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CANADIAN HISTORIC NAMES.

BY JOHN GEORGE BOURINOT.

THE reader of the historical annals of Canada, cannot fail to derive much profit from a careful study of the origin and meaning of the old names which still cling to so many parts of the Dominion. An investigation of this character will necessarily take us back to the ancient times of these Colonies, and recall the pioneers and adventurers who made the first settlements on the shores of the Atlantic, or by the side of the St. Lawrence and its tributary waters. But only those who have a deep interest in the records of our history, can fully appreciate the feelings which animate the student as he peers into the vista of the past. We may compare him to one who, after an absence of very many years, revisits his birthplace, and finds that it has been touched in the interval by the wand of that magician, Progress, whose power never ceases on this American continent. As he passes up and down the busy streets, he will recall the old times when the now prosperous city was but a quiet village. Every street will have for him its associa-

tions; and the old fashioned buildings, though mouldy and covered with moss, will have in his eyes a greater charm than the spacious warehouses and mansions that cover what were pastures in the days of his boyhood. So the historical student when he takes up the list of Canadian names, is far from seeing in it a mere catalogue of unmeaning words; for he goes back in memory to the time they were first given. He can see clumsy craft, no larger than the smallest coasters of our Atlantic shores, buffeting with the waves of unknown seas; Indians and Frenchmen fraternizing on the banks of the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa; *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois* paddling on the rivers, or struggling through the forests of an illimitable wilderness; French priests preaching the lessons of their faith to ignorant savages, and suffering many tortures and privations for religion's sake; noblemen and gentlemen with historic names, battling against a dauntless Indian foe, carrying the flag of France into the distant regions of the West, and braving

countless perils on the waters of the Ohio and the Mississippi. All these memorable figures of the past will troop before the student, as he commences to gather the materials for a history of Canadian names.

If we commence this investigation in the Provinces washed by the ocean, we meet on every side the memorials of the French, and the still older Indian, occupants. The island of Newfoundland, placed by nature like a huge sentinel to guard the approaches to the Gulf and River St. Lawrence, abounds in relics of those Basque and Breton sailors, who have ventured into our waters from the very earliest times of which we have a record. Several names have been given to the island in the course of the centuries since it has been visited by European ships. It is not improbable that it formed a part of that undefined coast to which the earliest voyagers gave the name of Norimbegua. But of all the names which it has borne, that of *Baccalaos* is the most curious. We find it stated in Hakluyt, that "Sebastian Cabot himself named those lands *Baccalaos*, because that in the seas thereabout, he found so great multitudes of certain bigge fishes which the inhabitants call *Baccalos*." L'Escarbot and other French writers claim that the word is Basque for codfish, and was first given by the Basque fishermen, who made their way to the banks of Newfoundland, prior to the voyages of the Cabots. On this point Parkman very truly observes: "If, in the original Basque, *Baccalaos* is the word for codfish, and if Cabot found it in use among the inhabitants of Newfoundland, it is hard to escape the conclusion, that the Basques had been there before him." Be that as it may, the name still clings to an islet about forty miles to the north of the capital, in which multitudes of seabirds now build their nests.

There is another curious name which was given centuries ago, to a part, if not to the whole of the island, but which is now almost forgotten, though it still distinguishes a small district on the large maps. Among old Eng-

lish towns, none possesses more interest for the antiquary or religious enthusiast than Glastonbury or Glassenbury, as it has been sometimes called in days long past. Famous for its shrines and relics, it became, ages ago, the resort of pilgrims from all parts of the British isles. There the devout were awestruck by a sight of the holy shrines of St. Dunstan, the tomb of King Arthur, and the miraculous thorn of St. Joseph. In early times this holy place was not unfrequently called Avalon, or the Sacred Island, a name which had been always given to a mythical country of the Celts, where fairies revelled. In the course of time the old romancers placed this mysterious island, somewhere in the unknown ocean, "not far on this side of the terrestrial paradise," and peopled it with King Arthur, and the fairies. But eventually a name which had originated in the domain of mythology or religious enthusiasm, became a reality in the New World. In 1628, Sir George Calvert, afterwards Lord Baltimore, obtained the right to found a colony for persecuted Catholics on a district of Newfoundland, to which he gave the name of Avalon, no doubt in remembrance of that ancient Glassenbury, so famous for the shrines of his church. He sent out a number of colonists, and a plantation was commenced on what is now Ferryland, on the eastern coast, about forty miles to the north of Cape Race. Lord Baltimore also removed his family to his American principality, and he resided for some years in a strong fort which he built to resist the aggressions of the French, who were constantly harrassing the British settlers. But he did not long remain in a country where the climate is so rigorous, and the soil so sterile compared with other parts of the continent. He made his way to the South, and laid the foundations of the State which is now known as Maryland. The title of Lord of Avalon was, however, continued by his successor Cecil, for we find this inscription around his portrait:

"Effigies absoluti Domini Provinciarum Terræ Mariæ et Avalonia."

About every headland, and in every bay of Newfoundland, we find associations of the famous adventurers, who first made the island known to the world. The Cabots, Verazzani, Cortereal, Cartier, Frobisher, Drake, and others who have written their names in deep, indelible letters, over the face of the northern continent, visited it in turn, and gave to it many of the names which it still bears. Cape Bona Vista tells of the welcome glimpse of land after many weeks of struggling with the waves. The French have left their traces in Bonne Bay, Point Enragée, Bay Facheuse, Isles aux Morts, Cinq Cerfs Bay, and in numerous other places. Still, as in old times, the sails of the Breton and Norman hover around its coasts, and drag from the deep those riches which have made the waters that wash Prima Vista far more valuable to the world than the gold-bearing rocks of the Australian or the Pacific shores.

A narrow strait alone divides Newfoundland from a mountainous and barren territory, indented by small bays and watered by several rivers, which are broken by many cataracts, and are remarkable for picturesque gorges and cañons. The waters which wash its rugged shores have been for centuries the resort of fishermen of all nations, and many a fortune has there been won. Traditions ascribe the name of this region to La-Bradore, a Basque whaler from the kingdom of Navarre, who penetrated as far as the Bay, now bearing his name. But this is not the generally received origin of the name. On an old map, published at Rome, in 1508, it is called Terra Corterealis, from the fact that it was first discovered by Gaspar Cortereal, a Portuguese navigator; some eight years previously. Labrador—Laboratoris Terra—is undoubtedly so called from the fact that Cortereal stole from the country some fifty-seven natives, whom he described in a letter to the Venetian Ambassador at Lisbon, as

well fitted for slaves: "They are extremely fitted to endure labour, and will probably turn out the best slaves which have been discovered up to this time."

The name of Acadie was applied in old times to a wide and ill defined territory, comprising the present Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and the State of Maine. We first find it mentioned in the charter given to De Monts, the first Seigneur of Acadie, by Henry of Navarre, in the year 1603. "We being of a long time, informed of the situation and condition of the lands and territories of *La Cadia*, moved above all things, with a singular zeal, and devout and constant resolution which we have taken, with the help and assistance of God, author, distributor, and protector of all kingdoms and estates, to cause the people, which do inhabit the country, men (at this present time) barbarous atheists, without faith or religion, to be converted to Christianity, and to the belief and profession of our faith and religion;" and a long narration of a similar style follows. Of the origin and meaning of the term, there can be no doubt: it comes from *akade*, which is an affix used by the Souriquois or Mic Macs, a branch of the Algonquin family,* to signify a place where

* The Algonquins traced their origin to the high and mountainous tract of lakes and cliffs which stretches from the source of the Uttawas River, quite to the entrance of the Saguenay, at Tadousac. They are referred to by the early French writers as *Montagnes* (the *Montagnais* in Labrador). They early came to be known as *Algomeequin*, and its contraction, *Algonquin*. Schoolcraft says, that this term has never been explained. *Agomag* and *Agomeeg* are terms denoting along, on, at the shore, and in this case meant the north shore. The plural inflections *ag* and *eeg* giving the term a personal form, impart a meaning which may be rendered, people of the opposite shore—in contradistinction to the Iroquois who dwell on the other side of the St. Lawrence and Lakes. The Iroquois also called them *Adirondacks*. This word means, he eats trees—evidently from the straits to which war parties of the nation were reduced in eating the bark of certain trees, while in ambush for the Iroquois in Western New York.

there is an abundance of some particular thing. Parkman seems to think it is derived from the Indian word, Aquôddiauke or Aquoddie, the fish called the pbllock. But we find the affix in many Indian words still in use among the Mic Macs. For example, the Shubenacadie River, comes from the word, Saaga-bun-akade, "a place where the Saagabun or MicMac potato grows;" Kitpoo-akade, near the same place, refers to a resort of eagles. The French, no doubt, finding the word in general use, thought it applied to the whole country. Though the name is not now given on the map of the Lower Provinces, yet, it is constantly used by writers on account of its euphony, and the time may not be far distant when Nova Scotia and New Brunswick will be again united under the old designation of Acadia.

The Acadian Provinces abound in memorials of the French régime. Capé Breton was formerly called Ile Royale, but it came eventually to be best known from the name of a prominent Atlantic Cape, first seen by some French sailors, who either named it after Bretagne, or from Cape Bréton, a town in the election of Landes, in Gascony. The Bras d'Or Lake which almost divides the island, is a very appropriate title for a magnificent sheet of water, which is rapidly becoming a favourite resort for tourists in search of "fresh woods and pastures new." The picturesque little harbours known in popular parlance as Big and Little Loran, are memorials of a Frenchman's love for Lorraine. The strait of Canso was long called after the Sieur de Froisac, one of the early gentlemen adventurers who held large estates in Acadia. Louisbourg, the famous fortress of the last century, was first called English harbour and was subsequently named in honour of Louis XV. The old town of Annapolis was Port Royal, in the days of the ancient régime. The Bay of Fundy was named by De Monts, and those who followed him, La Baie Française, but the lower part of the bay obtained the desig-

nation of Fond de la Baie (or bottom of the Bay), which was eventually corrupted into Fundy. The little harbour of Port Mouton, was so named from the trivial circumstance, that a sheep jumped overboard whilst De Monts was anchored in the harbour. Port La Tour is a memento of the gallant Frenchman, Charles Etienne de la Tour, who built a small fort in the vicinity of Cape Sable, in 1637, and whose contest for the supremacy in Nova Scotia, against his rival, D'Aulnay Charnisay, forms so memorable an episode in the early annals of the Maritime Provinces. The harbour of Liverpool was first called Rossignol, after a French adventurer who traded there in the early part of the seventeenth century, and the name still clings to a picturesque lake in the same district.

Indian names are very common in the Acadian country. The Souriquois of Acadia were always deeply attached to the French, and proved their warm allies in all their contests with the English. They were an intelligent race, though not as warlike and energetic as the Iroquois. Their language is exceedingly soft, and, like all the dialects of the Algonquin tongue, well adapted to oratory and story telling, in which the chiefs of the tribe, as the old French writers tell us, excelled above all other savages. The Indian name of Halifax harbour is Chebuctou, or Chebooktook, chief harbour. Nitán or Nictahk, the Forks; Menúdie, or Menoody, a bay; Canso or Cansoke, facing the frowning cliff; Caskumpec, flowing through sand; Economy, corrupted from Kenomee; and Sand Point, are among the Indian names that still cling to many places in the Lower Provinces. In this connection it will not be out of place to quote a short poem which I cut out of a newspaper some years ago, and which weaves into very musical rhyme, some of the softest Indian names of Acadia:

"The memory of the Red Man,
How can it pass away,
While their names of music linger,
On each mount, and stream, and bay?"

While Musquodoboit's waters
 Roll sparkling to the main ;
 While falls the laughing sunbeam
 On Chegogin's fields of grain.

" While floats our country's banner
 O'er Chebuctou's glorious wave ;
 And the frowning cliffs of Scatarie
 The trembling surges brave ;
 While breezy Aspotogon
 Lifts high its summit blue,
 And sparkles on its winding way
 The gentle Sissibou.

" While Escasoni's fountains
 Pour down their crystal tide ;
 While Inganish's mountains
 Lift high their forms of pride.
 Or while on Mabou's river
 The boatman plies his oar,
 Or the billows burst in thunder
 On Chickaben's rock-girt shore.

The memory of the Red Man,
 It lingers like a spell
 On many a storm-swept headland,
 On many a leafy dell ;
 Where Tusket's thousand islets
 Like emeralds stud the deep ;
 Where Blomidon, a sentry grim,
 His endless watch doth keep.

" It dwells round Catalone's blue lake,
 And leafy forests hid,
 Round fair Discousse, and the rushing tides
 Of the turbid Pisiquid.
 And it lends, Chebogne, a touching grace,
 To thy softly flowing river,
 As we sadly think of the gentle race
 That has passed away for ever."

Now leaving the Acadian Provinces, and following the stream of traffic over the Gulf of St. Lawrence, we find much to interest us as we trace the origin of the names which still cling to its most prominent points and bays. The gulf itself, we all remember, obtains its name from the fact that Jacques Cartier entered a small bay opposite Anticosti on the day dedicated to St. Lawrence, and in the course of time the designation was applied to the gulf and river. In Champlain's works, the gulf is called *la Baie de Canada*. Cartier calls the St. Lawrence the

"River of Hochelaga," or "the great river of Canada." The spacious Bay of Chaleurs is generally known to have derived its name from the fact that the French voyagers suffered from the great heat, but it was also known to the French as the Spaniard's Bay, while the Mic Macs have very appropriately called it *Eck-e-tuan Ne-ma-a-chi*, or the Sea of Fish. Gaspé is spelt *Gachepé* in Champlain's works, and is undoubtedly of Indian origin, though its meaning is obscure. According to some authorities, it is a contraction of the Abenaki word, *Katsepisi*, or what is separated from the rest of the land ; and we are told as a fact that *Le Forillon*, now ruined by the violence of the waves, was a remarkable rock separated from Gaspé Cape.

The Island of Anticosti is very little known to the world, except as a bleak waste, to be avoided by the sailor in stormy weather. A considerable degree of mystery, for many years, naturally hung about an island of which so few persons had a definite knowledge. Even Lever, in one of his novels, chose it as the appropriate scene of an exciting episode in the life of one of his heroes, *Con Cregan*, who was cast upon its sterile shores. But now-a-days it is the resort of fishermen, and it has even been proposed to make it the arena of industrial enterprise on an extended scale. The derivation of the name is not difficult to seek. Cartier first discovered it in 1534, and called it *L'Île de l'Ascension*. Thevet, in his *Universal Cosmography*, names it *Île de l'Assomption*. The same authority, however, says in his *Grand Insulaire*, "that the savages of the country call it *Naticousti*," which the French changed into *Anticosti*, the meaning of which I cannot find in any authority.

It will not be remembered, except by the ardent student of Canadian geography, that the islands of *Belle-Isle* and *Quirpon*—at least these are generally believed to be the places in question—once bore the startling title of the *Isles of Demons*. The sailors

in old times, passed those isles with feelings of awe, and more than one credulous voyager could hear at night the shouts of the demons as the wind swept through the rigging and the waves dashed over the bulwarks. André Thevet, in his famous old book, "Le Grand Insulaire," tells some wondrous stories of these demons. "True it is," says the superstitious old writer, "I myself have heard it, not from one, but from a great number of the sailors and pilots with whom I have made many voyages, that, when they passed this way, they heard in the air, on the tops and about the masts, a great clamour of men's voices, confused and inarticulate, such as you may hear from the crowd at a fair or market-place; whereupon they well knew that the Isle of Demons was not far off." The same cosmographer records a wondrous story connected with the same or adjoining islands. Among the passengers on Roberval's ship, in the spring of 1542, was his niece, Marguerite, who was passionately enamoured of a young gentleman who left home and friends for her sake, and embarked secretly in the same vessel. The proud viceroy, finding all his threats useless to bring his niece to reason, landed Marguerite and her old Norman nurse on the haunted island. Hardly had the ship set sail once more than Marguerite's lover jumped overboard and succeeded in reaching the island. Now it appears from the story of the old writer that the sense of propriety of the demons must have been deeply outraged, for they made immediately a series of fierce onslaughts on the lovers, and would have torn them to pieces had not the Saints come to their aid and protected Marguerite and the child to which she gave birth soon after her cruel desertion. Marguerite, however, never lost heart amid all the terrors of the lonely isle. Her lover, nurse, and child died, and still she set the devils at defiance. She shot at them whenever they ventured too near, but all she ever killed were three bears, "all as white as an egg." For nearly three years

Marguerite braved all the terrors of this haunted isle, until at last she was rescued by a passing ship and was taken back to France, where Thevet heard the wondrous story from herself. It is quite probable, as Parkman hints, that the story divested of its superstitious features is true enough. Les Isles de la Demoiselle are mentioned in the Routier of Jean Alphonse, Roberval's pilot. But the old name, like the legend, has passed away from men's memories, and now even the exact position of the haunted isle is forgotten.

Among other forgotten names in the same region is that of Brest, on Bradore Bay, which is said, on apparently good authority, to have been a place of considerable importance some two centuries ago. Lewis Roberts, in his "Dictionary of Commerce," published in London in 1600, tell us, among other things, "that it was the residence of a governor, almoner, and other public officers." Mr. Samuel Robertson, in his "Notes on the Coast of Labrador," says that there can be no doubt as to the truth of Lewis Roberts's remarks, "as may be seen from the ruins and terraces of the buildings, which were chiefly constructed of wood." He estimates that one time it contained "200 houses, besides stores, and perhaps one thousand inhabitants in the winter, which would be trebled during the summer." The old town appears to have been situated within the limits of a concession made by the French King to Le Sieur Amador Godefroy de St. Paul of five leagues of coast on each side of the North-west or Esquimaux River. About the year 1600 Brest was at the height of its prosperity, but some thirty years later the fishermen began to leave, and the town slowly declined, until it literally fell to ruins, and now its very name has passed into oblivion. The old fortress of Louisbourg has also disappeared like the town of Brest, but its name and fame at least are still fresh in the memories of all, and the nucleus of a city is already forming by the side of that famous harbour where the ships of France

once anchored, and defied the power of England on this continent.

Manitou River, in Labrador, derives its name from an Indian legend, which is related by Mr. Henry Youle Hind in his work on the Labrador country. Some two hundred years ago the Montagnais, who form a part of the Cree nation of the Algonquin family, and inhabit the Labrador coast, were attacked by the Mic Macs of Acadia. The latter descended the Moisie, and passed thence to the Manitou River, which was much frequented by fishing parties of the Montagnais. The Souriquois surprised some parties of the Montagnais, and succeeded in killing several and taking a number of prisoners. The next day, however, the Montagnais had a successful encounter with the Mic Macs in the same neighbourhood, and killed all with the exception of a chief, who, it appears, was a noted conjuror. Finding escape hopeless, he sprang to the edge of the cataract, and, crouching behind a rock, began to sing a defiant war-song, occasionally sending an arrow with fatal effect at those who were bold enough to show themselves. The Montagnais, sure of their prey, contented themselves with singing their songs of triumph. The Mic Mac chief and conjuror suddenly jumped upon the rock behind which he was hidden, and approached the Montagnais, telling them to shoot. But the Montagnais wanted their prisoner alive, so they let their arrows rest. The conjuror next threw away his bow and arrows, and invited them to come and attack him with their knives. The Montagnais chief, anxious to display his courage, rose from his concealment, knife in hand, and, throwing away his bow and arrows, sprang towards the Mic Mac, who, to the amazement of all beholders, retreated towards the edge of the rock overhanging the falls, thus drawing his enemy on, when, with a sudden spring, he locked him in a fatal embrace, and, struggling towards the edge of the precipice, leaped with a shout of triumph into the

foaming waters, and was instantly swept away: over the tremendous cataract, which has since borne the name of the Conjuror's or the Manitousin Falls. This story illustrates the origin of many Indian names throughout America. Every locality has received its designation from some incident in the history of an Indian tribe, or from striking natural characteristics.

Now we must refer to the origin of two names—Canada and Quebec—which have, above all others, perplexed antiquarians and philologists. One theory, which does not receive much credence now-a-days, derives Canada from a contemptuous expression of some early Spanish voyagers, which is related by Charlevoix: "The Bay of Chaleurs is the same which is found marked in somecharts under the name of Baie des Espagnols, and an old tradition relates that the Castilians had made their way to that part before Cartier, and when they did not find any minerals whatever, they exclaimed more than once, 'Aca-nada' (nothing here), which expression was remembered by the Indians and repeated to the French, who thereupon concluded that it was the name of the country." That the Spanish navigators visited the Gulf of St. Lawrence at a very early date no one doubts. Sydney Harbor and River, for instance, are called Spanish River and Bay in old maps. But it is not to the Spaniards that we must look for the origin of the term Canada. Charlevoix himself tells us that others derived the name from the Iroquois word *Kanata*, meaning a collection of huts. In the vocabulary of the language of Hochelaga, which we find in the Journal of Cartier's Second Voyage, we are distinctly told, "They style a town Canada." It appears unquestionable that at the time of Cartier's voyage up the St. Lawrence, the Indians of Stadaconé (Quebec) and of Hochelaga (Montreal) were of the Huron-Iroquois race, who, some fifty or sixty years later, gave way to the Algonquins. We find the roots of

the word Canada in other names of Iroquois settlements; for instance, Kana-waga, or Kaugh-na-waugha, means the Village of the Rapids. In the Genesee country we find Canadaigua, which is a corruption of the Mohawk term, Kâ-na-dâ-gua. It is also strong, in fact positive evidence in favour of this theory, that in Brant's translation of the Gospel of St. Matthew also, the word is used for a village.

Quebec has formed a still more fruitful topic of speculation among those learned in Indian lore. Some will have it that it is derived from an exclamation of a Norman sailor on Cartier's ship, Quebec! What a Cape, in allusion to Cape Diamond; but this derivation is purely imaginative. We find the word used in Champlain's description of the foundation of the old capital: "Finding a very narrow place in the river, *which the natives call Quebec*, I ordered buildings to be erected, and the ground tilled for a garden, etc." Some again have derived the name from Caudebec, on the river Seine. Hawkins, in his interesting work on the ancient town, is inclined to believe that the word is of Norman origin, and alludes to what he considers a very curious fact, that it is found on an old seal of Walter de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, a nobleman of historic fame during the reigns of Henry V. and Henry VI. The inscription is partly effaced, but the antiquarian has supplied the hiatus, and reads it thus: "Sigillum Willelmi de la Pole, Comitis, Suffolchiæ, Domini de Hambury et de Quebec." Quebec was, in the opinion of Hawkins, a domain or barony, which Suffolk held, either in his own right or as Governor of the King in Normandy; but the Abbé Ferland has effectually disposed of this theory by showing that the seignory of the De la Poles was really Brequebec in Normandy. In Jeffrey's work on American Geography, published in London in 1759, we find this statement:—"The Abenakis,* a savage nation whose

language is a dialect of the Algonquin, call it Quelebec—that is to say, concealed or hidden, because as you come from the little river Chaudiere, the common passage of the savages from Nova Scotia, on their way to this city, the Point of Levi which juts out beyond the Isle of Orleans entirely hides the South channel of the St. Lawrence, as the Isle of Orleans does that of the North, and you can only see the port, which, viewed from the Point, appears like a large basin." But the generally received, and clearly the correct, origin of the word must be found in the Algonquin tongue. Quebeio or Quelebec means, in that language, a strait, or contraction of the river. Champlain himself tells us—"We came to anchor at Quebec, which is a strait of the said river of Canada." The MicMacs have always called a strait, Kebbeck.

From the days that the adventurous sailor of St. Malo first stood on the mountain that overlooks so splendid a panorama of land and water, the commercial capital of the Dominion has retained the name which he then gave it in the enthusiasm of his loyalty. The foundation of the present city, on the site of the ancient Huron-Iroquois village of Hochelaga, must be considered to have originated, like many other settlements in America, from a spirit of religious fervour. The island had been originally granted to M. de Lauzon, who was a President of the Company of 100 Associates, which had been formed under the auspices of Cardinal Richelieu, for the purpose of colonizing Canada. But in the middle of the seventeenth century a devout young priest, Olier by name, whilst praying in the old church of St. Germain des Près in Paris, received, as he believed, a heavenly command to undertake a mission to the

who dwelt on the River Kennebeck. Abenaki (Abanki) means Terre du Levant, Land of the East—a term applied to this people by the Algonquins. There are only three Abenaki words on the Canadian map:—Coaticook, river of the pine land; Memphremagog, great stretch of water; Megantik, place for fish.

* The Abenakis were descendants of the Canibas,

island of Montreal. He associated himself with Jerome le Royer, de la Dauversière, a collector of taxes at La Flèche in Anjou, and succeeded in forming what was called La Société de Notre Dame de Montreal. Paul de Chomedey, Sieur de Maisonneuve, a devout Christian and a valiant knight, was selected to lead the expedition. In the February of 1641 the Associates assembled in the Church of Notre Dame at Paris, where they received a blessing on their enterprise, and solemnly christened the scene of their future labours by the name of Ville Marie. But this name, the inspiration of religious zeal, gradually disappeared as the town grew in importance, and it has always been known by that which Cartier gave to the island more than two centuries ago.

The Niagara River and Falls appear to have given their name to a tribe of Indians who formerly dwelt in that picturesque district. We find many references to that people in the early French writers. Father Lalemant says in a narrative of a voyage made by Father Jean de Brebeuf on the upper lakes:—"Our French who first discovered this people named them the Neuter nation, and not without reason, for their country being the ordinary passage by land between some of the Iroquois nations and the Hurons, who are sworn enemies, they remained at peace with them; so that in times past the Hurons and Iroquois, meeting in the same wigwam or village of the nation, were both in safety while they remained. There are some things in which they differ from the Hurons. They are larger, stronger, and better formed. They also entertain greater respect for the dead. The Sonontonherons (Senecas) one of the Iroquois nations, the nearest to, and the most dreaded by the Hurons, are not more than a day's journey distant from the easternmost village of the Neuter nation, named Onguiaatira (Niagara) of the same name as the river. The name has, in fact, been spelled in some forty different ways. In Samson's map of Canada,

published at Paris in 1657, the name of the Nicariagas is shortened into Ongiara, and in Corbnelis' map of the same region it is given as Niagari. The word itself appears to be Iroquois. An educated Mohawk Indian (Orontyatekha), tells us in an interesting paper published in the proceedings of the Toronto Canadian Institute: "The name Oh-nya-ka-ra 'on or at the neck' is applied to the whole stream of water between Lakes Erie and Ontario, and is derived from O-nyara, the neck, or contraction between head and trunk. The Mohawks applied this name to the neck-like contraction between the two lakes, and hence we have Niagara." The Niagara Indians, who were originally a branch of the Iroquois, no doubt in the course of time became known to other nations from the designation of the cataract and river. These Indians appear to have been destroyed some time in the middle of the seventeenth century. The ancient name has always clung to this famous district. Even the attempt of Governor Simcoe to fasten the name of Newark to the old capital of the Western Province proved an utter failure.

