,000 which he had accumulated in the honest discharge of his professional duties, and which he left to his surviving children. We possess an engraved portrait of him after a picture by Thomas Phillips, R. A., one of the best portrait painters of his day. It represents him, sitting, at three-quarter length, such as we have described him, and is a good work of art. As it was a subscription picture and print, each subscriber being entitled to a copy of the latter, it is

highly probable that one may at this moment be hanging in Lord Beaconsfield's library.

An institution of the school was the Cogan dinner. It was given, every year, at the Albion tavern in Aldersgate Street, London, by past scholars, to Mr. Cogan, the honored guest of the day. Whether the young author of Vivian Grey took part in this, or took part in it frequently, we cannot now determine.

Another and an admirable institution was the school library, managed entirely and excellently by the boys themselves; the lists for purchase being of course subject to Mr. Cogan's supervision. It filled, at last, five cases, one of which, with glazed doors, was occupied by handsomely bound copies of standard works, sent as presents by boys on leaving school. The presentation made by Disraeli was of 'Alison on Taste,' which we have always well remembered on account of the singularity of the choice. What a charm that library possessed! What a charm it must have possessed for a boy such as Disraeli must have been! Two works, which were in every boy's hands, we remember, were 'Penrose's Journal' and 'The Travels of Sylvester Tramper,' an imaginary forerunner of Gordon Cumming. Only the other day we read, in an old *Blackwood*, a very curious account of the former work, showing it to have been a genuine journal given to the world under very singular circumstances. Then there was the Tales of my Landlord and the first four novels in the little original edition. We did not take kindly, at first, to the larger page and wider margin in which 'Ivanhoe' appeared, nor to the blue boards, then universal, in place of the mottled covers to which we had been accustomed. But imagine a boy like Disraeli revelling in that gorgeous pageant! We had everything of Miss Edgeworth's, of course. The name of Edgeworth is enough, but she was perhaps just a little too didactic, mechanical, and wanting in vitality, as we look upon her now. It was the taste of her time. How would she relish now by the side of your Mrs. W., your Mrs. P. C., your Misses B.—*par nobile sororum*—and the like. How she would have shuddered at their vulgarity, their indelicacy, their woefully lax principles, and their slang! Our own Miss Mulock,

though, has surpassed Miss Edgeworth in nearly every quality, and has carried her works to an elevation of moral purity, in the largest sense of the words, to which no other novelist, male or female, has, to our knowledge, attained. We remember a book which, we suppose, is generally as much forgotten as old London bridge, but which has left such an impression upon us that we have a burning desire to see it again. It was an imitation of 'Dr Syntax's Tour,' and was called 'Syntax's Napoleon.' That such a book should have come into existence at all affords a curious proof of the intense hatred which Boney, as he was called—a name to frighten children with—was regarded by the English people. In this book all the worst accusations against him were pictorially realized in strong colours by the vigorous pencil of George Cruickshank, then in the first full flush of its force. There stood Bonaparte on a powder barrel, in the square at Alexandria, directing the massacre. There he was, behind a curtain with a lean apothecary, compassing the poisoning of the sick at Jaffa. There you saw him, on tip-toe, with his finger on his lips, signing for the shooting of Desaix in the back, on the field of Marengo. There he was in scores of other positions of all kinds, and we see him now. The veteran Cruickshank still survives, having seen one generation after another of caricaturists, such as H. B. and lovable John Leech, arise and pass away. Upon his own shoulders the mantle of Rowlandson descended, earlier master of the field, whose works are now prized by collectors.

We may picture Disraeli sitting in the dining room at Cogan's, and devoting his half-holiday to the reading of 'Marmion' (we think it was; one of Scott's poems, certainly), and coming, at the end, to this address to his very self (it happened to us; why not to him?)

'To thee, dear schoolboy, whom my lay
Has cheated of thy hour of play,
Light task and merry holiday.'

We must not forget Miss Porter's 'Scottish Chief.' We had a young Kinloch, and he was found in the 'lobby,' wrought up to a pitch of frenzy by it, and ejaculating, 'grant me power to avenge the best of men and then take me to Thysel.' It was a power-

ful book in its way, one of Jane Porter's, just the kind of thing to work upon boys.

We are warned by the number of sheets that are passing under our hand, but we cannot entirely leave the boys' gardens untouched. We must not venture upon describing them, but they were perhaps all that could be desired in boys' gardens. There was old Godfrey, the gardener. We used to draw him out by making believe to consult him upon the making of a mushroom bed. He would begin with various materials which need not be specified, but adding a raciness to his manner, dwelling on his words and pausing between them with a solemn deliberation, and then rapidly finishing off with a rattling salvo in this style—'and various other ingredients.'

But, with all this, there was a good deal that was small and sneaking about the school. There always is, we take it, more or less, about these private schools; they turn out boys of a very different calibre from what we may call the boys of the world of public schools. Our hours were very severe, and we were kept within very narrow bounds. The regulations were strict, irksome, and vexatious; so that any trumpery escapade came to be looked on as an heroic achievement.

The day of all days in the year at Cogan's school was the anniversary of his wedding. It was marked by some drolleries, not to say puerilities. They belong to an age that we have left behind. It was a whole holiday. In the forenoon we walked in a body to Epping Forest, where we were turned loose on the blackberries, discipline being much relaxed. For dinner there was as many roast geese—some dozen or more—and as much plum pudding—real Christmas pudding—as the boys could stuff; or rather, it had been so formerly, we suppose, for now extraordinary precautions were used against stuffing. Every boy was provided with two paper bags, made out of old copy-books and stitched together by the young ladies, in which he was encouraged to stow away his goose and pudding instead of elsewhere, feasting upon them cold, deliberately, at intervals afterwards. And in order that he might do so without suffering the pangs of hunger, legs of mutton were served at the same time, that he might eat of that simple fare without likelihood of repletion. If a

boy's portion of goose included a leg well smeared with mustard, that was the great prize, and it was who could spin out the contents of his bags to the most attenuated thread—to borrow a phrase from Young—during the days that followed. To ourselves, now, all this appears almost incredibly childish, though true to the letter. There is a wide interval between the Lord Beaconsfield of to-day and the Disraeli marching out of the dining-room at Cogan's, with his paper bags in either hand. The puddings were boiled in the copper, and were supposed to be put in soon after midnight. After dinner, Richard Cogan would sing, for the boys' delectation, 'The Death of Nelson,' or 'The Death of Abercrombie' (who ever sings either now?) If he could only throw in plenty of noise and 'split the ears of the groundlings,' that was enough.

Another odd practice was this. When any boy had a parcel sent him with a cake or what not, the method of partition among his favoured fellows was to lay a portion under the sheet of the respective beds where it was turned over, and where the prize would be found by the fortunate, on going up to bed. The uncertainty of expectation—the parcel getting wind of course—added a zest to fruition. In this way it came about that 'to lay' became a verb active, signifying the gift of a slice of cake, let us say, as thus: 'I have laid you,' or 'Have you laid me?' We had a Banbury boy in our room, and used to revel in the delicious 'cakes,' the peculiar product of his native town; in reality, rich pastry with jam, each cake wrapped separately in spotless white paper.

But, *oh jam satis!* with which poor and stale pun we lay down our pen, only hoping that if a little of Banbury cake is enough for one while, our batch may not prove a bad baking.

It may be added, by way of postscript, that Mr. Cogan was a brother of Dr. Cogan, who, in conjunction with Dr. Hawes, founded the Humane Society in London, established for the purpose of resuscitating the apparently drowned. Dr. Cogan had been in Holland—that country of canals—and had there become acquainted with the methods employed for that purpose. It was said that Dr. Hawes carried off the lion's share of the credit, a thing not more uncommon than drowning. D. F.

ELECTION TIMES AT A SCOTCH UNIVERSITY.

IT HAS been often maintained that the time a man spends at the University, comprises the happiest years of his existence. In most cases this is probably true. The youth just escaped from the irksome discipline of the school-room, finds a gratifying sense of growing manhood in the comparative freedom from restraint which characterizes life at college. He is sure to meet there with congenial friends, and at this period of a man's existence, probably more than at any other, his happiness is dependant on the society into which he is thrown. His future lies all before him, in a sort of golden haze; his school troubles lie in the past; and the riddle of this painful earth, inexorable and inscrutable, has not yet presented itself to his light young heart. If not then, at what other time, it may fairly be asked, can a man expect to enjoy happiness?

It is in view of this consideration that the writer ventures to present the following personal recollections to his readers. Doubtless there are those amongst them who still look back across the Atlantic with filial affection to the grey towers of their dear old *alma mater*; and those less fortunate (they will excuse a Scotchman's vanity) may perhaps find something in the following sketch to interest or amuse.

The election referred to at the head of this paper is not, strictly speaking, a political one. These are Parliamentary members for the Scotch Universities, but these are elected solely by members of the college council, a body composed of graduates, who are, for the most part, no longer in active connection with the University. From time immemorial, it has been the practice for each University to elect what is termed a Lord Rector; his term of office being three years. The functions of this dignitary are confessedly somewhat shadowy; his only real business is to address the students on some subject of his own choosing, once at the time of his election, and once at the expiration of his office. But the individual selected for the part has

always been a public man, of note in the world of science or letters, or (and this is most usual) a prominent statesman. Take, for instance, the University of Glasgow. Within the last hundred years, it has numbered amongst its Lord Rectors such men as Edmund Burke, Adam Smith, Jeffrey, Brougham, Thomas Campbell (the poet), Macaulay, Bulwer Lytton, Lord Palmerston, Lord John Russell, and Lord Derby, and the last name in this august list is that of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, and premier of Great Britain.

Having now endeavoured to impress the reader with a due sense of the importance of our subject, we may as well take a plunge *in medias res*.

For weeks previous to a polling day in one of the Scotch Universities, the whole college is in a state of ferment. Every matriculated student has the right to vote, and canvassers appointed by the general committee are posted at each avenue of approach to buttonhole all comers. The means employed to procure votes are mainly argumentative, but more than 'moral suasion' is occasionally brought into play. Mr. Verdant Green runs but a poor chance of preserving his individual independence if once assailed by a couple of determined committee men. Seizing each an arm, they march him round the quadrangle, and disregarding all his endeavours to put the matter off until a more convenient season, refuse to let him go till his name is added to their roll. At a recent election the Conservatives added considerably to the strength of their argument and their numbers by rolling two large barrels of Bass's ale into the janitor's room; this was afterwards dispensed *ad libitum* to every fresh ally.

But who shall describe the excitement of the final day—the eager red-gowned crowds in the quadrangle, hailing each new report of the progress of the struggle with shouts of delight or disappointment; the capturing of every possible voter, the care taken to accompany him into the very polling-room, lest at the eleventh hour his

mind should change or falter within him ; the continued stream of gaily decorated cabs, each bringing a fresh accession to the ranks of one or other party ; and, last of all, the great silence that prevails at the close of the voting, when the Principal advances to make known the result, the cheers and groans that follow ;—these must be witnessed to be realised.

Every student who takes any interest in the election distinguishes himself by some sort of badge of the partisan colour. Blue or red streamers attached to the trencher, a coloured hat-band, neck-tie, or rosette, are most in vogue ; and these are sometimes worn for months before the decisive day. But the political meetings which precede the elections are the great feature of the struggle. Like all other gatherings, they are composed of two elements—speakers and audience ; but they differ in this, that the latter takes the most active part in the proceedings, while the former may be said to be *de trop*. Before repairing to such a meeting, every student lays in a large stock of groceries, chiefly in the shape of peas and flour. It is also considered ‘the thing’ to provide oneself with at least one musical instrument—a drum, cat-call, or penny rattle, according to taste. The proceedings, which are generally held in one of the University class-rooms, are usually inaugurated by the singing of ‘John Brown’s Body’ or some such popular ditty adapted to the occasion. The appearance of the would-be speakers on the platform is the signal for an outburst of continued hisses and applause, during which the first shower of peas is freely interchanged. Alas for the carefully prepared oration which cost so many sleepless hours last night ! The speaker shouts ; the audience shout louder. At last he gets under weigh, not because of any compassionate forbearance on the part of his ‘hearers,’ but rather because even bawling must end in hoarseness and exhaustion. ‘Fellow-students ! I am pleased and proud to see so many of you assembled here in support of our common cause. To support that cause, gentlemen, means to preserve the bulwarks of our liberty—the birthright of every Briton—and involves the maintenance of our glorious constitution, which, like—’ (here a cracker explodes on the platform, and the remainder of the sentence gets lost in the consequent uproar).

‘Gentlemen, I appeal to you whether this frivolous conduct is consistent with the dignity of those who admittedly represent the rising intellect of our country.’ (Solo, ‘Not for Joe,’ on a tin whistle, which is promptly suppressed). ‘Gentlemen, the good ship of Conservatism still rides the stormy waves of public opinion, with all her sails unfurled, all her pennons fluttering in the now favourable breeze.’ (Drum and whistle performance on the Liberal benches.) ‘She has battled many a stiff gale, and will battle with many another yet. Tried and true is the man at her helm—I refer to one who has earned the esteem and veneration of his country, one whose brilliant talents and indomitable energy, independent of any extraneous aid, have enabled him to possess the highest honour which lies in the power of a grateful nation to bestow on her greatest son. I refer, as you may have guessed, to that distinguished orator, author, and statesman, Ben—’ (Applause, hooting, and more peas) ‘jamin Disraeli.’ (Another free fight, which ends in the more prominent rioters being pitched neck and crop into the quadrangle). ‘It is our inestimable privilege to be enabled to confer yet another honour upon this laurelled head.’ (Menagerie performance from the opposition). ‘It is also in our power to cast everlasting obloquy upon this noble and ancient University by rejecting him, and choosing in his stead a man who is but little known, and, I dare to add, unworthy of being more known ; I now refer to the opposition candidate.’ (Here a stream of water, neatly aimed from some invisible syringe, drenches the speaker’s face and shirt-front). ‘I do not wish to occupy this platform much longer’ (derisively triumphant cheers and laughter), ‘but I desire you for a moment, in the language of the immortal bard’ (cries of ‘Name ! name !’) ‘“to look upon this picture and on that.”’ On the one side stands a man known wherever the English tongue is spoken, from sullen Ganges to the fertile banks of the majestic St. Lawrence, from the wild Australian bush to the stern old rock that commands the blue Mediterranean ; on the other a visionary litterateur, an obscure Yankee versifier, a plagiaristic pseudo-philosopher ; one who, in addition to all his other disqualifications for this honourable office, is an alien by birth and by senti-

ment. And standing here, gentlemen, I ask with the eloquent Roman of old, and I ask without fear as to the result, *Ultri quis Quiritis?* I pause for a reply! (Song, 'The two Obadiahs.')

The above is a pretty faithful representation of a scene witnessed by the writer at an election meeting some years ago. The candidates at that time were the Premier of England (who was ultimately successful), and a celebrated American poet and essayist, whose writings were then in much favor among a certain set of the more intellectual students. But the freaks of the contending parties at such gatherings are sometimes of a more serious nature. On one occasion, at least, within recent times, the proceedings were such as might have ended in the most serious results. As it was, the Senate resolved to discontinue granting the class-rooms for such a purpose, and the consequence was that these precious meetings were brought to a summary stop. The facts may be thus briefly related. Meetings had been held by both parties for some weeks previous to election day. It was found, however, that the Conservatives always turned out in larger numbers than their opponents, and that whenever a Liberal meeting was attempted to be held, they appeared in such force as to eject the original speakers and conduct the proceedings themselves. The Liberals, by way of retaliation, repaired in large numbers to one of the Tory gatherings, and endeavored by aid of sticks and other weapons to obtain possession of the platform. But the blues were again too many for them; and after a hard struggle, the invaders were ignominiously turned out. But they did not abandon their plans of revenge. About five minutes after the first speaker had begun his address, it was observed that the whole of the audience were beginning to cough violently. A mysterious something in the atmosphere caused a choking sensation in everybody's throat. To continue the meeting was clearly an impossibility; the speakers were content to sit down and improvise respirators of their handkerchiefs. A rush was made to the windows—they were found to be tightly fastened. The door, a very strong one, resisted all efforts to break it open; it was double-locked on the outside. A pane of glass was broken, but this

afforded little relief; for all who endeavored to get near the window were compelled to return before a shower of stones and other less savoury missiles thrown from the quadrangle by the ejected Liberals. At last, by means of a large iron poker which fortunately lay in the room, the door was broken open. The half-suffocated politicians poured into the narrow passage which led out to the quadrangle, only to find the second door also locked. To make confusion worse confounded, the glass above it was broken, and the besiegers commenced hurling in large pieces of burning tow, which had previously been well saturated in pitch. Things continued thus for about the space of half an hour, when the disgraceful row was put an end to by the appearance of the janitor with a strong body of constables, who eventually succeeded in freeing the captives.

The torch light processions, another institution of election times, are invariably attended by more or less mischief and rioting. Six or eight hundred strong young men, armed with stout bludgeons, and walking four deep, parade the principal streets of the city for several nights previous to election day, setting law and order at defiance. The policemen are generally chary of interfering, for they know too well that any attempted arrest would be most desperately resisted, and might lead to the most deplorable results. Indeed, their own majestic dignity is often wounded; for on such occasions the student is essentially 'no respecter of persons,' and the obnoxious Bobby is sure to come in for his full share of peas and insult. Even the melodious assurance that 'Tis but a little faded *flour*' is no compensation for having one's person plentifully be-dusted with that useful commodity, and it is a matter for surprise that the citizens of University towns have all along taken so good-humouredly the horse-play practised by these hare-brained youths. The whole of the pavement is invariably occupied by the processionists (and woe be to the luckless who dare dispute their claim thereto!) who beguile the way by appropriate songs, carefully pulling down every shop keeper's sign on the line of their march and bearing it along as a trophy. The effect of such acquisitions to their train is decidedly picturesque. Here rises a huge gilt fishing-rod, from which dangles a helpless-look-

ing specimen of the piscine tribe ; there a parti-coloured tin umbrella is made the mark of showers of peas, which have the effect of rendering so conspicuous a prize rather a doubtful advantage to the owner ; artist's palettes, striped barber's poles, gorgeous wooden Turks that were wont to stand guard over tobacconists' doors—all are borne aloft in triumph as the depredators wend along the deserted streets. But there are graver duties to be performed. Every newspaper in the city is visited ; if it happens to be of opposite politics a copy of the hostile print is solemnly committed, then and there, to the flames ; if favourable, the editor is greeted with a ringing three-times-three, and left to his lucubrations. If any prominent citizen has rendered himself an object of dislike to the party, his house is visited and howled at ; if any individual should be regarded with particular favour, the processionists merely ring his door-bell, and shout for a 'speech.' All the ceremonies having been gone through, the body comes to a halt around some lamp-post ; those of their number who possess any oratorical powers climb it, and hold forth in the fashion already indicated. And then, with hearty cheers for their candidate, and as hearty hisses for the opposition man, the gathering quietly disperses ; the peaceful policeman again ventures into the streets, the despoiled shopkeepers come out to view the extent of the depredations, while churlish old Mr. Hunks sits down to his writing-table and proceeds to concoct a vicious letter to next day's paper.

Notwithstanding the party bitterness which exists at election times, there is no lack of *corps d'esprit* in Scotch colleges. This was manifested the other day in a marked manner. On one occasion or other the students of a certain college organized a procession. It was fully as disorderly as usual, though not a very large one. In course of the disturbance some half-dozen of the ring-leaders were pounced upon by the minions of the law, and speedily borne off to durance vile. The result was the appearance of each in next morning's Police Court, when a fine of \$50 was imposed on the principal offender, the others being discharged. The Senate of the University took up the matter and pronounced sentence of summary expulsion upon all and sundry concerned. The undergraduates, numbering about

fifteen hundred, thereupon got up a petition praying that the offenders might be allowed to remain in the University. This was signed by about 1490 names. The appeal had its desired effect ; but this was not all. A subscription was raised to pay the fine of \$50 imposed by the magistrate, and with such good-will was it gone about that in a couple of days upwards of \$400 was paid up—\$350 in excess of the sum required. The sequel of the story is an amusing one. The worthy magistrate referred to had given dire offence to several of these law-abhorring spirits, and they concocted a terrible scheme of revenge. One day, his worship returning home found the fashionable thoroughfare in which he lived blockaded by an immense number of various vehicles—drays, butcher's vans, hansoms, hearses, &c., all of which seemed to be struggling towards his door. On entering he was informed that his house-bell had been ringing violently all day, and that the distracted inmates were being perpetually called down-stairs by importunate carters and cabmen, who insisted that they had called as ordered by the master of the house. The hoax at last came out ; some malicious person had forged letters ordering all these vehicles to repair at a certain hour to the house of the obnoxious Mr.—; and for long after, the unfortunate victim was a marked man, laughed at rather than pitied, after the way of the world on such occasions.

At ordinary times, the Scotch student is a hard-working, inoffensive animal ; but any question of politics seems to act on him as a red flag to a bull. He knows little or nothing of the 'town and gown' rows which are among the favourite amusements of the Oxford and Cambridge man ; his native sagacity prevents him from practicing such follies as the duelling habits prevalent in Teutonic Universities. Those who are inclined to sneer at him on account of his occasional disorderly outbreaks ought to remember that the causes which lead to them are productive of somewhat similar results on all classes ; only that amongst those who have passed their 'calf days,' virulence of speech and unworthy ascription of motives are generally found to take the place of the horse-play, and rough but good-natured fun, which characterise the the Scotch student at election times.

GEORGE. H. B. GRAY.

SELMA :

A TALE OF THE SUMMER HOLIDAYS.

I

IN CAMP.

Pleasant it was, when woods were green
 And winds were soft and low,
 To lie amid some sylvan scene,
 Where, the long drooping boughs between,
 Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
 Alternate come and go.

—*Longfellow.*

ON a certain bright July morning, in a certain year not long gone by, half-a-dozen men were lingering over a very primitive sort of breakfast. Their table-cloth was part of an old sail; their table the grassy surface of mother earth; and their breakfast-room an open space amongst the beeches and maples which shaded a romantic island in the St. Lawrence. Near them were two white tents, adding picturesqueness to a scene naturally picturesque, and at another spot close by, a fire smouldered in a rude oven, beside which an old seafaring man practised the art of cooking in its rudiments. Through the trees could be seen the masts and pennon of a schooner-yacht which was anchored in a bay at the foot of the island.

The men were 'camping-out.' They had fled from the fever-heat of the city, far up the lake, in the little vessel at anchor in the quiet bay; and in the temporary reaction against the miseries of civilized life which had taken place in their feelings, there was no hardship nor roughness of living which they did not court.

'Well, what's to be done this morning?' said a restless, wiry-looking young fellow, springing to his feet, after swallowing a last mouthful of frightfully strong coffee.

'Confound it, Daly, can't you sit still for ten seconds?' replied another, whose rather languid manner indicated that he was of a different temperament; 'you always want to be doing something or other. I thought we came here to do nothing. If you must

be employed, go and get me another baked potato.'

'Get your own potatoes, sybarite!' was the response. 'I shall encourage indolence in no man. Who's game for fishing?'

'I'll fish, Daly,' said the doctor, a man somewhat older than the rest, who, seated on an inverted tea-box, was engaged in dissecting a knuckle of ham with gravity equal to the occasion. 'There's a stretch of quiet water over by the island yonder which I'd like to try.'

'Well, there's no accounting for tastes,' put in Walter Dean, the one who had been addressed as a sybarite. 'If any human creature can find satisfaction in crawling about and thrashing the St Lawrence under a broiling sun, in the hopes of murdering an innocent sunfish or eel now and then, he has a perfect right to do it of course. But how the deuce do you manage the black bass? Those dorsal fins always discouraged me.'

'Dean fishes in yellow kids, you know,' said another speaker.

'Salmon-colour would be more appropriate,' suggested another.

'Wilson has got over his sea-sickness at last,' retorted Dean lazily, 'or he would never have the stomach to make a pun like that. Go and fish, you fellows. I'll undertake to eat all you catch. I can't say fairer than that. Smith and I have arranged an excursion which will be both pleasant and profitable. We are going to take Smith's little sail-boat and scud about among the islands. It is all arranged. Smith sails the skiff, rows when necessary, looks out for squalls, and tootles his flute in true Arcadian style in intervals of leisure. I lie on my back and inspect the clouds, occasionally call Smith's attention to a fine bit of landscape, and criticize his music. Smith says that if there's anything he thoroughly enjoys it's that sort of thing. Eh Smith?'

Smith, a reserved, dark man, who was more noted as a listener than a talker,

smiled grimly at this picture of the proposed enjoyment, and said quietly,

'Dean is very anxious to make himself out more lazy than he really is. He thinks it's aristocratic.'

'That is nobler than your plan, my boy,' replied Dean, in self-defence. 'You are by nature a shamelessly lazy man, but you try and make out that you aren't, by going through all sorts of unnecessary labours. But I had all the exercise I wanted last night.'

'I thought you seemed restless last night, Walter,' said the doctor.

'You thought so, indeed! as though you were conscious of anything from the moment you entered that tent last night till nine o'clock this morning. It was in trying to turn you into some position in which you couldn't snore that I spent all my strength. You in one tent, and the sentimental Wilson in the other! Soul of St. Cecilia, what music you slumbering innocents did keep up!'

'Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me—'

quoted the doctor.

'And tune his merry nose—'

'Yes, we all know the quotation,' said Dean, 'and candour compels me to admit that I don't love it all. But if any one had been awake last night and inclined to quote Shakspere, he might have exclaimed,

"Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep!"

