Technical and Bibliographic Notes / Notes techniques et bibliographiques

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

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

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

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

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

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

- [ ] Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

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

10X	12X	14X	16X	18X	20X	22X	24X	26X	28X	30X	32X
							✓				

THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 7.] MARCH, 1875. [NO. 3.

REMINISCENCES OF SOME CAMBRIDGE PROFESSORS.*

BY THE REV. H. SCADDING, D.D.

THERE are many men in Universities who enjoy, and quite justly, a great repute locally, but who are little heard of outside University limits. Whewell, however, won for himself a name in the general world of British, if not European, science. He first appeared as the author of a number of elementary treatises on Mechanics, Statics, Dynamics, Geometry, and Conic Sections, which were used very generally as text-books in the lecture-rooms; but his reputation rests chiefly on two works, The History of the Inductive Sciences, and The Philosophy of the Inductive Sciences. He wrote also one of the Bridgewater treatises. In the intellectual arena of Cambridge, Whewell, as Tutor, Professor, and finally, Master of his College (Trinity), was regarded with considerable awe, on account of the extra vigour of his mind and a certain tendency to domineer. With Everett, in his lectures entitled "On the Cam," the expression is "Trinity's honoured head;" but Bristed, in his Five Years at an English University, speaks of "Whewell's awful presence." He was a Lancashire man, of stalwart frame and powerful physique; German, perhaps, rather than English, in the character of his countenance, which was open, fresh-hued, and round. In his younger academic days he was regarded with respect by the bargees of the river and the roughs of the town, between whom and the gownsmen there used to be, some years ago, periodical passages of arms. I have myself seen serious conflicts of this kind in the streets of Cambridge; quite senseless affairs, but attended with considerable risk to skin and limbs. If on such occasions one happened to be out of his own rooms and belated somewhere with a friend, it was highly advisable, when returning home to College, to get under the lee of Whewell, or some one else of his bulk and build. I was in residence when the old-fashioned "Charley," or watch, disappeared from the pavement and the modern policeman took his place. The effect on the public peace of Cambridge was very soon apparent. Whewell has left

* From "Leaves They Have Touched:" No. 3. Read before the Canadian Institute, Saturday, Jan. 30, 1875.

memorials of himself in Cambridge of the old durable mediæval kind. Previous to his death a so-called Hostel for the accommodation of Trinity students was added to the College by his munificence; also a quadrangle, known as the Master's Court. Princely endowments were afterwards bequeathed by him for the perpetual maintenance of these augmentations to Trinity. He likewise by his will established and endowed a chair of International Law, with scholarships for students in the department of science. Whewell's first wife was a a sister-in-law of Lord Monteagle (Spring Rice); his second was the widow of a clerical baronet (Sir Gilbert Affleck). By the custom of England this latter lady retained her name and title after her second marriage. The invitations to the Lodge used then to run in the following curious form:—"The Master of Trinity and Lady Affleck request the honour, &c." At Cambridge it was humorously said that Whewell's name was one that ought to be whistled. This was to correct the wrong rendering of it sometimes heard, Whe-well. Another little jest among undergraduates used to be that no book of Whewell's ever appeared without the assertion somewhere or another in it of Newton's Three Laws of Motion. As years rolled on, an epigrammatic saying became current that science was Whewell's forte, and omniscience his foible; it does not appear, however, that his acquirements in any direction were superficial. As an instance of the great variety of his knowledge, a story is told of the conversation having been purposely led to the subject of Chinese music, a learned traveller from China being present who had made himself master of that subject; when, to the astonishment of all, it was found that Whewell was more intimately acquainted with the theory and practice of music in China than the stranger himself. The manuscript relics which I preserve of Whewell are, first, a note addressed from "Trin. Coll." to the Editor of the *Philosophical Magazine*, accompanying matter for that periodical. It is characteristic of Whewell's ever-busy intellect. "I send you," he says, "an account of the last meeting of the Philosophical Society here, which I shall be glad if you will insert in the *Philosophical Magazine* of next month, including the abstract of Mr. Murphy's paper and Prof. Airy's communication. I send you also a notice of some remarks of Berzelius, which I shall be glad if you can find room for. Yours faithfully, W. Whewell." And, secondly, a cordial welcome addressed by him to a friend or relative, on hearing of his intended visit to Cambridge. He happens to speak incidentally of the war raging at the time between the Northern and Southern States. "I am glad," he says, "that you are coming to the British Association: you shall have Victor's room, or some other, and will consider the Lodge your home in all other respects. . . . I am quite prepared to believe all that you tell me of McClellan. He seems to me to have shown great generalship. But I am afraid the Northerners have lost their opportunity of making a magnanimous end to the war when they were successful. I do not see now," he continues, "what end is possible except an end from pure exhaustion. Certainly both parties have shown great military talents on a large scale; but that is small consolation for the break-up of such a constitution as theirs; and I fear that the cause of the black man's liberty is losing rather than gaining by the conflict. We have been in Switzerland," he then adds, "for a fortnight, and are now returned to our usual occupations. I am sorry that we have not seen our own dear Lakes this summer." This note is dated from Trinity Lodge, Cambridge, Sep. 22, 1862. The hand is minute and clear, and not indicative of the imperious character which the writer was reported to possess.

Another eminent man at Cambridge, well known by sight to all students of the year

1833 and downwards, was Adam Sedgwick. He was among the earliest English geologists of note, and bore the brunt of the first assaults on the new science. He was a Fellow of Trinity and the seventh occupant of the Woodwardian Professorship of Geology. In 1833 he published a Discourse on the Studies of the University of Cambridge, which ran through several editions and still maintains its ground.* In a note to that work he thus speaks in relation to his favourite science: "We have nothing to fear from the results of our inquiries, provided they be followed in the laborious but secure road of honest induction. In this way we may rest assured we shall never arrive at conclusions opposed to any truth, either physical or moral, from whatsoever source that truth may be derived: nay, rather, as in all truth there is a common essence, that new discoveries will ever lend support and illustration to things which are already known, by giving us a larger insight into the universal harmonies of nature." He thus maintained the perfect compatibility of science with religion. In another place he asks a question as pertinent to be put to speculative philosophers in 1875 as it was in 1833. "Shall this embryo of a material world," he says, "contain within itself the germ of all the beauty and harmony, the stupendous movements and exquisite adaptations of our system, the entanglement of phenomena held together by complicated laws, but mutually adjusted so as to work together to a common end, and the relation of all these things to the functions of beings possessing countless superadded powers, bound up with life and volition? And shall we then satisfy ourselves by telling of laws of atomic action, of mechanical movements, and chemical combinations; and dare to think that in so doing we have made one step towards an explanation of the workmanship of the God of nature? So far from ridding ourselves," the Professor adds, "by our hypothesis of the necessity of an intelligent First Cause, we give that necessity a new concentration, by making every material power, manifested since the creation of matter, to have emanated from God's bosom by a single act of omnipotent prescience." The third annual meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science took place in Cambridge in 1833, and Sedgwick was chosen its president for that year. In the address delivered by him on the occasion he used language similar to the above, declaring that "man was compelled by his intellectual nature to ascend from phenomena to laws, and the moment he grasped the idea of a law he was compelled, by the very constitution of his inner mind, to consider that law as the annunciation of the will of a supreme intelligence." I preserve with care a report of this memorable meeting, especially for the sake of the autographs which it contains in *fac-simile* of the numerous savans from all quarters who were present. There Sedgwick's own name appears, the counterpart of the manuscript signatures of his which I have. Like several other contemporaries of note at Cambridge, as, for example, the two Roses, Hugh James and Henry John, Sedgwick was from the north of England. His speech, in which he was very voluble and sometimes eloquent, was strongly northern in accent, as was theirs; and his countenance—long, bony, dark, and stern—was northern, perhaps Norse, in type. The relics which I possess of Professor Sedgwick are volumes, once his property, containing some curious manuscript annotations from his pen. The first book consists of two collections, bound up together, of verses by self-taught men—one named Sanderson, the other, Nicholson. The Professor, besides inscribing within both his name, "A.

* A severe review of this well-known "Discourse" appeared in the *Westminster Review* at the time, written by the late John Stuart Mill, which may be found in the first volume of that philosopher's "Dissertations and Discussions."—Editor C. M.

SEDGWICK," has recorded in characteristic language the manner in which he became possessed of the two collections, the authors of which seem to have somewhat interested him. Of Sanderson, he says: "During the summer of 1824 I visited the great quarries of chalk near Rosley, Cumberland, and purchased the following poems of the author, a common lime-burner, whose brains had been heated by the fumes of his kiln." Of Nicholson, he writes: "I met the author on the top of a coach. He was a rough son of the Muses, who was carrying bundles of his poems from village to village, and especially to the ale-houses, where he was too well known. 'In this kind of goods, I have all this side of Yorkshire to myself,' he said.' A second relic which I show of Professor Sedgwick is Richard Owen's discourse on the Nature of Limbs, delivered, in 1849, before the Royal Institution of Great Britain. It has the Professor's autograph as before, and, besides, a multitude of his pencillings, evidently made in an eager and rapid perusal of the book.

A memento of Professor Farish, Jacksonian Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy, comes next. His career, however, began earlier in the University than Whewell's or Sedgwick's, but he was still giving his lectures in 1836, and I had the satisfaction of being present at some of them. They were on the practical application of mechanism to manufactures, to mining, ship building, fortification, and other matters. You might have thought it was Polonius himself who was lecturing, as you listened to the professor's simple, but earnest and effective language, and saw him suit the action to the word at every step, by constructing the part of the apparatus required, or exhibiting in use the implement spoken of. He was then quite an aged person, and the tones of his voice were those of an old man; but he spoke with vigour and shewed an unflagging enjoyment of his subject. His happy oval countenance ever wore a smile. At the close of each demonstration, he would, in a playful way, suddenly break up the structure which he had contrived for his purpose, separating it rapidly into its constituent parts; or if it should happen to have been a mould for the casting of a cannon or a bell, or the wall of a fortified town, or an isolated fortress, that he had been expatiating on, he would run his wand ruthlessly through the moist sand which had been used, and reduce the whole in a moment to a state of chaos, like a child demolishing at a blow, the tower of cards a moment before laboriously built up. To enable him to effect promptly his numerous demonstrations, the professor had a wonderful collection of cog-wheels, cylinders, bars, pulleys, cranks, screws, and blocks, and an ingenious method of extemporizing, as it were, then and there, a contrivance for each experiment, by means of clamps which fastened together firmly and quickly, the several parts of the required apparatus, which parts, presently taken all to pieces again, would do duty equally well immediately afterwards in some other combination. When everything was ready, the Professor would give the word of command, to his attendant in these terms: "Roger make it go!" Water was then turned on, and the desired movement instantly followed. The apparatus had been long in use, and sometimes there was a slight breakdown. Once, I remember, some rusted spots in the sheet iron reservoir suddenly gave way while the professor was mounted on the steps in front of it; the consequence was that several fine jets of water were projected horizontally from the well-filled tank, passing between parts of the professor's robes, and descending upon us in a most mysterious way. One feat of the professor's, I find, has survived in my memory with some vividness. I saw him make a hat; saw him clip off before our eyes in the lecture-room, the fur of a rabbit-skin, which was supposed to be beaver; shape it into a sort of bag; forcibly press it, all moist, upon a block,

where at length the thing assumed in some degree, the appearance of a hat, with brim curled up at the sides. At several points in the earlier stages of the process, the lecturer interposed an "aside" to his audience, "Not much like a hat yet!" The manuscript relic which I possess of Professor Farish is slight, but somewhat curious. It relates to some electioneering business at Cambridge. A certain candidate is reported to have resigned; but then the letter purporting to convey that intelligence to the vice-chancellor may be a hoax. "My dear sir," the professor writes: "The Vice-Chancellor should have *official* notice of the resignation of Mr. Grant. I hear he has received a *letter;* but how does he know that it is Mr. Grant's writing? I wish you had not been out, and that you and I had been able to go. I have hardly authority, and the V.-C. might ask: How do you know? The same objection does not lie to you. I think it would be well if you would take the earliest opportunity of calling as Chairman of Mr. G's committee. Yours truly, W. FARISH. 12 o'clock, Monday. P. S.—Taylor, the school-keeper gave me the above hint." (Taylor, the school-keeper, was a well-known subordinate official, shrewdly skilled in wise-saws and ancient instances in relation to small points of ceremony and routine. School-keeper denotes care-taker of the schools, or rooms appointed for the public exercises in the several faculties. The Senate-house also is a part of his charge.) Looking into Carus's Memoir of the Rev. Charles Simeon, I lighted on a passage which exactly interprets the note just given. In a diary, under date of Nov. 19, 1822, Mr. Simeon writes: "Old Mr. Grant, with Professor Farish, called on me and dined with me. It was a great grief to me, that I could not vote for his son on Tuesday next: but I told him that I regard my vote for a member of Parliament, not as a right, but a trust, to be used conscientiously for the good of the 'whole kingdom,' and his son's being a friend to what is called Catholic Emancipation is in my eyes an insurmountable objection to his appointment. Viewing this matter as I do, I could not vote for Mr. Robert Grant, if he were my own son. I think I shall not vote at all." Then on Nov. 26, he makes an entry which curiously refers to the very withdrawal of which Professor Farish's note speaks. "Mr. Grant having withdrawn," he says, "I feel at liberty to vote for Mr. Bankes, who is a friend both to the existing Government and the Protestant ascendancy. A memorandum is added, that the numbers for Mr. Bankes were 419; those for the unsuccessful candidates were: Lord Hervey, 280; Mr. Scarlett, 219. It thus appears that our friend, Professor Farish, had been going about among the resident M.A.'s at Cambridge, on an active canvass in favour of Mr. Robert Grant, in company with "old Mr. Grant," Robert's father; and that Robert's prospect of success did not finally prove such as to induce him to persevere in the contest. This Robert Grant was afterwards the Right Hon. Sir Robert Grant, Governor of Bombay. He was also a younger brother of Lord Glenelg, remembered in Canada as Secretary of State for the Colonies at the beginning of the present reign.

I now produce a trifling, but highly-prized note in the handwriting of Professor Smyth, who from 1807 to 1849 occupied the chair of Modern History in Cambridge. His lectures on Modern History and on the French Revolution have taken a high place in English Literature, and continue to be reprinted. He shews himself in them to have been a man much in advance of many of his contemporaries in respect of the philosophy of history. "When we read these lectures" a great Whig authority has said, "we are at no loss to understand why Cambridge has produced of late years so many illustrious thinkers. For two entire generations the political intellect of that University was under the training of a man who, perhaps, was

better fitted for an instructor on the great social questions of the modern world than any one who has filled the chair of professor in this country." (This, it is expedient to observe, was written in 1856.) When the Prince Consort came up to Cambridge in 1847, to be installed as Chancellor, he paid a visit expressly to Professor Smyth, in the rooms, the professor being at the time in failing health and unable to go out. All residents in Cambridge became perfectly familiar with the form of Professor Smyth. In costume and manner he followed the fashion of another century. Being a layman, he usually wore, under his academic gown, coloured clothes; a blue coat with brass buttons; buff small-clothes; white stockings and buckled shoes; a hat of extra width of brim, from beneath which fell a plentiful growth of long white hair that was tossed about on the shoulders by the lively movements of the head from side to side; the face wearing a cheery, youthful look. Professor Smyth was the author of the well known lines carved underneath Kirke White's medallion, formerly in All Saints, but now removed to the new chapel of St. John's College. These sculptured lines and Professor Smyth himself used particularly to interest me, as I happened to occupy in St. John's the very rooms in which Kirke White died; and frequently I used to see moving about in the college-courts outside, old Mr. Catton, Kirke White's former tutor. The autograph relic which I transcribe, is simply a casual note making an inquiry of a friend; but in it he chances to speak of a "Sheridan Memoir," which was a privately-printed notice by himself of Thomas, Richard Brinsley Sheridan's eldest son, to whom the professor had been private tutor. "My dear Sir," he says, "the day after I sent you Roscoe's Lines, I sent you the Sheridan Memoir. Be so good as to let me know whether you have received it; that if not, I may enquire about it. I put it into the Post Office myself. With kind remembrance to the ladies, believe me, dear Sir, very sincerely yours, Wm. Smyth." The note is written from Norwich.

The Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge in my day, was the Rev. James Scholefield. The reputation as a Greek scholar of this occupant of the chair of Porson, did not extend, perhaps, far beyond Cambridge. As a divine he was more widely known. He published an edition of the Greek Testament and a volume of Hints towards an improved translation of the same. I used to like to listen to Professor Scholefield's very solid and learned discourses in St. Michael's Church, uttered to all appearance extemporaneously; but all of them most carefully framed and deliberately worded. The professor's manner was unimpassioned and his speech slow. With fair complexion and sandy hair, his general aspect was Scottish. A volume of the notes from which his sermons were delivered was published after his decease and is very curious; to non-Cambridge men not very intelligible, on account of the free use of algebraical and geometrical symbols and other abbreviations commonly employed in the solution on paper of mathematical problems. My remembrance of Professor Scholefield is a fine copy of Hutchinson's edition of the "Cyropædia" of Xenophon, printed in bold old contracted Greek at the Theatre in Oxford, in 1727. On a fly-leaf is the autograph, J. Scholefield.

A great notability at Cambridge, up to 1836, was the Rev. Charles Simeon, already once mentioned. Mr. Simeon had no official position in the University. He was simply a fellow of King's College, and the occupant of rooms there, holding, at the same time, the incumbency of a church in the town. It was in this way that his influence as a religious instructor was established. Considerable numbers of the young men in each successive year voluntarily attached themselves to his ministry. His rooms were open to those who had been introduced to

him, every Friday evening. I occasionally dropped in with friends. All sorts of questions were put to him for solution as he sat in a rather high chair on one side of the fireplace, and answers were given in serious or jocose strain, as the case might require. I once heard him illustrate the expression "outer darkness," and administer a caution to some unknown person, at one and the same time, thus: It would appear that a week or two previous, one of his visitors had lost his academic gown at Mr. Simeon's rooms. It had been thrown down in a corner in an outer apartment, as was customary at these visits, and on the breaking up of the party, it was nowhere to be found; and that was the last of it. Mr. Simeon mentioned the case, expressing his fear that the gown had been wilfully abstracted; and he said, if this should prove to be so, and he should discover the delinquent, he would most assuredly put him into "outer darkness!" (thundering out the expression all of a sudden) that is, he would exclude him from his rooms in the future, and leave him, as it were, out in the cold. I recollect one evening, after waiting some little time at the outset for a question, and none being offered, he started those present by informing them that he had that day been present at a fox-hunt. The explanation quickly added was that while out driving in his carriage he had been uncomfortably detained somewhere along the road by the crossing of a pack of hounds over the highway in full cry after a fox. The story was wound up with an abrupt—"Now then, gentlemen, start your fox!" meaning, lose no more time in proposing something for discussion. My relic of Simeon is a volume once his property, containing an account of the life and writings of one Gerhard Tersteegan, a German mystic, who lived 1697–1769. On the whole, this book would be greatly in harmony with Mr. Simeon's own views and temperament. But at one place Tersteegan has expressed himself in a way that has occasioned a slight outburst on the part of Mr. Simeon. Tersteegan chanced to speak with approbation of a *fourfold* division of "Justification," thus: "Justification, according to scripture and experience, is properly *fourfold*; which, being seldom sufficiently distinguished, is the cause of so much misunderstanding and so much controversy." Tersteegan here seemed to know too much on a point in regard to which Mr. Simeon held himself to be a master. He accordingly could not refrain from seizing his pen and making the following marginal note in a bold hand, to which also he appends his initials: "A very confused head had this good man, with his fourfold justification! C. S." Mr. Simeon's personal appearance is familiar from the many engravings of him which are to be seen. The profile was somewhat Jewish. Mr. Simeon always exhibited a special interest in questions relating to the modern Jews; and, I think, he believed he had Jewish blood in his veins. I was present at his funeral, and after the ceremony, descended into the vault in which the body was laid, under the nave of King's College Chapel. I shared also in a momentary panic which took place on the occasion, egress for a time being made impossible by the numbers who kept pressing in. Mr. Simeon's twenty-one octavo volumes of skeleton sermons have been, with astonishing industry, minutely indexed by Hartwell Horne. I subjoin some judicious observations once made by Professor Farish to Mr. Simeon, on the use of ridicule in controversy. Mr. Simeon had indulged in some irony in an intended reply to strictures by Dr. Pearson on himself. Farish advises him to strike the ironical expressions out. He remonstrates with his old friend thus: "Aristotle somewhere says that in Oratory, *geloia* [ironical words] are most advantageously rebutted by serious arguments, and *vice versa.* And the remark is very shrewd; but it is not to be followed throughout. I don't see that you get any advantage by it in the

present case, that is not counterbalanced many times over by disadvantages. Ridicule, as the test of truth, is a very powerful weapon in the hands of a disingenuous infidel; but the sentiment is false, and the weapon suits ill in the hands of a Christian. I don't see the propriety of using it in a serious subject, against an adversary that means seriously, and aims to speak candidly, which I really think is the case at present, though I never felt less conviction from an attack, in my life, with respect to the substance of it. I think, too, your opponent is too respectable a man to be so treated, and his office too respectable also. I think you will have the prejudices at least, not to say the ingenuous proper feelings, both of your friends and enemies against you on this point. I see no good you get by following Aristotle. But only think what an advantage his rule will give to your opponent, or rather to those who will infallibly take up the cudgels for him."

AFTER THE BALL.

(Selected.)

THEY sat and combed their beautiful hair,
Their long bright tresses, one by one,
As they laughed and talked in the chamber there,
After the revel was done.

Idly they talked of waltz and quadrille:
Idly they laughed, like other girls,
Who over the fire, when all is still,
Comb out their braids and curls.

Robes of satin and Brussels lace,
Knots of flowers and ribbons too,
Scattered about in every place,
For the revel is through.

And Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest nightgowns under the sun,
Stockingless, slipperless, sit in the night,
For the revel is done,

Sit and comb their beautiful hair,
Those wonderful waves of brown and gold,
Till the fire is out in the chamber there,
And the little bare feet are cold.

Then out of the gathering winter chill,
All out of the bitter St. Agnes weather,
While the fire is out and the house is still,
Maud and Madge together,—

Maud and Madge in robes of white,
The prettiest nightgowns under the sun,
Curtained away from the chilly night,
After the revel is done,

Float away in a splendid dream,
To a golden gittern's tinkling tune,
While a thousand lustres skimmering stream,
In a palace's grand saloon.

Flashing of jewels and flutter of laces,
Tropical odours sweeter than musk,
Men and women with beautiful faces,
And eyes of tropical dusk;

And one face shining out like a star,
One face haunting the dreams of each,
And one voice sweeter than others are,
Breaking into silvery speech;

Telling, through lips of bearded bloom,
An old, old story over again,
As down the royal bannered room,
To the golden gittern's strain,

Two and two, they dreamily walk,
While an unseen spirit walks beside,
And, all unheard in the lovers' talk,
He claimeth one for a bride.

O Maud and Madge, dream on together,
With never a pang of jealous fear!
For ere the bitterest St. Agnes weather
Shall whiten another year,

Robed for the bridal and robed for the tomb,
Braided brown hair and golden tress,
There'll be only one of you left for the bloom
Of the bearded lips to press,

Only one for the bridal pearls,
The robe of satin and Brussels lace,
Only one to blush through her curls
At the sight of a lover's face.

O beautiful Madge, in your bridal white,
For you the revel has just begun;
But for her who sleeps in your arms to-night
The revel of life is done!

But robed and crowned with your saintly bliss,
Queen of heaven and bride of the sun,
O beautiful Maud, you'll never miss
The kisses another hath won!

NORA PERRY.

New York.

LOST AND WON:

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

By the author of "For King and Country."

CHAPTER VII.

WILL IT LAST?

"The bond that links our souls together,—
Will it last through stormy weather?—
Will it stretch if Fate divide us,—
When dark and weary hours have tried us?"

THE following day—a Sunday—was the saddest Alan had ever spent, unless it might be that one—now rather indistinct in his memory—when the corpse of a little sister, the youngest of the family, had been carried away to the cemetery at Mapleford.

Mr. Campbell "felt poorly," he said, and remained in bed, as was often the case when any trouble came upon him. Ben had remained with his Indian friends, and Dan had gone off the evening before to spend a couple of days with his comrades, so it was a very small and silent group that gathered around the breakfast table. It was Jeanie's Sunday at home, for she and her mother could not well go, both of them, to church at a distance of seven miles; and she insisted that her mother should not depart from the usual arrangements, knowing that it always did her good to go and hear her friend and pastor, Mr. Abernethy, whose words of Christian consolation fell like balm on her wounded spirit.

So Alan and his mother and Hugh were all that set off in the light spring waggon for Mapleford, a good-sized village, in which stood the two or three churches to which the people of Radnor township resorted, for miles around. It seemed strange to Alan to see the quiet sameness of all things around, when so great a change was brooding over his own life. It made him feel as if it must have been a dream—as if he must wake and find that things would still go on as they had always done—when he turned into the straggling village street that ran along the river, past the familiar white houses, the country shops with their shut up windows, all whose wares were well-known to him, and came to the little stone church with its long driving shed on one side, and the modest, unpretending house of Mr. Abernethy, nestling among lilacs and apple trees, on the other. There were the people in their Sunday dresses, farmers in black frock coats, looking very unlike their week-day selves; and wives and daughters, in Carrington millinery, straggling along in little groups; there was the row of "teams" drawn up in the driving shed which protected from the weather the horses of those who had farther to go; and there were the five or six horses with side-saddles, used by the wives of farmers who lived on roads rather rough for wheeled vehicles; everything was just the same, but Alan seemed to see it as one in a dream. The familiar faces around him in the church seemed to him faint and dream-like, as did also the dignified presence and benignant voice of Mr. Abernethy, who, in a discourse, a little too scholarly perhaps for some of his audience, but still thoroughly earnest, tried to raise the thoughts of his hearers above the shifting clouds and changing scenes of "things seen and temporal," to the star that ever shines, clear and unchanging, above them—the star that once shone in the East to guide the wise men to Bethlehem, and which still shines, undimmed by the vapours of earth, for all who truly look for it now. But Alan had not learned yet to follow that star, though he knew his mother had. Poor

fellow! the light he was following just now was but an *ignis fatuus*, that must soon die down and go out!

Neither Lottie nor her mother were among the congregation. Their absence was not an uncommon thing, as Lottie disliked church-going, and Mrs. Ward, tired with her perpetual activity during the week, was fond of taking the "day of rest" in its literal physical signification, to "set her up again" for Monday's labours, which, of course, a seven or eight miles' drive on a warm day would have very considerably interfered with. The miller usually came, however, chiefly for the sake of a little variety and a talk with his neighbours, generally going home with some of them to dinner.

After service, while Alan and Hugh went to get out the waggon, their mother waited for a talk with Mrs. Abernethy, the minister's wife, whose gentle, refined, aged face seemed to bear the impress of much meekly borne sorrow. And such indeed was the case, for there were four little green graves in the neighbouring graveyard, which had early desolated the minister's house, and robbed it of the childish smiles and childish voices which had been its music and its sunshine. But these heavy sorrows had made Mrs. Abernethy's heart a never-failing source of sympathy for all who were in trouble of any kind—a friend to whose gentle ministration all sufferers instinctively turned. Ever since the time when Mrs. Campbell's little daughter had been suddenly taken from her, and she had received from Mrs. Abernethy much never-to-be-forgotten sympathy and comfort, and, what was better, guidance to a higher source of consolation, the two had been very closely drawn together. When Alan drove up to the church door to find his mother, he saw her walking with Mrs. Abernethy along the little shaded path that led from the church to the minister's house, and he knew, when he saw Mrs. Abernethy wiping away the tears that so readily rose to her eyes in response to the sorrows of others, that his mother had been communicating to her friend the family calamity. It gave him, with a pang, a new sense of the *reality* of the calamity, now that it was being communicated to one outside the family. Mrs. Abernethy came to assist his mother into the waggon, having in vain pressed her to remain and take some refreshments, and Alan knew, by the way in which her kind, delicate hand silently pressed his, that she was feeling intensely for their misfortune. It almost irritated him, for the moment, to have the sense of it thus borne in upon him, kind as he knew the sympathy to be.

As they drove back along the quiet village street, they overtook a female figure of somewhat peculiar aspect. It was a spare, angular form, attired in a black silk which, though well preserved, bore evident marks of age, a black satin shawl, stiffly folded over her shoulders, and a large bonnet of rather antique fashion, but all of excellent material and scrupulously neat in arrangement. The wearer of this apparel was walking with the brisk, elastic step which might have belonged to a much younger person than she appeared to be, when she turned at the sound of the wheels behind her, and revealed, under the heavy bonnet and the little stiff curls beneath it, a sharp, clearly cut physiognomy of unmistakably New England type, which had evidently seen at least fifty summers, but whose bright, shrewd, grey eyes sparkled with a still youthful light, and seemed full of kindness and humour.

"Good morning, Miss Honeydew," said Alan, drawing up. "I needn't offer you a lift, when you're so near your own door."

"Guess t'aint hardly worth while," said the lady, in a cheery voice and with a merry smile. "Good morning, Miss Campbell; good morning, Mr. Alan, my dear; and Hugh, what a big boy you *do* be gettin' to be! Now, Miss Campbell, do get down

and come in with me and have a bit of my dinner. 'Taint much to ask you to, for I don't cook none, Sunday, but you do look so tired, and you'd be the better of the rest."

"I'm very much obliged to you, Miss Honeydew," said Mrs. Campbell, "but I'm anxious to get home, for Mr. Campbell's a little poorly to-day, and Jeanie's at home alone."

A somewhat dubious expression came into Miss Honeydew's face at this speech. She looked acutely at the little group for a moment. "Well, if you won't come in, 'taint any use keeping you standing in the sun! But do come and see me soon; seems as if I hain't set eyes on you for ever so long; and, Mr. Alan, I'll have some first-class gooseberries ripe next week, so mind you must come and get some of 'em." And then, saying good-bye, with a smile and a nod, Miss Hepzibah Honeydew turned to enter a little white gate, which opened on a garden full of a profusion of flowers, in front of a neat, small, white house, whose green verandah was festooned with what seemed an infinite variety of creepers.

"Sakes and patience!" Miss Honeydew inwardly ejaculated, as she felt in her pocket for her door key; "how that blessed woman does get 'most worried to death with that *doin'less* husband of hers! Well for them as hain't got none to make their lives a burden to 'em! Though 'taint to be denied it's nice having a boy like Mr. Alan!" she added, with a half sigh.

The lady who bore the above poetical cognomen was an important personage in Mapleford—not from the length of her purse, however, for though her father, an enterprising New Englander, who, during her early days, had somehow drifted out into these backwoods, and had made a pretty respectable sum between farming and shop-keeping, had left his only unmarried daughter pretty "comfortable;" still few, with no larger resources than hers, would have thought that they had much to spare. But Miss Hepzibah had a heart that extended very much beyond the capacities of her purse, and from her childhood had had the peculiarity, more common among women than among men, of not fully enjoying anything unless she shared it with more needy people than herself, and as these were not few, even in Mapleford, her opportunities for sharing were tolerably abundant, and her life was both a busy and a bountiful one. Her brothers and sisters had all gone forth from Mapleford to distant homes or wider spheres of business, chiefly in the United States, and she herself had had urgent invitations—not altogether disinterested (for Miss Hepzibah would have been an invaluable adjunct in any household)—from married brothers, to make her home with them. But she had a pretty independent spirit of her own, and liked to stay on among people whose faces and histories were all familiar to her, in the same house, somewhat renovated it is true, in which she had grown from youth to womanhood, and in which her one little love story had begun and ended. But though her life was a solitary one, except for her own rare visits to her distant relatives, and for a stray nephew or niece occasionally coming to sojourn for a short time with her, it was by no means so lonely an existence as that of an "old maid" is commonly supposed to be. In the first place, there was her own live stock; her friend and companion "*Cleo*"—short for *Cleopatra*—a little black dog of no particular breed, but of very particular ways; her grey Maltese cat Tabitha, that in summer was always airing her glossy, silken robes in Miss Hepzibah's flower garden; her little flock of poultry in the poultry yard behind it; and last, but not least, in importance at least, her canary, which, hanging in the verandah, always welcomed its mistress's return by chirping and tuning up for a song. Then she often had some little *protégé* in the shape of a neglected village child, whom

she would take in, and, with infinite pains, train up to be a tidy little handmaid, letting her go to some more lucrative service as soon as she was fit for it. And besides these various inmates, her house was a favourite resort with both old and young—with the young, because of her lively talk, as well as of the cakes and fruit that they knew were readily forthcoming; with the old, because they enjoyed a cheery chat with her, and because they brought to her their physical troubles, as naturally as they took their mental ones to Mrs. Abernethy, generally getting from her some alleviating, if not curing, prescription, for she had a natural aptitude for such things. The quantities of raspberry vinegar, jelly, and cordials that she gave away to sick people would have been considered by Mrs. Ward ridiculously extravagant; but then Miss Hepzibah did not care to save up her possessions, but to distribute them. Her flowers and fruit, though on a small scale, were the wonder and admiration of the village. She was a born florist, and it was indeed wonderful how she could raise so many beautiful, and even rare, flowers in so small a space and with such tasteful arrangement. Not only had she beautiful carnations, pansies, stocks, and other favourite garden flowers, but she took in and carefully cultivated some of the choicer wild ones, such as hepaticas, trilliums, and the gorgeous scarlet-spiked cardinal flower, which, she used to say, it was a shame to leave to blush unseen in the recesses of the woods. She had a rockery, composed of a collection of odd and pretty stones from the bank of the river, and draped with a variety of luxuriant ferns; and her little verandah was curtained with a wonderful variety of twining plants, from grape vines and Virginia creepers to climbing roses and canary flowers. Whenever she paid a visit to her relatives in the States, she was sure to bring back some rare or curious addition to her stock of plants, and she was always ingeniously originating some new variety, which a professional gardener might have envied. No pen, indeed, could describe the happiness which her passion for flowers brought to her. If she was ever uncharitable in speaking of any human being, alive or dead, it was in regard to the mother of the human race, and her dereliction in circumstances where "she could have as many flowers as ever she liked, and no weeds to choke, or frosts to nip 'em!" She was continually beset by applications for flowers, especially from small children, and it was a wonder how her patience and her flower-beds stood out against the continual drain upon them. But they *did;* and she had her own philosophy about it. "Pick your flowers," she would say; "pick 'em if you want to have 'em! If you stint 'em you soon won't have any to stint. There ain't nothin' so much as flowers that it's true about—'there is that scattereth and yet increaseth.'"