The country around Kingston (King's Town) abounds in memorials of the historic past. The county of Frontenac perpetuates the memory of the brave soldier, who stands out one of the most striking figures in "the heroic days of Canada." Most of my readers will recall the memorable history of this district in the days when Fort Frontenac asserted the claims of France to the dominion of the St. Lawrence and the Great Lakes. The old French Fort appears to have been called, at different periods, Fort St. Louis (the name then given to Lake Ontario), Fort Catarauqui, and Fort Frontenac. The meaning and proper orthography of "Catarauqui" is a matter of controversy like so many other old names. In nine cases out of ten the word is given in the old writers according as it struck their ears when they heard it spoken by the Indians. Cabiaque, Cadaroque, Cat-

aracoui, Cæderoqui are among the ways of spelling a name, which is undoubtedly Mohawk, and probably signifies "the strongest fort in the country." The Bay of Quinté has also puzzled the philologists. Some have raised the theory that it was so called from a Colonel Quinté who held a command at Niagara, but no such name can be found in any record of old times. The nearest approach to the name is that of Chevalier Tonty, who played so memorable a part in La Salle's Expeditions to the Great West. Canniff tells us that one of the islands near Catarqui (Amherst) was called Ile Tanta after this illustrious gentleman adventurer. But there is every reason to believe that the bay derives its name from the Indians that lived in the vicinity. Wentworth Greenhalgh, writing in the London Documents, of a journey in May, 1617, from Albany to the Indians of the West, says:—"The Senecas (Senecas) have four towns, viz., Canagora, Canoenada (here we see the roots of Canada), Tiotohalla, and Keint-hé, which contained about twenty-four houses, and was well provided with corn." In old French maps bearing a date subsequent to 1647 we find Indian villages indifferently spelt Kenté, Kente, Kanto. It is most probable that a village of the Senecas has given their name to the Bay near which they once dwelt. The translation from Kente to Quinte would be quite natural to the French; we see this in the alteration of the Algonquin word Kebec, which has now become Quebec.

All over the face of the Dominion we find the names of many of the French Governors, and other distinguished men of the old times of Canadian history. In the county of Chicoutimi there is a parish named in honour of the first Governor of Canada, whose titles are given by Charlevoix: "Jean François de la Roque, Sieur de Roberval, Lord of Norimbege, Viceroy and Lieutenant-Governor in Canada, Hochelaga, Saguenay, Newfoundland, Belle Isle, Carpunt (the strait and island between Labrador and

Newfoundland), the Great Bay (the St. Lawrence), and Baccalaos. Montcalm, Vaudreuil, Iberville, Joliette, and Charlevoix, are memorials of men illustrious for their achievements in arms, exploration, letters, and statesmanship. The city of Halifax, old Chebectou, receives its name from that Lord Halifax who was the President of the Board of Trade and Plantations in the middle of the last century, when the capital of Nova Scotia was founded by Lord Cornwallis. The county of Carleton, and the village of Carleton Place in Ontario will recall Sir Guy Carleton. Lake Simcoe was so named by Lieutenant-Governor Simcoe, out of respect to his father, Captain Simcoe of the Royal Navy, who died on the St. Lawrence in the expedition against Quebec in 1795; but the lake was in old times known as Sheniong, Ouentironk, Toronto, and Lac aux claiés (Hurdle Lake). The counties Lambton, Victoria, Wellington, York, Elgin, Monck, Dufferin, are illustrative of our respect for the British connection. But it is not my object in this paper to trace the origin of the more modern names, for I have proposed to confine myself simply to the older historic nomenclature of Canada. An amusing paper, however, might be written on the fantastic titles that gubernatorial or popular caprice has affixed to places that might have been more appropriately named. Many of my readers will remember how Belleville is really named after Bell, the familiar name of Governor Gore's lady; how Flos, Tay, and Tiny are reminiscences of three of Lady Sarah Maitland's lap-dogs. It would, however, puzzle any one to explain the canons of taste that has led to the selection of such names as Asphodel, Artemesia, Ameliasburg, Canaan, Euphrasia, Sophiasburg, and other burgs and viles that seem so sadly out of place alongside the historic French or Indian names of the past. But while these evidences of bad taste will always occur in a new country, it is satisfactory to know that there is a desire among the better informed and intelligent to preserve the

old Indian names. Indeed these names appear in most cases to cling more naturally than the new fangled titles which a less correct fancy would give. Bytown has become Ottawa, and Newark has never superseded Niagara. Little York has long been forgotten in Toronto, which Dr. Scadding, that indefatigable local historian, tells us is an Indian term referring to a place of meeting, and was originally applied to the peninsula between Nottawasaga Bay, Matchedash or Sturgeon Bay, the River Severn, Lake Couchiching, and Lake Simcoe—a locality much frequented by the native tribes, especially by the Wyandots or Hurons.

Most of the names of the principal rivers and lakes of Canada are of Indian origin. The St. Lawrence River is a memorable exception, for it has derived its name from the Gulf into which it carries the tribute of the great lakes and its numerous tributaries. The Saguenay is derived from a Montagnais word, saki-nip or rushing water. In a previous article on the Ottawa valley I have stated that the River derived its name, according to some writers, from an Algonquin word signifying a human ear, but I have been very recently informed by Mr. Thorburn, the learned Principal of the Ottawa Collegiate Institute, that he had it on the authority of an Indian missionary of Rama, Rev. T. H. Beatty, that Ottawa or Attawa signifies the "River Guards," in allusion to the fact that the tribe held the control of the river. The same authority gives Lake Couchiching as meaning an outlet. Ontario is in doubt. The Mohawk writer from whom I have before quoted, derives the word from Ken-ta-ri-yoh, a placid sheet of water. Erie, no doubt, has been named from Erige or Erike, and means the lake of the Cat Indians, who once dwelt on its banks, and were destroyed by the Iroquois. Huron refers to the Indians who once formed a powerful nation, and held a large district of country in the Western Province—in what is now Huron and Bruce, and the history of whose tragic fate will be

well remembered by the students of the past.

The influence of the Roman Catholic priesthood can be seen in numerous names throughout Canada. All the Saints in the Calendar have had their names appended to villages, parishes, rivers, lakes, and bays, especially in the Province of Quebec. The priest and adventurer were ever found side by side in the early days of discovery and exploration on this continent, and every Frenchman, whether black robe or layman, was animated by the same impulse to spread the lessons of his faith in the forests of the New World. St. Margaret's Bay, St. John River, Lakes St. Louis and St. Peter, Ste. Anne de la Pocatière, St. Ignace, L'Assomption, Ange Gardien, are among the countless illustrations the map gives us of priestly zeal. Wherever we go we find the bells calling the Roman Catholic congregation to their devotions:—

Is it the clang of wild geese ?

Is it the Indian's yell,

That lends to the voice of the North wind,

The tone of a far-off bell ?

The voyageur smiles as he listens

To the sound that grows apace ;

Well he knows the vesper's ringing

Of the bells of St. Boniface,

The bells of the Roman mission,

That call from their turrets twain,

To the boatmen on the river,

To the hunter on the plain.

Only a few days ago the writer travelled through the valley of the Gatineau to a little village on the very confines of the settled district that extends to the northward of the Ottawa. Here on a lofty hill rose a massive stone church, whose tower was crowned by a large image of Notre Dame du Désert—Our Lady of the Desert, who has given her name, and as the Indians believe, her protection to the settlement in that pine-clad rocky region. The interior of the church was unfinished, and the only attempts at decoration were to be seen in the gilded altar and a few cheap pic-

tures on the rough, unplastered walls. Here we witnessed a procession of Indian children, dressed in costume—some as Angels, some as the Magi, others as Shepherds—for it was the anniversary of the Epiphany, when Christ was made manifest to the Gentiles. The little Indian boys looked exceedingly comical, in their gaudy turbans and bright dresses, *à la Turque*, illustrative of Eastern potentates, and appeared just as much amused as their audience, whilst they followed the Angels—girls dressed in pink and white, with crosses and stars—who carried a basket in which was laid a chubby wax doll to represent the Infant Saviour. The choir was composed of Indian chiefs and squaws, who kept up a low melancholy strain to the music of two fiddles. It was a homely representation which recalled similar scenes that were often witnessed beneath the forest shade, or on the shore of some lonely bay, in those early times when America was an illimitable wilderness, and the black robe had no place to minister save under the canopy of heaven.

In that North-west land, where Silence still broods over the mountain, prairie, and river, and the posts of a Company of Fur Traders have long been the sole representatives of civilization ;

“Where Athabaska’s silent lakes, through whispering pine trees gleam,”

We find many names that recall a long record of patient endeavour and perilous adventure. It was in the beginning of this century that a courageous Scotchman, Alexander Mackenzie, travelled in a canoe on the

Peace River, and on the still greater river that now bears his name ; but more than a century before he made this adventurous trip, the British Union Jack could be seen floating by the side of many a lonely stream, and amid the illimitable waste of the prairie. The names of the factories of the Hudson Bay Company, are in themselves a history, of the times and circumstances of their construction. Rupert’s Fort, York Factory, Forts Albany and Churchill, recall historic names in the mother country, at the time those posts arose in the wilderness of the North and West. Other names of these posts, it is observed by the eloquent author of the “Wild North Land,” tell the story of the toil of the men who have left the great world behind them, and spent the remainder of their lives in that lonely country. “Resolution, Providence, Good Hope, Enterprize, Reliance, Confidence, such were the titles given to these little forts on the distant Mackenzie, or the desolate shores of the great Slave Lake. Who can tell what memories of early days in the far away Scotch isles, or Highland glen, must have come to these men, as the tempest swept the stunted pine forest, and wrack and drift hurled across the frozen lake—when the dawn and dusk, separated by only a few hours’ daylight, closed into the long, dark night? Perchance the savage scene was lost in a dreamy vision of some lonely Scottish loch, some Druid mound in far away Lewis, some vista of a fireside, when storms howled and waves ran high upon the beach of Stormoway.”

CANADA, WOODED BY THE SEASONS.

BY FLEURANGE.

SHE stands amidst the forests old and hoary
Looking with steadfast eyes across the sea,
A fair and haughty maiden, with the glory
Of buoyant hope and stainless majesty ;
Pure as the bridal robes around her thrown,
Since Winter proudly claim'd her as his own.

In vain the bright young Spring in accents tender
Whisper'd low words of sweet and dawning love,
Shower'd around her gleams of fitful splendor,
And bade a clearer azure shine above,
Hung sparkling dewdrops on her tresses bright,
And fring'd her robe with globes of liquid light ;

In vain he wove sweet wreaths of beauty peerless,
Of rare pale blossoms ting'd with faintest flush ;
Her radiant eyes still shone undimm'd and fearless
Not all his gifts could wake one fleeting blush.
A tender smile she gave his sad farewell,—
He whom she loves must weave a stronger spell !

Then Summer came with wealth of glowing treasure,
And flung his crimson flowers at her feet,
In thrilling music breath'd of joy and pleasure,
And steeped the dreamy air in languor sweet,—
Came with soft sunset shades and purple bloom,
With radiance, roses, rapture, and perfume.

But as she listened to her lover's pleading,
In murmurs like the sighing of the wind,
The calm pure eyes gazed on serene, unheeding,
Like stars above the tumult of the mind,—
Far above passion's storms that darken o'er,
He whom she loves must dwell for evermore !

The warrior Autumn came in buckler shining,
 Bearing rich spoil of many a conquer'd field,
 Ripe luscious grapes with crimson ivy twining,
 And ruddy fruit piled on his glist'ning shield ;
 Bright scarlet berries in profusion mass'd,
 And trailing sumach garlands round it cast.

He shed a golden mist of tender meaning
 Around the loveliness it could not hide,
 And through the softened haze majestic leaning,
 Crowns her with maple leaves a royal bride.
 The gift is dear, yet she his prayer denies,—
 He whom she loves must bring a nobler prize !

But ere the Autumn, rous'd from golden dreaming,
 Had breath'd his last sad sigh of wild despair,
 There came a knight in silver armour gleaming,
 With azure eyes like depths of cloudless air.
 Around her form a spotless robe he threw,
 Glist'ning with gems, and pearl'd with frozen dew.

A thousand fairy fetters softly twining
 He wreath'd in airy trceries of light,
 Then gently o'er her cast the garland shining
 Of sparkling diamonds set in purest white,—
 Shrined in her bridal veil of starry sheen,
 Fair Canada is crown'd the Winter's Queen !

LOST AND WON :

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

By the author of "For King and Country."

CHAPTER X.

HERON BAY.

"I gave the jewel from my breast—
She played with it a little while,
As I sailed down into the west,
Fed by her smile."

THE warm August days wore on, giving the fields a yellower tinge, as each one passed, till at last the reaping-machine went to its swift work, levelling the golden wheat, the graceful oats, and the rich barley in its relentless course. Then the yellow sheaves were bound, and set up, and finally carted away to repose in barns and stacks till the threshing machine should set out on its rounds in the clear, crisp October days. And all the busy work of the season went on at Braeburn Farm, just as it had done in all the bygone years, when no change brooded heavily on the hearts of its inmates.

One evening when the harvesting was nearly over, Alan walked across to Blackwater Mill, where during this busy season his visits were necessarily less frequent. Nor did Mrs. Ward, at least, regret this very much, for she had decidedly cooled towards Alan since the family's misfortunes had become known. It was not that she did not feel a good deal of regret for the misfortunes, and some pity for the family, for she liked her old neighbours, and more particularly Alan, whose good qualities she had long seen and appreciated, and whom she had been well content to welcome as a prospective son-in-law so long as he had even a tolerable prospect of "getting on."

But that was quite a different thing from welcoming so near a connection as the son of a ruined man, and one on whom his family must, as she thought, hang like a dead weight in the struggle he had to begin at such a disadvantage. She felt glad that she had never formally given her sanction to the engagement, but had only tolerated it, to "humour Lottie," as she now said to herself and to her neighbours. But this "humouring Lottie" must not, she observed to her husband, be carried to the length of permitting their daughter to be in any way considered bound in Alan's altered circumstances. "The child must be left perfectly free," she said, "and then if, by and by, she still likes Alan, when he is able to do for her, why it will be time enough to bind herself then,"—a determination strengthened by her recollection of Mr. Sharpley's attentions to Lottie, which had been more pointed on his second visit. However, she thought it best to say nothing of this to Alan at present, though the miller would have come out with it at once, had not his wife represented that it was of no use to make any unpleasantness so long as they were still such near neighbours. So Mrs. Ward did her neighbourly duty in paying a visit of condolence to Mrs. Campbell, from which the latter perhaps suffered more than she benefited, and expressed her willingness to do anything she could to help them.

"If any of you will stay overnight at our place when you are moving," she said, "I'm sure we'd be very glad."

Mrs. Campbell thanked her, but felt relieved when she took her departure. The two women had never drawn much together, in spite of comparative contiguity and of

the near connexion which seemed probable between the families. Perhaps on that very account Mrs. Campbell had, in regard to the Wards, the slightly painful feeling which a mother often has in thinking of the marriage of a son—especially an eldest son—and of the new and close ties he is forming with those who may not be very congenial to herself.

With Alan, Mrs. Ward, for the present, avoided any explanations, and he came and went much as he had done before, except that, as time passed on, Lottie's manner became a little more indifferent and unresponsive.

However, it was not so on this particular evening. She had had a visit from some young friends, who had been alternately flattering and teasing her about her "beau," and she was looking particularly bright and animated, and, on that account, especially charming. Her manner to Allan, too, was so unusually cordial and winning that it cheered him greatly; but he soon found she had a point to gain.

"They're going to have a pic-nic up at Heron Bay, as soon as the harvesting is over," she said to Alan, "and I want you to come, if I go, and get Jeanie to come too. The Harrisons, and Lindsays, and Simpkinses, and Warwicks, are going, and they're going to have a fiddler and a dance on the grass, and come home by moonlight. It'll be splendid, I'm sure. Won't you go, Alan?"

Alan looked very doubtful. He was certainly far from being in a mood for pic-nics and festivities, though a few months before he would have gone heartily into any such expedition. But the very thought of it jarred upon him now, although, on the other hand, he disliked to refuse Lottie's request, and an afternoon with her was certainly a great inducement,

"Well, Lottie," he said, rather hesitatingly, at last, "I think I'd rather not. If it was only going with you alone, dear, you

know I'd be delighted; but to go with all those people, I really don't feel in spirits for it. And they all know about our circumstances, too, you know, and that gives one an awkward feeling."

"The very reason you should go," returned Lottie. "Who wants to have people think you're breaking your heart over it, and making remarks and pitying you, as they will if you don't come, and they know why. You know I can get plenty of people to attend to me; there's Harry Lindsay'll be glad enough of the chance. But then I shan't enjoy it half so much if you aren't there," she added, looking up insinuatingly.

Which was certainly true enough; for besides her secret fear that her mother might not let her go unless Alan went to take care of her (for the rest of the party lived at a considerable distance), Lottie felt that her importance as an "engaged" maiden would be seriously diminished without her *fiancé* in her train.

Of course, Alan was overcome in the end. He never could resist Lottie's insinuating ways, which she could exercise to good account when she had an end in view. And moreover he promised to try to persuade Jeanie and Dan to go. Dan, indeed, he knew would not need much persuasion, but Jeanie he was sure would offer some opposition.

"Dan must be sure to go," said Lottie, "he's twice as good as you are, Alan, for anything of that sort. He's such a splendid fellow for keeping us all laughing. And you know we'll have to go on horseback, for though they've been making a sort of road, Harry Lindsay says it would be enough to break any wheeled vehicle down to try it. So Dan will have an opportunity to show off his riding."

When Alan spoke of the pic-nic at home, Dan eagerly acquiesced. "I'll take my gun and have some shooting," he said; "there's lots of wild duck in the bay, and I might

find some partridge there too. You know September will be in by that time."

Mrs. Campbell sighed. With the end of September their life at Braeburn must end. It was coming very near now.

As Alan had expected, Jeanie was very unwilling to join in the excursion, and for some time resisted his rather half-hearted persuasions.

"I don't think I could bear to go, Alan," she said. "There will be so much fun and nonsense going on, and I don't feel as if I could stand it just now. I know I couldn't help being as dull as possible. And then you know we've a great deal to do this month; I don't feel as if I could spare the time."

"I think it would do you good," said Alan. "It's a long while since you had an excursion of any kind, and you'd enjoy the ride on old Hector and going along with Lottie. I'm sure. And then your friend Robert Warwick's going, and he'll be dreadfully disappointed if you aren't there."

"Better he should be disappointed, then," said Jeanie. "My going wouldn't do him any real good."

"Jeanie," said Alan, more gravely, "don't you think you ought to take that into serious consideration. Robert spoke to me the other day again. He's more anxious than ever about it, poor fellow, since he's heard about our trouble; and he wanted me to speak to you. He doesn't want you to go and work for yourself, when, as he says, he has a good comfortable home all ready for you, if you'd only come to it."

Jeanie's colour had risen while he spoke. Alan and she were in the little porch together, and she turned away and played with the tendrils of the wild vine that he might not see her face.

"Alan," she replied, very firmly, "I like and honour Robert Warwick far too much to think of doing him such a wrong as it would be to marry him for any reason of that kind, even if I could do such a thing

for my own sake. He deserves a wife that would love him for himself, and I do not, nor ever shall. And I would rather live on bread and water all my life—no, I would rather die than marry any one for any other reason."

It was seldom, indeed, that Jeanie spoke out her private feelings so freely and decidedly, and Alan, seeing that Warwick's suit was a hopeless one, privately made up his mind to tell him so, kindly, on the first opportunity.

Jeanie's disinclination for the picnic did not hold out, however, against Lottie's solicitations. Jeanie, with all her independence of character, would yield abjectly to Lottie when that damsel, knowing her power, undertook to persuade her into anything, by means of the insinuating ways and coaxing entreaties which she could use so effectually when she liked, and by means of which she could generally do what she pleased with Jeanie, whose own shy and undemonstrative nature made her the more defenceless against Lottie's blandishments.

The excursion came off accordingly on an exquisite September day. The intense heat of the weather was over, broken up by two or three cool and stormy days; and though the sun seemed to shine out as brightly as ever, there was, nevertheless, in the soft balmy sunshine, in the stillness of the misty golden air, a something that seemed to speak of summer departed, and of the coming season of falling leaves. The sky, of a deep soft blue at the zenith, was flecked with a faint misty drapery of delicate

"Transfigured clouds of white,"

which, extending downwards in light, fleecy, waving lines, like angels' wings, rested lightly on a wide band of soft gray and purple clouds below. The maples were already touched here and there with gold; and now and then a gorgeously painted leaf, all crimson and russet and gold, detached itself from its branch and fell noiselessly at the

feet of the little cavalcade from Braeburn and Blackwater Mill, as they slowly rode along the horse-path that made a short cut through the woods to Mapleford. Dan rode in front with Jeanie, now and then showing off Beauty's capabilities by making her leap over a fallen log or an objectionable corduroy bridge across a mud-hole, over which the others had to jog in more sober fashion. Alan, of course, whenever it was practicable for two to go abreast, kept by the side of Lottie, who was looking as charming as excitement, pleasure, and the Spanish-looking hat with a heavy drooping feather—which was particularly becoming to her dark, vividly tinted beauty—could make her. Her country riding costume would hardly have passed muster even in Carrington, for the riding habits of Radnor were generally merely long skirts of no particular colour, which were thrown over the ordinary dress, and could easily be removed for readier locomotion, when the destination was reached, since people rode there more for the sake of reaching places not otherwise accessible, than for the sake of the exercise. Lottie, however, had been accustomed to the saddle from her childhood, and liked it for its own sake, and the brisk motion of the canter with Alan to Braeburn, to join the others, had flushed her cheek with its most glowing carnation, and made her dark eyes sparkle with added lustre. She was in her most animated mood, too, and she and Dan kept up a brisk fire of playful attacks, in which Jeanie and Alan were often tempted to join, despite the "black care" which, unseen, rode behind each. Alan even succeeded in shaking off, for a little while, his burden, and in the golden dreamy charm of the weather and the moment, he felt almost as he used to do when, as a boy, he had wandered with little Lottie through those very woods, in the aimless wanderings that children delight in.

They soon began to receive additions to their number, however, and by the time

they had reached the last rendezvous, where they picked up the Warwicks, the party formed a cavalcade which looked tolerably picturesque, winding along the turnings of the wild woodland road, shut in by green depths of forest and closely flanked with fallen logs, brushwood, and fern. Meantime, a boat under the charge of Ben, Hugh, and one of the other lads, conveyed the provisions up the river to the proposed scene of the pic-nic, Heron Bay. This was the place where the Arqua flowed out of a little inland lake, forming, where the banks caved in around the outlet of the river, a beautiful bay, its pebbly shore fringed with every variety of foliage from the already yellowing basswood and soft maple to the deep green of the oak and pine. The little river celebrated its egress from the lake by dashing headlong over a ridge of brown rocks, part of which showed above the water, as they formed a chain of little waterfalls and rapids all the way across the narrow stream. Above the foam, and noise, and eddies of the rapid little river, the lake—calm and still—stretched back for three or four miles, its further shore softened down in the hazy dimness of the air, while in the near foreground lay two or three little islands whose rocky banks were luxuriantly clothed with pines and cedars mingled with the changing foliage of deciduous trees all vividly reflected in the still clear water.

When the riding-party arrived at the rendezvous they found the boats already moored at a safe distance below the foaming falls and rapids, while the baskets were being carried farther up to a shady glade on the shore of the bay, for the river bank was too rocky and too thickly wooded to afford sufficient room for the "spread" which is so indispensable an element of a pic-nic. Ben had brought in tow his light birch-bark canoe, which he carried with ease across the little *portage* and deposited it in the quiet waters of the bay.

It is unnecessary to chronicle all the de-

tails of the pic-nic, which resembled most others in its main features; or to tell how everybody had forgotten matches, till a smoker produced a supply from his pocket; or how, when the fire had, with infinite pains, been kindled in the little cairn of stones—piled up for the purpose—the tea-kettle was upset over it to its almost total extinction; or the fun and merriment there was over the boiling of the green corn (for Radnor folks liked substantial repasts on such occasions), and the making of the tea. Nor is it necessary to record the various jokes, good, bad, and indifferent, which arose from the little disasters that occurred, such as plates and cups losing their equilibrium on the uneven ground, the intrusions of insects into inconvenient places, and the savage attacks of a few belated mosquitoes—the “thorn” of Canadian rural delights.

While the repast was being prepared, Dan went off with Ben in the canoe to look for wild-ducks among the reeds that fringed the shore of the bay, and one of the islands, about half a mile distant, and Alan carried off Lottie for a stroll who was not reluctant to get away from the trouble of helping the other girls in their preparations, and glad of the good excuse to do so without censure.

About a quarter of a mile farther up the shore, a little peninsula of rising ground jutted out into the lake, making the bay semi-circular. It was partially clothed with trees, fine basswood, beech, oak, elm, maple, and hickory; but on the side nearest the pic-nic ground a green open glade with only one or two groups of trees stretched down to the shore. Towards this Alan and Lottie strolled, and ascended the gentle slope for a better view from the higher ground. They found that the peninsula was really almost an island, being separated from the woods behind it by a dark, still creek, full of clusters of floating water-lilies, which came winding along from the back country. All around, among the rocks and scattered underbrush, grew great plumes of brackens and

other ferns, the bright spikes of the golden-rod and clusters of the wild aster, with the scarlet berries of the wild hawthorn, dog-wood, and other shrubs. Alan adored Lottie's brown hair with some of the scarlet clusters set in their green leaves, and then they sat down under a young oak on a spot from which they could see, on the one side the creek gleaming out from the shady woods, and on the other the placid lake, with its islands almost opposite them. A little way below they could see the pic-nic ground with its busy group picturesquely scattered about under the trees.

“What a lovely spot this would be to live in,” said Alan, contentedly stretching himself on the ground beside Lottie, and letting his eye range over the picturesque sylvan scene. “What a charming placé this would be for a house and grounds. Heigh-ho! If I were only rich enough to buy it, and build, and begin house-keeping, Lottie! Who knows? Perhaps I may be, some day!”

“I'm sure, Alan, I should'nt care much to live here,” said Lottie. “I'd far rather live in a town. I'm tired of seeing nothing but rocks, and trees, and fields all the time. I'd far rather see people, and houses, and shop-windows!”

“Oh Lottie! I'm sure that beautiful glassy lake and those beautiful woods are far nicer to look at than *any* shop-windows, even if they were in Paris or London. Whenever I've been in Carrington, I'm always glad to get out again to the fresh green country.”

“But the lake isn't always glassy, and the trees aren't always green,” insisted Lottie, “And in winter it's *so* stupid in the country; it's bad enough in summer, I think,” she added, discontentedly.

Alan sighed. He knew Lottie's taste did not agree with his on all points. He wished it had been otherwise, but he was quite prepared to sacrifice his inclination to hers.