That would have applied to the situation. What with crawling insects and snoring doctors, my life in camp is getting to be a burden. We have not been here twenty-four hours, but I'm quite prepared to brave again the lesser discomforts of the raging main at once.'

'You're in for a week of it now, my boy,' said Daly of the iron frame. 'But come along, doctor, I'll bring round the dingy.'

'We shan't do much in this roaring breeze, I'm afraid,' said the doctor, preparing, with his usual deliberation, to follow his more active leader. The doctor was a man learned in the laws—not in medicine—who did everything deliberately but thoroughly, from conducting a heavy case to sleeping a heavy sleep.

The party now broke up. Daly and the doctor proceeded to get out their rods and flies. Walter Dean and Smith set the sprit-sail in the little skiff which the latter had brought down on the yacht, and pushed from the shore. Wilson and Hawksworth, with Tyler the seaman, who made up the rest of the party, remained on shore. Wilson was an amiable youth given to sentiment and sea-sickness. He was understood to have recently become 'engaged,' a circumstance which gave rise to a good deal of delicate raillery on the part of his friends. He was in a chronic condition of 'having to write one or two letters,' and this excuse, while it did not deceive his sagacious comrades, was generously accepted as a ground for not taking part in their excursions. Hawksworth was a conscientious fellow, who had a faculty of doing right at the wrong time. He was reading for an examination, and having neglected his work in proper working hours, was now making a feeble but praiseworthy attempt to perform it in his holidays. Of Tyler the seaman it is only necessary to say that he was as lazy, as even-tempered, as servile, and as rash in his prophecies about the weather as most retired naval gentlemen in his position are.

It was a day to make glad the heart of man. A westerly wind which swept cool and strong over the whole expanse of Lake Ontario sang down the river. Fleecy clouds scudded swiftly before it, softening the dazzling blue of the sky. The great river rolled along in waves that curled and hissed and lashed themselves in foam against the rocky islands. On the islands the trees tossed their wild arms to the gale, as if they rejoiced in the rough sport. All was life and rush and motion, such as drive the blood thrilling through the veins of the young and bold.

The little skiff slipped from the shore; for a moment the sail wavered; it filled; the boat keeled over, then plunged forward; the water rippled about her, and away she dashed over the crested waves, as if she enjoyed her freedom as much as the two men whom she carried.

It is with these two, Walter Dean, fair, graceful, and inactive, and Maurice Smith, his senior by several years, plain, serious, almost taciturn, that we shall be chiefly concerned in this little story. With them

therefore we shall go as they scud here and there, on this tack and on that, amongst the isles against which the river beat itself on every side. To the two explorers a succession of beautiful landscapes, a panorama of loveliness in which surprise quickly followed surprise, was disclosed. They were threading the labyrinths of one of the thickest clusters of the famed islands of the St. Lawrence, in secluded channels undreamt of by the passenger who only knows the river from a steamboat. Now they had slipped into a landlocked bay, so sheltered from the wind that Dean had to take to the oars; now they were slashing away before the breeze past steep rocks crowned with overhanging foliage; now they doubled a cape to come suddenly on a magnificent expanse of foaming water.

Walter did not enjoy the luxurious rest which he had promised himself. With the wind blowing half a gale in some places, and shut off from them entirely in others, both men had to be constantly on the alert. And in justice to Walter it must be said that he seemed to give countenance to Smith's comment, that his laziness was to a great extent assumed. Certainly his inertness was not of that selfish sort which is always seriously interfering with the comfort of other people. The truth was that under his indolent manner there smouldered some latent fire of energy, which, on occasion, broke into flame. But he was of opinion that a gentleman of means and station should not live in a fervour of excitement about the trifles of every day. As, moreover, when he did choose to exert himself, he did things more easily and better than most people, his friends, as well as himself, were inclined to think that his languor sat upon him with peculiar grace.

So engrossed were the explorers in the pleasure of threading the devious water-courses, that time slipped by unnoticed. It was past midday when the discovery that the wind had shifted and a line of threatening clouds was creeping up the sky from the northwest, reminded them that it was time to think of returning to camp. This promised to be a matter of time, for the skiff, with the merest apology for a keel and not remarkable for her sailing when 'close hauled,' had been gradually dropping down the river. They now attempted to beat up against both wind and current, a struggle to which the little craft was hardly equal.

After a time the clouds, which at first seemed to linger in their pace, swept up the sky with extraordinary swiftness. Soon a curtain, as black as the flood of Styx, hung across half the heavens.

'By Jove, old boy, we're in a for a ducking,' exclaimed Dean.

'It looks like it. We shall have to haul the boat up on an island and turn her over, There's no use trying to beat in this saucer. Take down the sail and I'll row.'

'No you don't. I'll do the rowing,' replied Walter; and while Smith let the skiff come up into the wind, he lowered the little mast, and, seizing the oars, pulled lustily for the nearest shore.

A distant rumble in the firmament gave a warning of what was impending.

'It is all right,' Smith said in a few moments, 'I see a lighthouse round the next point. It must be the one opposite our island. We can get shelter there.'

In less than ten minutes they were close to a lighthouse, in its white night-gown and red cap, built on a little pier connected with an island by means of a slender bridge. The bridge and pier ran out into the stream from the head of the island, and on a low bank above it a white cottage, red-roofed like the lighthouse, nestled amongst the green bushes. Smith steered the skiff to a spot below the cottage where a small piece of shelving beach was visible, and they were soon on land with the boat turned bottom up.

So dark was it now that it seemed as if the sun had set before his hour. Big drops of rain fell here and there, like heavy shot, upon the river, and the thunder growled angrily.

'Now for the house,' shouted Dean. 'Come on, old fellow,' and like a stag he bounded up the bank. Smith followed at an equal pace.

They were not a moment too soon. Scarcely had Dean struck the door of the cabin with his hand, when the heavens opened, and the rain which everyone had been praying for for a month, was poured down upon the thirsty world.

II.

MIRANDA.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired :

Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

—Waller.

SHORTLY after the *Ariadne* had come to anchor in the bay, she had been boarded by an elderly individual who bore a faded resemblance to a jolly tar. There was a dim reminiscence of jauntiness in the way in which he hitched his trousers, and a suggestion of vigilance on the part of the weather eye, in his habit of keeping one orb partially closed, which carried with them a faint flavour of the sea. He had given himself out as Mr. Jacob Meres, of Her Majesty's ship *Physic* (presumably *Psyche*) at some remote period, and at present of Her Majesty's lighthouse on Jacob's Island. He had obligingly offered to 'bear a hand' towards rendering the yacht 'snug,' an offer which he proceeded to carry into effect with but little energy, though on a subsequent suggestion 'to bear a hand' in disposing of some whiskey-and-water, he displayed his seamanlike qualities to more advantage.

It was this decayed but still interesting person whom the young men expected to find in the cottage above the lighthouse. It was with surprise, therefore, that they discovered, when they burst into the house with some want of ceremony, that a girl was the sole occupant of the front room.

Walter, who was as polite to a nursery-maid as he would have been to a countess, excused their sudden entrance with many apologies. While he spoke he observed two circumstances with a certain degree of pleasure. The girl did not hang her head nor put the corner of her apron into her mouth, and, in the second place, she was young and nice-looking. To come upon a fresh and pretty girl in such a secluded place was interesting, but when it appeared that the female in question was capable of withstanding the address of strangers without the assistance of her apron, the discovery became romantic.

The girl had been knitting at one of the windows, and gave the strangers welcome with a stately little curtsy and a simple dignity of manner which were very pleasant. The two men had entered in a flash of lightning, which was simultaneous with a terrific peal of thunder—so might Mephistopheles and Faust appropriately

appear to Marguerite—and the continuous uproar of the storm made talking difficult. So they sat down, and, after Walter had made one or two ineffectual attempts to introduce conversation in a high key, watched, in turn, the progress of the storm, the room in which they had gained shelter, and their gentle hostess. The room was such as in houses of the humblest class is generally used as kitchen, dining-room, and parlour, though at present the cooking-stove had been relegated to a structure in the rear which served as a summer kitchen. But in one important particular the room differed from others of its class; it smelt of mignonette and not of garlic. The walls and painted floor were spotlessly clean. Bright chintz curtains hung at the windows, and some of the furniture was covered with the same material. There were, besides, other evidences—some flowers on the window sills, a canary in its cage, a small shelf of books—that the spirit of refinement and intelligence ruled in the little cottage.

From these signs one naturally turned to the person of whose qualities they seemed to speak. In her outward aspect there was the same promise of taste, of brightness, and of love of order. The dainty figure, the dark hair drawn smoothly over a low broad forehead and gathered into a Grecian knot behind the small shapely head, so lightly set upon the trim shoulders, the white collar with the tiny bow at the throat, the black dress which though plain and old was well-fitting—all these things combined to create an impression of exquisite simplicity and neatness as distinct characteristics of the little islander. *Simplex munditiis*—meagrely translated by Milton 'plain in thy neatness,' and more adequately by a modern scholar, 'so trim, so simple'—are the words which would have been apt to describe her.

So, at least, thought young Walter Dean as he watched her when the clouds began to roll away and the sky grow light apace. For a long time the attention of all three had been engrossed by the storm, which shook the little house to its foundations. But when it had spent its fury, and the rain came steadily down, and the clouds promised to be emptied soon, new objects of attention became requisite. Smith drew a newspaper from his pocket, the girl re-

sumed her knitting; and Walter made a silent note of the surroundings.

He was of the age at which the imagination is warm and sympathetic, and particularly open to impressions from bright eyes and red lips. As he gradually took in the details of the situation, and the influence of that 'simple maiden in her flower' stole over him, he became ready to invest her with every feminine grace and virtue. But he dreaded to hear her speak, for he felt unhappily certain that the impressions gained from her appearance would receive a rude shock.

But the less romantic Smith had no such delicate caution. Having finished his article, he folded his newspaper, yawned wearily, and lounged across to a window overlooking the river. As the falling rain now filled the silence less completely, politeness seemed to require that he should open conversation.

'You are accustomed to be alone in thunderstorms, I should say,' he said, abruptly turning to his hostess.

'I should think so,' she replied, with a smile, as if she was not sorry that some one had spoken at last.

'You sat through it quite coolly,' he continued. 'Most girls would have been in hysterics half-a-dozen times in such thunder and lightning as we've had.'

'Oh sir,' said the girl, laughing pleasantly, 'hysterics are not for such as me. I have lived here for many a year, and have looked out of window in all sorts of weather, at the river there. You see it opens into a great lake in front of us, and you've no idea what a storm can rise there. We have grand storms here now and then.'

'You speak as if you enjoyed them,' said Smith, interested in the discovery that the little woman exercised her powers of observation intelligently.

'I love to watch the river in all its moods.'

'Say, rather, the weather in all its moods,' said Smith, who, when he did talk, sometimes carried off conversation into unexpected courses. 'My feeling is that the river never changes. It is to me an emblem of immutability. It goes by us on its steady way, never faster, never slower, whether the sky is bright or dark above it; whether the winds torment it, or fondle it; whether the rains beat upon it or the sun shines. The river sweeps on, irresistible, unchangeable.

It is like a good man who advances steadily on the path of duty, never forgetting his purpose, and delayed in it by neither storm nor sunshine, threats nor blandishments. That is the feeling I get from looking at the river as it flows by me.'

The girl's face brightened as she listened, and she said eagerly,

'Some such feeling has often come to me, though I never put it to myself so clearly. The river has often taught me a lesson of patience and duty, and it seems to me that you have explained the reason.'

'It might teach one patience in a different way,' continued Smith, communing with himself more than his companions. 'In its inexorable and pitiless flow it is like the march of destiny. You cannot stay it; you cannot alter its course. In the presence of its resistless, silent power, you feel how weak and insignificant a human creature is—what is there for him but patient submission to the course of fate. You can no more struggle against it than against the current of this river; you must submit to be swept along to the "infinite main."'

The girl looked as if she did not quite understand this view of the matter, and resumed her knitting. Walter barely concealed a yawn.

'I say, Maurice,' he remarked, after a pause, 'you had better drop the St. Lawrence. You are taking us out of our depth. Is this Jacob's island,' he went on, turning to the hostess.

He was anxious to find out something about her, and on the whole preferred her voice to that of his friend Smith.

'Yes, my father, Jacob Meres, named it after himself when he took possession of the lighthouse.'

'I think I have had the pleasure of meeting your father,' said Walter, as if he intended to imply that he had encountered that individual at an evening-party or the opera. 'An old man, still good-looking—as your father must necessarily be.'

This direct compliment brought a slight flush to the girl's cheek. She bent her head over her work and made no reply.

'Our yacht, as you know probably, is not far from here,' he continued. 'We were cruising about in a skiff and the storm drove us to your hospitable roof.'

'I am sure you are most welcome,' she said simply.

'I'm afraid you must have thought us very rude, rushing in upon you so. But we expected to find your father here, and a man doesn't stand on ceremony much in a thunder-storm. Your father didn't tell us he had a charming daughter.'

'That is strange, for father talks about his daughter a great deal more than she deserves.'

'Never mind, the pleasure was greater because unexpected.'

Walter had adopted the tone and manner which he had learnt in drawing-rooms. A manner in which admiration was frankly though delicately expressed, a command of compliments, not earnest enough to be embarrassing, but still uttered with a flattering show of sincerity, were a stock-in-trade by which he had gained the reputation amongst charming women, of being 'nice.' But the lighthouse-keeper's daughter was unhappily unused to drawing-rooms, and ignorant of the fact that, in polite circles, 'praise to the face' is *not* 'open disgrace.' The attentions of this polished young gentleman were accepted by her without any show of gratitude. On the contrary, somewhat to his astonishment, she seemed rather to resent them. With a flush on her face which looked like annoyance, she turned abruptly to the plain and serious Smith, and said:

'You used the words, the "infinite main," just now. I think I have seen them in some verses about a river.'

"Strong and free, strong and free,
The flood-gates are open, away to the sea:
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along,
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar;
Till I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again."

quoted Smith. 'It is a song of Kingsley's; dear old Charles Kingsley. You have heard of him?'

'I am not sure.'

'They are grand lines, and well describe a noble river like this of ours. I am fond of the song.'

'It is set to music, then. I should like to hear it sung.'

'Few women have the right sort of voice for it,' said Smith.

'And yet,' interrupted Walter, gratuitously, 'it is shrieked in every drawing-room by girls

in silk, to whom it represents an idea about as distinct as the multiplication-table. Think yourself fortunate that you have not heard it sung.'

She seemed determined not to take kindly to Walter Dean. She made no answer to his remark, but looked out of the window and at the sky. It might have been an unconscious hint. If so, it was not lost upon the young men.

'I think we will go now,' said Smith. 'The rain has quite ceased. There is no reason why we should trouble you any longer.'

He rose to go, but at the same moment a step was heard on the gravel outside.

'It is father,' said the girl, and she opened the door.

There were indications that Mr. Meres had been recently bearing a hand in the stowage of further whiskey-and-water. His eyes were inflamed and his ancient knees more tremulous than usual. When he spoke, his articulation was not altogether distinct.

The fresh young face of his daughter grew grave and pale.

'Oh father!' she said, so sadly that Walter forgot the slight irritation her treatment of him had caused, and felt his heart smitten with pity. Those sorrowful words seemed to tell the story of a grief which hung like a cloud over her life. The old man, however, was not so overcome but that he was able to preserve appearances in his own house, before strangers.

'It's all right, Selma dear,' he said reassuringly, drawing himself up with considerable dignity, 's'all right.'

'Your coat is quite wet. You have been in the rain,' she said, touching his arm.

'Anatole and me have been at the gentlemen's yacht' (he said 'shellimansyaw,' but repeated himself slowly so as to leave no room for false impressions)—'we've been at the gentleman's yacht, and though Jacob Meres 'ud be the last to say anything agin gentlemen as is such real gentlemen as them, yet I will not deny that that there seafaring man as has the sailing of that craft, is not, as I should consider, up to his duty.'

There was apparently in Mr. Meres's mind, some rankling sense of injury at the hands of the incapable Tyler, which caused him to speak with bitterness.

'When a fresh-water sailor,' Mr. Meres

continued, indistinctly but proudly, 'a mere fresh-water sailor, a bargee, a bumboatman, a—marine, undertakes to teach *me*, Jacob Meres, late bosen's mate aboard of Her Majesty's ship *Physic*, how to lay to in a gale, it is then I says that for sich I can feel nothing but disgust.'

Mr. Meres looked at Walter, who, feeling that he was appealed to for sympathy, remarked that he was afraid Tyler was a painfully ignorant man.

'Ignorant!' exclaimed Mr. Meres. He laughed so scornfully that Walter felt he had used a ridiculously inadequate expression. 'But let it pass,' Mr. Meres at length went on, as if the affair after all was not one which should be allowed to ruffle a superior mind. 'Let it pass. The real question now is, gentlemen both, what will you be pleased to take?'

Both gentlemen protested that nothing could induce them to break through their regular habit of never 'taking' anything in the middle of the day. It was late. They must be getting back to camp.

Mr. Meres shook his head, as much as to say, that that sort of thing couldn't be allowed in his house, wherever else it might be considered legitimate.

'Selma, dear,' he said gravely, 'what can you offer these young gentlemen to drink?'

'Buttermilk,' replied Selma shortly.

Mr. Meres gave his daughter a look, not of anger, but of intense sorrow. Both gentlemen again protested that if there was one beverage which they particularly preferred to any other on a hot day, it was buttermilk; but it was really impossible to delay any longer, and so forth. So, having bid good-by to Selma, with warm thanks for her hospitality, they were conducted politely by Mr. Meres to their boat.

'I'd like you gentlemen to try the fishing about here,' he said; 'its not to be beat in the St. Lawrence, and though I say it as shouldn't, Jacob Meres knows a fly from a grub as well as the next man. I hope you'll honour us with your company again. Me and Selma'll always be proud to see you. You mustn't think Selma ain't hospitable,' he added, lowering his voice; 'but the truth is, she's down on grog, and that's so. She keeps her old father straight, I tell you. Now I have not been on a regular tear, so to speak, for two years come last twelfth July. Two years is a long time gentlemen,

but tears,' he said with infinite pathos, 'is now a thing of the past. What with temperance societies, and pledges, and Selma with her ridiclous scruples, tears has become a dream. But she's a good girl, is Selma, and a blessing to her old father, and that's so; and a maudlin tear rolled from his bloodshot eye to the end of his fiery nose.

The young men managed at last to escape from the lighthouse-keeper's effusive friendliness, and rowed away from Jacob's island.'

'This is an adventure,' said Smith.

'Yes,' said Walter, 'it's the first act of a—comedy, let us hope, which might be called the *Tempest*. The noble Ferdinand, Mr. Maurice Smith—'

'Mr. Walter Dean,' interrupted Smith laughing—

'Is driven by a storm upon a desolate Island. He discovers the beautiful and highly proper Miranda, blooming in solitude, like that rose which has blushed so long in the desert. She delivers appropriate reflections on nature—'

('And puts down impertinent young gentlemen.')

('I didn't notice that she put you down). She has developed in all her artless loveliness, under the influence of the sage and high-minded Prospero, who guards his daughter with beautiful parental love, occasionally testing the strength of her filial affection by getting drunk.'

'Seriously, Walter, that old reprobate must cause the girl no end of sorrow. I don't think he is brutal, though. He is evidently fond of his daughter, and more weak than vicious.'

'The girl is interesting,' said Dean, 'but I confess I don't take to her.' (Smith indulged in a just perceptible smile). She's too prim and puritanical for my taste. I shall not revisit her. One doesn't care about being snubbed by a lighthouse-keeper's daughter.'

Walter gave a vicious tug at the rudder, and Smith smiled again, just perceptibly.

They were now rounding the head of the pier or crib, where the lighthouse stood. When they came abreast of it, Walter beheld an apparition which made him start. Stretched on the crib, with his back against the lighthouse, and basking in the afternoon sun, was a creature which seemed to be a mere bunch of deformity. Upon a

body, utterly misshapen, was the head of an Indian or half-breed. His skin was the colour of copper, and perforated by small-pox; his hair, which grew from within half an inch of his eyebrows, black and straight; his eyes were small, gleaming, and wide-apart; and his other features coarse and repulsive. He scowled so villainously at the young men as they floated by, that it seemed as if the misshapen frame contained a soul equally distorted.

'A monster, a prodigy!' whispered Walter, with a shudder.

'Caliban,' said Smith calmly.

No other event occurred to add to the surprises of this eventful voyage. When they reached the camp, Walter's first act was to seek out Tyler, and enjoin him strictly to see that Mr. Jacob Meres, when he visited the camp or the yacht, should get nothing to drink stronger than coffee.

III.

LOVE IN IDLENESS.

To be brave, handsome, twenty-two,
With nothing else on earth to do
But all day long to bill and coo,
It were a pleasant calling.

—Thackeray.

THIRTY-SIX hours in camp impressed some of our holiday-seekers with the belief that the delights of 'roughing it' would be none the less appreciable if a few simple comforts were procured. The Doctor said that he had become too portly for gymnastics, and that anyway he thought acrobatic feats during meal-time would not assist the digestion of even the young and slender. As he had, ever since leaving home, whether pursuing his plate about the cabin of the yacht, or reaching for it on the ground from the lofty elevation of his tea-box, and protecting it from the ravages of the devouring—

'Elements?' suggested Dean.

'Reptiles,' said the Doctor, 'in which this happy isle appears to abound, I am free to confess that for the last week I have not enjoyed a single meal.'

This bold statement was received with exclamations of incredulity on all sides.

'Owing to the simplicity of my habits,' the Doctor continued unmoved, 'I can sleep, I am thankful to say, healthfully and soundly under any disadvantages, and in spite of all disturbances.'

'You can!' assented Dean feelingly.

'But Spartan-like and nobly simple as I can claim to be in my mode of living, I own that I cannot enjoy my frugal meal without something before me in the shape of a dining-table.'

A voice: 'Hear, hear!'

'Encouraged by the generous sympathy of the honorable member with the ham-and-eggs, I beg to move that this morning be devoted to the discovery of such building material as may be essential to the erection of a dining-table, and to the erection of said dining-table forthwith; and if my proposal is not so fortunate as to meet with the approval of this large and intelligent assemblage, I have only to say that I will carry it out myself, assisted by my honorable friend with the ham-and-eggs, which he will be so good as to pass this way at once.'

In spite of the protestations of the lean and wiry Daly, who scouted the idea of any such luxury, the doctor's suggestion was thought to be a reasonable one. The morning was devoted to carrying it into effect. Daly having been induced to give his assistance by the prospect of being idle otherwise, went to work with a will, and, as usual, by his fiery and concentrated energy outdid all his companions. Planks having been obtained from the neighboring village of Point Lansing, a rude but comfortable table was constructed, with stationary seats around it. The awning of the yacht was cleverly suspended above as a protection against the weather, and a marquee was thus improvised which would have done credit to a travelling circus. This occupied the morning.

After dinner, Walter inquired of Smith, with an air of indifference, what he intended doing with his skiff.

'I thought of rowing across to Point Lansing to post a letter,' said Smith. 'Besides, I hear Miss Lansing and the old people are at home, and I must call on them. You must come too. They would never forgive us if they knew we had been so close, and had not come to see them.'

'Confound—that is, defer Miss Lansing,

Let us avoid the artificialities of fashionable life for a few days.'

'Do you consider Miss Lansing an artificiality of fashionable life for a few days?'

'Yes, rather.'

'Indeed! I don't know as much about fashionable people as you do, but I fancied Miss Lansing was something better than the ordinary run. She giggles less than most girls, and is neither slangy nor rude in conversation for the sake of being considered a smart talker. In fact, I believed she was both sensible and kind-hearted. It is new for you, however, to speak slightly of the flowers which bloom in the sacred hot-beds of fashion. You draw the breath of life in drawing-rooms. You shudder at the bare thought of contact with creatures who have not been bred in the pure air serene of good society. You carpet-knight! how dare you sneer about the artificialities of fashionable life?'

Walter heard this tirade with unruffled calmness. Smith was fond of attacking his friend, and sometimes attacked him rather roughly on what was considered the weak side of his character. Walter Dean's aristocratic tastes and bearing had obtained for him while at college the nickname of 'The Marquis.' One of his gifts, an aristocratic one in the best sense of the term, was a temper which it was not easy to disturb. Carefully removing his cigar from his lips, he emitted a column of smoke and then said, without a shade of resentment in his voice,

'You always speak well on this subject, Maurice. Please go on.'

'You know you are always dinning into my ears,' said Smith, moderating his tone a little, 'that this same mysterious thing you call "breeding," is the most excellent of virtues, and that no amount of ability or merit can make up for the want of it.'

'I like gentleness and refinement,' answered Walter, 'but I don't say that they are only to be found in what is called society.'

'You used to say so. Where else can they be found?'

'Oh, in several other places,' was the languid response. 'It's too hot to particularize.'

'In the cottage of Jacob Meres, for instance?' said Smith.

'Smith, how your mind is running on that little Puritan. But as you have mentioned the venerable Prospero, I think we are bound to respond to his hospitable invitation and try the fishing.'

'But you hate fishing.'

'That's true,' yawned Walter. 'But we can easily arrange that. You can do the fishing. I'll stay on shore with Selma.'

Smith laughed aloud. 'Why didn't you own up at once, you young hypocrite. As though I didn't see what you were driving at.'

'Yes, I knew you did, so I thought it unnecessary to mention it,' replied Walter, who liked to have the last word.

'Yesterday you were quite incensed at the way she treated you: *specta injuria forma*. You swore you wouldn't revisit her.'