Then her fruit—the delicious strawberries and raspberries and gooseberries, each in their own season; and later on, the plums and pears and *Fameuse* apples, looking so rosy and tempting among their green leaves. The wild, orchard-robbing boys of the neighbourhood—to their honour be it said—let Miss Honeydew's apples alone; they had a certain superstitious feeling—however callous their consciences might be with regard to those of others—that it was a sin to steal hers. Some of them had tried it once; but Miss Hepzibah had pounced out upon them from an unexpected corner, and alertly capturing some of the culprits, had administered a somewhat unexpected treatment. For, after a brisk shaking from her vigorous arm, and a good sound lecture on the wickedness of their conduct, she had filled their pockets with ripe ruddy apples, and sent them away with the injunction to mind, for the future, that "honesty was the best policy." It might not seem to be the best way of enforcing the maxim; but it had proved effectual, so far at least as she was

concerned. Those boys stole no more of her apples.

And Miss Hepzibah was as busy as she was liberal ; for, besides her own multifarious little concerns, she generally had those of half the neighbourhood to consider and attend to. There was nothing that she wasn't considered capable of doing. Little girls brought her their dolls' clothes to cut out, and little boys, ambitious of kite-flying, came to claim her help in making their kites. At quilting bees, and in sick rooms, where patient watching and clever, cheerful nursing were wanted, Miss Honeydew's services were always specially in request, and she never came in contact with a trouble, that was capable of being remedied, that she did not immediately set to work to devise, if possible, some means of remedying it. It was a literal burden of mind to her till she could do so, and nothing gave her so much satisfaction, after long and patient pondering, as "to see daylight through a hobble" into which any of her neighbours had got.

Mrs. Ward appreciated Miss Honeydew's cleverness at least, but she would sometimes speak a little contemptuously of her "small way." But Miss Hepzibah, with her "small way," had, in her genuine, ever flowing interest in every human being, and beast, and flower that crossed her path, and in the Christian kindness ever flowing out from a simple, earnest Christian heart, a perennial spring of happiness, pure and unalloyed, which Mrs. Ward, with her engrossment in cumbering cares, and constant fear lest moth and rust might destroy her well-preserved treasures, could not even imagine.

It was no wonder, then, that Miss Honeydew was a favourite among all her acqaintances, and that her little daintily kept house was so inviting to every one, from Mr. Abernethy down to Cindy Simmons, the village beggar. Alan Campbell, and Dan too, were among her chief friends and favourites, though it somewhat alloyed the pleasure of Dan's visits that Miss Hepzibah would always insist upon his carrying home to his mother a bottle of cordial or a pot of preserves, or some other fragile commodity, which did not always reach home in good preservation. For Mrs. Campbell—different as the two were in most respects—Miss Hepzibah had a strong admiration as well as regard ; and having but few burdensome cares of her own, and not being much addicted to introspection, she generally had a mind at leisure for the kindly consideration of her neighbours' affairs. Mrs. Campbell's troubles often afforded her a fruitful subject for reflection, though as yet she did not know the new and grave one that menaced her.

As they drove homewards, Alan and his mother had a little quiet talk about the impending crisis, and she tried to instil into his mind some of the patient submission that was already soothing her own. In particular she was anxious to drive away any hard and bitter feelings that he might be cherishing—that she feared he *was* cherishing—against the immediate authors of their distress. But this task was much beyond her power. He said but little, but the little he did say showed how bitterly he felt, and he heard all she had to say in a moody silence which gave her no reason to hope that her well-intended efforts had been successful. And, of course, this hard feeling in his heart greatly increased the bitterness of the trial, as well as silently corroded his own peace of mind.

In the afternoon, after wandering aimlessly about for a time, vainly trying to fix his mind upon some feasible plan for the future, he went over to Blackwater Mill, anxious to communicate to Lottie the altered state of affairs, and to see what she would say. He left his father sitting up in his armchair, gazing wistfully at the open window and the green leaves waving without, and his mother in the little porch reading out of her well-worn Bible, some of those sublime

poetic words of comfort to the sorrowing, which, written by royal bard or wandering prophet when the world was young, do still, as Tennyson's Arthur Hallam expressed it, "fit into every fold of the human heart." As he passed her, she drew him towards her, and pointed to the verses she was reading—verses in which she had often found comfort and counsel before now: "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him, and He shall bring it to pass. Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him: fret not thyself because of him who prospereth in his way; because of the man who bringeth wicked devices to pass; cease from anger and forsake wrath; fret not thyself in any wise to do evil."

Alan read it to please her, though he almost knew it by heart already. And then he hurried off, somewhat impatiently. Such a law he felt quite too strict for him. He could not yet bear to think that his anger, which he was nourishing in his heart as a righteous feeling, was a thing to be "ceased from" and forsaken. He said to himself that it was impossible, and so it was for unassisted human nature.

At Blackwater Mill he found the miller reading, in a rather sleepy manner, a stray number of the *Canada Farmer*; Mrs. Ward counting her thirty-five young turkeys, to make sure no blood-thirsty weazel or wily fox had diminished the number since the last counting; and Lottie, lying on the settee by the wide kitchen window, engrossed in one of the morbid sensational romances she was so fond of reading. It jarred upon Alan, who had fresh in his mind the image of his mother as he had left her, with her very different occupation. Moreover, he had been trained by her to reverence the day of rest, and to feel that its quiet hours, intended to ennoble and purify the week-day life, were given for something better than being wasted on books which he knew, from the little he had seen of them, were not only vapid and unprofitable, but positively pernicious, from their highly coloured and false views of life; and it pained him to think how far his mother and Lottie would be out of harmony when they should be brought into a closer relation. He could not help saying something to Lottie, deprecating her constant reading of such books, the taste for which she had formed at boarding-school. But Lottie took his remarks rather sulkily, and said that "if he didn't like her as she was, he'd better look for some one else." However, the look of pain that crossed his already saddened face made her feel a little self-reproach, for she was really very glad to see Alan, now that Mr. Sharpley was gone, and she was feeling a little *ennuyée* after the excitement of his visit, and his polite speeches and attentions. And she thought, as Alan came up, how much better looking he was after all than Mr. Shārpley—if he would only look a little "brighter," and seem as delighted to see her as he should.

Alan soon carried her off to their little shady nook by the waterfall, and then broke to her as gently as possible the great change that had come over his prospects. Lottie was not slow to comprehend it, for she had not unfrequently heard her father allude to "old Campbell's money troubles," though he was far from knowing their extent; and she was not slow to see how it must affect her own prospects for years to come. But she was not quick at expressing either emotion or sympathy, so she heard Alan almost in silence, while she was inwardly considering possibilities and results. She was not in any hurry to be married, for its own sake, few young girls are who live in happy homes. She was not so deeply in love with Alan as to be at all impatient for their united life to begin, and she rather liked the importance of being "engaged." But it was different to be brought face to face with the fact that the engagement must be one of prolonged duration; that all the tempting glories of the *trousseau* and the wedding accessories

must be indefinitely postponed; and that the new life, when it did begin, would in all probability be on a very different scale from that to which she had looked forward.

"What do you suppose you will do, Alan?" she said at last, "if you have to leave Braeburn?"

"That's just what I've been trying to think, Lottie, all these two weary days," he replied, with a heavy sigh. "I don't see yet what the rest are to do. For myself, I shall just have to look out for some employment, anything I can find, and that's not easy for a fellow like me, brought up to nothing but farming."

Lottie inwardly wished he *had* been brought up to something else—to law, for instance, like Mr. Sharpley—but for a wonder she had the grace not to say so.

"I think I might find something to do about some of these saw-mills, or in the lumbering business," he continued, "either here or at Carrington. Very likely I shall have to go to a distance from here in any case. But, Oh Lottie," he said, drawing her closer to him, "I *do* want to know that, come what may, you will be true to me, and wait for me till I can make a home fit for you to come to. I'm sure I *can* do it in time, and I don't care for all the rest, or mind what happens to me in the meantime, if I only have that to look forward to."

Lottie was a little startled, as well as troubled, by the intense though suppressed emotion with which he spoke. He had not shown so much before, even when he first told her of his love, and she did not think "scenes" were quite so pleasant in reality as they were represented in books. She shrank a little from Alan's present mood, and replied, rather impatiently, that he needn't be uneasy; "it would be time enough when she had any idea of marrying any one else."

Alan felt chilled and disappointed. In his dreams there had been, half vaguely, the thought of a love which a common sorrow, a common burden to be borne, would only make closer and tenderer; one which would not be restrained, even by maidenly pride, from giving the frank, true-hearted expression of abiding affection which he craved with a sickening longing; one which would have tender words of sympathy and comfort in distress, instead of shrinking visibly from it. Lottie always did shrink from people in trouble. She could not respond with an active sympathy, and it made her feel uncomfortable, she hardly knew why.

But it was of no use to express any disappointment; he mustn't fail. It might only cause estrangement, and make Lottie think him exacting; as if estrangement had not already begun, when in so close a relation, either is afraid to express any feeling about the other. So he tried to hide his disappointment from himself, and to suppress any misgivings as disloyal and unjust to the girl he loved so truly, and who, he fain would believe, as truly loved *him*.

Mrs. Ward called them in to tea. Alan found it hard to take his part in the gossiping conversation that went on around the supper-table, spread in the kitchen this time, through the open windows of which the light evening breeze was blowing, and to hear and reply to Mrs. Ward's unsuspecting talk about Mr. Sharpley and his visit. It seemed such a long, long time since that evening when he and Mr. Sharpley took tea together in the best parlour. Mrs. Ward noticed his depression, as well as Lottie's unusually silent, abstracted air, and wondered if they had had a lover's quarrel. "We never thought of such things in my young days," she said to herself.

After tea Mr. Ward took his seat at the door, lighting his pipe "to keep off the musquitoes," which were beginning to get pretty troublesome. Alan stayed with him as long as he thought duty and civility required, and then, seeing no prospect of another quiet talk with Lottie, he bade them all good night, declining to wait until the moon

should rise. Lottie did not volunteer to accompany him to the gate this evening. Perhaps he might have asked her to do so if her father had not said he would walk a bit of the way with him himself. "A turn would do him good before he went to bed."

Just before he left, Alan recollected the ribbon he had bought for Lottie in Carrington, which he had in his pocket, but in his engrossment in other things, had forgotten till now to produce. Lottie accepted it graciously; it *was* very pretty, and just suited her taste and complexion; and she bade Alan good-bye with a brighter face and more warmth of manner than she had shown since he had told her about the family distress.

CHAPTER VIII.

PLANS.

"The shadows gather thickly round, and up the misty stair they climb,
The cloudy stair that upward leads to where the closed portals shine."

LIFE, next day, went on at Braeburn as life must always do, however heavy may be the present trouble or the impending calamity. There are always the little trivial daily details to be attended to even if the heart seems breaking; and sometimes the very distraction of feeling caused by these keeps the poor heart from breaking outright.

Mr. Campbell was the only one who seemed really incapacitated for ordinary duties. He tried to go about the business of the farm as usual, but it seemed impossible for him to collect his mental and physical energies, long undermined by his habits of life, and now altogether prostrated by the crisis that confronted him. Things must have gone all wrong but for Alan, who, with a clouded brow, grave thoughtful air, and firmly set lips, went silently and steadily on with the work that had to be done. Dan did not come home till the afternoon; he was always easily persuaded to stay with his companions even when he knew he was needed at home. Hugh, who had heard from his sister something of the family disaster, helped his brother a little, but rushed off at every available moment to study his Cæsar with renewed diligence, intent on getting on with his studies with the utmost celerity, so that he might do some indefinite something to help his father and mother that they might not want money any more.

Mrs. Campbell's heavy eyes and weary step told of watching and sorrow, but she tried to assume a cheerful air to lighten a little the general gloom of the household; busied herself in doing all she could think of for their comfort, and especially Alan's. Jeanie, on whose willing shoulders lay no small amount of work that day, was perhaps the most energetic and cheerful of them all, her physical vigour and buoyant spirits seeming to bear her up to meet the calamity. But it was not only these that kept her up. Jeanie had had what Miss Honeydew would have called "a good crying spell," all alone by herself, the previous afternoon in a little natural bower near the barn, where the luxuriant foliage of a wild vine spread its green drapery over two adjoining maples, and made a perfectly secluded retreat. Jeanie had often sought refuge there to weep out many a childish grief, or more serious one as she grew older, and Alan had noticed that she always came forth from her seclusion with an expression of peaceful submission which reminded him of the look his mother's face often wore, and with a bright determined energy of which his mother's now broken spirits were, alas, incapable. And this occasion was no exception. That Monday morning she had been up at four, in the first grey of dawn, that she might get through the family washing in good time. Then there was the bread which she had set early, to knead and set to rise again, and then the butter had to be churned, because in that hot

weather the cream would not keep, and that was a piece of work which—unlike the Wards—Mrs. Campbell and Jeanie always did between them, Ponto never having been trained to work for his living, otherwise than in his own natural pursuits. And when, by the afternoon, all this had been accomplished and the butter carefully packed away in the large crocks waiting in the cellar to receive it, Jeanie, who might have been supposed to need a rest, sat down, to all appearance untired, to do some mending for Dan, who had just returned. Moreover, knowing it would only worry her mother or Alan to have to tell him the bad news, which, as yet, he had not heard, Jeanie nerved herself to break it to him as he sat with her in the corner of the outer kitchen. Dan only gave one long low whistle, and sat for some time lost in thought as if the prospect of a compulsory change was not altogether disagreeable to him. Suddenly, however, a new aspect of the case presented itself and he exclaimed—

"*Everything* to be sold, did you say, Jeanie? They can't take Beauty and sell her, can they?"

Jeanie sadly shook her head. She could not tell, but she thought they could hardly expect to keep so valuable a horse; and Dan rushed off to the fields to find his brother and satisfy himself on this important point. And when he found from Alan that, so far as he could see, Beauty would have to be sacrificed, Dan flew to find her where she was contentedly cropping the juicy pasture grass, and throwing his arms round her neck, sobbed like a child.

In the evening Jeanie followed Alan as he went to water some of the animals. She put her arm through his, and the two walked slowly along through the dewy fields where the sheep were quietly grazing and the lambs running races around their woolly mothers.

"Alan," she asked, gently, "have you thought yet of what we are to do, if——"

She could not yet put the leaving of the old home into plain words.

"Yes, Jeanie, I've been thinking; for it's pretty certain we can't stay here. Of course I shall look out for something to do, and we shall just have to look out for some place where the rest of you can go and live as cheaply as possible. Dan will be able, I think, to get some employment soon, and I hope he and I will be able to keep the rest of you all straight. It doesn't cost much to live here you know. If everything else fails we could go up to the old shanty on Deer Lake."

This was a wild piece of land which Mr. Campbell, in days when money was not quite so scarce with him, had bought, tempted by its exceeding cheapness, but he had never been able to attempt to clear it, and the land seemed so rocky and unpromising, that it was looked upon in the family as a bad speculation, and had several times been on the point of being sold for taxes.

"Poor Dan," said Jeanie, "I suppose Beauty will have to go?"

"I suppose she must," Alan replied, with a heavy sigh. "Of course we shall be able to keep some things, but we could hardly expect to keep a valuable beast like that. I hope we may find a purchaser for her among some of our friends, so that Dan might keep track of her. And Hugh! It would be a great pity to disappoint the boy of going to college, but I'm afraid it'll have to be put off till he's made something himself to help him along. I wonder if he couldn't get a school to teach by and by."

"That's what *I* think of doing, Alan," said Jeanie, half diffidently.

"*You*, Jeanie; why, I never thought of your having to do anything! And, besides, could you? Have you learned enough of all those things you have to know before you can get a certificate?"

"I've always kept on studying a little, you know," Jeanie replied, with a quiet resolution in her voice. "I've managed to keep

up with Hugh, at any rate; and if I had a little quiet time to study, I'm sure I could soon pass as good an examination as Sue Reynolds, and you know she's got a very good school near Carrington. I know Mr. Abernethy will help me, and lend me books. And I like teaching, you know, as well as studying, and it wouldn't be as hard work as I have here all the time. And there would be more satisfaction in making scholars than in making butter!" she added, laughingly.

"Jeanie, you're a brick!" said Alan, with an attempt to hide his real feeling under an assumed playfulness. "I never knew any one like you for making the best of everything. I suppose next you'll say that all this trouble is the best thing that could have happened to us all; a great deal nicer than having everything go on smoothly, and having no want of anything?"

"Indeed, Alan, I think it would be very bad for us to feel as if we had no want of *anything;* I don't say it's nicer to have trouble, and there's no one will be more sorry than I shall to—leave—"

Jeanie had to stop by reason of a lump in her throat that prevented her going on just then. Presently, however, she swallowed down her emotion with an effort, seeing that it intensified the sorrowful expression of Alan's face, and added, confidently, "But I *do* say and think that if it were not the best thing for us it wouldn't have happened; and I am sure that if we could always see all that is to come out of everything, we should be contented to have everything happen just as God orders it."

"Well, perhaps so; I only wish I could feel it so," replied Alan, with a heavy sigh, thinking of Lottie, and thinking, too, how much more heavily this blow fell on him than on Jeanie or any of the rest. Presently the association led him to a new idea, and turning full on Jeanie he said, with an arch smile, that cleared away for a moment the expression of care from his face, "After all, Jeanie, I don't see that there's any occasion for this school-keeping idea of yours at all, when you may have a house of your own to go to, any day you like."

"What do you mean, Alan?" asked Jeanie; the tell-tale colour that rose in her face showing that she knew what he meant perfectly well.

"Why, I mean Robert Warwick, and you know it," he replied. "You must know quite well what brings him here so often, and what makes him so very obliging to father. Indeed he said as much to me once; and I do think, Jeanie, you might do a great deal worse. It's true he isn't as clever as you'd like, I suppose, but he's a first-rate, good-hearted, honest fellow, who would be as kind as any woman could desire, and could make you as comfortable as any farmer's wife in the township."

"Alan!" exclaimed Jeanie, with deepened colour, and some womanly indignation in her voice—for she had a little romantic dream-world of her own, and his speech jarred rudely upon it—"Alan, do you think I would marry any man because he could make me comfortable? And Robert Warwick is too good a fellow not to get a wife who would want him for himself, not his farm; and that will never be me! And you can tell him so, if you like!" she added, almost out of breath with her eagerness to put an end to the idea.

"No, thank you," said Alan; "it's not so pleasant to communicate bad tidings. But, never mind, Jeanie, I'm not in such a hurry to get rid of you; I only thought it was my duty to give you a little brotherly advice."

Jeanie was wondering a little whether Alan had yet told Lottie their bad news, and how she had received it, but she felt shy of approaching that subject with her brother. And the conversation was abruptly terminated by the realization of the old proverb, in the person of Mr. Robert Warwick, whom they saw crossing the field to join them. Jeanie coloured more deeply than ever,

and was indignant with herself because she felt her manner so constrained, and could not, with all her trying, force herself to be even ordinarily agreeable to the young man, who looked so eager and devoted that Jeanie shrank from him, and hated herself for it all the more.

Mrs. Ward's raspberries were picked at last that week, and barely in time. It was rather a dull berry-picking, however; very different from what it would have been a week earlier. Alan was far too busy to go with the girls, much as he would have liked to have been with Lottie every available moment, and Lottie felt rather aggrieved that he did not come, though it was not that she missed his presence so much as his attentions. Jeanie and Lottie talked a little over the painful circumstances that were casting a shadow over both their lives, but the former felt vaguely disappointed—as her brother had done—with Lottie. She seemed sorry, it is true, for her friends, but she did not truly sympathize, did not identify herself with them, as Jeanie felt *she* would, in Lottie's circumstances, have done. And when Alan and she were together, there was none of the manifestation of tender concern for her betrothed, of loving sympathy with him, which Jeanie would have thought so natural in the circumstances. But then, she thought, she might be misjudging her old playmate, who might be feeling more than she showed.

After tea, Alan drove Lottie home with her berries. As they went along through the quiet, fragrant woods, the fire-flies glancing in and out among the foliage, now growing dusky in the twilight, Alan tried once more to win from Lottie the pledge of constant affection which he so longed to secure. But she always coquettishly evaded it, and he could not tell whether it was from a perverse disinclination to speak frankly, or from real unwillingness to give the pledge. Perhaps Lottie could not have told herself. She did not often sound her own feelings farther than the needs of the passing moment. So Alan felt there was nothing for it but patience and trust; but there was an unsatisfied pain at his heart, nevertheless, which he did his best to stifle and ignore.

And indeed he had abundance of other things to occupy his mind. A letter in due time arrived from Mr. Dunbar, only confirming their worst fears. Mr. Dunbar had seen Mr. Sharpley and the mortgage, and had found everything legal and regular. The power of sale at the time specified was entirely in Mr. Leggatt's power, without reservation. Mr. Dunbar had represented that the property on which the mortgage was held, if advantageously sold, would very greatly exceed the amount of the debt. Mr. Leggatt had admitted that that might be, but again it might not, and he was evidently determined to insist on the sale of the whole property; and, moreover, to distrain for unpaid interest, on the movables in addition. The sole mitigation which Mr. Dunbar could procure from Mr. Sharpley, as legal agent, was the exemption of a portion of the household furniture within a certain value. All the rest, land, stock and movables, must be sold; but he would allow the sale to stand over till the harvesting operations were fully completed, and the Campbells could have the benefit of the sale of the crops.

Mr. Dunbar's letter was so clear, frank and kind, that they all felt it was decisive. It was the kindest thing he could have done, under the circumstances, for when the mind is once convinced that anything, however painful, is inevitable, it begins to adjust and reconcile itself to the necessity. Even Mr. Campbell ceased to express his hope that "something" would yet "turn up," and was all the better for giving up the vain attempt to "hope against hope." The calamity had had one good effect, that of making a break between him and Hollingsby. He had taxed the latter with his treachery, and Hollingsby had replied, with many fair words, that he would not for the world have

done anything to stand in the way of his good friend; that the mortgage had seemed to him all correct, or he would not have said so; and as to renting the land if it should be sold, why, if it would suit him to do so, should he not take it? It couldn't do Mr. Campbell any harm. Mr. Campbell did not trouble himself to reply to Hollingsby's logic; he felt that his unsuspecting confidence had been betrayed, and his Highland blood was up. He left Hollingsby's house with a few expressive words, signifying his intention never to enter it again. And he never did.

It was a lovely evening in early August, very like the one on which our story began, when Dan returned from the post-office at Dunn's Corners with two letters in his hand. One of them, a business letter evidently, he laid on the table to await his father's return. The other, which had two American stamps on the envelope, and was addressed in very bad writing and still worse spelling, he sat down to read himself.

"Who's your letter from?" asked Jeanie in surprise, looking up from her work. She was not perfect in her grammar yet, though she did aspire to be a teacher. And it was somewhat unusual for Dan to receive letters.

"Oh—it's from—Mike O'Rourke," replied Dan, so engrossed in reading the epistle that he could hardly recall his thoughts to reply. And then, when he had finished the perusal, which didn't take him long, he added, "You know he's enlisted in the Federal army."

"No, I didn't know," said Jeanie, to whom Mike O'Rourke, the wild son of an Irish neighbour, was not an object of much interest, except as she wished to keep him away from Dan. On this account, she felt rather glad to hear he had enlisted.

When Alan came in and saw the other letter lying on the table, he knew directly whence it came, and what it was; and he was not wrong. It was the expected formal notice from Mr. Sharpley, announcing the time of the intended sale, as well as his own intention to come out on an early day to superintend taking an inventory of the stock, &c.

And come he did. It is unnecessary to describe at length that visit, so full of pain to the Campbells, during which Mr. Sharpley was as politely unscrupulous as might have been expected, and Alan exerted all his self-restraint to hide the bitter feelings at war within him, under a surface courtesy. Mrs. Campbell, with true Highland hospitality, invited him to take tea with them; but he declined with many suavely expressed regrets, saying that he had promised Mrs. Ward to return to take tea at her house. At which Alan's brow darkened perceptibly, though he said nothing.

It did not escape Dan's notice that Mr. Sharpley, in making his rounds with the man who accompanied him, paid very special attention to Beauty; that he trotted her out and examined her with the scrutinising air of a possible purchaser. If it were possible to aggravate Dan's feelings still further against the unwelcome visitor, that was the last touch to do it. It was with an effort that he restrained his tongue, if not his hands, from most impolitic violence.

But after Mr. Sharpley had departed in the dusty hired buggy in which he had come, Dan rushed off to find his beloved steed, and putting on saddle and bridle, had a break-neck gallop across country on her back. Then, as he led her back to her field, her beautiful neck arching under his caressing hand, he muttered to her in confidence, "He thinks he's going to have you, my Beauty, does he, but we know better."

As Mr. Sharpley stayed all night at Blackwater Mill, and as he made no secret this time what his business was, it was pretty well known in Radnor before the end of that week that the Campbells were going to be "sold out." But what was to become of them after that, their neighbours knew no more than, unfortunately, did the Campbells themselves.

CHAPTER IX.

MISS HONEYDEW'S LETTER.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

ONE day in the course of the following week, Miss Hepzibah Honeydew was busy in her garden, taking advantage of a slightly cooler afternoon, to weed her strawberry beds and tie up and trim some of her flowers. She was bending over her work, her large yellow sun-bonnet completely hiding her face, which could be dimly seen at the end of it, as through a telescope, when one of her little village friends, the postmaster's little girl, came running up to her gate with a letter.

"Father thought you'd like to get it soon," said the child, "'cause he said it came from the States."

Miss Honeydew peered at it from the depths of her sun-bonnet. She knew the firm, business-like hand well. It was from her favourite brother, Eliphalet, in Boston—a good fat family letter, telling her all about his numerous family, such as she periodically received. She was very glad to get it, but before she opened it she conducted her little visitor to a gooseberry bush and treated her to a liberal supply of the ripe fruit, which, by the way, Alan had not yet come to partake of. It was no wonder that children liked to run on errands to Miss Hepzibah's.

After the little girl was gone, carrying with her a good handful of gooseberries, Miss Hepzibah seated herself in the little rocking-chair that stood on her verandah and carefully opened the precious epistle. She did not get letters so often but that the reception of one was an event. This one was more than usually interesting, and during her perusal of it Miss Hepzibah's eyebrows elevated themselves, and her forehead contracted with an expression of surprise combined with deep consideration. The letter, after giving due particulars of the growth, progress, and sanitary condition of each youthful member of Mr. Honeydew's family, informed her that the elder ones were soon to start on a voyage to Europe with their mother, and added the request that Miss Hepzibah would take into consideration the proposal that she should come to stay with her brother and the rest of the family during the interval, a year at least, of Mrs. Honeydew's absence. It would add so much to his happiness and comfort, her brother said, and would help to reconcile him to the departure of the others on so long a journey; while it would greatly relieve Mrs. Honeydew's mind in leaving a portion of her family behind.

Miss Hepzibah laid the letter on her lap, and pondered. She was not given to delaying the consideration of anything that had to be considered. "Just as well set to and get through it at once if you know all the pros and cons," was her principle. "It's just like taking medicine—the longer you sit and look at it, the harder it is to swallow." However, it was a difficult decision to make. Miss Hepzibah always found it hard to make up her mind to leave her snug little home, and all the pets, animate and inanimate, that twined their tendrils round her daily life, as the creepers did about her verandah. Moreover, she hated city life, and did not generally enjoy the society of city folk with their "artificial, stuck-up ways." And much as she loved children in general, and her own little nephews and nieces in particular, she was not sure how she, accustomed to the quiet and order of her own home, would stand their constant presence for so long a time, to say nothing of the responsibility which the charge of them would devolve upon her.

But, on the other hand, any opportunity of usefulness had a special charm for her; any call to be helpful to any human being she could not readily put away. It seemed to be a commission from God Himself. But

her house, her animals, all her little concerns, how could she leave them for so long a time? To whose care could she intrust them? Suddenly, as if by inspiration, came the thought of the Campbells, over whose misfortune, which she had heard of only the preceding day, she had been shedding those tears in which she indulged so rarely, hardly ever, except when they were called forth by griefs of others. That very morning she had gone to see Mr. Meadows, the most thriving merchant in the place, to ask him, in confidence, whether it would not be possible for some of Mr. Campbell's friends to subscribe a sum sufficient to relieve him from the threatened calamity, which could be repaid by him at leisure. Her own little means, she said, should be forthcoming to help as far as it would go, as soon as it could be procured from her brother in Boston.

But Mr. Meadows assured her that it was quite too late. Matters had gone too far already, and the property was completely in Mr. Leggatt's power. And even if anything could be done, he very much doubted the prudence of doing it, since he did not think Mr. Campbell could ever get free from his difficulties in any other way, and to try to help him would only be, as he emphatically expressed it, "pouring water into a hole in the ground." So Miss Honeydew had to return discouraged, with her kind intentions thwarted.

But now there flashed back upon her the thought of the distressed family, soon to be turned for ever out of their dear old home, while she was only kindly invited to leave hers for a time. And what a haven of refuge, she thought, would it be for them if they could come to her little house, even for a time? What a comfort it would be to Mrs. Campbell to know that she would have a home secure, in all probability, for a year to come. She could trust Mrs. Campbell and Jeanie, she knew, with all her treasured possessions. No one could be found who would take more tender care of them. And Mr. Campbell was not all that could be wished, and the boys might be a little heedless, and wear out her carefully kept rag-carpets with their heavy shoes, why, things in this world must often take their chance, and she didn't see that they were ever much the worse for it. Alan, she knew, would not remain at home idle; indeed she had heard he was going away somewhere, and so, in all likelihood, would Dan. So that the family would not be too large to find in her small house a quiet and comfortable home.

It was this thought that decided the matter; this consideration that weighed down the mental balance with a jerk, and terminated Miss Hepzibah's indecision. "It's the very thing; I'll do it," she said, her brow clearing, while she sprang to her feet and began moving about with increased alacrity, as if it would be a relief to begin making preparations for the important step.

While Miss Honeydew was busy setting her little tea-table near the window, she saw Mr. Abernethy's white horse passing, and behind him, seated beside the minister, Alan Campbell. Miss Hepzibah was not at all surprised. She had generally found that "folks turned up 'most always when she wanted them." She believed firmly in "special Providence," by which she simply meant the constant guidance of the Allwise Hand which is invisibly controlling and directing the actions of all living beings—the

> "Divinity that shapes our ends,
> Rough-hew them how we will,"

as an older and deeper observer than Miss Hepzibah had said long before. But though Miss Hepzibah was not surprised, she was very much pleased at this unexpected apparition of Alan. It seemed like a direct sanctioning of her decision that he should come to the village just as it had been made. She ran quickly to the gate, when the white horse was opposite, and hailed Alan.

"Won't you come in and have a cup of tea with me, Mr. Alan?" she asked, after respectfully saluting the minister.

"Alan has promised already to come home with me to tea," Mr. Abernethy answered for him, adding kindly, "But he will come and see you afterwards, I'm sure," which assurance Alan very heartily endorsed.

"Well, do, there's a dear! and come soon, so you'll see to get some gooseberries. I'd have them picked for you only they're nicest to eat off the bush."

Alan promised, and they drove on. Alan had business in Mapleford that afternoon. His father wanted the money for some wool he had sold at the little woollen factory, and as the horses were all busy and could not well be spared, Alan had set out to walk thither and back, thinking little of a walk of fourteen miles. He had been overtaken about half way, however, by Mr. Abernethy, who was returning from visiting some of his parishioners, and who gladly offered him a seat in his buggy, which Alan as gladly accepted. Mr. Abernethy was not sorry to have a quiet, sympathizing talk with his young friend, trying, as his mother had done, to instil lessons of submission to what had come upon him, and to cheer him up to a hopeful feeling about the future.

"I could bear it better," Alan had said, "if it had come about in the ordinary course of events, without any one interfering. But to feel that these selfish, scheming, miserable plotters have done it, for I'm sure they have, though I don't know how or why. Well, we may have a chance to settle scores yet," he muttered, half to himself.

"Alan," said the minister, "leave the scheming plotters to Him to whom their consciences must answer. If they have acted as you think, they are injuring themselves far more than they can injure you, so far, at least, as the mere temporal injury goes. But if you let them rouse in you a spirit of hatred and revenge, you will be permitting them to injure you in a way that need not be, and compared with which the other kind of injury is a trifle."

Just then occurred the interruption of Miss Honeydew's invitation and the subject was not resumed, as a few minutes more took them to the little white gate that led to the minister's door, where gentle Mrs. Abernethy stood watching for her husband's return.

She welcomed Alan with that kind tranquil manner which, of itself, always had a soothing effect on people in trouble. Alan felt its influence, and the influence of the kind sympathizing voice and gentle, loving tones in which she asked after each member of the family, and in a very few well-chosen words delicately expressed her sorrow for the trial which had come upon them. The kind words fell so softly on the suffering heart, which more bluntly expressed condolences only irritated, that Alan's load of trouble seemed to feel lighter, for the time at least; and the quiet grace of the well-appointed little tea-table, set ready for the minister's return, with its vase of flowers arranged by Mrs. Abernethy's tasteful hands, aided the cheering influence of her excellent tea, so that he found himself talking more cheerfully than he had done for a long time.

After tea Mr. Abernethy went to his study and brought out a large old volume, pointing to a passage where it lay open.

"You are fond of Shakespeare, Alan," he said, in the unconsciously dignified tone in which he always spoke, "and I want you to read over again this passage, which I'm sure you must have read before, and consider its bearing on what I was saying to you as we drove into the village. And I need scarcely remind you of the many places in which a far higher authority than Shakespeare impresses the same lesson."

Alan read over to himself the passage pointed out. It was one better known and more admired than acted upon:

"Alas! alas!
Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And He that might the vantage best have took,

> Found out the remedy. How would you be,
> If He, which is the top of judgment, should
> But judge you as you are? Oh, think on that;
> And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
> Like man new made."

The lines made some impression on Alan then; but long afterwards, circumstances brought back the thought they expressed with redoubled force to his memory and his heart.

As he said good-bye, Mrs. Abernethy gently detained him for a moment, while she said in a low tone, "You seem to have a heavy burden to bear just now, Alan, and your way seems dark enough. But there is a 'bright light in the clouds,' if you only knew it. Don't let faith and trust go, but keep looking up to Him who can help and guide you! I am sure neither your mother nor any child of her's will be left without that best help!"

Alan thanked her heartily, and he did not need to go farther than Miss Honeydew's before he found part, at least, of her words come true.

Miss Hepzibah had been better than her word, for she had picked a dish of gooseberries, which was standing ready on the little table in the verandah, when Alan had finished paying his respects to the bushes. And then, when they were quietly seated, watching the crimson sunset-tints flashing up into the blue sky, Miss Hepzibah unfolded her plan.