Presently Lottie went on: “I hope mother will let me go in to stay in Carrington with Kate Lindsay, next winter. You know

she's going to marry Marshall, who has a dry goods store there.

"If I'm there, as I may be, I'd be glad enough you should be there," said Alan "but I'd rather it was with any one else than Kate Lindsay. She's too fast and too loud for me, and I hate to see you with her, Lottie. I don't think she's a nice friend for you; she's so giddy herself, and lets you on to do things you would'nt do by yourself."

"Indeed," said Lottie, tossing her head a little; "I think I'm quite capable of choosing my own friends and taking care of myself, too, Mr. Alan! And I don't see a bit of harm in having a little fun, as Kate and I always do."

"Not in having 'a little fun,' certainly," said Alan, "but I hate her sort of fun, its coarse and low."

Lottie pouted, and might have retorted, rather crossly, but, just then, Harry Lindsay, Kate's brother, came to call them to tea, and they walked down the slope together.

There's where the Arnold's new saw-mill is to be," said Harry Lindsay, as they neared the picnic party, pointing to a spot close to the largest of the little waterfalls. "They say there's a splendid water-power there, and the mill is going to be a great affair. They expect to get a grant of ever so much lumber up above the head of the lake, and they can float it down in rafts, easy, you know. It'll be a fine thing for this part of the country."

"Indeed, I'm not at all sure that it will," replied Alan. "They'll clear away all that fine timber without any discretion, and I was reading the other day, that there is nothing so bad for the country as clearing these large tracts of land; that it's altering the climate, and brings on droughts."

"Stuff and nonsense!" replied Harry, contemptuously. "As if clearing the timber off could alter the climate. That's what these people who pretend to know so much are always doing, trying to frighten people with making mountains out of molehills!

Any way, the railway they talk of making out here from Carrington will be a good thing. I suppose that won't alter the climate, though old Mrs. O'Rourke did say it would scare her cows and make them keep back their milk."

"Why it would'nt go near their farm!" said Alan. "That would be quite out of the way."

"Yes they think it will, though it is a good way round. It's to avoid the ups and downs; and all the cuttings they'd have to make if it came direct. You know there's a sort of level strip-back there.

Alan thought for a moment about the direction suggested. That level strip extended along the back of his father's land, the "marsh" which had always been useless. What if, after it had passed from their hands, that piece of marsh-land should prove not only useful but valuable? But it was no use to think of it now, as the land had passed out of their power, and the contingency, seeming at all events a remote one, soon passed from his mind.

By this time they had reached the rest of the party. It is scarcely necessary to say that the "spread" received ample justice, for the ride and the waiting had considerably sharpened the usually good appetites. Lottie contrived, as a punishment to Alan for his criticism of her friend, to find a place at some distance from him, and next to Harry Lindsay, with whom she kept up an animated flirtation during the repast, occasionally stealing a sly glance at Alan, to see how he stood it. He stood it very well, however, taking it pretty much at its real value,—contented to admire Lottie's dimples and arch glances from a distance, and employing himself in seeing that all the other damsels were properly attended to. He could stand anything so long as Kate Lindsay, with her loud, coarse voice and low jokes, was safely separated from Lottie; and she was quite sufficiently occupied with two youthful cavaliers of her own.

Dan with his companions, did not appear till the meal was nearly over, when they at last arrived, ravenously hungry, and carrying several brace of wild ducks. It might have been that he was tired, but Dan was certainly much quieter than usual, and his usual practical jokes and amusing nonsense were by no means abundant. After tea, Alan found him sitting apart under a tree, with Ned Lindsay, both apparently in a brown study, over a letter.

"Why Dan! What are you studying here?" said Alan smiling.

"Oh, nothing!" said Dan, crumpling up the letter into his pocket rather hurriedly.

"I say, Alan, Ned and I are going spearing for fish, in a punt he's found here. Suppose you take Ben's canoe and come along, and give Lottie a boat ride?"

Alan liked the idea very much, and Lottie found the proposed "boat-ride" so enticing, that she forgot to keep up her little *pique* against Alan, as she had intended to do. So they were soon off, Lottie reclining against a pile of shawls in the bottom of the canoe, and Alan vigorously propelling the little bark with the long paddle.

They soon drifted behind the party in the punt, which disappeared by and by, round a projecting point. The lake and sky were both so lovely in the sunset glow, that it seemed pleasure enough just to float along in the charmed, glassy water, dyed with the bright rose and purple hues of the sky, and blending them into a wavering network of lovely confused colour. Dan called out that it was "for all the world just like a glass alley!" Alan thought of the "sea of glass mingled with fire," of which he had read in the Bible.

But the bright crimson tints rapidly faded out, and even the pale amber lights vanished from the horizon, leaving only cold grey banks of cloud, behind which the moon presently showed a faint light. Alan and Lottie on their return, paused a moment in a little recess of the shore, where a tall pine

bent over the water its shadowy boughs, and where no sound reached them but the dull, hoarse, croaking of the bull-frog, far away among the distant reeds. Suddenly, Lottie started, as a brilliant red light unexpectedly appeared round the projecting point close beside them. The cause was concealed by the intervening branches, but the sudden glare, and the deep crimson glow it threw on the cold grey water, were both startling and beautiful.

"Oh, I know," said Lottie, laughing, the next moment, "its Dan and his torches."

And so it turned out to be, for presently the dark punt floated into view, the black, weird-looking figures who stood and held the blazing torches, coming out into strong relief against the rich ruby light, whose reflection stretched—a long quivering blaze of crimson,—beneath the boat.

"Did we frighten you!" asked Dan laughing, as they came up. "We meant to a little, so we lighted all our torches to come in magnificently."

"Well I think you've done it," said Alan. "How many fish have you got?"

"Oh a pretty good lot. One fine maskalonge; just think of that! Won't mother be glad to see it?"

As they landed and came up to the spot where the fire, well supplied with fuel, was still blazing away, they could see by its light that a dance was going on; and Alan could see also, not far off, Robert Warwick seated in close conversation with his sister Jeanie.

"Ah! he's having it out with her!" he said to himself; and he was right. Robert came up to him a little after, and giving his hand a vehement grip, bade him good night, adding, "It's all up with me Alan! It seems it can't be!"

"No, I'm afraid not," said Alan, gravely. "I meant to have told you so, and saved your speaking. I'm very sorry Bob!"

"Oh, it was just as well to speak and have it out. I shouldn't have been satisfied else. Well, it's no use talking about it, so good

bye!" and poor, honest Robert rushed away, glad to get off in the darkness.

Meantime a proposal had been made by 'Kate Lindsay, that the party should adjourn to the Lindsays' house, not more than a mile distant, to finish their dance, as the night was too cloudy to hope for any bright moonlight. The proposal was received with general favour by all except Jeanie Campbell, who positively declined it. Even if it had not been so repugnant to her mood just then, she would have disliked it, well knowing how late and how uproariously such festivities were always kept up by the Lindsays. And she shrank from Kate Lindsay quite as much as Alan did.

When Alan returned to the group, Lottie went to him to tell him of the new arrangement. As she expected, he at once declined to have anything to do with it, and begged that she would not. But Lottie had quite determined to have her dance, and declared that she intended to stay; Alan could do as he pleased.

"I shall certainly not stay," said Alan, looking very grave. "And how will you get home?"

"Oh, Kate Lindsay wants me to stay all night, and Harry will see me home in the morning. And perhaps," she added, "as you're going home at any rate, you wouldn't mind going on to our place to let mother know."

Alan gravely and somewhat coldly assented. It was useless to pursue the discussion then, with the others within hearing, and Lottie was quite satisfied. If Alan was vexed, it didn't matter much. She could set matters all right easily next time she saw him. As for giving him the trouble of the extra three or four miles ride, Lottie never thought of that. If she had gone home, he would have had to go on with her, all the same. But it was a rather different matter to have to go alone, leaving Lottie in society which he so much disliked. Lottie had never before displayed, so openly, her inconsiderate sel-

fishness; and Alan, in spite of himself, could not help dimly feeling it.

So, after exchanging good-nights, and hearing numerous regrets that they would not stay, Alan and Jeanie rode off together through the cloudy, misty moonlight, leaving Dan behind also. He would just stay a little while, he said, and find his way home by himself. Which, they knew very well, meant that he might be home about dawn next morning. Ben had already started some time before in his canoe, carrying the fish.

Jeanie had a good many thoughts of her own to keep her silent and thoughtful, but she roused herself with an effort to talk to Alan, and try to keep him from fretting over Lottie's desertion, which had made even her indignant with her friend. But she knew better than to censure Lottie to Alan, and the two talked of everything else but the subjects that were uppermost in their minds.

When they arrived at home they found Mr. Ward waiting there with his light wagon. He was afraid Lottie would be tired with her long ride, and had come to meet her and convey her home. So Alan, tired enough already, was saved the extra pilgrimage of going on to Blackwater Mill, to fulfil Lottie's parting commission.

CHAPTER XI.

THE COUNTY FAIR.

"Some gentle spirit—Love I thought—
Built many a shrine of pain,
Though each false idol fell to dust,
The worship was not vain,
But a faint radiant shadow cast
Back from our love upon the past."

IF Alan had had any thoughts of lecturing Lottie, she put them to flight next meeting, by her especial amiability of manners, and by her gracious proposal, in which

her mother joined, that Alan should go with them in their waggon to Carrington, to visit the County Fair, which the miller always made a point of attending. Alan, they knew, wanted to go in, to ascertain whether the enquiries which his cousin and Mr. Dunbar had promised to make about suitable employment for him had as yet met with success, as well as to make some other necessary arrangements. "And," Mrs. Ward had said, "we'll be all the better of having him with us in the town, for your father, when he gets with his old cronies, isn't much good to us; and then it will be kind o' neighbour-like to offer him the lift, for their horses are busy enough just now, taking barley to Maplefield."

Alan willingly accepted the invitation. It was very convenient for him, to say nothing of the pleasure of the long drive with Lottie; and he began to reproach himself for having cherished any hard thoughts of her.

"And you'll go and have your photograph taken in Carrington, as you promised, Lottie, dear," he said, "so that I can have it to look at when I shan't see you so often!"

"Well, if you're good till then, perhaps I will," Lottie replied coquettishly.

It was a chilly September morning when Alan walked over before sunrise to Blackwater Mill, to join the Wards on their expedition to Carrington. The air had just a touch of frost in it, making the morning glories on the porch hang their drooping heads; and the cold yellow light in the eastern sky made it seem still colder. Lottie shivered discontentedly, as she sat, wrapped in a shawl, in the waggon; while her mother was still vigorously occupied in seeing the boxes of honey, firkins of butter, cabbages and tomatoes, bags of carrots, pumpkins and squashes, and other commodities that were going into market, securely stowed away. At last, all was ready; the miller cracked his whip, and the impatient horses started off, snuffing up the keen morning air. As the sun rose brightly, the air grew rapidly

warmer, so that before they reached Carrington, Lottie was glad to exchange her shawl for an umbrella. She was not in very good humour; getting up so early did not suit her, and the soft downy breeze that blew around them, was, she knew, sadly disarranging the somewhat elaborate coiffure which, early as it was, she had found time to arrange with a view to the photograph.

As they approached Carrington, the miller's stout horses passed numerous other waggons, some pretty heavily laden with vegetables, grain, and other farm produce, as well as with farmers' wives and daughters, attired somewhat more gaily than their wont, with a view to the visit to the fair. Now and then the miller and his wife, who knew most of the neighbourhood, would nod and smile to a passing acquaintance, exchanging a few words about the weather and the crops.

When they drove into Carrington, they went straight to the market-place, where the miller added his team to the long file already standing there. Mrs. Ward intended to keep her station in the waggon until, at least, all the commodities in which she was specially interested were disposed of, an operation that did not generally take very long; for her butter and honey were well-known and appreciated in Carrington. The little market-place presented a busy and varied scene. The waggons and the stalls of the fruit-sellers were overflowing with the rich trophies of the harvest—the blue-green cabbages throwing into strong relief the piles of golden carrots, rosy apples, green and yellow melons, orange pumpkins, crimson tomatoes—which met the eye everywhere in confused luxuriance of colour, and generous abundance. Bewildered marketers were wandering about in the crowd, scarcely knowing what to choose where there was so much to tempt. Market women chafered with the farmers, and farmers' wives kept a sharp look-out lest they should be cheated by shrewd and experienced buyers, or squabbled with stupid customers about

change; while the tired horses, resting their heads on the necks of obliging comrades, went off into short uneasy naps:

Lottie, however, had no ambition to share in the traffic; indeed, she felt rather above that sort of thing, though her mother did not. Alan took her into a neighbouring restaurant to have a cup of coffee after the long drive, and then they strolled on to the photographer's, Alan being determined that that part of the business should not be neglected. The photographer, however, was busy just then, so it was arranged that they should return at the end of an hour, and as Alan had to see his cousin and Mr. Dunbar, and Lottie had, of course, some shopping to do, they parted to meet again at the photographic rooms.

"I've heard of something that will be the very thing for you, Alan," said Sandy McAlpine, cordially, after having gone fully through all the preliminary greetings and enquiries.

"What is it?" Alan asked eagerly.

"Oh, it's just the thing to suit you. Mr. Arnold's in want of a sort of overseer, or agent, for his business here, for the one he had is going up to superintend the new mill he's going to build up your way. They're going to begin it at once, so as to try to have it in working order by the spring; and Mr. Taylor's going up there directly, so they want some one as soon as possible."

"But what will there be to do?" asked Alan. "Not keeping books, I hope, for I know very little about that."

"Oh, there wouldn't be much of that for you to do. There's a regular book-keeper to see to the books. But this is more just to be always about, and see that everything goes on right—that the men attend to their work properly, and that lumber isn't lost or stolen, and so on; and sometimes, perhaps, to go and examine lumber before it's bought; when Mr. Arnold or Mr. George can't go. You see Mr. Arnold's failing a good deal, and Mr. George is a gay, lightsome young

man, and not just so fond of sticking close to his business as his father was. And they want some one they can trust, and that's some judge of timber, and I take it you know something about that."

"Well, I know a little about it," said Alan, "but I should hardly undertake to call myself a good judge of timber. However, I've always paid a good deal of attention to that sort of thing; no doubt it's more in my line than most things I could get to do."

"Oh, there's no fear but you'd do very well, and what you didn't know you'd soon learn—soon learn," said Mr. McAlpine, encouragingly. "I told Mr. George about you, and said I was sure you were the very man he wanted, and, says he, 'Well, Mr. McAlpine, if he's a cousin of yours, that's a great deal in his favour.' You see he's fond of a joke—is Mr. George. And so I told him I'd send you to see him as soon as I could get a hold of you."

"Well," said Alan, "I'll go and see him, of course, but first, I think, I'll go and see Mr. Dunbar."

"Aye, and I shouldn't wonder if Mr. Dunbar would go with you to see him. I'd go, but, you see, it's a busy day, and Sam and I have both of us about our hands full."

"Oh! there's no occasion for that," said Alan. "I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you for speaking for me already."

"No obligation! No obligation at all!" exclaimed Sandy, who, nevertheless, did think that Alan had reason to be very much obliged to him, and congratulated himself on having been able to do him a kindness which had cost him nothing.

Alan was cordially received by Mr. Dunbar, who, at their first meeting, had taken a strong liking to the young man's frank, honest look and bearing—things that interested him not less than did the painful circumstances in which he was placed. Mr. Dunbar thought that the proposed situation would be, as Mr. McAlpine had said, "the

very thing" for Alan, and willingly agreed to walk over to the mill with him, though it was a pretty busy day for him too. He had heard of two or three other situations, but they were none of them so suitable, as they would all have involved a much more sedentary life than Alan had been accustomed to, and required, moreover, a considerable knowledge of book-keeping.

"That, however, you will always find useful to you," said Mr. Dunbar, as they walked along, "and I should advise you to get it up in your spare time."

Poor Alan's education had, indeed, been somewhat prematurely curtailed, the necessities of the family and of the farm having taken him from school far too soon. He had often felt this himself, but the busy life he led had not left him much time or strength for mental improvement. When he came in in the evenings, worn out with a hard day's work out of doors, the Carrington *Chronicle* was about as heavy literature as he could master, and even that sometimes sent him to sleep. But he had a natural love of knowledge, of which he had gained a good stock of what could be acquired from personal observation of things around him. In the long winter evenings, when he had more leisure, he had been accustomed to read a good deal, and got through all the interesting books he could procure from Mr. Abernethy's library, besides joining Jeanie and Hugh in some of their studies, though often tempted to a sigh of regret that circumstances had been so unfavourable to his mental development and intellectual progress.

"I think you'll find the Arnolds pleasant people to deal with," said Mr. Dunbar, as they approached the irregular collection of buildings beside the river, which, from the piles of lumber around them might easily be known for what they were. "Mr. Arnold, senior, does not take a very active part in the business at present. His health has been failing for some time, so he has to leave it a good deal to his eldest son—the only one

who takes kindly to the business. George is a nice fellow, very lively, but not very persevering, and very much needs some one to depend on, who will make up his shortcomings. He's got plenty of energy, but he wants steady patience, the sort of tenacity of which you, unless your face belies you," he said with a smile, "I should say, had a good deal."

Alan smiled. He had not been in the habit of analysing himself or his qualities, so he hardly knew whether the lawyer was right or not. But Mr. Dunbar was a pretty keen-sighted judge of character, and was not often mistaken."

"I hope I shall be able to do what is wanted," said Alan, rather diffidently, "for it is just the sort of thing I should like. I've always been interested in the different kinds of wood, and know a sound stick from an unsound one. But I should have a good deal to learn."

"And I'm sure you'll learn it," the other replied.

"I think I must have seen Mr. George Arnold," said Alan, recollecting what his father had said about the stranger he had met in the rain; "though I don't suppose he'll recollect me. There! isn't he standing over there?" he said, pointing to a young man who, cigar in hand, was leaning in a negligent attitude against a pile of lumber, watching the slow progress of grappling a rebellious log, just under the bank where they were standing.

"Yes, that's he," replied Mr. Dunbar, and as they came up, Alan's acquaintance of the storm, with the bronze auburn hair, merry blue eyes, and gay *insouciant* smile, turned and came forward to shake hands with Mr. Dunbar. Alan was duly presented, with a few words of explanation.

"Oh! Mr. McAlpine's cousin. He was speaking to me about you," he said somewhat carelessly. Presently he took a closer look at Alan.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

He asked, looking puzzled, "seems to me I have, and your voice sounds familiar."

Alan smiled. "We met in a storm," he said, "and you kindly gave me a lift."

"Oh, that's it!" he exclaimed, "I was sure I had met you, though I couldn't think where. I might have remembered that storm, too, for I don't know when I got such a wetting, and my sister hasn't got over the cold she took yet."

She had taken cold then. Alan felt as sorry for the inhospitality of the Radnor weather as if he had had personally something to do with producing it.

They talked together for a few moments, and then walked on to the office, where they found Mr. Arnold, senior, a florid-looking Englishman, showing marks of care and hard work, deeply engaged in looking over a collection of estimates. He talked to Alan in a blunt, off-hand manner, asking him a few questions as to his qualifications, and mentioning what kind of work he expected from his agent. It was finally arranged that Alan should at least make a trial of the situation, and that he should enter upon his new duties as soon after the first of October as possible. The salary offered was a good one—so much better than anything Alan had expected to get at first that his spirits rose considerably.

"And you'll be here soon," Mr. Arnold said to Alan as he was leaving, "for now Taylor's going, my son and I will be overworked to keep things from getting into confusion. Really, Mr. Dunbar," he continued, "between this new mill out at Heron Bay, and everything here, I sometimes hardly know where to turn." And he looked as if it *was* too much for him.

"Mr. Arnold's not the man he was," said Philip Dunbar, as they walked away; "and his son'll never be the man he has been. These young fellows who step into the fortunes their fathers have made don't know how to work. The worst of Mr. Arnold is that he doesn't know where to

stop and be contented. His speculations have always been so successful that it tempts him to go on, and I sometimes think he's losing some of his prudence, and launching out a little too far. The success of this new mill, now, depends almost entirely on the proposed railway, and if it shouldn't go on, I suspect they would be rather in a fix."

They had a little further talk over the mortgage business, and Mr. Dunbar told Alan to keep him posted up about everything, and he would undertake to watch over their interests, and keep Leggatt and Sharp-ley to the terms they had promised.

"Do you know when they intend holding the sale?" he asked.

"On the first of October," Alan replied. "At least Sharp-ley gave us notice to that effect."

"It's curious I haven't seen it advertised, for I've been looking in the papers for it. It may have been though within the last day or two."

By this time they had got back to Mr. Dunbar's office, and Alan hurried off to meet Lottie at the photographer's, for it was past the hour at which he had promised to return. As he approached the photographer's door, he saw a pony carriage containing two ladies drive away from it. Although it was at some distance, he was almost sure he recognised the white-faced black pony he had already encountered twice before.

Lottie had made good use of the time she had had to wait, in getting herself up with extra care for the important occasion. Alan would have preferred her looking more as she usually did, with less elaboration of hair-dressing and ornament, but Lottie would not have been satisfied to have been taken in a plainer costume. She took up a photograph that lay on the show case, and handed it to Alan.

"There's a picture of a girl who was in here just now," she said. "How do you like the way she has her hair done? I've

half a mind to take mine down yet, and do it up like hers."

Alan took it up rather carelessly, but his attention was rivetted in a moment. The photograph was a rather large one—a half length portrait. It was a picture to which the eye, even of an uninterested stranger, might well recur again and again, so great was the charm, not only of the delicately formed features, but of the expression that lay in the dreamy dark eyes, that looked earnestly out from under the arched, pencilled eyebrows, and calm, thoughtful brow, and of the sweetness of the mobile, tenderly-curved mouth, which had a wistful, almost sad expression. It seemed the face of one who dwelt much in an inner world of her own, and yet looked out with a tender sympathy on the outer. The masses of silky dark hair rippled gracefully back from the fair brow, and behind the little shell-like ear; and a coil of it lay simply, like a coronet, across the well-formed head. Alan hardly needed the association of the pony carriage to tell him that it was the photograph of the young lady he had already met twice without knowing her name, which he thought, however, he now knew. To make sure, he asked the photographer, who had come to say he was ready, who the original of the picture might be.

"That?" said the busy photographer, carelessly, "Oh! that's Miss Lenore Arnold. Walk this way, please, we're all ready."

Lottie was rather surprised at Alan's interest in the picture, and waited—a little provoked—for his answer to her question about the hair.

"Well, Alan, do you think I'd better have my hair like that? What are you looking at the picture so long for? Do you think it is so very pretty? I'm sure I don't."

But the photographer cut short both Lottie's questions and Alan's reply, by telling the former she must come at once if she wished to have her picture taken that day.

It was a good while before Lottie could

be arranged to suit both herself and the photographer. She had certain ideas of her own, with regard to "pretty attitudes," and they did not altogether agree with his. Then, when the critical moment came, and Lottie had been told to "look as natural as possible," an injunction not unnecessary, but rather difficult to comply with—it was not until after repeated attempts that a satisfactory picture was produced; for the first time, Lottie moved, and an indistinct impression was the result; the second time she did not like the position, and the third Alan did not. At last, after a fourth trial, the much-tired photographer declared the picture "a perfect success," and without allowing Lottie much time to determine whether her charms had been duly done justice to, carried it off in triumph, promising to have some copies sent out by the next stage to Radnor.

While Lottie was re-arranging her dress before departing, Alan took up a copy of the Carrington *Intelligencer*, which he found in the reception room. It was a new paper, with as yet a very small circulation. In one corner, rather out of sight, Alan read an advertisement, which, well as he knew the facts beforehand, made his heart sink with a sickening sensation. It announced the "Sale" of "the desirable property known as Braeburn Farm, in the Township of Radnor, within seven miles of Maplesford, with all the farm-stock, implements, &c., pertaining thereto," to take place on the first day of October.

Alan quietly folded up the paper and put it in his pocket. As Lottie rejoined him, even her eye, not particularly observant, was struck with his paleness, and she asked if anything was the matter with him.

"Nothing," Alan replied, with an effort, shaking off the depression that had come over him; and they walked back together to the Market Place to find Mr. and Mrs. Ward.

The place was comparatively deserted

now, and the miller and his wife were at liberty to go on to the fair ground: It was a large vacant "lot," temporarily surrounded by a rough board fence, inside of which were ranged the prize cattle, horses, and the woolly Leicesters and Southdowns bearing the load of their heavy fleeces with placid equanimity. The miller set out on a tour of inspection of the live stock, while the others went on to the place most interesting to Mrs. Ward and Lottie—the shed where the dairy produce, vegetables, fruit, and "ladies' work" were on exhibition.

On their way thither, Alan discovered some of his Indian acquaintances in a little group of grave dark-visaged women, who sat in their gay bordered blankets, wearing the little black hats which complete the costume of a squaw, with a little pile of baskets and beadwork, pincushions, moccasins, &c., around them, for selling to the passers by. The little encampment at the "ork" had been broken up some time before, but not until poor old Grannie had quietly breathed her last, having been kindly ministered to by Mrs. Campbell, who, in the midst of her own troubles, did not forget the poor old woman's needs; and thereby riveted Ben's grateful affection to herself and her family for ever. The old woman's gift to Alan had been shown to Lottie, who tried in vain to pull on the moccasins, and declared the card-case a very clumsy affair, and not fit to hold a good-sized card. So Alan had put them away, saying, laughingly, that he would have the moccasins altered for Lottie when she became his "white Squaw" in reality. He exchanged a few kind words with the women, who replied chiefly by half-smiles which sat rather sadly on their grave brown faces, and then went on with Mrs. Ward and Lottie to the shed, where lay, in vivid fresh gleams of gold and crimson and purple, set off by the bright green leaves around them, the tempting piles of vegetables and fruit, from huge pumpkins, which would have needed very little enlarging

from the fairy coach-maker to have carried Cinderella, to the luscious clusters of white and purple grapes, some of the finest of which, a bystander informed them, came from Ivystone, Mr. Arnold's residence. Then there were rolls of butter and plates of honey, and beautiful white loaves, among which Mrs. Ward, to her great satisfaction, discovered her own, marked with prize tickets. Her butter and honey usually took prizes, and her bread, too, when she brought it for competition. Having satisfied herself that justice had been done to these excellent home-productions, Mrs. Ward proceeded to the other end, where fluttered a gay array of bright patchwork quilts, a collection of embroidery of various sorts, and a number of articles of still lighter and more airy fabric,—the work of the fair and industrious hands of Carrington and its vicinity. Mrs. Ward had a quilt there to which had been assigned a prize, but Lottie's wonderful piece of embroidery was not so distinguished—greatly to the dissatisfaction of both herself and her mother; in whose eyes it was far more meritorious than the more tasteful but less showy pieces of work which had carried off the prizes.