'Nor shall I. I shall call on Prospero it's her own fault if she happens to be at home. I like Prospero,' said Walter, with his most passionless drawl. 'I have a scheme in my mind for reforming him.'

'Well,' said Smith, 'to give you a chance to try and reform anything or anybody, would be worth breaking a resolution for. I'll take you to Jacob's Island and Jacob's daughter, if you'll promise to call with me on the Lansings.'

'Anything for a quiet life,' replied Walter; and the bargain was struck.

When the two young men reached Jacob's Island, they found Mr. Meres engaged in polishing the windows of the lighthouse. They made fast their boat, and Smith plunged into a discussion with Jacob as to the habits of the peculiar flies which had attached themselves in myriads to the glass during the night. Walter sauntered, casually, across the bridge and up to the cottage.

Perhaps Selma had prepared herself against the contingency of visitors. Certainly the neat print dress she wore was much more becoming than the old black lustre in which she had yesterday been surprised. She was employed, not in the prosaic task of knitting stockings, but in the more poetical one of arranging some flowers gathered from her little garden. She was setting them out in an old plate of tarnished crockery, but her taste was as undeniable as if she had used a silver *épergne*. Her sleeves were pinned up neatly, to protect them from the water, whereby two round white arms were dis-

played to advantage. She is not such a Puritan after all, thought Walter.

A faint blush touched Selma's cheek as Walter lounged into the cottage, and, as she held out her hand a little shyly, she looked distractingly fresh and pretty.

'Your father was so kind as to ask us to come over here and try the fishing,' said Walter, picking out the easiest chair in the room and occupying it. 'He recommends it highly.'

'Yes, it is considered good,' Selma answered rather coolly. 'You will find my father down at the lighthouse.'

This artless young woman is not going to rush into your arms, Master Walter!

'I have just left him,' Walter rejoined calmly; 'it appears we've come at the wrong time. Four o'clock in the morning is the best time, I understand, and in future I shall come at that hour. I left your father explaining all about it to my friend Smith.'

'I should think you might get some good sport this afternoon,' said Selma, quite innocently, of course. 'The fish rise very well on a day like this, if you get on the right side of an island.'

'Ah, but the difficulty is to get on the right side of an island,' Walter gravely replied. He had a rather strong impression that he was on the right side of an island already. 'But,' he added artfully, 'as I'm not going to be here long, I ought not to lose a chance. Perhaps I had better go down and persuade your father to take us out.'

He rose and walked thoughtfully to the door. As though he had the slightest intention of going away!

Selma glanced through the window, hesitated a moment, and then said seriously, 'I doubt after all if the wind is from the right quarter.'

'The wind is *not* from the right quarter,' said Walter decidedly; 'I shall stay where I am;' and with a secret sense of triumph he seated himself again.

'Are you fond of fishing?' asked Selma, after a short pause.

'Very,' was the shameless reply. 'Are you?'

'No; I think only very lazy people can really enjoy fishing from a boat.' It was but just that, having incautiously allowed him a slight advantage, she should take the first opportunity of revenge.

Walter felt that he was suffering needless

asperision, and regretted that he had not told the truth.

'Of course,' he remarked thoughtfully, 'fishing on the river here is not equal to fishing in a smaller stream where you don't use a boat, and have all the excitement of constant motion and change. Nothing like salmon-fishing for instance.'

'I am sure you would like the excitement of constant motion. You do a good deal of salmon-fishing, I suppose?'

'N-no, not much. In fact, none—*yet*,' said Walter, who began to feel that he was being handled rather ruthlessly. 'But I mean to,' he continued cheerfully, 'when I get anywhere near a salmon. So far, my exploits in angling have been quite unpretending; hooking speckled trout in a clear brook, overhung with bushes that dip into the water. That is really pleasant if you can get the musquitos to let you enjoy it by yourself. They generally interfere with me a good deal. They say they always assault good-natured people.'

'They don't trouble me much—because I'm not good-natured I suppose,' said Selma, who seemed now, however, determined to show that she was. 'But, as you say, trout-fishing is pleasant. I often tried it—when I was young. I once took as much delight in a dark hole where the white foam curled against a log, or a swift eddy, as any boy. I was quite a famous fisherman.'

'When you were young, I suppose? That must be a terribly long time ago.'

'It is indeed,' mused Selma, 'a long time ago. Or at least it seems a long time ago;' and she made an attempt to produce one or two wrinkles in her fair forehead.

'If you say that at—seventeen,' said Walter, polite but insincere, 'what will you say when you come to three-and-twenty, like me?'

'You know I am more than seventeen. You only say that to flatter me, as you tried to do yesterday. I was nineteen last month. But it is not,' she went on with supernatural solemnity, 'the weight of years so much as the weight of responsibility. There is father and the school. Having to look after such charges makes one feel old enough.'

'What school?' inquired Walter.

'Don't you know about my school?' she demanded, opening her eyes. 'But of

course not. I didn't tell you. I teach the school at the Point, though, thank goodness, the children have holidays now.'

'So you teach school?' This explained the superior education and keenness of the lighthouse-keeper's daughter. He said to himself that she did not resemble the ideal 'school-marm' as she existed in his mind. A vision of a certain elderly spinster, with sallow complexion, pinched features, bad temper, and a general suggestiveness of sour apples, who had been a natural enemy of his when he was yet of a tender age, rose before him. 'I hope you like it,' he said, after he had sufficiently considered the contrast.

'I don't dislike it,' she replied, thoughtfully. 'Indeed I couldn't live without some occupation in the winter and spring. But it's rather wearing. You see, nine children out of ten are so drearily stupid. You may be able to do something with the tenth, and I have one or two really intelligent pupils. They are a real pleasure. But the advantage is that you are learning all the time yourself, not only from the books but from the different characters you meet with. I am sure, little as I know, I should have been ten times as ignorant had I never taken to teaching.'

That the honey of knowledge should flow from such lips for the clods of a country village!

'I should like to go to your school,' Walter said after a time, slowly, as if he were weighing the advantages of such a contingency.

Selma glanced at him curiously. In the drooping corners of his mouth and in the slightly elevated eyebrows, was an expression of gentle melancholy, as if he were mildly deploring the deficiencies of an early education. He puzzled her completely. He was not the least like any other gentleman she had ever spoken to. Not like his friend Mr. Smith, who was so abrupt and straightforward; nor like Mr. George Lansing, who had a red face, stuttered dreadfully, and was disrespectful in his manners; nor like the young clergyman at the Point, who had weak eyes, and blushed when he spoke to you.

'You would never do,' she said at last, shaking her head seriously. 'You would be quite too lazy. I have too many lazy pupils already. I find them a great trouble and anxiety.'

He was so submissive and humble in his demeanor, that it seemed quite natural that an autocrat like herself should assume the dictatorship and talk to him severely. And the sensation of speaking with authority to a young and handsome man was new and not unpleasant.

'I believe I am considered lazy,' Walter answered, with the air of contemplating a rather interesting problem. 'But of course it's part of my disposition, which I'm not responsible for; and I don't think I ought to be despised for that. I have always thought I could be wonderfully industrious with a teacher whom I—reverenced. Now I'm sure you could make me industrious. I wish you would take me in hand.'

'The first thing I should try and teach you would be not to talk nonsense, and only to say what you really mean. I don't think it's right for people to say what they don't mean. Besides it's inconvenient. People can never tell what you really want them to believe.'

'I frequently say what I mean,' said Walter, 'although I have been brought up in bad company, where the saying is, that language is given us to conceal our thoughts. But come now, I am going to be here a week. There are hundreds of things you could teach me, about the island, and the river, and Nature, and—keeping a lighthouse, and so on. You give me permission to come and learn about these things, and I'll undertake to teach you some few things I have picked up, about the world, and—politics, and all that sort of thing. Shall it be a bargain?'

The suggestion was a whimsical one, but, as far as could be gathered from the manner in which it was offered, made in good faith.

'I should have the best of that bargain,' said Selma, laughing. 'It would be really nice for me, if you would take so much trouble. I am the most ignorant little school-teacher on the St. Lawrence. I've been teaching two years now, and I find I know less every day, because every day I find there is so much more to know. As for the world, I have never been a hundred miles from this island that I can remember. And politics, I think they must be a very noble pursuit. I have read a good deal about them in English history, about Chatham and his son, you know, and Burke and Fox.'

'They are a noble pursuit,' said Walter gravely, 'particularly in this country.'

The conversation was continued in an equally profound and profitable strain.

Selma was ignorant of most things which a girl of sixteen at a fashionable boarding-school would know. But she was naturally bright and clever, and had used to advantage her own powers of observation and the little stock of books which she possessed. There was a *naïveté* and freshness too in her ideas which were quite charming. She expressed her opinions courageously and with simple directness, the result no doubt of an avocation in which she was accustomed to lay down the law without fear of contradiction. Like most women, she was somewhat deficient in a sense of humour, and her simple seriousness was occasionally disconcerting to Mr. Walter Dean, who, it will perhaps be perceived by this time, was something of a humourist. But he had the faculty of adapting himself to his company, and he found himself almost unconsciously falling into a strain more in harmony with the genuine earnestness of Selma's disposition. As for Selma, she was not so guileless as to be quite insensible to the pleasure of conversing with a handsome young man, who was as deferential in his address as if she had been the rich Mrs. Lansing herself. She thought him much more agreeable than he was yesterday, with his compliments and self-complacency. He was still a puzzle, but, as such, a legitimate object of interest to a sagacious young woman.

In the drowsy afternoon a pleasant hour stole quietly away. Through the open door and windows, the scent of mignonette and sweet briar was wafted on the languid breeze. The bees hummed; the grasshoppers twittered; the climbing vines and shady bushes rustled faintly; and under all the river sang its slumberous monotone.

And where was Smith all this time? The shady side of the lighthouse seemed to him a particularly favourable spot for a pipe, and a pipe had charms superior to feminine society. So he stretched himself upon the little pier, lit his pipe, and listened to the well-sustained babble of Jacob Meres. That gentleman, glad beyond measure to get a good listener, poured upon him a flood of confidences. Keeping a lighthouse was all well enough, so Mr.

Meres was of opinion; you got your pay reg'lar, and the work wasn't, to say, heavy, but the pay was nothing to brag of, and in winter you were thrown on your beam-ends. How long had he been on the island? A spell of twelve years or thereabouts. It was old Mr. Lansing at the Point—the gentleman had mebbe heard tell of the Lansings, the rich lumbermen? yes, of course, everybody knew *them*—well, old Mr. Lansing got him the lighthouse. He had been sailing a schooner of his on the lakes, and so came across him. His daughter, Miss Esther, was about the age of Selma. Selma was with him on the vessel once, and the young leddies come aboard at the Point, and Miss Esther took a fancy to Selma right away. Nothing would do but Selma must go and live with her, and be her little sister. But Selma, bless her, wouldn't leave her father, withal he was so rough, and she so soft and gentle, just like a born little leddy. So old Mr. Lansing he says, says he, 'Jacob do you think you could keep a lighthouse,' and says I, 'It's a landsman's business,' says I; 'but Jacob Meres is getting stiff in the joints, and ain't the able-bodied seaman he used to be, and the little 'un ought to have a better home than the cabin of a lake-schooner, and if it please your honour, and the pay's reg'lar, I'll try it on.' That was after Selma's mother had died; an uncommon female she was, the daughter of a ship's purser, and far above a sailor's wife in birth and eddication. But Jacob, in his day, was as trim a looking seaman as ever reefed a topsail, though folks did think it rum that she should marry him, not that he had any mind to run off with her, if it wasn't that she ran off with him, if the truth was told. She did it to spite her parents somehow, though he could never make out the rights of it exactly, but so she always explained to him afterwards. A wild and wayward woman she was, with a fiery will of her own—and Selma had a little of that herself—but she was too genteel for a sailor's wife; there was no mistake about that. He was afeard she wasn't very happy with him, though she stuck to him faithfully, and forgave him for marrying her on her bed of death, which was a blessed comfort to any right-feeling man, and she bade him give up grog, and told little Selma to live for her father and take

better care of him nor she had done. The little 'un never forgot these words, for she had looked after her father ever since, and well and kindly too, though she did keep rather a tight hand over him.

Had the Lansings continued to take an interest in his daughter?

That they had, and Selma would lay down her life for Miss Esther cheerfully. They grew up like sisters, Selma spending day after day at the big house, and getting book-learning from Miss Esther's leddy-teacher, and it was said that Selma picked up learning quicker than Miss Esther; and Selma being so much in the big house, had got, as he thought, manners as fine as any of 'em. But Miss Esther and she hadn't seen each other much of late years, Miss Esther visiting much in the city, and having been in furrin parts now for nigh on two years. And it was the Lansings got Selma the little school at the Point, which kept her busy most of the time, though she had holidays now.

Many more items of personal and domestic history did the garrulous Jacob confide to his auditor. When Smith had exhausted his pipe, as well as his interest in these revelations, he thought it time to be moving.

'We will go up to the house and get Mr. Dean,' he said, suiting the action to the word; 'we must return to camp.'

As they approached the cottage he observed the dwarf, whom he had named Caliban the day before, shamble into the bushes. He had been peeping stealthily through a window at the occupants of the house.

'Who is that amiable-looking — bat?' Smith asked.

'That is Anatole, the half-breed,' said Jacob; 'he is a poor, harmless cripple, that everybody hates and scorns but Selma and me. He keeps the light-boat that's moored out in the stream a couple of miles down, though he's here most of his time. Selma tries to teach him to read his Bible, but Anatole is a good Catholic, and doesn't take to it kindly.'

Selma and Walter came through the cottage door. Her face was bright and animated as she looked up to his.

'You must give me a rose?' said Walter, as he stood under a luxuriant bush of climbing roses.

'You may take one.'

'I shall not take one but from your hand.'

Selma blushed, laughed, hesitated. 'You have been quite a good boy,' she said at length, 'so take it,' and she handed him a rose.

'So!' commented Smith to himself, 'already?'

* * * * *

Smith did not offer to take Walter again to Jacob's Island, nor did Walter ask him to do so. Walter had an instinctive feeling that his friend would look with disapproval on a repetition of his visit, a feeling which was confirmed by Smith's subsequent silence on the subject of Jacob's Island and its inhabitants. Smith is such an absurd old moralist, Walter said to himself, that anything even distantly resembling a flirtation almost sends him into convulsions. He takes such extreme views of things too. If there is a possible evil in any course he at once assumes that that evil must exist.

Walter, to do him justice, if any objection to his conduct were even tacitly raised, was ready enough to examine it from, as far as possible, an independent standpoint. Before he went again to Jacob's Island, he asked himself, with a candour which to him seemed very magnanimous, if there was anything in the enjoyment of a few idle hours with Selma which the severest virtue could justly disapprove. What possible harm could there be in it? The girl was pretty, she had a certain charm of freshness and naiveté, but he felt perfectly confident that his heart was secure. Anything like a serious attachment for one in her station would be simply out of the question. As for her falling in love with *him*—that was within the limits of possibility, certainly, but she would only see him for a few days, after which he would pass from her sight for ever, and his conduct would be such, in the meantime, that when he did go, his departure should excite no more than a friendly and momentary regret. Besides, what the deuce was there to do for the rest of the week? He could not, like Daly and the Doctor, waste hour after hour in whipping the St. Lawrence with a fly. He could not, like Wilson, spend the time in reading and writing love-letters; nor could he bury himself in law-books, like Hawks-worth,—

'And strictly meditate the thankless Muse.'

He would not go on and ask himself,

'Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?'

His intercourse with the little school-mistress would be much too prosaic to be thus described. Besides, she was not the sort of girl whose hair was ever in tangles. But, seriously, an occasional visit to Jacob's Island seemed to offer the only prospect of living through the holiday without utter weariness. He would keep his compact with Selma. She was undoubtedly intelligent, and it would be a real kindness to her to give her some new ideas, and direct her attention to new books, which he could afterwards send her, before, in the cares of the world and the deceitfulness of riches, he forgot her altogether.

So, on the next day, Walter attached the boat of Mr. Jacob Meres, in which that gentleman had rowed to the camp, and piloted himself to the lighthouse, leaving the owner to return as best he could.

The whole afternoon was spent by the side of Selma.

It is, perhaps, needless to say that subsequent days and evenings were passed by Walter in the same agreeable situation. They talked together (not much on politics, I fancy); they read from Walter's favourite poets, the beauties of which Selma seemed to discern with the keenest sympathy; they wandered on the wooded isle; they floated on the lonely river.

Thus, in the clear summer weather, was a compact of mutual instruction between a dark-eyed schoolmistress and a young gentleman of the world faithfully performed. It was all very beautiful, and very Platonic.

IV.

LEANDER SWIMS THE HELLESPONT.

Yes, it was he on the ledge, bare-limbed, an Apollo
down-gazing;
Eyeing one moment the beauty, the life, ere he
flung himself in it;
Eyeing, through eddying green waters, the green-
tinted floor underneath them;
Arthur, the shapely, the brave, the unboasting, the
glory of headers!

A. H. Clough.

THE week glided swiftly away. The islands had been explored, the river fished to death, the country-side traversed; and the crew of the *Ariadne* began to talk of change. At dinner on Friday it was determined that, with the morning light, the sails should be set, the anchor lifted, and the *Ariadne* steered to other scenes.

'To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new,' cried Daly the restless; 'we can't stagnate here any longer. We can drop about fifty miles further down the river, stopping at Nelson and some of those other places on the way. Then we'll come up the south channel and make the acquaintance of the Yankee coast. You who are so weak as to love the fickle sex, shall have a few days dalliance with the fragile beauties of Carthage Bay. Then up the south shore of the lake, stopping at all harbours of note, and so home. We can put in another fortnight easily. How does that seem to suit you, Dean?'

'Oh, don't take me into your calculations,' said Dean, carelessly.

'Why not?'

'I intend to stay here.'

This extraordinary declaration produced a general silence.

'Yes,' continued Walter, calmly. 'Leave me one of the tents and a couple of blankets, and I'll wait here till you get back. The truth is I prefer this to the yacht. It is much healthier and pleasanter. I've no doubt Walton thinks so too, and will stay with me.'

'Mad,' exclaimed Daly, sadly, 'mad as a hatter! That unknown milkmaid or shepherdess over at Jacob's Island has bewitched him completely. Our poor friend! A week ago he wanted to get away from this island after one night's experience. Now he thinks of staying for the rest of the summer. Dear, dear!' and Daly shook his head pathetically.

'It is a bad business,' said the Doctor, in the same melancholy strain, 'a very bad business. I fear the head has become affected, through the heart. Have you felt his pulse lately, Smith? If we can spare any ice from the butter, I think it should be applied to his temples.'

All this, and more, Walter bore with his usual indolent good-nature. It was not new to him. It had been impossible to conceal from his companions that one

of the opposite sex attracted him day after day to Jacob's Island, though all of them, with a crude sense of delicacy for which Walter was secretly grateful, had refrained from invading his sanctuary. But to refrain from chaff would have been an effort of virtue which neither the ruthless Daly nor the phlegmatic Doctor had ever the slightest intention of attempting. Much to the gratification of Wilson, who had been almost the sole subject of their caustic wit, Walter had been compelled to take a share of it. He had no right to complain. There was no one who, under ordinary circumstances, was fonder of raising a laugh at the expense of others than Walter Dean, though in his humour there never was a spice of malice.

He disengaged himself from his lively friends as soon as possible, lit a cigar, and strolled into the bushes.

So the week, which was to hang so heavily upon his hands, had slipped away like a dream, and he was longing to spend another in the same way. But that was absurd, impossible. Of course he had not been serious when he spoke of remaining on the island by himself. He had dismissed the idea from his mind five minutes after he had given it expression. There could be but one reason or justification for such ridiculous conduct. That was, that he was already in love with Selma Meres, and desired to become more entangled in the snare.

But he was not in love with Selma, that was clear. A gentleman does not fall in love with the daughter of a drunken lighthouse-keeper, simply because she has a head like a chiselled Daphne. Nor because she has eyes as liquid pure in their depths as the St. Lawrence. Nor lips like rosebuds, which excite in you a mad impulse to kiss them over and over again. Nor a smile which makes the blood run riot in your veins. A gentleman doesn't fall in love with a lighthouse-keeper's daughter for the sake of such trifles as these. That would be too absurd.

From an artistic point of view of course these things were admirable, and no man with a soul for the beautiful, like Walter Dean, could help admiring them. But that was vastly different from falling in love.

Then, not being in love with Selma, a

manlier voice said, it was plainly right that his visits to Selma should come to an end for ever. The yacht was to start at day-break. He had been at Jacob's Island all the morning; he would send Selma a letter explaining his hasty departure, and he would not see her again. The thought gave him a sharp twinge of regret. But it was better that he should not see her again. Parting interviews were unsatisfactory affairs at the best of times—and prior events sometimes made them embarrassing.

Dear little Selma! What pleasant days those seven short summer ones had been. He would never forget them: they would be a sweet romance at which he would sometimes look back, across the desert of his hard, commonplace life.

It was a great pity that a girl should be superior to her station in life. A man was different. He often

‘breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breaths the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star.’

But for a woman, there was, in most cases, nothing for it but to come down to the level of her birth, instead of rising above it. And so it will be, thought Walter bitterly, so long as the social world is ruled by snobs and fools, and there are such infernal cowards as I to be afraid of them. After all, what were social standing, and forms, and wealth, and birth to him? Why shouldn't he love and wed this lighthouse-keeper's daughter? Was there a girl in all the simpering crew of empty heads and hearts which made up the 'society' of his native city, who was her peer in intelligence, in sensibility, in beauty? He would be a man, and ask her to be his wife, and take her to his home—drunken father and all.

It was a pity Jacob didn't drink himself to death at once. Selma was rather obstinate about her father. She would not let anybody abuse him but herself, and it was he who gave the pure-hearted girl the only anxiety she knew. Her devotion to that unworthy old man was touching and noble, but it was inconvenient. Walter felt confident, so mistaken was Selma's sense of duty on this point, that she would not consent to be separated from her father until he were

immured in an inebriate assylum, or some more effectual place. Jacob would be a highly desirable father-in-law to present to his friends.

And how would Selma herself appear in a drawing-room, amongst the polished dames of higher life? Does the daisy lose nothing of its beauty by comparison with the rose? Would she still seem graceful, self-possessed, intelligent? It was a pity she could not spend a couple of years at a good ladies' school. Those Lansings, if they really cared for the girl, should have either educated her completely, or not at all. Walter hoped to be a great politician some day and to improve, to some extent, the tone of politics. That was a field in which he thought that, by the help of his father's wealth and his own talent for speaking, he could gain power and influence, without the drudgery which was necessary in other spheres. As a minister of the Crown, he should expect his wife to play the duchess at the head of his table. He should have entertainments which would certainly not be behind the Governor-General's, in the splendour of their hospitality and the grace with which it was dispensed. How would Selma Meres, the schoolmistress, play her part in this programme? Not to look beyond the present, how would his parents accept such an addition to the family? He knew that his father valued social standing only as those can who have themselves had a hard struggle to gain it. Unfortunately it was necessary for Walter that he should keep on the right side of that parent, and he knew what to expect if he made what his father would call a *mésalliance*. A quarrel with him meant the abandonment of his plans of life, of luxury and ease, and recourse to the toil of a profession which he disliked. And would it be for Selma's happiness that she should be taken into an alien world, where she would be either entirely neglected, or received with open contempt? Under either treatment her sensitive nature would shrink and wither. And this was what she would be subjected to, unless he were prepared to give up his old associates and ambitious dreams, and in effect alter the whole tenor of his life. Having already decided that he was not in love with Selma Meres, he was not prepared to do this. Even if he did make such a sacrifice, what assurance

was there that he would gain happiness which would be a sufficient compensation? After all, what did he know of Selma? Had a week's acquaintance disclosed the shadows as well as the lights of her character? There were many little graces and observances which he had come to look upon as almost indispensable to the perfect womanly character, the absence of which in Selma had sometimes caused a little shock to his fastidious taste. Would she ever acquire these, not being 'to the manner born,' or should he ever become content to see her without them?

And there was another reason why he should conquer any incipient regard for Selma, which all along had been uneasily present to his mind. Two years ago he had exchanged the usual vows of unalterable affection with one whom beauty and godness, as well as wealth and station, commended to his esteem. But she was little more than a school-girl then; he just come of age and still at college. Her parents took the practical view, that the young people were too young to know their own minds, and forbade an engagement, but there had been a mutual understanding between the young people themselves that at some future time Walter was to press his suit again. In the meantime the young lady had gone abroad. You are bound to her, said Honour, until she chooses to release you from your youthful vows. There is not a woman you know, said Expediency, who would make you so suitable a wife as she.

He would see Selma no more. He would not harrow her feelings by a parting interview; nor would he endanger his own and her happiness for the future. He knew that he was weak. He knew that the appeal of a pair of dewy eyes might in an instant reverse the decision of reason, and draw from him vows which would be a source of never-ending regret.

As Walter had thus satisfactorily determined that he was not in love with Selma, that he ought not to fall in love with Selma, and that he should go away without even seeing her again, it was as unfortunate as it was strange, that his feet should lead him to a spot just opposite to and in view of Selma's cottage. But so it was. He looked up, and behold Jacob's Island was before his eyes. The lighthouse standing patiently

out in the river, the roof of the cottage just visible above the foliage, and a thin blue line of smoke rising in the still air from the chimney.

He saw, as clearly as in some magic mirror, a trim figure sitting by a window, half-hidden by climbing roses. Her little hands were idle, her work lying neglected in her lap, and her grave eyes looked out over the river, and he knew that she was thinking of him.