"You see," she said, when she had explained it, "it will be a real favour to me if Miss Campbell will just move in here when I go. I shouldn't know what to do with these poor creeturs; they want 'most as much lookin' after as children; to say nothing of all the flowers and garden things. It'll give Miss Campbell a deal of trouble, I know, but it's trouble that'll suit her, and she'll be all the better of something to see to, after the farm. And it'll be far better to me than rent would, to know she'll be there taking care of everything."

Alan heard the proposition with a relief that could scarcely be put into words, and was better expressed by the tears of emotion that started to his eyes, called forth by the simple, hearty kindness that prompted it, not less than by the transition of feeling. Such a snug, pleasant home for his mother, even if it were only a temporary one! If anything could reconcile her to leaving the old farm-house, it would be Miss Honeydew's garden and flowers, and pleasant view of the winding Arqua; and a year seemed a long time. By the end of it, he hoped some satisfactory permanent arrangement might suggest itself.

"Indeed, Miss Honeydew," he said, when she had stopped for a minute or two, "I'm sure we'll only be too glad to accept your kind offer! Indeed, you are a friend in need; I have been trying and trying to think what we were to do, and could fall on no feasible plan. I really don't know how to thank you!"

"Don't then, my dear! I'll take the thanks for granted. I'm sure it's a real pleasure to me, if anything I can do will be of the least bit of comfort to you and your blessed mother, to say nothing of Jeanie and the rest. When I think of that scheming Leggatt, and the way he's got round your poor father, it's all I can do to keep myself from getting into the Carrington stage, and going to give him a good piece of my mind."

"I'm afraid it wouldn't be of much use, Miss Honeydew," Alan replied.

"Well, I guess that's true, and more's the pity! Well, there is some folks past mendin', I believe, and 'taint well to meddle with 'em. Best leave 'em alone, and hope they'll be made to think better of it some time. Only I wish there was a menagerie to shut 'em up in, with the tigers and catamounts, so they'd let decent folk alone!"

Alan smiled, for it gratified him to hear that view so plainly expressed; more so than most people dared to speak, whatever they might think. He told Miss Honeydew of

his own intention to find employment, and of Jeanie's plan, both of which she heartily approved.

"There aint nothing like good steady work," she said, "to keep people contented, quite apart from what you make by it. Why, where would I have been, if I hadn't been kept as busy as I have, between other people's affairs and my own?"

Alan walked home that evening with a much lighter heart than he had carried to Mapleford. He lost no time in communicating Miss Honeydew's proposal to his father and mother, and it was gratefully decided that nothing could have turned up more opportunely—to be most gladly accepted—than Miss Honeydew's kind-hearted proposition.

Alan drove his mother up to Mapleford a day or two after that; and all preliminaries were settled, to Mrs. Campbell's and Miss Honeydew's mutual satisfaction.

To be continued.

THE RIVER.

Far over the river
The sun's last beams quiver,
And dark o'er the meadows the long shadows fall,
Till sadly and slowly,
The daylight fades wholly,
And night's sable mantle is spread over all.

But onward unheeding
The waters are spreading,
And stay not to murmur, nor stop to complain,
Till, once more awaking,
The day softly breaking,
Shall touch each bright ripple with beauty again.

And oft as I wander,
And mournfully ponder,
On hopes long departed and friends far away;
How like the dark shadows
That stretch o'er the meadows,
Seem memory's sorrows, that darken my way.

But still, like the river,
That flows on for ever,
In storm or in sunshine, in darkness or light,
I know that the dawning
Of some brighter morning
Shall chase from my heart all the shadows of night.

W. S. MARTIN.

Hellmuth College, London.

THE GREVILLE MEMOIRS.*

THE man who keeps a journal is a more dangerous individual than he in whom a taste for caricature has been successfully developed. The caricaturist's success depends very much upon the promptitude with which his sketches make their appearance. They must seize the moment when the persons or events with whom they deal are fresh, not in the memory—for they must not wait long enough for memory to come into play—but in the eye of the public. When the freshness of a caricature has once passed, it is relegated into the limbo of useless trash until it is exhumed, decades of years afterwards, by some curious archæologist. And this necessity for putting forth his handywork at once, when he can himself be promptly called to account for it, acts, no doubt, as a check upon the exuberant fancy and strong feelings of a caricaturist. A journalist, however, sits down quietly, and in cold blood records the foibles and analyzis the characters of those with whom he has just being mixing in society or in business. He can write exactly what he thinks, for is he not writing merely his private journal? although he knows all the while that its interest, so far from rapidly minishing like that of a caricature, is as rapidly increasing with age; while its tartness, which might offend the palate while fresh, will mellow with time, and indeed, is somewhat essential to the keeping qualities of his vintage.

Mr. Greville's Memoirs are, in most respects, admirable specimens of their class. The writer from his earliest years moved, as the phrase is, in the best society; his family connections secured him the *entrée* of the best *salons*, while his official position as Clerk of the Privy Council, made him cognizant of the secret political history of some of the most important crises through which England has passed. "A journal" he says himself, "to be good, true and interesting, should be written without the slightest reference to publication, but without any fear of it: it should be the transcript of a mind that can bear transcribing. I always contemplate the possibility that hereafter my journal will be read, and I regard with alarm and dislike the the notion of its containing matter about myself, which nobody will care to know." And he certainly adheres steadily to his opinion, for it would be impossible to find a journal which would be less egotistical than this of Mr. Greville. We learn, those of us who did not know it before, that Mr. Greville was passionately fond of the turf, and was a constant attendant at all the principal race meetings—indeed, he tells us that on one occasion a Privy Council was put off because the Clerk was at the Egham races—but this is nearly the only feature of his private life which stands out in these interesting pages. Commencing in 1818, two years before the death of George III., the Memoirs now published carry us through the reigns of George IV and William IV, and up to the accession of Her present Majesty. The remainder is, for the present, wisely suppressed by the executor, to whose charge Mr. Greville committed his papers, and it probably will not see light during the Queen's life-time; not so much for anything it may contain that would affect, still less that would reflect upon, her life or character as that it necessarily would lay bare some of the hitherto secret history of political events and political leaders in her reign.

Fortunately for England and for the world at large, we can all look forward to any

* A Journal of the Reigns of King George IV. and King William IV., by the late Charles C. F. Greville, Esq., Clerk of the Council to those Sovereigns. New York: Appleton & Co. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

revelations that may be made of the inner life of Her Majesty with the most perfect confidence that nothing can ever be laid bare which can in the minutest degree diminish our reverence for her as a Queen, and our respect for her as a woman. It cannot, however, be said that royalty, as exemplified by the characters of George IV and William IV, appears in a very estimable light in these volumes. Mr. Greville had peculiar facilities for becoming acquainted with the private life of those monarchs. A good deal of what he saw, he noted, and what he noted is now given to the public. The journals were revised by the author in the later years of his life, and so we may suppose that all that now appears in print has been deliberately left in them to be printed; but we cannot but think that their value and interest would have been in no wise diminished, had not only one or two expressions and half a dozen adjectives, more forcible than polite, been omitted, but if several comments—such *e.g.* as those upon William IV—some insinuations, and a good many expressions of opinion had been suppressed before publication.

Of these volumes it is impossible to give a connected account. Their charm lies as much in their discursiveness as in their graphic sketches. They cannot be condensed, and it is only by taking extracts at length and in their entirety that we can hope to give our readers any idea of the interesting matter which is contained in them. Of the tastes and life of George IV, it is needless that we should do any thing to perpetuate the record. It is true that Mr. Greville says, "I hardly ever record the scandalous stories of the day unless they relate to character or events, but what relates to public men is different from the loves and friendships of the idiots of society;" but it is evident from the names which immediately precede that declaration that he might a tale unfold, had he the inclination to do so. The name of one family occurs, necessarily, very often in any history of the life of George IV and it is in immediate connection with them that Mr. Greville thus concludes a little sketch of the goings-on at Windsor in 1829. "A more despicable scene cannot be exhibited than that which the interior of our Court presents—every base, low and unmanly propensity, with selfishness, avarice, and a life of petty intrigue and mystery." From that scene there is no reason why we should assist in raising the veil.

With William IV Mr. Greville was evidently a good deal amused and, looking at him from a "good society" stand point, somewhat scandalized. The new king was a great contrast to his predecessor; he had no idea of dignity, and not much of manners. "King George had not been dead three days before every body discovered he was no loss, and King William a great gain. * * * The King's good nature, simplicity, and affability to all about him are certainly very striking, and in his elevation he does not forget any of his old friends and companions. He was in no hurry to take upon himself the dignity of King, nor to throw off the habits and manners of a country gentleman. When Lord Howe came over from Twickenham to see him, he said the Queen was going out driving, and should "drop him" at his own house. * * * * Altogether he seems a kind-hearted, well-meaning, not stupid, burlesque, bustling old fellow, and, if he doesn't go mad, may make a very decent King." "Yesterday, after the House of Lords, he drove all over the town in an open calêche with the Queen, Princess Augusta and the King of Wurtemburg, and coming home he set down the King (*dropped him*, as he calls it) at Grillon's Hotel. The King of England dropping another King at a tavern! It is impossible not to be struck with his extreme good nature and simplicity; but he ought to be made to understand that his simplicity degenerates into vulgarity, and that, without departing from his natural urbanity, he may conduct himself so as not to lower the character with which he is in-

vested, and which belongs not to him but to the country."

These, however, and several similar eccentricities ceased as soon as the King became a little more used to his position. Later in life, however, his peculiar temper manifested itself in awkward ways on several occasions; notably so in his relations with the Duchess of Kent, towards whom in the last years of his reign he entertained a most rancorous hatred. On one occasion, at a dinner, when a hundred people were present, he actually made a most violent speech against the Duchess to her face. On another, he did not hesitate to say openly concerning her, "That woman's a nuisance." Towards the Princess Victoria, her present Majesty, he always entertained the warmest feelings and manifested the tenderest consideration.

Of all the notable personages whose deeds and characters come before us in these pages, none occupies a more prominent position than the Duke of Wellington, with whom officially and privately Mr. Greville was on terms of close intimacy. Writing after the fall of his administration in 1830, he gives a sketch of the Duke's character, which is worth transcribing. "The Duke of Wellington's fall, if the causes of it are traced and dispassionately considered, affords a great political lesson. His is one of those mixed characters which it is difficult to praise or blame, without the risk of doing them more or less than justice. He has talents which the event has proved to be sufficient to make him the second (and, now that Napoleon is removed the first) general of the age, but which could not make him a tolerable Minister. Confident, presumptuous, and dictatorial, but frank, open and good-humoured, he contrives to rule in the Cabinet without mortifying his colleagues, and he has brought it to ruin without forfeiting their regard. Choosing, with a very slender stock of knowledge, to take upon himself the sole direction of every department of Government, he completely sank under the burden. Originally imbued with the principles of Lord Castlereagh and the Holy Alliance, he brought all those predilections with him into office. Incapable of foreseeing the mighty events with which the future was big, and of comprehending the prodigious alterations which the moral character of Europe had undergone, he pitted himself against Canning in the Cabinet, and stood up as the asserter of maxims, both of foreign and domestic policy, which that great statesman saw were no longer fitted for the times we live in. With a flexibility which was more remarkably exhibited at subsequent periods, when he found that the cause he advocated was lost, the Duke suddenly turned round and surrendered his opinions at discretion; but in his heart he never forgave Mr. Canning, and from that time jealousy of him had a material influence on his political conduct, and was the primary motive of many of his subsequent resolutions. This flexibility has been the cause of great benefits to the country, but ultimately of his own downfall, for it has always proceeded from the pressure of circumstances and considerations of convenience to himself, and not from a rational adaptation of his opinions and conduct to the necessities and variations of the times." At the end, however, of a long analysis of the Duke's character, and which contains many expressions even less complimentary than those which we have quoted, Mr. Greville appends a note to say, that this opinion was "unjust to the Duke. He coveted power, but he was perfectly disinterested, a great patriot if ever there was one, and he was always animated by a strong and abiding sense of duty. I have done him justice in other places, and there is after all a great deal of truth in what I have said." And that, undoubtedly, is the case. On another occasion he says, "The habits of his mind are not those of patient investigation, profound knowledge of human nature and cool discriminating sagacity. He is exceedingly quick of apprehension, but deceived by his own

quickness into thinking he knows more than he does. * * * * Above all he wants that sagacity of manner, that watchfulness of observation, that power of taking great and enlarged views of events and characters, and of weighing opposite interests and probabilities which are essentially necessary in circumstances so delicate, and in which one false step or even incautious expression may be attended with consequences of immense importance." And again, touching the Reform Bill, he says of the Duke, "He is a great man in little things, but a little man in great matters—I mean in civil affairs in those mighty questions which embrace enormous and various interests and considerations and to contemplate which great knowledge of human nature, great sagacity, coolness and impartiality are required, he is not fit to govern or direct. His mind has not been sufficiently disciplined, nor saturated with knowledge and matured by reflection and communication with other minds to enable him to be a safe and efficient leader in such times as these." Throughout these volumes no character stands out in more carefully drawn or, in our judgment, truer lineaments than that of "*the* Duke," for whom Mr. Greville, though he criticized him freely, had the deepest regard. "I never see and converse with him" he says, "without reproaching myself for the sort of hostility I feel and express towards his political conduct, for there are a simplicity, a gaiety, and natural urbanity and good-humour in him which are remarkably captivating in so great a man." One more extract shall conclude this notice of the Duke, and it is one that will recall a scene of which many of us have been witnesses. "I was marvellously struck (we rode together through St. James' Park) with the profound respect with which the Duke of Wellington was treated, everybody we met taking off their hats to him, everybody in the Park rising as he went by, and every appearance of his inspiring great reverence. I like this symptom, and it is the more remarkable because it is not *popularity*, but a much higher feeling towards him. He has forfeited his popularity more than once; he has taken a line in politics directly counter to the popular bias; but though in moments of excitement he is attacked and vilified, (and his broken windows, which I wish he would mend, still preserve a record of the violence of the mob) when the excitement subsides there is always a returning sentiment of admiration and respect for him, kept alive by the recollection of his splendid actions, such as no one else ever inspired."

The personage whose character stands out in the next degree of relief is a very, very different one from the Duke—Lord Brougham. Into this prominence in these pages, just as into his prominent position in public life, Brougham seems to have pushed himself by the force and effrontery of his character. At the time of the Queen's trial, he was but little known in "society." This is the first sketch of him, in 1828; "Brougham is certainly one of the most remarkable men I ever met; to say nothing of what he is in the world, his almost childish gaiety and animal spirits, his humour, mixed with sarcasm, but not ill-natured, his wonderful information, a memory which has suffered nothing to escape it, I never saw any man whose conversation impressed me with such an idea of his superiority over all others. As Rogers said the morning after his departure, 'this morning Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield and a great many more went away in one postchaise.'" These pleasant traits, however, in Lord Brougham's life are soon overcast by the coarser parts of his nature. He made himself a name, though not a very good one, in the House of Commons, and so vigorously did he push himself that on the formation of Lord Grey's Ministry in 1830, he was able to insist upon his claim to the Chancellorship. This step was unexpected on his part for, as Mr. Greville says, "I thought that he meant to domineer

in the House of Commons and to gather popularity throughout the country by enforcing popular measures of which he would have all the credit, and thus establish a sort of individual power and popularity which would have ensured his being dreaded, courted and consulted by all parties." Great, therefore, was the joy when his elevation to the House of Lords was announced, but no opinion was ever more mistaken than that which held that he was "emasculated and drops on the Woolsack as on his political death-bed: once in the House of Lords there is an end of him, and he may rant, storm, and thunder, without hurting anybody": for, on the contrary, the new Chancellor asserted his power, and made himself twice as disagreeable there as he had been in the Commons. "The House of Lords has become a bear-garden since Brougham has been in it; there is no night that is not distinguished by some violent squabble between him and the Tories. He lashed the Lords into a fury by calling them a mob." This extract will show that he did not stand very well with the Peers. There was a discussion in the House about some sharp practice of the Chancellor's in introducing a Bill unbeknown to those whom it most deeply affected. "Brougham was at his tricks again, lying and shuffling, false and then insolent, and all for no discernable end. The debate exhibits a detail of his misstatements and all his wriggling and plunging to get out of the scrape he got himself into. It is because scarcely any or no motive was apparent that it is with difficulty believed he meant to deceive anybody. But it is in the nature of the man; he cannot go straightforward. * * He reminds me of the man in "Jonathan Wild" who was a rogue by force of habit, who could not keep his hand out of his neighbour's pocket, though he knew there was nothing in it, nor help cheating at cards though he knew he should not be paid if he won." On another occasion he calls the Chancellor "false, tricky, ambitious and unprincipled. Setting political bias aside, it is curious considering his station, to hear the lawyers talk of him, the contempt they universally have for him professionally, how striking his contrast with the profound respect which is paid to Lord Eldon." Let us part with him, however, with a quotation that if it exhibits his complacent vanity, still deals with the better side of his extraordinary character. There was a large gathering of notables at Buxton's Brewery, at which "there were people ready to show and explain everything, but not a bit—Brougham took the explanation of everything into his own hands, the mode of brewing, the machinery, down to the feeding of the cart horses. Lady Sefton told me that when he went with her to the British Museum, he would not let anybody explain anything but did all the honours himself. At last they came to the collection of minerals, when she thought he must be brought to a standstill. Their conductor began to describe them, but Lord Brougham took the words out of his mouth, and dashed off off with as mnch ease and familiarity as if he had been a Buckland or a Cuvier. Such is the man, a grand mixture of moral, political and intellectual incongruities."

These memoirs do not profess to be a complete journal or a connected record of the times to which they refer. Many incidents that have a place in history are not to be found in these jottings, which probably owe much of their charm to their being jottings put down, not with the tiresome conscientiousness with which journal-keepers make it a point of honour to write something every day, but just when the temper moved, the occasion presented itself, or the importance of the subject demanded. Being to a very large extent political, they give us sketches or finished portraits of all the political characters of those days. We gain a clear insight into, or refresh our memory concerning, the actions, opinions, or behaviour on which contemporaries founded their opinions

of such men as Lord Palmerston, Mr. Stanley (the late Earl of Derby), O'Connell and Sir Robert Peel. The latter was not one of Mr. Greville's favourites. His cold, cautious character and unsympathizing nature was not calculated to exercise any attraction upon a man of the world. In noting some complex negotiations that were carried on between the moderate Tories and the Liberal Government at the time of the Reform Bill, he says, "Peel in the other house is doing what he can to inflame and divide, and repress any spirit of conciliation. Nothing is sure in his policy but that it revolves round himself as the centre, and is influenced by some view which he takes of his own future advantage, probably the rallying of the Conservative party and his being at the head of it." And, again, regarding the Duke of Wellington's ineffectual attempt to form a Ministry in 1832, we read of Peel, "All these deep-laid schemes and constant regard of self form a strong contrast to the simplicity and heartiness of the Duke's conduct, and make the two men appear in a very different light from that in which they did at first: Peel acted right from bad motives—the Duke wrongly from good ones." Probably it will be found that in later years Mr. Greville somewhat modified his views of Peel's character.

A very conspicuous part in the Parliamentary drama of the years embraced in these volumes was played by Mr. Stanley. Probably many of the present generation who remember the late Lord Derby as the leader of the Tory party and as a *dilettante* politician are unaware that in his younger days he did not fight on that side, but that, as a member of Lord Grey's Ministry, he took an active part in advocating the Reform Bill, though he subsequently left that Government. There is, however, a great deal of truth in Sir James Graham's opinion of Mr. Stanley—"With great talent, extraordinary readiness in debate, high principles, unblemished honour, he never had looked, he thought he never would look, upon politics or political life with the seriousness which belonged to the subject."

Not the least interesting feature in these memoirs is the glimpses which they give of the first appearance on the political arena of men, like Disraeli and Gladstone, who have since been so conspicuous thereon; and no doubt the later volumes will, when published, prove in this, as in other respects, intensely interesting. Here again is a short reference to a person whom events have lately brought into prominence—"Dined on Friday with Talleyrand. A great dinner to M. Thiers, the French Minister of Commerce. A little man, about as tall as Shiel, and as mean and vulgar-looking, wearing spectacles, and with a squeaking voice. He was editor of the *National*, an able writer, and one of the instigators of the Revolution of July. It is said that he is a man of great ability and a good speaker, more in the familiar English than the bombastical French style. Talleyrand has a high opinion of him." One hears in these pages a good deal about Talleyrand and, of course Madame de Lieven, that most brilliant specimen of a female political agent. Then there is a sketch of Lucien and Joseph Bonaparte at a dinner at Lady Cork's, of which we clip a few lines: "There was not the slightest affectation of royalty in either. Lucien, indeed, had no occasion for any, but a man who had ruled over two kingdoms might be excused for betraying something of his former condition, but, on the contrary, everything regal that he ever had about him seemed to be merged in his American citizenship, and he looked more like a Yankee cultivator than a King of Spain and the Indies."

It must not be supposed, because the extracts which we have made from these volumes are chiefly on political subjects that therefore no lighter topics are touched upon. They are, on the contrary, filled with anecdotes and much of the tittle-tattle of high society, not unrelieved by a good deal of

humour. The "good sayings" are, for the most part, somewhat out of date, but perhaps these two may deserve repeating.—"There is a joke of Luttrell's about Sharpe. He was a wholesale hatter formerly; having a dingy complexion, somebody said he had transferred the colour of his hats to his face, when Luttrell said that it was *darkness which might be felt.*" "A certain bishop in the House of Lords rose to speak, and announced that he should divide what he had to say into twelve parts, when the Duke of Wharton interrupted him, and begged he might be indulged for a few minutes, as he had a story to tell which he could only introduce at that moment. A drunken man was passing by St. Paul's at night, and heard the clock slowly chiming twelve. He counted the strokes, and when it was finished looked towards the clock, and said, 'Damn you! Why couldn't you give us all that at once?' There was an end of the bishop's story."

Mr. Greville has no claim to the title of being a deep or original thinker; indeed on several occasions, especially when he moralizes upon human affairs in the abstract or on the waste of his own life in particular, his lucubrations can only be described as commonplace twaddle. But yet his reflections on men, women, matters and manners are usually shrewd, and almost always interesting. He had peculiar opportunities of knowing at least one side, and very often both sides, of all the controversies, negotiations and political schemes that took place, and therefore, though his inferences may be faulty, his facts may usually be relied on. It may be politic for the Tory *Quarterly* to cry down these Memoirs, for they reflect very severely on the tactics of the Tory politicians of those days: and we are far from arguing that they are themselves irreproachable in taste, or that their publication in their entirety is just the thing for which we should like individually to be responsible. But those who are interested in the history of the times to which they refer will read them without either looking for tit-bits of scandal or even noticing such when they do appear; while, on the other hand, the passages which reflect upon, or make insinuations against the living, or even against the dead whose relatives are now living, are really comparatively few, and such as would in most cases escape observation unless the injudicious zeal of indignant friends insisted on dragging them into prominence and notoriety.

THORNS.

THE dragon-toothed thorn in the garden
 A sting like a scorpion's shows;
He hath posted it there as a warden
 To watch o'er the delicate rose.
The honey, delicious in flavour,
 He teacheth the bee to secrete,
And joineth with infinite favour
 The sting and the sweet.

—From the Persian.

CENTRAL AMERICAN SKETCHES.

By H. H.

I.

Voyage to Belize—A motley crowd of passengers—A Crimean heroine—A spirit medium and ethnological specimens—Scenes at West Indian Ports—Oppressive hospitality at Belize—A coasting sail in the tropics—Novel propelling power for vessels—Guatemala houses—English enterprise—Need for temperance reform—Curious sanitary regulations—An extortionate Commissariat chief—A cabin of palm leaves on a river-boat—A famine threatened for lack of fire-arms—Bribing the crew—An extemporised conveyance over a bog—Seized by military, imprisonment and starvation—"Civis Romanus sum" at a discount—Bribing the Justice, release and the tables turned—A mixed dream.

A MORE motley group of passengers never met than that which embarked on board the Royal Mail Steamer *Shannon*, at Southampton, in October, 185—, for the West India and Spanish American Ports. We had every shade of colour with us that the human face is capable of exhibiting, from the fair golden-haired bride of an officer in a West India Regiment, who was going to try the free and easy life of a West India Camp, down, through Spanish American half-breeds, West India Creoles of every shade, till at last the blackest of blacks was reached in a high dignitary of the Haytian Republic who was returning from some important mission from his Government to the European Courts We had many varieties of the religions of the world on board—an English Archdeacon; another clergyman of the Episcopal Church; Baptist and Methodist Missionaries; a Moravian, going into the wilds of the Mosquito Coast; Roman Catholic Priests; some Sisters of Charity; and not a few Jews. On the ninth day out, passing by the Azores, we began to feel the balmy air of the tropical fall, and in proportion as the thermometer rose, the passengers became more friendly, until, before our arrival at St. Thomas, on the fourteenth day out, everybody had found some new friend with whom he had promised to correspond. Mrs. Seacole, of Crimean fame, was one of our passengers, and the good old soul asked every body on board, about 200 people, to drop in at her little house in Jamaica. The clergyman of the Church of England hailed from Tobago. He had been nineteen years scraping together £80 to go home to see his old father, and was returning without money enough to pay his liquor bill, for the otherwise good man had a strange habit every morning before breakfast of "communing with the spirits," as he called it, and never refused brandy and water when offered. The poor fellow was in a sad plight on arrival; his bill for brandy was more than he had calculated for, and as he had no more than five shillings left of the eighty pounds, we paid his score and helped him on his way. A French Baron on board, for a fancied insult to La Belle France, came out one day in full general's uniform, and threatened the Captain with seizure of the ship if immediate apologies were not made.

The entrance to the harbour of St. Thomas is one of the most picturesque sights in a part of the world where everything is beautiful. The town has one street running alongside the Bay; the next street runs parallel to this on a higher terrace, and a third is about the same height above it: the hill continues rising until it reaches a peak, on which the Danish flag was flying. The *Shannon* was soon surrounded by boats full of negro women, dressed in

the loudest colours, with bright red, yellow, or green handkerchiefs round their heads, talking (if such gibberish can be called talking) as only negro women can—quarrelling, shouting, fighting, pushing, and jostling, all of which would invariably end in a general laugh. It was altogether a new world, and so amusing were the antics of these people that I forgot how strange it was, too, to see offered for sale, oranges, mangoes, bananas, shaddocks, and other tropical fruits all fresh plucked that morning. The same scene was repeated at every port we touched till we reached Belize, the terminus of the steamer's voyage.

In this place, which is the smallest of our colonies, a couple of days were spent, and having a letter of introduction to several inhabitants, before being there twenty-four hours I seemed to have called on everybody in the place. The hospitality of the West Indies is absolutely oppressive. Visitors are expected to take a glass of sherry or a sangaree at every house. Everybody asks you to dinner, and it was a great relief to go on board a little schooner and find myself drifting gently down the coast of British Honduras, bound for Izabal, the first Central American port I came to. The passengers of the steamer had dwindled down at one port or another from 200 to 8; but alas, the cabin of the schooner had only two shelves where a mattress could be put, and the cabin itself had only floor enough for four people to lie down upon. My thoughtful Belize friends had provided for me; and I found one of the shelves occupied by a mattress, clean sheets and a pillow. The other shelf, minus these luxuries, was to be occupied by a Costa Rica ex-Minister, whom a revolution was enabling to return home after a forced absence of three years. Our boxes were arranged in the middle of the floor, where three more slept. Another passenger, an old French artisan in a blue blouse and black cap, asked my permission in a very appealing tone of voice, to sit all night at the end of my bed, which of course was granted, and had he been a trifle cleaner I might have thawed sufficiently to have offered him the use of the mattress in the daytime. I suppose the other two did sleep, but where I never discovered. I had not passed a particularly melancholy life at home, and had enjoyed a fair share of the pleasures of English life, marred only by the chest-affection which was compelling me to seek a brighter sky and dryer air. But I had never known the full enjoyment of life until that voyage from Belize to Izabal. We scarcely ever lost sight of the coast; there was just breeze enough to fill the sail and take us gliding noiselessly along. The sky was bright as ever eye beheld, the air warm and exhilarating, and after the thuds and groans and pitchings of the steamer, the quietude which pervaded everything was most refreshing. Even the tones of my fellow passengers' voices seemed to have got a softer and more musical ring than before. Every now and then we passed in between tiny islands covered with luxuriant vegetation to the water's edge. The shore of the mainland was low, but a mysterious range of mountains rose in the far distance, which were constantly changing their forms at every turn of our vessel, whose variations in colour between sunrise and sunset were as rapid as they were marvellously lovely. In two days we landed at the first village in Guatemala, called Livingston, at the mouth of the River Dulce, where we paid a visit to the priest, who after giving us fruit and *eau sucré* took us on a round of ceremonious calls to the principal houses. Here I had the first experience of the Central American way of living, to which afterwards I became so well accustomed, but which never ceased to amuse me. Every house is built on the same plan, a long barn-like building with the broad side to the street, very steep and very high roof made of palm leaves, a door in the middle of the wall—always open—no windows, except, perhaps, in the better ones an aperture with a wooden shutter. The in-

terior consists of one room the length of the house, a hammock stretched across which serves for chair, lounge, and sofa by day, and for bed at night; one table and two chairs complete the domestic furniture. No house is complete without an altar, which, whilst usually the only ornamental fitting in the house, is also used in their frequent private devotions. This altar is usually at the end of the room, and consists of a table with a little carving superior to the rest of the furniture, and in the middle a picture of the favourite saint—if the owner is poor—or an image more or less adorned and bedizened, according to the taste or means of the tenant, in front of which there is invariably placed a pitcher or vase full of flowers.

After remaining on shore about half a day we re-embarked and set sail, leaving the sea almost immediately and entering the River Dulce. Izabal, though the only port of entry on the Atlantic side of Guatemala, is not on the sea, but on the Lake of Izabal, which connects with the sea by the River Dulce (Sweet River). The distance from the sea to the entrance of the lake is about 100 miles, and when the wind is unfavourable and the river-current strong, it takes several days to reach Izabal. I was altogether unprepared for the exquisite beauty of the scenery all the way up the river. From its very mouth high lands rise on each side, ranging from five hundred to a thousand feet high, with just declivity enough to enable them to be covered with fine trees of the most luxuriant and fantastic foliage. In some places the banks seemed to be quite perpendicular, though trees grew even there. One of the most distinctive features of a tropical forest is the great variety of parasitical vegetation with which the trees are covered, and I do not know of any place where variety of form and beauty of foliage are so striking as on this little known river. We had barely entered it when the wind fell and our sails became useless. As there was no tow path and scarcely foothold on shore in any place, I was curious as to how we were going to get along, as Captain John said we should perhaps not have any wind till we got about two-thirds of the way to Izabal. It was soon evident that there must be a way of getting the vessel forward without either sails, towing, or oars, for everybody on board busied themselves with getting up long ropes. A boat was lowered and a long rope put in it, and the mate then rowed about a hundred yards in advance, and tied one end of the rope to a tree, and on returning paid out the rope until we reached the schooner. We had on board a noisy lot of Belize negroes, who were going up the river to cut mahogany, and on the end of the rope being shipped, they commenced hauling the vessel along, singing all the time the wildest songs, though the subjects were evidently to a great extent improvised and not invariably fitted for ears polite. This warping the vessel was our only means of locomotion for the next three days, but though we were entirely shut in there was no monotony, as the river winds about and has scarcely a single straight reach in it a mile long, and the reflection of the banks in the placid stream was most charming. What sky we could see above us was cloudless, the water appearing much deeper in colour than I have ever seen elsewhere; and the ever-changing forms of the wooded rocks made us watch for some new developed beauty at every winding of the river. When on the third day the opening of a small lake, called Golfete, was reached all on board were sorry that so unique a voyage had been so short, though, probably, we had not made over two miles an hour. Early on the fourth morning we reached the Castle of San Felipe, a massive reminiscence of the power of Spanish energy in by-gone days. It is close to the opening of the lake, and is now used as a convict settlement for the worst class of Guatemala criminals. Just as we passed into the lake the wind sprang up, and we soon reached Izabal, where, after

some uninteresting formalities gone through by a not very clean Government official, we were allowed to land. As I did not know a word of the language, it was a great boon to find that the principal mercantile house in the place was owned by two Englishmen, sons of an old naval officer, who had settled down there by one of those curious chances which place Englishmen in the most unlikely places in the world. My friends in the country had sent letters to them announcing my coming, and I was welcomed on landing with the usual offer of a drink first. All trouble about passing my baggage through the Custom House was soon gone through, and my first question was, How am I to get forward to my destination? There were two ways—one, five days' severe riding on horse or mule-back—the other, to take a boat across to the other end of the lake, thence up the River Polichic to Panzos, from which place I should still have about three days in the saddle. While discussing the merits of the two routes, a rough-looking sinister-faced man entered, asking for me in broken English, and told me he was Don Pedro, and had been sent to take me to Panzos in his boat. I wished to start immediately, but was reminded by my friends that I was not in England, and, perhaps, should not find hotels on the road, and I had better look after my commissariat arrangements; so calling Don Pedro, I asked him if he could undertake to provide me with sufficient and proper food for the voyage.—"Yes, if you gife me plenty monish for two days."—I gave him $5, and he disappeared, and I didn't see him again that day. Early next morning I was awakened by a hand being placed on my shoulder, and saw one of my countrymen with a bottle of Hollands and a glass standing over me. "I've come to say good morning to you." "Oh, indeed, good morning." "But you must take something to keep the cold out." I had been sleeping in an immense well-aired room, with the window open, and had one light sheet over me; so I told him I couldn't say I felt any cold. How innocent I was and how amazed. Belize was trying with constant Sherries; but Hollands, best Schiedam, at half-past five, a. m.! I sat up in bed, rubbed my eyes, and asked if it were a necessary custom to begin quite so early—wouldn't it be the same in the afternoon, and by dint of various urgent pleas did get partly excused, though I was assured that I was the first person who had ventured "to disregard the good sanitary regulations of the place," and all kinds of evils were prophesied in consequence. After coffee, Don Pedro came in with a very pitiful tale: everything was dear, and for five dollars he hadn't enough for even one day, and it would take us at least two days to reach Panzos. I gave him $5 more, and about midday he returned asking for more. On consultation I was advised to give all he asked, for if I did not he would starve me, and then say I was myself to blame. This was a kind of logic quite new to me, but I saw the force of the argument, and not liking the possible consequences of a quarrel just before committing myself to the care of such a man for several days, I warned him that I should hold him responsible for any shortcoming there might be and gave him more. Towards evening we were again embarked on the lake. The vessel bore about the same comparison to the schooner that the schooner did to the steamer. It was a boat about 24 feet long, open at each end, but covered over in the middle by an arch of closed palm leaves about 10 feet long. Under this arch I was to pass the next four days, it being my sitting and dining-room by day, and my bed-room by night. The mattress, sheets and pillows which my Belize friend had lent me were supplemented by a mosquito bar or net suspended from the roof of the arch, an indispensable companion in all river travelling in the tropics. Our crew consisted of Don Pedro as captain, and five half-naked Indians, who seemed to under-

stand very little Spanish, and who struck me as having a great antipathy to soap and water.