While they were making a somewhat protracted examination of the various articles that attracted their attention, Alan observed Mr. Sharpley sauntering along in their direction. He had evidently recognized them, and was making his way towards them. He saluted Alan, who was standing nearest him, with his usual studied politeness, exchanging a few commonplace greetings, and then joined Mrs. Ward and Lottie, both of whom seemed by no means displeased at the rencontre. Alan drew off a little, leaving the field to Mr. Sharpley, who made good use of it. He admired Lottie's embroidery, which was duly pointed out to him, expressed his surprise and indignation that no prize had been awarded to it, and gratified Mrs. Ward by his discriminating praises of her butter, her honey, her

quilt, and her substantial thick-ribbed hose, which bore upon them the inscription, "highly commended." Then, as they exchanged a little passing badinage about things in general, he contrived to introduce some personal compliments to Lottie, which by degrees put to flight her vexation about her unappreciated embroidery, and made her eyes and her smile brighter than ever. Once Alan noticed a group of ladies at some distance, among whom he thought he distinguished the face of the photograph, evidently watching with admiration the radiant glowing face and bright laughing eyes of the fresh-cheeked country girl. And Alan sighed to himself as he wondered why Lottie never looked so now when with him.

At last they bade farewell to the fair, and turned toward the "British Lion," to dine and get ready for their start homewards. Mr. Sharpley devotedly accompanied them as far as his office, where he took leave with many regrets—regrets, it is hardly necessary to say, not shared by Alan. As they walked on through the busy streets, thronged with country buyers, and past the shop windows where were already displayed the bright-hued autumn goods, looking tempting in the September sunshine, Lottie fixed her desires on various articles which she would have liked to possess. But Mrs. Ward held her purse-strings pretty tight, and only row and then gratified what she considered Lottie's "extravagant ideas." How Alan wished that he could have afforded to procure for her the things she wished for, and win in return the radiant smile which he knew nothing else would be so successful in calling forth!

Before they left town, Alan went again to Mr. Dunbar's office to show him the paper containing the advertisement, but did not succeed in finding him, and was obliged to leave town without seeing him again, as the miller was ready and impatient to set off.

The waggon was considerably lighter, notwithstanding the various purchases, than it had been in coming into town, and the horses, refreshed by their rest and their oats, dashed gallantly on, over the hard, well-beaten road, made dusty by the numbers of well-packed vehicles which they passed going in the same direction.

"I suppose that's where that Miss Arnold lives, whose picture we saw," observed Lottie, as they passed Ivystone, and could see among the slightly yellowing trees, its shrubberies and flower gardens, and the grey walls partially draped with the Virginia creeper, already beginning to don its autumnal crimson.

"It must be nice to live in such a handsome house," observed Lottie. "And such nice grounds, too! Shouldn't you like it, Alan?"

"I'd rather have Heron Bay," said Alan smiling; and Lottie gave him up as hopelessly unambitious. Just then, when he had before him the prospect of exchanging the free, fresh country for the comparatively artificial life of the town, nothing in Carlington could have seemed particularly inviting to him.

The afternoon grew rapidly colder, as the sun sank low in a sky having the peculiar cold, clear brightness that a September sky often wears. As they neared home, and the sun set in a glow of bright amber radiance, leaving a few slight streaks of salmon-coloured clouds, pencilled across the faint blue into which the amber faded, the young moon, pretty far on its first quarter, made her light sensibly felt. Alan seemed to feel the evening chill more keenly as the thought came over him, that by the time that moon was at its full, Braeburn Farm would have been left, and he himself transferred to a new and strange scene of action.

(To be continued.)

THE BALL PROGRAMME.

YOU ask, my friend, what I regard
 With such a very pensive air?
 'Tis nothing—nothing but a card
 I found among the letters there ;
 A faded ball-room card ; and all
 The ghostly names of girls and dances
 Did that sweet foolish time recall
 'Ere I was proof 'gainst maiden glances.

At one of Brown's recherch  hops
 I led the dance with beauty mated,
 Amid a crowd of flirts and fops,
 Dear friends that once I loved or hated.
 Yes! memory held me in a spell,
 And once again I laughed and chattered
 With simpering beau and dashing belle—
 Your voice the gay assembly scattered.

I saw them all, familiar, clear :
 The hostess, kind, and hot, and merry ;
 The host, who whispered in my ear
 The contract prices of the sherry ;
 The guests—Cecile, who studied Greek,
 And Bob who made the comic faces,
 And Clara, of whose pallid cheek
 My guilty coat-sleeve bore the traces.

And old Maria dancing yet—
 In high disdain of age and scandal ;
 And Percy, striving to forget
 His lately broken vows—the vandal!
 And others too, a glittering throng,
 For many a sober season banished :
 They came, they stayed not with me long,
 They smiled a greeting, passed, and vanished.

Well, well! I wasn't always stout,
 And middle-aged, and bald, and stupid;
 Not such that night I tripped about
 In the sad livery of Cupid ;
 But young and favoured, blithe and gay,
 Thro' many a mystic maze I floated,
 With girls now past the dancing day—
 Their names upon the card are noted.

"Waltz: Julia Smith"—familiar name!
 A name that calls to mind instant
 A maiden of unenvied fame
 Who always called a waltz a "canter."
 But who shall dare forecast a life?
 Poor Julia, once so fast and larky,
 Now, as a Missionary's wife,
 Exhorts the unenlightened darkey.

"Gallop: Miss Primrose"—of the Blues,
 She galloped from a sense of duty;
 For she had "character" and "views,"
 But not the fatal gift of beauty.
 She said—I recollect it still—
 That dancing might be deemed a pleasure,
 When one could waltz with Stuart Mill,
 Or with great Darwin tread a measure.

"Quadrille: Miss Thrush"—the heartless maid.
 Who scorned plain Charlie's true affection,
 For Ensign Prig's, when he displayed
 His scarlet tunic and complexion.
 I saw her friendless, poor, half-dead
 With care—six years ago it may be—
 The scarlet coat that she had wed
 Was then a garment for the baby.

But must I own? for none of these
 Sweet artless maids I sought, with passion,
 The balls, hops, concerts, heavy teas,
 Where Folly leads her sister Fashion.
 Ah, no! it was a sweeter yet,
 Whose name is here, and here, indited,
 To bid me faintly not forget
 The vows we made, the troth we plighted.

Dear faded card, my own lost love
 Has held you in her dainty fingers;
 And still the perfume of her glove,
 I fondly think, about you lingers;
 And like a wandering breeze which flings
 Thro' desert waste the breath of flowers,
 To my embittered heart it brings
 The fragrance of life's vernal hours.

The breeze the desert-farers taste,
 Is gone e'en while they ask, "whence is it?"
 The waste is but a drearier waste,
 A harsher prospect, for its visit.
 Even so this zephyr, scarce revealed,
 Of love, youth, hope, resolve heroic,
 To me what comfort can it yield?
 Alas, what comfort?—tell me, Stoic.

Hallo! asleep, my brother sage!
 'Tis well; I'm glad he never listens;
 Half corporate with his musty page
 What soul has he for reminiscence?
 Wake up, old boy! What's that you said?
 You, "lost my sermon?"—more's the pity;
 Come, be advised and go to bed,
 You're muddled with that dismal "Chitty."

THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE.

BY WILLIAM D. LE SUEUR.

TO man alone of all sentient beings, is it given to regulate his own inward life, and so govern his thoughts that, instead of being dependent on momentary sense-impressions, they shall follow a path, and proceed in an order, of his own determining. The lower animals have thoughts, but their thoughts are chained, as it were, to the objects that suggest them, and their lives may thus be conceived as broken into an indefinite number of separate movements, each dominated by its own special impression. When a horse stops at a gate at which he has been accustomed to stop, I cannot believe that he retains what we would call a remembrance of any of the previous occasions on which he has done so, or that he distinguishes in any way between his last act of the kind and former ones. He stops, as we say, mechanically, by virtue of an association established between the visual impression of the gate, and the order to stop so often given at the same point. How this may be we know from our own experience, for we continually find ourselves doing things in the same way, sometimes much to our own inconvenience. Very many acts of forgetfulness are the result simply of the force of established habits: we have some special thing to do at a certain time, something out of the usual course, but, trusting ourselves to our daily routine of duty, we are insensibly carried past the point at which the special action was to be performed, and are only reminded of it when, perhaps, it is too late. The very attempt, however, to keep a thing in mind is a mark of the higher intellectual development at which human beings have arrived; we cannot imagine such an

attempt being made by any of the lower animals. It is our prerogative to contemplate our own thoughts as phenomena: in other words, man has risen to self-consciousness, and with self-consciousness comes the impulse, and not the impulse only, but the power to control the successive manifestations of his life. In the self-consciousness of man, Spirit, to use the language of the Hegelian philosophy, realises its own essential freedom. The forms in which it clothes itself perish, but it remains, and it thus recognizes itself as superior to change, the true type of the incorruptible and eternal.

The freedom of the spirit, however, is realised in different degrees in different races, and individuals. Throughout a large portion of the human family, the life of sense predominates altogether over the life of thought, and man is seen as the slave of passion, and of custom, rather than as master of his own faculties and destinies. There is, no doubt, a radical distinction between the thought even of savages, and that of the lower animals; but if the glory of mankind is to be found in the power of self-control and self-education, and in the possession of interests wholly unconnected with the physical appetites, there are numerous races of men to whose humanity little glory can be said to attach. Among savage tribes there seems an absolute lack of capacity for the exercise of abstract thought, or any disengagement of the mind from material objects and interests; but I am not sure that in civilised communities, we do not sometimes witness what, strictly judged, is a more painful subject of contemplation, namely, a kind of voluntary ignorance of all the nobler

springs of human action, a voluntary clinging to a mode of life, such as, in all its moral elements, might be lived by beings very far down in the scale of civilisation.

In cases of this kind how much should be attributed to sheer inferiority of organization in the individual, and how much to the lack of favourable formative influences? The balance is often difficult to strike, but probably no case comes under our notice in which we are not disposed to believe that, *had circumstances only been different*, a better result might have been brought about. Strange characters no doubt are born into the world, but what these might become under a thoroughly natural and healthy system of education no one, perhaps, is in a position to say. Certain it is that, by unwise and vicious methods of education, many a naturally good disposition has been spoilt, and gifts of intellect that might have proved of the highest value to society have either been condemned to uselessness, or directed into positively mischievous courses. The great dramatist has told us of a "Divinity that shapes our ends, rough-hew them how we will." This may perchance hold true of human destinies; but in the development of human character it would seem as if nature did the rough-hewing and left education and circumstances to do the shaping. And the shaping is a great deal. The turn that it gives to our thoughts, our interests, our tastes, our manners, may make all the difference between happiness and unhappiness, between success and the want of it; may make our lives noble or make them mean, make them a blessing to the world or a burden even to ourselves. Very few human beings have even moderate justice done to them in the way of education. Carlyle has said: "A wise, well-calculating "breeding of a young genial soul in this "world, or alas of any young soul in it, lies "fatally over the horizon in these days." The statement is an extreme one, but to those who know how to read Carlyle, it con-

tains a truth. "Wise and well-calculating "breeding" does not lie completely "over "the horizon" even in these days; but, like all excellent things, it is rare. To make it more common is the one great problem in education; a problem, however, the full importance of which few appreciate. By education is too commonly understood the mere acquisition of "useful knowledge," in other words, of an equipment for the great life-struggle for wealth. The moulding of the character, the awakening and strengthening of the intellectual powers, the cultivation of the tastes and the emotions, scarcely enter into the popular idea of education at all. Yet surely an education that makes no provision for these things is unworthy of being offered to a being like man, susceptible of reverence, of love, of disinterestedness, of admiration, of enthusiasm for the true and the beautiful; a being formed for rational enquiry and discourse, and capable of governing his life by devotion to high ideals. That there is in average humanity a capacity for something better than we ordinarily see is proved by the success that attends the efforts of all really eminent teachers. One man like Dr. Arnold gives a tone to the thoughts and sentiments of hundreds of youths, so that those whom he has trained are distinguishable by their intellectual and moral qualities for the rest of their lives. A recent writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* held that Dr. Arnold made his boys too conscientious; but if there was an error on that side, which I am slow to believe, it was an error that very few teachers could commit if they tried, and one of which very few have ever been accused.

Whether as the result of fortunate, or in spite of unfortunate, influences and agencies, some souls in every generation are seen to rise above the commonplace of human existence, so as to derive from the habitual exercise of their higher and nobler faculties an interest at once keen and satisfying. The life that such live is pre-eminently a life of

thought, animated and kindled by strong moral feeling. If we call it "the intellectual life," we shall not, perhaps, use the words very inappropriately, or assign to them more meaning than they are adapted to bear. For is there not in the word "intellect" itself, something noble and imposing, and should we care to dignify with the name *intellectual activity* thought devoted to idle or selfish purposes? In such a life as I refer to, there is a pervading unity of tone and purpose. The man who thinks a noble thought does not distinguish between the mental act and its moral colouring; to him it is simply one moment of his existence. If, therefore, one word is to be chosen to express a life in which high thoughts and high aims are thus harmoniously and indissolubly blended, I know of none more suitable than the word "intellectual."

The first step in this life is to have faith in reason; to believe sincerely, thoroughly, and once for all, that man has faculties adapted for the discovery of truth, and that a faithful use of these must be attended by good results. Such a faith is so natural to the human mind that it can hardly fail to be developed in any one who in youth sees examples, or perhaps even a single example, of its active exercise. In default of living companionship of the right kind, a book casually met with will sometimes awaken the mind to a sense of its powers and privileges; but, in whatever way the effect is wrought, it is always one of the very greatest moments. A too common idea of human reason is that it is a narrow kind of calculating faculty, useful in business operations and in the ordinary affairs of life; but, in wider or deeper questions, more likely to lead to error than to truth. The true view of reason is that it is the *only* faculty man has for arriving at truth on any subject great or small, so that any truth which reason cannot grasp is entirely out of human reach. If we are to guard against being led astray by reason, what faculty are we to employ

for the purpose? Shall we better ourselves by giving the reins to imagination, or jumping at conclusions with our eyes shut? This is what in certain quarters we are counselled to do, on the understanding, of course, that the conclusions we jump at shall be those of our counsellors; otherwise our faith is vain. Madame de Stael understood pretty well a certain class of philosophers when she wrote: "The defenders of prejudices, that is to say, of unjust claims, of superstitious doctrines, of oppressive privileges, try to call into existence an apparent opposition between reason and philosophy, in order to be able to maintain that reason may lay an interdict upon reason, that there are truths which we should believe without understanding them, principles which we must admit, but forbear from analysing; in a word, a sort of exercise of thought which serves the single purpose of persuading us how useless all thought is."* There must have been "Grammars of Assent," and treatises on "The Limits of Religious Thought" in those days as well as in these, for here they are described as regards their spirit and purpose to the very letter.

He who once fully realizes that truth is made for man and man for truth, enjoys a sense of freedom that nothing else can give. He breathes a larger and more invigorating air, and feels himself a citizen, not of the world only, but of the universe. He is delivered from bondage to his own opinions, for he knows now that, though he were proved wrong on every point, there is a *right* elsewhere—that in fact, only in the light of higher truth could he be rationally convinced of his own errors. The poet Clough, whose life was almost a type-example of what we would here describe, has nobly said—

"It fortifies my soul to know
That, though I perish, Truth is so;
That, howso'er I stray and range,

* De la Littérature, p. 514.

Whate'er I do, Thou dost not change.
I steadier step when I recall
That, if I slip, Thou dost not fall."

Most men, on the contrary, speak and act as though the fortunes of the universe were bound up with their own infallibility, and as if, therefore, any demonstration of radical error in their opinions would imperil all the happiness and hopes of humanity. Hence follows, by a natural process of development, a kind of fetish-worship of opinions that leaves out of sight almost entirely the question of their truth or falsehood, and looks only at their supposed utility. The more assured a man is of possessing the truth, the more confident should be his out-look upon the world, the more prepared he should be to examine the opinions of those who are so unfortunate as to disagree with him, and ascertain the grounds on which they are held. We find, however, that just the contrary is the case; that people whose opinions rest, as they say, on an immovable basis, are, as a general thing, particularly reluctant to acquaint themselves directly with other forms of belief. They will, perhaps, look into some travesty of hostile opinions prepared for them by hands they can trust, but as for a personal survey of the hostile territory, they would rather be excused. In such cases the thing dreaded is not the loss of truth, but the loss of a persuasion; that truth *may be* on the other side they cannot help at times suspecting, but they are determined never to be brought face to face with the proofs. If they thought that a thorough and candid examination of their opponents' position would confirm them in their present opinions and set their minds for ever at rest, they would gladly and eagerly resort to it; but they think nothing of the kind. Instead of setting truth above opinion, they set opinion above truth. Truth is a far-off Mikado, a dignified kind of entity always to be spoken of with respect, but opinion is the *praesens divus*, the Tycoon, or, to come back to Europe, the

mayor of the palace—the actual ruler of men's lives. Is there no word to express this disposition of mind? Certainly there is: the word is *scepticism*. The sceptic, in any sense of the word, that can live in this century is not he who, after candid examination, decides that he cannot accept this or that system of belief, but he whose mind is full of dark places that he does not care to have illumined, who fears that his structure of belief is tottering, yet dreads to examine its foundations, or even so much as to put out his hand to steady it, who pitifully begs everybody near to keep quiet, lest a breath or a vibration should lay the whole fabric in ruins.

Directly opposed to the spirit of scepticism is the spirit of intellectual liberty. He whose thought has been emancipated may find himself compelled to deny, or at least to question, many things commonly accepted, but the general tone of his mind is not negative, but positive. In a certain sense he feels as though he could believe all things, for he is prepared to welcome truth from any quarter, and the universe seems to him full of truth, while error dwindles away to the most insignificant dimensions. Even errors, when understood in their genesis and development, yield up their quota of truth, and may thus serve, like any other objects of study, to help forward the education of the mind.

It by no means follows that he who has arrived at a conviction of the supremacy of reason must make an idol of his own individual reason, or set up any form whatever of self-worship. Of course he will be accused of this, and probably of numerous other absurdities, but he must learn, as a reasonable man, to bear the charge with patience, knowing how plausible it must appear to those who urge it. Reason itself teaches that, in certain matters, the reason of others is to be preferred to our own; and, in such cases we shall use our reason simply to guide us to those whom it may be prudent

for us to trust or follow. If these, instead of doing us good, inflict injury on us, or lead us astray, we pay the penalty of our ignorance, as men have been doing, more or less, from the beginning of the world. Our duty was discharged if we made the best selection that the state of our knowledge, or the information within our each, enabled us to make. No one knows better than he who believes in reason how to submit to authority; for no one is more impressed than he with the advantage that knowledge has over ignorance, or with the inexorable character of all natural laws. "A pious soul," says Carlyle, writing of his friend Sterling, "we may justly call him; devoutly submissive to the will of the Supreme in all things; the highest and sole essential form which Religion can assume in man, and without which all forms of religion are a mockery and a delusion in man." In the intellectual life there is no spirit of revolt, but rather a desire to be brought into harmony with whatever may be recognized as the decrees of Providence or the laws of Nature, in a word, with whatever is permanent and essential in the general constitution of things.

The great truths of the universe are not of any private interpretation—their application is to all mankind, their benefits are for all. He, therefore, who has seen reason in its beauty and its infinitude will feel that *his* life, at least, must afford some feeble reflection of that which has dawned upon his spirit. He has become a debtor to humanity, and woe to him if he preaches not some kind of gospel. Was the revelation made to him that he might thereafter shut his lips and live a life of selfishness among his fellow-men? Or can he avail himself of the wider and deeper views of things to which he has been admitted simply to increase his own personal prestige and power? That men cannot be thus unfaithful to the highest gifts it would be rash to assert, but surely it must be hard for them to be; for does not all illumination, like the first rays

of sunlight on the lips of the fabled statue, seem to smite into music the very "chords of self," attuning them to a vaster harmony than they had ever before known? There is nothing in the world so catholic as reason. Interests and traditions divide men and arm them against one another, but reason would unite them, if they would but listen to its voice. Edgar Quinet has well pointed out that what the mightiest church the world ever saw failed to accomplish—the unification of humanity—science, which is nothing but embodied reason, is every day hastening to a consummation. Let me try and translate here a few of his eloquent sentences:—

"This reign of unity, which the church "is still pursuing, science, in its ceaseless "progress, has all but grasped, if indeed, "she has not fully grasped it. You hear "upon her your lofty scorn, but all the while "she is accomplishing that which you con- "tent yourself with promising. What is she "doing? Why, she is the same for all peo- "ples, she speaks, and makes her authority "respected in all languages; she brings to- "gether different climates and does away "with space. Always in agreement with "the vast book of Nature, wide open from "East to West, she knows nothing of sects "or heresies. She works; she imitates the "Creator, and brings nature to its perfection. "While you are discoursing, she is advanc- "ing; and the modern world, which you "refuse to follow, is resting itself more and "more upon her laws, as upon eternal reason, "the one truly catholic reason brought to "light by the very men you have con- "demned."*

The intellectual life, therefore, is a life of sympathy with humanity and of harmony with nature. It finds its natural aliment in general truths, and the satisfaction of its active impulses in the enunciation of these truths, and, so far as may be, in their practical application to human affairs. All sus-

* L'Ultramontanisme. Leçon V.

tained intellectual life must have its root in human interests of one kind or another, and we find, as a matter of fact, that the keenest students, those who grasp at the most encyclopædic knowledge, are those whose labours bear most directly on the progress of society. And here it may be remarked that faith in reason and faith in progress are sentiments so closely allied that they are seldom seen apart. For in what does progress consist, if not in the gradual assimilation, so to speak, by the social organism, of successive discoveries of truth? If, therefore, there are no assignable limits to the conquests of the human mind, there can be none to the progress of society. It has been truly remarked that the idea of progress is a wholly modern one. The thoughts of the ancients seem scarcely to have wandered beyond their own time; and after the introduction of Christianity, the whole stress of human hopes (and fears) was transferred to a future life, this mundane state of existence being regarded as a provisional dispensation which might at any moment be abruptly terminated. Of course men continued to follow their instincts; they married and gave in marriage (though the thought of the approaching end of the world was often an incitement to celibacy), they fought and traded and built; but the idea that here on this earth the human race had a glorious destiny to fulfil was one for which the system in which they believed allowed no room. It was with the much-abused French philosophers of the 18th century, that the idea of progress may be said to have originated. In the face of a hierarchy still powerful and dangerous, they ventured to dispute the doctrine of the total corruption of human nature, and to contend that the free exercise of thought, instead of leading inevitably to error, was the only means by which men could hope to escape from their errors, and to advance in the knowledge of the truth. They held, too, that the free play of human instincts and feelings, instead of involving the ruin of

society, would lead to the evolution of a far better social order than the one then existing. That they were over-sanguine in some of their anticipations, that they expected too much from the mere removal of restrictions on human action, may readily be admitted; but it is their glory to have believed in liberty in a larger sense than it had ever been believed in before; and to have seen in prophetic vision that golden age of the future to which all the noblest minds of the present generation instinctively look forward, and the hope of which grows stronger in the breast of humanity with each succeeding year. The ideas which these men cast abroad worked like leaven in French society, and no doubt hastened the downfall of the corrupt and fast-decaying French monarchy; but to-day, no longer revolutionary in their tendency, they are a faith to thousands and furnish the inspiration of much noble and unobtrusive effort for the general good.

To lead a truly intellectual life, prizing the perception of truth above the rewards of the world, requires an elevation of character that not every man of superior intellect possesses. The world is ever at the elbow of the man of talent, urging, tempting him to devote to its service—but not in the highest sense—the gifts at his command. A thousand voices cry: “Amuse us; enliven us, startle us, flatter us, or, if you like, satirize us; but in some way or other excite and please us, and you shall not have to wait for your recompense. We will pay you cash down, and leave no debt for posterity to settle. Your name and fame shall be in all the newspapers, and if criticism ventures to attack you we will laugh it out of countenance; for are we not the great public, and can we not protect our favourites?” Yielding to such solicitations, many a man has abandoned art and truth, and devoted himself to the ignoble task of gratifying tastes which he recognized as frivolous or vicious. He has given the world what it ordered, allowed it to dictate what he should write or

speak or create, and he has had his reward in popularity and pay. Perhaps if he has been very successful he has been proclaimed a true classic, and promised an immortality of renown. True classics, however, are not often those who take their own generation by storm,* and are never those who write simply with a view to immediate popularity. The fame of Shakspeare, Spenser, and Milton is vastly greater in this age than it was in their own, not only because this age is able to understand them in a wider and deeper sense than the one in which they wrote, but because these great names have received the cumulative admiration of every generation through which they have passed. It is not too much to say that a man who has the stuff in him of a true classic will not be thoroughly comprehended or enjoyed by the mass of his contemporaries, for the simple reason that, in point of thought, he is in advance of them. It rests with posterity to do him full justice, and if he be a writer of the first eminence, a Dante, a Shakspeare, a Goethe, a dozen generations are not too much for the purpose.

There are many enemies to intellectual life, but they may be all classed under the one head as *the world*. One man is tempted to write rubbish for popular consumption, another to compose trashy music, another to fall in with vulgar tastes in architecture or in the decorative arts. Others again are summoned to bear a part in the political struggles of their day; and nothing will satisfy the multitude but that they should visibly ally themselves with some existing party organization, and aim at the ordinary rewards of political partisanship or leadership. According to the popular view, ability is, like wealth, a personal possession to be used for the benefit of the possessor; and why a man who has ability should not em-

ploy it to procure his worldly advancement is a mystery that passes all vulgar understanding. Not only so, but many men become irritated and vexed whenever they hear of any one whose apparent aim in life is simply to investigate the truth of things, and bring that truth to bear as much as possible on the minds of others.

Urit enim fulgore suo qui prægravat artes
Infra se positas.

They have an uncomfortable feeling that the business of the world, and perhaps their own particularly, could not go on if truth were generally sought after, or if it were a matter of general obligation to pursue only right ends, and to pursue those only by right means. The man of ideas thus appears to many in the light of a dangerous innovator, simply because, having forsaken the rule of thumb for the rule of logic, and the morality of expediency for that of principle, there is no knowing what doctrines he may some day bring forward for the confusion of society. He may not have announced anything revolutionary as yet, but his method seems to contain in it "the promise and potency" of every form of revolution.

Let a man but renounce his devotion to truth and principle, and the more brain-power he can bring to the aid of a party or cause the more welcome his alliance will be. He will become a champion athlete in parliamentary or journalistic struggles; weaker men will rally round him; and in due time he may scale the highest seat of power. There will be plenty of work for him to do; plenty of glory to gain. Instead of hiding in obscurity, he will be ever in the eye of the world. Instead of inspiring aversion and distrust by his very talents, he will secure admiration and, in a certain measure, sympathy. Instead of straining, more or less painfully, after a high ideal, he will have SUCCESS, the great ideal of nearly all the world, brought within easy grasp. The one condition is that he shall do as others do,

* "Il n'est pas bon de paraître trop vite et d'embellie classique à ses contemporains; on a grande chance alors de ne pas rester tel pour la postérité." Ste. Beuve, *Causeries du Lundi*. Vol. 3, p. 40.

fight the world with its own weapons, and forget as much as possible that he was ever summoned to any nobler task.