And Smith's boat lay on the shore at his very feet.

He threw himself moodily on the ground. Oh fool! to try and make himself believe that lie, that he did not love her! He was the most miserable man on earth!

Presently the figure which in fond vision he had so distinctly seen, appeared on the little bridge which joined the lighthouse to the shore, moved slowly along it, and was hidden behind the tower.

With a passionate exclamation he rose to his feet, sprang to the river's edge, and held out his arms towards her. He must see her, speak to her, clasp her hand again, let the cost be what it would. He laid hold of the skiff; then paused, for some one was coming through the trees.

It was Maurice Smith.

In his present mood there was no man in the world whom Walter Dean less desired to see than Smith. Their intercourse had not been very cordial lately. They had ceased to be companions, for Walter could not ask his friend to accompany him on his visits to Jacob's Island, or to hear the story of each day spent there, knowing what Smith's feelings must surely be on that subject. And it followed that the confidence which usually existed between them—for, unlike as they seemed to be, they were close friends—had been interrupted. As day after day Walter yielded to what, as he sometimes admitted to himself, was become a dangerous fascination, he felt that he was being gradually estranged from his silent friend, who not only disciplined his own conduct according to a severe standard, but, though he seldom criticized the conduct of others, tacitly judged his friends by rules equally strict. Most people cared very little what Smith thought about them, but not so Walter Dean.

'Do you want to use the boat, Walter?'

Smith asked kindly enough, as he approached.

'It doesn't matter; you want it yourself.'

'I was thinking of paddling down to the village: I have to post a letter. You had better come along.'

'Thanks, I didn't want to go in that direction.' Walter looked wistfully across the water. After a pause he said frankly, 'To tell the truth, I wanted to get to the lighthouse. You might leave me there, if you choose; it won't take you much out your way.'

Smith was silent, and Walter instantly regretted that he had made the suggestion. How could he humiliate himself so much as to ask a favour of the man, who, in his superior virtue, was complacently condemning him as a wrong-doer.

'After all,' he added quickly, 'that won't be necessary; I can use the dingy.'

'Why, didn't you know? They have all gone to the Point in the dingy, to a circus or something. They won't be back till midnight probably.'

Smith laughed as he said this. Walter, in his irritable mood, thought he laughed triumphantly, and set his teeth. There was a moment's silence. 'Not to be back till midnight,' was Walter's next thought, 'I can't see her in the morning. What the deuce am I to do?'

'Look here, Walter,' Smith said at length, good-humouredly, 'I wish you wouldn't ask me to take you across there.'

'I don't ask you,' answered Walter coldly; 'I shall get across some other way.'

'Then you mean to go?'

'I don't know what right you have to ask, but—I do.'

There was another pause, during which Walter smoked his cigar gloomily, while Smith remained grave and silent.

'I hate above all things to meddle with any man's conduct,' he said at last quietly, 'and no one knows that better than you. It's only because I care for you more than other men, that I run the risk of displeasing you by speaking plainly. I don't think you ought to go to Jacob's Island again.'

However sweet your temper may be, however open to conviction you feel sure you are, it is not agreeable, when you have set your heart upon a particular course, to be told, in rather a superior manner, that

that course is wrong, even if the person who undertakes to advise you is the best of your friends. And if you have a secret impression that he happens to be right, it is all the more galling.

Walter's face was dangerously white as he said, 'I would resent this from any other man. May I ask why I ought not to go?'

'Because if you go it will end in your staying here longer, as you hinted at to-day at dinner-time. You may not have been very serious then, but I know you well enough, my dear boy, to be sure that if the young lady over there favored such a scheme, you would feel bound to stay. And you have no right to stay, unless you have made up your mind to marry Selma Meres. I don't think you mean to marry her, though you have made her fall in love with you. Never mind how I know it I know it, and that's enough to make me speak out, for her sake and yours. The little woman has a character, Walter. If she wants to keep her school and position here she must keep her character. Don't think gossip and scandal are confined to cities. They are already talking about her and you over at that wretched village, for you seem to have some kind friend who keeps the chaw-bacons *en rapport* with events on the island. Now Walter, you know as well as I do that there is only one course open for an honorable man, and that is to break off the whole business at once, and the best way to do it is not to see her again. Frankly, even if you don't mean to stay, I doubt your power of bidding her personally farewell, without entangling her and yourself in some engagement, which can never be kept. I have a feeling that if you cross that river to-night you won't leave with the yacht to-morrow. You have a good heart, Walter; don't take a step which you may never cease to regret.'

During this exhortation, uttered with more emotion than Smith was wont to display, Walter's feelings were strongly moved. He became crimson with indignation. That any man, and that the man who knew him best, should insinuate that he could do anything inconsistent with the subtlest sense of honour! He! Walter Dean, 'the Marquis,' not in looks and bearing merely! Conscious that his inten-

tions were much better than Smith gave him credit for, the imputation stung him like a nettle. All his usual softness of temper vanished, and it was with difficulty that he suppressed an outburst of anger. At length, however, his habitual self-restraint returned, and he said with stinging coldness,

'You seem to take a singularly strong personal interest in this young woman.'

In spite of the gravity of his feelings, Smith laughed aloud. 'Oh, come Dean, my motives for making myself disagreeable are not selfish ones, and you don't think so, I'm sure. But there is one thing I must tell you. As you failed to keep your promise of calling with me, I went to the Lansings' yesterday myself.'

'D——n the Lansings,' growled Walter under his breath.

'Esther Lansing has just come home.'

Walter started in spite of himself. His tell-tale face reddened and grew pale again,

'The news doesn't particularly interest me,' he said at length, with an assumption of indifference which he was far from feeling.

'It ought to, I think,' replied Smith, a little indignantly. 'As you have been so imprudent as to take me into your confidence pretty often, I know the feelings you have always professed towards that young lady. I thought it only fair to let you know that she has returned and was close to you. It might affect your plans to some extent.'

'Smith,' exclaimed Walter, so interested now as almost to have forgotten his bitterness, 'there never was anything really binding between Esther Lansing and me. We haven't seen each other for two years. She was a child then, and I nothing but a boy. I admired her, certainly, but so you did yourself.' (Smith winced a little at this). I think she rather liked me; there was some youthful nonsense between us, nothing that anyone could fairly consider an engagement. That was all, upon my soul!

'Very well. Of course it's none of my business,' said Smith rising. There was a cold disapproval in the tone of his voice which was very irritating to Walter.

'Now look here, Smith,' he burst out, 'you seem determined to put me in the wrong, but you're on the wrong tack your-

self altogether. When I spoke of staying here this morning, you might have known I wasn't serious. Of course I shall go with the yacht to-morrow and never see this girl again. But hang it, I must see her once more and say good-bye. What possible harm can there be in that? It would be simply brutal of me to go away without saying good-bye. She would suppose I thought ordinary civility of no importance in her case because she is not my equal in station? I should hate myself if I made her suppose that.'

Perhaps a judicious friend would have yielded here, and left the young fellow to his own sense of right and honour, to bring him safely through whatever dangers there might be. But Maurice Smith, having once settled to his own satisfaction what was right for himself or anyone else to do, admitted no compromise.

'You spent the whole morning with the lighthouse-keeper's daughter,' he said. 'What are your relations with her, formed in one week, that you cannot say good-bye by letter, but must spend the evening with her too. I believe that if you go there this evening, you will not come away with us to-morrow.'

'You are unjust to me,' replied Walter, sullenly, all his nature rising up in opposition. 'You seem to think my assurances of no value. You insinuate that I am base enough to trifle with the feelings of a poor girl like Selma. I don't know what worse you think me capable of.'

'I think none of us are so strong that we can afford to run into temptation. I have said more than I intended. I am sorry I touched the subject at all. It goes against my grain to preach, and you know it.'

Walter said nothing more, but lay upon the ground revolving bitter thoughts in his mind. For a time he positively hated Smith, and wondered why he did not rise up and strike him. One thing he had made up his mind to, he would cross the river, some way or other, if all the powers of good and evil conspired to prevent him. Smith sat near in anything but a pleasant frame of mind. He felt that, with the best intentions in the world, he had opened a breach between himself and Walter, for whom he entertained a strong affection, without apparently effecting any good. He was enjoying to the full the pleasures of

candid friendship. He felt that the best thing for him to do was to get out of the way, but it seemed to him that it would look inexpressibly mean and sneaking to row away in the wretched skiff which had been the direct occasion of the disagreement. An event, however, soon occurred to relieve both men from their embarrassment.

The gentle girl who was the unconscious cause of difference between the friends, suddenly reappeared by the lighthouse, behind which she had been hidden. She was some six hundred yards away, but her movements were distinctly visible as she walked across the bridge. When she reached the bank, she paused, and gazed across the water, looking towards the spot where the young men were. Walter rose to his feet. And then she waved—or was it fancy, and did she only seem to wave?—her hand, and straightway disappeared amongst the bushes.

Walter, excited by a sudden impulse, threw away the end of his cigar, and began unlacing the deer-skin moccasins in which he lounged about the camp. He took them off—his feet were innocent of stockings—and turned up his trousers from the ankle till they were smooth and tight about his thighs. He next drew his light flannel-shirt—he wore no coat—over his head, rolled it into a small compass, attached his moccasins to it, and slung it loosely round his neck. He wore a blue-silk yachtsman's cap, and this he pulled down tightly on his head.

He stood erect, his chest expanded, his lips compressed, his eyes sparkling. Standing thus, partially unclad, with his spare, well-knit frame and shapely limbs, he might have passed for some young Greek, in the full glory of health and strength, stript to contend for the olive crown of Olympia.

'What the deuce are you going to do?' exclaimed Smith, in utter amazement.

'Swim the Hellespont,' said Walter calmly.

'Don't make a damned fool of yourself,' was the grave answer.

But Leander was in the stream, and breasting the current with athletic strokes which bade fair to land him soon at Hero's feet.

ELLIS DALE.

(To be continued.)

THE TEMPERANCE PROBLEM.

NO ONE, certainly, who feels in any adequate degree the importance of the Temperance Problem, and of finding for it the best possible solution, can regret the fullest discussion of it from all points of view. More particularly is it well that, in discussing the question of restriction of the liquor traffic by legislation, whether absolutely prohibitory or not, the fullest weight should be accorded to every valid argument on the negative side; and it is, therefore, very satisfactory to have these so fully stated as they have been, by so able, courteous, and generous an opponent as Mr. Allen. If these arguments, stated by one who is honestly desirous of promoting the good of humanity, can be satisfactorily met—as the present writer ventures to think—the plea for a restrictive policy will be so much the stronger. If, on the other hand, they cannot, the warmest advocates of such a policy might well hesitate before pressing its adoption.

It is a striking instance of the difficulty of according strict justice to what is written from an opposite point of view to our own, that so fair an antagonist as Mr. Allen, has, undoubtedly without the slightest intention of doing so, seriously misrepresented the position of the present writer, in his list of 'premises,' by supplying several which were neither implied nor expressed in my previous article.

To begin with the first:—'That a Government is entitled to curtail the rights of A. if it conceives that thereby it will benefit B., though A. may be the better member of society.' So far from expressing or implying any such premise, the writer expressly contended that the right to sell liquor could *not* be included among the 'natural rights' of man, because it seriously conflicts with the rights of others, as exemplified in various instances; and, secondly, that by making and submitting to license-laws, men have already admitted this, since, 'if it were the natural right of any man to sell intoxicating liquor, it would be the natural right of all.' Furthermore,

it was contended that it is not a 'natural right' of man to find alcoholic stimulants exposed for sale to suit his convenience, since, 'if he were not a member of "society," he certainly would not do so, and "society," by its very constitution, has a right to protect itself from the abuse of the privileges which itself creates.' These quotations sufficiently dispose of the first 'premise' attributed to *Fidelis*.

Still less ground is there for the second 'premise' with which the writer's argument is credited—that a Government 'is likewise entitled, if it deems proper, to take of the goods or earnings of A. in order to carry out its system of benefiting B.' It is difficult to see how this 'premise' could have been 'developed' out of my argument, since the vexed question of 'compensation' was not even touched upon, it being a side issue, and one which the present writer does not feel competent to discuss—desiring only that, if prohibitory or restrictive measures should be adopted, they should be so on the fairest and most equitable basis possible to devise. This much, however, may be remarked in passing—that, in the first place, holders of licenses tacitly admit that they hold the right to sell liquor *at the pleasure of the Government*, and that the reduction of licenses, which means the cutting off of the legalized rights from *some* former holders, has already become part of the law of this country. The *principle has been admitted*, and what has been done in the case of some may with equal justice be done in the case of all. Moreover, if, in the face of many significant tokens of the growth of a strong public opinion antagonistic to the open sale of liquor, and of various measures, more or less stringent, tending in the same direction, men deliberately choose, for the sake of gain, to persevere in a traffic which they well know is the cause of more ruin, disease, crime, and death, than all other causes put together—then it would be indeed difficult to suppose a case in which the losers by the passing of a great

public measure could claim less sympathy. There is hardly a rise or fall in the tariff which does not in some degree 'take of the goods or earnings' of some members of the community; and when a great national emergency absolutely requires the imposition of a special tax, the Government imposing it is not usually charged with injustice, though in some cases it may fall with a ruinous pressure. Precisely analogous, we hold, would be the case of a prohibitory law directed against a more gigantic and inveterate enemy of the common-weal than would be an army of Krupp guns.

The third 'premise,' 'that a system of things characterized by the absence of temptations leading the weak to transgress, would be a far better system of things than that under which we live,' is equally absent from the article in question. The 'system of things under which we live,' in which the mistakes and weaknesses of men are doubtless overruled for ends higher than our thoughts can grasp, did not form a subject of discussion. What was discussed was, whether *we*, as responsible beings, with certain definite issues clearly before us, should unite as members of a corporate body, called 'society,' in legalizing the office of *tempter*—in placing before the weak and untrained in resistance temptations to which they, in their *present* moral condition, must inevitably succumb, to their unspeakable misery and degradation. In ordinary social life, the employer or parent who should so act would meet with the most unqualified reprobation. And though it has been said that corporations have no consciences, yet the individuals who collectively compose them have not lost the sense of right in this matter, to which we may with some confidence appeal.

As to the fourth premise, that 'the principles of Prohibitionists harmonize with those of Christianity, though not with the actual practice of Christ,' Mr. Allen is perfectly correct. That is exactly the writer's position. We hold that the Lord Jesus Christ left, not an example of detail or ceremony, but large and comprehensive principles to guide his followers; that what was simply a kindly and loving act in the circumstances of Judæa, A.D. 30, would be a very different kind of act in Canada, A.D. 1877, and with the very different

stimulants most in use among ourselves; and that the charge to 'love our neighbour as ourselves' covers and is the animating principle of the action of our *Christian* temperance men and women. We hold that since we, with our clearer sense of rights and wrongs, happiness and misery, pray 'lead us not into temptation,' and would earnestly desire not to be exposed to a temptation greater than we could bear, we should equally desire that our brother should not be so exposed; and that, according to the Golden Rule, if we, who are stronger and happier, can do anything to shield the poor victims of this terrible temptation from their destroyer—anything to protect the poor women and children who are the deepest and most helpless sufferers—it is our bounden duty, as Christians, to do it. Then we have St. Paul's application and amplification of his Master's more general precept—'If meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.' If a large number of the best, most philanthropic, and most enlightened members of the community, agree to remove this 'accursed thing' from among them, to debar *themselves* as well as others from its temperate use, because it so obviously 'makes their brother to offend,' are they to be prevented from carrying out their beneficent intention, because a number of the 'baser sort'—the more sensual, selfish, mercenary, and reckless—reinforced by many of the unhappy victims themselves, place themselves in opposition to it? It is not for a moment implied here that all its opponents belong to the classes above specified. The writer is well aware that men like Mr. Allen, for whose character and judgment it would be impossible not to feel the utmost respect, oppose certain restrictive measures—especially Prohibition—from a sincere want of confidence in their usefulness, and from such the writer differs diffidently and with reluctance; advocating Prohibition, in so far as it has been advocated, only because years of observation and effort have seemed to compel the conclusion that nothing, humanly speaking, short of some stringent measure of the kind can effectually stay the ravages of the greatest enemy of our country, and we might safely say of humanity at large.

Premises nos. 5, 6, and 7 are the premises

of Mr. Allen's criticism, not of my article. The present writer ventured to make no statement as to the point whether the Gothenburg and other systems had 'effected the good so sanguinely anticipated by their authors.' Probably no measure ever does effect all the good anticipated. What was said of the Gothenburg system was, that 'Sweden, encouraged by the success . . . is now endeavouring to extend its operation throughout the kingdom.' This is strictly correct, as is shown by Mr. Chamberlain's first article in the *Fortnightly Review*. It was also stated that we 'had very favourable accounts of its success,' which, as they were gathered by Mr. Chamberlain in person, might be considered trustworthy. These 'accounts' were given exactly in the language of the writers—Swedish witnesses who may be supposed to testify that which they have seen. Since these quotations were given, however, as Mr. Allen observes, very strong counter-testimony was given in the House of Commons in the debate on the question. When the testimonies of eye-witnesses are so conflicting, those who can view the matter only from a distance must hold their judgment in suspense—unavoidably, perhaps, leaning towards adopting that view of it which most coincides with their own theories and predilections. That restrictive measures have effected this good without greater or countervailing disadvantages in any other direction was not said, nor would it be easy to arrive at an absolute conclusion on this point without greater knowledge than the present writer can claim. In the absence of positive testimony to the contrary, it is natural at least to hope the best. And as to 'predicting with certainty the future effect of this or any other measure on a complex being like man,' so bold a thought never suggested itself to the mind of the writer. At the best, and in our best efforts, we are but groping through the dark—feeling our way amidst unknown quantities, making attempt after attempt, and experiment after experiment, and by-and-by, perhaps, hitting, after a blunder-fashion, on something which succeeding ages at least, if not the present, will recognize as a great step in human progress. This is the best, the writer sincerely believes, that we can hope to do with the Temperance Problem; and if Prohibition

do not prove the best solution, we may, amid our seeking, find something better on the way.

Premise no. 8, also, the writer is compelled to disavow. No comparison was instituted between the Mohammedan and Christian systems, as religious systems. A *single point* in Mohammedan legislation was referred to as having had, by the direct testimony of Christian missionaries, a most beneficent influence in keeping the destroying tide of intemperance from rolling across the whole interior of Africa. Will anyone say that this saving cause had no place in God's providential arrangements, like certain other salutary regulations of what we consider false religious systems. But no comparison is possible between legislation of any kind and Christianity, for the simple reason that Christianity and legislation have provinces entirely distinct. The one concerns itself with external conduct, the other brings a good influence to bear on the very springs of human action. The one is human, the other Divine. But because Christ initiated the inward law of love, which is finally to supersede outward law by fulfilling it, human Governments—even Christian ones—have not thought it un-Christian to maintain their criminal codes unrepealed. Nay, an Apostle recognized the duty of rulers to be 'a terror to evil works,' and of Christians to be subject to them, not only for wrath, but conscience sake. Christ's 'kingdom is not of this world,' and He did not concern Himself with legislation of any kind. His purpose was to win men's hearts, and by winning these, to alter their lives. When all men shall love God with their whole being, and their neighbour as themselves, our whole criminal jurisprudence will be a superfluity;—and it is the duty of every Christian to labour to bring about this very result. But, in the meantime, we do not think it un-Christian to have laws to protect peaceful citizens from assault and robbery, and few, even of the most earnest Christians, would advocate the closing of our prisons and the disbanding of our police. But the argument against the Mohammedan legislation referred to, would bear as strongly in this direction as in that in which it was applied by Mr. Allen.

Premises 9th and 10th must equally be disavowed, at least as stated by Mr.

Allen. The writer ventured and ventures no opinion as to the paternity of governments. It was simply pleaded that if a majority of the best citizens of a State united in believing a measure to be urgently needed and of signal good to a community, the opposition of a few should not prevent that measure from becoming law. And as to the duty of a government to punish vices and failings as well as crimes, what was said was, that intemperance, by virtue of its usual results, was really a crime against society, and that 'the man who sells that which will produce this crime, is actually an "accomplice before the fact;"' and, moreover, that to prevent men by restrictive laws from becoming such 'accomplices before the fact,' would be 'wiser, more humane, and more effectual than any policy which merely punishes after the mischief is done, and seldom succeeds in preventing it in future.' This, it is submitted, is somewhat different from premise number 10 as rendered by Mr. Allen. As to the 11th premise, that the working of natural selection, or the 'survival of the fittest,' should be cheated 'by a universal artificial system of preserving the constitutionally weak,' etc., etc., it may reasonably be asked, what are *all* our so-called philanthropic movements, our hospitals, our sanitariums, our asylums of all kinds, our very hygienic and salutary reforms, but artificial attempts to interfere with the relentless forces of Nature, which cry '*Væ victis!*' and drive the weakest to the wall? As regards science, we have simply *facts*, to be taken as they stand; and we have to remember that the 'order of things' now includes human actions, and actions, too, regulated by what Mr. Allen recognizes as the highest influence, that of Christianity. *That* does not leave us in doubt as to whether we may or may not interfere with the hard laws of Nature, as we call the ordinary working of the forces around us. It bids us, in no doubtful terms, to 'make straight paths for the feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way;' to 'lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees;' and, by the Master's example, 'not to break the bruised reed or quench the smoking flax.' This is not to preserve the weak *as weak*, but to tenderly nurture them into strength; not to propagate their weakness and uncontrol by leaving them to

sink under temptations which they are as yet powerless to resist, and then transmit to their children natures burdened with the fatal hereditary craving; but to place them in circumstances in which, no longer under the pressure of chronic intoxication, appeals to the sense of right and self-preservation shall have some chance to work, and a constitutional habit of sobriety shall be formed in the absence of over-mastering temptation.

As regards Mr. Allen's twelfth and last 'premise,' it is enough to say that the question as regards Government was argued on the same basis on which all license laws and measures of a similar nature are founded, a basis by most tacitly admitted. Without going into any profound questions of political economy, it is surely implied in the idea of popular representative government as contrasted with despotism, that a number of individuals combined, whether as a body of electors or the Government which represents them, *have* rights of a kind distinct from those possessed by any individual, the right, namely, of framing such measures as their collective wisdom may decide to be for the common-weal. And one good reason for this is the greater confidence which is felt in the judgment and freedom from personal bias which would almost inevitably characterize the decisions of the individual, the greater breadth of view and the wisdom which lies in 'a multitude of counsellors.' It is a principle on which we act in all other matters, and there is no good reason why it should not apply to temperance legislation.

As the 'premises' attributed by Mr. Allen to the previous argument of the present writer have nearly all been disavowed, it may be well briefly to sum up the actual premises which led to the conclusion arrived at, if, indeed, any definite conclusion can be said to have been reached. In brief they were these: Intemperance is an inexpressible evil to the whole community, the source of more pauperism, misery, disease, crime, lunacy, and death than perhaps all other causes put together. Apparently it is decreasing very little, if at all, notwithstanding the earnest efforts of the very people who are pleading most earnestly for restrictive measures, mainly because others, recklessly selfish, are, for the sake of gain, multiplying temptations and pitfalls to en-

trap the weak and unwary. Governments claim and exercise the right of interfering for the good of the community in cases which demand special action, by enactments which, *in different circumstances*, would be oppressive and unwarrantable. It is sometimes necessary to make a choice between evils, and to meet a great evil with a remedy which only the evil can justify, just as 'heroic treatment' is sometimes necessary to save a patient's life. And as very considerable interference with private liberty is held right and necessary in cases where a solely physical danger is apprehended—witness the often vexatious requirements of quarantine, etc.—it seems that these are at least equally justifiable when the evil to be avoided is one which threatens not only the physical welfare of the community, but its intellectual and moral well-being also. Prohibition could not possibly be less justifiable than the suspension of the *habeas corpus* Act in times of national emergency. There are times when there must be a compromise with what at other times would be the natural liberty of the subject, and, as has been already quoted from Professor Jevons, 'the rights of private property and private action may be pushed so far that the general interest of the public are made of no account whatever.' The man who slightly wounds his neighbour by a hasty and unpremeditated blow is rightly brought under the penalty of the law. But knowingly and deliberately to tempt a man into habitual intoxication for the sake of gain is infinitely worse, both as regards the victim and the action itself. Is one and the same law to forbid and punish the one, and legalize and protect the other.

A very few words may be added in reference to those points of Mr. Allen's reply not already taken up. He implies that prohibitory or restrictive measures are vain attempts at 'short-cuts to morality.' Now, it is true that there can be no short-cuts to morality, subjectively speaking; but 'we cannot make men moral by Act of Parliament.' But will any one maintain that our criminal laws and penalties do not most materially conduce to the peace and morality of the community, and thus bring about a condition of things more favourable to the growth of individual morality? Surely it is a great point gained when we can clear the moral atmosphere, and banish

predisposing causes of crime; not to speak of causing, in time, a great diminution of the hereditary tendency which is almost a dead weight in the race with evil.