On awaking the first morning I found we were anchored at the mouth of the River Polichic. Don Pedro had made a fire and was busy making coffee, after taking which we started up the river, four of the Indians rowing, one steering; then Don Pedro came and sat down by me, and, for the first time presenting himself to me as a rational being, when I discovered that he had been drunk all the time he was in Izabal. This river, unlike the Dulce, has low shores, but they, too, are thickly covered with immense trees and underbrush; and, though very tame after the marvels of the previous days' sail, there was not wanting a peculiar scenic interest even here. The river and the banks swarmed with alligators, some floating down the stream with their snouts out of the water, others lying lazy and motionless on the banks. The trees were covered with iguanas, an enormous kind of lizard. Don Pedro never ceased to bewail that I had not a gun with me, for he said the flesh of the iguana was as sweet and delicate as a chicken, and its eggs were also capital eating. I, too, had very bitter cause to regret not having a gun before I reached Panzos, though I was rather incredulous for a long time afterwards about the possibility of the flesh of such ugly looking things being fit to eat at all. I saw comparatively few birds, and in those nothing remarkable except a species of ibis, which we came across every now and then. At nightfall the boat was moored to the bank of the river, and after dinner I tried to get a light, but Don Pedro most inexorably refused, saying we should be eaten up by mosquitoes if we had a light, so I was in bed at 7 p.m. The following day, when I was promised to be landed in Panzos, Don Pedro was first certain, then dubious, and at last said we were ten miles off at sunset. We had still food on board, and being certain of awakening in Panzos, I lay down without much care, though next day I was somewhat perplexed to find we were not nearly at our destination. There had been a flood—the Indians were lazy—fifty excuses, but no Panzos, and to make matters worse provisions were getting scarce. I offered first $10, and then $20, and then $30 to the Indians if they would reach Panzos in the night, but they didn't move, and the more I offered the more they determined not to do it. About midnight on Tuesday, we being still on the river, a violent thunder storm came on, and I discovered to my chagrin that the roof of the boat was anything but water-proof. I dressed hastily, got my umbrella and sat up in the dark, doing my best to keep one dry spot in the boat. The storm cleared away at daybreak, and I asked for coffee—there was none—some bread then—that too was all done. Was there nothing then for my breakfast?

"Didn't I tell you," said Don Pedro, "that if you had given me enough money to buy a gun we would have had plenty of iguana; but you knew best, and now it isn't my fault that there isn't anything to eat."

"What! Is there nothing left at all?"

"Only a little honey."

"But honey isn't food."

"Well I told you," &c., and so went on the story of the gun again.

"Well, what time shall we reach Panzos."

He couldn't tell, may be at ten o'clock, may be later; and so passed the day. I had some cigars, and my Izabal friends had put a bottle of cognac in for me, by the judicious use of which I kept up till about 5 p.m., when Panzos was announced. I saw a clearing, beyond that a marsh, and in the distance, about a mile off, a house; that then was Panzos. We were soon on shore, and I asked Don Pedro the way to the town.

"Through there, Sir."

"What! is that a road? Through the marsh?"

"Yes, Sir, there is no other."

"How deep is it?"

"May be a foot, may be more," with

which he pulled his boots off and doubled his trousers up. I did the same, and, watching my opportunity for him to lead the way, the moment he plunged into the marsh—about 18 inches deep—I jumped on his back, and in this dignified manner was carried to the house of the Judge in Panzos. He was absent, but I begged his wife to give me some food, and whilst it was being prepared a negro came up with "Good evening, Sar, I Englishman, I call me George." I felt very friendly towards George, and soon got exchanging confidential notes touching Don Pedro, about whom we both agreed that he might be a good deal better and still not an angel, when dinner was announced. I had scarcely sat down to a savoury dish of rice and fowl when two soldiers came in, and though I wasn't inclined to talk much they soon made me understand through George that I and Don Pedro had done something very wicked and must go to the Guard House at once. As a boy I had often fancied the terrible feelings of Don Sancho Panza, as he sat at that celebrated meal in Barataria, hungry and anxious, as he saw one dish after another taken from him before he had tasted; but I never imagined it would become one of my own experiences. I remonstrated against such cruelty. Let them take Don Pedro, he was the culprit, if there was one. I, as an Englishman, was naturally indignant at the idea, after 30 hours' fasting, of being taken between two barefooted soldiers, perhaps to be locked up all night. Fortunately the French officer on board the steamer came forcibly to my recollection, and so I thought a little politeness might do. Perhaps there was a fault, and I should be very happy to go and explain it to the Commandante, but surely I might have my dinner first. It was all unavailing, the stolid indifference of the soldiers convinced me there was no moving them; so, taking my newly found friend George along with me, I went as prisoner to the Guard House together with Don Pedro of course, who didn't seem to like it even as well as myself. The Commandante was at first very polite, asked me how I was, &c., then told me that I had come on shore without sounding the customary shell; that I had smuggled 50 lbs of tobacco in the boat, and that for the first offence I was fined $10, and for the second $25, and the tobacco was to be confiscated. George translated this to me, giving every now and then a sly expressive look towards Don Pedro. I soon took the hint, assured the Commandante of my desire to obey the laws and customs of the country, and after expressing my personal regard for himself, explained that this being the first time I had travelled in the country I knew nothing of the need of giving warning of our arrival, and as to tobacco I didn't even know that there was any on board beyond my own box of cigars, which I should be glad if he would accept, and I closed by telling him of my hungry condition, and begging to be allowed at least to finish my dinner before being punished. I (through George) seemed to have hit the mark; he apologized for the necessity he had been under of calling me; said I was free, and hoped I would call on him in a friendly way; and then he turned to Don Pedro:

"What do you mean, you rascal, by bringing a gentleman here so hungry. I have you now. You will not get off so easily this time."

I heard no more, for, leaving the crestfallen Don to hear it out, I went to finish my dinner. In my absence, a courier had arrived from Teleman, telling me that my relative and the manager of the estate I was going to had come there to meet me, and I was to lose no time. I felt now that real friends were near, my troubles were over; and having eaten a much enjoyed meal was soon asleep, dreaming confusedly of alligators, soldiers, tobacco, guns, and iguanas, and of Don Pedro (who was snoring on the other side of the room) quarrelling with the Commandante.

(To be continued.)

DISCONTENT.

THE flowers of the field were sighing
  For the chequered shade of the wood :
"'Twould be so sweet to be lying
  Where the waving beeches stood !"

The flowers of the wood were pining
  For the open fields and the breeze :
" We never can see the sun shining,
  Here, stifled among the trees !"

The flowers of the hedge were bleeding
  As they shrank from the cruel thorn :
" What a life is this we are leading,
  We wonder why we were born !"

The eglantine asked, complaining,
  "Ah, why must I always climb?
'Twould be pleasanter far remaining
  On the hill-side like the thyme."

And the rock-plants murmured, weeping,
  " We wish we'd been born in mould,
We are, oh ! so tired of creeping,
  And the stones are so hard and cold !"

But the mosses refused to grumble,
  They were quite content with their state ;
They said it was " well to be humble,
  And not so well to be great."

And the ivy exclaimed "What weakness,
  You silly dissatisfied folk !
Take refuge from grief in meekness,
  And cling to some bare, old oak !"

But the sunflower called to them, smiling,
  With a steady face to the sun,
" What wasted words and reviling !
  Look upward, and all is done."

ALICE HORTON.

Ottawa.

THE ROMANCE OF A BACK STREET.*

A NOVELETTE: IN THREE PARTS.

BY F. W. ROBINSON.

Author of "Little Kate Kirby;" "Second-Cousin Sarah," &c. &c.

CHAPTER I.

JOHN DAX.

THE fancy repository in Gibbon Street, Lambeth, was no ephemeral affair—none of your fly-away businesses, subject to strange accidents, defalcant tenants and missing keys, at those embarrassing quarters of the year when the landlord wants his rent. Meagre and poor to look at, "Morison's Repository" had evidently been a good one to go, if the board between the first-floor windows could be relied on for veracity, the business having been established in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-eight. No one doubted the fact in Gibbon Street; the oldest inhabitant had no recollection of any name save Morison over the little square windows of the shop, where business was far from brisk, despite the date of its first start, and the claims of old associations which it asserted over all new comers to the neighbourhood.

There were two Morisons left to manage the shop at the date our story opens—two pale-faced young women, who would have been pretty in another sphere, with a fancy repository off their minds, and a struggle to keep afloat in the world less perceptibly manifest. Morison's Repository could *not* be doing well down that shadowy back street, where grim facts were more patent to the locality than fancy goods; there was little in the window to attract the attention of passers-by making their short cuts to Waterloo Road and Kennington, and the regular customers were always few and far between. The stock did not change much from year's end to year's end; there were wooden and leather dolls, that seemed as old and time-stained as the bricks of the edifice; there was a superior wax doll, under a cracked glass shade, which had been once the glory of the firm, but which had let in the flies of late days, and spotted irretrievably the image of youthful beauty still simpering beneath it. In their proper seasons there were a few new halfpenny balls, shuttlecocks, marbles, and kites; but they went off slowly, and there was also a heavy percentage of them lying in odd corners of the window, long after the demand for them had subsided. The rent was not paid by the profits on these fancy goods we may assert at once. A written announcement, in Italian hand, framed and glazed, and hung up at the back of the window, told the old story of hard work and small pay: "Dressmaking done here," had been formally announced three months after old Morison had died, leaving a second wife and two daughters to the mercy of Gibbon Street, and then dressmaking killed the second wife off-hand, and made of the daughters two sunken-eyed, hollow-cheeked, sad-looking young women, whom the neighbours respected and pitied, and helped with orders when they were able. Time was when the Morison girls had been considered stuck up; that was when their father was alive, a clerk in the Customs, with a scanty salary that helped towards paying the rent, and kept him every evening in fours of whisky and water, hot, at the "George,"

* Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.

over the way. People said, till he died, that he had a pretty penny by the business; and then his wife and daughters half ruined themselves with the expenses of his funeral, and it began to be whispered abroad that they were "down on their luck," even for the denizens of Gibbon Street. Still they never gave way, never acknowledged that they were poor or hard pressed, even when the mother died, and three years afterwards they were still the Misses Morison, of the Repository, with a smile and a nod—the former forced at times—to those who gave each in her turn good day at the front door, or in the murky recesses of the shop.

They were young women seldom, if ever, seen together—work would not allow it, or the shop stopped the way to the society of each other; for if there were no pressure of business, there were many questions as to the price of goods, from penniless children of an enquiring turn of mind and with much time upon their hands. One week Mary Morison, the younger sister, worked at dress-making behind the counter, and Ellen, the elder by two years, and only one-and-twenty, was to be seen, over the wire-blind of the parlour door, stitching quickly and steadily, and thinking of old times, perhaps; and next week the position would be reversed, and Mary would be indoors, and Ellen waiting for all customers. They went to church twice every Sunday, and were good young women, who did not run after the chaps on Sabbath evenings, as was the fashion amongst the girls of Gibbon Street, take them in the aggregate. It was remarked by curious folk that they did not go to church together, but that each went her own way and to her own particular place of worship, as though their religion differed, or a week's hard work together had rendered them weary of each other's company. And Sundays, or week days, they always looked gravely at the world before them and took life as a serious undertaking, as it was to them. They kept no company, and they never called upon their neighbours, save in the way of "measuring," and "fitting," and taking home their work; want of time was their excuse, whenever excuse was necessary, to those who would have liked to call them friends.

Mary and Ellen Morison had no friends, unless we except John Dax, who was their "humble and obedient servant to command," and who came every morning at seven, and every evening at ten, to take down and put up the shutters before the windows of the establishment. This was an occupation that had begun when John Dax was a lanky youth of seventeen, and before old Morison had gone the way of all flesh, and for five years or more had been continued. John Dax had been at first discovered on the door-step of the fancy repository, quietly shivering himself to death, until he had been helped in by father and daughters, and supplied with something warm and filling for the nonce. Then they had learned John's history—that he was out of work and times were bad, and his father was a vocalist, that is, a gentleman whose especial mission it was to howl nautical ballads in the street, and to depend on the patronage of those who stopped to hear him. It had been hard work that winter with John's father, whose voice gave way about the same period as his legs, which were taken suddenly with paralysis, and spoiled business, and so John Dax from that time forth had done his best to work for his father and himself, not always with success, and not at any time to the satisfaction of his parent, who was an exacting man, a mercenary man and hard to please. When John Dax came home with less than one-and-sixpence, John Dax's father swore profanely; and when John brought no money home at all—which was occasionally the case—the father would fling his crutches at him, and bid him keep away until he was of service to him, and money could be had in some fashion.

"Gort's truth—ain't there any hanker-

chers hanging out of back pockets, now?" he screamed forth one day in his rage; but this might have been in a moment of excitement, and not intended as a hint to his son and heir, standing by the doorway, and keeping a watchful eye upon the crutch. At all events, John Dax never brought home pocket-handkerchiefs, though he loitered much about the streets when there was no work for casual hands to be found in the factories, and no spare cash to hire a barrow, and heap it up with damaged fruits, and go costering in the New Cut and Lower Marsh.

John Dax was not a strong youth, and hard work and indifferent living had told against him, till the night of his collapse on Mr. Morison's doorstep, as they were telling against him, even more forcibly, five years and some odd months afterwards. He was the shadow of a young man at that time, a patient and uncomplaining being, whom the wise folk down his court, where his father lived, considered "half a fool"—he was so awfully quiet, and took his troubles with such strange philosophy. The life of the boy was the life of the man, with very little difference, luck having been dead against John Dax from the unfortunate day of his birth—factory life, street-barrow life, shoeblack life, life from hand to mouth, which means the mouth wide open and nothing for the hand to put into it.

Patience and perseverance in this weak, old-fashioned young man ought to have accomplished something for John Dax, if there be any truth in aphorisms; but there were certain obstacles in his way, and he was only surmounting them by degrees. Five years ago he had been unable to read and write, and Mary Morison had told him she was ashamed of him for that, and he had begun in odd moments afterwards, and under terrible difficulties, his father's grave objection being one of them. He had succeeded partly in his efforts—that is, he could write his own name and spell a few facts out of the columns of a newspaper. Mary Morison, unwittingly, was another obstacle to his advancement, for we may say at once that John Dax was over head and ears in love with her, and would have declined any situation under the sun that would have prevented his opening and shutting the repository, and catching a glimpse of Mary's face, and of being warmed to the heart's core by Mary's sad, but pleasant smile. Mary was a princess to this ill-clad, ill-fed young man—a divinity in rusty black—and as far above his dreams, or his ambitions, as the other goddesses. She was a fair obstacle in the way of his advancement, nevertheless, but she never guessed it, and as for imagining that he loved her, she would as soon have dreamed of love from the fly-blown doll, under the glass case in the window. He was no hero to her—only a poor sickly mortal, who put the shutters up for ninepence a week, and went cowering home afterwards in the shadows of the narrow streets beyond, where crime was rife and penury was plentiful.

Still John Dax had his romance, and that is why the history of it, and all that came of it, may be worth telling in these pages.

CHAPTER II.

LEFT IN TRUST.

WHEN it was Ellen Morison's turn to keep watch and ward behind the counter of the little shop in Gibbon Street, John Dax saw but little of the younger sister. Ellen was equally kind in her quiet way, equally gentle and sympathetic in her patronage, but the kindness and the patronage were not Mary's.

One evening in Ellen's week, John Dax became suddenly more absent and confused than ordinary, and Ellen, an observant young woman, even when work was pressing, detected a change in his demeanour before he had put up the third shutter of

shop, and nearly succeeded in driving the corner of it through the upper glass window.

When he came in for shutter No. 4, she said, without looking from her work—

"Is anything the matter, John?"

"Yes—there is—a little the matter," he said, in a hesitating manner.

"Are you ill?" asked Ellen Morison.

"No, I ain't ill," answered John Dax, "but the old 'un is."

"Your father?"

"Yes; he's going off the hooks, at last."

John was not refined in his discourse—even in his grief the poor fellow was slangy; and there was real grief at the bottom of his heart for the man who had brought him up badly, and been never grateful for a son's attention.

Ellen Morison said a few words of comfort to him, quoted one or two texts applicable to his condition, and stitched on in her usual swift and silent manner. John listened, nodded gravely and went away, returning a moment afterwards, and leaning across the counter to say, in a husky voice—

"Tell her."

"Tell whom?" asked Ellen Morison, surprised.

"Miss Mary; she was asking after the guv'nor last week."

Ellen moved her head slightly, as if in acquiescence.

"*She* is well, I suppose?" asked John, glancing askance at the wire blind.

"She is quite well, thank you," answered the elder sister.

"She was looking very pale last week, I fancied," said John.

Miss Morison did not reply to this, and John, after waiting a minute, as if for his answer, took himself off the premises. The next morning, when he knocked at the door of the repository, he was agreeably surprised to find it was Mary Morison who opened the door to him. He had arrived a quarter of an hour earlier than usual, and Mary was the first down stairs.

"You are before your time, John," she said, as he began to unscrew the inner bolt of the shutters.

"Yes, I thought I'd come earlier—I couldn't rest."

"What is the matter, then?"

"The guv'nor died in the night. I said he would."

"Your father dead!" exclaimed Mary. "I'm very sorry for you."

"Thank you," answered John; "it's kind to say so. You've been expecting it, mayhap."

"No, I've not."

"Didn't Miss Ellen tell you last night, I thought it would be soon?"

"No."

"Oh! she forgot, I s'pose."

"Very likely," answered Mary, "she is busy just now."

John thought of this reply after he had taken the shutters down, and was disposed to believe that there was a lack of sympathy with his orphanage, until Mary said—

"Is there anything I can do for you in this distress, John?"

"God bless yer, Miss, nothing," he blurted forth.

"I'm afraid you cannot do much for yourself, my poor fellow."

"I must leave it to the parish," said John.

In the evening he came as usual, but this time with a deputy—an overgrown, bullet-headed youth of stolid aspect. John came in with his face very white and his hands shaking with excitement, and Ellen Morison, at her old post behind the counter, thought he had been drinking.

"I couldn't stop away and leave you in the lurch," he said at once; "but I ain't up to the shutter business—I ain't well—I've been flurried and flustered, and somethink has 'appened and took me off my feet, and off my head, I think. I can't tell you now."

There was an old cane-bottomed chair on his side of the counter, and he dropped into it, spread his thin hands before his face, and

began to cry, keeping all the noise to himself, and only gurgling internally now and then.

"I'm better now—don't mind me," he said at last.

"Is your father dead, then?" asked Ellen Morison.

"Yes; didn't Miss Mary tell you all about it?"

Ellen Morison hesitated for an instant, as if there were a difficulty in replying to this question.

"No, she did not," was the decisive answer at last.

"I told her this morning, when I came to open the shop, and she seemed cut up to hear it."

"We have lost a father, too, John," said Miss Morison, sadly.

"I'm glad of that—I mean I'm glad you know what my feelings is about it; not that that's floored me, all of a heap, like this, but somethink else, which I'll let you know of presently—not now, I'm too flustered—wait."

"I should go home and rest," Miss Morison suggested; still with the idea on her mind, that grief had driven John Dax to the gin-shop.

"I will—thankee—I will. You won't mind his doing the work for a day or two, 'till the funeral's over?" he said, dragging forward his deputy by the fragile lappet of his jacket. "He's to be trusted, or I wouldn't have brought him, 'pon my soul!"

He went away, to return again after his old fashion. It was a habit of John Dax to come back for a last word, or to hazard a final remark; and even in his excitement he seemed bound to re-appear. On this occasion it was with a purpose, at any rate.

"I nearly forgot it," he said, as he stooped and took up a bundle from the floor. "I put it down when I came in fust, and there I might have left it altogether—only at the corner of the street I thought of it. What a lark to leave it there!" And to the surprise of the listener, he began laughing so hysterically that it was a mercy when he came to a full stop.

He placed the bundle on the counter—it seemed very heavy, and very tightly tied together—and pushed it towards Ellen Morison.

"Will you ask Miss Mary to take care of this till I come back again?" he said; "will you—will you mind my giving it her myself?"

And then, for the first time in his life, he took the liberty of walking to the parlour door, turning the handle, and entering the room where Mary Morison was supposed to be at work. But Mary was sitting at the table with her work unheeded, on her lap, and her hands spread before her face. John thought she was asleep, till the hands dropped and showed she had been crying, and then John said, quickly—

"Oh, Miss Mary, what is it with you?—what is it?" and forgot his bundle till it fell with a crash on the floor.

"How dare you come into the room?" cried Mary, indignantly; "who told you to enter? What do you want?"

"I—I beg parding—I am very rude—but I'm going to be away a bit, and I want you to mind this till I come back."

"What is it, John," asked Mary, softening at his appeal, and at his wistful looks towards her.

"I want you to mind it, not the 'tother one," he said; "to keep it and what's in it, if you don't see me any more—that's all—good bye."

"What is it?" asked Mary, curiously.

But John did not answer her. He backed out of the shop and ran away from Gibbon' Street, and it was six months before the dressmakers saw him again.

CHAPTER III.

A DOUBLE CONFESSION.

JOHN DAX came back to Gibbon Street in the winter time, when the snow was falling. He had been away six months, and the Morisons might have forgotten him altogether, had there not been a bundle in the bed-room cupboard to remind them of the goods he had left in trust. He came back to find nothing changed in the repository; the window stock was unaltered, the doll still simpered beneath its cracked glass-shade, the gas burned as dimly and fitfully as ever; one sister sat at work behind the counter, grave as Fate, and by the fireside in the parlour worked the other at the eternal dressmaking. He had hardly expected to find the place and those who had endeared it to him, in the same condition; there had been so great a change to him that he could not believe in life flowing on in as silent and monotonous a fashion as he had known it in his day. He had turned into Gibbon Street with an awful heart-sinking; he had wondered what he should do if the shop were closed, and an announcement that the premises were to let were affixed upon the shutters he had put up and taken down so often; he had prayed even that all might be as he had left it, as he stepped from the deep snow-drift into the well-known shop.

It was Ellen's week again, and he knew it. He had even calculated the weeks to make sure of it, for a reason of his own that will presently appear. He entered the premises so changed himself, for all the snow upon his shoulders, that Ellen Morison did not know him, to begin with.

"What can I serve you with, sir?" she asked, after waiting for orders in vain.

"Miss Morison, don't you know me?" he exclaimed, leaning over the counter, and looking hard into her face. She recoiled at his impulsive movement, and put her hands to the bosom of her black dress as if afraid to look at him; then she drew a long deep breath of relief, and came close to her side of the counter, regarding him more critically.

"I don't think I know you," she said, hesitatingly.

"My name is John Dax," he said.

"John Dax," repeated Miss Morison, "not—not the man who used to come here every day—to—"

"To help with the shutters—yes."

"You have altered very much," she said, extending her hand to him, as to an old friend, "and I am glad to see it."

"Thankee," said John.

He had altered very much for the better, Ellen Morison meant, and John took it as a compliment, and was grateful for her opinion. He had tried hard to better himself from the day of his father's funeral, and he was glad that he had succeeded—that he had not striven in vain. He was still thin and pale, but he had grown a big brown beard, which became him, and rendered him more manly of appearance; he held his head erect, and looked steadily, not furtively, at his opposite neighbour; he was well-dressed, and it was difficult to associate him with the rags and squalor of six months ago.

"Nothing has changed here much," said John, looking round.

"Nothing—much," was the echo.

"Miss Mary," he said, with a great gulp, "is there?"

"Yes!"

"And well?"

"Quite well."

"She sits by the fire just as she used—it's a picter—picture," he said, correcting himself, "I have often seen whilst I have been away."

Miss Morison looked critically at him again, and then resumed her stitching.

"I'll sit here with my back to the parlour, if you don't mind," John said, "because I should like to ask you a few questions be-

fore she knows I'm here, because I should like to tell you, her sister, straight out, what's upon my mind."

Miss Morison resumed her stitching after another critical glance in his direction.

"You was both—I should say, you were both very kind to me when I was fighting hard to live: for years I came back'ards and for'ards, always meetin' with kind words, often with kind help when you seemed—don't mind my saying of it now, miss—hardly able, the two of you, to help yourselves. This shop was a kind of heaven to me, and I was very wretched out of it. Then my father died."

"Yes," said Ellen Morison, softly, as he paused.

"Died rich."

The dressmaker left off work in her surprise.

"There was saved up in the mattress of his bed one hundred pounds, in five-pound Bank of England notes, and about as much in soverins—sovereigns, I should say. He had been scraping and slaving all his life for this, and no one a bit the worse save hisself, and it was only by chance I found all about it, after he was dead."

"I congratulate you on your good fortune, John."

"My first idea was, it had all been stolen," John continued, "for the guv'nor kept bad company, and rum people came to talk to him when I was out. On the day you last saw me what do you think I did?"

"I don't know," was the simple answer.

"I took the notes to the Bank of England—making up my mind to be took—taken up—with 'em, if they knew the numbers, as I thought they would."

"That was an honest act, John," said Ellen, warmly.

"No, it wasn't," answered John, quickly, "for if the numbers had been known, I could have said how I had found the notes, you see, and got clear off. *She*," he added in a whisper, "would have had the gold."

"What gold?"

"The hundred pounds in the bundle I left here—they could not have proved the money belonged to any one in partickler, and she would have been the better for it."

"This was wrong," exclaimed Ellen Morison.

"Yes, I suppose it was; but I didn't know wrong from right very clearly, and I only wanted to help her. Nobody could have proved the gold belonged to her, and I wanted to help her, you see," he said again.

"I see," repeated Ellen.

"The perlice—the police—would have bagged the lot; it would have gone to the Crown, or something, if it had been found along with the notes; and what good would the money have done anybody then?"

"This is shallow reasoning, John," said Ellen; "the newspaper would have betrayed you, too, and told us the whole story."

"You never read the paper."

"We should have heard it from our neighbours."

"I should not have given my own name."

"Well, well," said Ellen Morison, resuming her needlework, "the notes were not stolen, and you have come back for your money."

She arose as if with the intention of fetching it, when John Dax leaped across the counter and seized her by the arm.

"No, no! God forbid!" he cried; "sit down, please, whilst I tell you the rest of my mind. She's not looking up; she's brooding over the fire just as I have seen her a score of times before, and does not know that anybody's here."

"What is there more to say about her?" asked Ellen, sitting down again, thus adjured.

"Something much worse, you'll think, I dare say," he said; "but I can't help it. It's on my mind, I say again; and I want to tell you, to begin with."

"Well?" asked Ellen, as he paused.

"I've kept away six months in order to

learn to read and write in earnest, and be less like the wreck of a chap I was," he said frankly, "in order to be fit to be your friend and hers—especially hers. You've been a couple of angels to me, and I want to make a kind of a return with that money for both of you, for I shall never want it."

"Thank you, John, but we are never likely to take it," was the proud reply.

"I want you not to think of that at present," he said, "to let it wait there for me, then, till I come to fetch it. But I want to tell you, outright, now, how I love your sister—how I have been loving her for years and years—right on without a break!"

It was a strangely excited face now that glared across at Ellen Morison—it was full of pathos and passion, and a terrible anxiety.

"Why do you tell me this?" cried Ellen Morison, in a new harsh voice.

She was excited herself, and scarcely heeded his wild looks.

"Because you can help me—because you can tell me if she is liked by anyone else—if there will ever be a chance of her learning to like me—not now, of course not!—if I may come here as a friend at first, a humble friend, teaching himself to be worthy of her by degrees—if she would mind my coming, not knowing that I liked her yet—not guessing at it for an instant."

"Would you come if there was no chance for you?" asked Ellen.

"No," he said, after a pause, "I fancy not. Then I should be glad to hook it, for good."

"There is not a chance," affirmed Miss Morison, severely; "and you are a poor fool to think there is."

"I didn't think there was," muttered John Dax, hanging down his head; "I didn't dream of it hardly—but I thought I'd ask."

"Ask for yourself, and see what she will say," said Ellen.

"No, no; I can believe you," said John, shrinking at the suggestion. "God bless her, why should I trouble *her?* But if some day you will say to her——"

"Don't take my word for anything," cried Ellen, as excited as himself; "don't tell me what to say—don't ask me to speak to her. *She and I have not spoken to each other for three years!*"

(To be continued.)

IN THE SIERRA NEVADA.

I lift my spirit to your cloudy thrones,
And feel it broaden to your vast expanse,
Oh, mountains, so immeasurably old,
Crowned with bald rocks, and everlasting cold,
That melts not underneath the sun's fierce glance—
Peak above peak—fixed—dazzling—ice and stones.

Down your steep sides quick torrents leap and roar,
And disappear in gloomy gorges sunk,
Fringed with black pines, on dizzy verges high
Poised, tumbling to the thunder and the cry
Of the lost waters, through each giant trunk,
And farthest twig and tassel, evermore.

Night broods along the valleys, while your peaks
Are pink and purple with the light of morn,
And filmy tints that swim the depths of space,
To reach and kiss you first upon the face,
Before the world awakes and day is born,
To flush with golden gleam your rugged cheeks.

And last and longest lingering the light
Is on your mighty foreheads, when the sun
Sets in the sea, and makes a palace fair,
For his repose, of crystal wave and air:
Ye seem to stoop, and smile to look upon
The fallen monarch from your silent height.

Behold, far down the mountain herdsman's ranche,
The rough road winding past his lonely door,
And in his ears by day and night the sound
Of mad waves plunging down the gulf profound,
The tempest's gathering cry—the dull deep roar,
And the long thunder of the avalanche.

Valleys are green about your rocky feet,
And sweet with clambering vines, and waving corn,
And breath of flowers, and gold of ripening fruit:
Cities send up their smoke, and man and brute
Beneath your wide embrasure have been born
And died for ages—yet, ye hold your seat.

I lift my spirit up to you, and seem
To feel your vastness penetrate my soul,
And faintly see far off and looming broad
And dread the grandeur of the world of God;
And thrill to be a part of the great whole,
Which towers above me, a stupendous dream.

KATE SEYMOUR MCLEAN.

Ingersoll, Ont.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

FEW of the names that have been prominent in the literature of the nineteenth century will be cherished with warmer affection and deeper reverence than that of Charles Kingsley, whose memory will be cherished in the hearts of a large class of readers for, at least, a long time to come. Like that of a kindred spirit—Dean Alford—his reputation is not solely that of a writer, though his genius, if not a commanding one, was always fresh and original. There are few, perhaps, of the younger generation of writers who do not owe to his writings much of high impulse and noble inspiration; and his influence is traceable in much of the imaginative literature of the day. But his image stands before the minds of most, not as a writer of noble English merely, but as a doer of noble deeds; one who could not only express high moral conceptions and philanthropic thoughts in strong, and fresh, and vivid language, but who could also, unlike some other writers of this class, translate thought into action; who could not only vigorously denounce social wrongs, but could and did give an earnest, active, practical sympathy to every honest attempt to right them.

"Alton Locke" is an old story now, but many will still remember the sensation which it produced upon both readers and reviewers. The mind of the higher classes was not then so familiar with the thoughts and circumstances which led to Chartism in the lower, as it has since been made, by social-political novels, leading articles, and radical reviews. It was a wonderful feat in those days to rouse the fashionable world to a deep and intense interest in the thoughts and fortunes of a Chartist tailor, even though he were a poet into the bargain. It is curious, by the way, that a very different kind of novelist—Anthony Trollope—in one of his latest productions, repeated Kingsley's earliest choice of a hero by selecting a radical member of a profession, proverbial for its radicalism, but not usually attractive to a poetical imagination. But Alton Locke is a much deeper, more earnest study than Trollope's hero, and Kingsley's novel is well worthy the perusal of all who may not have read it, if only to show them whence many other of our modern writers have caught impulse and inspiration.

Kingsley was thirty at least when "Alton Locke" was published, yet this, with its successors, "Yeast," and the vivid and powerful "Hypatia," might be considered as the fruit of what Goethe's biographer would, in Teutonic phrase, call the *Sturm-und-Drang* period, the crystallising stage through which most men of vivid imaginative impulses and strong individuality must pass; the time when the beautiful dreams of youth are as yet uncorrected by the chastening and maturing discipline of after years, and life seems full of boundless possibilities to the eager heart, which, impatient of all oppression, is apt to believe that wrongs have only to be shown in order to be redressed.

But "Westward Ho," taken all in all, must always seem to many the flower of Kingsley's imaginative genius. To those who may have chanced to read it with the fresh uncloyed appetite of youth it stands by itself as much as "Robinson Crusoe" or the "Arabian Nights," in a place of its own, unlike any other book they ever read. It should pass into the ranks of our English classics if it has not already done so, for not only is it written in pure, strong, and noble Saxon, but it leaves on the mind of the reader impressions as distinct and inef-

faceable, mental pictures as clear as those left by the "Vision of Mirza," the fatal bridge with its broken arches and the cattle grazing in "the long hollow valley of Bagdad." Who that has read the book in anything like favourable circumstances does not keep as some of his most cherished intellectual memories those of wandering in the author's delightful company among the seaside villages, the wooded dingles and hills of the soft pastoral scenery of Devonshire, or the palm and fern jungles, the mangrove swamps, the colossal cliffs and rich tropical vegetation of southern forests painted from imagination as vividly as the word-pictures in his "At Last" were painted from reality. Then there is the wonderful vividness with which he brings before us the eager, adventurous chivalric age of the maiden Queen, when the new western world had set men's imagination afire with the spirit of discovery, and such bold, restless spirits as Amyas Leigh must take to the sea as naturally as did their Norse ancestors of old. And then the wonderful variety of character, the vignettes of sweet womanly English ladies in the setting of stately baronial halls, rough, dauntless sea-captains—half-gentleman, half-sailor, like John Oxenham—rugged Puritan sailors with tender hearts, like the fine old Salvation Yeo, Jesuits, Spaniards, the shrewd money-making old merchant but devoted father of the "Rose of Torridge," the ill-fated Rose herself with her wilful impulses and passionate heart, the noble, tamed child of nature, Ayacanora, and last, but not least, the brave, simple-hearted hero Amyas himself. And the end of it all is as noble and touching an end as ever a poem or a novel had. Through it, as through all Kingsley's writings, there runs a golden thread of earnest purpose to show the nobility of truth, the dignity of labour, and the sympathy that should unite the rich and the poor. The promotion of this sympathy and mutual comprehension was, indeed, one of the main ends of his life and his labours.