"Do you mean then," some one here may ask, "that men of high character and ability should stand aloof from public affairs and leave them to be managed by men of inferior qualifications, intellectual and moral?" I should be sorry to mean anything of the kind; but this I do mean: that if, to any man in particular, participation in public life involves a sensible lowering of his standards of duty, or the sacrifice of more important principles than any he can hope to vindicate or establish, then *for that man* participation in public life is an error, if not a crime. And to how many men such as I refer to has a public career of any length involved less than this? Where is the name among men who have been long in politics in this, or I might almost say, in any country that is capable of exciting the enthusiasm of rational men? There are party leaders of ability who receive daily flattery from those whose interest it is to flatter them; but where is the man who has shown in the struggle of parties a spirit superior to stratagem, to evasion, to unworthy compromise, the man who has neither alienated his judgment nor sacrificed his conscience, the man upon whom good men may fix their hopes and whose public virtues the youth of our country may be urged to imitate? We have seen men go into politics who might have been all this, some perhaps who we trusted would be, but—some change has passed over them: to those whose hopes were brightest they are "lost leaders."

If the only choice to a man of intellect were between absolute passivity and nullity, in respect to the political interests of the country, and an active political career with all its moral risks, there would be much to say in favour of the latter course; but such fortunately is far from being the case. A man does not need to be a practical poli-

tician in order to influence public opinion. As a private citizen he may uphold true principles and help to guide those around him to right conclusions. The important question, if we would estimate any man's work aright, is not, How widely his name has been repeated? but, what have those who repeat his name learnt or received from him? What kind of moral impulse has he communicated to those who have come into contact with him? Surely to have done good to a few is infinitely better than merely to have provided talk for many. When Alcibiades wanted to set the Athenians chattering he cut off his dog's tail, and no doubt the experiment was perfectly successful. The press in these days furnishes a means of influence second to none in importance, and fortunately it cannot be entirely usurped for purposes of party warfare. There are channels here and there through which disinterested thought can find expression; and the influence which one able and thoroughly impartial writer can exert on public sentiment outweighs that of a score of special pleaders in Parliament or out of it. The practical politicians of the day in England look to the press for direction far more than the press looks to them; the thinkers lay down the law for the doers; themselves unseen, and for the most part unknown, they guide in no small degree the destinies of a great empire.

If the atmosphere of politics is unfavourable to high intellectuality, not less so is the atmosphere of what in a special sense is called "society." The intellectual man, as conceived in these pages, is serious, earnest, sincere; he must put on a mask if he is to appear otherwise; society will have nothing to do with seriousness or earnestness, and though it does not as openly banish sincerity, (nobody likes to profess himself, in so many words, "a fraud") it succeeds in reducing that virtue within such narrow limits that those who fail altogether to see it may well be excused. The intellectual man's converse is

with ideas and truths: society interests itself only in the most frivolous and insipid of facts. The intellectual man pursues culture: society pursues common-place. The intellectual man is above all things a *man*, and, in all his most intimate thoughts, he takes his stand on common ground with the mass of his fellow-creatures; he is raised above them in point of advantages, but he feels the strength of the bond that unites human heart with human heart. His "society" is the world, not that handful of people who usurp the name and who, with a fatuity almost inconceivable, seem to think that for them the whole economy of nature was planned, and that, if other classes exist, it is that they may minister to *their* wants, and supply an effective contrast to their brilliance and gaiety.

But, alas! as a poet I have already quoted, has said,

"The heart is prone to fall away,
Her high and cherished visions to forget."

There is a weak side to even the best characters, a side to which the fascinations of society can appeal with dangerous force; and much of high purpose has e'er this been lost in the whirl of dissipation, or extinguished in the unworthy and ungenerous rivalries that make up so large a portion of fashionable life. But as

"E'en in a palace life may be lived well."

so it is possible to be in "society" and yet not of it, to observe its forms while rejecting its spirit; what is *not* possible is to accept its spirit, to adopt its tone, and yet to cultivate the life of the intellect and of the soul. As well try to unite political philosophy with slavish partisanship, or devotion to art with constant consultation of popular tastes.

To very few is it given to devote themselves wholly to intellectual pursuits; but it is by no means necessary to do so to live in the truest sense an intellectual life. As has often been remarked, much of the best think-

ing and of the highest order of literary work has been done by men actively engaged in the business of the world. The names of Bacon, Milton, Clarendon, and Burke would be as seriously missed from the political, as from the literary, history of their country. It is indeed an inestimable advantage for the thinker who would deal with political or social questions to have had his own share of action in society, provided always the relations into which he has entered with men or with parties have not been such as to cripple or pervert his judgment. In the same way, and with the same proviso, the best narrator of events will be he who can say "*quorum magna pars fui*." The importance of the proviso has been illustrated in many cases, and quite lately in a very signal instance: Lord Russell has had a very large place in the history of England for forty years past; but his lately published "Recollections" are pronounced by competent judges to be a very faulty and partial record of the period over which they extend.

Be a man's occupations what they may, he must furnish himself with facts before he can theorise with advantage. If any one imagines that the intellectual region is one in which facts become of little importance, he is very greatly mistaken. The only difference between the thinker and other men is that he, having gathered his facts, sifts, arranges, questions them, and thus forces them to yield up whatever of truth they contain. For facts, be it remembered, are not in themselves truths; they are only the material out of which truth can be distilled. By dint of practice, the man of thought acquires a wonderful facility in referring special facts to the class or order to which they belong, and thus obtaining a ready insight into their significance. For persons unacquainted with his method and resources, he might appear to be dealing with matters in a most arbitrary way; whereas, in reality, he is but availing himself of previously-acquired knowledge, or previously-established conclusions.

It need not be denied that even great philosophers do sometimes base their theories on insufficient foundations ; such mistakes (which men of the world, little as they think it, are making every day of their lives) are incidental to the imperfection of human faculties, and do not arise from any failure to recognize that the whole value and virtue of every theory must depend upon its exact agreement with all the facts it purports to explain. Not the philosopher only, but the poet as well, must have facts in his possession before he can produce any work that shall deserve to live. We think of the poet as dealing in fancies, but who has so wonderful a gift as he in opening our eyes to the facts of the world in which we live? He has seen with his own eyes, and noted a thousand things that have passed before our eyes too, but to which we never gave heed. His verse is more expressive to us than the face of nature itself. Why? Because his eye is keener than ours, and because he speaks to us in human accents that nature cannot command. We have lived in the world ; we have had intercourse with men ; we think we understand pretty well the springs of human action ; but here is a man who will tell us all we ever knew and a great deal more. Whence hath he this knowledge? That sometimes is a mystery, but he has it ; and we, who thought ourselves knowing, stand abashed.

The intellectual life should be a life of patience—patience in gathering knowledge, patience in drawing conclusions, and patience in waiting for results. It may be hard sometimes to reconcile enthusiasm with patience but they may be reconciled, and they must be, if the best results are to be achieved. The patience of the believers in a cause is no less a presage of victory than their enthusiasm ; indeed, of the two it is the fuller of promise. Let cynics or fatalists say what they will, the hope of a rational ordering of human society, the hope of some future harmony of human beliefs, does spring eternal in

the human breast. And the life is one that maketh not ashamed ; those who possess it must avow it, and must work towards its realization. Not only in the prophet-minds of every age has it asserted itself, but in the minds of the people at large there has ever been a dim foreboding of some great good in store for humanity. We see not as yet the outlines even of the future edifice of civilization ; but we see errors and falsehoods which it is a manifest and immediate duty to combat, and the destruction of which we cannot but believe will hasten the advent of the better time. What the world lacks is faith ; it has long been taught that it is very evil, and the lesson has been learnt so thoroughly that it is hard now to make people believe that in themselves there are infinite capacities for good, and that nearly all the good they do is done independently of laws or enactments of any kind. The persuasion of an evil often has as serious effects as the evil itself ; a “malade imaginaire” may be the most hopeless of invalids. The world is at this moment, to some extent, a “malade imaginaire ;” but unfortunately the great multitude of its physicians are exerting themselves only to prolong its delusion.

A great mark of the true intellectual life is simplicity. How can a man who is devoting himself with singleness of purpose to the discovery and diffusion of truth, or whose mind has in any way received the stamp of intellectual elevation, burden himself with refinements of luxury, affectations of pedantry, or any of the multiplied forms of vain glorious pretence? The more closely a man's attention is concentrated on abstract or general questions, the more his own personality sinks out of sight. It cannot, indeed, be maintained that literary men and *savans* are always exempt from vanity ; but it is undoubtedly true that this failing has very seldom been exhibited by the greatest among them. It is also true that just in proportion to a man's intellectual eminence, to his capacity for high thinking,

are we struck by the incongruity of any exhibition on his part of vanity or affectation. It is satisfactory to note in this matter a marked advance in public sentiment. The literary men of to-day would be ashamed to indulge in personal quarrels such as their predecessors of a century or more ago paraded before the world. They studiously avoid (of course I speak generally) all personal issues, rightly conceiving that their proper business is to throw light on the questions they undertake to treat; not to demand attention for themselves.

No one needs companionship and sympathy more than he who is leading, or trying to lead, an intellectual life: unfortunately none are more often deprived of these advantages. It is easy to have a "chum," or any number of them, if a pipe of tobacco and talk on the local news of the day make up your ideal of social enjoyment, but not if your thoughts run very much on higher themes. In the centres of population the earnest student can probably find a few like-minded; but elsewhere he must, generally speaking, pursue his career solitary and unaided except by books and journals. A useful thought for such is that others here and there are treading the same path under the same difficulties; for it is cheering to know that we have fellow-labourers, even though we may never see them nor even learn their names. Here are a couple of sentences from Edgar

Quinet's "Histoire de mes Idées," which many perhaps may read with encouragement:

"I had a presentiment that what was wanted was an almost complete revolution in intellectual matters; and, as I saw no one working towards the accomplishment of the change, I fancied myself alone. This feeling of solitude was weighing me down at the very moment when so many immortal works, yet unknown to the world, were being prepared in silence, germinating, as it were, under ground.

"Every one imagined himself alone as I did, and thought and meditated as though upon a desert isle. And yet all were being wrought upon at the same time by the newborn spirit of the century, and all were feeling in their very bones the pangs of moral growth. How many complaints were there exhaled! How many sincere tears were shed! Nature herself groans when she is about to bring to the birth."

The intellectual life is a serious life, but it knows nothing of ennui; and its pleasures, to those who have tasted them in their purity, must ever seem the noblest that the constitution of man has placed within his reach. Let me close with a word from one who could speak with authority: "Pure ideas, visible only to the inward eye, are of all things that men can know the most beautiful. To live in them is true enjoyment—happiness with no admixture of cloud."*

* William Von Humboldt: quoted in an article in the *London Quarterly Review* for April, 1868.

TRUE SOLITUDE.

TO rest far up the mountain's height,
 On some cliff rearing high
 It's rugged head, where the night winds
 Among the pine trees sigh ;
 To mark the shades of evening fall
 Athwart yon churchyard rude—
 Far down the vale ; to watch the deep'ning
 Shadows in the wood,
 I count not solitude.

To wander on the rocky coast
 When stars look on the sea ;
 To listen to the restless waves,
 Beat ever plaintively,
 Like memories which upon the shores
 Of time unceasing break ;
 To hear the wind unto the night
 In strange complainings speak,
 I count not solitude.

To sit amid old ruins which o'erlook
 Some sluggish stream,
 As thro' their crumbling arches
 Steals the pale moon's shadowy beam ;
 To hear the mournful owl lament
 O'er some decaying tomb,
 While the tireless bat its restless flight
 Wings circling through the gloom,
 I count not solitude.

To dwell with strangers, and to feel
 Thyself e'en doubly strange ;
 To leave thy home, thy country—all,
 Nor find in the exchange
 One friend where fate has cast thy lot ;
 To feel thou dost intrude
 'Mong those who for thy welfare show
 No slight solicitude,
 Ah ! this is Solitude.

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 IV.

CAST DOWN.

JOHN DAX was completely prostrated by Ellen Morison's avowal. His strength for awhile suddenly deserted him, and he relapsed into the old cane-bottomed chair, wrung his hands together piteously, and glared at her who had bewildered him by a strange and awful statement.

What could it mean? What terrible secret did it portend?—Beneath the everyday exterior of this monotonous business, the placid surface of what had ever seemed to him, two gentle, patient, uneventful lives, what deadly grievance, or cruel ill-feeling had prevailed?

He was in a dream, and stupefied by all its wonderments. What mystery of the past, what irreparable wrong, could have held those two young women in silence for three years, living and working together, and sleeping under the same roof, and yet never exchanging a word with one another?

"For three years," he faltered forth at last, "and you two not speaking all the time!"

"We have grown used to the position—it is not painful to either of us now."

"But—will you tell me—"

"John, I cannot tell you anything more," said Ellen, firmly; "I have betrayed too much already. You are never likely to know what has estranged my sister from me, or me from her, and why we hate each other very bitterly."

"No, no—don't say that—it is not possible—you two!" he exclaimed.

"Ask her presently, if you will. Hear what she says—repeat to her what I have told you," said Ellen Morison excitedly again, "and then tell her your own story if you dare."

John felt already that he dared not, that in the past life of Mary Morison lay the barrier to any confession of the wild dream that he had had, and to any hope which he had formed. It would have been wiser if he had not told the elder sister—if his avowal had not, as it were, wrung forth the secret which these two silent women had jealousy guarded from the world: he thought he would have been happier to have lived on in ignorance of so terrible a truth.

He rose and walked towards the door in a dream-like fashion, as though the vision lasted still that had oppressed him. This was not real life yet—the stern reality of all his after-time. At the threshold he turned, for the sweet pale face of Mary was looking towards him from the half-open door leading into the little parlour—he felt that she had left her work and was nearer him, before he had glanced round. She remembered him, too, and that was marvellous, considering how Ellen had been perplexed at the first sight of him. She came towards him at once with hands extended, and a faint smile of welcome flickering at her lips.

"Surely it is our old friend John Dax," she cried, "and he has not deserted us for good!"

"Not for good, Miss Ma," stammered

*Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1868.

the man. "I thought I would come and have a look at the old shop, just for once!" he added.

"For once!" she repeated, wonderingly.

"Yes—I am going away presently—not yet," he said with a great effort.

"Well, it was kind of you to think of us, John."

"As if I was likely to forget you, and your sister," he said, "as if I hadn't been telling her already how I remember the goodness of you both when I was without a friend in the world."

"We could not help you much," said Mary, "but I hope we did our best."

"You saved me," said John Dax.

"Oh! no—you saved yourself—with heaven's help," answered Mary, warmly.

This was unlike a girl who could bear malice in her heart, and live for years in enmity with her sister—surely it was Ellen's fault that the great difference had arisen, and existed. Mary was a woman all gentleness and sympathy. Why had he acted so rashly in the first moments of his return and told Mary's enemy the great secret, the great ambition of his life?

Looking at Mary Morison, he felt that he could not lightly surrender his one hope, or believe in all that Ellen had told him. He would wait and watch for awhile—no one understood his real character yet—the shadow of the streets was still upon him.

Mary Morison talked to him as to an old friend, rather than an old servant; she heard the little story he had already related to his sister, with the exception of the money in trust upstairs, and that he was silent concerning, and Ellen stole away and left them together. The elder sister offered him his chance to speak, his opportunity to learn the truth for himself, but he would not avail himself of it. He was afraid to ask any questions bearing on the past, or appertaining to the future—he had not the courage to risk so much again. To tell all that was in his heart, was to shut away this dear face for

ever from him; he could come no more after his mad avowal of attachment. He would be more discreet; he would be content with seeing her for awhile, and letting time plead for or against him; and under any circumstances it was beyond his strength to say good-bye.

He thanked her for past kindness, as he had thanked her sister Ellen, but he hinted not at the romance which had brought him to Gibbon Street. He expressed a wish to look in at the Gibbon Street shop now and then, and talk of old times, to ask her advice, and her sister's, as to his future course in life, and she said that she should be glad to see him when he was disposed to visit them. He went away almost happy with that assurance, until all that Ellen Morison had told him rose up like a wall between him and his dream-land. In his own room in the Waterloo Road—he had never been far away from them—he was not sanguine of results, and his spirits sank to zero at the misty prospect lying beyond that day.

CHAPTER V.

A TIME OF TRIAL.

PATIENCE was one of the rare virtues of our common-place hero. He had borne much in the old days without a murmur; in the time of his prosperity, and with a new ordeal to face, he was still the same uncomplaining individual. He was a man content to wait after all; for six months he had had the courage to keep away from Gibbon Street, for six months more he played the part of humble friend, and bided his time, although in the first impulse of his despair he had told Ellen Morison that he could not come there.

True, he had another mission in life at first, and this kept him strong. If he were unrewarded by a sign of affection, still he was Mary's friend, in a way, and there came

no one else to Gibbon Street ; and the new task that he had set himself was to help towards a better understanding between the two sisters, and to endeavour by degrees, and by some common object of interest, to draw those two together who had drifted so strangely and awfully apart. It was a giant's task, and beyond his strength, but he did not learn that readily. He had faith in his powers in this direction, and the more he saw of the sisters Morison, the less he could believe in their unforgiving natures, or deep-seated wrongs. Either sister apart was gentle and affable, with the rare art of saying kind words in a kind fashion ; little acts of neighbourly attention, of friendly service to folk poorer than themselves, told of earnest, thoughtful, charitable women, as forcibly as in the time when John Dax was poor. How was it possible that to each other these two should remain obdurate as fate ? Poor John was not a philosopher, or a man of any degree of depth ; his little efforts to make them friends were exceedingly transparent, his futile appeals on trivial matters from one to another, when by some chance they were together, were very plain, and at times awkward, and finally they brought the schemer into trouble.

It was Mary Morison who faced him with reproof on this occasion. The days were drawing out towards the summer then, and John Dax called once or twice a week.

"I have seen for some time, John, that you are acquainted with a secret which my sister and I had hoped to hide from most people," she said to him one evening ; "will you tell me why you interfere ?"

"You do not speak ; I cannot understand how so long a quarrel as this can last," he answered readily. "You will not blame me, Miss Mary, for trying in my humble way to end it ?"

"Why should you ?" she inquired.

"It ain't natural ; you and Miss Ellen should be the best of friends."

"It is unnatural, John, but it is not to be

prevented. Do not interfere between us, please, or ——"

She paused and looked steadily at the young man, who said—

"Or what, Miss Mary ? Don't be hard with me."

"Or it will be my place and hers to ask you not to come near us again—to keep away for good. For the good," she added a moment afterwards, "of the three of us."

John was crestfallen. He could do no more after this. His own position, wherein he fairly hoped at times he had advanced a little, was in jeopardy, and he could not afford to be dismissed unceremoniously, and for ever, from her presence. If he could only save her from the misery of this isolation by taking her to himself—if she would step some day from the eternal silence and gloom of that dreadful house—it had become dreadful to him now, knowing the ill-feeling that was in it—and let him devote his life to making hers more happy than it possibly could be in her home. If she would only pity him—and herself ! Loving Mary Morison very truly, if very madly, it became natural on his part to distrust by degrees the elder sister, and to fancy that he read in Ellen's thoughtful gaze at him, a growing dislike towards himself. He had sided indirectly with Mary ; he had disregarded the advice of Ellen ; he was there as often as excuses could take him to the house ; he could not believe in any faults of the younger sister bringing about the cause of offence or distrust ; in his place, and despite his effort, there was no stand to be taken on the neutral ground. Love held the scales, and turned the balance in Mary's favour.

"How long is this to last ?" Ellen asked of him one day.

"Is what to last ?" rejoined John, for the want of a better reply at the moment.

"This wasting of your life," was the sharp explanation proffered.

"Until I know the truth concerning her."

"And yourself, you mean ?"

"Yes."

"It is very plain to see, but you come here with closed eyes," she said; "it is as I told you in the winter time, and when you took no warning."

"I will hear all from your sister—let her give me my answer in good time."

"I am not likely to interfere between you; but you are not sane, John Dax, to dream on in this wilful fashion."

"It is not to be helped now," John said, moodily.

And it was not. He had erected his idol—it had been his task from the days of his vagabondage, when Mary Morison was first kind to him, and when it collapsed it would crush him.

John Dax was not idle during his term of faithful service; in acquiring money he had learned the value of it, and the necessity of storing it. He was not living wholly on his means; he had found employment, if not any great degree of pay, at a bookbinder's, where he was slowly and laboriously, being somewhat dull of application, learning the craft. It would come in handy some day, when Mary had learned to like him, he thought at times, in the few sanguine moments which he had, and to which a kinder word or a brighter smile than ordinary, would give birth. She blushed crimson, and turned her head from him at times too—he was sure of that. Six months passed completely, and it was summer time beyond the murky precincts of Gibbon Street, when Mary was missing from her customary post. The place behind the counter was occupied by Ellen Morison, but the gas was turned low in the parlour when the long daylight had gone, and there was no one now at work within. John noticed this on the first visit, and it was so uncommon an occurrence—so out of the common track of the dullness of life at the repository, that he said quietly, even nervously—

"Where's Miss Mary?"

The face of the elder sister took a deeper

shade of gloom as she answered, reluctantly—

"She is unwell to-day."

"Not very unwell?" he asked.

"No; not very, I hope."

John was not content with these laconic replies, but was compelled to accept them. He went away in a moody and dissatisfied condition, and the next morning he passed round by Gibbon Street on his way to business. The house was open, but there was no one in the shop or parlour, and he sat down and waited with shaking hands and quivering lips for some one to appear. His passion had taken a strong hold upon him now, and he was a very child in his excitement. He did not know how weak he was; he hardly knew how deep had become his reverence for Mary Morison, until there seemed some hidden danger threatening her.

Presently Ellen came down stairs very pale and stern, and stared with surprise at John's early visit.

"I could not go to work until I knew how your sister was," he said humbly and apologetically.

"She is no better," was the answer.

"Has a doctor been sent for?"

"Yes."

"What does he say? what does he think?" asked John.

"He says she is very weak and low."

"Pray have further advice—let me—"

"She is in good hands—she will have the best attention," Ellen replied gravely.

John Dax reappeared in the evening once more—and once more had to wait in the deserted shop wherein the absence of its owner made but little difference to the business. He had something on his mind now which he wished to unburthen to Ellen Morison, and had been brooding upon it all day. It had stood between him and any honest application to work, and, at all hazards, he must say it.

When Ellen came down stairs at last, she

said quietly, as if she had expected to find him waiting there—

“She is no better, John.”

It was the same information as he had received from her in the morning, but it foreboded sadder news to him.

“No better,” he cried, “and you so calm as this!”

“Hush! hush!” she said, as an expression of pain flitted across her face; “it is my duty to be calm.”

“Is she in any danger?”

“God knows!” she replied. “The doctor tells me there is nothing to fear at present.”

“*At present!* Then—”

She laid her hand upon his arm by way of caution.

“You are too loud-voiced, John, and the sick-room is only a few stairs above us. She is sleeping now—don’t wake her for the world.”

“I beg pardon—I am very sorry,” he said, in his new confused way, “but you know—oh! you can guess how her illness troubles me.”

“Yes,” she said, “looking at him sorrowfully, “it is not hard to guess. But do you think I have no trouble, too?”

“Oh! yes, you must have now, for all these long years of injustice towards her.”

“You are foolish and cruel,” Ellen returned, half-angrily; “how do you know I have been unjust?”

“You told me.”

“It is she, poor woman, who—but there, I cannot explain to you. You must not talk of it—at a time like this.”

“You are kinder in your heart towards her—she is lying ill, dangerously ill—you speak to her now?”

“She does not speak to me,” was the reply; “to hear my voice is to aggravate her fever.”

“She shall not lie like this neglected. Who is the doctor?—let me seek him out—let me tell him—”

“Nothing of our lives, or of our enmity, if enmity it be now,” she said, interrupting him. “John Dax, you must not interfere. Leave her to me and to God.”

She put her hands to her face and murmured some low words, as of prayer, before she took them down again; and John Dax had it not in his heart to distrust any more then. It was only in the streets, which he paced that night till a late hour, that the old doubts came back with tenfold force, that he thought down all the manifestations of the elder sister’s grief, and read from the blurred pages of his heated brain a wild history of neglect and apathy—possibly revenge. He must interfere; he must warn some one of Ellen Morison and of the old feud between her and her sister; he must not remain passive, with the woman whom he loved in danger, and that other woman, who surely hated her, her only nurse. His distrust was weakened again by the calm force of Ellen Morison’s demeanour, when, more white and haggard than herself, he faced her the next morning.

Before he could ask the question she had answered him, and for the third time with the old heart-crushing words—

“She is no better!”

“She is dying,” John Dax raved, “and you are keeping it from me.”

“No, no—there is hope—great hope; I pray,” said Ellen, “don’t think that, my poor, weak fellow.”

“Why do you leave her to herself—that is to yourself—when kind words, kind looks, are wanted to keep her brave and strong?” he cried. “Great heaven! to think I can do nothing—that she is lying there without a friend.”

“I am the best friend she has in the world, perhaps,” she murmured.

“It is not true—it can’t be true,” cried John; “you have quarrelled with her, she never hears your voice.”

“It would not benefit her now,” said Ellen, wildly.

"You are wrong."

"No, I am right, she does not know who I am, or where she is; she is delirious."

John wrung his hands in his despair. He would have raved forth again in his grief had not Ellen's hand, as on the first day of tribulation, rested on his arm and checked him.

"I asked you yesterday to leave her to me and to God," she said very sternly. "I demand it to-day as my right. You must not come again to unnerve me; if you are thus childish, you had better keep away, for her sake."

John was awed by her manner—once again the belief that he had misjudged her stole to his mind—once again when he was away from her all the doubts returned. By these doubts beset he sought out the doctor who attended at the sick house and harassed him with many questions, troubling him with injunctions as to secrecy as regarded his visit, and puzzling that worthy, but small practitioner, very much.

"She is in a critical state," he said, when closely pressed by John Dax's inquiries, "but in no immediate danger. She may rally suddenly from the fever, even, for she is young."

"Is she well nursed—well cared for?"

"She has her own sister, who watches night and day. Ellen Morison is killing herself with over nursing."

"Tell her so, please——"

"I have told her so already, but it is no use."

John Dax groaned.

"Are you in any way related to my patient?" the doctor asked, curiously.

"No, sir."

"Ah! a sweetheart perhaps," he said, with an effort to put a cheerful tone upon the subject of discourse, "if so, I hope I may give you permission to see her in a day or two."

"No, sir, not a sweetheart," he answered

mournfully, "but if I might only see her—only be sure——"

And then he came to a full stop, lest he should do Ellen Morison an irreparable injury by his doubts of her. There was innate heroism in this weak fellow's character—he was distrustful, but he would not injure her by a word whilst there were only his own doubts to fight against.