Mr. Allen also implies that prohibitory or restrictive legislation would be providing for the good, real or seeming, of a few, by tyranny to the many. Surely this position could not be maintained by any thoughtful man! In the opinion of temperance men and women, it is almost exactly the *reverse*. The *present* system provides for the good, real or seeming, of a few, at the expense of the suffering of the many. Indeed, there is hardly an individual of the community who does not suffer in some way, at some time, in mind, person, or estate, through the agency of intemperance. Even those who receive or think they receive most benefit and least harm from the open liquor traffic, might, if they could see a little further, find that the balance sank in the opposite direction. Cases in which stimulants are really required are, of course, provided for in all restrictive legislation. In other cases, where they are used merely as a luxury, could the deprivation of a mere luxury, which good judges believe to be a dangerous and often injurious one, be for a moment set against the degradation and misery, the starvation and suffering, of helpless women and children; the premature decay of mind or body or both; the crimes which fill our prisons, so large a proportion of which, we have some reason to hope and believe, would be averted by an efficient prohibitory system? As to the hotel-keeper who supplies a dinner and, with it, 'when requested, a glass of beer or wine,' we have no quarrel with him. If he be an honest, respectable hotel-keeper, he can go on supplying dinners, minus the beer or wine, and will do very well. But we all know well who are the offenders who make a prohibitory law needful, the human vampires who thrive, or think they thrive, on the destruction of their fellow-creatures; who for the sake of worldly gain, deliberately entice their neighbour to his ruin, betray him, soul and body, to destruction, and often end, as is most natural, by becoming utterly demoralized themselves. Yet so nice and complex are the gradations of liquor-sellers, so difficult is it to elicit the exact truth in such matters, that it is impossible to prevent the ravages of such

vampires if the traffic is legalized at all. If even the ruinous whiskey could be prohibited, while milder stimulants, such as lager beer is said to be, were permitted to be sold in moderation, much would be gained. But even this distinction, it is to be feared, would lead to evil.

As to the question whether intemperance is increasing or decreasing, it is one of those in regard to which 'much might be said on both sides.' That it has decreased much among the higher classes may readily be admitted. That it has decreased among the lower classes admits of serious questioning. In many parts of England and Ireland, the clergy, at least, who have some right to judge, seem to think it is on the increase. In Scotland, in particular, there are many parishes in which habitual drunkenness used to be almost unknown among the peasant class, where now it is the rule rather than the exception. The general arousing of the clergy in Britain on the subject shows that they feel the gravity of the situation, and have almost lost confidence in ordinary means. And even if we could be sure that, in course of a number of generations, the evil would slowly disappear, is that any reason why we should not try to hasten the end? We act on this principle in regard to such diseases as small-pox, cholera, &c.; why not also in regard to intemperance? A good doctor seeks to save his patient the suffering of lengthened illness, even when he is confident of ultimate cure. If by prohibitory enactment, we could save some thousands of lives from premature death and moral degradation, would it not be well worth while? Against the classical adage, *Festina lente*, let us place this other from our great English classic: 'If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly!'

Of course the 'if' is a great one; but there seems to be no good reason why this law should not be as well carried out as other laws, or why its possible infraction should be a valid reason against it. 'Where there is no law there is no transgression;' but this does not prevent our making such laws as we think conduce to the peace and order of the community, even although the intrinsic wrong of the transgression should be aggravated by the existence of the law which it transgresses. Mr. Allen's picture

of the 'solitary sot sneaking off slyly into some private corner to indulge unseen,' is sad enough; but is it of such rare occurrence now, or is it not doubtful whether the man who would thus act under a prohibitory law is so very much higher in the moral scale in present circumstances? But for one who might thus persist in indulging a depraved appetite, *malgré* the law, there would, we trust, be hundreds saved from forming the debasing habit, hundreds and thousands of young and hopeful lives saved to themselves and the community. Is the persistent sot to be made of so much account that we must, out of consideration for him, sacrifice this infinitely greater good?

By all means, let moral suasion and every other means of elevating or strengthening the moral nature, be vigorously pursued. If the community were, indeed, in general, composed of volunteer temperance missionaries, prohibitory measures would be less needed. But how stands the case, and how must we expect it to stand until Christianity ceases to be with the average man a mere creed, and becomes an all-pervading, all-vivifying power? Are not men in general absorbed in their own affairs, in the 'struggle for existence,' ready to answer every appeal with that old cry, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' and to talk complacently of 'minding their own affairs, and letting other people alone.' But the poor victims we seek to save are not let alone, but pursued with every wile the liquor-seller can use, to entice them into evil to which they are naturally only too ready to succumb. This being so, what headway can the few hope to make, who, with the strong hereditary propensities of the victims, and the mercenary selfishness of the liquor-seller, and the narrow-minded selfishness of the general community arrayed against them, are painfully rescuing one here and there by the agency of moral suasion; endeavouring to dam up a torrent with a few twigs and straws, or detach a granite crag with the point of a penknife? They do not want to remit the use of 'moral means,' to leave undone anything that can be done to provide interests of a higher kind than mere sensual ones, and comforts and amusements which shall not be fraught with danger of excess. But they do want, as has been said before

by the present writer—a sentence surely overlooked by Mr. Allen—while ‘seeking to raise their brothers out of the slough of intemperance, to have the vantage-ground of restricted opportunity, that they may hope, with God’s help, to complete the victory by using “moral means” with men who are no longer slaves!’ They may be mistaken in asking for this vantage-ground, but few will venture to deny the need of it, in order to cope with a deep-seated evil with any hope of success. That the means have been successful in the United States we have abundant testimony besides that of Dr. Leonard Bacon,—testimony of competent and trustworthy witnesses,—to give even a tittle of which would too much swell the limits of this article, and which is worth far more than the vague, floating accounts, often spread by interested persons, that ‘the whole thing is a failure.’ Clergymen, magistrates, and other officials emphatically bear witness to its effect on the peace, prosperity, and good order of the community, and to the high value they attach to it, after a fair trial of its working; which, it may safely be said, *no* restrictive measure has yet had in Canada.

It is not necessary to enter into the question of ruling by majorities, since Mr. Allen himself admits that it is, ‘as things

go, an indispensable way of reaching a conclusion as to what ought to be done or not done.’ If all cases were simple, and just and unjust means clearly marked on the face of them, it might be sufficient—were all men just—simply to appeal to the merits of each measure. But as opinions now differ widely as to every complex question—witness this very one of Prohibition—the only possible method of arbitration can be an appeal to the majority, and this, with those who believe in the greater soundness of a *mass* of men, should be satisfactory enough. It is only by trial, sometimes by failure, that such difficult questions can be solved. If Prohibition proved a failure, our laws are not the laws of the Medes and Persians, and it would be easy to retrace our steps, having perhaps in the meantime found out a better way. If the first awkward, lumbering printing-press had never been made, should we to-day have our Hoe and Walter presses, with their wonderful perfection? We would ask for Prohibition rather as an experiment and a step in advance, than as a finality. Twenty years of it might make it unnecessary in the future.

But in the opinion of a good many earnest folk, it is an experiment worth trying.

FIDEL’S

CANADA.

ALL-WORTHY offspring of earth’s noblest, thou!
 Bold in thy honest truth and staunch-knit frame—
 Wherethro’ full course, as thy stout deeds proclaim,
 The healthful currents which from freedom flow—
 Thou stand’st among the nations! On thy brow
 Beams Virtue’s diadem, whose jewels bright,
 Kept by thy jealous care, a peerless light
 Unwavering shed. With equal balance, lo,
 At thy right hand sits Justice, Mercy-crowned!
 Thy handmaid Honor; while firm at thy side
 Stands armoured Loyalty, pointing with pride
 To thy Imperial Mother, high o’erthroned!
 Champion of justice, truth, and liberty,
 As they are great, so shall thy glory be!

R. RUTLAND MANNERS.

ROUND THE TABLE.

IN walking through a friend's house for the first time, how much we enjoy looking for and finding various marks of individual taste, the expression and outcome of our friend's mind. We like to exclaim to ourselves, as some little peculiarity strikes us, 'Ah! that is old C—— all over,' or, 'any one would know this is D——'s room.' And yet how many rooms do we daily visit in which we see no special character, no touch of the owner's taste, but, instead, the furnishing of the upholsterer, and the arrangement of the next-door neighbour or of anyone who happened to be considered a judge in such matters. In this way, in place of people cultivating their own tastes, and keeping in their rooms the stamp of their characters, they allow their judgments to be warped by what is in vogue, or by what they have seen elsewhere. Furnishing a room is a matter of so much importance generally, that the owners are afraid of relying on their own innate ideas of what is tasteful, for fear they should be wrong, and think it safer to consult the furniture-dealer as to what he generally sells for such and such an apartment. Yet, as each room belongs to its owner and to no one else, how much more to our educational advantage (in an artistic sense) would it be if we strove to take some little pains to show that our house is indeed our own, and could not be mistaken for another's! Imagine what our disappointment would be were we to be shown the house of George Eliot, or W. Morris, or Whistler, or of anyone whose intellect we revere, and found horse-hair sofas, slippery and hard, vases and statuettes under glass cases, or sideboards loaded with all the family plate, or any other excruciating examples of want of taste. We should expect something quite different, something that would tell us at once we were amongst the surroundings of a great man or a great woman. Apropos of sideboards, who has not been obliged to sit opposite one at dinner, covered with plate,

much of it never used for the meal, silver snuffers and tray, wild-looking candlesticks and eccentric tea-caddies, and shivered at the ostentatious vulgarity of the thing? Let us do our best to bring what is artistic and beautiful into our every-day life, believing that it is just as easy to have things charming about us, as it is to have them hideous, and feeling that by so doing we are daily making ourselves and those around us more appreciative of what is true, and lovely to the eye. Great minds, whether great in art or science, show their greatness in everything they come across or touch, glorifying it as King Midas did of old with his philosopher's stone.

—I have another crow, of a more seriously black complexion than last month's, to pluck in company with my friendly editor. In fact if he does not mend his ways, I greatly fear that he will supply me with ample material for a monthly diatribe upon his failings and errors of omission and commission. I shall adopt on this occasion the best possible mode of keeping the culprit awake, that is to say I will remove him from his post-prandial and nap-inducing chair and hurry him with me to a solitary cell in the Central Prison of Utopia. In Utopia, you know, the code is much more extensive than here. It might be called all-embracing, and certainly takes into its purview not a few actions which produce praise and pence in the extra-Utopian territory. And one peculiarity of punishment there is, that they have returned to that antiquated system of 'an eye for an eye.' Not a year's imprisonment and perhaps twenty lashes for an eye, but the exact pain, the precisely similar agonised apprehensions, in short the whole surroundings of the crime must be reproduced for the criminal's benefit, with such additions or heightenings of local colouring as may be necessary to pierce to the proper depth through the presumably dead-

er and thicker moral cuticle of the transgressor.

The cell door creaks on its hinges, and the cell itself exhales a musty smell, corrected by chloride of lime. Look in, Editor, and you my dear public, look in too, over his shoulders, but not (as is too usual) with his spectacles. We see a man in a fairly decent apparel, with a sharp look upon his tolerably intelligent face, and with hands that work, and work, and work restlessly and incessantly. There, upon the bench, clamped with iron to the hard, cold floor, lie the instruments of his guilt. That is another peculiarity of prison-life in Utopia. No, you are wrong, the Editor knows better than you do, *he* does not look for blood-stained axe or knife, for a cold, glittering toy-revolver or a screwed-up paper of arsenic. He knows full well it is the pen and ink and the newspaper file that tell this malefactor's tale.

But we must get to business. The *lex talionis* in Utopia, as we have said, demands that we should do to him as he has done unto others. Touching his shoulder, we get him to raise his fevered head from the position where it lies huddled between his twitching hands, and he looks up. God help him! he thought it was some friend come to visit him in his calamity, some one who would bind, not bruise, the broken reed, and rekindle, not quench, the smoking flax of hope. I put on a semi-sympathising but wholly business-like air of regretful importunity and sit beside him on his hard pallet, note-book in hand. Here is our conversation; I put in brackets what I shall not print in the 'Utopia Gazette.'

Myself. 'I am on the staff of the Gazette, and it struck me you would feel easier in your mind if the people knew how you were led into this crime. Will you tell me about it, my only object is your own good (and my reputation as a smart penny-a-liner).'

Reporter-prisoner. 'Easier in my mind? I shall never be easier. I have awaked from a hideous dream. All my life I have lived in this sin and known it not. Suddenly I am plunged into this dark prison, and the reading of the charge made against me has got hold upon me like the pains of hell. I see my guilt now. My brain whirls in this dizzy solitude; I could shriek aloud and accuse myself of impossible crimes if it

would win the lowest of mankind to sit by me and listen.'

Myself. 'Hold hard, you forget I want to write this all down.' (After a pause) 'Go ahead—are you mad?'

R. P. 'No, I am not mad. I hear voices though, wailing round me all day and all night. Speak to me and drown them for a season.' N. B. All that I report of this is that the prisoner was perfectly sane and answered my questions without reluctance.

Myself. 'What are you brought here for?'

R. P. (Ask me anything but that! What? are you a man or a devil that you would tear open my wounds afresh, and pour the bitter lees into the cup to drink again and again? But I *must* tell you; something drags me to it; the basest human being, although he makes his bread out of my sin's recital, is better, fitter audience than these bare walls). I was also on the staff of an influential paper. Like yourself (oh! be warned in time by my sad fate) I also visited jails, not to comfort those that were in misery, but to play upon their wounded heart-strings.'

Myself. 'Whom did you injure?'

R. P. 'I tortured a poor prisoner. A woman too; it might have been my own mother. She was accused of killing her two babies; to see her in her cell, a tiger might have had pity on her.'

Myself. 'Well, you meant her no harm.'

R. P. 'I tell you, I asked how she killed them, and if they died quickly, and at every word she writhed with agony. If she did not answer, I asked again, and yet again, till I had wrung out her tale with tears mixed with blood.'

Myself. 'You must have had great skill to have made her confess?'

R. P. 'Yes, the more is the pity. I watched her coldly and dispassionately; I fell in with her thoughts and made her think aloud, so that at last when she was even protesting she would tell me nothing, she told me, in a broken whisper, *all*.'

Myself. 'That was a great crime, was it not?'

R. P. 'It is not the worst of it. I never knew what it was that I had done, till I came here. Listen while I tell you—she had meant that agonised confession for her Heavenly Father—and I, I had caught it on its way.'

Myself. (With an eye to another half column.) 'Is this all you have to say?'

R. P. 'All? Is it not enough? No it is *not* all. That confession was used against her; on that evidence alone she was found guilty. At her trial she had counsel to defend her, the judge to see fair play, the jury, hoping the best for her, the very prosecuting counsel feeling she might have been more sinned against than sinning. Neither sheriff nor constable would have dared extort such a confession. But there was no one by when I found her in a moment of weakness, and she put her life between my hands, which valued it only for the power it gave me of slaking a momentary curiosity in the people.'

Myself. (Feeling my half column secure). 'It is indeed sad to see you brought down so low. Good day my friend.'

And once outside the jail doors I add the following lines, condensing into them all the unspeakable torture, the self-loathing, and the terror I had inspired:—'The prisoner seemed very tired and had to stop and rest several times during the interview.'

Good-bye, dear Editor, and the next time you see such a report in a country paper, *don't* transfer it to your 'widely circulating and highly popular columns.'

—SORDELLO, who writes in the July number of the CANADIAN MONTHLY on 'The Ethics of Vivisection,' seems to have taken serious umbrage at my slight passing allusion to the subject, 'at the Table,' and is ingenious enough to find out some things that are not. He has discovered that I have an 'animus against science,' which, so far as my own consciousness goes, I am innocent enough of possessing or of having any reason for possessing. On the contrary, I have the sincerest respect for true science, or, to drop abstract terms, for the patient scientific labourers who unveil for us the wonderful processes of the material universe; and I agree heartily with a late eminent and lovable American naturalist, that 'it must be one of the happiest and heartfullest things in the world to find out something which only God has known before.' It implies no disrespect to science, surely, to say what is an undisputed fact, that cruelties have been and are perpetuated in its name, and that, too, by some spurious disciples who care little for the pursuit of truth, and

much for their own amusement and exaltation. Nor does it imply any 'animus' against science to say that it is regarded in these days, in some quarters, 'with an over-estimation which becomes idolatry,' because the knowledge of mere material phenomena is not seldom set above those moral and spiritual truths which are as much more valuable as the moral and spiritual part of man is higher than his merely physical nature. SORDELLO also seems confident that I am quite unaware of the complications of the subject, whereas there is no consideration mentioned in his article which had not already presented itself to my mind. It is hardly necessary to say that I never dreamed of attempting an exhaustive discussion of the subject, or arriving at the solution of a complicated question, in a desultory scrap of 'table-talk.' I was simply presenting the subject from one point of view, which had been suggested in a paragraph in the letter of a friend who takes a different view from myself. And SORDELLO has not met anything I said with a satisfactory reply. Indeed, in the close of his article, he declares his substantial agreement with the main points of my paragraph, with which I am almost entirely satisfied.

As to the main question, whether it is not a transgression of man's legitimate rights over animals to put them to torture (a very different thing, it should be remembered, from the comparatively small amount of pain with which alone killing needs to be accompanied) for the sake of possible good to humanity, or for the sake of ultimately increasing knowledge, whether this is not 'doing evil that good may come,' SORDELLO confessed himself unable either to affirm or deny, a conclusion which is a significant testimony to the strength of the moral instinct which condemns vivisection. Certainly the fact that many cruelties are committed both in peace and war, and that man makes the animal creation 'groan and travail in pain' to gratify his ambition or his passion, is no more an argument for vivisection, than it is true that two wrongs make a right, and whatever we may think of the mysterious problem of vicarious suffering, it is more than doubtful whether we, as subordinate beings, have any right to make right of might, and in virtue of our greater strength, impose vicarious torture upon the animal creation. If this be made

legitimate, I see no reason why, ultimately, human beings might not consider it equally justifiable to pursue the same policy towards their weaker fellows. And it should not be forgotten that, while the sufferings of humanity have, we believe, their compensation in another sphere, those of the animal creation have, so far as we know, no prospect of this. It can hardly be a compensation to the tortured animal to feel, if it could know it, that its agony was the price of some alleviation to the misery of humanity, and it might be inclined to reply that it had an inalienable right to the life and the happiness which came to it as the gift of God in the ordinary course of nature. But if one creature must be the tortured and another the torturer, I would, as a moral being—hard as the alternative would be—rather take the place of the tortured, and should not enjoy the relief which I knew was purchased by the agony of a poor dumb creature.

—Oh for the days of good St. George and the seven champions of Christendom to rescue fair Lady Truth from her well! The recent up-bubbling to the surface, of that vile sediment of society, *sans* purse, *sans* conscience, *sans* heart, *sans* honour, *sans* self-respect, *sans* everything, at Montreal, is not the worst feature in the revelation of the moment. That is a simple matter which might have necessitated the excision of a few score of scurvy scoundrels whose loss would have been a gain to the community; a matter not worth talking about. The real harm lies in the use of their acts to lay onus on an, at the time, innocent class, honestly striving, as no unprejudiced man can doubt, to avoid riot on the part of windy mischief-makers, empty 'egos,' the filling of whose stomachs depends upon their keeping one set of silly geese constantly hissing at the other, while they themselves pick up the grain on the ground between them. These fellows are like showmen with their constant 'Walk up, walk up, ladies and gentlemen. Here you have the fer-ro-shus lions of the desert!' Then, aside to the assistant behind the canvas, 'Stir the lions up with the long pole, Jack, and make 'em growl.' The growls follow, up flocks the crowd, and, in flow the dollars. Q. E. F. As for the bitter ckerings of religionists—' See how these

Christians love one another,' is as caustic a piece of jocularly to-day as when Bonner or Laud made men's bodies pay for the freaks of their souls. The desire to arbitrate as to your neighbour's religious views is as natural as the wish to govern the colour of his political ticket or the number of his children, and quite as laudable; but they might 'play fair,' as the pathetic and always-respected call to school-boy honour has it. In all affairs of the day, non-political or religious, the question to be put as to any assertion or representation is, 'Which side makes it,' "Catholic" or "Protestant," "Grit" or "Conservative," "Globe" or "Mail." The answer is immaterial; in either case, divide by two, and bail down the remainder with twice its own weight of salt, and you will then possibly get at something like the truth. One would like to know how much political capital, municipal interest, and favour-carrying generally will be made out of this Montreal trouble. Oh times! oh manners! If dogs do delight to bark and bite, 'for 'tis their nature to,' it is but a pitiable business to see two fine animals destroy each other; and a mean, shabby, lying office, fit only for a selfish brute and not an honest man, to be bottle-holder and setter-on in such a devil's game.

—At the risk of wearying the company assembled at the table, I avail myself of the permission of our host, to make some further remarks on the Sabbath question, by way of winding up the discussion. I agree with my friend who spoke last month, that temperate controversy has its uses. In the present instance, it has served to show that we are in substantial accord, in principle, at least. We agree as to the necessity for Sunday observance, and we agree also that it would be unwise to seek to *compel* such observance in any particular fashion, in matters of detail. I also heartily concur in the opinion that it would be better to spend the day in high and serious—not gloomy—thought and converse, than in frivolity. Still, though we are in substantial harmony to this important extent, we apparently differ fundamentally in our reasons for the faith that is in us, and we should be apt to diverge to some extent in applying our principles practically. This divergence is only another phase of the

great controversy between science and religion. My fellow-guest, I fancy, views the subject from a theological standpoint; I, from a purely secular one. In common with the Apostle Paul; with Fathers of the Church such as St. Cyril and St. Jerome; with great reformers and theologians like Luther, Calvin, Erasmus, Grotius, Tyndale, Milton, Bunyan, Paley, Warburton, Mc-Night, and Neander; and with the greatest of modern thinkers—John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer—I hold that 'the Sabbath' is in no sense religiously binding on Christians. The word is a Jewish one, and the institution is equally Jewish. The period set apart for its observance was *Saturday*, the *seventh* day. The Lord's day (that is, *Christ's* day), the Christian festival, on the other hand, is kept on *Sunday*, the *first* day of the week, the day on which Christ rose from the dead, which event, no doubt, led to the selection of the day, which would, consequently, naturally be and actually was kept, not as a day of rest, but as a festival of rejoicing. The Judaic idea of 'rest' was not mixed up with it till long after its institution. Indeed, that idea has never penetrated to any great extent into any section of Christendom except where the English language is spoken, nor even there prior to the rise of the Sabbatarian party in England, in the 16th century, who consistently attempted to change the day of observance from Sunday to Saturday. Among the Jews, the Sabbath, though in theory a day of rest, was always held as a festival of rejoicing, a practice in accord with the spirit of the fourth commandment as given in Deuteronomy v., 12-15, a version, it may be remarked in passing, utterly inconsistent with the earlier and therefore probably less accurate one given in Exodus xx., 8-11. Throughout Christendom, too, up to the rise of the Puritans in England, in the 16th century, almost simultaneously with that of the Sabbatarians, the Sunday was always observed as a day of rejoicing. In fact, the Puritan 'Sabbath' is neither a Jewish nor a Christian institution, but an Anglo-Saxon one, and, moreover, has existed among that race for only about 250 years. Let me not be understood as advocating a return to the old method of spending Sunday afternoons in England, in games and sports such as wrestling and bull-baiting. I simply urge, that, as the

day is made for man, it should be utilised in the best possible way for man's highest benefit, irrespective of any Judaic or theological ideas of 'rest' or 'keeping holy.' I have already intimated that, in my opinion, it would be a blessing if the day, or a portion of it, were *spontaneously* devoted to spiritual concerns, and passed 'in serious thought and solemn contemplation'; and I can quite sympathise with all M. St. Hilaire's belief that France would gain greatly by a reform in this direction. Still, experience shows that such a reform would not be without its special dangers. There are worse vices than frivolity. To be eaten up with spiritual pride is worse. Far worse is that unctuous national Pharisaism (of which there is a good deal yet remaining in Puritan circles in England and Scotland, and which is not altogether unknown in Canada) which rolls up the whites of its eyes in an ecstasy of self-righteousness, and thanks God it is not as those other nations of Babel, the French, Germans, Austro-Hungarians, Swiss, Italians, Spaniards, Portuguese, Greeks, Russians, Swedes, Norwegians, Danes, Hollanders, Belgians, Mexicans, Guatemalans, Peruvians, Chilians, Brazilians, and the rest of the outer sons of darkness, who, in spite of the bright and shining example set them by the children of light of Puritan Anglo-Saxondom, persist in keeping their Sunday as they have kept it ever since they became Christians. It would be an advantage if this spirit of superiority were to turn its eyes downwards occasionally, and contemplate such scenes as are to be witnessed nightly in the Haymarket, the Argyll Rooms, and among the gin-palaces of church-going London; or in Glasgow, at once the most puritanically-Sabbath-keeping and the most drunken city on the face of the earth. Why should not the museums, art-galleries, and libraries in such cities be opened on Sunday afternoons? Surely they would afford opportunities for mental and moral improvement to vast numbers of people who now seek for them in vain. The Rev. Mr. Haweis, the well-known London clergyman, writing recently in favour of the opening of such places on Sunday, in a letter to the London *Echo*, says:—

'While Christians have never been able to convert the Jews, the Jews have converted most Christians to the Sabbatical observation of the Lord's Day; but, in fact, the

rules of the Sabbath have never been authoritatively transferred to the Lord's Day—not by Christ, who declared that even the rigid Sabbath was made for man, and therefore should not be used to hinder or mar his development; not by the Apostles, who told people that they might do as they pleased (Romans xiv., 5, 6), forbade a superstitious observance (Galatians iv., 10, 11), and declared the Sabbath abolished (Colossians ii., 16); not by the Bishops and Fathers of the Church, who, like St. Cyril, Bishop of Jerusalem in the fourth century, forbade the observance of the Sabbath Day, or St. Jerome, who, in describing the Lord's Day, expressly mentions that Christians were free to work after church hours if they pleased; not by the Church Councils, more than one of which contains strictures on the Sabbatical rule; not by Luther in Germany, upon whom the 'Sabbath' rule seemed to act like a red flag, and who ordered his disciples to work, to ride, to feast—to do anything on Sunday rather than set the Lord's Day on a Jewish foundation; not by Calvin, who played bowls on Sunday; not even by old Simeon, who said, although he was strict himself, he did not wish to impose his rules on other people; and lastly, not by anyone who reads his Bible with common intelligence. The first Christians, still under Jewish influence, kept both seventh and first day, but never confounded the Sabbath with Sunday. That was left for some of the Reformers, who—when so many Roman Catholic feasts and festivals were swept away—sought to prop up the Sunday as a day of rest with the Fourth Commandment; and, later on, the Puritans riveted the sophism which has proved a burden too heavy for us or our fathers to bear. Let us state it fairly, then—Sunday is the Christian's Day of free worship, rest, refreshment, and recreation; it is an institution analogous to, but not identical with the Sabbath; and it is of Scriptural indication and of Apostolical precedent. Let us then have done, once for all, with the Scriptural argument, together with all this confusion about what may and may not be done on Sunday, and let us make up our minds that—as long as we conform to certain positive duties, such as rest and refreshment for body, mind, and spirit, not neglecting the assembling of ourselves together for worship, nor those acts

of charity which the followers of St. Paul were specially reminded of on the Lord's Day—no man has a right to judge us in what we choose to do on that day, either in work or play, although we may and ought, out of good feeling, often to waive our rights in order to save the conscience of a weak brother. Generally speaking, all recreation which tends to refresh, invigorate, and relieve—without demoralizing—the mind and body is lawful for Christian people under proper restrictions, and highly conducive to the moral progress of the masses, especially athletic sports, music, lectures, readings, excursions, or visits to museums, art collections, and libraries; and the clergy of all denominations ought to use their authority to define in detail, and their influence to obtain for the masses, such wholesome and exhilarating Sunday recreations.'