Of his poetical writings not much may be said, as it is not upon these that his literary fame will chiefly rest. His "Saint's Tragedy" is a pure and beautiful rendering of the quaint old history of Elizabeth of Hungary, entering thoroughly into the spirit of her noble though over-wrought religious devotion; and this is, perhaps, the more remarkable because his own religious sympathies ran in a very different and much healthier channel. But it is a characteristic of the poetic mind to comprehend, and to a certain extent to sympathize, even where it cannot endorse. "Andromeda and Other Poems" contains some of his most familiar poems, the songs which, set to appropriate music, at once fill the ear with melody and the "inward eye" with vivid pictures, such as pre-eminently the "Three Fishers," which will hold its ground as one of our favourite and most exquisite ballads, and the "The Sands of Dee," with its still more mournful rhythm. A less-known song is "The Poacher's Widow," full of an intense throbbing indignation against the oppressive game laws that Kingsley hated so thoroughly, which might well thrill with its indignant pathos the heart of the most selfish game "preserver," and aristocratic game-seller. Another beautiful song, as picturesque and melodious as Tennyson's "Brook," is the one entitled "Cool and Clear," enshrined in his "Water Babies," a "fairy tale" which has charmed many a grown-up "land baby." The closing stanza of this song, which describes the course of a stream, at first pure, but growing "baser and baser the richer it grows," we may quote here as an instance of the moral purpose which runs through everything he wrote:

"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,
Till I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.

Undefiled, for the undefiled,
Bathe in me—lave in me—mother and child."

"The Roman and the Teuton" is the only fruit of his Cambridge Professorship of History. His bent was not towards history. His preference of the individual to the general we see in his sketches of the "Hermits," of Bondelet the Naturalist, and George Buchanan. "Hereward the Last of the English," a historical novel first published in *Good Words*, has been less read than any of his other fictions. "The Heroes" is the freshest modern rendering of the old Greek legends that has ever appeared, and the name suggests a most characteristic chapter in his recently published "Health and Education," a volume which shows us the deep and earnest interest he took in the most important social questions of the day. Some passages from the chapter on "Heroism" so distinctly bring out his fine and true appreciation of the heroic element in human character, that it may be profitable as well as pleasant to quote them here:

"These words bring us to another element in heroism—its simplicity. Whatsoever is not simple, whatsoever is affected, boastful, wilful, covetous, tarnishes, even destroys, the heroic character of a deed, because all these faults spring out of self. On the other hand, wherever you find a perfectly simple, frank, unconscious character, there you have the possibility, at least, of heroic action." "Is not the highest heroism that which is free even from the approbation of our fellow-men, even from the approbation of the best and wisest? The God-like deeds alone in the lonely chamber. The God-like lives lived in obscurity. A heroism rare among us men who live perforce in the glare and noise of the outer world: more common among women—women of whom the world never hears, who, if the world discovered them, would only draw the veil more closely over their faces and their hearts and entreat to be left alone with God. True, they cannot always hide. They must not always hide, or their fellow-creatures would lose the golden lesson. But nevertheless, it is of the essence of the perfect and womanly heroism, in which, as in all spiritual forces, woman transcends the man, that it would hide it if it could."

"I do not deny that it is more difficult to be heroic while circumstances are unheroic around us. We are all too apt to be the puppets of circumstance; all too apt to follow the fashion; all too apt, like so many minnows, to take our colour from the ground on which we lie, in hopes, like them, of comfortable concealment, lest the new tyrant deity, called public opinion, should spy us out, and like Nebuchadnezzar of old, cast us into a burning fiery furnace, which *public opinion can make very hot*, for daring to worship any God or man save the will of the temporary majority."

Kingsley's religious writings are less known and read than his secular ones, though nearly half of his published volumes, pamphlets, &c., are distinctly religious, and written in the clear muscular English that characterizes all his writings. His "Village Sermons" were his best; and the sympathy he showed with his poorer parishioners won for him the soubriquet of the "Chartist Parson," though his Chartism was of a very different kind from that of the bitter demagogue of whom the name is suggestive. He belonged to the Broad Church section of Church of England, and inclined rather to preaching the Christian life and practice than to what is now generally known as doctrinal preaching. He was an earnest friend and admirer of Frederic Denison Maurice, and one of his best minor publications was an estimate of the peculiar character and genius of this lamented friend; an interesting parallel to which may be traced in Carlyle's well-known tribute to his remarkable friend Edward Irving.

Kingsley's enthusiastic advocacy of physical training, and the observance of God's laws written in the physical as well as the spiritual being of man, has caused the somewhat abused term of "muscular Christianity" to be associated with his name; but in his efforts to lead men to a higher physical type of manhood, he could claim the endorsation

of St. Paul, who did not think it below the dignity of Christianity to teach men that they should "glorify God in their body" as well as in their spirit; since both are God's. It has been said that he has "at once sanctified literature and liberalized religion." It might be said, also, that he sought as much as possible to sanctify common life, by showing men and women how they can best improve, and use to the best purpose, the mental and physical faculties that God has given them.

One of his own purposes in writing fiction, which he never did for the mere amusement of his readers, is probably shadowed forth in the following passage, taken from the book already quoted:—

"How the heart and the emotions are wasted in these days, in reading what are called sensation-novels, all know but too well; how British literature—all that the best hearts and intellects among our forefathers have bequeathed to us—is neglected for light fiction, the reading of which is, as a lady well said, 'the worst form of intemperance—dram-drinking and opium-eating, intellectual and moral.' I know that the young will delight—they have delighted in all ages, and will to the end of time—in fictions which deal with that 'oldest tale which is forever new.' Novels will be read; but that is all the more reason why women should be trained, by the perusal of a higher, broader, deeper literature, to distinguish the good novel from the bad, the moral from the immoral, the noble from the base; the true work of art from the sham which hides its shallowness and vulgarity under a tangled plot and melodramatic situations."

His own novels, at all events, furnish healthy reading—an assisting influence in both intellectual and moral education.

The main outlines of Charles Kingsley's history are already before the public. His old English ancestry, his birth on the borders of Dartmoor, his education at King's College, London, and then at Magdalen College, Oxford, his first choice of the bar and its relinquishment for that of the clerical profession, are all well known; as is also his early residence at Chelsea, where Thomas Carlyle spoke of him, in 1847, as a young man of remarkable power and promise, full of liberal ideas and tendencies, and, indeed, a "flaming phenomenon." It may be added to this, that one of his father's first pastoral visits, as rector of Chelsea, was to that somewhat intractable parishioner, now known as the "sage of Chelsea," who survives the man whose early promise he was quick to discern.

Kingsley's first parish was his last. Not much of the private life of the Rector of Eversley—a moorland parish in Hampshire—has ever become known to the lovers of "literary gossip." In this age of biographies, his biography will probably be written; and that it will be an interesting one, who can doubt? He leaves a widow, who, at the time of his death, was prostrated by illness, and two sons and two daughters. One of his daughters contributed to the *Good Words* of 1873 an interesting and graphic sketch of her "Winter in the Rocky Mountains," whither she had gone to visit one of her brothers, who, with the paternal love of adventure, had found his way to the wilds of Colorado. Mr. Kingsley himself, drawn by the same magnet, visited these western regions last year, and combined his visit with a lecturing tour in the United States and Canada. Not a few well remember him as he appeared among us—the manly form and thoughtful, intellectual face, with its earnest eyes and firm, determined mouth and chin. No one could have dreamed that his course was so nearly run, for it has been cut short at the comparatively early age of fifty-six. It seems that his trans-Atlantic tour proved a fatal one to him, for during its course he caught a cold, from which he never recovered, and which resulted in the illness that terminated his life on the 23d of January, to the deep regret of many in both continents whom his writings had made his friends.

With the general expression of sorrow for

his loss which all England has been uttering, fitly symbolized by the mournful music of "The Dead March in Saul" that swelled through the arches of Westminster Abbey, on the afternoon succeeding his decease, we may blend our tribute of regret, from a land, whose features, material and moral, he studied with much interest on his late visit, and whose climate, he said, was well fitted to draw forth the qualities of manly strength and endurance that he so much prized.

In bidding him farewell, we can hardly conclude more fitly than in the words of an impromptu stanza of his own, which beautifully expresses the spirit and aim of all his teaching, as well as the noble beauty of his own character:—

"My fairest child, I have no song to give you,
  No lark could sing to skies so dull and grey,
Yet ere we part, one lesson I would leave you,
  For every day :
Be *good*, dear child, and let who will be clever.
  Do noble things—not dream them all day long—
And so make life, death, and the vast forever,
  One grand, sweet song."

IN MEMORIAM.

CHARLES KINGSLEY, *Obiit 23rd January*, 1875.

A SINGER that sang to a noble strain,
  A worker that wrought for all noble aims,
Winning a name in the golden chain
  Of England's sacred and deathless names—
He hath passed away to the blissful rest,
That the hardest toilers shall prize the best.

But his mellow richness of English speech,
  The musical rhythm of his simple song,
The noble lessons he loved to teach,
  His love of right, and his hate of wrong—
These are not gone, but shall live enwrought
With the fibres of England's soul and thought.

He brought to the dwellers in smoky towns,
  The fragrance of country lanes and leas,
The salt sea-breath of the breezy downs,
  Fair dreams of the southern forests and seas,
Of island lagoons where the groves of palm
Lie mirrored clear in the waveless calm.

But, better still—to the toiling crowd
  By furnace-fires, amid dizzying wheels—
He brought the glad message of brotherhood,
  That the blest Evangel of Christ reveals;
That not to be crushed by the rich man's pride
Were they whom *He* loved—and for whom *He* died.

Yet, not with the violence of lawless force,
Of reckless mob, or uplifted hand,
Would he make men free—'twas a higher source
Whence Christian love should redeem the land;
And, linking true men of whate'er estate,
In union of hearts, make his England great.

Be his dream fulfilled—in the noble age
That a nobler manhood shall grandly mould,
While his heroes win in the war they wage
With oppression of class and lust of gold—
So his truest monument shall rise
In his country's ennobled destinies!

Kingston. FIDELIS.

LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNALS.*

ON March 24th, 1866, a somewhat curious party, consisting of one European and thirty-eight attendants of various hues, languages and nationalities, was landed, together with a miscellaneous collection of animals of burden, near the mouth of the Rovuma river, on the east coast of Africa, about half-way between Mozambique and Zanzibar. From the latter place they had been brought, or towed in a native boat, by H. M. S. *Penguin*. We find in the journal now before us, that on the evening of that day, "the *Penguin* then left;" and with her left the last white man who, with the sole exception of Mr. Stanley, ever saw Dr. Livingstone alive. These Journals now give to the world his own notes of the life led and the facts ascertained by that indefatigable traveller between March 1866 and the 1st May, 1873, when his strength succumbed to the strain to which it had been too long subjected, and his wanderings ceased for ever. Can we possibly hope to convey to our readers, within the scanty limit of a few pages, and without the help of a map, any tolerable idea of the work which Dr. Livingstone accomplished, and the cost to himself at which it was done?

Most of us fancy now-a-days that we know something about Africa; but in the vast majority of cases our knowledge amounts to nothing more than an acquaintance with several names which the discoveries of recent travellers have made "household words;" while of the exact or relative position of the localities we are supremely ignorant. Given an old map of Africa in which the whole interior is monopolized by *Luna Montes*, a roaring lion, and a flying serpent, we very much doubt if one in a hundred, or shall we say a thousand, of the reading and intelligent public could fill in the blank space with the lakes Nyassa, Tanganyika, and the Victoria and the Albert Nyanzas, or could give, with any approximation to accuracy, the courses, as far as they are now known, of the Zambesi, the Lualaba, or the Congo. While we assume, then, the existence of an intelligent interest in Central African explorations, we shall take the liberty

* The last Journals of David Livingstone in Central Africa, &c., &c., by Horace Waller, F.R.G.S. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

of. at the same time, assuming the absence of accurate knowledge of the subject to be absolute and complete.

Dr. Livingstone's travels may be regarded from two points of view; first, as extending our geographical knowledge, and secondly, as conducing to the amelioration of the native races and the suppression of the slave trade. Let us look at them geographically first. To do this intelligently we must get a tolerably clear idea of the lie of the country into which we are to follow him. As the importance of his researches consists in the bearing which they have upon the solution of the ages-old mystery that attends the sources of the Nile, let us take the line of the well-known part of that river as the base from which the few figures we must necessarily introduce, can start. Alexandria lies in long. 31° E., and the prolongation southward of that meridian cuts through the centre of the district in which is laid the scene of these journals. The junction of the Blue and White Niles at Khartoum is in about 15° N.; Gondokoro, about which we wrote recently in our notice of Sir S. Baker's expedition, is at 5° N., and at 3° N. we strike the outlet of the great Albert Nyanza. On this vast inland sea no white man save Baker has yet sailed, and he only coasted along about 100 miles in a canoe. Its west shore, and the large rivers which may and do enter it there, are absolutely unknown, while its southern limit is supposed to be at about 2° S. At the distance of about 100 miles to the east of this lake, and extending from the equator to 3° S., while its width east and west is even greater, lies the enormous Victoria Nyanza, communicating with the former by a comparatively small outlet. The discoverers of these two lakes not unnaturally jumped to the conclusion that they had each solved the Nile problem; but while these huge sheets of water act as reservoirs from which that river is fed, its true sources lie far away to the south. About one degree below the Albert Nyanza lies the head of another enormous lake, Tanganyika, comparatively narrow—its average width is something less than 30 miles—but extending in a south-south-east direction nearly from 3° S., to 9° S., or about 400 miles. Further to the south-east of Tanganyika, and only about 300 miles from the coast, lies yet another large lake, Nyassa, but as this belongs to another "system" of drainage, we will dismiss it at once, as we have already quite as much as we can carry in our heads. If we mention that Zanzibar, the base from which all missionary, exploratory, or slave-hunting expeditions start for Central Africa, lies in about 6° S. latitude, about parallel with the centre of Tanganyika, from which it is distant in a straight line about 500 miles, and also with the mouth of the Congo, on the west coast, we have given all the figures which will, perhaps, be sufficient for our purpose. The task to which Livingstone set himself was to discover to which "system," north or south, Tanganyika belonged; to define the watershed, if any, between it and the Zambesi; to find out the extent and to trace the direction of the vast rivers which were known to exist to the W. of Tanganyika, and which presumably empty themselves either westwardly into the Congo, or northerly into the Nile.

It will be remembered by readers of Dr. Livingstone's previous travels that one of the great pests of the country, and drawbacks to travelling in it is the tsetse fly, the bite of which is fatal to cattle. On this occasion the caravan was supplied with camels and buffaloes from India, and donkeys, all of which it was hoped would not suffer from the tsetse. The experiment was altogether unsuccessful, the animals all dying, while their exemption from the effect of tsetse bite is still a moot point. Unfortunately for them and for his own comfort, Livingstone had brought with him a few sepoys from India; and while the laziness of these men hampered his march—he spent four months in reaching Lake Nyassa—their cruelty reduced

the animals to such a condition that one after another succumbed to the treatment they received. It is very evident that this miscellaneous horde of followers required over them a stronger hand than that of our traveller. His own instincts, and a wish to separate his own conduct by a broad line from the cruelties exercised by the Arabs towards their dependents, led him to look with far too much forbearance on the wilful delinquencies, towards himself, of his men. Any thieving in the villages or any injustice towards the natives, he invariably punished; but remonstrance was, with rare exceptions, the only penalty provoked by conduct that made his existence miserable and imperilled the success of his undertaking. However, he soon got rid of the mutinous sepoys, and at the foot of Lake Nyassa, the Johanna men also deserted in a body. It was by these men that the story of Livingstone's murder was circulated, and which was partially believed, till Mr. Young's expedition to Nyassa proved its falsity. Two months of laborious travel in a N. W. direction, and the watershed was passed, separating rivers running into Nyassa from those flowing direct into the Zambesi; and at the end of the year 1866, the high land was surmounted, which finally separates the water systems of Southern and Central Africa. The travelling all along the route was excessively difficult; the rains were very heavy, and the streams, consequently, swollen, while, in consequence of local wars and the raids of the slavers, the whole district was suffering from famine. "We all feel," says the Journal, "weak and easily tired, and an excessive hunger teases us; so it is no wonder if so large a space of this paper is occupied by stomach affairs." But the slopes of this mountainous district are described as being exceedingly beautiful, and admirably adapted for maintaining a large population, both by agriculture and in the smelting of iron ore. "I shall make this beautiful land better known, which is an essential part of the process by which it will become the 'pleasant haunt of men.' It is impossible to describe its rich luxuriance, but most of it is running to waste through the slave-trade and internal wars." It was at this time that, by the desertion of carriers who had been trusted with valuable loads, Livingstone suffered his greatest—we may call it a fatal—loss, that of his medicine chest. They took "all the dishes, a large box of powder, the flour we had purchased dearly to help us as far as the Chambezé, the tools, two guns, and a cartridge pouch; but the medicine-chest was the sorest loss of all. I felt as if I had now received the sentence of death, like poor Bishop Mackenzie. All the other goods I had divided in case of loss or desertion, but had never dreamed of losing the precious quinine and other remedies. * * Everything of this kind happens by the permission of One who watches over us with most tender care, and this may turn out for the best, by taking away a source of suspicion among more superstitious charm-dreading people farther north. I meant it as a source of benefit to my party and the heathen. * * True, yet this loss of the medicine-box gnaws at the heart terribly." The immediate effect of this loss we soon see in the Journal. "Feb. 17. Too ill with rheumatic fever to have service. This is the first attack I ever had of it—and no medicine! But I trust in the Lord, who healeth his people." And again, "March 10. I have been ill of fever ever since we left Moambés; every step I take jars in the chest and I am very weak; I can scarcely keep up the march, though formerly I was always first, and had to hold in my pace not to leave my people behind. I have a constant singing in my ears, and can scarcely hear the loud tick of the chronometers;" and again, "After I had been here a few days I had a fit of insensibility, which shows the power of fever without medicine." There can be no doubt that it is, ultimately, to this loss of his

medicine-chest that the fatal and premature termination of his wanderings is to be attributed.

Pursuing his course northwards through every conceivable discouragement and difficulty, Livingstone next surmounted the watershed dividing the Chambezé (not to be confounded with the Zambesi) from the rivers running into Lake Tanganyika, of the southern end of which, on April 1st, 1867, a little more than a year after leaving the coast, he obtained the first glimpse. "We had to descend at least 2,000 feet before we got to the level of the lake. It seems about eighteen or twenty miles broad, and we could see about thirty miles up to the north. Four considerable rivers flow into the space before us. The nearly perpendicular ridge of about 2,000 feet extends with breaks all around, and there, embosomed in tree-covered rocks, reposes the Lake peacefully, in a cup-shaped cavity. I never saw anything so still and peaceful as it lies all the morning. About noon a gentle breeze springs up, and the waves assume a bluish tinge. * * After being a fortnight at the Lake, it still appears one of surpassing loveliness. Its peacefulness is remarkable, though at times it is said to be lashed with storms. It lies in a deep basin, whose sides are nearly perpendicular, but covered well with trees; the rocks which appear are bright red argillaceous schist; the trees at present are all green; down some of these rocks come beautiful cascades, and elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes wander and graze on the more level spots, while lions roar at night. The village at which we first touched the Lake is surrounded by palm-oil trees, not the stunted ones of Lake Nyassa, but the real West Coast palm-oil tree, requiring two men to carry a branch of the ripe fruit. In the morning huge crocodiles may be observed quietly making their way to their feeding grounds; hippopotami snort at night and early in the morning." Livingstone's object now was to reach Lake Moëro, a hitherto unvisited sheet of water, lying about 150 miles due west of the south end of Tanganyika. Arriving, however, at the village of a chief called Chitimba, he found the whole country to the west utterly impassable from local wars, caused or provoked by the Arab slave traders. The only choice was either to go north—a course which involved giving up Lake Moëro—or to wait patiently. The latter was adopted, and the explorers spent three months and ten days idle in Chitimba's village. Even after this delay not more than sixty miles were accomplished before the west course was again found unsafe, and a long detour to the north had to be taken, and it was November (1868) before Livingstone reached the shores of Lake Moero. Striking its north-east extremity, he then shaped his course due south, so as to reach the town of Casembe, the chief potentate of these parts. To this point two or three Europeans—Pereira first, and secondly Dr. Lacerda, the Portuguese governor of Tette on the Zambesi—penetrated about fifty years ago; but as the latter died in a few days after visiting the Casembe of that period—for "Casembe" is the generic name of the ruler of the district—very little information was gained by his visit. Livingstone had a grand reception from Casembe, whom he describes as having "a heavy uninteresting countenance, without beard or whiskers, and somewhat of the Chinese type, and his eyes have an outward squint. He sat on a square seat placed on lion and leopard skins, and was clothed in a coarse blue and white Manchester print, edged with red baize, and arranged in large folds, so as to look like a crinoline put on wrong side foremost. His arms, legs, and head were covered with sleeves, leggings, and cap made of various coloured beads in neat patterns, a crown of yellow feathers surmounted his cap. He smiled but once, and that was pleasant enough, though the cropped ears and lopped hands of many of his subjects, and the sixty

human skulls at the gate made me indisposed to look on anything with favour. Casembe's smile was excited by his dwarf making some uncouth antics before him. His executioner also came forward to look; he had a broad Lunda sword on his arm, and a curious scissor-like instrument at his neck for cropping ears. On saying to him his was nasty work, he smiled, and so did many who were not sure of their ears for a moment; many men of respectability show that at some former time they have been thus punished. * * Casembe's chief wife passes frequently to her plantation carried by six, or more frequently, by twelve men, in a sort of palanquin, and she has European features but light brown complexion. A number of men ran before her brandishing swords and battle-axes, and one beats a hollow instrument, giving warning to passengers to clear out of the way; she has two enormous pipes ready filled for smoking. The people seem more savage than any I have yet seen; they strike each other barbarously from mere wantonness, but they are civil enough to me."

We may here remark upon the unsatisfactory nature of these journals as now published. They were never intended, of course, for publication, but were the daily records and jottings from which no doubt a fuller account would have been compiled had their author survived to do so. But laid before us as they now are, they not only at times are indistinct and difficult to follow, but many things on which we long to know more are but scantily touched on, or are even merely hinted at. Thus, for instance, the name of "Lake Bemba or Bangweolo" is incidentally introduced in the journal; the first mention of a vast sheet of water, hitherto altogether unknown, and near the shores of which the life of the most enterprizing of all African travellers was in a few years time to ebb away. It is only by piecing several extracts together that we find that as long ago as 1863 Livingstone had heard of a Lake Bemba, but being convinced in his own mind that Bemba was identical with Liemba, the name of the S. end of Lake Tanganyika, he had made for that point instead of following down the Chambezé which flowed into the real Lake Bemba, only about 80 miles W. of his route. Finding out his mistake he wished to go due S. from Casembe's until he reached Bemba or Bangweolo, but was dissuaded from doing so by the accounts of its extreme unhealthiness at that season. Turning, therefore, his face once more to the N., Livingstone prepared to retrace his steps to Lake Moëro, and then to find his way E. to Tanganyika and to ascend that Lake to Ujiji, the trading depot, to which he had ordered supplies to be sent to him from Zanzibar. Putting this plan into execution he reached a large village called Kabwabwata in January, 1868, where he was detained three months and a half, and then finding his progress N. still barred he once more starts S., determined this time that he will reach the mysterious Lake Bangweolo, and with only five attendants and a very small stock of supplies he presented himself again at Casembe's five months after leaving it. One more month was passed wearily at Casembe's, and then in about six weeks, on 18th July, 1868, he at last reached the shores of Bangweolo, the last, as far as we know, of the great lakes of Central Africa. The simple record in the journal is: "On the 18th I walked a little way out of the village and saw the shores of the lake for the first time, thankful that I had come safely hither." He spent some days on the lake, making calculations, taking measurements, and visiting one large island near its centre. Bangweolo is egg-shaped, its greatest length being about 140 miles and its greatest width about 70. It lies about 3,688 feet above the sea or about 1,000 feet higher than Tanganyika, a fact which seems to have opened Dr. Livingstone's eyes to the probability of the two not being connected together. From

its N.W. corner flows the huge stream Lualaba, which takes a N. direction to Lake Moëro. To this stream, so extremely important in the present position of the Nile problem, we must return at another time.

Livingstone was unable to induce the natives to ferry him across Bangweolo. Neither could he obtain canoes for the descent of the Lualaba, and so having satisfied himself as to the extent of the lake, he again reluctantly turned N., and after passing through very great perils—the whole country being in arms on account of some Arab traders' raid—he reached his old post at Kabwabwata, after an absence of six months. He had now been travelling for two years and a half, and of course, his supplies of goods, the "sinews" of all locomotion in Africa, were well-nigh exhausted. His great desire was, therefore, to reach Ujiji as soon as possible. Another delay, however, of forty days was necessitated by the disturbed state of the country, and by the tardiness of the Arab traders with whom he was going to travel. At last, however, he is off in a N. E. direction for Tanganyika. On the way he is seized with illness, fever and congestion of the lungs, and was unable to walk. He now, too, lost count of the days and could make no entries in his journal. However, on February 14, 1869, he reached the shore of Tanganyika, and after a canoe voyage of 220 miles arrived at Ujiji, which is on the E. shore, in lat. 5° S., long. 30° E., on March 14. Here he had calculated on finding supplies, and above all, medicine. But the latter and the most valuable part of the stores had been left at Unyanyembe, thirteen days to the E.; while of the goods that had reached Ujiji more than four-fifths had been stolen! His strong constitution, however, soon rallied under the influence, he tells us, of tea, flour, and flannel; and in three months, tired of waiting for supplies from the coast, he again deliberately turns away to the westward.

The exploration on which Livingstone now entered was the most venturesome of all his undertakings. The Manyuema country lying to the W. of the N. end of Tanganyika in lat. 4° and 5° S. was absolutely unknown. Into this region some venturesome traders, *i. e.* slavers, were intending to penetrate, and Livingstone, badly equipped as he was, determined to accompany them, hoping to strike the Lualaba River, and by descending it to solve the question whether it was really the Congo or the Nile. Crossing Tanganyika, therefore, he struck out in a N. W. direction. Nothing of importance occurred before reaching Bambarre, the town of Moenekuss, the chief potentate of the district, who, however, had just died. Here he remained about five weeks, and then on again to the west through "a country surpassingly beautiful, mountainous, with villages perched on the talus of each great mass for the sake of quick drainage. The streets often run E. and W. that the bright blazing sun may lick up the moisture quickly from off them. The dwelling-houses are generally in line, with public meeting-houses at each end. Inside, the dwellings are clean and comfortable. Palms crown the heights of the mountains, and the forests, usually about five miles broad, between the villages are indescribable. Climbers of cable size in great numbers hang among the gigantic trees; many unknown wild fruits abound, some the size of a child's head, and strange birds and monkeys are everywhere. The soil is excessively rich, and the people, though isolated by old feuds that are never settled, cultivate largely." Into this comparatively happy land, where local feuds and a vague dread of the cannibal Manyuema were the only disturbing influences, the Arab dealers now flocked in crowds, and forthwith all was changed. Bloodshed, cruelty, slavery, burning villages, all followed from the invasion of men armed with guns, and unrestrained by a single principle or right feeling. We read in one case of "nine villages destroyed and one hun-

dred men killed, all about a string of beads fastened to a powder-horn, which a Manyuema man tried in vain to steal." From Bambarre he made more than one attempt to advance, but either the hostility of the natives or the impracticability of the route forced him back. This is a specimen of the sort of work which an African traveller has to undergo. "The Merabé palm had taken possession of a broad valley, and the leaf-stocks, as thick as a strong man's arm, and twenty feet long, had fallen off and blocked up all passage except by one path, made and mixed up by the feet of the buffaloes and elephants. In places like this the leg goes up to the thigh in elephant holes, and it is grievous; three hours of this slough tired the strongest; a brown stream ran through the centre, waist deep, and washed off a little of the mud. Our path now lay through a river covered with a living vegetable bridge, made by a species of glossy leafed grass, which folds itself into a mat capable of bearing a man's weight, but it bends in a foot or fifteen inches each step." On another occasion, he "Crossed a hundred yards of slush waist deep, and full of holes made by elephants' feet, the path hedged in by grass intertwined and very tripping." It is no wonder that he was now attacked with irritable ulcers on his feet. He struggled back to Bambarre, and, being without medicine, it was eighty days before he could leave his hut!

Many weeks more were passed in expectation of receiving letters forwarded from Ujiji, and a new set of carriers. Worthless the latter were when they did arrive, but Livingstone once more started for the west, and on March 31st, 1871, succeeded in reaching the banks of the great Lualaba River. "It is narrower than it is higher up, but still a mighty river—at least 3,000 yards broad and always deep." Across this noble and mysterious stream he longed to pass with intense longing, and to reach another large river, the Lomane, which flows through an extensive lake, of which he heard and which he named Lake Lincoln, into the Lualaba. By ascending the Lomane, he hoped to reach a group of four fountains, of which he heard vague accounts as springing up close together out of a conical hill. These fountains he supposed to have given occasion for the story told to Herodotus by the secretary of Minerva in the city of Sais about the two hills, Crophi and Mophi. But this longing was not to be gratified. The natives, urged by the traders to put obstacles in his way, would not sell him a canoe or allow him to advance. In other respects he was very pleased with the people of this district, who, excepting some little peculiarities in the way of occasional cannibalism, were a very good sort of folk, industrious, and keenly alive to a bargain. A most cold-blooded massacre, however, was perpetrated in his sight by Arab traders on unoffending women in the market-place, and the horror and disgust excited by this act at last decided him to retreat once more, and separate himself from his Arab surroundings. He constantly recurs to that bloody scene as one which he could not banish from his mind. And so in July, 1871, he once more starts east for Ujiji. His intention was, having been foiled in his attempt to cross the Lualaba, to return to Tanganyika, pass south again to Bangweolo, and by that route reach the Four Fountains and Lake Lincoln. It was almost as if a traveller, wishing to reach the Pacific coast, had been turned back from the Fraser River, and been compelled to retrace his steps to Manitoba, and then strike south for the route of the Pacific railway, and so reach the goal to which he had once been so near. The return journey to Ujiji was one of great danger, as the lawless raids of the traders had raised the whole country, and several times his party was attacked. However, Livingstone got through safely, and on October 23rd, 1871, again reached Ujiji, once more to find that his stores had been plundered, and that the supplies on which he counted were not forthcoming; but four

days afterwards, while very much depressed, his spirits were suddenly cheered by the arrival of Mr. Stanley, whose relief was most opportune.

In a fortnight the worn-out traveller was himself again, and once more off on an exploration of the north end of Tanganyika. And now, perhaps, we are in position to take a brief but comprehensive glance at the Nile problem, and to see how far Livingstone's work contributed to its solution. It is now admitted that the two great lakes, the Victoria and the Albert Nyanzas, are not the ultimate sources of that river, and we also know the amount of water which the easternmost of the two, the Victoria, contributes to it, and also the utmost extent of country of which it can receive the drainage. But of the affluents of the Albert Nyanzas, we know absolutely nothing; neither do we know the extent of a large river, the Bahr Ghazal, which enters the Nile about 10° North. The question then is, does Tanganyika connect with the Albert Nyanza, and does the Lualaba, draining that vast extent of country as far South as 12°, deliver its water to the Nile or the Congo. Livingstone and Stanley now settled one point—Tanganyika does not flow directly north into the Albert Nyanza, but high hills intervene between the two. Both are apparently about the same altitude above the sea, viz.: 2,730 feet, but the height of the Nyanza requires verification, as no one but Baker has yet calculated it. Livingstone always maintained that there was a large outlet from Tanganyika somewhere in the North, from a perceptible set in the stream in that direction—indeed he is inclined to view the lake as merely an enormously broad river; and it is satisfactory to hear, by the last English mail, that on Lieut. Cameron's survey of the lake, the sheets of which have only just reached England, a large outlet is marked near the north-west angle, very close to the spot indicated as probable by Livingstone. It is likely that this connects with the Luarro, a river which he crossed, and which joins the Lualaba. It will be remembered that between Nyassa and Tanganyika, Livingstone crossed a river called Chambeze, flowing south-west. Misled by the name he thought it to be a branch of the Zambesi, a mistake which it cost him, he tells us, two years of travel to rectify, and, we may say, eventually cost him his life. If he had followed the flow of the Chambeze in 1867, he would have discovered Lake Bangweolo then, instead of 18 months later; he would have seen the great Lualaba flowing north out of it, and would, no doubt, have found means to descend that mighty stream; or would have followed the watershed until he reached its western branch. Having worked out at last, by many hundred miles of tramping, and many years of weary work, and still more weary waiting, the first part of the problem; having found what there was to do, and also the directions in which it was *not* possible to do it; Livingstone now determined to make one more effort to finish his work before he allowed himself to think of returning home, which he longed intensely to do. But for this expedition stores and men were needed, and he therefore accompanied Stanley on his return to the coast as far as Unyanyembe, and there waited till supplies were sent to him from Zanzibar. Once more we get an idea of the patience required by an African traveller. Stanley left Unyanyembe on the 14th March; the men whom he despatched from the coast did not reach Livingtone till the 15th August!

He had now been in Africa since March 1866, six years and five months; but he was not satisfied with his dicoveries; they were imperfect, "I know," he says, "too much to to be positive. It would be comfortable to be positive like Baker. How soothing to be positive! Instead of that I am not at all 'cock-sure' that I have not been following what after all may be the Congo." We see him now, for we must hurry onward, marching south, along the east shore of Tanganyika, then round its south end; then unaccount-

ably making a long detour to the west, and eventually by a south course, striking Lake Bangweolo near its east end. Anything more dismal than the marshes and "sponges" through which the route lay it is impossible to conceive. "Went one hour and a quarter to a large stream, through drizzling rain, at least 300 yards of deep water, among sedges and sponges for 100 yards. One part was neck deep for 50 yards and the water cold. We plunged in elephants' foot-prints one hour-and-a-half. Carrying me across one of the deep sedgy rivers is a very difficult task. One we crossed was at least 2000 feet broad: the first part came up to Susi's mouth. * * Wet, wet, wet; sloppy weather truly. * * It is all water everywhere. It is the Nile apparently enacting the inundations, even at its sources. The amount of water spread over the country certainly excites my wonder; it is prodigious." It is not to be wondered at that his old enemy, dysentery, returned with all this exposure and incessant wetting. It was about April 10th, that the attacks became severe, and thenceforward he gradually sank. Still pressing on, still "longing to be permitted by the Over Power to finish his work," he could no longer walk; then he became too weak to ride the one donkey that remained to him, and his men improvised a rude litter. On April 19th, we read, "no observations now, owing to great weakness. I can scarcely hold a pencil, and my stick is a burden." From the 22nd to the 26th, no entry but the date and the few hours marched. On the 27th April, (1873) we read, in the lithographic fac-simile of his diary, "Knocked up quite and remain—recover—sent to buy milch goat. We are on the banks of the Molilamo." And then the pencil dropped from his hands for ever. "Very early on the morning of May 1st, the lad who had been attending him hurriedly called the faithful Susi and Chuma, who ran to his hut. Passing inside they looked toward the bed. Dr. Livingstone was not lying on it; but appeared to be engaged in prayer. He was kneeling by the side of the bed, his body stretched forward, his head buried in his hands on the pillow. For a minute they watched him; he did not stir; there was no sign of breathing; then one advanced softly to him and placed his hands on his cheeks. It was sufficient; life had been extinct some time, and the body was almost cold: Livingstone was dead." "Is it presumptuous, then, to think," continues his loving biographer, "that the long-used fervent prayer of the wanderer sped forth once more, that the constant supplication became more perfect in weakness, and that from his 'loneliness' David Livingstone, with a dying effort, yet again besought Him for whom he had laboured, to break down the oppression and woe of the land."