The next day there was the same soul-depressing news, but on the day that followed there came hope.

"She is a little better."

On the day following that she was conscious, but very weak. It was the weakness now which Mary had to fight against, the doctor had said only a few minutes ago, and from that she might sink if great care were not exercised. John waited for the doctor, who told him the same facts, regarding him very curiously and critically meanwhile.

On the third day of better news Ellen Morison came down and faced him with the old grave aspect.

"Not worse?" he cried, in new alarm.

"No, not worse."

"Better then?"

"I hope so."

"The doctor has been?"

"Yes. He tells me that Mary is very anxious to see you."

"To see me!" exclaimed John; "she has thought of me then—spoken of me?"

"Yes. Will you go up stairs and see her? Can I trust you to be calm, whatever she says?"

"You can."

"Her life may be in your hands; remember, but she will see you now."

"I am so glad of that!"

"Ah! do not be mistaken in this hour, for the truth is very near to you."

"Do you know what she is going to say then?" he asked.

"Yes, I think I do."

John looked inquiringly at her, but she pointed to the narrow stairs on the right of

the parlour, and he went up them with a faltering step and a heart that beat wildly with surprise, fear, and even joy.

CHAPTER VI.

CONFESSION.

JOHN DAX went softly into the room where the one romance of his life was sinking fast away. Surely sinking from life, as well as from romance, was the wan and wasted figure lying there, with two great anxious eyes regarding him very wistfully as he entered.

"Oh! poor Mary," murmured the man as he advanced with noiseless step to the bedside, where she seemed to vanish for awhile in the thick mist which rose before him.

There was a silence of some moments, for John was mastering his emotion and growing brave by slow degrees. He had promised Ellen Morison that he would not break down, and was fighting hard to keep his word. It would disturb Mary, too, and that was of more importance than any promise he had made. Presently Mary spoke, and in so faint a whisper that he had to lower his head to catch her words.

"You must not mind me asking you to my room, John," she said, "but it is hard to guess when I may be downstairs again. I have been anxious about you for some time—very, very anxious to tell you something."

"I am listening," said John, "don't hurry. There is plenty of time."

He sat down by the bedside and laid his hand for an instant on her arm, which was too weak to stir beneath his gentle pressure. The mist rose up before his eyes again, and his heart beat very fast. Was she going to tell him that she had read his secret—he who had made no sign of his affection, and had been always grave, and silent, and sub-

servient, like the poor waif whom her charity had warned to love long years ago? Was she going to pity him, and say good-bye? Was she going to tell him that with health and strength returning she might even learn to love him in good time, and that he must take heart and grieve for her no longer? Had the feud ended between the sisters, as at such time as this it should have done, and had Ellen told her of his passion? Was he as near the truth, as she was nigh unto death, in that hour?

"You seem to have been my friend so long, John," she continued, "to be the only one left to me."

"You are very kind to say so, Mary. May I call you Mary now?"

"If you will," she answered; "if you wish it."

"Yes, I wish it," he murmured; "and if it is no offence to you," he added anxiously, "for after all—I—"

"You are the one friend I have," she repeated; "when I came back from all those dreadful dreams, I thought of you first as one on whom I could rely."

"God bless you for that."

"I knew you would aid me, and not be too severe with me."

"I am glad to help, of course," replied John, somewhat bewildered.

"I cannot ask Ellen—you know I dare not speak to her," she said in a more excited whisper.

"Not now! will she not speak even in this hour?" asked John; "well—"

"Hush; not her fault, but mine," said she, interrupting him. "I am weighed down by an awful oath which I dare not, will not break. There is no help for it, unless you help me."

"Is it in my power?"

"I pray it is—I think it is," she answered.

"Ah! there is no happier task you can set me Mary," he cried.

"You were always warm-hearted, John—kind, unselfish, faithful," murmured Mary;

"The little good I ever brought to your life will be repaid a hundred-fold to-day."

"What can I do?"

"You must put your hand on mine again, and promise to forgive the poor, weak girl lying here before you. That is the beginning, John, of—of all that is to come!"

She was very feverish and nervous again. In the excitement she struggled hard to raise her voice, and he hastened to assure her and to calm her.

"I promise to do everything, Mary, but you know, you must know I have nothing to forgive," he cried; "great Heaven what

have you ever been to me, but the one blessing of my life."

"A man different from yourself might learn to curse me, John."

"No—no."

"For I have been very weak and guilty, and it is my crime that has helped to lay me low," she replied. "I—I discovered, long ago, that there was money in that parcel which you left in trust to me—and I have spent it all!—given it all away to bring back hope to me. Pity me, forgive me. I could not live on in my misery any longer."

(*To be continued.*)

HORACE, BOOK III., ODE 9,

Donec gratus eram.

TRANSLATED INTO THE MODERN.

He (regretfully retrospective.)

AH, Maggie, when round your white neck
 (Because you loved me best by far)
 There was no other arm, dear, but mine,
 I was happier, ayé, than the Shah.

She (meeting him half-way.)

I'm sure when your sweetheart was I,
 And Maggie not loved less than Kate,
 There was not a happier girl
 In the world, and renowned was my fate.

He (finessing.)

Pretty Katie you know has my heart;
 She plays the piano and sings:
 I swear, 'pon my word; I should die
 To save her from death's cruel stings.

She (quite equal to the occasion.)

Indeed, Sir. Well, I'm not alone:
 Fitz-James of the Guards I adore,
 And rather than let *him* be harmed,
 I would die, ah, twice over and more:

He (fairly conquered.)

Come, what if the old love return,
And bind us once more with its spell,
Would Maggie come back to my side
If I shake off this golden-haired belle?

She (triumphant and delighted.)

If Fitz-James were as handsome as Mars,
You, fickle and lighter than cork,
And passionate, too, as the sea,
Why you are my love.—How I talk!

(And she got her own way, and re-hooked her fish of course.)

OTTAWA.

F. A. D.

CENTRAL AMERICAN SKETCHES.

BY H. H.

II.

Start for the interior—A free and easy Magistrate—
Arrest explained—Singular mode of baggage
transport—Tropical forest travelling—Tragical
emigration experiences—Ingenious Aboriginal
umbrella—Indian dietary and cooking—Splendid
birds and butterflies—Extraordinary Suspension
bridge—A question for Ethnologists.

WE left the reader after a narrow
escape from punishment to sleep
off the discomfort of arrest. Next day we
visited the Commandante, who, with the
nonchalant ease of officials in this country,
suspended a trial he was presiding over, to
chat with us, in which he explained that
tobacco had been smuggled in the boat,
and suspicion pointed to myself, as it was
found under my mattress—a trick of Don
Pedro's.

I had five or six trunks and boxes with
me, each weighing more than 100 lbs. : it was
puzzling to know how Indians were going to
carry them over thirty leagues of bad road,
and how many it would take to do it. He
assured me that six Indians would be at my
lodgings in an hour, and I could depend
upon each one carrying a trunk.

The Indians now came to see the loads

and after considerable talk amongst them-
selves, left to fetch "bastimento" or food.
I had to wait for them until nearly two
o'clock, when after more talk, each of them
selected his load, at the same time unfolding
a long flat strap of raw hide but well worn.
These straps had a broader band about the
middle of them to the extent of about a foot.
They fastened a strap to each box, tying it
firmly round at the bottom, but leaving
the broad part free at the top. When
arranged to their satisfaction they stooped
down, holding the straps over their heads,
and letting the broad band fall on to the
middle, just above the crown; all being
adjusted they rose, each one having a load
thus held on his back; the whole weight be-
ing divided about equally between the head
and back, leaving the arms perfectly free.
Seeing what a struggle it seemed to cost
them to rise from the ground with their loads,
I wished to lighten their burdens, but only
got laughed at, and telling George to ask
one of them if he could carry his load, he
answered, rather savagely, "Coruo no, y
ruas eucima" (Why not? and more on the

top of it). Most of the carrying trade of the country is done thus on Indian's backs; many thousand sacks of coffee, weighing from 110 to 130 lbs., are taken from the plantations in the interior to the port, the usual day's journey being from 15 to 20 miles, according to the state of the road.

A short ride along a narrow road cut through the low bush led into the virgin forest, which burst on us quite unexpectedly. The grandeur and rich luxuriance that distinguish the original forests of the coasts in the tropics are beyond description. Even Kingsley despairingly laments his inability to picture this scenery. That afternoon's ride brought me a perfect realization of all the poetical wildness of scenery, accompanied by the gorgeous gloom and phantasy which give such a charm to Fouqué's beautiful story of Undine.

I was particularly struck by the apparent absence of sound. If there were any beasts, birds, or insects in the forest, all were absolutely silent. The sense of solitude in a place which I knew must be teeming with animal life was most impressive; but all my subsequent experience was that a forest ride about mid-day is the true time to seek for absolute stillness in nature.

On the opposite bank of the river, which we here crossed to the left, a large tract of land had been evidently cleared at some time, though the large trees were again growing up. My companion told me a very sad and sorrowful tale about the place.

About 25 years previously a company had been formed in England called the Central America Emigration Company. Some thirty families, principally English and German, were induced to emigrate to a place of which absolutely nothing was known, and after many hardships on the passage, were planted down here to form a colony and cultivate the land, which they had been assured would grow anything with the smallest amount of labour. Though they arrived in the dry sea-

son their troubles soon began. There was no town where they could buy provisions within 50 miles. The natives looked upon them as lunatics for settling in a place where they themselves would not live. Soon many of them were sick with fever or dysentery. Such as could do so left to get to Belize, others, to go into the interior, and soon the place was deserted, but not until nearly forty had died. My companion was one of the deluded, and he buried there his three children. Dickens has been accused of exaggeration in the sad episodes of colonization, in "Martin Chuzzlewit;" but if they were at all overdrawn as regards the United States in its early days, the colony of "Boca Nueva" would have supplied him with materials for pictures which even his eloquent pen could not overdraw.

Close upon sunset we reached a clearing with a few houses, where I met my friends. The Mozos, or Indian carriers, arrived soon after with my boxes, and I feared that the contents might have received considerable damage from the rain, but every Indian when on a carrying expedition has with him a "zuya-cal," which may be termed the native umbrella, and though it may be very primitive it is very ingenious, and answers its purpose even better than a modern umbrella would do. It consists of strips of a kind of palm leaf dried, and cut in an irregular shape. Each strip is about four inches wide at the bottom and narrows towards the top to about two inches; these are sewn together with pita—a coarse thread made out of the maguay leaf. The zuya-cal is about a yard and a half long, and is composed of about ten of these strips, which are all tied together at the top. When rain comes on it is opened out and placed with the top over the Indian's head, and falls over his back, or, if he is carrying, over his load. During all the time I was in the country I never knew a zuya-cal fail to keep what it was protecting perfectly dry, and I have frequently, when travelling in a thunder

shower, had the rain penetrating my supposed water-proof of European or American manufacture, whilst the Indians I passed had kept themselves and their loads quite dry. The ingenuity shewn by these Indians in utilizing the natural productions of their country is very admirable; and as in carrying their loads the great object is to have the arms free, the *zuya-cal* is certainly well adapted to their need, and I have more than once had a proffered loan of an umbrella rejected as something entirely beneath their notice. When it is not raining the *zuya-cal* is rolled up, and carried tied to the load. As it frequently happens that the loads the Indians have to carry are of such a nature as to make it either undesirable or impossible to pack them in a box, they have invariably what is called a *cacaste*. This is a square frame, rudely put together, open at the front and sides, with a kind of shelf near the bottom and one half way up. At the back there is nailed a thin board, to make it easier for the carrier's back. It is astonishing what multifarious loads can be carried in these *cacastes*. When buying such an article as sugar they would have nothing to put it in but a *cacaste* and a net, and as the semi-refined sugar of the country is made in loaves weighing from twenty to twenty-five pounds each, the usual load is five loaves. For this the middle shelf is removed, and the loaves are piled one on another and a net is passed round the whole affair to keep the load together. I have known Indians travel for several days under continual rain, with no other protection for their loads than their *zuya-cales*, and they have delivered their burdens in perfectly good condition.

When going on a journey they always have their food for the whole time prepared before leaving. It consists either exclusively of "*pixtones*," or of *pixtones* and *frijoles*. The *pixton* is a cake made of roughly ground maize, which is made into a paste at the same time that it is ground. When the paste is of a proper

consistency, the grinder, (usually the wife of the "*Mozo*") takes it and pats it in her hands, turning it with a quick motion of the wrist, and rounding it off at the same time. In about two minutes it is made into shape and is then put on a flat round dish of baked clay called a "*comal*," over a wood fire, and is turned frequently until baked. This is a *pixton*, and six of these cakes are sometimes all the food an Indian takes in a day, during a journey, and when carrying 120 lbs. weight on his back. He takes also a "*teco-mate*," a curiously shaped bottle made out of an oblong gourd hollowed and dried; the mouth of this is stopped with a piece of corn cob for a cork. He has also a small, roughly made clay vessel called a "*batidor*," for boiling water, and with these he is equipped for the journey. When travelling, the Indians seldom drink cold water with their food, but when meal time arrives, and this is generally fixed by certain locations on the road, rather than by any hour. They make a fire of dry wood, put the *batidor* with water to boil, and place the *pixtones* among the embers to warm, so that, though it may not be abundant or very tempting, they always have a hot meal wherever they are.

The North-East Coast of Guatemala is very thinly populated as yet. All the way up the river there was not a sign of a human habitation until reaching *Panzos*. On the road thence to *Teléman* there are clearings but no permanent inhabitants, and we were now going to travel on the low lands for twelve leagues, where we could meet with nothing to eat. Our party numbered five mounted, including our servants, and besides our Indian carriers. All the original forests had been cleared away, except here and there a clump of high trees, but the vegetation was very rich and luxuriant, the bushes on the sides of the road being covered over with several kinds of *convulvulus*, the varied colours of which gave the road a very gay appearance. It was altogether different to the ride of the previous day, nor was there any want of noise,

for the bushes swarmed with green parrots, who seemed to go in droves, and after chattering and quarrelling a minute in the bush went off in rapid flight, but never ceased their noise for a moment. We saw several groups of macaws, a splendid large bird, (about the size of an English pheasant) of a bright scarlet and yellow colour. These also were noisy, but not so noisy as the parrots. They are very gorgeous birds, but though somewhat quaint in their appearance and habits, they have no particular faculty of articulation like the parrot. The humming birds of the coast districts form a large and exceedingly interesting family, but their small size prevents the beauty of their plumage from being noticed, except occasionally when poised upon some flower, the sun's ray falls on them and lights up their rich lustre. But I was most pleased with the butterflies. The paucity of the English Lepidoptera quite unprepared me for such abundance of charming shapes and colours as we came across at almost every step. One especially, "Morpho Montezuma," nearly as large as the open palm of a man's hand, at the first sight of which I have known the most stolid naturalists go into ecstasies, kept flying past with a majestic movement—a very Emperor of insects.

We rode eight leagues, amidst such exciting novelties that we seemed to forget all about breakfasting, until we arrived, about 2 p.m., at the Polichic.

This place is called El Hamaca—the Hammock—which name it derives from a very curious bridge which crosses the river at that point. The Polichic ceases to be navigable just above Teleman, and up from there it has more of the characteristics of a large mountain stream; owing to its strong current, and the immense stones which form its bed, it is not safe to cross it, either mounted or on foot.

In the Hamaca there is another instance of the native's ingenuity in adapting the natural resources of the country to their needs, with-

out extraneous aid. It is in reality a rude kind of suspension bridge; the floor of which consists of one long tree, squared down rudely with an axe until just wide enough to walk along. This is held in its place by what appear at a distance to be ropes, but which are a parasitical vegetable growth, to be met with on the coasts, making, both in strength and durability, an excellent substitute for ropes. Two of these are tied firmly round rocks situated most conveniently opposite each other; these ropes, or "bejucos," are attached to the bridge by shorter ones, but which are not so thick as the main ones. These supporting ropes being more than a yard apart, the bridge barely a foot wide, the numerous side ropes give it something of the form of an open hammock, from which it derives its name.

The two sides being so far apart, and the bridge itself so very narrow, it needs considerable care in crossing to avoid a fall into the roaring river, but otherwise it is quite safe. Of course, it is only possible to cross it on foot, and we had to drive our horses and mules into the river, and make them cross by force of shouting and throwing stones at them.

Except the little squaring done to the bridge with an axe, there is nothing in its construction which would need the use of iron, and as far as I could learn, this is the kind of bridge which was in use before the conquest by the Spaniards, the primitive model of those times not having been modified or improved upon in any respect.

A recent article in *Blackwood's Magazine*, on a journey made into the remote and little-known fastnesses of the Himalaya mountains, gives a description of a very similarly constructed bridge common in that part of the world; and this curious fact might serve to give colour to the speculations of some Ethnologists, as to whether the Indians of the West may not be a degenerate branch of the Asiatic family.

(To be continued.)

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE debate on the Senate disclosed one fact of considerable importance, and that is—the exceeding crudity and haziness of our political system. To the member for Bothwell we may give credit for a speech, displaying ability and research, coupled with unquestionable earnestness and sincerity. It is to be regretted, however, that he went out of his way to indulge in reflections on the *personnel* of the existing Senate. His course, in this respect, was not only unnecessary to the establishment of his case, but, as the event has proved, a palpable error in tactics. Fortunately, his opponents, notably those of his own party, pointed their artillery too high and overshot the mark. The freedom of political inquiry and discussion is likely to fare ill with us, if matters have really come to such a pass that any one who calmly and intelligently suggests a constitutional amendment is to be subjected to personal insult and ridicule, or pelted with vituperative epithets. One would almost imagine that Mr. Mills had committed some offence against the laws of morality, or was connected in some occult way with the Commune or the International, to be abused as he has been. His designs are “revolutionary,” his statesmanship is “Lilliputian,” “Constitution-tinkering is his hobby,” and, although no one would mistake him for a Bentham or a Stuart Mill, he might, “had the time been propitious,” have been a “Canadian Sieyès, with constitutional dissolving views and general phantasmagoria quite on a par with those of the versatile Abbé.” Our “philosopher,” we are told, has not been gifted with “the tongue of the eloquent,” and therefore he persuades himself that he is “profound;” but profundity, as we gather from the same learned Theban,

is “a twin excellence with dulness.” All this is bad enough: but worse remains behind. “Weakness” and “deficiency of intellect” are offences not to be condoned; and Mr. Mills has added to his guilt by being “meagrely educated,” has advanced in his career of sin through the degrading vice of school-teaching, and filled up the measure of it by acting in the despicable capacity of an Inspector of Schools. Now all this virulent language is hurled at the hon. member’s head because he heedlessly let fall two words in reference to some of the Senators—“defeated politicians.” They were probably aimed at no one in particular, but like the man who drew his bow at a venture, Mr. Mills has pierced between the joints of somebody’s armour and must be made to suffer for it. That is all: *hæret lateri lethalis arundo*.

Repudiating utterly, as both insolent and illogical, a mode of political controversy now unhappily reduced to a system, let us endeavour to consider the subject on its merits. It may be assumed at once that it is the right of Mr. Mills or of any one else, whether our Constitution be seven years old or seventy, to indicate its anomalies and defects, if such there be, and to suggest a remedy. It is quite true that constitutional questions are in their nature delicate questions, because for their satisfactory solution, many qualifications of mind and temper are essential. Moreover, a change in any prominent feature of an existing system can only be justified on two grounds—first, that it has glaring and obvious defects incompatible with the general scheme of government, or at least with its efficient working; secondly, that the proposed modification is theoretically sound and congruous, and likely—so

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far as human foresight can pronounce upon a probability—to add strength and harmony to the entire structure. Both these reasons for action are necessary before we can decide in what direction we should move, or whether it would be prudent to move at all. Mr. Mills takes, we think, an erroneous view of the nature of government when he pronounces the opinion that it “partakes of the elements of an exact science.” “I believe,” he continues, “it is possible to anticipate mischief, and to study the geography of politics in such a manner as to determine *with a very considerable degree of accuracy*, to what particular point any particular measure is *likely to lead*.” The words we have italicised are fatal to the speaker’s position; for with degrees of accuracy, if such exist, whether considerable or otherwise, or with probabilities, an “exact” science has no concern. But we agree with Mr. Mills that it is at any time open to him or to others to point out the weak spots in our scheme of government and to propound a plan for adjusting and invigorating it. If the existing constitution of the Senate places that body out of concord with the other branches of the Legislature, and renders it weak or incompetent, there is a *prima facie* case made out for its alteration. Yet, when that is done, we have advanced but a short distance in the path of progress. The Senate may be an anomaly; but there are anomalies in every governmental system which has existed anywhere else than on paper. It may be weak; but so are all human contrivances. We are not arguing from these premises that we are bound to perpetuate the anomaly or to remain passive under the infirmity, but the contrary. The consciousness of a defect and the resolution to devise a remedy are among the strongest stimulants to human activity. All that is contended for here is that any proposed amendment should be weighed carefully, appraised at its probable value, and adopted only when we have a reasonable assurance that it will not merely cure the

defects, but also that it will not entail upon us greater evils than those it is intended to remove.

Something was said during the debate on the propriety of leaving the subject to be discussed and matured by public opinion. To popular institutions we are attached ardently and from conviction, but not blindly; and we reject a notion of representative government which if adopted, would be an act of parliamentary suicide. To the people unquestionably belongs the right of ratifying or rejecting any plan deliberately thought out by those who are chosen by them for that and kindred purposes; but what is to be the issue of a proposal which would virtually defeat the primary object of every representative system? Mr. Stuart Mill has said in speaking of this very question:—“The deficiencies of a democratic assembly, which represents the public, are the deficiencies of the public itself, want of special training and knowledge.” (Repres. Gov. p. 99, Ed. 1865). To which we may add that, even with an electorate passably educated, these deficiencies are much more serious and troublesome in the latter case than in the former. If a change in the constitution of the Senate be, as we believe it is, inevitable, if not imminent, we require to enlist in the framing of that change all the ability at our command, irrespective of party distinction. When the scheme is elaborated, it may be presented to the people, as the best that can be devised, and they should then be called upon, in the constitutional way, to judge between the old and the new. But if the subject is to be made the battledore of parties at the polls instead of being the serious occupation of calm and matured thought, it had perhaps be better left alone. Already there are within the ranks of the *soi-disant* Reform party, two factions fighting with the rancour characteristic of an embittered and alienated friendship. On a question of the highest importance, where Canada ought above all things to be “first,” the interests of the coun-

try form but a background to the tinsel glories of party triumph. The one faction charges the other with stopping the gradual but certain attainment of a Senatorial majority, and is met by the retort that by the time that is accomplished, the sins of Reformers will have found them out, and the achievement would therefore be barren of party advantage.

The exceeding crudity and haziness of our political system, or else the inadequacy or incorrectness of the ideas entertained about it, is evident. Both parties, during the present controversy, have talked glibly about our "federal system of government," and Mr. Mills's declaratory resolution was predicated upon it. What constitutes a federal system? Let us hear the hon. member himself:—"It is the union of several independent and distinct sovereignties for certain definite purposes, which have divested themselves of the original power of which they were possessed, just in so far as these powers have been conferred upon a single or national Legislature." Now if this be a correct definition of Federalism, then our government is not federal, and the entire superstructure Mr. Mills has based upon it, falls to the ground. Sir John Macdonald and M. Fournier have both shown that this theory is untenable, and their opinions have recently received judicial confirmation, in the case of *Reg. v. Taylor*, from the Ontario Court of Common Pleas. We may quote a few lines from this judgment, omitting reference to the particular subject-matter in litigation:—"The Dominion Government, unlike the Government of the United States, possesses the general sovereignty of the country, subordinate, of course, to the Imperial Parliament, while the Provinces, unlike the respective States of the Union, can exercise their merely delegated powers." Mr. Mills's theory of sovereignties has as much to rest upon as the fiction of an original compact at the formation of society. So far as the United States is concerned, Mr. Mills is theoretically correct; but practically theirs is no more a purely federal government than

ours. He distinctly objects to the Supreme Court here, because it is inconsistent with Federalism, and yet there it exists across the border as a very important portion of what on his own contention is truly a federal system. It is further urged that under a federal system, the Senate need not be organized on a federal basis; if so, why then is our system "inconsistent" with such a general theory? The hon. member would reply that, by confining the Crown to the selection of a fixed number from three great geographical areas, we admit the federal basis. He seems to forget that it is by mere accident that particular interests are circumscribed within certain geographical limits, and that it was the interests that were being looked after in the constitution of the Senate, not the geographical position. These interests may not always coincide with arbitrarily fixed localities, nor do they now do so completely. Ontario and the Maritime Provinces had interests peculiarly their own; Quebec had a language and institutions to preserve, and it was to protect these interests that an equal representation to each of these sections was granted. In short, the three sections are merely aggregations of diverse and possibly conflicting interests, not "sovereignties." If the word "federal" have any particular charm in it, Mr. Mills is free to adopt it, but only on condition that he be willing to apply it, in a non-American sense, to any governmental arrangement by which particular interests, religious, national, agricultural, manufacturing, commercial, mining, or fishing are hedged about with adequate safe-guards. In the wider signification the United Kingdom is a confederation, not so much of the separate kingdoms, as of the distinct and special interests in any one of them. Here also hon. gentlemen who are at a loss to reconcile the statements in the preamble of the B. N. A. Act that we were to be "federally united," and yet to have a "Constitution, similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom," may find a master-key to their puzzle.

If our position be tenable, it follows, therefore, not that a change in the constitution of the Senate would be improper, but that its justification must be based on other grounds. The abolition of the Senate or its re-construction in a purely elective form, has been repudiated on all hands. Mr. Moss, in a very able speech, reviewed the various methods of constituting a Second Chamber, noticing particularly Mr. Stuart Mill's scheme and its possible combination with others. We may perhaps refer to Mr. Moss's address hereafter, and, as we propose to recur to the subject, we must be content, on this occasion, to summarize briefly our objections to the scheme of the member for Bothwell. We object to it because it is founded upon a mistaken notion of our constitutional system, and because, instead of rendering the local and general authorities essentially distinct, it would directly tend to confuse them. A system which assigns to a local body important functions which are outside its legitimate sphere is self-condemned. We object to it, because Dominion politics would inevitably become Provincial politics, and the circumscribed jurisdiction of the Assemblies would be lost to view in the struggle for Senatorships. Because, the constituency being small, it is the more accessible to corrupt influences. Because in two Provinces a great part of two sessions of every Parliament would be occupied, in doubtful and shady manœuvring, to the detriment of Provincial interests and of the general morality. Because, instead of restoring public confidence in the Senate, it would eventually degrade that body in general esteem, by making it a refuge for the destitute and "defeated politicians" of all the Provinces as well as of the Dominion. Because, while the Premier of the Dominion has now, at irregular and for the most part unforeseen intervals, the opportunity of rewarding public or party services, the glittering bait would be offered at every seat of government at stated times to be foreseen and duly provided for in the

interests of party. Because such a system would produce and foster political rings, and seats in the Senate would be made the equivalent of corrupt compromises, if not the subject of direct bargain and sale. Because the plan devised for the protection of minorities is delusive, and, in our view, utterly impracticable. Under whatever system of voting might be adopted, the result would be equally unsatisfactory. If a certain minimum of votes were fixed, the result would probably be a dead-lock. If a mere plurality served to elect, neither majority nor minority might be adequately represented. And if subsequent voting were necessary, a powerful majority, which had already elected one or two of its party, might effectually wrest the other seat or seats from its opponents. Finally, because it would turn each side of the House into a standing party Convention, in which the dissentients would be drilled into obedience, and thus a scheme devised to protect one minority would enable the wire-pullers to crush one or perhaps two others. Here we must pause for the present with the hope that we have not transcended the limits of fair and courteous criticism in examining the scheme of Mr. Mills.