The Prince and Princess of Wales, together with the young Princess, Count Gleichen, and a numerous suite, paid a visit on a Sunday, recently, to the Grosvenor Gallery, a new picture-gallery just opened in London. The party made a long inspection, and did not leave the exhibition until seven o'clock, and the Manchester *Guardian* justly remarks: 'Perhaps it may be taken as a sort of royal sanction to the arguments for the opening of art exhibitions and museums on Sundays.' Dean Stanley has also given his sanction to the movement, by taking the chair at a public meeting in London, in favor of opening the museums, galleries, and libraries on Sundays. Apropos of this movement, a good story is told of Prof. Tyndall, who, in making a speech recently in favour of opening the public libraries on Sunday, was unwittingly uncomplimentary to Dean Stanley and some other clergymen who were present, in saying: 'We do not desire to invade the time set apart for the pulpit; we only want half of Sunday for intellectual improvement.' Roars of laughter first suggested to him the uncomplimentary nature of his well-meant remark. Before closing, I may remind my fellow-guests that this whole question was discussed in a very able article, by Mr. McDonnell, of Lindsay, on 'The Day of Rest,' which appeared in the *CANADIAN MONTHLY* for June, 1876, an article which I am glad to say has since been reprinted in pamphlet form.

CURRENT EVENTS.

ON the second of last month, the Dominion—or the major part of it at all events—celebrated the completion of the first decade of its existence. It can scarcely be said that there was any exuberant patriotic enthusiasm in the various local demonstrations. The people were, for the most part, holiday-making—much as they are in the metropolis of the Empire on Whit-Monday—with little reference to Canadian nationality, not more than Londoners consciously make in regard to the day of Pentecost. Yet the opportunity was a favourable one for stock-taking in the political domain—for making out a ten years' balance-sheet, and fairly gauging our profit and loss account under the federative system. Most of the journals took advantage of the occasion to attempt some such task, and, generally speaking, with that care and thoughtfulness which usually command success. The strongly partisan papers, of course, persisted in spreading party homilies before their readers, which it is consoling to think were not read, or seriously heeded, even by the disciples of their respective schools. Still these were not unworthy of attention, and occasionally showed signs of moderation, not usual immediately on the back of picnic demonstrations.

In some Provinces of the Dominion, notably on the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard, there was manifest, here and there, either studied neglect of the day, or violent denunciation of the measure whose practical operation it is designed to keep in memory. Both in British Columbia and in Nova Scotia, there occurred in the press manifest signs of contemptuous indifference, finding vent in congratulations that no notice was taken of the day, or vehement assaults upon the Act of Confederation as a tyrannical usurpation of power. Now it is well to inquire into the causes of this discontent, the aims of those who give it expression, and also their proposed remedy, whether constitutional or administrative. In the Pacific Province, the first are not far to seek. A

very imprudent pledge to achieve an impossibility, given by one Government, and a humiliating attempt to bribe on the part of another, have given the British Columbians a bill of grievances almost as long, and not more genuine, than that thrust in the face of the Imperial Parliament by the Home-Rulers of Ireland. It cannot be urged that the Dominion authorities have been guilty of a breach of faith, since they are as anxious to complete the Inter-oceanic Railway as the Provincials. When the promise was rashly made, the Dominion Treasury could show a large surplus on hand, and if there be any apology for plighting the public faith at that time, the flourishing state of the finances and the natural enthusiasm of the rulers of a new nationality may be pleaded as one. In the first glow of success and promise, some excuse may be admitted on behalf of those who failed to see the 'rocks ahead.' However, the tempest came, and the treacherous peaks appeared above the surface of the main, and our financial interests found themselves in danger of shipwreck. Considering the strain upon the resources of the Dominion, aggravated by commercial depression, the new public works of all kinds, from one ocean to the other, not to speak of the begging for increased subsidies by all the smaller Provinces; is it fair to act as British Columbia or some of its spokesmen have done? The Nova Scotians have had more than their share of the public revenue, and it is rather too late in the day to reproach Canada with an offence, which, supposing it to be real, has been condoned and wiped out by munificent compensation. The people of the Province are not chargeable with the noise and agitation of demagogues now, but they will be if they heed their insane complainings and give them countenance and succour.

With regard to the immediate sins chargeable to the recalitrants, no one can be in any doubt. They have extravagant Governments to support, are constantly clamouring for aid

to purely local works to be constructed by and at the cost of the older Provinces, especially of Ontario, which contributes more than her share by twenty per cent., and gets less in proportion than they do. If British Columbia would draw the line between what is desirable and what is reasonable or even possible, and if the Maritime Provinces would close up all their little Parliaments and unite in a legislative union, they would find the Dominion not only tolerable, but exceedingly profitable to them. That, however, would not suit the malcontents, who are not amenable to reason or justice. They seem to regard the Dominion as an inexhaustible mine of wealth, upon which they may successfully draw, if only they can persuade the Government that they are in the sulks and must be coaxed and pacified. It need hardly be said—though perhaps it is as well to say it—that no reflection is intended to be cast here upon the intelligent people of these Provinces; it seems clear that the so-called discontent there is entirely affected and factitious—a laboured device of interested wire-pullers, for temporary and local purposes.

Now it was indisputably the purpose of Confederation to put an end to parish politics, to sectional quarrels and local jealousies; and if it has not succeeded in building up a noble Dominion extending from Halifax to Vancouver, it has so far failed. Perhaps this important aspect of the case is not yet ripe for examination. There are too many noisy partisans in Parliament, supplemented in the common work of discord and disintegration by a horde of selfish local politicians in every Province, who have not patriotism enough to be forbearing or discreet, and scarcely conscience and intelligence sufficient to keep them passably honest and reasonable. The only diversion familiar to them is the game of 'grab,' which they pursue with ever-increasing zest and eagerness. In short, we are passing through the troublesome stage, with which students of American history are acquainted, extending over the last quarter of the eighteenth century. The statesmen of that era were too single-minded to fan sectional jealousies or play off the interests or prejudices of one State against those of another; and the Union survived the ordeal, and still survives, after passing through the fiery furnace of civil war and the more insidious years of corrup-

tion and 'carpet-bag' tyranny which succeeded.

Those who gladly recognize the wisdom of confederation do not despair of the Dominion's future, although they reluctantly acknowledge its partial failure in the first decade. The state of parties at its inauguration differed in many respects from anything to be found in the early history of the American Union. When the revolution broke out, there were two parties clearly marked and bitterly hostile—the 'patriots' and the loyalists—and the appeal, above all, was not to compromise, but to arms. The primary cause of the great American struggle was, no doubt, the fatuous legislation of the Imperial Parliament, from the ill-omened Stamp Act of George Grenville; but the progress of the struggle, from its inception in New England to its close at Saratoga and Yorktown, was determined by other causes not foreseen by statesmen. Had the war, in its early stages, been pressed with vigour, the result would have been different, although it was perhaps fortunate that it was not. The same folly which inspired the legislation of England, paralysed her arm, by infusing a spirit of contempt for the colonists into the minds of the English people. The reverses which overtook the Americans during the early years of the contest, whilst they nerved the rebels with the strength of desperation, lulled their enemy into false confidence. The triumphs of Howe, and the defeat of Montgomery and Arnold, led to the alliance of France and Spain with the colonies, and the final defeat of the Imperial cause. But they had a further effect, with which we are more concerned here, in uniting the scattered commonwealths and welding them together. Adversity fused them into a homogeneous mass, and paved the way for the foundation of the Federal Union. The loyalists may, or may not, have been in the majority at the outset; at any rate, they formed a large and important element of the population. But revolutions effect rapid changes in human opinion, especially when coercion is employed to chill and dampen loyalty. Moreover, it was not long before the dominant party began to resort to a cruel and disgraceful terrorism, and so it came about that the 'Tories' were either converted, silenced, or banished. After the peace, those who still adhered to Britain

for the most part left the country for ever. Now, whatever may be thought of the brutality and harshness by which the result was brought about, all this was eminently serviceable to the cause of union. Congress had united the colonies, Alexander Hamilton gave them a Federal Constitution—defective in many important respects, as we now know—and the United States Government was consolidated on a purely patriotic basis. This broad statement requires no qualification because of the discussions and diverse opinions on the Constitution, as we need not stop to show.

Now our scheme of Confederation was a *dernier ressort* to avert a catastrophe which was evidently impending. The Coalition which devised it was a hollow one, since, although the bugles of party 'sang truce,' it was only because 'the night-cloud had lowered,' and both belligerents looked forward to the morrow, when they could fly at one another's throats as before. The struggle between the East and West touching the representation was over, but sectionalism was not. It would be nearer the truth to say that the tenant of the house that had been 'swept and garnished,' returned to it in more dangerous companionship than before. Some discordant elements had been left *en délibère*—postponed till a more convenient season—soon to appear in a more serious form. One 'burning question' was got rid of, only to leave the door open for half-a-dozen others. Party had temporarily disappeared, but faction, its hideous counterfeit, was to take its place. The result is visible now, at the end of ten years. Province is played off against Province, and bought by bribes in the shape of subsidies or exorbitant outlays for dubious public works. Religious interests are flattered and purchased: but they usually require purchasing over again. The party feuds of former years have left a baneful heritage behind, and the Dominion is sole legatee. To the American Federalists nothing had to be dealt with but a *tabula rasa*, smoothed and polished by a severe patriotic struggle. They did not break with the past utterly; nor was there need to do so. If the school of Jefferson and Paine had gained the day, the United States would not have lasted a quarter of a century; but wiser heads laid broader foundations on the liberal basis of a common nationality. Canada has been

the victim of a party compromise, and it is much to be feared that years must yet elapse before she recovers from the effects of it.

Yet it is impossible not to observe with pleasure that the experiment, feeble in design and feebler in execution, has wrought much. When our broad prairies are settled, when the weaker elements of our nationality succumb to the stronger and nobler, it will no longer be in the power of the factions to buy off a dozen representatives, or rather their constituents, by a few paltry thousands a year, the purchase and improvement of a harbour, or the construction of branch railways *ad captandum vulgus*. But the goal ought now to be clearly in view, and politicians should learn, if only for the country's sake, that the temporary triumph of this party or of that has little or no value—still less the miserable shifts and unworthy expedients by which to secure or maintain the baser object of office and supremacy. No one need despair with Mr. Goldwin Smith, because of the supposed failure of the National cause. It has not failed and cannot ultimately fail, whatever the organs of faction may assert. Let those *qui hurlent avec les loups* shout with the particular crowd which takes their fancy; thirty years hence the people of the Dominion will be ashamed of the politics in vogue to day. Our ultimate destiny is not annexation to the United States or a precarious independence, with filibustering Blaines to the south of us, but to be a free British dependency, at once the grateful scion and the faithful and potent ally of the mother-stock.

It is a mercy that some respite has been granted to us after the picnic mania. Expositions of great principles are never out of place, and when the discussion is conducted by public men of ability, they constitute an important branch of popular education. On the other hand, of all humiliating spectacles, the most humiliating to self-respect and pernicious to general morals, is the bandying to and fro of personal accusations, the flippant and illogical use of the *tu quoque*, or the deliberate selection, *faute de mieux*, of scandal and counter-scandal as a party policy. Yet that is the stage at which our factions have arrived, and they appear to be proud of it. Page after page of charges or the refutation of charges is

served up day after day, sometimes weeks after they have been submitted to the public. They are elaborated, polished, made plausible and logical, or else are served up, in small quantities, with appropriate enlargements or rebuttals editorial. Now, how many converts have been made during the pic-nic campaign, on either side—nay, who reads these dreary columns, save out-and-out partisans and opponents in search of weak points? One can understand Mr. Gladstone successfully arraiging Turkey before popular opinion, Mr. Trevelyan urging the County Franchise Bill, or Mr. Thos. Hughes pleading against the Liberationists or the Ritualists, for the National Church; but who can get anything but disgust, not information, from the fifty-times-told tales of the Pacific Scandal, the Secret Service, the Georgian Bay Branch, the Steel Rails, or any other job? Public demonstrations in England, where great principles are at stake, are a healthy agency, because they either instruct and convince, or provoke manly and honest discussion; here their influence is altogether demoralizing, since no man who attends them can fail to conclude that one or other, or both, of the factions are hopelessly corrupt. The worst feature in the matter is, that in nine cases out of ten, the partisan really finds a mare's nest when he discovers a scandal, and his only object is to delude the people, making the most of his slender material by hammering it out so as to cover the widest surface. Unlike the malleable metals, scandal, the baser it is in value or quality, can be beaten out the more readily and with more temporary advantage, by the political mechanic who is at work upon it. Neither party will recover the respect of the people until it takes its stand upon some principle, not a catch-word or a pretence, but a reality, and eschews 'evil-speaking, lying, and slandering.'

One of the many distasteful features in the prevailing system of party tactics, is the sinister colouring given to the acts, and even the motives, of opponents. Those who have read specimens of the vacation rhetoric on both sides, cannot fail to have remarked the entire want of consideration for the feelings and reputations of others which marks the attack or vindication, whichever it may chance to be. The same facts and figures are so distorted, that a dis-

passionate judgment is wholly at a loss when it seeks to arrive clearly at the truth. Where an English statesman would say that his opponent's policy is a mistaken one, or his administration has been blundering, the Canadian politician habitually attributes immoral motives and corrupt action. All the so-called scandals have a certain substratum of truth to rest upon, but the superstructure owes much to an uncharitable fancy, if not to a wilful perversion of the facts of the case. The prime virtue of the contemporary partisan is not that which 'thinketh no evil,' but that which denies that there is good anywhere out of his own fold. It is a sort of political Pharisaism, directly leading to popular pessimism—a disbelief in political virtue anywhere. Take the case of the steel rails, for example. It is quite possible to regard Mr. Mackenzie's purchase as an error in judgment, and to contend that it involved a great loss of money to the country: but that will not answer the purposes of faction. Corruption must not be vaguely insinuated, but broadly charged, and the name of the Premier's brother unjustifiably dragged in to give the charge an air of verisimilitude. Politicians now-a-days feel it necessary to daub on their colours thickly and coarsely, and not to spare the varnish-brush. For our own part, it seems impossible, from what is known of Mr. Mackenzie, to believe that he was swayed by any corrupt motive, and the undignified rage with which he repelled the imputation confirms that view of the case. It is true that guilt will sometimes simulate anger, but the *mens sibi conscia recti* alone really loses its temper and balance. The real and spurious article, however, differ widely both in character and mode of manifestation, and can generally be distinguished without serious difficulty. To any one who impartially considers the matter, it would be difficult to imagine that the Premier's passion was other than genuine, or that his acerbity resulted from any other cause than the natural recoil of a sensitive man of integrity and honour. At the same time, it is clear that he did commit an error in judgment when he purchased so large a quantity of rails, not immediately or even now needed, in a falling market. It is true that the steel and iron manufactures form a special department of themselves, and

that the Premier could hardly be expected to possess any profound acquaintance with that department of commerce; still it should be frankly confessed that a mistake was made. Mr. Mackenzie, doubtless, took the soundest advice at his command, and acted, as he believed, for the best; but that ought not to prevent him from admitting that he and his advisers miscalculated. It is the weak side of a vehement nature not only to vindicate its honesty from unjust aspersions, but to assert the soundness of its every judgment—to claim, in fact, not only integrity of purpose, but infallibility in all its acts and designs. The Premier, being vehement, attempts to justify what is commercially unjustifiable, and his opponents taunt him with corrupt motives which never existed. This is the way in which our parties carry on warfare, after ten years of confederation. The instances in point are many; but we may merely allude to two unjust charges against the leader of the Opposition—the Secret Service matter and the Northern Railway subscription to his testimonial. The first was a cowardly accusation, because those who made it were well aware that Sir John could not produce conclusive proof on his own behalf, and yet sufficient evidence was forthcoming to show that the charge, hinted at rather than formally preferred, had no foundation. The other was equally mean and baseless, because, in the evidence of Sir John, Mr. Macpherson, and all concurred in the testimonial, it clearly appeared that the Premier could not, and in fact, did not, know that a dollar had been subscribed from the funds of the Northern Railway. The dominant party has not one single fact to present in evidence, although upon them rests the *onus probandi*, and a verdict of not guilty would be given by any jury without leaving the box. These cases are mentioned to show the depth of degradation reached by parties which have degenerated into factions, and we contend that a few years more of such tactics, will shake the stability of the Dominion to its very foundation.

It is a saying 'something musty,' that figures may be made to mean or prove anything, from a philosophical theory, however paradoxical, to the balance-sheet of a bankrupt, no matter how suspicious. Politicians are, as might be anticipated, skilled

in their manipulation. Most people have generally, no time, inclination, or aptitude for the examination of complicated statistics. Many years ago, somebody remarked that there were only two persons in Parliament thoroughly acquainted with the Provincial finances—the Hon. Francis Hincks and Mr. George Brown. The number has been largely increased since 1867; yet it still remains true that the bulk of the people are fairly bewildered in the labyrinth of figures, and wander through them 'in endless mazes lost.' They are fond of ease, and do not at all like to be dazed and puzzled; the readiest way, therefore, for the partisan, is to select his oracle, and believe everything it utters by faith, as if it were a part of Holy Writ. The financial jugglery of the leaders is certainly more dignified and less demoralizing than the policy of scandal, but not more ingenious. It is unnecessary to notice all the conflicting statements drawn from the same figures in the Public Accounts: one example will suffice. In Mr. Cartwright's Colborne speech, he stated that the late Government had, during the period 1867-74, increased the gross expenditure from \$13,500,000 to \$23,316,000—an increase of ten millions, to which he added another three for liabilities incurred, making in all thirteen millions of dollars. The Finance Minister contrasted with this an increase under the three years of his own Administration, of only from three to four hundred thousand dollars. The Premier, with the same figures at his command, stated in Parliament that the increase under the Macdonald régime was eleven millions of dollars, and under his own one million and a half. Now *audi alteram partem*. The Hon. Mr. Macpherson has reprinted, in pamphlet form, his speeches in the Senate on financial matters. In mentioning this *brochure*, we may notice, in passing, that the *Globe* has unconsciously borne testimony to its importance, by pouring out the vials of its Billingsgate wrath upon the writer. Mr. Macpherson complains that the Premier has overstated the expenditure of 1873 by nearly \$700,000. Then follows the everlasting dispute on the question how far, if at all, the present Government is responsible for the expenditure of the fiscal year 1873-4. Into that we have no space to enter; but it may be stated that the financial

year extends from June 30th in one year to the same date in the following. Now Mr. Mackenzie came into power on the 7th November, 1873, and Mr. Macpherson's contention is that his Government must be held responsible for two-thirds of the expenditure, whilst Mr. Cartwright maintains stoutly that it is not answerable for any part of it. To an impartial but unskilled listener to both sides, it would appear that each has exaggerated his case and that the truth lies between them. Mr. Macpherson urges that a fairer account of the increase under the late Administration would be obtained by comparing 1868 with 1872-3, and then it would be found to be only five millions, seven hundred thousand nearly. And even taking in 1874, it would only be nine millions, eight hundred thousand, instead of eleven or thirteen millions. He then passes on to the increase under Mr. Mackenzie, which he claims as over three millions, six hundred thousand, but then he takes 1873 as his starting point. The difference between Ministerial and Opposition conclusions would appear much more glaring if we could descend to details; but let any one read Mr. Cartwright's statements, in and out of Parliament, on the one hand, and Mr. Macpherson's pamphlet or Dr. Tupper's utterances on the other, and he will have very little faith in financial statements.

Whether it be that the oppressive heat of the dog-days has driven thousands of men mad, or that lawlessness occurs, in its wildest forms, periodically, or from whatever other cause, it is certain that the 'dangerous classes' were peculiarly dangerous and unmanageable during the month of July. The terrible destruction of life and property caused by the railway strike, the onslaught upon the Chinese in San Francisco, and the Orange troubles in Montreal and Charlottetown, were the most serious manifestations of lawlessness on this continent; although minor instances of a similar character have occurred elsewhere. The Montreal riot and the murder of one unoffending young man touch us most nearly, because the feud which caused it is religious, of old standing, and likely to recur periodically. The term 'religious,' as used in common parlance, is a ludicrous misapplication of a much abused word. There is, in truth, no religious principle involved in the matter at

all—the *animus* of both parties being distinctly at variance with the plainest teachings of Christianity. There can be no doubt that the rational and peace-loving masses of our population are strenuously opposed to all offensive party processions. All party processions are not necessarily offensive—a fact which some of the journals have overlooked, when contending that any attempt to draw a line is impossible. If the supporters of the Dunkin by-law chose to parade the streets with bands and banners, that would be a party demonstration; yet, whatever rational men might think of its wisdom, it could not offend or arouse the evil passions, even of the tavern-keepers. Torchlight or other receptions of party chiefs, or the little explosions of triumph which follow elections, are not generally dangerous, because the opponents console themselves with the reflection that every political dog has his day, and that if they do not triumph here, their party is triumphant somewhere else. National processions, again, are only to be deprecated when creed influences cause dissension, as in the case of Ireland; yet there is no valid reason why the Irish Protestant Benevolent Society should not walk without giving umbrage to anyone. St. Patrick was, perhaps, a better Protestant, and King William III. a worse one, than either of the parties who use their names imagine. The Catholic societies and their clerical and lay spokesmen are to blame if they are not in the same category with the sons of St. George and St. Andrew. But it is not altogether agreeable to the feelings of a loyal community to see Fenians imported from Buffalo on the national festival, to hear the lugubrious drone of 'The Wearing of the Green' or the reasonable utterances of Power St. orators. Still, as a general rule, the people can afford to smile at these vagaries as eccentric, instead of breaking the heads of those who indulge in them. It is the conscious strength of the vast majority which makes them so indifferent. Purely religious processions, again, ought not to offend rational men; they appear puerile and foolish, but that is all that need be said or thought about them. The pilgrimage of last year which gave rise to disgraceful riots or, the *Fête Dieu* or *Corpus Christi* displays in Quebec, are perfectly innocent, and ought to be an offence to no one, so long as the Protestant by-

stander is not compelled by force to commit what he believes to be an act of idolatry, by doing homage to the Host. In Ontario, Orange processions provoke no breach of the peace; but they stir up a good deal of bad blood, which causes eruptions on the surface from time to time. In Quebec they are unquestionably mischievous, and common charity, no less than common sense, condemns them.

The Orange society may be briefly described as a volunteer contingent of irregulars, which has taken upon itself the defending of the Protestant faith and the offending of those who adhere to the Catholic Church. In strongly Protestant communities, it is an excrescence of no earthly use; and in strongly Catholic ones it does no good, and may do a great deal of harm. To talk of it as the bulwark of Protestantism, or of civil and religious liberty, is the most puerile of absurdities. Its antecedents are against it here and elsewhere. Being by nature intolerant, it is out of the question to speak of Orangeism as the protector of anything but its own narrow prejudices. It has always been ranged on the side of class and creed distinctions, and must abide by the verdict of history. The enemy of anything like freedom or equality, either in religion or politics, as it has always been, no one can expect from its adherents now, either consideration or active exertion for the feelings or rights of others. One has only to imagine the passions aroused in the mind of an ill-educated Catholic Irishman to whom the feud of the colours is an hereditary possession, when the orange is flaunted in his face, and when he hears tunes wedded to words, strange indeed as coming from the champions of religious freedom—'Teatur, tauter, holy water, sprinkle the Catholics, every one,' or that Bashi-bazouk utterance, 'the face of a Papist daren't be seen.' The Orange gospel, in short, is one, not of toleration, but of suppression.