Few are the words which we need, or indeed have space to add. The publication of the journals in their present form was a necessity, but except to those who take a keen interest in the subject and have some previous knowledge of it, this volume will possibly prove unsatisfactory. The route, even with the map, is difficult to follow, and the reader has to work out the results for himself. No one, of course, will be able to give us the impression which the varied scenes through which he passed, and of which we have the barest record, left on the great traveller's mind, and the life-giving touches which he alone could have added, are lost for ever; but, no doubt, a more readable volume will be prepared, dealing more with results, and omitting most of the dry details. Supplemented as this will be by the result of the explorations which Lieut. Cameron is now carrying on, every one will then be able to understand how vast were the contributions made by Dr. Livingstone to the solution of the great Nile problem.

And not only geographically is his work important. He has shewn the world what the slave-trade in Central Africa really is;

how indescribably terrible to the sufferers; how brutalising to the dealers; how subversive of all prosperity to the beautiful and fruitful lands overrun by these rascally marauders. An involuntary witness of atrocities he could not prevent, he invariably raised his voice for humanity and mercy; this much we see, though of course his journal records rather the facts which he witnessed than the actions, still less the feelings, to which they gave rise in his own person. Again and again he, involuntarily as it were, dwells on the atrocities and miseries of the slave traffic, especially that cold-blooded massacre on the banks of the Lualaba. We find that sometimes his protests were of avail, that his appeals to the better feelings of some of the traders were not altogether in vain. In personal danger we find him unflinching; in danger brought on by the behaviour of those with whom he happened to be travelling, he kept himself and his men out of the brawl as much as possible, and as far as his journals shew, he never drew a trigger on a human being, even in self-defence. Firmly repressing theft among his own followers; up to the very last having service on Sunday, and never travelling, if it could be avoided, on that day; dropping a word of counsel where it was possible; awowing to the Arabs that he was a "child of Jesus ben Miriam;" teaching the native chiefs somewhat from the Bible about the Great Father in Heaven —while detained in Manyuema he read the Bible through three times—we cannot doubt that the silent influence of this one solitary white man, who set his face against wrong and robbery, who protected the oppressed and did harm to none, will be lastingly felt in Central Africa. "Many," he says in one place, "have found out I am not one of the slave-traders, and they stand up and call loudly, Bolongo! Bolongo! (Friendship!) I overhear the Manyuema telling each other I am the 'good one.'" To the English and American public his constant wish was to appeal for aid in suppressing the slave trade, "the great open sore of the world." He knew there was a large class to whom he would appeal in vain, people who talked glibly about first assisting their heathen at home. With such, he says, argument is useless, and the only answer I care to give is the remark of the English sailor, who on seeing slave-dealers actually at their occupation, said to his companion, "Shiver my timbers, mate, if the devil don't catch these fellows, we might as well have no devil at all."

No notice of the book would be complete without an account of what befel Dr. Livingstone's body. Three of his young men had been in his service for eight years, and others had become deeply attached to him. They anxiously consulted together in that early May morning, and came to the conclusion that, at all hazards, the body must be taken back to Zanzibar. It was therefore prepared, rudely of course, with salt, brandy, and such other things as they had at hand, and a litter having been constructed, the cortege started. When we remember the superstitious horror with which such people regard a dead body, and can realize the enormous distance that lay between L. Bangweolo and the coast—a distance which it had taken them exactly eleven months to travel with Livingstone—we shall begin to comprehend the marvellous devotion to the dead which inspired those young men safely to convoy their precious charge to the British cruiser at Bagamoio. Three of them, Susi, Chuma, and Jacob Wainwright, accompanied the body to England, and saw it finally laid to rest among England's greatest and noblest dead in Westminster Abbey. On the stone covering that grave may be read these words, written by Dr. Livingstone exactly a year before he died—words which give utterance to the feeling nearest to his heart:—

"All I can add in my loneliness is, may Heaven's rich blessing come down upon every one, American, English, or Turk, who will help to heal the open sore of the world."

TO A CROW.

OLD Crow, if you did but know
How we fret and scrape below,
And die of toil before we accomplish rest,
You would guess, though you can but caw,
Why I sigh at your sticks and straw,
And so envy the easy building of your nest.

You have but to come and go,
You good-for-nothing old Crow!
The earth has worms, and plenty of twigs will fall;
But a man has to strive all day,
Weary labour and scanty pay,
And the world is wide, and there are not twigs for all.

And each new Spring you can find
A lady-mate to your mind;
And the present bliss is marred by no old pain;
No face of a banished Crow
Looks out of your "long ago,"
To say "Ah love!" and "so soon happy again!"

Ah bird, have you ever heard
Of sick hearts from hope deferred?
And how hard it is for a man to find his mate?
Can birds be disordered so,
As to love what they let go—
As to love and lose, and then to find and hate?

You only caw a reply
That may pass for "No" or "Ay,"
Yet that discordant tone is music to me;
A pleasant, prosperous sound,
That seems to say, "though not found,
Somewhere or other thy joy is waiting for thee!"

Ottawa. ALICE HORTON.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Dominion Parliament assembled, for the despatch of business, on the 4th ultimo. The Speech from the Throne was a very modest one, and the few measures announced were fitted into their places without redundant verbiage. They even seemed to shrink, as if alarmed at the greatness thrust upon them. Mr. Mackenzie has not yet learned the art of puffing his wares with the exuberant rhetoric of his predecessors. That accomplishment will, no doubt, come in time; meanwhile it is something novel to find few things dressed, as becomes them, in few words. The legislation in prospect consists of five bills only. One, for the creation of a Supreme Court, which, from its comparative prominence in the Speech, is, we suppose, to be the *pièce de résistance* of the session. The second will provide a new Insolvency Law, or patch up the old one; the third has for its object the reorganization of the North-West Government, including the consolidation of its laws; and the other two relate to Insurance and Copyright respectively. The debate on the Address was tame and insipid—the only speakers who took part in it being the mover and seconder, Sir John Macdonald and the Premier. The leader of the Opposition, although he attempted to present a cheerful front, evidently felt the hopelessness of the situation. As a matter of course he complained, in stereotyped phrase, that "the bill of fare was rather a meagre one." We have learned to expect this clause in an Opposition speech at the opening of every session, much as we expect Mr. Speaker to inform the House that "His Excellency was pleased to deliver a most gracious Speech, of which he had, for greater accuracy, obtained a copy." It was only a day or two after, that Earl Granville applied the same term to Mr. Disraeli's legislative programme. Meagreness, however, is not altogether synonymous with poverty; for the dishes, though few in number, may be succulent and substantial. In reply, the Premier promised to provide a few extra dainties, in order to cloy, if he could not satisfy, Sir John's voracious appetite. Some of these supplementary measures have been introduced, and we think their importance would have justified a reference to them in the Speech. Mr. Disraeli would certainly have tricked them out in his most attractive style; but then he is a master of the art expressed in poor Richard's injunction—"Always put the best on the outside."

In a time of political lethargy, like the present, legislation of a startling kind is not to be looked for. A party in power, with an overwhelming majority, seldom ventures upon radical measures, unless there is a groove cut, in which it is pledged or compelled to advance, or a leader with the nervous energy of Mr. Gladstone. Public men are not disposed to tread upon dangerous ground, when they can avoid it; and, therefore, the "rest and be thankful" policy is agreeable to them because it is safe. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that Ministers have other functions besides law-making and speech-making. They may not be so conspicuous; but they are quite as important. In this country, at any rate, it is essential that the head of a department should be an able administrator. In England, where the official machinery is more complex, and the division of labour carried to its fullest extent, this is not equally requisite, although, perhaps, it is rapidly becoming so. When the distinguished abilities of men like Gladstone or Salisbury seem wanting to adjust the finances, or to govern

India, the people are not slow in calling for them. Yet these are exceptional cases; taking the general run of departments, it will be found that, in the majority of instances, the Minister is looked upon as an intruder when he meddles with the affairs of an office over which he is supposed to preside. Mr. Mackenzie's talents are chiefly of the administrative order, and it will be readily admitted that if he had nothing but the Pacific Railway in charge, his hands would be full. Certainly it is better to promise less than one intends to perform, than to announce a large budget of measures and then leave two-thirds of them to perish in "the slaughter of the innocents," or, if we may use the expression, strangle them before they are born.

Sir John Macdonald, in his somewhat feeble criticism of the Speech, did not venture to suggest any pressing subject of legislation it omitted, but contented himself with a brief glance at what it contained. With respect to the Indian treaty, he took the singular position that Parliament might withhold its assent, although he admitted that it would be exceedingly dangerous to do so. In explanation he corrected himself by making a very subtle distinction—too subtle, certainly, for the minds of Crees or Salteaux. "With respect," he said, "to the treaty with the Indians, it was in the nature of a contract with persons who were Her Majesty's subjects, though they were in some degree held to be a separate body, with whom contracts are to be made which are by courtesy called treaties." In other words, an Indian tribe is a sort of joint-stock company, with only one power—that of alienating its lands. If Sir John had said that "they were a separate body, though they were in some degree held to be Her Majesty's subjects," he would have been nearer the fact. In what sense are they the Queen's subjects? Merely for the purpose of protection on the one hand, or of coercion on the other. They are not members of the community in any intelligible sense, social or political; they have a government of their own which we recognize, peculiar institutions which we acknowledge; and they have tribal territory of their own which we admit to be theirs, or we should not purchase it in treaty form. Sir John may call this a contract, if he chooses; the Indian regards it as a treaty and would view the repudiation of it, blunt though his moral perceptions may be, as a gross breach of faith with his nation. Add to this, that the treaty in question was concluded and ratified in the ordinary way and could not be vetoed by Parliament without the gravest risk, and the case in favour of the Government view is complete.

The leader of the Opposition referred also to the proposed establishment of a Supreme Court. Of the hon. gentleman's experience on this subject, there can be no doubt; for he was studying it fitfully, and promising legislation upon it during nearly six years. The normal period of gestation, however, was completed long since without resulting in a birth. The primary cause of delay was no doubt correctly stated by Sir John—the difficulty of obtaining "a Court that would be satisfactory to all parts of the Dominion, chiefly on account of the Province of Quebec." It remains to be seen how the Minister of Justice proposes to solve this delicate problem. If he has approached it from the narrow stand-point of sectionalism, we venture to predict that the measure will prove abortive. That the interests of Quebec should be cared for, every one will agree, but not that they should be exclusively cared for. We can sympathize with the attachment of French Canadians to their language and their laws; but if the Supreme Court is to be acceptable to the whole Dominion, each Province must be prepared to concede some portion of its judicial autonomy to all the rest. It has been stated that the Imperial Government intends to abolish the appellate

jurisdiction of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, at least in Colonial matters. To this no objection can be taken, for appeals to England, besides being cumbersome and expensive, are unnecessary. Canada is no longer in a state of tutelage. Self-government, defence, fiscal arrangements, and the treaty-making power, are practically in her own hands. It is therefore an anomaly that the appellate jurisdiction—the last relic of the old Colonial system—should any longer remain. If then we are to have an ultimate Court of Appeal on our own soil, it is all-important that the Act which constitutes it should be closely, and even jealously, scanned. There are those who desire to be rid of the Judicial Committee for other reasons than those we have advanced, and who hope, by the aid of M. Fournier, to frame the Supreme Court to their liking; but we much mistake the temper of the Dominion Parliament, if it should give its sanction to these designs, or consent to deliver the Province of Quebec, bound hand and foot, into the power of the hierarchy.

There is another question which may arise in the discussion of the proposed measure. The Speech from the Throne states that "it is essential to our system of jurisprudence, and to the settlement of constitutional questions." M. Fréchette, who moved the Address, spoke vaguely regarding "the constitutional questions;" but Mr. Colin McDougall, the seconder, was not so reticent. He evidently contemplated a Supreme Court like that of the neighbouring Republic, having authority to pronounce upon the validity of Acts of the Dominion and Local Parliaments. How far Mr. McDougall was inspired in this utterance, and how far, like other preachers, he was making a sermon by a fanciful expansion of his text, it is impossible to say. Sir John Macdonald, whose opinion is certainly entitled to great consideration from the prolonged and searching examination he must have made of the subject in all its bearings, said he "scarcely understood how this court could be essential for the settlement of constitutional questions . . . . . So far as he was able to judge, the court could only decide upon simply legal questions." It would certainly seem so, if we turn to the British North America Act. The only provision of the Imperial Statute which authorizes the constitution of such a court as the one proposed, indirectly excludes any such matters of jurisdiction as those referred to by Mr. McDougall. The one hundred and first clause reads as follows:—"The Parliament of Canada may, notwithstanding anything in this Act, from time to time, provide for the constitution, maintenance, and organization of a General Court of Appeal for Canada, and for the establishment of any additional courts *for the better administration of the laws of Canada*." Now it can hardly be contended that to administer laws and to override them mean the same thing. The framers of the Act never contemplated the establishment of an American Supreme Court in Canada. It would be an excrescence upon our constitutional system, which has for its two cardinal principles responsible government and the omnipotence of parliament. If we believe the American system to be superior to our own, let us adopt it as a whole; but if, on the other hand, we think our model superior to our neighbour's, let us preserve it in its integrity. To patch one system by fragments taken from another would be like adding toes of clay to a head of gold and shoulders of brass. Besides, the Imperial Act, by sections fifty-six and ninety, makes direct provision for the disallowance of unconstitutional bills, and therefore the proposed Court, as Mr. McDougall regards it, so far from being "essential," would directly conflict with our federal constitution. Of course it would be easy to suggest cases, more or less of a constitutional character, though strictly speaking legal questions, which would come within the letter and spirit of

the statute. All we contend for is, that no court can be established in Canada which has power to decide whether, for example, the New Brunswick School Law be valid or not. There are other matters connected with the proposed Court which are of considerable importance, such, for instance, as the moot point whether its jurisdiction shall be original as well as appellate, or appellate only. We have no doubt that serious attention will be given to the Government Bill by both Houses; we trust that ministers will not attempt to force it through in its entirety merely by the rude power of its majority, and that the result of the Parliamentary sifting may be a measure acceptable to every part of the Dominion.

We have reason to be thankful that the Amnesty question has been, to all appearance, finally set at rest. The history of the Red River troubles, from first to last, is a sad homily on the evil results of party virulence and fanatical zeal. When the future chronicler shall set himself to record the annals of our time, he will find here the materials for a chapter, discreditable indeed to us, but full of instruction and full of warning to posterity. At the outset it was party spirit, reinforced by the craft of creed, which transformed discontent into rebellion. It was a party press that poisoned the minds of the ignorant *Metis* by traducing the character of Mr. McDougall, and prevented, at the moment of its consummation, a quiet transfer of power from the Company to the Crown. Party was the only gainer by the tragedy of March 4, 1870; for, on one side or the other, each in turn and sometimes both together, the factions have never ceased to "play at loggats" with the bones of poor Thomas Scott. One party eager for a favouring breeze, thought fit to prick the bag of Æolus and let loose dangerous elements—religious rancour and antipathy of race. The other bowed to the storm, crouching as the camel does in a desert simoom with its nose in the sand, and sniffing for a healthful breath from any quarter. In short, the one raised a pestilent agitation which it has found it difficult to lay; whilst the other attempted to deceive everybody and succeeded in deluding none. The former did not in fact work so much mischief as it might have done; the latter has found itself numbered by Archbishop Taché with those "that palter with us in a double sense; that keep the word of promise to our ear and break it to our hope." We have endeavoured to point the moral without narrating the story; of the latter we have had enough and to spare. Still it seems necessary to a right understanding of the final issue, that we should gather up the threads of fact and weave them into a consistent whole. This we shall endeavour to do in as few words as possible, referring those who desire ampler details to the blue-books, and especially to the lucid and impartial summary given in Lord Dufferin's despatch of the 10th December last. If we weed out such matters as the payment of money to Riel to quit the country and the negotiations for a seat for Sir George Cartier after his defeat for Montreal—which though important in their way do not touch the main question—we shall find that the facts may be compressed within reasonable limits. They may be brought in this rough sketch under three heads,—the mission of Archbishop Taché and his subsequent dealings with the Government, the mission of the delegates, and the subsequent treatment of the insurgent leaders by Lieutenant-Governor Archibald. We shall take a rapid view of each in order, endeavouring, as far as possible, not to state anything which the evidence fails to establish.

The good offices of Archbishop Taché were sought by the Government after the arrest of the three gentlemen sent to Red River with his Excellency's proclamation. In compliance with the earnest entreaties addressed to him, he left Rome and in due course presented himself at Ottawa. The

Governor-General preferred giving him no instructions; Mr. Howe desired the Archbishop to put himself in communication with the three emissaries and follow the proclamation; and Sir John Macdonald promised a general amnesty, and further, that, so far as the Hudson Bay Company's stores were concerned, he would stand between the insurgents and harm. Clothed with these powers, the prelate arrived upon the scene on the 9th of March, five days after the murder of Scott. Subsequently, in the exercise of the plenary powers he possessed, or imagined he possessed, the Archbishop issued a promise of general amnesty, condoning in distinct terms also the crime of Riel and Lepine. The latter clause was doubtless added to reassure the insurgent leaders, and although he appears to have thought that the general amnesty he was empowered to proclaim would cover the murder, it was admitted in his letter that he had taken upon himself a responsibility of which he was sensible. In his reply, Mr. Howe repudiated the Archbishop's action, and informed him that "the prerogative of mercy rested solely with Her Majesty the Queen." Up to this point everything appears open and above board. It is plain that neither the Governor's proclamation nor Sir John's assurance of an amnesty could have been framed with any view to the pardon of a crime which had not been committed. At the same time, it is equally clear that the course of the Government in despatching the Archbishop to Red River with untrammelled authority was utterly indefensible. It might easily have been foreseen that there was every probability, considering that there were two hostile parties armed in the Settlement, that some felony or other would be committed, apart from the act of treason itself. The careless and perfunctory manner in which Ministers discharged their duty to Crown and country was the proximate cause of the angry altercations which ensued. Archbishop Taché had power to proclaim a general amnesty, granted, it is true, before the great crime had been committed; still it *was* a general amnesty, given heedlessly and unhedged by limitations, and the Archbishop took the full benefit of it. If he erred, the Government could not, by subsequently rectifying their mistake, get rid of the responsibility of raising, through the Archbishop, hopes they had no power to satisfy. This will be the more evident when it is remembered that Sir George's reassuring letter was written the day after Mr. Howe's disavowing despatch.

Let us now consider the relations between the Government and the delegates, Father Richot, Judge Black, and Alfred Scott. These gentlemen were appointed at a Convention, which, immediately after their appointment, constituted the Provisional Government under Riel, and framed the Bill of Rights. The question has been raised, whether the delegates were received at Ottawa as from the Convention or from Riel and his colleagues; but it is not material. They were armed with authority from both, and, in the reported interviews with Ministers, it is evident that the Convention was merely used as a mask to cover the real parties to the negotiation. We are not disposed to place implicit confidence in these reports, but this seems to be a fact beyond dispute. Now, what was the exact position of the Government in regard to the amnesty? When it is said that "an amnesty was promised," what meaning are we to attach to the phrase? It is clear that there is an *equivoque* lurking in the words. If we are to understand by them that Ministers promised that they would grant an amnesty, the statement is untrue, for no such promise was ever made. From the "private and strictly confidential" letter of Sir George Cartier, dated 5th July, 1870, to the letters written in London during his last illness (8th and 22nd February, 1873), the Minister's declarations are clear and consistent, that the de-

sired amnesty could only be effected by a direct exercise of the Royal Prerogative by the Queen herself. On the other hand, if by "the promise of an amnesty" be meant the promise that Ministers would use their influence with the Imperial Government to obtain one, it is unquestionably true. Nay more, we fear it must also be admitted that Sir George, at any rate, spoke as if he had assurances that it would be, or had been, granted, and that its proclamation was only a question of time.

We have already expressed our distrust of conversations reported by interested parties who, however veracious, naturally and often unconsciously colour the language of those with whom they converse. Still we have here the concurrent testimony of six witnesses. Father Richot stated that he was assured that "an amnesty would be granted immediately after the passing of the Manitoba Bill." Alfred Scott (since dead) wrote that he was informed Her Majesty intended to exercise the Royal Prerogative of mercy, "by the grant of a general amnesty." M. Royal said that Sir George asked him to tell Riel that "the amnesty is a settled affair; that the thing is done." Mr. Girard was assured also by Sir George that "he might be certain the amnesty would come before long." The other witnesses are entirely unexceptional. Major Futvoye, Deputy Minister of Militia, testified that he heard Sir George say to Father Richot, "I guarantee that you shall have all you demand," and finally, M. Sulte, Sir George's private Secretary, stated that he had heard the Minister "repeatedly assure Father Richot that the people would not be troubled in reference to what had taken place." If further evidence were wanting, Sir George himself supplied it in his letter of the 5th July, 1870, to the Archbishop, and in his memorandum of the 8th of June in the same year.

When the indefatigable prelate found that all these promises and assurances were fallacious, he threatened to "publish," but was earnestly entreated not to do so. From that time the tone of Ministers grew less confident. Sir John telegraphed that Sir George would do all he could—an assurance which he thought should be satisfactory; and a promise was made that the Premier, during his contemplated visit to England, would press the question of amnesty upon the Imperial Government. The probability is that, after sounding the Cabinet at home, they were convinced that they had gone too far, and were most anxious to cover their retreat. It is evident that, from the first, there was no reasonable expectation of a general amnesty being granted, which would pardon the murderers of Scott. No despatch has been produced of an early date to warrant the hopes raised in the minds of the *Metis* by Sir George Cartier. The only two published, so far as we are aware, suffice to dispel any such delusion. The late Government made an appeal to the Earl of Kimberley, in a minute of Council dated 4th June, 1873, couched in language of refreshing coolness, and, in reply, they were informed that Her Majesty's Government "are of opinion that the best course would be that, by such proclamation, an amnesty should be granted for all offences committed during the disturbance at Red River in 1869–70, *except the murder of Scott.*" On the 7th January, 1875, Earl Carnarvon, after referring to Gov. Archibald's connection with Riel and Lepine, goes on to say: "Admitting, indeed, that it is as impossible to permit the extreme sentence of death to be inflicted upon persons who have been recognized and dealt with as they have, as it is to allow them to go unpunished, I feel that the question which I have to consider is, not whether they should be amnestied (*for that is not to be heard of*) but what kind of punishment will be just and reasonable," &c. With regard to Gov. Archibald's request for the services of Riel and Lepine, and his reception of them, we have only this to say,

that whatever view may be taken of the matter from an Imperial stand-point, it bound the Canadian Government in new sureties to fulfil the promises it had made, and confirmed the half-breeds, especially those most gravely inculpated, in the conviction that those promises would be religiously observed.

In tracing the main points in this degrading controversy, our purpose has been, not to serve the interests of party, but to expose the evils which are inherent in the party system. It matters little what party is in power at any particular juncture, the ethics of party remain the same. There is a traditional method of dealing with public questions from which no set of public men dream of departing. Individuals may be scrupulous and honest; parties seldom or never are. As corporations are legally said to be without souls, so it may be asserted, with at least equal truth, that political parties have no conscience. Let the attainment or retention of power be in question, and the means to reach the end, fair or foul, may be employed without compunction. Strategy of this sort is regarded rather as an exercise of political ingenuity, than a violation of the laws of morality and honour. Indeed, it seems to be a settled maxim with parties that no Government can be carried on without manœuvring and corruption. Whenever the outs succeed in ejecting the ins, and step into their place, the new broom is brought into acquisition, the rubbish is cleared out of corners, spiders and their habitations are brought low, and every one's eyes are blinded by the dust. The mansion being thoroughly swept and garnished, we are invited to admire the love of purity displayed by the new occupants. But that will be the last house-cleaning until another *bouleversement* takes place, and the next tenant repeats the process as before. We are not prepared to admit that Sir John Macdonald and his colleagues were sinners above all others; to say that they did sin is merely to say that they maintained their party in office for many years, and permitted much dust and rubbish to accumulate during that period. As no man should be esteemed happy until he has departed this life, so no administration should be called pure until it has been turned out. The present Government has probably some years of life before it; it has been but a short time in power, and yet already, if report speaks true, it has managed to gather in its chambers more than the average quantity of dirt.

As we are extremely thankful that the troublesome question of amnesty has been taken out of the way, we are not disposed to examine with microscopic care the means by which this desirable end has been attained. The debate was lively and well sustained, and now that it is over, an atmosphere of dullness and depression seems to fill the legislative halls. Mr. Mackenzie's opening was studiedly temperate; Mr. Blake certainly delivered the finest speech of the debate, but we do not think he was at his best. There was a certain forensic twang about it, not to be met with in his most effective efforts. M. Masson and Mr. Bowell were the ogres—the Gog and Magog of amnesty. Of the former, who seems to be the representative of Provencher as well as of Terrebonne, we have little to remark; the vehement and evidently honest rage with which he spoke of those who stigmatized the "execution" of Scott as a murder was diverting. But it was the member for North Hastings, "the minister of vengeance," as Mr. Blake aptly called him, who rose to the full dignity of the occasion. Not King William himself, as he is limned on Orange banners, mounted on a rampant steed that looks as it could span Boyne water with a stride, seems half so warlike as *was* Mr. Bowell when he spoke. As for the matter of his speech, we think we have heard something like it before; and so far as its denunciations of amnesty are concerned, we fancy it will be heard again a few weeks

after midsummer, with a fife and drum accompaniment. Sir John Macdonald had a difficult task to perform, but he managed it with great tact, and in a quiet and subdued manner. A close examination of the late Premier's argument would be obviously unfair under the circumstances. There are two points, however, that seem to require a few words. The hon. gentleman urged that if his Government had promised an amnesty, as was alleged, the offer to press the matter on the Home Government, during his contemplated visit to England, would have been useless or absurd. Now that would be true if any one asserted that the promise of amnesty meant the grant of it by the Canadian Government; but that is alleged by no one. The promise was to obtain it from the Imperial Government, and Sir John's mission to England was, of course, to be the fulfilment of it. Great stress is laid also on the authority of Todd and a remark of Macaulay regarding legislative interference with the pardoning power. If the Privy Council of Canada, like the Imperial Cabinet, had the exercise of the Royal Prerogative in its own power, Sir John's application of these *dicta* would be pertinent; but it has nothing of the kind. The Canadian Government cannot do what Mr. Todd states Ministers in England may do under the Constitution. He says, "This, like many other prerogatives of the British Crown, is held in trust for the welfare of the people, and is exercised only upon the advice of responsible Ministers." What ministers, unless it be Imperial Ministers? In the end the amnesty and pardon will be effected as Sir John desires, by a constitutional exercise of the Royal Prerogative of mercy "upon the advice of responsible Ministers," but they will not be Canadian Ministers. In fact Sir John is estopped from saying that our Ministers can do anything, through an Order in Council, except address the Crown, by his own minute of the 4th June, 1873, which sets out that "the power to grant the amnesty . . . . rests only with Her Majesty," and desires the Governor-General "to bring the matter before Her Majesty's Government"—the only Ministry that can give constitutional advice on the subject. Most certainly if the Privy Council may address the Crown, *à fortiori* Parliament may do so, for this is one of its most ancient and cherished rights. At any rate, our own precedents are against the ex-Premier.

Sir John Macdonald's appeal to the consideration of the House was touching and effective. The difficulties of his position were undoubtedly great, and it is but right that his conduct and that of his colleagues should be judged "calmly, generously, and justly." Their bitterest assailants have very little to boast of in this painful history. If the late Government were tempted into tortuous paths from party necessity, to their opponents must attach the odium of starting earlier in devious ways from the desire of party gain. If Sir John hesitated to avow his promises to secure an amnesty because he feared to lose Ontario, his successor is only impelled to action because he wishes to retain Quebec. If the one shirked responsibility from party considerations, the other dared not deal with Lepine, because of the "embarrassments" "which are so seriously complicated by the vehement international antagonism which they" (the aspects of the controversy) "have excited in this country."

With regard to the resolutions themselves, it appears to us that those of them which form the long preamble ought never to have been framed. The statements contained in them are for the most part true, but the facts are coloured, and, in one instance at least, there is the *suggestio falsi*. The recital was unnecessary, for, as a justification of the resolutions proper, it is fallacious. If the late Government had possessed the power of granting the amnesty and had plighted the faith of the Dominion in the premises,

their successors would have been bound to carry out the pledge. But they had no such power and made no such binding promise. To urge that because one ministry promised to use its influence with the Home Government to induce it to pledge the faith of the Crown, therefore another is in honour bound also to use its influence is, on the face of it, an absurdity. The whole preamble is irrelevant and might well have been spared. *Au reste*, we must acknowledge that we should have preferred a complete amnesty, perhaps with the condition of political disqualification for the chief culprits. The five years' banishment is little better than a mockery of justice. It is no punishment for murder; it is too much for mere rebellion, if all the other insurgents are to be pardoned. Moreover, we doubt whether, considering the facility with which Riel moves about between Fort Garry and Ottawa, it can be carried out at all. Nevertheless we shall be well satisfied if the last has been heard of this embarrassing question.

We always approach the statistical items of Budget speeches with some degree of Talleyrandian scepticism, especially when the Minister charged with their exposition so far forgets the business before him as to make his official address an elaborate charge against his predecessor. Mr. Cartwright is young as a State financier, his professional antecedents are not those best calculated to produce a model Finance Minister; we therefore recognise with cordiality the promise which his speech gives of there being in him the stuff of which successful financiers are made. It is a more difficult and a more ungracious task to hold the reins of public expenditure tight than loose, and the country cannot possibly suffer by an overstrain of prudence to any degree approaching the mischief which an opposite policy might easily inflict. The warning given by Mr. Cartwright against over-importing is, however, merely an official endorsement of what the best informed authorities have been uttering for some years past. In this Magazine, two years ago, occurred these words: "Thoughtful men are of opinion we have been of late importing too much, and that if a more prudent policy is not adopted, there must ultimately ensue a period of commercial disaster." We are glad to see that the subject of consolidating the national securities is engaging attention; the subject is not fraught with much difficulty, but it needs carefulness, and we trust that Mr. Cartwright—whose industry and financial tastes are palpable—will shortly prepare a scheme for effecting this most desirable simplification of the nation's accounts as a borrower. Into a dispute as to the relative proportions of income strictly falling within the area of the past year, and the exact limits of the expenditure incurred in the same period, we have no space to enter. Our expenses increased by new interest, charges on public debt, expenses in connection with Provincial claims, cost of working national railways, election expenses, mounted police, &c., $4,250,000. This was met by an additional income from the ordinary sources of $3,400,000, some undefined and disputable portion of which arose from the new taxes imposed last year. The total imports for 1873-4 were $128,213,582, and exports $89,351,928, making a total volume of trade between the summers of these years of $217,565,510. The prostrate condition of the lumber trade for so long a period tells its own story in the forest exports, which, from 1872 to '73, rose from 23 to 28 millions, but fell in 1874 to $26,800,000, the contraction being chiefly from the depressed trade of the United States. Our fishery exports make a satisfactory exhibit. They have steadily grown year by year for a long time, the increase since 1872 being about 25 per cent., the total amount for 1874 being $5,300,000. Farm produce exports —grain, roots, animals—look very healthy, the increase from 1872 to '74 being 33 per cent; total for last year $34,300,000.

In connection with this subject we must express a hope that another year the statistics of our trade and finances will be under the charge of a Bureau, from which reports will be issued at least monthly, as to the operations of the principal industries and interests of the Dominion. We may take another opportunity to present a more complete statement and analysis of the national balance-sheet and report, meanwhile we congratulate the country on having a Finance Minister, who, though a little too occupied with his political opponents' past actions, has set his foot boldly down on the policy of prudence and "making both ends meet" year by year.

The Copyright Bill introduced in the Senate by M. Letellier de St. Just has come to hand and we take the earliest opportunity of protesting most earnestly against it. We do so the more readily because we are sure the Government are not aware of the mischief they propose to do. If the enemies of Canadian culture and the Canadian publishing trade had conspired with Ministers to dwarf the one and destroy the other, they could hardly have concocted a more effective measure. We shall say nothing of the drafting of the bill which is slovenly in the extreme, but there are one or two points which strike us as peculiarly objectionable. In the first place, there appears to be no reason why the right of obtaining a copyright should be conferred upon everyone, Briton or alien, who chooses to seek it. Here, as elsewhere, the vagueness of the Bill would open the door to all sorts of abuses. It directly permits an American author to obtain a copyright here, although the wholesale piracy of English or Canadian works would be continued as heretofore on the other side of the border. It will be time enough to concede privileges to our neighbours when they are prepared to yield similar privileges to us. But the main point to which we object is contained in the 10th clause. It is actually proposed that any-one anywhere, having the copyright for a work, may, by giving notice, secure an "interim copyright" in Canada for three months, and that too without giving any substantial security that he will "publish or produce" during that period. Now in Canada the great *desideratum* is that books of real merit and general interest shall be furnished at a reasonable rate. We have no large class of readers who can afford to pay the high prices charged by English publishers. Even in England, the great bulk of the people depend upon the libraries; but we have no Mudie here, and if we had, he could not supply the literary needs of Canada, even if the system were likely to take root in a new country like ours. Now let our readers notice the effect of this Bill. An English publisher, in ignorance of the requirements of the Dominion, could secure an interim copyright of a work selling at from eight to twelve dollars. He could send a supply to Canada, would dispose of say a hundred copies, and there, so far as he is concerned, the matter would rest. Having no *bonâ fide* intention of publishing a suitable edition here, the three months would pass away before a native publisher could begin to print. By this time his market would be gone, and finding that publication would be a losing game, the idea would be abandoned. Hence, during three months, when the interest of the work was fresh, no Canadian student of ordinary means could afford to purchase it, and in the end if he still desired to peruse it he would have to resort to an American reprint. This is protecting native industry with a vengeance. We protest against it, because it is a direct blow to an important branch of our native trade; we protest against it, because it will really serve no interest except that of American piracy; and we protest against it, because it throws a serious obstacle directly in the way of Canadian culture and Canadian learning, which, above all things, require the fostering care of Government.