Those who remember the fierce struggles touching Separate Schools in the old Province of Canada, will be ready to congratulate the dominant party on its improved temper and enlarged views. It would, no doubt, be uncharitable to insinuate that the interests of party have had anything to do with this change of front; otherwise it might be suggested that the support of Quebec is indispensable, and that a profession of opinion, which is not to result in action, is easily made. When one can do nothing, it is easy to say anything. For our own part, we are not disposed to find any serious fault with Ministers, except for the clumsy contrivance to which they had recourse. There is a growing tendency to shirk responsibility, not of good augury.

Sometimes it is by throwing the onus on the Crown ; sometimes by assigning to a Court the discharge of functions which the Constitution has laid upon the Privy Council ; and now it is by fastening the odium, if there be any, on the party at large by means of a caucus. Now there can be no reasonable objection to Ministers unfolding their policy on any question at a meeting of their supporters, but it should be a policy they are prepared to avow, and should not appear in the guise of amendments by private members. Herein lies the clumsiness of the device.

In Ontario and Quebec the minorities are protected by the ninety-third clause of the Imperial Act—one of those instances, we may remind Mr. Mills, in which interests were regarded at the expense of "sovereignties." New Brunswick had no Separate School Act, and seems determined to enact none ; but in 1871 the legislature passed a law banishing religious teaching from the common schools. This law has lately been declared constitutional by the Judicial Committee, and therefore Mr. Costigan desires an appeal to the Imperial Parliament for a statutory amendment, compelling the Province to concede the privilege enjoyed by the other minorities. When Mr. Mackenzie moved an amendment deprecating Imperial legislation, one might have supposed that that was the whole of his policy ; but in fact it was only a moiety of it, the other half being in the hands of M. Cauchon. The result is that instead of asking Imperial interference with Provincial rights, Her Majesty is to be solicited to use her influence with the recalcitrant New Brunswick. In other words, Earl Carnarvon is desired to write a despatch to the Lieut.-Governor in favour of a Separate School Act. We remember that the late Lord Lytton, when Colonial Secretary, sent a similar despatch to the old Province of Canada and to the Maritime Provinces, recommending the establishment of a Divorce

Court. We were then under what it was the fashion to call "Lower Canada domination," and treated Downing Street with contempt. New Brunswick, however, obeyed the monition with alacrity ; so if "better terms" have not deprived her of her native meekness—in other words, if she has not "waxed fat and kicked," justice may yet be done to the Roman Catholic minority.

The continuous severity of the weather, since Christmas, will, we trust, render the past winter of exceptional historic interest ; may we never "look upon its like again," is the hope of all. The Toronto Observatory report states, that "not only was the term 4th to 19th February, with respect to the number of consecutive days when temperature fell to or below zero, more than twice as long as any other term recorded, when temperature fell as low, but the mean temperature — 8.78, was lower by many degrees than that of any group of equal length." The snow fall was also very heavy, and being accompanied with high winds, the drifts were so deep as to stop locomotion in some parts for many days. At Mount Forest, a station on the Toronto, Grey, and Bruce Railway, there were delivered on one day, the accumulated mails of eleven days ; on this line a train was left, and the snow buried it out of sight. On the Toronto and Nipissing line, several trains were stopped *en route*, and the passengers taken forward or home by the sleighs of farmers near at hand. Throughout the country, all business has been disorganized which was in any way dependent upon the maintenance of the ordinary intercourse along the main or subsidiary lines of road or rail.

Owing in some measure to this paralysis of trade, there arose some few weeks ago a considerable agitation in financial circles, as money seemed to have been touched by the restrictive power of the prevailing frost. As usual in such times, which will occur in the best regulated money markets, all kinds

of rumours were engendered; the "three black crows" were again let loose, but so far, and the excitement is well-nigh over, "nobody seems one penny the worse." Much of the worry and harm of tight times arises from a lack of an intelligent perception of the fact, that money is a commodity, subject to the operations of the laws of supply and demand, and to all the variations of price and conditions of storage and dispersion, just as wheat or any manufactured product. For depositors to draw out their funds from the banks, or note-holders to demand their redemption in coin, because money is scarce and dear, and traders are compelled to liquidate their engagements instead of having them renewed, is just as senseless a policy as for a farmer to withdraw his produce from the market, because it is fetching a good price. Between the stability of the banks and their power to loan as much as is demanded at any particular period at a normal rate, there is no more connection than between a man's positive wealth, and the loose change in his pocket.

It seems to be generally conceded, however, that there are symptoms of undue expansion of business based upon credit, upon borrowed capital for importing wholesale; and borrowed means to hold retail stocks. There is no financial rule for testing and solving a problem of this nature. The average amount loaned by the banks in 1874, was 50 per cent. more than in 1871, in the same period—a very large, very rapid increase; yet their more permanent deposits were more than doubled, so that although the banks doubtless are weighted unduly with inactive paper, arising from the extreme depression of the lumber interest, their loans to traders now bear the same proportion to the stored savings lent to them for this purpose, which they did four years ago.

The Scotch banks are conceded to be of unusual strength and exemplars of prudence; their discounts and advances on credit and

cash accounts are about \$320,000,000, their paid-up capital is about \$50,000,000; that is they lend to traders six times the amount they own. Our banks lend on discount twice their paid-up capital; that is, twice the amount they own. The Scotch banks thus borrow five-sixths of the money they lend; our banks borrow only three-sixths. Although there has been much to disturb business, and a depression of one leading industry of most serious moment, the storing of the people's savings, has kept pace in extent and speed with the enormous and rapid expansion of their borrowings, and the loans made by our banks are in a very great proportion more of their own money, their paid up capital, than those of the Scotch bankers, whose prudence and strength are notorious. Hence we may safely infer that the business done by the assistance of the banks during the last few years has been averaging a fair profit, and that the expanded operations of the banks in discounts have been based so largely on their own capitals, as to give depositors most ample assurance of their funds being safely invested to their own and the general advantage of the country.

The proposed change in the Dominion Note Act is, to some extent, a step in the right direction. The arbitrary fixture of a certain proportion of gold to be held for notes issued is, however, now disapproved by the highest modern authorities. In the case of there being two currencies afloat, government and banking, one resting on a fractional gold basis, and the other upon the superstructure so scantily supported, it is demonstrable, from recent experiences, that the restriction of the former issue to a certain ratio of gold held, or *vice versa*, the necessity of holding gold for notes issued, leads to constant efforts being necessary either to restrict the issues or to increase the gold in order to avoid breaches of the law. Now a government has no such ebb and flow of money as the banks have; its notes once out, they do not return and again flow forth hour

by hour in constant streams in and out like the bank issues. These notes are now absolutely divisible into two well defined sections: what the public uses as currency along with the bank issues, and what remains in the treasury of the banks. The former part really needs no gold reserve, it keeps up to a certain minimum, steadily, and nothing but a revolution or an invasion could drive it in for redemption in coin. But the other part is counted on by the banks as part of their reserve, that is, a fund available in emergency; for a money reserve which is never to be used is as absurd as a military reserve which must only be looked at. The pressure then on the banks, as recently, for gold to export to New York leads them to ask the Government for the redemption of some of their reserve of Dominion notes; but as the gold held by the Government is only just enough to comply with the law, the call of the banks necessitates the restriction of the notes issued by the Government in order to avoid breaking the law. This operation involves the withdrawal of funds from the banks, as the notes held by the public are of course beyond reach, and hence the aggravation of any tightness prevailing, or its cause if the conditions are favourable. To increase, as Mr. Cartwright proposes, the Government issues, and to increase by a larger ratio the gold held as a reserve, will so far enlarge the area over which the pressure for gold may be exercised by the banks as to decrease its relative force, and to remove to a great extent the necessity for curtailing the Government deposits when there occurs a drain of gold to New York.

The debates on the Pacific Railway, though somewhat wearisome in their details, were full of interest. Not to speak of the great enterprise as an important factor in our calculations on the national future, the subject has derived additional claims to public attention from the painful but instructive moral it pointed, at a great party revolution.

We have no intention of recurring to the past, or even of depicting the probable glories of the future. It is only necessary on this occasion, to indicate the policy of the present Administration, and to enquire how far it deserves the confidence and approval of the country. Mr. Mackenzie's speeches, especially the opening one, fully justified the opinion we expressed in our last number, of his ability and assiduity as an administrator. Dr. Tupper, who led the Opposition attack, is a clever master of fence, possessed at once of eloquence and tact. The case against the Government may be found in his address and, if it fails to convince, and we think it should fail, nothing remains but to approve of the general scheme adopted. The subject has been unfortunately 'complicated by the discontent of British Columbia. The haste—the generous haste, perhaps we may call it—of Sir John Macdonald's Government, led to a bargain with the Pacific Provinces which could hardly have been carried out even under the most auspicious circumstances. The political struggle, resulting in the overthrow of the Government, rendered it out of the question. The negotiations that ensued, after the advent of the new Administration, need not be narrated in detail. To us it seems that British Columbia was unnecessarily sharp in insisting upon the terms of the bond; suffice it to say, that the adjustment adopted through the intervention of Earl Carnarvon, with Mr. Walkem at his elbow, is now beyond discussion. It involves the construction of a railway in Vancouver's Island from Esquimalt to Nanaimo, a graving-dock at the former place, an early commencement of the Pacific Road proper on the mainland, and the expenditure upon it annually of two millions of dollars, a trans-continental telegraph, and the completion of the road from the west of Lake Superior to the Pacific by the close of 1890. With that branch of the subject we need not concern ourselves further; and the same may be said of the

Winnipeg and Pembina connection which is under contract.

With regard to the rest of the Government plan, it seems impossible to judge of it aright, if we lose sight of the objects in view. The first was to make as direct a connection between ocean and ocean as possible, taking advantage of the great inland water navigation, and ultimately to construct an "all-rail" line entirely over Canadian territory. This was, in short the policy deliberately adopted by the last Parliament, and sanctioned by the electorate at the polls. The immediate duty of the Government, therefore, was obvious and plain, -- to complete with all convenient speed connection, partly by rail and partly by water, with the head of navigation on the St. Lawrence. If this be borne in mind, the objections raised against Mr. Mackenzie's scheme may be estimated at their true value. An examination of the map will show that the forty-fifth parallel of latitude runs through Muskoka Lake and a little above Cornwall on the St. Lawrence; the forty-sixth through the French River harbour; the forty-seventh through Point Mamainse, just as you emerge from the east into the open waters of Lake Superior; the forty-eighth a little to the north of Michipicoten Harbour; and thence through the mouth of Pigeon River, the boundary line here, and therefore to the south of Thunder Bay; the forty-ninth, near the mouth of Nepigon River and the Lake of the Wood, from the western end of which it forms the boundary line all the way to the Pacific; finally, the fiftieth passes a little north of the middle of Lake Nepigon, and to the north of Fort Garry.

Now, supposing you intended to construct the most direct line by rail and water from the fiftieth parallel to between the forty-fifth and forty-sixth, how would common sense teach you to do it? Clearly from Winnipeg to the west end of Lake Superior, thence by water, in almost a straight line to French River, and thence south-easterly either directly

to Montreal, or to some point on the Ottawa, where navigation or railway connections could be had. This is Mr. Mackenzie's plan in brief. He proposes to construct as a public work, eighty-five miles of road, from French River at the north-east angle of the Georgian Bay to a point south of Lake Nipissing, and then to grant a subsidy in aid of the Canada Central to the Ottawa. West of Lake Superior the connection will be completed, partly by rail and partly by water to Lake Winnipeg. It is calculated that this will be accomplished within three years.

When examined, it will be found that all the objections to this scheme are predicated upon the false assumption that our immediate task is the construction of an all-rail inter-oceanic line. The latter enterprise, as Lord Carnarvon observes, is "postponed rather than abandoned." Dr. Tupper ventured to divide the House but once. His proposition was, that, deliberately abandoning the policy sanctioned both by Parliament and people, the Government should commence to build, eastward and westward, from Lake Nepigon, a line through the most barren and unpromising portion of the route—the land lying between Lakes Nepigon and Nipissing. The answer obviously is that we are not now building the all-rail line, and that it is hardly worth while to construct the most unprofitable portion of it when we have fifteen years before us before we are to reach the Pacific coast. The complaints of the North Colonization advocates may receive the same answer. With the object now in view, the proposal to construct a North-Ottawa line would be like going round the arc of a bow, when the chord is at your service.

The Boards of Trade in Toronto and elsewhere, acted under a similar misconception of the proximate work before the Premier. It was quite proper that a deputation should be sent to Ottawa, and explanation solicited. Messrs. Turner and Dumble stated that the Canada Central was no part of the Pacific Railway proper, but could only benefit the

Province of Quebec. If, however, the Premier had determined to subsidize that company, Ontario claimed, as a matter of justice, that the Georgian Bay branch should be connected also with the Ontario lines, at the general expense. Mr. Mackenzie replied that if they were constructing the Pacific Railway proper, the claim of Ontario would be indisputable; but, for the present, there was no use in the connection sought, from a Provincial, much less from a national, point of view, for Ontario had already five ports on Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay, in immediate connection with her lines of railway. The object of the Government was to make direct land and water communication between the Atlantic and the North-West, and that was all it proposed to accomplish at present. So far as Parliamentary debates are concerned, the subject has been finally set at rest. During next Session, Ministers will doubtless be in a position to report substantial progress in the work. It may be reasonably expected also that the troublesome choice of a mountain pass will have been definitively made, and even the route north of the Upper Lakes finally agreed upon.

The discussion on the Supreme Court Bill has brought into view an extremely important question regarding the judicial rights of the Provinces. There is much force in the objections offered by Messrs. Mills and Palmer to interferences, on the part of the proposed Court, with Provincial decisions on Provincial Laws. That the words "laws of Canada," (B. N. A. Act, sec. 101), *primâ facie* mean laws of the Dominion, seems clear. Nowhere in the Act, so far as we can see, is "Canada" employed so as to cover purely Provincial matters. Canada before the Union is invariably referred to as "the Province of Canada," except where the context clearly indicates the reference (e. g. sec. 102). In sec. 93, amongst the classes of subjects over which the Provinces have exclusive jurisdiction are (13), "property and

civil rights," and (14), "the administration of justice in the Province, including the constitution, maintenance, and organization of Provincial Courts," &c. This, however, is only one side of the question. The Dominion Government appoints the judges (sec. 96), pays and pensions them (sec. 100), and although they hold office, *quam diu se bene gesserint*, they may be removed "on address of the Senate and House of Commons" (sec. 99). Are they not then Dominion Courts, administering "the laws of Canada," local, as well as general? And where is the incongruity in constituting another Dominion Court to review their decisions? Sec. 101 was necessary, simply because a general Court of Appeal could not be of Provincial institution, and it will be observed that the three words used in sub-section 14, (quoted above), are repeated here. Though not strictly speaking, analogous, there is a strong resemblance between the position of Scotland and the position of Quebec, for instance. Scotland enjoys her own laws, "the constitution, maintenance," &c., of her peculiar courts, but the judges are appointed by the Crown, and the House of Lords enjoys an appellate jurisdiction over local questions, and these questions primarily as well as ultimately, are decided according to Scottish law. The subject is confessedly beset with difficulties, and, as Mr. Hillyard Cameron justly observed, it would be a serious matter if the Court should be established before all reasonable doubts had been dissipated. It is to be regretted that Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Blake, to whose opinions great deference and weight are due, should have refrained from saying anything. M. Fournier, had no hesitation in pronouncing his opinion with confidence, and Mr. Moss substantially agreed with him, though the latter, with his practical view of matters, pointed out some rocks ahead. We agree with Mr. Wilkes that, as an ornament to the Vice-regal speech, the Bill was well enough; more we can hardly expect from it this Session.

Mr. Cameron suggested an application to the Imperial Parliament for legislation to dispel the mist. We think that our Parliament should hesitate before it takes any such step; at any rate, it should only be regarded as a *dernier resort*. Certainly no Government should venture upon it, of its own motion; and it may be a question whether the Provincial Legislatures, as well as the Dominion Parliament, ought not to be consulted before making the application. A better plan would be to submit a case framed by a Committee or Commission—say, of the Minister of Justice, Sir John Macdonald, Messrs. Cameron, Blake and Moss, with two or three professional gentlemen from the Lower Provinces—to the Law Officers of the Crown, or, better still, to an Imperial Commission specially named for the purpose.

If some such course be adopted, the question of the validity of the clauses relating to the constitutionality of laws passed by Dominion or Provincial Parliaments should also be tested. That the Dominion Parliament can, by a statute of its own, establish a Court to pronounce upon its own acts seems to us an untenable proposition. The very first Act reviewed by the Court might be the Supreme Court Act itself, and we should have, in case of an adverse decision, the extraordinary spectacle of a judicial *felo de se*. The scheme accords neither with British nor American theory. In the United States the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court is particularly set forth in the Constitution; here it is proposed to give it power to reverse the Acts of the very Parliament to which it owes its being. In the Judicial Committee and in the United States Supreme Court, the validity of Acts can only be adjudicated upon on appeal in a particular case. Quoting De Tocqueville, Mr. Stuart Mill observes that "the beneficial working of the American Supreme Court is in a great measure attributable to the peculiarity *inherent in a Court of Justice* acting as such—

that it does not declare the law *eo nomine* and in the abstract," (which M. Fournier proposes our Court should do) "but waits until a case between man and man is brought before it judicially, involving the point in dispute" and "decides only so much of the question at a time as is required by the case before it." The contemplated jurisdiction is therefore un-American as well as un-British.

The Government Copyright Bill has passed both Houses and awaits the Royal assent. The Minister of Agriculture courteously yielded to the representatives of Canadian interests so far as he could safely yield without imperilling the ultimate success of the measure. The period during which the interim copyright can be held was shortened from three months to one month, and the privilege of obtaining copyright of any sort restricted to British subjects and the citizens of any country entering into reciprocal arrangements on the subject. In its final shape it gives all the protection to the British author he may fairly ask, without throwing unnecessary obstacles in the way of Canadian culture and Canadian enterprise. The English publishers, it would seem, have managed to delude English literary men into the belief that they have something at stake in the matter. A few weeks since, at a meeting in London, the indignation of the latter, which has no substantial basis of fact behind it, was expressed in no measured terms. M. Letellier's attempt to do equal justice to all parties was characterized as "that rag of a bill," and Canadians were held up to universal scorn as literary pirates. If English authors would take the trouble to examine the matter thoroughly, they would soon discover that interested motives are at work nearer home. When a publisher drives a bargain with an author, colonial circulation does not enter into his reckoning, and therefore, all that he can make by

it is clear gain; the author is not one sixpence the better for it. Suppose further, that negotiations are opened with an American publisher for advanced sheets, and any haggling should occur over the terms, Canada is thrown in as an additional inducement. If the negotiations fail altogether, the English publisher would close the market entirely, unless our booksellers chose to import editions so costly that they would find no market here, or only a very limited one. This is not a very dignified position for the first Crown Colony of England. Canada possesses control over all her internal affairs, even to the taxation by customs duties of English manufactures, and yet, in one important branch of manufacture, she is to be at the mercy of London monopolists. One of the powers of the Dominion Parliament is its jurisdiction over "copyrights," and if that do not extend to all copyrights having legal existence and capable of legal enforcement in Canada, the sooner it is so defined the better.

The necessity for providing adequate means of defence in case of war is recognized by all except a few eccentric spirits who cannot be induced to look beyond their noses. Moreover, it is no longer a matter for discussion. The Imperial Government has repeatedly pledged itself to protect Canada by sea and land with all the material strength available for that purpose. On this condition, however: that Canada shall organize her own population for defensive purposes, and bring the major part of the necessary land-force into the field. Whether the large sum of money annually expended upon the militia service has been judiciously applied is another question, upon which it is scarcely possible for a civilian to pronounce with confidence. Still there is a growing and apparently well-grounded conviction that the country has not reaped an adequate return for the money spent. The volunteers themselves are discontented, and the force generally

is admitted to be far from efficient. The annual camp drill, besides being a great inconvenience to employers—a circumstance not of itself to be taken into account—seems to serve no good purpose. It is in fact a fortnight's playing at soldiers, and the game is hardly worth the candle. We hope that the distinguished British officer now in command of the department will be able to reassure the public mind on this subject, which may, perhaps, begin to be all-important, when no time remains for organized preparation.

It has often been denied, chiefly, however, by civilians, that our extended frontier is capable of successful defence. On the other hand, British officers of unquestionable competence have declared that it is not only possible but, all things considered, comparatively easy to keep out an invading force. In an able and lucid address to the Literary and Scientific Institution of Ottawa, Lieut.-Colonel Fletcher, His Excellency's Military Secretary, unfolded in popular language a plan of defence applicable more particularly to the old Province of Canada. In mentioning the gallant Colonel's name we cannot refrain from expressing our share in the general regret at his departure from amongst us. Occupying a post which calls for great ability, great tact, and more than ordinary patience, he has discharged his duty to the satisfaction of all who have been brought in contact with him. By his intellectual activity; suavity of manner, and, above all, by the deep zest with which he has thrown himself into all that is most deeply interesting to Canadians, Col. Fletcher has won the esteem and respect of the people, and carries with him their heartiest wishes both for himself and his family. In considering the question of frontier defence, we must bear in mind that the conditions of warfare have been gravely modified by what is variously denominated the malevolent or providential ingenuity of inventive skill. It would certainly seem as

if recent improvements in destructive machinery would render the mere length of frontier a secondary consideration. On that question we do not pronounce; on another there is less need for the reticence of modesty or ignorance. We shall continue to prefer the opinions of an expert to the faucies of such men as Mr. Malcolm Cameron. His foolish speech on the sinfulness even of defensive warfare is of a piece with much else that has been fatuous in his political career. He does not believe in moral suasion as a cure for intemperance, but he has the firmest confidence in the nostrum when applied to war. All that need be said is to reiterate the moral of the Quaker deputation which visited the Emperor Nicholas. If foreigners could be brought to believe that his antipathy to defensive war, and to the honourable profession of arms, is so widely spread amongst Canadians that any unscrupulous power may take advantage of their cowardice or their greed, he might entail more serious calamities upon his country than Mr. Sturge and the peace party brought upon England in 1854. Fortunately her possible enemies are too shrewd to be so easily deluded. If the member for Ontario has any leisure at his disposal, he should venture to try his skill upon Bismarck, McMahan, or Don Carlos, after a preliminary experiment with the Sioux as Lieut.-Governor of the North-West Territories.

, During the Parliamentary vacation, we may have occasional opportunities of discussing anew the merits of the party system. Meanwhile, there is no harm in taking stock, on the eve of a prorogation. On one side, we have the party which was placed hopelessly *hors de combat* at the last general election, not, be it observed, because the electorate preferred the policy, if they had any, of its opponents, but because the party itself had forfeited public confidence and respect by questionable dealings with a public con-

tractor. It would be ungenerous to press severely upon a shattered party, or to rake the ashes over after the fire has gone out: all we desire to insist upon is, that the transgression, which brought its own punishment with it, was the natural result of a vicious system. The other party attained power by climbing upon the prostrate bodies of their disgraced predecessors. Their hands were clean, because they had had no opportunity of soiling them; they could not have failed, for they had never been tried; and they were guiltless of the semblance of a breach of trust because they had never been taken into confidence. The memory of the masses is proverbially short, and even where they remember, they are not relentless. Like another band of fallen cherubs, portrayed by Milton, the great Conservative party lay vanquished and confounded: but not for long. Its leaders were aware that public resentments, though sharp and scorching, are soon over, and thus, even *de profundis*, they felt encouraged to make a renewed appeal for public favour. When matters are at their worst, the philosophy of common life assures us that, with a party as with an individual, they are about to mend. But for the Conservatives, there is no evidence of a change in the tide. Had Mr. Drew been elected by a majority of two, the re-action would have been unmistakable; but as Col. Higinbotham triumphed by three, the evidence of it is not so clear. Nothing remains, for the present, therefore, but to ferret out visionary stories of jobbery, and to pillory opponents on charges, real or imaginary, of nepotism and other forms of corruption. The attempted feat of producing white by the admixture of two blacks is interesting as an experiment in political chemistry, but it does not seem calculated to evolve substantial results.

On the other hand, the great Reform party has intestine war within the ranks rather early in its day of power. The great source of weakness here seems to be that

there are too many masters, both before and behind the scenes. The result is mutiny and faction-fighting. The old captain still paces the quarter-deck or stands upon the bridge, speaking-trumpet in hand: but the crew heed him not. They have begun to think that, in his sacred person, they have a Jonah, whom it would not be amiss to throw overboard. In vain he scolds and threatens to put recalcitrants in irons: they are too many for him. Anon he implores them not to break the ranks or desert the ship. Everything shall be as they wish it—if it be what he likes. They may enjoy perfect freedom of thought and action—so long as they think with him and do as he commands. The issue of this broil is amongst the secrets of the future; but we feel sure it will not be in favour of the captain, and we have a shrewd suspicion that, in the end, the ship will be scuttled by the crew and abandoned to its fate.

The dream of Conservative reaction is vain and illusory; the hope of re-construction in the Liberal party, on the old lines, baseless and futile. Neither of the parties possesses, or ought to possess, the public confidence. They may call the electorate fickle and wavering if they please, but the unsteadiness is to be looked for elsewhere—in the hands of those who used to hold the reins. We believe that intelligent party men are too old judges of popular feeling not to be good judges. They see the handwriting on the wall, and they think they recognize in it the chirography of Mr. Blake. The member for South Bruce must have had strange experiences since he entered public life. He has been cajoled and threatened, flattered and ridiculed, applauded and denounced by the newspapers without regard to consistency in their portraiture. At present the Opposition journals inveigh against him, and so would the *Globe*—if it dared. The hon. member occupies no public office, is the recognized leader of no political party, and yet greater liberties have been taken

with his name than even the somewhat loose conventionalities of political life would seem to warrant. Does he speak, as at Aurora? He is a Canadian Cleon. Does he hold his peace? Then he is something of a cross between Machiavelli and Guy Fawkes, scheming and plotting to transmute Canadian loyalty, through Nativism, into Republicanism, or else to blow up Queen and Constitution with intellectual gunpowder.