The commercial metropolis of Quebec is the last place in which such a demonstration can be justified. If there were any purpose to be served by it; if anyone could believe for a moment, that the 'ear-piercing fife,' the blare of brass, or the thumping of sheepskin were religious agencies, or that the sermons of such men as Mr. Doudiet could be of utility, it would be different; but it is far otherwise. The

pulpit, whether tenanted by the pupil of Father Chiniquy or by Father Leclair has done here as elsewhere a world of mischief, and the *Witness* and *True Witness* are on an equally bad eminence in the press. Against Ultramontanism and its aggressions in Quebec we have often protested, and shall do so again whenever it rears its head. But the contest, as in Germany and France and Italy, is not between ecclesiastics of either narrow section of the Church militant, but between the supremacy of the State and the overweening assumptions of Vaticanism. To deal with these we require neither processions nor frothy oratory, but the firm decision of the law; and, to drive back the tide, the calm dignity and peremptory judgment of the Supreme Court are worth all the Orangemen in both hemispheres put together.

Let us now turn to another phase of the subject. Party processions are legal; therefore Orange processions are so, and the intended parade in Montreal unquestionably was legal. Now, whatever is legal ought to be under the protection of law, however we may doubt its propriety. The Mayor of Montreal, however, chose to put a strange construction upon the duties devolving upon him as a conservator of the public peace, attempting to draw a distinction between bodies of individuals and their separate units. He would protect the latter but not the former—the members of the Orange Society as individuals but not as a body—with this singular result in the end, that he resolved to protect neither the one nor the other. Individuals, even if they chose to walk two deep in the middle of the street in a line, were entitled to protection, but they could not receive it, because they were not recognized as a body. Now incorporation has nothing whatever to do with the right to protection, civil or military; it simply confers a right to sue and be sued under a corporate name—nothing more. Incorporation cannot enforce the right to corporate protection, neither can want of incorporation take away from any number of individuals associated together the right which attaches to each of them separately. Above all, it was M. Beaudry's business to preserve the peace, not as against those who were within their legal rights, but those who assailed them. Does the Mayor mean to say that if any of the innumerable Catholic societies unincorporated

had made an appeal to him he would have returned that imbecile answer?

The Orangemen, reluctantly as was natural, abandoned their procession. In doing so they must be credited not only with forbearance but with great moral courage. It is only to be hoped that they will not follow the wild counsels of the Rev. Mr. Doudiet, who has reason to be ashamed of himself for his anti-Christian conduct from first to last, but resolve, at once, or as soon as reason has mastered passion and just indignation, not to undertake another. The murder of poor Hackett after the Orangemen had withdrawn every pretext for lawlessness was cowardly and brutal, but it is too much to visit the acts of the Irish roughs upon all Irish Catholics. There is a class in every community whose passions are their guide, as well as their incentive to action; and when these are fairly aroused, the rowdy and murderous demon 'is spoiling for a fight,' and will have one at any risk. If Mayor Beaudry or the magistrates had called upon the military on Thursday as they did on Monday, there would have been no riot and no murder, and to their pusillanimity the *fracas* from first to last must be charged. The *True Witness*, rabid and unscrupulous as usual, is bent upon fanning the flame which still smoulders on both sides. Like the Doudiets and Leclairs of the clergy, but in yet more violent language, it has deliberately set to work to excite, alarm, and provoke, instead of striving to allay the trouble. It demands that the law shall step in and stop Orange processions, and that Quebec shall have Home Rule on the subject. The reply is that the plan has been tried before and failed, and further, that Quebec has as much 'home rule' now as is good for the people, in ecclesiastical matters. The only sort of rule wanted there is a firm and impartial exercise of authority in vindication of the law, and that is certainly abroad rather than at home under the Mayoralty of M. Beaudry. Much as reasonable men may be opposed to Orangeism, they are equally opposed to unfair coercive laws curtailing the liberties of any class of the Queen's subjects. If processions are made illegal, they must be prohibited without distinction; and to that we are also opposed because any abridgment of popular liberty would be as improper and impolitic as it would be futile. Our hope is that as the

country, imbued with a spirit of nationality, grows in strength and population, as well as in intelligence and a just view of one's neighbours rights and feelings, we shall get rid of these old-world feuds and dissensions—which had better be left at home, or rather should be strangled in the land of their birth. It is to the growing power of the Canadian spirit of sound sense, prudence, and charity that we must look for eventual triumph over the demon of sectarian bitterness. And it is not past praying for that, even in the immediate future, Orangemen themselves, convinced of the folly, the inutility, and the danger of these childish displays, will quietly abandon them as the Imperial Parliament eliminated the Gunpowder Treason service from the Book of Common Prayer.

The wave of turbulence and disorder which has swept over the United States, from Baltimore to San Francisco, discloses to view, with fearful vividness, the substratum of lawless recklessness and criminality which underlies American society. It used to be the boast of our neighbours that their institutions were so free, the intelligence and education of the people so immeasurably superior to those of other nations, that they were under no apprehension of any popular uprisings, such as the Old World has periodically witnessed and groaned under. The question of slavery disposed of, there was no danger which even approached the verge of probability, or need be seriously taken into account. They have a ridiculously small standing army, and Gen. Grant the other day, not without a suspicion of the motive which nerves Senator Gotobed in Mr. Anthony Trollope's latest novel, remarked that he had seen a larger number of troops in camp at Aldershot than the entire American army contained. And this is the outcome of it. A devouring flame, literal as well as metaphorical, sweeping across the Union from the Atlantic to the Pacific; a terrible loss of life, a wanton destruction of untold millions of property, a paralysis of production, trade, and transport, and, in some districts, the gaunt spectres of famine and distress. Gen. Grant's noted standing army, too small to be of the slightest use upon the scene, if it could spread itself over the devastated surface, was for the most part far away, fighting the

Indians in Idaho, cowing the Mormons, or settling the border question on the Mexican frontier. The militia has proved itself an utter failure, save in exceptional cases; undisciplined, it fires without orders and suffers for it, and occasionally fraternizes with the mob from which it sprang. Whatever else may result from this terrible revolt of the proletariat, it may safely be predicted that the army of the United States will not be permitted to remain small any longer, or be pointed at by American guests to English hosts as an evidence of peace, content, and national superiority.

The cause of the outbreak is not so readily stated as its occasion. The railway strikers have risen from different causes in different localities—mainly from a necessary reduction in the rate of wages. The depression of trade has produced a serious diminution in traffic, and the large number of railways, necessary in times of plenty, seems to have aggravated the evil. Railway managers have been compelled to underbid each other by lowering freight and passenger rates, or drop out of the running. Now there is a minimum below which profits cannot be suffered to fall, because the capital invested would at once be withdrawn and staked more profitably elsewhere. When the carrying-trade suffers by a commercial crisis, failing crops, or any other cause, the first palliative resorted to is a reduction of freight tariffs so as to attract business, but in the end this necessitates a reduction of expenses, including wages. No number of strikes, however unanimous and formidable, still less a system of brutal terrorism followed by a wholesale destruction of corporate or individual property, can mend matters in the least. These uprisings serve only to intensify the distress to an incalculable degree. At this moment it is impossible to make a proximate estimate—or any estimate at all—of the fearful damage wrought by the criminal deeds of July. Under the inspiration of professional demagogues, the unreasoning and unintelligent amongst the working-men have been taught to believe that their employers wantonly lower the rate of wages, when the fact is they cannot help it, and therefore cannot be made to help it by strikes and violence. In fact, the latter render them still less able to meet the wishes of their employees. There seems to be a

notion that the wages-fund is practically inexhaustible, and those who are deluded by it appear naively ignorant of the inflexible laws which rule the relations between capital and labour. Moreover, they are inordinately selfish, because their war-cry is that although all others must suffer, the workman shall not. He must have the same rate of wages, no matter where it comes from, and has not yet learnt the lesson that, in a time of distress, he cannot get it at all, either by fair means or foul, and that when the social body is suffering, he, as one of its members, must suffer with it.

It is in vain to urge that the cost of living is higher, and that therefore it is unreasonable that wages should be reduced. It is not a matter of equity, but of dire necessity. Like other classes of society, the working-men must economize, live a more frugal and thrifty life until trade revives and better times return. A strife between capital and labour is unnatural, because they are by nature allies and fellow-helpers, the one unable to flourish without the other. To do further injury to commerce by outrage is to arrest the wheels of progress, and retard the advent of prosperity. It seems singular that rational men should imagine they can get richer by killing or maiming the goose that lays the golden eggs. The remedies proposed are, of course, legislative. When men are in trouble they imagine that Parliament or Congress is omnipotent to save, forgetting the fable of Hercules and the carter. One sapient Congressman is going to demand a vote of ten millions of dollars 'for the labouring men of the country,' a wilder whim even than 'the organization of labour,' practically put to the test in 1848 by Ledru Rollin, Louis Blanc, and Albert, *ouvrier*. Far down in the south-west, at Galveston, the assembled working-men clamour for a law to make it a penal offence for any corporation or firm to advertise for men so long as there are sufficient in the locality to supply the demand—they fixing the rate of wages, of course, as they choose. It is to be feared that the march of intellect is proceeding at a snail's pace.

Let us now look at some of the salient features of this formidable outbreak. To begin with, the extent of the strikes is noteworthy. They are not confined to railway men, but embrace many other branches of labour, even down to cigar-makers. It

is difficult to say how far this movement was preconcerted; we are inclined to think, from its sporadic character, that it was not. Outside the railway men there has been no general strike, and it is possible that the other ebullitions are partly the offspring of the wide-spread distress, and partly the result of that mysterious infection which is propagated by sympathy. It is true that the cords which bind the trades-unions together are, where possible, tightly drawn; yet it is a noticeable fact that, in many cases, the attempt to involve some classes of artizans in the general chaos has failed—a promising sign for the future. The right to combine ought to be held sacred both for employers and employed. Any number of workmen have a right to say as a body—‘these are our terms, accept them or we leave your employ,’ though they have no right to coerce or intimidate those who differ from them. Now it must not be forgotten that the working-man of to-day is not as his predecessor of the last generation. Combination has given his class power, and is gradually widening the sphere of his intelligence. The time is not far distant when, unlike the blind Polyphemus roaring and striking about wildly in his cave, he will use his power reasonably and well. It is noticeable, further, that the bulk of the excesses were not committed by the strikers, but were the work of roughs, tramps, thieves, and the ‘dangerous class’ generally. But this should teach the rational working-man the imminent risk he is running when he puts his machinery in motion. The snowball heedlessly set rolling from a mountain-top may soon become an avalanche, uprooting trees, devastating crops, and overwhelming villages. Trains of cars were wrecked, and huge piles of buildings fired, often for the mere purpose of plunder. At Pittsburg, a mob of unkempt women, emulating the example of the Amazons who marched to Versailles in 1789, and the *petroleuses* of the Commune, were foremost at the work. All these bad elements, as has often been remarked, rise to the surface, by some law of human chemistry, in times of popular ferment; society ‘has bubbles as the water hath, and these are of them.’

Much has been made of the appearance of a communistic spirit during the disturbances—much more than need have been

made. It is only another symptom of a social *bouleversement*, and is sure to prove ephemeral. There have been many examples of Communism in history, and they have usually marked a period of transition. Sometimes they have a religious tinge, as in the German peasants war of 1525, and Lollardy culminating in Wat Tyler’s rebellion in England; sometimes a social cast, as under Jack Cade; again, they arise from political and class oppression, as in the Revolution of 1789. But they never last, and usually pave the way for military rule. On the 5th of October, 1789, the women of Paris were clamouring at Versailles, and on the 5th of October, 1795, Napoleon Bonaparte mowed down the mob with his artillery on the day of the Sections. Nor do we believe that universal suffrage is the cause of the American disturbances; it is rather the safety valve of the Union. Universal suffrage is not desirable either theoretically or practically, and no thinking man would urge it upon any people. It has often been a potent engine in the hands of a usurper; but it is neither the ogre nor the goddess extremists take it to be. At any rate, no other system is now possible in the United States, and it will always be neutralised in a plutocratic country like the Union by the overwhelming power of property. ‘Knowledge is power,’ and when allied to wealth it is practically, and always in the long run, irresistible.

Finally, the utter impotence of the American governmental system to control popular uprisings, or protect persons and property, is manifest. Thackeray says somewhere in his Paris Sketch Book, that several European governments are too strong, and that the United States has no government at all. The events of last month prove that there is at least a grain of truth in the observation. The executive power collapsed temporarily under an unusual strain, and the restoration of order was left to volunteer efforts and vigilance committees, or postponed until the lawless movement had spent its force. The price of provisions has taken a sudden leap upward, business has been brought almost to a standstill, and there are not wanting forewarnings of deep distress and a consequent increase of crime during the autumn and winter. It is fortunate, no doubt, that the uprising took place so early in the year; but there is a feeling

of unrest and anxiety amongst the wealthy class which cannot fail to leave its mark upon the legislation of Congress during the approaching session. There is a cry for a larger standing army, and there can be no doubt it will be heard and answered. Our neighbours are passing through a crisis, political and social as well as commercial, of which no man can foresee the end. For our part we have confidence in the recuperative resources of the great republic, and in the intelligence and sound practical sense of its people, and there appears to be no fear as to the ultimate result. It must be remembered that Europe has contributed more than a contingent to the army of crime and violence; the civil war left a legacy of danger behind it, for the surrender of General Lee let loose upon the North a horde of vagabonds, the saviours of the Union, if you please, in 1860-5, but the tramps, the roughs, the 'dangerous classes' of to-day. All this peril may be surmounted by firmness and wisdom, and we believe Mr. Hayes and his cabinet are firm and capable enough to do their duty. While General Grant is busy airing his vulgarity in Europe, his successor has been endeavouring to repair the mischief Grantism has wrought in the Union; instead of urging for 'one hour of Grant,' as some one is said to have done the other day, every American should rejoice that the dream of a third term was rudely dispelled, and that a well-meaning civilian, rather than a reckless and blundering soldier, is at the helm of the affairs. Were the ex-President's policy in the South transferred, *mutatis mutandis*, to the North, it would shiver the Union to atoms. What is wanted is not a blind, brutal application of force, but an intelligent, thoughtful, yet firm and unhesitating grappling with the difficulties of the time. Merely the outer rim of the wave reached Canada, and only touched the Southern line, which is, to all intents and purposes, American. The shrewdness of Mr. Broughton and the praiseworthy disposition of the men have preserved the Great Western from any trouble. The only overt act of violence which we see to condemn within our own limits, was the absurd attempt made to prevent the transport of passengers from St. Thomas, by the Great Western, and of that, too much ought not to be made. It may, in the future, be a serious question,

and even now it deserves attention, how far prospective changes in the American system, especially the enlargement of its army, may alter the relations between the Dominion and the Union. The subject is too large a one to be entered on here, but it does seem proper that the Government should watch what is going on across the lines with care, and consider its probable effects upon the commerce, general prosperity, and national *status* of Canada.

The submission of a by-law to put in force the Dunkin Act of 1864 in Toronto, has given rise to a great popular agitation. The friends of the law are well organized and enthusiastic, and unquestionably earnest and sincere. It has seemed unnecessary to enter into the discussion before in this department of the Magazine; however, during the last few months our readers have had the opportunity of reading pleas on both sides. Even now, when a 'current event' of surpassing importance claims attention, the subject is approached with reluctance, though without a shadow of doubt. That terrible evils have been inflicted upon individuals and society by intemperance, unfortunately admits of no doubt. The evidence is before our eyes, for the vice of drunkenness, unlike most others, is not furtive and secretive, but blatant, obtrusive, and obvious. It is perhaps the mere fact of this being its salient characteristic that has marked it out for special notice, whilst others, which are not less destructive to mind and body, are seldom or never singled out for rebuke, still less for stern legislative action. Now, in endeavouring to take a calm survey of the question, it is necessary to avoid personal reflections, and to approach the matter quietly, and if possible, judicially. No one can fail to have observed that the tone of both parties has, generally speaking, been vastly improved by contact and discussion, though we are sorry to say not always so. It is hardly *à propos* to a serious debate for a reverend gentleman to call a speaker 'not the makings of a man,' or for Mr. Rine to say that another is a 'snipe.' That is a method of argumentation which hardly benefits a winning cause.

In endeavouring to examine the Dunkin Act upon its merits, there are several matters to be taken into preliminary consideration. It is not, strictly speaking, a prohibi-

tory law, but only a restrictive one. Yet it is, or may be made prohibitory to a large portion of the population, and thus lay itself open to the odium which awaits all class legislation. But that again opens up a wider question. If a man, or a number of men clubbing together, purchase liquor to the amount of five gallons, at a cheaper rate than he or they can obtain it by the glass, will not the result, *prima facie*, be, that more liquor will be consumed, and that more rapidly? Moreover, it is extremely likely that there is a large class of drinkers hovering upon the border-land between the moderate indulgence and abuse of strong drinks, who feel unable to trust themselves, knowing their weakness, with barrels and demijohns at their homes, that would be hurled over the precipice by a necessity imposed by this Statute. The system of treating is unquestionably an abominable nuisance; but if it were prohibited in saloons, would it not take refuge in homes, clubs, and places infinitely worse? There appears to be serious danger that instead of destroying the virus, you may assist in spreading it. The provision which renders it necessary to take five gallons to homes where liquor was never kept before, makes it possible that many houses now free from drinking might be made treating-places and schools for the uprearing of inebriates. The result would be much as if a small-pox hospital were demolished, and those afflicted with that loathsome disease were sent back to the midst of their families. No such law, therefore, can be effective, in the sense of preventing intemperance, which does not first eradicate the appetite for stimulants from human nature. Baron Liebig, although he was an enemy to the use of alcoholic drinks, frankly admitted that—how it was he could not say—the taste for stimulants was universal, and to deprive men of one was to drive him to another. History, and such more or less impartial evidence as we can gather, prove the futility of legislative attempts at regulating an appetite, which is rational and certainly innocent, like other human appetites, when properly indulged, and like them, becomes a vice in the abuse. 'Be not drunken with wine, wherein is excess,' is the only Prohibitory Liquor Law sanctioned by the Gospel. It appears to us, therefore, that no legislative measure pro-

hibiting the use, or what comes to the same thing, the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, could ever be made of any use as a check to drunkenness; and that measures of restriction, to be wholesome and effective, must be reasonable and moderate, and have for their object the regulation of the traffic, not its destruction, since any effort to compass the latter will only prove a delusion and snare.

On the abstract question of right and justice, it is unnecessary to enter here at length, because that aspect of the question was ably and, to our mind, convincingly presented in the last number, by Mr. Allen of Kingston. The *onus probandi* rests, however, upon the advocates, not upon the opponents, of a coercive measure such as this, and it is strange that no attempt has yet been made to demonstrate the soundness of their position. It is quite certain that no writer on the sphere of government, however much he may be opposed to the doctrine of *laissez faire*, has ever taken the sweeping ground occupied by this Act. There is a constant tendency here to employ the words 'power' and 'right,' as if they were convertible terms. Parliament, in a certain rough sense, is omnipotent; but, there are many measures which have been passed and enforced with rigour, which were obviously the grossest violations of 'right.' No one doubts the power to enact such statutes as the Act *de hæretico comburendo*, the Act of Uniformity, the Five Mile Act, the Test and Corporations Act, &c., and the many acts against the Catholics. The power is unquestionable, but now-a-days everyone agrees that it was not right to exercise that power. Parliament has the strength of many giants; yet desirable as it may be to possess a giant's power (as our great dramatist puts it), 'it is tyrannous to use it like a giant.' The confusion of language referred to evidently arises from not discriminating between the ethical or equitable, and the juridical senses of the term 'right.' Right is often confounded with expediency; and certainly the legislator must consider expediency to be ordinarily the basis of law; still, where individual rights are concerned, to say that they may be abridged solely on the ground of expediency, without regard to the immutable laws of justice, is to sanction the plea of bigotry and tyranny in all ages. What is

not right *per se*, can never be expedient, and, in the long run, must ignominiously fail. The well-known definition of natural law in the Pandects, is to the point: its 'precepts are three—to live honourably (*honeste*), not to injure another, and to render to every man what is his.' Now it is, of course, evident that this maxim applies to individuals; but obviously the last two precepts apply also to governments, whenever they meddle with individual freedom. It is as culpable in governments to wrong or injure any man or to withhold his rights from him, as it is for individuals to do so. Therefore it appears to us that the Dunkin Act, and, in a greater degree, the Maine Law, of which the former is the forerunner, transgress the plain principles of justice. Amongst the least disputable rights naturally belonging to men is the right to choose their meats and drinks. Regulating laws, such as the Adulteration Acts, acts relating to *abattoirs*, &c., and Licensing Acts, are perfectly within the sphere of government; but when they take the form of prohibition or restriction amounting to partial prohibition, they clearly violate one of the cardinal rules of natural justice, because they trespass upon individual rights. Now it is urged that although it may not be right, strictly speaking, to interfere with a man's diet, the evils of intemperance are so glaring and so terrible that it may be justifiable to do so, in order to suppress them. What is that but a circumlocution for—let us 'do evil that good may come'? Moreover, supposing we admit the argument, several questions arise:—Are measures of this kind likely to suppress intemperance, even if enforced? Are they likely to be, or can they be, so enforced as to compass their end? Would they be supported by so strong a power of public opinion as to make them effective? Is the Act it is proposed to put in operation adequate to the needs of the case, either in its scope or practical machinery? Now all these questions, without exception, ought to be answered in the affirmative, when it is proposed to deprive some, engaged in a legal trade, of their business without compensation, and to judge others, contrary to the admonition of St. Paul, touching meats and drinks; and not only to judge, but to coerce. People who desire to restrict original and indefeasible rights, ought to be sure that they occupy a

position completely unassailable on every side. Yet it would not be difficult to show that every one of these interrogatories ought to be answered in the negative.

On the main question, as well as upon these subordinate but highly important ones, it would be easy to multiply authorities. Leaving Mill and Herbert Spencer on one side, it is better to give two passages from the well-known work of Sir James Fitzjames Stephen, because he is opposed to Mr. Mill's theory of individual rights: 'A law which enters into a direct contest with a fierce imperious passion, which the person who feels it does not admit to be bad, and which is not directly injurious to others, will generally do more harm than good,' &c. (*Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity*, American edition, page 148). *A fortiori*, a law which prevents or seriously impairs the temperate indulgence of any taste or appetite, not only not admitted to be bad, but deemed natural and salutary, and not the result of 'a fierce, imperious passion,' must also be mischievous as it is certainly unjust. Once more: 'Legislation ought in all cases to be graduated to the existing level of morals in the time and country in which it is employed. You cannot punish anything which public opinion, as expressed in the common practice of society, does not strenuously and unequivocally condemn. To try to do so is a sure way to produce gross hypocrisy and furious reaction. To be able to punish, a moral majority must be overwhelming' (page 159). Now these are the words of a jurist who, believing in the expediency doctrine, deems the sphere of legislation to be practically illimitable; and it may now be asked, tried by this test,—'the common practice of society,'—can it for a moment be contended that the 'moral majority' in favour of prohibition or restrictive legislation, is overwhelming? Every one knows that it is not. That juries, even where the Act is in force, would acquit transgressors of it in the vast majority of cases is certain; and although we agree that the notion juries have of administering certain crude principles of equity or common-sense in place of the law—the 'what-they-think-ought-to-be' fancy, as Baron Bramwell termed it—is unjustifiable, surely the fact that they cherish this notion and act upon it, is powerful evidence that the law is

not sustained by public opinion in such cases. Indeed, when forging, sheep-stealing, or larceny where the value of the article stolen exceeded five shillings, were capital offences, this reluctance or refusal to convict was urged by Sir Samuel Romilly and his coadjutors, as a strong reason for the abolition of the death penalty. Judge Gowan recently, in one of his able charges, complained that the magistrates were acting in a similar manner in the county of Simcoe, and the *Globe* complains of the County Judges in Prince Edward and Grey. Now there is still less excuse for them than for juries; but their conduct shows that the 'moral majority' is not overwhelming, otherwise neither judges, magistrates, nor juries would venture to defy it. As for the numerical majorities in counties actually polled under the Dunkin Act, they may safely be said to prove nothing. Allowing for absentees and duplicate votes, in no case has the by-law received anything approaching a moiety of the voters on the roll. A mere fraction of the electorate has imposed the Act upon the municipality. The reason of the indifference is not far to seek. Farmers generally do not vote one way or the other, because those who use liquor are independent of the public houses, or because they believe that the law will not be carried out and that they will always be able to get what they want, *sub rosa*, at the roadside taverns where they have stopped to bait and water their horses for years. Moreover, the advocates of the by-law are thoroughly organized, and every member of a lodge or division is a missionary and a canvasser; the tavern-keepers have no organization at all, but are rather divided by trade jealousies; they are comparatively few and scattered, and not usually disposed to exert themselves beyond the limits of their business.

It is, of course, urged that the Dunkin Act is not prohibitory, but only restrictive. That, in our view would make little difference; but inasmuch as the champions regard it as only the thin end of the wedge, it is clear that the plea is irrelevant. Moreover, the *Globe*, in a very temperate but inconclusive article, admits that there are large numbers of the working-class to whom it would be practically a prohibitory law, because they could not afford to buy five gallons—forgetting that they could club to-

gether. So far, however, as its statement has any force, it corroborates the objection that the Dunkin Act is a piece of class-legislation. There are economical as well as moral reasons against the Act, which we must pass by. It is impossible not to regret our inability to agree with a strong and, on the whole, salutary agitation; but we believe that although the movement is, in itself, a healthy one, it will succeed, like many another human struggle, in doing most good if it fails. No one has a right to speak otherwise than sympathetically of the earnest band of men and women who are endeavouring to grapple, in their own way, with a gigantic evil. But we do not think it is the best or even a good way, because, as there is 'no royal road to learning,' so it is equally certain that there is no legislative path to virtue. Let our temperance men once learn to lean upon a legal crutch, and their moral power will be paralyzed. The exploded dogma of 'the greatest happiness of the greatest number,' or any other Benthamism will fail to serve their turn; for it must first be proved that the greatest happiness is not sacrificed rather than secured by a law which deliberately tramples upon the individual rights of the greater, or any smaller, part of the population. A piece of legislation which goes farther than the impetuous Bassanio, and, instead of bidding us, in order 'to do a great right, do a little wrong,' ordains that a great wrong shall be done, for the sake of a little, and that a problematical good, ought not to commend itself to the sober common-sense of mankind.