Mr. Brown made his promised explanations as to the Reciprocity Treaty in the Senate, on the 22nd ult. They do not call for any special notice, for they add little or nothing to our stock of knowledge regarding the negotiations. It may be that when the papers are brought down some fresh light may be thrown upon the subject; meanwhile we are about as wise as we were before. Mr. Brown had, no doubt, a difficult task before him. It was necessary certainly, in order to put his case forward in self-defence, that he should run over the details of a Treaty in which he firmly believed; but it could hardly be expected that his hearers would feel a lively interest in this obituary notice. The attempt to galvanize the defunct Treaty into temporary vitality of a spasmodic character, was a palpable failure. The reason why the Canadian Government entered upon this negotiation at all was not satisfactorily explained. Mr. Lincoln, without inquiring into, or caring for, the probable effects of his action, gave notice of the termination of the Treaty of 1844, in a moment of pique and passion. No one has contended more strongly than Mr. Brown that we have got on nearly as well without the Treaty as with it, and that no advances should be made upon the subject from our side. He has given no reason that will bear a moment's examination for his change of opinion.

The bulk of Mr. Brown's speech was merely a running commentary on the various stipulations of the Treaty, expressive of his satisfaction with them. As far as regards manufactures, his defence was exceedingly brief and inconclusive. He seemed to think that because our manufacturers are only a small section of the population, their interests may be sacrificed with justice and propriety. Apart from the question of right, we may ask how Mr. Brown proposes to establish the necessity of the sacrifice? As for the comparative feebleness of our manufactures, that should be a reason for fostering them, instead of permitting foreigners to trample them under foot. If they were stronger they would not need protection; but whilst they are in a nascent state, a fair measure of protection is regarded as permissible, even by Free Traders. Mr. Brown would find it difficult to obtain a disciple for his doctrine, even among the most rigid of the economists. We have already expressed our sympathy with Mr. Brown in the delicate and arduous duty he undertook. We believe with him that these negotiations have raised the subject to a higher plane, and we again deprecate the savage declamation in which some of his party opponents have thought fit to indulge.

The return of Mr. Fraser, as M. P. for London, *vice* Major Walker, cashiered, will probably gratify both parties. Mr. Mackenzie's Amnesty Resolutions were carried by a vote of 126 to 50, and, although that was not, strictly speaking, a party division, it was very nearly so. It would appear, therefore, that both sides should be anxious to have the minority strengthened, of course, "in the interests of the country." The Opposition are no doubt pleased with the acquisition of another file for their depleted company, and the Government is so strong that it can afford to lose a round dozen without putting its existence in jeopardy. The dominant party is fond of expressing its anxiety that there should be a strong Opposition; and we are bound to suppose that that anxiety is sincere and unfeigned. From the earnest language sometimes used on this subject, we have been almost persuaded, at times, that serious calamities would overtake us if Mr. Mackenzie and his friends had it all their own way, and that no one is more apprehensive of the danger than themselves. Theory and practice, however, do not hang together, and so the matter must rest in doubt. For our own part we rejoice at the result of the London election, partly, because we sympathize with the

feebleness of the minority, but chiefly, because we think that the faction which defended the acts of Major Walker, re-nominated him, and gloried in their shame, ought to receive, as they have received, condign punishment at the hands of the constituency they debauched. The evidence adduced at the trial of the petition was of the clearest kind; Chief Justice Hagarty stated that he had never heard of more disgraceful corruption; and yet what did "the party of purity" do? Instead of repudiating the standard-bearer who had disgraced them, they hastened to nominate him again, and when the judges, in the faithful administration of the law according to their oaths and their consciences, declared him disqualified, even the ermine was no protection against their slanderous revilings. They are well punished, and it is only to be regretted that some other constituencies we could name were not equally sensitive when their honour and reputation were dragged through the mire.

Mr. Dymond has given notice of a clause for the Criminal Procedure Amendment Bill, which deserves a brief reference. He proposes that, in future, any person charged with felony or misdemeanour shall have the right, if he choose to exert it, of entering the witness box, and giving testimony under oath on his own behalf, as if he were an ordinary witness for the defence. The idea is not a new one. It has often been discussed in England, and has been adopted in some of the United States. It was only the other day that the voluntary evidence of a man charged with murder, appeared in the New York *Herald*. There is much to be said on both sides of the question. As the law stands now, a prisoner may make a voluntary statement, but it loses all its weight with a jury, first, because it is not made under oath, and, secondly, because it cannot be sifted by cross-examination. It certainly seems a great hardship that the only man whose mouth is practically closed at a trial, is the very man whose life or liberty is in peril. There are many cases recorded in our criminal annals of innocent men convicted and executed, who, if they could have told their plain, unvarnished tale in the witness-box, would have been honourably acquitted. It is objected, that guilty men who could tell a plausible tale, would "swear themselves off;" but a similar objection, *mutatis mutandis*, may be made against the evidence of many prosecutors. At all events, it is better that the jury should have before it all the material accessible to it from any quarter. It is also urged that an innocent man may find himself so enmeshed in a net-work of adverse circumstances, that he may decline to be sworn lest he should do himself more harm than good. In such a case the jury might regard his silence as *primâ facie* evidence of guilt. This objection is not without force; still any danger of that sort might be guarded against by a caution from the Court, and besides it can hardly be put in the balance against the substantial injustice wrought in a far more numerous class of cases.

The Tanneries Scandal has raised a rather lively side issue between the Courts and the Quebec Assembly. M. Duvernay, of *La Minerve*, and M. Cotté, of the Jacques Cartier Bank, are witnesses whose evidence it was of the utmost importance to obtain. They proved recalcitrant, and refused to testify before the Committee, whereupon the House delivered them over to the tender mercies of the Sergeant-at-Arms, which from the evidence, appear to be very tender indeed. Judge Ramsay released them on a writ of *habeas corpus*, but when the question was heard on appeal, this judgment was reversed by Chief Justice Dorion and the full Court. We are bound to believe that this final decision is legally correct, and we are sure it is consonant with the dictates of common sense. It would be absurd in the highest degree if the Legislature of a Province

which has been outrageously swindled, were denied the power of extorting the truth from the parties concerned. M. Dansereau was arrested in consequence of the latter judgment, but he continued obstinate, and as it was not likely that the Legislature would continue in session more than two or three days, he could afford to snap his fingers at them. Messrs. Cotté and Duvernay were re-arrested, but the Court of Appeals decided that, no new subpœnas having been issued, they could not be re-arrested for the old offence; so they were again set at liberty. Finally, as if they were tired of the fun, these gentlemen have resolved to go to Quebec "without more ado."

The New Brunswick Legislature met at Fredericton on the 18th ultimo. If there be any large infusion of the lawyer element, we may expect to hear a complaint that Parliament had been summoned at an inconvenient period. In Ontario, some members of the legal profession having seats in the Local Legislature care less about the Parliamentary session in Toronto than about that at Ottawa. It may be that there are gentlemen in New Brunswick who think it hard that they should be detained at Fredericton, when they could employ their time and talents more profitably elsewhere. The Speech from the Throne, like the other two of which we have spoken, is "meagre." There can be no doubt that the leader of the Opposition said so, although we have not yet had the pleasure of perusing his remarks. The measures promised are sufficiently vague—bills for assessing and levying local rates with a view to rendering them more equitable, for "providing for process of attachment in civil suits," and for the encouragement of agriculture.

The present Congress will expire by limitation of time on the 4th inst, at noon, and, had the law so provided, its successor could have commenced the work of legislation at that hour. The new House of Representatives, however, does not assemble until the 4th of December, and until that date we shall be unable to see the full import of the November reaction. The Senate, of which only a portion has been renewed, may be summoned to meet at the pleasure of the President, and he has in fact summoned them to assemble on the 5th of this month, because, as he says, "objects of interest" require that it should be convened. Presumably Andrew Johnson, ex-President and one of the new Senators, is not an "object of interest" to General Grant, and speculation has been agog as to the meaning of this executive session. The still-born Reciprocity Treaty is no longer of much interest to any one, or we might reasonably suppose that the President had its ratification in view. The opinion is entertained generally by the Opposition of both parties that Grant will endeavour to use the Republican majority in the Senate as a support for his Southern policy during the recess. No repressive or reorganizing laws can be again passed during the present term, for when Congress reassembles, the House will be Democratic. But there are many executive stratagems which the Senate may aid the President in working, and it may be as well to put them in operation while there is yet time. In addition it is possible that an extra Session of Congress may be required, to complete the financial business, and for this the consent of the Senate is necessary.

The last weeks of Congress are being spent in transacting business which cannot be thrown over. The Senate has found it necessary to postpone the reception of Pinchback, Kellogg's Louisiana Senator, in order to ensure the passage of the Tariff and Appropriation Bills. The days are few, as well as evil, and they must be redeemed. The President has several lions in his path, which have taken their place there by his own invitation. In the Louisiana affair, the second sub-committee sent to New Orleans

is prepared with evidence, but it is for the most part confirmatory of that taken by the first. In Arkansas, after spending several years in propping up Baxter as against Brooks, whom he declared to be a scoundrel, Grant has changed his front, and now rehabilitates the latter. Before we go to press, it is probable that Senator Poland's resolution and that of the House Committee—"that the condition of Arkansas calls for no action, either by Congress or any other department of Government"—will receive the support of all the reputable Republicans. It is evident that, if General Grant desired peace in that State, he could easily secure it by supporting Garland, who has evolved something like order out of chaos. The extent to which Grant is disposed to go was made apparent by his mad proposal that Congress should suspend the Habeas Corpus Act; in other words, place absolute power in his hands. There is no pretence that rebellion exists in any State, and yet the President asked Congress to commit a gross violation of that clause in the Constitution which provides "that the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus shall not be suspended unless when, in cases of rebellion or invasion, the public safety may require it." Happily, the Republican party refused to follow the President, and the scheme fell to the ground.

The election of a successor to Mr. Gladstone ultimately resolved itself into Hobson's choice—the Marquis of Hartington or none. Mr. Forster, who probably enjoys the confidence of a large majority of the party, withdrew his name, because he felt that "he would not receive that general support without which he ought not to attempt to fill the duties" of the leadership. The member for Bradford had two powerful combinations against him—the opponents of the 25th clause and denominational education on the one hand, and the opponents of an extension of the borough franchise to the counties on the other. The Marquis of Hartington is of the Whigs Whiggish, after the salt of Whiggism has lost its savour. His aristocratic connections are, perhaps, his only recommendation, unless we add what Mr. Bright considers of some importance, or he would not have mentioned them, "his health and hard-headedness." At the Liberal caucus, the election of the Marquis was a foregone conclusion; yet it was gone through in a reluctant and half-hearted way. For the most part, those who acquiesced did so with a reservation which was not exclusively mental. If Mr. Gladstone had been the proposed leader, Mr. Bright would not have talked of reserving "individual liberty." Even Mr. Villiers, who proposed the Marquis, spoke of retaining "their own private freedom and particular judgment." Mr. S. Morley, his seconder, performed his part with evident dislike, and expressed his decided preference for Mr. Forster. Nevertheless, it is, perhaps, as well that a mediocre leader has been selected. It seems, at first sight, an anomaly to appoint a head to a party of independents who may be amenable to party discipline or may not, as the fit takes them. But the Liberal party, at the present time, is not in want of "a guide, philosopher, and friend." Such a man would inevitably deepen the dissensions which now rend it. The Marquis will certainly do nothing desperate or sensational; his time will be divided as heretofore, between duty and pleasure, with a confirmed preference for the latter. Mr. Bright, with the keen prescience which is characteristic of him, admonished his hearers at Birmingham that they must abandon, for a time, the hope of radical reforms. Even the question of disestablishment, which Mr. Bright has nearest his heart, must be laid on the shelf to await the hour and the man. "A political party," he observed, "somehow or other gathers itself up when it is wanted, and by the time that it is wanted." And again, looking forward to the nomination of the Marquis, he said, "I do not in the slightest

degree recommend or approve that any body of men should complain of a parliamentarv or party leader so chosen, who has not formed the same opinion as I have on this question. This is a question which has not come near that point yet; it is one of the gravest questions which a people has ever had to consider." The Marquis of Hartington's answer was given in his speech at Lewes:—"He (Mr. Bright) intended to agitate for the disestablishment of the church, as he and Mr. Cobden agitated for the principle of free trade—by persuading the people of the truth of the principles he advocates. He was right then, and succeeded. If he is right now he would again succeed; but if he was wrong now, as he (Lord Hartington) believed he was, he would not succeed." The new leader must, therefore, be content to let his troops carry on the war as seems best to themselves. He must not call back the advance guard or drive in the stragglers. Generalship of this character does not admit of brilliant *coups* or startling manœuvres, but for the present it is at once the most prudent and the most promising. When the battle-cry is heard in earnest, the battalions will close together and rush to the fight in solid phalanx, but it will not be under the Marquis of Hartington. Meanwhile there is room for much honest labour at the post assigned him, and he may console himself with the reflection that it is better to have the nominal command of a band of guerrillas, each of whom fights "on his individual hook," than to be generalissimo of a regular army with incurable mutiny in the ranks.

The Imperial Parliament met on the 5th ultimo. The Speech is not remarkable for anything in particular; there are traces of Semitic gorgeousness in its composition, but that is all. Mr. Bright, when asked how he thought the Conservative leader would succeed, replied, "Very well, so long as he leaves politics alone." Mr. Disraeli appears to have eschewed politics and applied himself almost exclusively to social questions. The exception, if it be one, is the proposed relaxation of the penal laws for the preservation of the peace in Ireland. The working-man, in whom, when he gives signs of Conservatism, Mr. Disraeli feels a tender interest, has no less than three measures to his own share. At the same time, he is warned, with an evident reference to the eminently Conservative borough of Liverpool, that, if he persists in kicking his wife or anybody else, resort may possibly be had to that model reformer, the cat-o'-nine tails. Trade conspiracies and farm tenancies are also to be overhauled. Finally, after years of controversy on the subject, there is to be a public prosecutor, who will take the investigation of crime and the "making-up" of criminal cases out of the bungling hands of the police. Taking the long and serious illness of the Premier into consideration, the programme is by no means a "meagre" one. It is eminently social as distinguished from political; and, what is a greater relief still, there is no sign that the "drum ecclesiastic" will be heard during the session.

Two *mauvais sujets* have been returned to the House of Commons—Dr. Kenealy and John Mitchell. The former has been inflicted upon Parliament by Stoke-upon-Trent, although he would be more properly described as the member for Wapping. He has entered the House, according to his own story, to do something or other for the Magna Charta, much as the two prelates, of whom Matthew Arnold speaks, desired to do something for a certain religious dogma. In pursuance of this laudable object, he insisted on introducing himself to theHouse. Perhaps he preferred to imagine that he had the real Arthur Orton on one side, and the one he tried to create at the Tichborne trial on the other. Mr. Disraeli good-naturedly humoured the delusion, and the hon. gentleman took his seat—which he will find rather hot if he should try to make himself dis-

agreeable. John Mitchell received short shrift and no mercy as M.P. for Tipperary. What object the runaway felon, who broke his parole, could have in getting himself elected it is difficult to say. Notwithstanding the great "brilliancy" attributed by the *Globe* to the Young Ireland party, it is satisfactory to learn from the same high authority that Mitchell is "of inferior mould." The reason for this severe judgment is that he desired "a plantation well-stocked with niggers," which was no greater proof of inferiority than the whole party afforded when they drove the ignorant peasantry into mischief like a flock of sheep.

Continental affairs do not call for any special comment, if we except the affairs of France. The Assembly has continued to labour at the Constitutional Bills with unabated hopefulness and invariable failure. Early last month, M. Laboulaye's motion to declare the Republic definitively was lost by a majority of 24. So far so good; for that was another bantling out of the way. But no sooner had this been done than a sudden change came over the spirit of all the sections except the Legitimists and the Bonapartists and the Conservative portion of the Right Centre. The change was not sudden; it crept over the Assembly gradually, as certain rumours began to take defined shape and assume the guise of assured facts. Considerable uneasiness has been felt for some time at the activity of the Bonapartist agents under M. Rouher; and now, just at this critical juncture, it was discovered that Napoleon IV. had a complete Government organized in France—Cabinet, Prefects, Marshal, and all, and that they were only waiting for the right moment to strike for power, order a *plébiscite*, and bring in the bees and violets once more. The story seems to have been partially true; but whether it was or not, the Assembly certainly believed it. From the Duc de Broglie to Gambetta, through the entire ranks, from Right Centre to Extreme Left, the panic ran. The Orleanists began to make a *rapprochement* towards the Left, the first evidence of which was the vote taken on a motion by M. Wallon, which indirectly declared the Republic. This motion was carried by a majority of one. On M. Wallon's next motion, giving the President of the Republic, with the consent of the Senate, the power of dissolution, the Right Centre went over almost in a body, and the motion passed by a majority of 200. Everything appeared to be going on with unwonted smoothness, and M. Wallon's constitution had a fair chance of securing for its author an immortal name. The Bill was read a third time and passed, and then the tide began to turn. Our latest English papers describe the precise nature of the Wallon constitution and its probable effects. But they had not fully guaged the versatile genius of French constitution-mongers. First came the Senate Bill, and a motion being made that the Senate should be chosen by the same electorate as that which returned the Assembly, the Legitimists quietly dropped out, and the motion was carried by a majority of only 12. Then followed the rejection of the Bill altogether, and an unsuccessful motion by M. Brisson in favour of immediate dissolution. The latest intelligence is that the Centres and the Left under the capricious guidance of M. Gambetta are again in accord, and have agreed upon a compromise, to which they will adhere through thick and thin. Meanwhile, the Septennate exists with a Provisional Cabinet, for which no successor can be found, and nothing is certain except uncertainty.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

CANON Lightfoot continues his critical examination of "Supernatural Religion" in the *Contemporary Review*. On the present occasion he confines himself to the first portion of Part II., Chapter II., of the anonymous work, relating to "The Ignatian Epistles." In the first place, a brief statement is made of the present condition of the Ignatian literature. The long recension, as it is called, may be left out of the question as admittedly spurious, or, at any rate, interpolated. There remain two others, the Greek and Latin versions of the seven Epistles, quoted by Eusebius, and called by Dr. Lightfoot the Vossian, from the discoverer of the Greek copy, and the Syriac version of three Epistles, which is much shorter, called the Curetonian, from their discoverer and translator. The anonymous author regards the entire Ignatian literature as "a tissue of fraud and imposture," but considers the Curetonian version as the more ancient of the two. Dr. Lightfoot speaks of "a cloud of witnesses" in favour of its authenticity, in one form or other, but we cannot see the witnesses for the cloud he raises about little points of minor criticism. We are unable, of course, to examine how far the author has been exact in his references, but Dr. Lightfoot is not disposed to deal over-fairly in the matter. When a critic quotes a sentence and copies the references under it, then divides the sentence in half, and complains bitterly that the bulk of the citations do not bear on the latter part, when he himself admits that they support the former, we may have confidence in his scholarship, but we can hardly rely upon his ingenuousness. And again when he rails at the author for quoting twenty authors and objects, in a carping fashion, to his reference to six who, on the Canon's own showing, make as much for one side as the other, while he leaves the other fourteen to the enemy, what is the value of his criticism? When all is done, Dr. Lightfoot, after arguing with all his might to prove the priority and authenticity of the Vossian MSS., admits that the question remains *in dubio*, and that until lately he himself "ascribed them to an interpolator writing about A.D. 140." What reliance can be placed on a series of Epistles which come down to us bound up with other documents confessedly apocryphal? The long recension was interpolated, the shorter recensions may also have been interpolated; a scholar like Canon Lightfoot may argue, but who shall pronounce with confidence? Finally, there remains the vital question: Supposing one or other of these recensions to be true and unalloyed Epistles of Ignatius, do they contain any confirmatory proof of the existence of our Synoptic Gospels at the beginning of the second century? Here the Canon is silent, and leaves the author of "Supernatural Religion" master of the field. We cannot help thinking that this display of learning in the way of minute historical and philological criticism is labour lost, when the main object to be served by it is tacitly surrendered.

Professor Clifford contributes the second of his lectures on "The Philosophy of the Pure Sciences." His subject on this occasion is, "The Postulates of the Science of Space," and it is treated, we need hardly say, in a lucid and masterly way. After an eloquent tribute to Euclid, whom, however, he does not closely follow, he assigns to Lobatchewsky a similar relationship to Euclid to that filled by Copernicus to Ptolemy, and Vesalius to Galen. Then, commencing with the "point," the lecturer proceeds to examine the validity of our ideas of space and the relations of its parts, and the real foundation which underlies them. Principal Tulloch, in an appreciative paper, sketches the life and examines the opinions of Mr. Wm. Smith, the author of "Thorndale, or the Conflict of opinion." Mr. Smith was the friend and associate, more or less intimate, of Sterling, Maurice, Grote, Mill, Lewes, and many of the advanced thinkers of his time. It is some twelve or fifteen years since we read "Thorndale," and we wondered then, as we have often wondered since, that so few appear to have been attracted by "the real life of thought," the earnestness, the charm of style, and "the imaginative insight" manifest in the work.

Dr. Carpenter joins issue with Prof. Huxley on the question of Human Automatism from a physiological point of view. He refers to the fact that Huxley, following Descartes, had long since pointed out the distinction between "the *secondary* automatism of man acquired by habit, and the *original* or *primary* automatism of the lower animals." The key-note to the theme is struck early in this interesting article. After expressing his wonder at the supposition that anything fresh has been discovered to warrant the new theory, Dr. Carpenter states that nothing in recent researches has shaken his "early-formed conviction of the existence of a fundamental distinction, not only between the rational actions of sentient beings guided by experience, and the automatic movements of creatures whose whole life is obviously but the working of mechanism, but also between those actions

(common to man and intelligent brutes) which are determined by a preponderating attraction towards an object present to the consciousness, and those (peculiar, as I believe, to man), in which there is, at one stage or other, distinct intervention of the self-conscious ego, whereby the direction of the activity is modified." Father Bridgett breaks a lance with Dr. Playfair on "The Sanctity of Dirt." The late Postmaster-General, when speaking on sanitary matters at Glasgow, fell foul of the Roman Catholic Church as the patron of dirt. He asserted that filthiness of person was regarded as a mark of saintship; referred to the hermits, to the blessed St. Anthony, and also to the celebrated hair-shirt of Thomas a Becket. The Rev. Father sets out with two questions:—"First, were our ancestors dirty? Secondly, did the Church teach them to be dirty?" He then dives, at some length, into balneic history, so as to answer both questions in the negative; yet he winds up with the admission that the Church regarded cleanliness as a luxury rather than a duty, and sometimes ordered abstinence from washing by way of penance. Some of our readers may have heard of youngsters who would regard that sentence as capital punishment. Mr. W. R. Greg, in a brief paper, propounds the question, "Can truths be apprehended which could not be discovered?" Or, as he elsewhere puts it, "Can any truth be received —that is accepted and assimilated—by the human intellect, which that intellect might not in the course of time have reached or wrought out for itself? Can anything which could not have been discovered by us be so revealed to us as to make it our own?" The writer thinks the matter one rather for reflection than argument—one in which "it is possible to reach a sort of *persuasion* in one's own mind," rather than offer reasons for it to others. So far as scientific, ethical, and philosophical truths are concerned, he answers his question in the negative, although he admits that some gifted men may grasp truths by anticipation, as the man of science does by what is called "scientific imagination." He regards Revelation either as anticipation, suggestion, or confirmation; the existence of Deity and the immortality of the soul are accepted because man's spiritual nature discovers them to be fitted, when suggested, to his wants. Distinctive Christian dogmas cannot be so apprehended or assimilated in Mr. Greg's opinion, nor can any revelation, external or internal, so communicate them as to make them truths of our own.

"The Laws of England as to the expression of Religious Opinion," by Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, is a paper we should gladly give *in extenso* for the benefit of our readers, if its length did not render its republication in these pages out of the question. It is an admirably written and exhaustive account of the repressive laws against freedom of opinion as they have been and as they are. Mr. Stephens prefaces his historical sketch by a glance at the laws against heresy from the Council of Nice. Then turning to the immediate subject of the paper he traces the progress of the persecuting spirit from the days of the Lollards down to 1857, when an ignorant labourer was sentenced to eighteen months' imprisonment for chalking some naughty words on a gate-post. The laws affecting the matter are reduced under three heads:—"1. The King's Ecclesiastical Law as to Heresy; 2. The Common Law as to Blasphemy and Blasphemous Libel; 3. Certain Statutes bearing on the same subject, the most important of which is 9 and 10 Will. III., c. 35." The historical portion of the paper is full of painful interest, but most readers will be surprised to find that there are laws now in force, confirmed by statute during the present century, which might have sent Mr. John S Mills to gaol for six months, on account of his three "Essays on Religion," had they been published during his lifetime, and put the liberty of several contributers to the *Fortnightly Review* in jeopardy every month. Mr. Stephen thinks it is about time that this state of the law was amended, not from abstract notions about liberty of conscience, but because the law is practically set at naught; because the age refuses to be any longer bound in swaddling clothes; because Christianity has to meet insidious attacks like the writings published by Mr. Mill in his lifetime, instead of encountering her enemies face to face; and because the attempt to execute the laws, whether successful or the reverse, has always proved disastrous to those who have made it. There is terrible force in the answer which Mr. Stephen puts in the mouth of Mr. Mill to one who demands why he does not plainly avow his opinions:—"First, I will not put it in the power of any bigot, who thinks he would do God service by so doing, to deprive me of my place in the India office and send me to gaol; and in the next place, you will find in the long run that the zig-zag mode of approach is good in controversy as well as in sieges. The sap and the mine must in time take us to the heart of the place. If we try to storm the town now, we shall simply be knocked on the head." Mr. Stephen asks, "Is Christianity a gainer by this? Is it not obvious that the real alternative is between complete freedom and that thorough-going and effective persecution, which no one in these days would think of." He therefore advocates the sweeping away of the persecuting code entirely, and submits a draft Bill, having that purpose in view.

The closing paper in the *Contemporary* is by Dean Stanley, on "Ecclesiastical Vestments," and it is an admirable one. By a simple enquiry into the origin of the various sacerdotal garments now in controversy, the Dean upsets the ecclesiastical significance of them

all. After referring to the grave opinions held regarding the altar, the chasuble, the cope, and the other vestments essential to what he calls "the Etruscan theory of religion," the writer sets himself to prove that "if they symbolize anything, they symbolize ideas the contrary of those ascribed to them," and that they are really modifications of the general costume, used by lay and cleric alike in the early Christian centuries. He thinks that if people could be once convinced that these vestments have no sacerdotal significance, an end would be put to the ridiculous and unseemly controversy about them. The entire paper, especially the practical portion of it, is extremely valuable.

The *Fortnightly Review* came to hand so late in the month, that we cannot pretend to do justice to its varied contents. Yet, there are one or two papers to which we ought to refer, and our space admonishes us that the reference must be brief. Mr. Morley commences an essay on the life and genius of Diderot and the work accomplished by the Encylopædists. The present instalment is written in its author's most earnest and vigorous style, but it only extends to the marriage of its subject. When complete, the biography will no doubt form a companion volume to the lives of Rousseau and Voltaire, by the same author. Mr. Paton, whose analysis of the Falk Laws appeared in the May number of last year, enters into a long and elaborate defence of Bismarck's ecclesiastical policy. The author is evidently well acquainted with his subject, and although he supplies few fresh facts, he makes altogether the best defence of a shaky cause that we have seen. Prof. Cairnes concludes his friendly criticism of Herbert Spencer's little book on "The Study of Sociology;" Mr. Swinburne introduces to the public, "An Unknown Poet," Mr. Wells, whose works he eulogizes in glowing language; and Mr. George Darwin contributes a paper on "The Theory of Exchange Values." Finally, the editor again appears on "The Liberal Eclipse," written in rather a desponding vein. There is no leader, no policy, no prospect. Mr. Gladstone's retirement "completes the eclipse, and when we know that the lead of the party lies between Lord Hartington and Mr. Forster, all is said."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

It is announced that the Philharmonic Society have added Signor Randegger's cantata *Fridolin* to their *répertoire*, and will give a performance on the 31st inst. The cantata was composed expressly for the Birmingham Triennial Musical Festival of 1873, and was produced on the Thursday evening of the Festival week with marked success, the audience exceeding by two hundred that in attendance at the performance of the *Messiah*.

The words of *Fridolin* are arranged from Schiller's ballad *Der Gang nach dem eisenhammer*, the adaptation being by Madame Erminia Rudersdorff. The *dramatis personæ* are Waldemar, Count of Saverne (baritone); Eglantine, Countess of Saverne (soprano); Fridolin, page to the Countess (tenor); and Hubert, squire to the Count (bass). These are supplemented by choruses of smiths, peasants, huntsmen, and handmaidens to the Countess. The argument is as follows:—"Fridolin and Hubert are in the service of the Count of Saverne. Hubert, aspiring to win the affections of the beautiful Countess, conceives a violent hatred of Fridolin, whom he regards as an obstacle in his path. Taking advantage of Fridolin's loyal devotion to the Countess, Hubert excites the jealousy of the Count, and prompts a stern revenge. The Count forthwith writes to some mechanic serfs, ordering that whoever comes asking a certain question shall be at once thrown into their furnace. Fridolin, innocent of wrong and unconscious of danger, receives the message to the forge; but, ere setting out, he waits upon his mistress for such commands as she might have to give. The Countess desires him to enter the chapel he would pass on his way, and offer up a prayer for her. Fridolin obeys, and thus saves his life; but vengeance overtakes the traitor, Hubert, who, going to the forge to learn whether the plot has succeeded, himself asks the fatal question: "Is obeyed your lord's command?" and himself becomes the victim. Fridolin subsequently appears, and is about to perish likewise, when the Count and Countess, between whom explanations have taken place, arrive on the scene, to preserve the innocent, and to learn the fate of the guilty."

The musical setting of this subject is of uncommon merit; the effects are thoroughly dramatic, and in elaborating them the composer has availed himself of all the stirring resources of modern orchestration. There appears, how-

ever, to be an occasional want of melody, and although the dramatic situations may be sufficiently illustrated, the effort which this has cost the composer is too apparent. The music is on the whole exceedingly interesting, its varied tone-colouring and exciting episodes enchaining one's attention. A brief but impressive orchestral prelude serves to introduce a choral prologue, which tells us that Fridolin has faithfully served the Lord, and that an angel host keeps guard over him to preserve him from harm. The real business of the *cantata* then commences with the recitative and *aria*, "Have but holy, lofty thoughts," in which Fridolin extols the numerous virtues of the Countess. The number is pleasing, and affords some opportunity for display on the part of the tenor. Hubert's first *scena* succeeds, ushered in *allegro agitato*, and some ingenious and stirring orchestration is introduced. Hubert here indulges in the most bitter reflections against his presumed rival, but his turbulent emotions are somewhat calmed in the subdued melody of the *andantino*, "For one kind glance," which is beautifully ornamented by an *obligato* for the first violins. The fierceness of his hate, however, again breaks out in the recitative, "Dispelled by jealous rage is hope's fond dream," and *allegro* in B flat, "A thousand hideous deaths I'd make him die," a most fatiguing and exacting piece of declamation. We now arrive at a spirited hunting chorus, with a conventional horn accompaniment. In the duet for Hubert and the Count, the former insinuates that Fridolin has dared to lift his eyes to the Countess, and excites the jealousy of his master. Hubert suggests the revenge, and in the *andante* (D minor, 6-8) powerfully describes the forge amid the gloomy mountains, where would be found men ready to execute any project of vengeance. The horrors of the place—the roaring of the furnaces, the lurid glare of fiery brands, the clanging anvils, and the wild, reckless smiths, toiling like demons, amid encompassing fires, are most dramatically portrayed, the composer lavishing all his wealth of invention on the instrumental effects —wild chromatic progressions, the blare of brass, and the mysterious tremolo of the strings all being employed in turn. The next scene occurs in the Countess's apartment, and a chorus of handmaidens, light and pretty, is heard. Passing over the next number, a recitative and air for the Countess, we have a duet between her and Fridolin. The *andante* of this duet is a canon in D flat, written in true scholastic style. On the conclusion of the duet, Fridolin kisses the hand of the Countess, and thereby serves to confirm the suspicions of the Count, who enters with Hubert. This leads to an explanation, and in a duet between the Count and the Countess, the duplicity of Hubert is revealed. The preceding chorus of villagers will, doubtless, prove a favourite in Toronto.

In the final forge scene, we have the supreme effort of the composer. The orchestral introduction *allegro con fuoco* is vividly descriptive, as is also the chorus "Gift of Demon, raging fire," in which nearly every instrument in the orchestra is employed to give colour to the accompaniments. Hubert appears upon the scene, and, too eager to hear of the death of his rival, himself asks the question—"Have ye obeyed your lord's decree?" The infuriated smiths, with one accord, seize the traitor and hurl him headlong into the flaming furnace. Fridolin is saved from the same fate by the appearance of the Count and Countess, and the *cantata* closes with a choral expression of thanks to Heaven for his wonderful escape.

BOOK REVIEWS.

CHRISTIAN PRAYER AND GENERAL LAWS, Being the Burney Prize Essay for the year 1873, with an Appendix, The Physical Efficacy of Prayer. By George J. Romanes, M.A., Late Scholar in Natural Science of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co., 1874. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

The author of this essay, to which so honourable a distinction is assigned, is a Canadian by birth, the son of one who is still remembered by early graduates of Queen's University as a most able and efficient Professor of Classical Literature in the infancy of that institution. But, besides the special interest the volume thus has for Canadians in the circumstance that a son of our Dominion has honourably carried off the Burney Prize from many formidable English competitors, the book itself is deservedly considered one of the ablest contributions to the literature which the lately vexed question in regard to the relation of Prayer to

the Laws of Nature has as yet called forth. It is a careful, calm, and philosophical, as well as an exhaustive analysis of the objections to the efficacy of prayer for physical results, which are founded upon the conception of natural law; and of these objections Mr. Romanes disposes in a way that will be more satisfactory to the thoughtful reader than the inconsistencies of Mr. Knight's "*via media*," or the superficial and violent problems of some orthodox but indiscreet defenders of the faith.