There are many European topics of interest upon which it would be our duty to touch, did space permit. In England, Mr. Trevelyan's motion to assimilate the county and borough franchises, which was only lost by a strict party majority of 56, deserves a passing notice. Two Liberals, Messrs. Goschen and Lowe, deserted their party and voted with the majority; one Conservative, Mr. Serjeant Spink, the first swallow of approaching summer, gave Mr. Trevelyan his vote. Mr. Lowe's silent vote was to be expected, for he has opposed every Reform measure since he took his seat in the House; but Mr. Goschen committed himself wofully by a laboured appeal against the policy of his party, united only on this

question. It is observable that no member of the Government argued against the principle of the motion. Indeed, how could they after the memorable declaration of Mr. Disraeli—we hate the 'Beaconsfield' because it forces us to think of a Brummagem Burke—that the assimilation was only a question of time. The *Spectator* says, 'If the Tories remain in power they will give us a Reform Bill yet.'

Three religious matters of moment, widely differing in character, must be passed over—the agitation following upon the Ridsdale judgment of May last, the *expenses* in the matter of 'the Priest in Absolution,' and the Pan-Presbyterian Assembly at Edinburgh, which we are pleased to see was a great success.

In France, Marshal McMahon, lead by the reactionaries, has harangued his army in terms which, if the real honesty of the old soldier were not above suspicion, would be ominous. If Napoleon III. had said to the French soldiery, 'You will help me, I am certain, to maintain respect for authority and law in the mission which has been confided to me, and which I shall fulfil to the end,' everybody would have known what was coming. But the Marshal-President is not unscrupulous enough to be a Napoleon. The resolution to fulfil his 'mission,' which he received from a moribund Assembly, to the end, looks like a threat to dissolve the new Chamber unless it prove subservient, which is not at all likely. Meanwhile M. Fourtou, the indefatigable, has been giving a hard piece of his mind to the prefects. 'Functionaries of every kind are knit to the Government which has appointed them by ties which they are bound not to forget; those who do not take the hint 'need expect neither tolerance nor indulgence'—in other words, you are appointed by us, though paid by the people through the Assembly; but, although the purse-strings are theirs and your mere appointments would be of little use, you must obey us and not them. Meanwhile the Republicans are calm and confident, and there is not the slightest doubt of their success in October.

The month has been a stirring one in the East. So far as Asia is concerned the Russian invasion, which promised so well at first, has collapsed; although the rumoured journey of the Czar to Tiflis would

seem to indicate an intention to make another effort. In European Turkey the Russians have displayed unwonted dash. On the 26th of June, the Danube was crossed at Simnitsa and possession taken of Sistova. Here there was a delay, consequent upon a foiled attempt to cross at Turtukai. But the delay did not prevent a flying column from penetrating to Tirnova, the old capital of Bulgaria; Nicopolis was next taken and Rustchuk bombarded; finally, troops were sent through the Balkan passes, under native guidance. It is impossible at this moment to gather the exact position of affairs. Let no man repose trust in telegrams, especially if they come from the Divan. There have been so many Turkish victories lately, that the Russians ought to have been annihilated by this time, and yet there comes a telegram direct from Adrianople admitting the defeat of Suleiman Pasha and his precipitate retreat upon that city; it also states that the railway between Philippopolis and Adrianople is in the hands of the enemy. Rustchuk and Silistria are invested, and so the redoubtable quadrilateral has been cut in twain. Shumla is as good as besieged, because her sources of supply are cut off; Varna which is on the sea is, of course, under the protection of the fleet, and unassailable. Naturally there are rumours of negotiation, and the time is certainly at hand when they must begin. Prince Gortschakoff has formally announced that his master will not treat directly with the Porte, but commit the final settlement into the hand of the Powers. That Lord Derby is fully convinced that the cause of Turkey has at last become hopeless, is evident from the sudden embarkation of troops to Gibraltar and Malta, as well as the previous shifting of the fleet from the Piræus to Besika Bay. Of course, according to the *gouvernemens*, troops are going everywhere—to Gallipoli, Egypt, Constantinople, and Syria. The end is not far distant; and the hope of every true Briton must be that, whilst protecting herself and Europe from the overweening ambition of any Power, she will not sully England's flag and England's honour by bolstering up the rotten and debauched *régime* of the Moslem, or abandon to their fate the unhappy people, Bulgarian and Slav, for whose deliverance Russia unsheathed the sword.

July 28th, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

HOW TO STUDY: Hints to Students in Colleges and High Schools. Second revised edition. By John Schulte, D.D., Ph. D. Toronto: Belford Bros., 1877.

So alluring a title as that of Dr. Schulte's brochure, 'How to Study,' has the effect of filling the mind with anticipations of the supply of a great want—a minute, well-considered and ably compiled practical treatise upon courses of study, as adapted to different minds and as producing certain desired results, showing the lines of reading to be taken, the blunders to be avoided, the authors to be read for the following out of certain issues of general mind-growth or special culture, the dominant characteristics of partial historians, the vitiating effects of the writings of certain poets, in others the ennobling flood of godliness and manliness in which the mind that bathes comes out clear and pure and strong as the Michael in Doré's noble picture; all this and much more is an educational want, together with practical hints on the manner of working, and practical suggestions for the maintenance of physical vigour and cheerful, healthful spirits. The doctor's treatment of the somewhat important subject, 'Development of the Moral Sense,' is scarcely satisfying in these difficult days. The beginning, middle, and end is, 'study the scriptures;' to this he adds, that *faith* should accompany this study; as though the study of the scriptures were a matter of the simplest and not of the most perplexing, and faith could be bought like a new hat. His recipe for bodily health is likewise of the briefest: 'Avoid extremes of laziness and over-exertion,' 'Find pleasure and delight in your work;' while he holds 'A brisk walk of several miles, the cheapest and most delightful form of exercise.' The doctor is strongly opposed, contrary to the judgment of many able teachers, if not to the tendency of the present day, to the use of translations; though on another page he commends the practise of the master giving verbal translations to his class. Like everything else, translations may be abused, as every schoolboy knows to his cost, but the experience of the writer goes to show that, in the interest to be excited by a, from the first, readily comprehended work, lies no mean motor in the ready and hearty digestion of a new language.

The suggestion that the essays of the session, from the highest to the lowest forms, with errors marked, and the master's sentences of praise or dispraise recorded thereon, should be laid on the table for public inspection. at the

public examinations, strikes us as not only useless, but mischievous—to say nothing of the pettiness of the proceeding, excellent, no doubt, for the purposes of an infant school; and further, of the competency of the general public to appreciate perfection or imperfection in Latin or Greek composition, during a five minutes stroll round the tables, in which Mrs. X would triumphantly show her Harry's five mistakes as against Mrs Z's Tom's ten. An error is not unfrequently as praiseworthy as accuracy; may show more thought, more careful though misdirected consideration, and rejoice a master's heart as much as work nearer perfection, but is to be valued fairly by him alone, and not by the outside world. Let *results* be shown, but as for the *means*—the number of soiled cravats which go to make the perfect Brummel tie—let them, like our linen, be washed at home. Indeed, public school examinations, as a rule, are a nuisance, a farce, and a mischievous farce.

ARIADNE. By Ouida. Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

Ouida has the reputation, rightly or wrongly, of being one of the shining lights among modern writers of fiction. Her works are devoured by men and women who profess to find in them unequalled charms and attractions, and we understand that two publishing houses in London arranged to float, simultaneously, first editions of this her latest venture. What is there within the book to answer such rich expectations?

There is learning in it; it matters little whether it is the author's own, or read up for the occasion. We say it matters little, for it is but a superficial smattering, and when at its thickest, still nothing but a somewhat tougher husk than usual. We should think Ouida's admirers will find it a little troublesome to be told at every moment—here the Dioscuri watered their horses, there Augustus shuddered, Livia sat disheveled, or the Roman dames got their *strenae*—or again, on this or that *via*, Propertius sighed to the red and white Cynthia, whose trotting mules had their tails tied up. 'Goodness'—we can hear the afflicted reader exclaim, a reader who would understand what was meant by *strenae*, but have no ghost of an idea about *strenae*, and who expects words in italics to be drawing-room French and not school-boys' Latin—'Goodness! where are our rich young officers

of the Household Brigade, or French dandies fierce, languid, heartless, muscular, and, highly lacquered as to the moustache? Where are the members of the Parisian *demi-monde*? Cannot Gi-Gi-oja (if that's her name) look out of a balcony without our being told that Livia or Julia or Nærea or Beatrice Cenci was also addicted to that innocent pastime, and might, could, should, or (if she had known her business) *would* have leant on a balcony at this very precise spot? Must our walks round Rome be interminably long, and the tale stand aside, like the chief actors in a Greek tragedy, while the Ouidian chorus pipes away for a page or two over the ruffianly old emperors, demigods, heroes, and saints (to say nothing of those rascals of bishops) whose bones have been ground into the Roman dust that is blown into our eyes, and whose victims' blood is exhaled in the malaria that is floating into our nostrils?' To such an one we would say: Courage; if your Life-guardsman is not at hand, you will probably find his prototype not far off nor very deeply disguised; and though the heroine, by some mischance, does not belong to the *demi-monde*, she takes the speediest steps possible to reduce herself to that position. Like others of our author's creations, you will find her virtue increasing, as mathematicians would say, in the ratio of the square of her disgrace, and death is happily introduced at the last, as a *deus ex machina*, to prevent the irreparable insult and injury of marriage offered her by her seducer.

The principal characters in 'Ariadne' are four in number; the rest are more or less dummies and posture-makers, suitable to enliven the storied streets of Rome with a little flesh-and-blood upholstery. All of them except Gioja have impossible names. Maryx is a sculptor of great renown who teaches his art to Gioja (*alias* Ariadne) after she is rescued by the old shoemaker. From master he becomes lover, but woe in a half-hearted sort of a way, and does his best to drive the girl into the arms of his rival, the poet Hilarion. Crispin, the ecstatic cobbler, is the nicest character in the book, which is indeed his monologue. But he prosed! ye gods, how he prosed! as none but a cobbler, instructed in all the learning of the Egyptians, yea, and the Grecians, Latins, and Italians too, and conceited to boot, could prose. He finds perfect antique statues, the lost books of Livy, the sites of forgotten baths and temples, and other things nearly as marvellous, with the precision of a pig nosing for truffles. He drinks Lachryma Christi with the rich Hilarion, with whom he is hand-in-glove, and generally leads, with his dog Pales, a sufficiently jolly life, whilst sleeping in his open-air stall and cobbling old shoes for the peasants. We pause to ask, *is* this meant for a real character, who could possibly exist to-day or yesterday in Rome, or are all the *dramatis*

personæ idealized beings, set in motion at Rome because of the abundant 'local coloring' that can be had there. In fact, the 'coloring' predominates so much that the novel reminds us of nothing more than cochineal, with the vanilla, the ice, and the cream left out.

If the characters are idealized, why make Gioja, perfect heroine as she is meant to be, such an ungrateful being? She accepts the cobbler's services, Maryx's lessons, and the means of supporting herself, with perfect nonchalance, and as though they were her due, and albeit she *talks* of gratitude, she never dreams of showing it in her actions, but takes the earliest opportunity of refusing her friends' advice, deserting them, and running off with Hilarion. As for that effeminate poet himself, Maryx should have tweaked his nose at an early stage of his proceedings, and not let him defile Ariadne with his hollow addresses, void of aught but self-love. Instead of this, Maryx contents himself with delivering a slashing diatribe against Hilarion's false poetry, which finds its canker in every rose-leaf, and hides its analysis of morbid passion in a flow of melodious thoughts and linked words. We would caution Ouida that this criticism might be well taken to heart by herself. She has so long indulged in Hilarion's vein, so long depicted women (to use Hilarion's own words) as balls of soft wool, or peaches with a needle stuck in them, that she will find it hard to conjure up a different spirit in her pages if she should ever try to do so. Like Maryx, when her eyes are opened, as one, even though a reviewer, may hope they will be opened, to the falseness of the thing she loves, she may find the eyes of her heart blinded and closed, and even the skill she formerly possessed gone from her, leaving only the power to reproduce, without originality, endless variations on some worn-out theme.

Enough of this. We can yet truly praise some of the pictures of Roman scenery and life as vivid and striking, and the conversations (were they but disburdened of their classical trappings) as pointed and inclined to be epigrammatic. Still, if Ouida has shown in this work some of the instincts of an artist, as in her discourse against the false frippery of modern sculpture, imitating lace-work in marble, and so forth, we must reluctantly confess that in the greater part of the work she has shown herself inspired rather with the instincts of a catalogue-compiler, and burdened with the memory and loquacity of a Roman cicerone.

The pseudonym, 'Ouida,' has given rise to a good deal of discussion, many thinking it an Indian word. It is really a compound of two old-French ones, *Oui-da*, and simply means, 'Yes, indeed.'

A salute of 19 guns from the Grand Battery gave the last farewell of Canada, the frigate saluted him with 17 guns, (as Vice-Admiral of British North America), and Sir James left Canada to seek that repose which the state of his health so urgently demanded. Upon the departure of the Governor-in-Chief, the administration of the Government devolved upon the Hon. Thomas Dunn, senior member of the Council, who thereupon assumed the title of President of the Province of Lower Canada, and Administrator of the Government thereof.—12th August. Mr. President Dunn by proclamation of this date, prohibited the exportation from Lower Canada of saltpetre, gunpowder, ammunition, arms, and warlike stores of every denomination and description whatsoever.—Sept. 13. His Excellency General Sir George Prevost, Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief of British North America, arrived with his family and suite in H. M. S. *Melampus*, Captain Hawker, from Halifax, Nova Scotia. His Excellency took the oaths of office on the 14th, held a levee on the 24th, and, on the 25th, issued the usual proclamation announcing his appointment as Governor-General. Shortly after, Sir George Prevost left Quebec on a tour through the Western part of the Province, proceeding by the north shore, and arrived at Montreal on the 30th Sept.—October 10th. The Hon. Francois Baby appointed Grand Voyer of Lower Canada, Lieutenant-Colonel Vassal de Monviel, Adjutant-General, and Lieutenant-Colonel Xavier de Lanaudiere, Deputy Adjutant-General for Lower Canada. A brilliant comet was visible in Quebec, both early morning and evening, during the greatest part of the months of September and October.—October 19th. Quebec was visited by a very heavy gale which inflicted much

injury upon the shipping in the harbour, upwards of twenty square rigged vessels were reported as damaged. Near Montreal considerable damage was done, especially to the Churches at Longueuil and Longue Pointe. The infant son of His Excellency, Sir George Prevost, born on 7th Nov., died, after a short illness, on the 12th, at the Castle of St. Lewis.—December 4th. The election for the County of Montreal terminated, after a contest of *three weeks*, at 5 p.m.; the votes at the close of the poll stood as follows: Mr. Stuart, 1445; Mr. Roy, 1253.—Thursday, February 14th, the Assembly of Nova Scotia met at Halifax (7th session of the 9th General Assembly). Sir George Prevost in his opening speech expressed the hope that the United States would not become hostile to Great Britain, he then referred to the growing importance of the fisheries and agriculture of the Province, the enlargement of its towns, advancement of learning and cultivation of the useful and ornamental sciences; all unequivocal indications of a prosperous and rising country. During this session an Act was passed for the establishment of grammar schools in the Counties of Sydney, Cumberland, Kings, Queens, Lunenburg, Annapolis and Shelburne, and in the districts of Pictou, Colchester and Yarmouth. Provision was also made for giving aid to the common schools, and an Act was passed providing for the erection of a Province House. This building was not completed until 1819, and cost, when finished, \$52,000. The Assembly was prorogued on the 3rd April. In closing the session, the Lieutenant-Governor called attention to the *non-intercourse* Act, passed in the United States, as an indication of approaching war, and a reason for looking carefully to the efficiency of the Militia. The Halifax Committee of Trade pub-

lished a project for establishing a Provincial Joint Stock Bank in February of this year, but the necessary support does not appear to have been forthcoming, as no further steps were taken. On Monday, August 12th, the birthday of the Prince Regent, after the usual military review, the corner stone of the Province House was laid, with Masonic ceremonies, by Sir George Prevost, the benediction was pronounced by the Masonic chaplain, the Rev. Archibald Gray, D.D. On Sunday, 25th August, Sir George Prevost sailed from Halifax in the *Melampus* frigate for Quebec, to replace Sir J. H. Craig, who had resigned, as Governor-in-Chief of British North America. On 26th August, Dr. Croke was sworn in as Administrator of the Government of Nova Scotia. Major-General Hunter was recalled from New Brunswick and directed to assume the command of the forces in Nova Scotia, Major-General Balfour being ordered to Fredericton to replace him. On 16th October, General Sir John Coape Sherbrooke, K. B., arrived at Halifax with Lady Sherbrooke and family, in H. M. S. *Manilla*. General Sherbrooke was sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor, and Major-General Hunter at once returned to New Brunswick. No session of the New Brunswick Assembly appears to have been held during the year 1811. Major-General William Balfour died suddenly at Fredericton, whither he had gone to administer the Government, on the 2nd December.

1812—Sir J. H. Craig,* K. C. B., late

* Sir J. H. Craig was of Scotch descent. He was born at Gibraltar, where his father was judge, in 1750. In 1774 Captain Craig accompanied the 47th to America and served during the Revolutionary war. He was severely wounded at Bunker's Hill, was present at Ticonderoga, and after the disastrous affair at Saratoga, Capt. Craig was selected by General Burgoyne to carry home the despatches, his promotion to a majority in the 82nd foot followed imme-

diately upon his return to England. Major Craig went to Nova Scotia with the 82nd in 1778, and accompanied his regiment to North Carolina in 1781. In 1794 he became a Major-General, and went early the following year to the Cape of Good Hope, where he greatly distinguished himself. In 1797 General Craig was invested with the Order of the Bath by Earl Macartney (by deputation from His Majesty) by whom he was succeeded as Governor of the Cape. On his return to England General Craig was ordered to India, where in 1801 he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-General. In 1802 he returned to England, where he remained until 1805, when he proceeded to the Mediterranean where he commanded the troops employed in Naples and Sicily. In 1806 General Craig was compelled by illness (he suffered most severely from dropsy) to relinquish his command and return to England. In 1807 the threatening aspect of the relations between Great Britain and the United States induced him to accept a command, and he proceeded to Quebec as Governor-General; the steady progress of his malady compelled him once more to retire from active service and he sailed for England in June, 1811. Disease had now, however, gained too strong a hold to be again baffled by medical skill, and although he rallied for a short time after his return to England, the end could no longer be averted and he died as above stated, at his house in Charlotte Street, on Sunday, January 12th, 1812.

However widely the views expressed by various writers as to the character of his administration may differ, the personal character of Sir James H. Craig seems to have been deservedly held in high esteem by those whose relations with His Excellency enabled them to form an impartial opinion. The *Mercury* of 24th June, 1811, referring to his departure from Quebec concludes thus, "It will be found by a thousand evidences that he united the genius of greatness with an ardent love of doing good; and possessed an association of talents seldom found in any individual. His reigning passion was to perform his duty completely and conscientiously; his favourite amusement, to confer, by acts of charity, the means of subsistence on the indigent, and to add to the relief of many in declining circumstances. Every project, every act, whatever objects they might refer to, bore the impression of his character; and if one principal of it was stronger than another, it was discoverable in a broad, deep tone of benevolence, which reigned throughout the whole."

During this session, which terminated on the 6th of March, eleven acts were passed. The Militia Act was amended and £5,000 were granted to defray the expenses of training and exercising the militia. The Heir and Devisee Act was also amended, as were the acts relating to the making and repairing of public highways and the building of bridges. An Act to prevent damage to travellers on the highways was passed, by which it was provided that all persons travelling upon the highways and meeting sleighs or other carriages were to turn out to the right hand and give half the road.—April 8th. General Brock issued orders, in accordance with the act passed during the recent session, for forming two flank companies from each battalion of militia. Having thus made such preparations as were practicable, General Brock proceeded to the western frontier, taking with him 100 of the 41st regiment to reinforce the garrison at Amherstburg.—On the 18th June, war was declared by the United States of America against the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and its dependencies.—On the 20th June, General Brock returned to York, and on receiving intelligence that war was actually declared, at once summoned an extra session of the legislature. He then hastened to Fort George, on the Niagara frontier, where he immediately established his headquarters. On the declaration of war becoming known in Quebec, Sir George Prevost despatched Colonel Lethbridge to Kingston and placed Major-General the Baron de Rottenburg in command at Montreal, so that these officers working in concert with General Brock might keep open the communication between Upper and Lower Canada. The United States lost no time in commencing hostilities (for which they had for several months been making every possible pre-

paration), for on the 12th July Brigadier-General Hull crossed the Detroit river and occupied the village of Sandwich, from which place he issued his celebrated proclamation.—July 3rd. Lieutenant Rollette, commanding the armed brig *Hunter*, by a bold attempt with his barge, succeeded in capturing the *Cayahoga* packet bound from the Miami river to Detroit, loaded with baggage and the hospital stores of the United States army.—July 16th. Captain Roberts, who was stationed at St. Joseph, with a small detachment of the 10th Royal Veteran Battalion, having been instructed by Major-General Brock to adopt the most prompt and effectual measures to possess himself of the United States fort at Michilimackinack, set out with such boats and canoes as were available, in which he carried with him 45 officers and men of the detachment under his command, about 180 Canadians, and two iron 6-pounders, the whole being convoyed by a small brig belonging to the North-West Company; and early on the morning of the 17th, safely effected a landing before Michilimackinack. By ten o'clock one of the guns had been placed in position on a height commanding the post, which was then summoned to surrender; at noon the United States colours were hauled down and the British ensign was hoisted.—On the 22nd July, General Brock issued from Fort George his proclamation, in reply to that of General Hull, in which he points out in plain, but dignified language, the duty of his people, exhorts them to its fulfilment, and assures them that, even if overwhelmed by a superior force at the outset, they might rely that Great Britain would never abandon the Province.—July 27th. The extra session of the Legislature, called by General Brock on receiving information of the declaration of war, was opened, by the General, at

York, who in his speech assumed a tone of confidence which was productive of the best effects. Having made the necessary provision for the calling out and training the militia and for the defence of the Province, the session (the first of the sixth Provincial Parliament) was closed on the 5th August, five acts having been passed.—5th August. A detachment of the 41st regiment, sent by Colonel Proctor from Amherstburg, together with a small body of Indians under Tecumseh, crossed the Detroit river to Brownstown, where they attacked and defeated a force of 200 men under Major Van Horne, who were on their way to meet a detachment of volunteers from Ohio, with a convoy of provisions for General Hull's army. On this occasion Hull's despatches and correspondence fell into the hands of Tecumseh, and were the means of conveying to General Brock much valuable information as to General Hull's intentions and the condition of the force under his command.—August 6th. General Brock left York for Burlington Bay, whence he proceeded by land to Long Point. On the 7th he held a council at the village of the Mohawks, on the Grand River, when the Indians promised that a party of sixty should be ready to follow him on the 10th.—9th August. Lieut.-Colonel Miller, with a body of 600 United States troops and militia, attacked Major Muir of the 41st regiment, who was at the head of a party of British troops and some Indians, at a place called Maguago, between Brownstown and Detroit; after a smart action, in which Colonel Miller lost seventy-five men, the British were compelled to retire; their loss was, however, inconsiderable.—August 11th. Major Denny, who had been left in command of a detachment of United States troops at Sandwich, when General Hull with-

drew on the 7th and 8th, retired to Detroit.—August 13th. General Brock reached Amherstburg from Long Point shortly before midnight, bringing with him about 300 militia and a few regulars. On the 14th, a council was held, at which nearly a thousand Indians attended. The council was opened by General Brock, who announced to the Indians that he had come to their assistance, and hoped with their aid to drive the United States forces from Detroit. The General's speech was highly applauded, and Tecumseh was unanimously called upon to speak in reply. After the council was over, the General called together Tecumseh and a few of the oldest chiefs, communicated his views, and explained the manner in which he proposed to carry out his intended operations.—On the 15th August, General Brock addressed a formal demand to Brigadier-General Hull for the immediate surrender of Fort Detroit; with this demand Hull declined to comply. In the afternoon, fire was opened upon Detroit from a five-gun battery which had been erected opposite to the fort under the direction of Captain Dixon of the Royal Engineers; the fire was returned from Detroit, but the British commander, perceiving that his fire was ineffective, directed it to cease. During the night, about 600 Indians, under Colonel Elliott, crossed the river, and took up a position to enable them to take the enemy in flank and in rear should he oppose the landing. At day-break on Sunday, August 16th, the fire from Captain Dixon's battery was resumed, and the British forces, consisting of 330 regulars and 400 militia, with five pieces of light artillery, were embarked in boats and canoes of every description, and soon effected a landing, without opposition, near Spring Wells.