The principal portion of the Essay is devoted to an elaborate and cumulative "exposition of the *argument of ignorance*," an argument which, as he observes, "men of science are often prone to neglect or despise, but an argument which a true philosopher cannot but deem of all arguments relating to subjects beyond the sphere of possible knowledge, the most weighty and the most profound." In the commencement of his argument, he gives to Science all the credit that belongs to her as, in one respect, the "purifier" of Natural Religion in supplanting the Fetichism of savage life by the conception of "Uniformity of action within a Unity of Being." But he shows, also, how the tendency has grown, and is now stronger than it ever yet has been, to feel that "the theory of Personal Agency which superstition has embodied in one form and religion in another, was a theory which, as it had ever been entertained without reason, so could now only be entertained against it; that the human intellect in its progress, had now at last caught sight of the great and fundamental truth that the Deity, whom all nations, races, and religions, from all time had delighted to invoke as 'Father,' was really only such to them in the sense that a cause is father to its effect; that the God of the Universe was the self-adjusting sufficiency of Nature; or that the Reign in Nature was the Reign of Law."

The author then enumerates the objections against the efficacy of prayer raised by metaphysicians and physicists, and after briefly answering the first, proceeds to the main argument: that concerning the supposed antagonism between Prayer and Physical Law. In entering upon this discussion, he well observes, in his preliminary remarks, that Science is and must be purely objective, that it can only "systematize our experience, leaving us still within the Proximate;" and that "Religion transcends Science, the former reposing upon the Ultimate, and the latter upon the Proximate. Any modification, therefore, which Science may impose upon religious ideas of the Proximate—ideas which are, in reality, extra-religious—cannot influence religious ideas of the Ultimate—ideas which are, in reality, the only truly religious." He then proceeds to consider the proposition whether it is true that *if* God answers prayer he *must* interfere with the normal course of nature, and whether the corollary is true, that *in no case whatever* can Prayer be answered without such interference. The term "Physical Law" is defined by Mr. Romanes as "*the formula of a physical sequence, which, so far as human observation extends, is invariable*," and he very distinctly explains the ambiguity which the term must bear, on the disputed ground of *necessity* of "sequence," so that to some minds "the term Physical Law habitually bears the signification of a mere instrument of the Divine Will, perfectly obedient in its ministry, and indefinitely plastic in its operation; while to others, it no less constantly represents a practically independent directive influence of unalterable rigidity upon which eternal order universally depends." This last supposition is combated throughout, by the author, in so far as it dogmatically represents "Law" as a sort of self-existing entity which could in *any* way interpose an obstacle to the immediately directive influence of the Divine Will.

Mr. Romanes proceeds to show that, in order to maintain its position antagonistic to the efficacy of Prayer, Science is obliged to resort to *analogy*, owing to its ignorance; the probable amount of which ignorance he endeavours to estimate from known *data*. That this probable amount of ignorance is overwhelmingly great, he shows from a variety of considerations—from the comparative insignificance of the experimental knowledge of even the greatest physicists; from our necessary *objective* ignorance of second causes, owing to the nature of the *things* which "we know that we know only phenomenally," and our *subjective* ignorance, owing to the nature of our own faculties; from the possibility that many "entities which are phenomenally simple may be noumenally complex," from the possibility of the intermingling of causes beyond the cognizance of our present senses, (which as he remarks, whether "evolved" or not, are *only* what are *needed* for the maintenance of our present being, so that a force as cosmical as magnetism would escape them entirely but for *one* of its effects); from the certainty that "things *must* be true of which the understanding is wholly unable to construe to itself the possibility;" and from the failure of the argument from analogy when we are ignorant of the difference between the ratio known and the ratio unknown, and cannot *know* "that the particular interactions among those second causes with which we are thus partially acquainted, cannot be modified by any changes or interactions taking place in the unknown domain of second causes."

He then discusses the question whether "our conception of Natural Law affords an infallible index of the method of Divine Government, taken as a whole." In this connexion he shows how small is our knowledge of the relations existing between the Almighty and His Universe, between first and second causes, and the fallacy of arguing from the action of General Laws to the action of that which transcends

them; and draws the deduction that, as our ignorance of the relations between General Laws and the Supreme directive power is total, "it becomes impossible for us to assign limits to the causative ability of the Supreme Intelligence, acting through the agency of Law."

The author, then, finally discusses the question whether we have any valid ground for asserting that "the Almighty in every case operates mediately through the entire course of Natural Law," and in regard to this question also, he demonstrates the extent of human ignorance so forcibly that its consideration might well induce physicists to pause before dogmatizing on the subject, as they are so ready to do. The following alternative is well put:—"So long as we regard Law as a sort of independent deity, there remains a certain *vis inertiæ* to be overcome, in order to conceive of the Almighty as antagonizing its influence; but we thus perceive that this *vis inertiæ* only arises from the material nature of our symbols. Either let us altogether discard the notion of the Almighty, and believe in the self-existence of the Universe; or let us accept with that notion the only logical conclusion to which it leads." And the paragraph with which he closes his "argument from ignorance," is well worthy of the consideration of the many scientists who would give to Philosophy a place that does not in the least belong to her. "Philosophy, even when extended to its widest meaning, and understood as the unification of all our knowledge—Philosophy must now, as in her early home, rear her altar to the Unknown God; but when she does so, let her at least be consistent, and if an apostle of another system has come to declare that God whom she ignorantly worships, let her listen to his preaching with an impartial and unbiassed ear, let her decide upon the merits of that system, not by preconceived opinion, but in accordance with its own credentials. And, in any case, let her, above all things, abstain from the folly of asserting what the Unknown God can or cannot do—what He does or does not desire—so shall she cease to stultify herself and to mislead the less thoughtful of her children."

The two closing chapters of the Essay are occupied by suggestions as to modes in which the consistency of the efficacy of prayer with the action of General Laws and with the belief in Fore-ordination might be illustrated, and with the theological argument concerning Prayer, taken from Christian Revelation. As however, the number of believers in the latter who disbelieve in the efficacy of prayer is comparatively small, it is evident that the chief argumentative value of the book is contained in the *philosophical* argument. Mr. Romanes has carefully abstained from mingling with his argument the element of feeling, being persuaded that the *intellectual* argument should be kept distinct from the influence of feeling altogether. Yet though the Essay may on this account seem to some readers cold in its purely abstract reasoning, there are passages that show that the author is quite capable of appreciating the aspect of the matter from the point of Christian feeling; and the real value of this element, which, after all, in the sense of the needs of the human heart, and in the instinctive conviction that these needs will be met by the Father of our spirits, will be with most men by far the strongest argument for believing in the efficacy of prayer. As will be seen from the above sketch of its contents, the present Essay is much too abstruse for popular reading, as only those who have a certain amount of mental training and of acquaintance with physical and metaphysical problems can appreciate its reasoning. But to those who may wish to disentangle the confusion that so largely prevails with regard to the physical objections to belief in prayer, and their real value, the book will be at once a mental discipline and a real aid The author is not only an earnest student of Mill and Spencer, but an evolutionist, and to many the present Essay will have more force and value on this account. It is an additional evidence that, whether the theory of Evolution be true or not, there is, in the purely physical theory, nothing necessarily antagonistic to Christianity, when we find a thorough evolutionist writing that, "only if I disbelieved in the Christian system as a whole, should I feel that time was well spent in refuting erroneous arguments against one of its leading doctrines."

An Appendix to the main Essay deals with "the Physical Efficacy of Prayer," in reply to the arguments advanced during the last year or two, by Mr. Knight, Mr. Robertson, Mr. Brooke, Mr. Galton, and others; and to this, as being more popularly interesting than the Prize Essay, we hope on a future occasion to refer. We may notice one defect in the book, the want of an index or table of contents, and of descriptive titles to the chapters, which would be of service to the reader—a defect that it would be well to remedy in the next edition.

THREE ESSAYS ON RELIGION. By John Stuart Mill. New York: Henry Holt & Company. 1874. Toronto: Adam, Stevenson & Co.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW, November, 1874, and January, 1875.

Mr. Mill's posthumous contribution to the religious controversy reached us so late in the day that any attempt to offer an original view of the work would be obviously out of the question. So much has been said and written regarding these remarkable essays, that little room has been left for the free play of independent criticism. At the same time there appears to us a clear field, as yet untrodden by the invader's hoof, of which we may take quiet possession. We have coupled with the work itself,

the admirably clear and honest review of Mr. Morley, for two reasons. In the first place, orthodoxy has hitherto monopolized the subject and succeeded in persuading ordinary skimmers over periodical literature, that Mr. Mill was simply a sceptic and nothing more. All colours are alike in the dark; and the names of sceptic, infidel, and rationalist are always at the tongue's tip of men who have no ballast of brain behind to keep the unruly member in subjection. To us, these Essays are a deeply interesting study in psychology; for even their contradictions, where they puzzle us most, do not blur the limning of that perversely faithful, and yet nearly colour-blind, realist. Mr. Morley's view of the melancholy legacy, errs, we think, by defect, in several particulars. It is the view of a critic whose appreciation of his subject is warm and sympathetic, but who has learned to distrust a leader who, having partially recovered his sight, will persist in using the language of blindness, and in speaking of men as like trees walking. The blind may be bad leaders of the blind, but in the purblind they can place no trust. Mr. Morley, with that peculiarly chivalric form of attachment which serves almost for a religion with him, can admit, and "be sensible of a certain freak of pensive sincerity, a deep-eyed solicitude for tender consciences, an anxious allowance for diversity of mental operation and temperament." Yet, with manly frankness, he can afford to express his regret that the idol has fallen from its shrine, and is prepared to treat it as hero-worship always treats its fetish in the end. "It must always," he says, "be a poor way of showing respect to one's best teacher, to veil or muffle our strong dissent." That is ingenuously said; but Mr. Morley, we think, has made the mistake of considering the three essays as component, and, therefore, in intention consistent parts of one work. We regard this as a misconception of the case. The essays distinctly represent different stages in the writer's spiritual development. As Miss Taylor tell us, in her modest preface, the first two portions of the volume were written in the interval between 1850 and 1858. The essay on Theism was Mr. Mill's last word on the subject, and it seems to us a mistaken view of the facts which induces Mr. Morley to dwell upon the evident inconsistencies of the last, as compared with the first, of these essays, and to treat the whole as if they formed parts of a systematic whole. In order to form a fair and adequate estimate of these papers, we must study them in the light of his autobiography and of his works. His later life was a process of emancipation from the iron tyranny imposed upon him in youth. Entering upon his intellectual career under the repressive discipline of a parent who not only strove to stifle his spiritual yearnings, but urged him to keep his heterodox opinions to himself, he had to be prompted by the efforts of nature to struggle towards the light. Benthamism failed him early in his search for truth, and yet he kept on in the unavailing effort to reconcile the theory of sensational ethics with the demands of his spiritual nature. Mr. Lecky seeks to show that he ultimately landed on the shore as an Intuitional Utilitarian. The essay on Nature shows him in the cave as a blind Polyphemus crying vainly upon his gods for deliverance from the craft of Outis. In the second, and notably in the third, of these Essays, he has emerged from the darkness. He can hardly be taxed with inconsistency because his restored eye-sight was slow in adjusting itself at the call of Him who sheds light upon the spiritually blind. Mr. Morley is unable to see the coherency between the old gropings and the new illumination; it was not to be expected that he should do so. If man be a clod, and if all "scientific knowledge" is restricted within Positivist limits, the editor of the *Fortnightly Review* is right in reproaching Mr. Mill with abandoning the road indicated by those five sign-posts, the senses; but if, on the other hand, as we believe, Mr. Mill had begun to explore another side of humanity, the only regret to be expressed, is the regret every non-materialist must feel in perusing his latest efforts—that he was not spared to round off his maturer conceptions into a firm and logical confession of faith.

THE LAW AND THE LADY. By Wilkie Collins. Canadian Copyright Edition. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto.

It is related in the Arabian Nights' Entertainments that Sultan Schah-rier had a trick of marrying a fresh wife daily and killing each one the next morning, until his attention was distracted from this matutinal habit by the fascination of the stories told him by his bride Schehera-zade, who, at day-break, took up the broken narrative of the previous day, and so held her lord spell-bound over the hour so fatal to her predecessors.

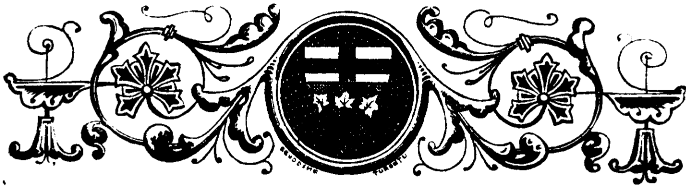
The mantle of this crafty Sultana has fallen on Mr. Wilkie Collins; let him once get a reader fairly by the gills and there is no escape until he is landed at the last line of the story by which he has been caught. "The Law and the Lady" is like all other novels by this author—a mere story; so far as high literary power is concerned it bears the same relation to any one of George Eliot's works, as an old chronicle does to Shakespeare. Yet, in spite of the utter poverty of language, the entire absence of humour, the lack of any one character in whom any interest is felt beyond curiosity, and the painful suspense into which the reader is plunged in the very first page, and kept to the close, "The Law and the Lady" *must be read through* by those who venture upon the opening chapter. It is not fair to state in a notice of such a work what the plot is, so as to give any key to it, but

we may indicate generally the materials used in its construction.

With an audacity almost amounting to wickedness, the novel opens with the marriage of the hero and heroine, a gentleman and lady of good fortune and family. The match is all but forbidden by the relatives of both; why offensive to the husband's mother is the grand secret which torments the reader until the book is finished. The wife, Valeria, discovers in the first week of wedlock that she has been married under an assumed name; she resents the indignity, yet passionately loving her deceitful mate suffers it not to cool her love, though it excites her curiosity until it masters her devotion to him, and one step she takes to discover why this was done leads to a separation, as it reveals to her a terrible episode in the life of her husband, which has necessitated his assumption of a false name —he has been tried for a crime, and the verdict was "NOT PROVEN." Confident that this verdict should have been "NOT GUILTY," she devotes herself to searching enquiry into the facts, and is rewarded for all her anguish, her toils, her unshaken faith in her husband's innocence, by the discovery of evidence which fully clears him from all taint of guilt. The unravelment of the plot is accomplished in Mr. Collins's unrivalled style; the reader is led off on false scents to right and left by the most ingeniously puzzling suggestions, until all is ripe for a startling revelation of facts, which justify the husband in his great deceit, explain the mother's severe condemnation of his marriage, clear up the mystery of both to his wife, and rewarding her for her fidelity by restoring a husband who owes the proof of his absolute innocence to the wife he has loved and wronged. That is a dish to satisfy to repletion the lovers of—a good story.

ENGLISH PORTRAITS. By C. A. Sainte Beuve, of the French Academy. London: Daldy, Isbister & Co., 1875.

At the last moment we have received an advance copy of this interesting collection of papers on English subjects, taken chiefly from the *Causeries de Lundi.* We have neither time nor space at our disposal to review the work in form; but we cannot allow the present number of the *Monthly* to pass through the press without recommending it most cordially to our readers. Mr. W. F. Rae, whose name is not unfamiliar to our Canadian students, is the translator, and he posesses peculiar qualifications for the task. He has succeeded in preserving the delicate aroma which pervades the critical essays of the author, and rendered them into excellent English, without sacrificing the characteristic style of his original. Most of our readers have heard something of Ste. Beuve, but this is almost the first opportunity afforded them of hearing the father of French criticism speak in his own person. The essays treat of Mary Stuart, Chesterfield, Franklin, Gibbon, Cowper, Pope, and the "English literature" of Taine. Prefixed to them is a most valuable Introductory Chapter on Ste. Beuve's Life and Writings, by the Translator.



PREFACE.

THE compilation of these Annals was undertaken with a view to supplying the Canadian reader with a concise summary of the leading events in the history of his country.

The work is divided into three parts—the first embracing the period from the discovery of Canada to the capitulation of Montreal; the second commencing with the Treaty of Paris and terminating with the Rebellion of 1837; and the third covering the term from the Union of the Canadas, in 1840, to the Confederation of the Provinces in 1867.

Leaving, then, for the study of those who have leisure and inclination for poetic fancies, the story of a lost Atlantis and the misty outlines of the travels of early Norsemen, the reader will be brought at once to the time from which the history of the settlement of Canada may be traced with tolerable accuracy. Thenceforward will be found a simple record of events in the order of their occurrence, comment being for the most part avoided as foreign to the object of the work, which is rather to enable the reader to ascertain at once, with ease and certainty, the date of each occurrence, and the names of the persons and places connected therewith.

In the earlier years the events to be noted are few and far between, and the reader may perhaps be of opinion that occurrences of too trivial a character have been recorded; but it must be borne in mind that the theatre of action was very limited, and the actors few; and it may be hoped that on such grounds the plea for a little extra indulgence on the part of the public will not be disregarded.

Great care has been taken, by comparison of different authorities, to secure accuracy in the dates and in the names of persons and places.

In a work of this kind, brevity is of course indispensable, and, therefore, as before remarked, the reference to each event will be as concise as possible. A singular coincidence may be remarked in some of the events recorded, as for instance, the defeats of Generals Braddock and the Baron Dieskau, where the regular forces of the two most powerful nations in Europe were severally defeated by bodies of pro-

vincial troops, inferior to them in every respect, save one—the ability to adapt their tactics to the exceptional circumstances of their respective situations.

Many of the occurrences which took place in connection with trade and commerce under the old *régime*, prove very conclusively that combinations, or rings, are not by any means a modern invention; and it is very doubtful whether any subsequent operator has eclipsed the Intendant Bigot in the magnitude of his operations.

In military matters, the jealousies between the regular troops from France and the militia of Canada caused the governors great disquiet, the Marquis de Vaudreuil being forced to allude to the effects of these misunderstandings, even at a time when the safety of the colony was in jeopardy.

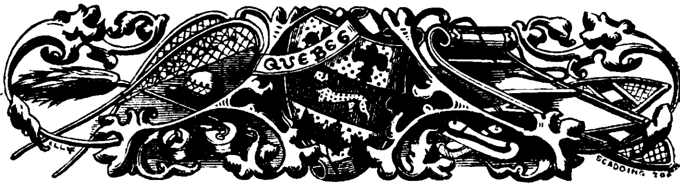
In matters ecclesiastical, human nature asserted itself in our early history pretty much in the same manner as it does now. M. de Laval, Bishop of Petrœa, found it impossible to place himself in accord with the Abbé de Queylus; whilst the governor, the Viscount d'Argenson, asserted the supremacy of the State by demanding the place of honor at ecclesiastical ceremonies, which place M. de Laval stoutly contended belonged to him as Bishop—a dispute which remained unsettled during the terms of three governors in succession.

The story of the early settlement of Canada is full of romantic incident. In those times there was no thought of converting the sword into the ploughshare, for the hand which guided the plough had but too often to defend it with the sword, and the golden sheaves of harvest were not seldom crimsoned with the blood of the husbandman. Few, if any, can read without deep interest the simple record of the travels of the early missionaries, who may well be said to have carried their lives in their hands, as they fought their way—half-starved, weary, and foot-sore—through the mighty forests of the New World.

The reader will no doubt discover many omissions, and some inaccuracies, in the following pages; but if the perusal leads him to consult those works which treat more fully of the events recorded, and thus brings him to a better knowledge of the history of his country, the object of publication will have been fully attained.

WILLIAM WHITE.

OTTAWA, *January, 1875.*



THE ANNALS OF CANADA.

PART I.

FROM 1492 TO 1760.

1492. The Bahamas were discovered by Christopher Columbus.

1494. Jacques Cartier born at St. Malo on 31st December.

1497. John and Sebastian Cabot sailed in May, under a commission from king Henry VII. of England, dated 5th March, 1496, to endeavour to find a North-west passage to India and China (Cathay). They sighted Prince Edward Island on St. John's day, which led to its being called the Island of St. John.

1498. The Cabots are believed to have explored the Gulf of St. Lawrence and a considerable portion of the Atlantic coast this year.

1500. The coast of Labrador was visited by Gaspar Cortereal, who sailed from Lisbon.

1501. Gaspar Cortereal, a Portuguese, sailed from Lisbon for America a second time, but was never again heard from; nor was his brother Michael, who sailed in 1502 in search of him.

1518. Baron de Lery is said to have landed on Sable Island, and to have left some cattle there.

1523. Giovanni Verrazzani, a Florentine navigator, was commissioned by Francis I. to undertake a voyage of discovery to the New World.

1524. Verrazzani returned to France but was not very well received, as he had failed to bring back with him gold, valuable merchandize, or any other objects of great interest or curiosity. Verrazzani returned to America the year following. Of his subsequent discoveries and ultimate fate nothing definite is known, but he is believed to have been killed by the natives.

1534. Jacques Cartier, an experienced navigator, having been commissioned by Francis I. to continue the discoveries of Verrazzani, sailed from St. Maloes on 20th April, coasted the greater part of the gulf, which he named *St. Lawrence*, and took formal possession of the country in the name of his master the king of France. On his return to France, which he reached on the 5th September, he took with him two of the natives.

1535. Cartier left St. Maloes on the 19th May, and returned to Canada with three vessels, discovered and named the Saguenay, left two of his vessels at Quebec, and passed up the St. Lawrence, through Lake St. Peter, to

Hochelaga, where he found an Indian village, which he called Mount Royal, from the mountain in rear of the village. Having returned to Quebec, then named Stadacona, his vessels were frozen in on 15th November.

1536. On the 5th April, Cartier's vessels were released from the ice, and on the 6th May he sailed for France. As he proceeded slowly, in order to observe the coasts and islands in the Gulf, he did not leave Cape Race until the 19th June, and arrived at St. Maloes on the 16th July.

1540. Cartier arrived at Quebec from France on 24th August. He built a small fort near the River St. Charles, and leaving a garrison there, returned to France.

1541. François de la Roque, Seigneur de Roberval, who had been commissioned, June 15, 1540, by Francis I., king of France, as viceroy and lieutenant-general in Canada, Hochelaga, &c., left France on 23rd May, with five vessels, well manned and equipped, having Cartier with him as chief pilot, who landed on Cape Breton, or on the adjoining coast of Nova Scotia, where he built a fort, garrisoned and provisioned it. Roberval himself proceeded to Quebec, and thence sailed to France.

1542. Roberval returned from France and, on reaching Newfoundland, met Cartier, with the garrison left the year before, on his way back to France. Roberval, however, persuaded Cartier and the men of the garrison to return to the fort where they had passed the winter, whilst he himself proceeded to explore the St. Lawrence.

1549. Roberval, accompanied by his brother and a numerous train of enterprising young men, again embarked for Canada, but they were never afterwards heard of.

1576. The coast of Labrador was visited by Sir Martin Frobisher in this and the two following years.

1583. 11th June—Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed from Plymouth with five ships, and arrived off Newfoundland on the 11th July, when he proceeded to take formal possession of the Island in the name of the Queen of England. The ship commanded by Sir Humphrey foundered on the return voyage, and all on board perished.

1592. Juan de Fuca discovered Vancouver's Island and gave his name to the straits between the Island and the mainland.

1598. The marquis de la Roche was appointed by Henry IV. lieutenant-general of Canada, Hochelaga, &c., and sailed for Canada with about sixty persons, most of whom were landed on Sable Island where many of them perished miserably. The marquis visited the neighbouring coast of Nova Scotia and then returned to France.

1599. Captain Chauvin, a naval officer upon whom had been conferred powers similar to those given to the marquis de la Roche, and M. Pontegravé, visited Tadousac, and established a trading post there.

1600–1, 2. MM. Chauvin and Pontegravé made several voyages to Tadousac during these years, having, in 1602, associated with them M. de. Chattes, commandant of Dieppe.

1603. Captain Chauvin died, and a patent was issued by Henry IV. to Pierre Dugast, Sieur des Monts, (a Calvinist) giving him exclusive trading privileges and powers of government between the 40th and 46th degrees of latitude. Des Monts and M. de Chatte associated with them Samuel Champlain, who made his first voyage to Canada in this year.

1604. Des Monts sailed for America with four vessels, having with him Pontegravé, Champlain, Pontrincourt, and Lescarbot. Des Monts landed in Acadia (Nova Scotia), and attempted to found a Colony there.

1605. Champlain continued his exploration of the coasts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and wintered near the mouth of the river St. John.

1606. Port Royal (Annapolis) was settled by Champlain, who returned to France this year. Port Royal and the land in the vicinity were shortly after granted to Jean de Biencourt, baron de Pontrincourt, who was really the founder of the place.

1607. Champlain and Pontegravé are said to have made a voyage to Tadousac this year. Pontrincourt returned to France.

1608. Samuel Champlain left France in April, entered the St. Lawrence, and at the junction of the St. Charles with the St. Lawrence he landed, made a settlement, and thus, on the 3rd July 1608, laid the foundation of the City of Quebec, the Capital of New France.

1609. Champlain ascended the St. Lawrence, and discovered the lake which now bears his name. On 30th July he experienced for the first time the horrors of Indian warfare, having engaged, with his friends the Algonquins, in a battle with a party of Iroquois, who were defeated and the prisoners tortured by the Algonquins.

1609. Champlain having returned from his excursion to Lake Champlain, appointed Pierre Chauvin to take charge of his colony, and sailed in September for France.

1610. Champlain, accompanied by M. Pontegravé, sailed from Harfleur in April, and reached Tadousac on the 26th May. He afterwards ascended the St. Lawrence as far as the River Richelieu. On returning to Quebec, Champlain heard of the assasination of King Henry IV., and, accompanied by Pontegravé, immediately sailed for France. Pontrincourt arrived at Port Royal in June, and on 24th June a large number of Indians were baptized here by Josné Fléche.

1610. A merchant named Guy, who sailed from Bristol, is said to have landed at Conception Bay, Newfoundland, and to have founded a colony, or established a trading post there.

1610. Hudson's Bay was discovered by the celebrated navigator, Henry Hudson, who, being sezied by his mutinous crew, was turned adrift in an open boat with eight of his men who remained faithful to him, and was never afterwards heard of.

1611. Champlain and Pontegravé returned to Canada early in the spring. The former ascended the St. Lawrence as far as Hochelaga (Montreal), where he commenced a settlement on the Island, which he named St. Helen's in honor of his wife Helène Boullé. Charles de Bourbon, comte de Soissons, was appointed viceroy of New France, but, dying shortly after, he was succeeded in his viceroyalty by Henri, Prince de Condé, who appointed Champlain his lieutenant.

1612. Champlain does not appear to have visited Canada during this year, having, it is said, been detained in France by the intrigues of certain merchants of St. Maloes. On the 15th October, Champlain was appointed lieutenant of the viceroy of New France.

1613. Champlain sailed from St. Maloes on 6th March, accompanied by Pontegravé, each being in command of

the ship in which he sailed; they reached Quebec on 7th May. During this season Champlain ascended the Ottawa River as far as Allumette Island; returning to Quebec, he sailed thence for France, with Pontegravé, about the end of August.—Port Royal destroyed by Captain (afterwards Sir Samuel) Argall.—An expedition was organized, and a vessel of one hundred tons fitted out at Honfleur, chiefly at the cost of the Marquis de Guercheville, under command of M. de Saussaye, who sailed on 12th March; reached La Have on 16th May, and then proceeded to Penobscot Bay, where a settlement was made, but at once broken up by Captain Argall; most of the party returned to France.

1614. Champlain remained in France, engaged in forming from the merchants of St. Maloes, Rouen, and Rochelle, a commercial association for trading with Canada.

1615. In April Champlain left Harfleur with several vessels, bringing with him four members of the religious order of *Recollets** (Franciscans), Fathers Denis, Dolbeau, Le Caron, and Du Plessis. Champlain, accompanied by Joseph le Caron, one of the *Recollet* fathers, ascended the Ottawa to Mattawan; thence passing by Lake Nipissing and the French River, he entered the Georgian Bay, and, turning southwards, reached the settlements of the Hurons lying between Lake Simcoe and Nottawasaga Bay. Champlain then accompanied his Indian friends, the Hurons, on an expedition against the Onondagas. The Hurons, leaving their settlements near Lake Simcoe, followed a south-easterly course until they struck the *Otonabee* and *Trent* rivers, down which they proceeded, reaching Lake Ontario by the Bay of *Quinté*; they then passed to the eastern end of the lake, which they crossed. After their disembarkation, the Hurons advanced upon the Onondaga settlements some eighty miles south of the lake. The attack was not successful, and, notwithstanding the assistance rendered by Champlain and the few Frenchmen with him, the Hurons were compelled to retreat. On their return home, Champlain desired to descend the St. Lawrence to Montreal, but the Hurons being unwilling that he should leave them, he accompanied them back to Lake Simcoe, remaining, however, some time at Rice Lake, where they collected fish and game for winter use. The party reached their settlements on 23rd December.

1616. Champlain, who had remained during the winter of 1615-16 with the Hurons, set out in June with Father Caron on his return to Quebec, which was safely reached on the 11th July. After remaining about a month in Quebec, Champlain and Father Caron sailed for France.

1617. A family named Hebert accompanied Champlain to Quebec. Louis Hebert, the father of the family, has been accounted the first *emigrant* to Canada, he having come to Canada to practice agriculture. Champlain returned to France in the autumn.

1618. During the winter of this year the Indians became disaffected, and two Frenchmen were murdered at Three Rivers. A conspiracy was entered into by the Indians for the destruction of the colony, but Brother du Plessis (one of the *Recollets*) became aware of what was going on, and con-

*Recollets—Friars Minor of the strict observance order of St. Francis. They originated in Spain. Introduced into Italy in 1525. They were invited to France in 1592 by Louis de Gonzaque, duc de Nevers; he first established them in the convent des Recollets, and its name thenceforward distinguished this branch of the order of Franciscan friars.—DICT. DES DATES.

trived to disconcert their plans. Pope Paul IV. confided the charge of the missions in Canada to the *Recollets* of Paris.

1620. Henri Prince de Condé surrendered his viceroyalty in favour of the duke de Montmorency for eleven thousand crowns. Champlain was confirmed in his post of lieutenant-general by the new viceroy, and his appointment and past services were especially recognized by the king. On this occasion Champlain was accompanied to Canada by Madame Champlain, his wife, and by a number of persons whom he induced to embark with him with a view to settling in the country. The *Recollet* Fathers laid the foundation stone of their chapel this year. Lord Baltimore founded a settlement in Newfoundland, but shortly left for Maryland.

1621. The Association formed for the purpose of trading with Canada, was suppressed, and its rights were conferred upon William and Emeric de Caen. The first child of European parents was born at Quebec on 24th May, being the son of Abraham Martin and Margaret Langlois. The boy's name was Eustache. The whole of Acadia was granted to Sir William Alexander (afterwards earl of Stirling), who first gave it the name of Nova Scotia.

1623. M. Pontegravé returned from Canada to France, his health being much impaired. William de Caen visited Quebec. Father Joseph Caron, accompanied by Gabriel Segard, went on a mission to the Huron settlements near lake Simcoe, to use their influence in establishing a general pacification amongst the Indians, and succeeded in arranging a treaty of peace between the Hurons, the Iroquois, and Algonquins.

1624. Champlain sailed from Quebec for France on the 15th August; he was accompanied by his wife and two Recollet priests. Emeric de Caen was left in charge of the little colony at Quebec, now numbering about fifty souls. A stone fort was erected at Quebec this year. Henri de Levy, duc de Ventadour, nephew of the king, purchased the viceroyalty of Canada from the duc de Montmorency. Sir William Stirling's patent confirmed by Charles I., 12th July.

1625. Fathers Charles Lallemant, Enemonde Massé, and Jean de Brebœuf, of the order of Jesuits, came to Canada under the auspices of the duc de Ventadour, who took great interest in promoting the propagation of the Catholic faith. Nicholas Viel, a Recollet priest, drowned by the upsetting of a canoe, at the place now known as the *Sault au Recollet* (Island of Montreal). Baronets of Nova Scotia were created this year, with certain grants and privileges, with a view to aid in the settlement of Nova Scotia.

1626. Champlain returned to Canada in the summer, accompanied by Father Caron and M. Boullé. M. de Queylus arrived at Quebec from Normandy, having been appointed vicar-general of Canada. The French established a settlement at Placentia bay, Newfoundland.

1627. The company known as the "One hundred Associates," was established by royal edict dated 29th April, "for the primary purpose of converting "the native Indians to the Catholic "faith," and "for the purpose of obtain-"ing for his Majesty's subjects new "commercial advantages, derivable "from a better management of the fur "trade, or from the discovery of a route "to the Pacific ocean, and to China, "through the great rivers and lakes of

"New France." This company was organized under the especial patronage and management of Cardinal de Richelieu, and held New France with all the privileges of a feudal seigniory under the king. Louis Hebert, who may with truth be styled the first Canadian farmer, died this year.

1628. Champlain received a summons on the 10th July, from Sir David Kirkt, demanding the surrender of Quebec to the English. Champlain having returned a spirited refusal to this demand, Kirkt relinquished his design for the time, and occupied himself in cruising to capture the supplies intended for Canada. M. de Roquemont, who had arrived at Gaspé Basin, with a fleet from France, rashly provoked an action, and lost his whole fleet.

1629. Father Philibert Nogrot and Father Charles Lallemant were wrecked on the Acadian coast on their voyage from France to Canada with supplies for Champlain. Louis and Thomas Kirkt, brothers of Sir David, appeared off Point Levi early in July. Champlain and Pontegravé, having neither ammunition nor provisions, were compelled to surrender, and the English took possession of Quebec on the 19th July. Champlain, and all who chose to leave the colony with him, embarked on board the vessel of Thomas Kirkt on 24th July, and sailed for England, and thence passed over to France. The conditions of surrender having been ratified by Sir David Kirkt, who had remained at Tadousac, the golden lilies of France gave place to the red cross of St. George, and Canada became an English Colony.

1629. King Louis XIII. granted a commission dated 11th March, to Charles de St. Etienne sieur de la Tour as King's Lieutenant-General in Acadie and dependencies. Charles LaTour and his father Claude had been created baronets of Nova Scotia in 1629-1630.

1632. The circumstances attending the capture of Quebec having been enquired into, it was found that the surrender did not take place until two months after peace had been proclaimed between England and France; the negotiations which had been entered into between the two countries, terminated in the restoration of Canada to the French crown, and a treaty was signed at St. Germain-en-Laye on the 29th March 1632, by which not only Quebec, but Acadia (Nova Scotia) and Isle Royale (Cape Breton) were ceded to France. In pursuance of the stipulations of the above mentioned treaty, Emeric de Caen, armed with authority from the government of France, and furnished with an order under the sign manual of the king of England, superseded Thomas Kirkt in the command at Quebec, and Canada again came under the dominion of France on 13th July 1632.

1633. On the 23rd May Champlain landed at Quebec amidst manifestations of great joy. He brought with him merchandise, ammunition, and provisions, and lost no time in resuming his labours for the advancement of the colony.—Lord Falkland was appointed Governor of Newfoundland, the English having maintained possession of this Island.

1635. Champlain was attacked by paralysis on 10th October, and after lingering for more than two months, died on Christmas day, 1635. His remains were placed in a vault, over which was built a small chapel, known as "Champlain Chapel." Father Lallemant, who had been his confessor, officiated at his funeral. Thus terminated the earthly career of Samuel de