It is not, however, Mr. Blake as an individual whom party men fear and dislike. His abilities and his eloquence, powerful though they confessedly are, do not cause them so much disquiet as the deepening conviction that, in his person, are represented the broader and more enlightened views of a large and ever-increasing proportion of the electorate. The restlessness and anxiety of both parties is the more intense, because they have to meet, not a creed or a platform, but a tendency; not a visible organization, but a subtle influence which insinuates itself into both camps, and evades all the ordinary methods by which wire-pullers forecast the future. Parties, says the *Mail*, like nations, have their periods of growth, maturity, and decadence. Yet our contemporary deprecates any effort to secure for our two dotting factions, a speedy euthanasia—a happy relief from the irksomeness and suffering of senile decrepitude. It advises us to take Burke as our exemplar, and by giving up the National cause in the interest of party, to “narrow our mind,” as Goldsmith, with a delicate fidelity to truth, accused our great philosophical statesman of doing. It is something to have it admitted that the normal tendency of the party system is to “narrow the mind;” and if our contemporary would only concede that it also perverts the moral sense, and checks the healthful current of national life, his political creed would coincide with ours. In the same issue of the *Mail* we read that “Party names have lost their old signifi-

ance." If so, what new significance, we may ask, have they acquired? If none, then why do the names, or the things they are supposed to represent, continue to exist?

Canadian affairs have necessarily claimed so large a share of the limited space at our command, that little room is left for a review of current events' outside the Dominion. Parliamentary sessions do not last for ever, and therefore in future numbers greater prominence may be given to the larger world outside us. American affairs are not of much general interest. There have been serious floods, an abortive gold ring conspiracy between Jay Gould and Drew, and there is the Beecher-Tilton scandal to fall back upon, when the excitement necessary to American existence, appears to lack a stimulant. The new Senate met at Washington on the 5th ultimo. The Hawaiian Reciprocity Treaty was confirmed in due form; not, however, without some opposition. King Kalakaua was wise in his generation; and, as became the immediate descendant of a shrewd New England fisherman, he resolved to ensure success by a personal appearance upon the stage. He probably calculated that where a negotiation might fail which rested upon its economical merits, it would be sure to succeed if a fairly dignified appeal were made to flunkeydom. The success of this Reciprocity Treaty, as contrasted with another we have in view, was merely a matter of *entourage*. The U. S. Senate, dignified and respectable as it is, has its weak side; and future negotiators may find it to their advantage to mingle a little blue blood with the water-gruel of commonplace international arrangements.

President Grant, as we anticipated, has made the most of his opportunities. The Senate which was convened to consider some undefined "objects of interest," did its work, but by an alarmingly small majority. The great "object"—for there really was

only one—was to give a quasi-legislative sanction to any liberties the President might feel inclined to take with States' rights during the recess. Gen. Grant has probably failed to get all he desired; still he has unquestionably obtained from the Senate, by a small majority, its approval of his past dealings with the South, and inferentially a commission to carry out the system inaugurated to its logical conclusions. There is something comical in Senator Anthony's resolution, viewed in the light of Congressional investigations. With all the information brought to bear upon the subject, with the notorious frauds of the Returning Board of Louisiana, and the Pride's purge effected by Sheridan fresh in his mind, Mr. Anthony asked the U. S. Senate to "approve of the action heretofore taken by the President in protecting Louisiana from domestic violence," and to entreat him "to continue to recognize in that State" a government which, on the showing of a partisan Republican committee, has no possible pretext for usurping the power. By a vote of 28 to 25 the Senate agreed with Mr. Anthony.

The State of New York has had two sensations peculiarly its own. Governor Tilden is determined to "stamp out" rings of every description, and he has commenced with the canal ring. Mr. Tilden is a fruit of the November reaction against Grant, and, of course, a Democrat, whatever that may mean in a country where, as the *Mail* would say, "party names have lost their old significance." A Democratic purist is somewhat of a novelty it appears, or ought to be, if Democrats have any resemblance to what they were. The Governor's policy may be dictated by purely moral considerations; if so, he does not get the credit of them. In the autumn of next year there will be a Presidential election, and as Mr. Tilden sees no reason why the candidates for State honours should borrow from the Church its *nolo episcopari*, he is, to use the expressive phrase, "laying himself out for it." His

canal policy, being in the direct interest of cheap transportation, will be applauded by the granges; and the granges, with kindred interests, may possibly command the vote of the West, and more than the West. With this and the support of the regular Democrats and liberal Republicans, he hopes to carry off the great prize; therefore Gov. Tilden is, from principle, opposed to all rings.

The other sensation has a peculiar merit of its own, because its significance is extrinsic. Archbishop McCloskey, of New York, has been made the recipient of a hat, and is thus a member of the Sacred College. The N. Y. *Herald* is painfully diffuse upon the subject. Every possible fact and fancy about the Cardinalate—its origin, its dignity, its grades, its privileges, and its magnificence, even down to its wardrobe—have been unearthed for the instruction of the great American nation. Yet Mr. Bennett did not feel completely satisfied. He was not sure that some sinister design of Jesuitical origin might not be discoverable under the *berretta*. Having little confidence in the infallibility of private judgment, he resolved to ask Mr. Beecher—who might be supposed to have quite enough on his hands already—if he really thought that the red hat indicated Papal aggression. The Plymouth pastor replied that he did not, and Mr. Bennett's suspicions were dispelled. It still remained, however, to assert the sternness of Republican simplicity, by combining title-worship with free thought. A Jesuit father considerably gave him the opportunity of indulging in both simultaneously, by a rather intemperate denunciation of the public schools as destructive of morality. If Mr. Bennett had waited a few days longer, he would have heard that the Pope, who appears to be on the most intimate terms with "our own reporter," had also thundered against secular teachers as the corrupters of youth. *N'importe*, however; such accusations have been made from the days of Socrates until now,

and they will continue to be made, we presume, as long as science has anything to teach, and religion anything to fear.

The "holy calm," of which Sir Wilfred Lawson spoke, still continues in England. The Marquis of Hartington is leading the Opposition with judicious carelessness and unimpeachable moderation. If Charles James Fox, after the fall of the Coalition and the elections of 1784, could be supposed to have lost all his genius and all his eloquence, he would have been just as irreproachably respectable a Whig as his lordship. Mr. Gladstone has been in his place once or twice, notably when Professor Fawcett proposed his unsuccessful motion to improve the educational system in rural districts, but his ecclesiastical feathers not being ruffled, he was not stirred to speech. Indeed, if rumour speaks truly, and the ex-Premier is really engaged on two serious works—a refutation of Strauss's *Leben Jesu*, and a treatise on the religious aspect of marriage—he probably finds that he has occupation enough. Political stagnation has reached so painful a point in Parliament that the Commons would have been at a loss for amusement if Dr. Kenealy, the hierophant of the Wapping mysteries, had not intervened to furnish it. The House was not as grateful as it should have been. It is not often so attractive a spectacle is promised as that of "a lion shaking the dew-drops from his mane," and it was scarcely to their credit that hon. members declined the offer.

The measures introduced by Mr. Disraeli's Government are, for the most part, good measures. Their great defect is, that they only nibble at the edges of great questions. Perhaps the equable temper, which the English people find so agreeable, renders half-measures a necessity. There is a nibbling of another sort going on, which may in the end prove disastrous to the Conservative party. Mr. Gathorne Hardy's Bill to legalize regimental exchanges is an

instance in point. The Secretary at War does not propose to undo Lord Cardwell's work of abolishing the purchase of commissions, but rather to make the new system more palatable to the aristocratic and ornamental portion of the army. Those who enter the service merely to attain position in society under cover of a nominal occupation, complain that they are prevented from exchanging out of a regiment ordered abroad ; and as a cause must be poorly off if it has not a benevolent side to it, they urge that needy men, who rather like hardship and exposure in unhealthy climates, are prevented, under the present system, from indulging their peculiar tastes and making money at the same time. The Government Bill is a happy device to satisfy both classes. It will enable blood to have that telling effect which some men regard as an evidence of design in creation, and also provide, or rather perpetuate, a method of gaining a competence, the desire of which is another providential adaptation of man to his environment. When the late Government dealt with the purchase system, they invoked Royalty as a *deus ex machinâ* to their aid. Prerogative seems to be in favour with the Liberal party, if we may judge by the recent utterances of its real leader, Earl Granville. It appears that not only was the sale of commissions a matter of royal favour, but that the right of a man to reap the fruits of his inventive abilities, by means of a patent, depends altogether on the nod of the monarch ; indeed, he denies, in plain language, that the inventor has any right at all. Parties in England appear to have exchanged places ; but they have done so before. It is not for the first time that Liberalism has proved itself illiberal and that Conservatism has been progressive. In the Regency debates, we have enough to convince the most obdurate devotee of the party fetish, that Fox and Whiggism may be found on the side of kingly right as opposed to

Parliamentary power. On the whole, we should be disposed to say that Mr. Disraeli's legislation is good, so far as it is not irritating, as in the case of the Irish Coercion Acts, a case that is at present beyond cure, and had better be let alone. Ireland is a tetchy patient, and there are many things besides her temperament to be taken into account ; and it might have been as well, especially in the case of Westmeath, if Sir Michael Beach had waited for the facts before committing himself to an unsatisfactory measure.

Continental affairs are placid on the surface. The miracle at Versailles has surpassed the miracles of Lourdes. The alliance between the Centres and the Left has lasted long enough for its immediate purpose. The Left has been wonderfully patient throughout. It has voted, with blind earnestness, every article of the compact. It has refused to be charmed by Imperialism or Legitimism, charm they never so wisely. M. Buffet, after great coaxing, has taken his place in the Cabinet ; the Duc d'Audiffret Pasquier, an Orleanist, has been kept out, it is said by the machinations of the Imperial party. In return, the Duke was elected President of the Assembly. On taking the chair, the Duke had the bad taste to attack the Imperialist party—a step which can hardly be said to possess any significance. Prince Bismarck has been counterchecked by the Pope in an Encyclical, denouncing the Falck laws, and has met it but by a bill depriving the bishops of their endowments. If the latter step had been taken first, instead of last, it might have been as well. The disestablishment of State and Church was justifiable ; but the persecution of the Church was not. It gave the Pope a standpoint which he would not otherwise have possessed. He was enabled to act the rôle of an injured innocent—a prisoner in the Vatican—and he benefited by the enactment.

SELECTION.

THE COMING ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

(From Cornhill Magazine.)

IT is nearly a year ago since the present writer mourned in this magazine over the Government's refusal to send out another Arctic expedition, and called attention to the fact that the northernmost land in the globe is no longer of an Englishman's naming. The first of these blots upon the national honour has been wiped away by the Conservative Premier, and even Radicals may hope he may be rewarded by having the removal of the second associated with his name. Mr. Disraeli, with characteristic acumen, has seen that on few questions was a penurious policy so likely to be distasteful as on this, and he deserves all credit for his insight. And now, when the Expedition is almost on the eve of sailing, some remarks on its preparation, its route, its chances of success and possibilities of failure, and on the results previously obtained by ourselves and other nations, may not prove uninteresting to those who, during the long quiescence of England, have forgotten the story with which, in Franklin's days, every one was familiar, and who, if asked whether our venture was going to be made east or west of Greenland, or east or west of Spitzbergen, would find it, perhaps, difficult to answer.

And, first, it is to be feared that the revolution of feeling which has come over the nation since the Government's decision may be to some extent prejudicial to the prestige of the enterprise. So long as an Expedition was discountenanced on the ground that it was practically impossible to reach the Pole, no one felt disposed to underrate the perils of the attempt. But now that every newspaper has had its say on the subject, people are beginning to talk as if the question was only one of time and money, and to discount beforehand the patient bravery, the consummate skill, and also the good fortune by which alone the great quest of so many centuries can be achieved. That is not the

spirit in which we should watch the departure of the Expedition. We should not gauge its utility by its geographical discoveries, however striking they may be. Surely the fact that 150 lieutenants volunteered for the service within a few weeks after the announcement of the Government's intentions, is in itself no slight return for the outlay; and if, a year and a half or two years hence, our adventurers should return with one more story of failure, we should feel their failure to be merely nominal, and the gain to the nation in prestige and example great and real. If we reflect that the mere accident of a bad season may suffice to frustrate all that experience and bravery can unitedly effect, over-confidence will appear more than usually out of place. To have counted the cost beforehand, to be prepared in case of failure to renew the attempt, not to expect success while straining every nerve to secure it, and to feel that if captains and crews do their duty, that alone is gain for England—this, assuredly, is the spirit in which the nation should see the Expedition set out, as it is certain to be the spirit in which Captain Nares and his men will leave us. We may, on the other hand, feel confident that Sir Leopold McClintock and his coadjutors will not forget that it is in opposition to the wishes of a certain influential portion of the public that the enterprise has been undertaken, and that, therefore it is doubly incumbent upon them to take care that failure is due to bad fortune only, and not to want of foresight. When Captain Koldey's expedition set out, the German contractors made it a point of honour to supply them with the very best stores they could procure. Recent revelations may make us fear that in our own country commercial honour is less valued than commercial success. Let us hope no firms but those of the highest credit have been employed on

the outfit of the Expedition, and that the most vigilant supervision has been exercised over its every detail.

Its organisers must have had an anxious time of late. First and foremost there was the choice of ships, and here we may be sure no keener eye to make an all-important selection could have been found than Sir Leopold McClintock's. Then there must have been many a consultation about boats and sledges, and the best mode of converting the vessels into winter-houses. The proper amount of coal to be taken on board, the quantity and quality of prophylactics against scurvy, the selection from men and officers volunteering for the service, are all points demanding the utmost discrimination, and a slight error of judgment in any one of them might entail the ruin of the whole enterprise. Let us hope that there has been no penny-wise economy in provisioning the Expedition, nor in the selection of its personnel, but that the sole and single aim with which the Committee has acted has been to secure the best ships, the best equipment, and the best crews at its disposal. Without a complete medical scrutiny no volunteer would, of course, be accepted. Too clean a bill of health—and not physical health only—could not be required from every candidate. A weak man's death, a down-hearted man's grumbling, might, at a critical moment, double the sufferings or even endanger the safety of his companions. The records of all Arctic story prove that nowhere is example more contagious, or feebleness of body or mind more depressing, than in the long monotonous struggle with darkness and cold. Whether the enterprise succeeds or fails, may it never turn out that there has been any oversight in inquiring into a man's character, or any perfunctory examination of stores. Each of such points, however minute in itself, yet as being possibly the "little rift within the lute," requires, and has doubtless received, the utmost attention. But if we suppose all these precautions to have been taken, one preliminary still remains to be settled before the Committee can be said to have got the responsibility of the enterprise finally off its hands. The proper time of setting out is a point of cardinal importance. No one will deny that to get betimes through that dangerous region of Baffin's Bay, called Melville Bay, into the North Water, is to have won half the

battle. The probability is, that in an ordinary season the passage would be effected about the end of June or the beginning of July. Still, prudence would seem to recommend that a discovery-ship should be in Baffin's Bay at the beginning of June, so as to take advantage of an unusually favourable season. If the season proved unfavourable, some preliminary acclimatisation and experience would do the crews no harm. If it were favourable, it is possible that, since after Melville Bay is passed, the passage to Smith's Sound is comparatively easy, the goal of the Expedition might be reached, and the ships come safe home again before next Christmas. It need hardly be said that no such swift success is probable. On the contrary, the ultimate success of the voyage will most likely depend on the foresight with which plans are prepared for the first winter in the ice, and for the sledging operations, which will precede a crowning effort to reach the Pole in 1876. But the mere chance of an earlier end to the Expedition is well worthy of consideration. It is impossible, too, to doubt that, however minutely the scheme for a longer stay may have been elaborated, the Captain will be left at liberty to use his own discretion in special circumstances; and as some ships have sailed through Melville Bay without any hindrance at all, and in 1873 a whaler—the *Arctic*—reached the North Water by June 9, it is not, perhaps, presumptuous to hope that our ships may be well on their way by the end of May.

To mention the North Water is, as it were, to enter on the technicalities of the present Expedition. Before we venture to follow its fortunes further, it may be well to explain what considerations have led to its taking that route at all, and this will be best effected by a brief survey of the results obtained by previous voyages. It is a little curious, and may be some consolation to those who think the national spirit has been cankered by money-grubbing, to notice that, whereas the early Arctic expeditions were often due to commercial rivalry, and much the same sort of emulation as that which causes the annual tea-race from China, it is the spirit of honour and the love of science which have been the mainsprings of those of late years, and notably of this last of 1875. No fabled glories of Cathay allure our imaginations. We do not dream of shores

sown with gems, or of a short cut to the treasure-lands of the East. We have not now even the hope of relieving a lost expedition to spur us on. Nay, love of science itself has only borne a subordinate part in promoting the present attempt. Primarily it has sprung out of national emulation, rekindled by the success not only of the Americans, but of an inland people like the Germans. Now, as there are three avenues to the untraversed region round the Pole—one east of Greenland through the sea on either side of Spitzbergen; another west of Greenland through Davis' Straits, Baffin's Bay and Smith's Sound; and the third by Behring's Straits; so there are three main chapters into which all Arctic history may be divided—exploration of the North-West passage, or the attempt to show that Behring's Straits* might be reached from Europe by the sea north of North America; explorations of the North-East Passage, or the attempt to show that Behring's Straits might be reached from Europe by the sea north of Norway and Siberia; and explorations northwards towards the Pole. Some of these explorations have been conducted with the avowed object of discovery, some from the hope of finding a short passage to the Indies or of reaching a richer fishing ground, a few from scientific motives, and the most famous of all from noble international rivalry in attempting to rescue Sir John Franklin. The general result of all these explorations has been that the unknown region round the Pole has been steadily though slowly circumscribed. At a rough estimate an area of over two million square miles still remains undiscovered. But the circle has been uniformly contracting, and on every side wedges, as it were, have been driven into it of, it may be, an island in one quarter which has been circumnavigated, or of a mountainous shore skirted in another, which, though unexplored, is clearly the outline of a vast interior; while conjecture, almost amounting to certainty, enables us to picture to ourselves a large portion of space which the eye of man has never seen. The outer circle of the great polar basin is formed by the three great continents of Asia, America, and Europe. But an inner uneven circle has of late been traced, which is marked off by the northern shores

of Spitzbergen, Greenland, Grinnell Land, the Parry Islands, Wrangel Land, New Siberia, and Franz Joseph Land. It must, however, be remembered that though we may use the term "circle" for convenience, it would be wholly misleading if it conveyed the notion of a central sea round the Pole surrounded by a belt of land. Whether there is sea or land at the Pole itself is uncertain, but it seems probable that no central land-locked ocean exists. We know, indeed, that north of Spitzbergen there is water about 500 miles from the Pole, but we also know that Greenland has been tracked to within 534 miles of it. We are more likely to be correct in imagining the unknown region to be irregularly broken up into great patches of ice-bound sea, intersected by water-lanes in summer, such as that between Iceland and Spitzbergen, or that between Banks Land and Behring Straits; into vast tracts of ice-bound land like Greenland and Grinnell Land; and into groups of islands such as the Parry Islands, New Siberia, Spitzbergen, and (apparently) Franz Joseph Land. We may even give more precise shape to our conjectures without indulging in mere guesswork. Very strong reasons have been adduced for the theory that Grinnell Land stretches far westwards north of the Parry Islands in the direction of Wrangel Land. Wrangel Land and Grinnell Land may, in fact, be merely the western and eastern portions of the same country, though probably it will be found that each is a large island with other large islands or batches of islands intervening. So, also, it is something more than a conjecture that whoever advances much further up Smith's Sound will find that Grinnell Land tends westwards, and that beyond it, and before coming to the Pole, a large island exists. Such then are the broad geographical results that have been actually obtained or conjectured from previous investigation. How they have led to the selection of Smith's Sound as the best route for the new Expedition now remains to be shown.

It has been said above that Arctic history may be divided into an account of north-western, northern, and north-eastern explorations. The first of these fields of discovery has been occupied almost exclusively by Englishmen. In the second also they have been pre-eminent, though they have been run close by the Americans. In the third the Russians have borne away the palm.

* Before 1728, the year of Behring's discovery, for "Behring's Straits" "some unknown straits" would have to be substituted.

The Dutch in old times, and Sweden and Norway lately, have been conspicuous for their enterprise in the seas of Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, and both these islands were for the first time circumnavigated in our day by a Norwegian seaman, Captain Carlsen. Quite lately the Germans have begun to emulate the maritime nations. A North-German expedition in 1869-70 surveyed a considerable portion of East Greenland (finding, among other discoveries, coal-seams in its mountains), and an Austro-Hungarian expedition discovered in 1873 a new and extensive group of islands north of Nova Zembla. Thus the honours of Arctic discovery are shared by many nations. Englishmen discovered the North-West Passage. Englishmen led the way to Smith's Sound. Englishmen discovered the straits between Nova Zembla and the mainland. Englishmen first sailed north of Spitzbergen. And fifty years ago an Englishman went nearer the Pole than any man out of legend ever went before or since. Americans, on the other hand, have seen and sailed farthest north. The Austro-Hungarian expedition has made the last great geographical discovery. And the Russians, though they have never actually performed it, have proved the existence of a North-East Passage. Now all these efforts, spreading over several centuries, have steadily tended to show that the Pole is unapproachable from this, that, and the other side; till by a process of elimination we have been reduced to one route only as holding out any reasonable prospect of success, namely the route west of Greenland by Smith's Sound. If we glance first at the widest avenue to the Pole, namely the Spitzbergen seas, it is curious to observe that all modern exploration has done little more than confirm the experience of Hudson two centuries and a half ago, while no one has since sailed east of Greenland fifty miles further north than he did in his little vessel of eighty tons. He found an impenetrable belt of ice between Greenland and Spitzbergen in one voyage, and between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla in another, and though some ships have since pushed somewhat higher, it has only been to find that impenetrable belt, not of drifting floes, but of old solid ice, facing them at last. For a long time the notion that ice could only be formed in the neighbourhood of land stimulated adventure, but this delusion has been dispelled by

modern observations, and Payer and Koldey, the latest explorers in those seas, have, from an opposite opinion, been forced by the same experience as Hudson, to come round to the conclusion that in this quarter it is hopeless to attempt an approach to the Pole by sea. They are only two out of many who have started with one conviction and returned with the other, but Payer's opinion is of peculiar importance on this point. North of Spitzbergen not only had numerous attempts failed in the same way, but the same conclusion had been forced on five Swedish expeditions sent out for scientific objects between 1858 and 1872. More to the east however, there had been rumours of open waters seen again and again, and till Payer's voyage some people had imagined that the Pole might be reached from the sea north of Siberia. Baron Wrangel indeed, Russia's most distinguished explorer, was of opinion that Smith's Sound was the most practicable route, and Payer's experience will probably have given the *coup de grâce* to other surmises. He utterly failed to make a north-east passage north of Nova Zembla, as he hoped to do, and being carried further north by the ice, came upon a land more bleak and desolate even than Greenland. "The land," he says, "before us appeared to be utterly void of life: immense glaciers looked down upon us from between the desolate mountains, which rose boldly in steep doleritic cones and plateaus. Every object around us was clothed in a mantle of glaring white, and the ranges of columns of the symmetrical mountain terraces looked as if they were encrusted with sugar. In no single instance could we see the natural colours of the rock, as in Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Nova Zembla." Leaving his ship and marching northwards, he saw the signs which deluded Kane and others into the idea that they had reached the shores of an open Polar sea. "A water sky of a dusky colour made its appearance in the north; foul yellow vapours collected below the sun, the temperature rose, the ground under our feet became soft, and the snowdrift broke under us with a rumbling noise. We had previously noticed the flight of birds from the north—here we found the rocks covered with thousands of auks and divers. Traces of bears, hares, and foxes, were met with everywhere, and seals reposed sluggishly upon the ice. We were justified, therefore, in believing that

open water was near at hand." Soon the belief was rudely dispelled. On the height of Cap Fligely he was "now in a position to judge of the extent of coast water. It turned out to be a 'polynia' bounded by old ice, within which floated ice-masses of recent formation." From what he saw on this occasion, Lieutenant Payer deduced that the theory of an open Polar sea was as untenable as the theory that the Polar basin is covered with ice throughout the year. The truth he considers, lies between the two extremes. "The hope of finding a navigable sea in latitudes not hitherto attained, is not yet extinct, and is most likely to be realised by tugging the coast, but depends in a large measure on a favourable year." He proceeds to declare his preference for the route by Smith's Sound, but makes his hopes even from that route dependent on "an expedition reaching a winter harbour in a latitude as high as that reached by the last American expedition." His own track, he points out, "carries no weight in considering this question, for we are indebted for our progress to a floe of ice, and not to our own exertions. The difficulties which any succeeding navigator would have to contend with on this route may be estimated from the fact that, on our return, we found the sea encumbered with ice to such an extent, that even boat navigation was hardly possible, and we were obliged to haul up our boats many hundred times, and drag them over the ice. We certainly should not have been able to return in our vessel, although the summer of 1874 was exceptionally favourable." Thus we see that all attempts made in many directions, in varieties of seasons, and during a long course of years, to break through the solid wall of ice which exists in the Spitzbergen seas, have failed. That ice varies in thickness from twenty to thirty feet.

Those who have sailed through Behring's Straits eastwards have found the same solid barrier to the north, only on a still more formidable scale. Impenetrable though the pack appears in the Spitzbergen seas, here it is still more so, for the ice is some sixty feet in thickness, and the hopelessness of an attempt to force such a barrier must be proportionately greater. It is true that here there is no such drift as that which defeated Parry's attempt to perform with boats and sledges what he could not do by ship, but to counterbalance this no ship could here

get anything like so far north as Parry, because the pack ice is encountered in a much lower latitude, and as, moreover, the surface of the ice has been described as a mass of hillocks from forty to a hundred feet high, a sledge expedition would be out of the question. In Baffin's Bay, on the contrary, the ice is on an average only five or six feet thick, and there only appears to be a practicable along-shore route towards the Pole. It is, too, a great advantage that this route should already have been tracked to within 534 miles of the Pole, and if we could only count on our pioneer ship having the luck of the *Polaris*, we might feel sanguine as to its prospects of success.

Smith's Sound derives its name from the first governor of the East India Company, who was also the first governor of the Company of Merchant Discoverers of the North-West Passage. Its entrance lies between Cape Isabella on the west and Cape Alexander on the east coast, the distance between the two being a little over forty miles. For two centuries after it was discovered by Baffin in 1616, it was a mere *nomini umbra*, if so much as that; for even so late as 1818, Baffin's Bay was thought to exist only in the imagination of the man who gave the sea its name. In 1818 Captain John Ross sailed within sight of Smith's Sound, and so far proved that Baffin had been neither an impostor nor a dreamer of dreams. But Ross himself did not evince remarkable ardour or intelligence, and, after being stopped in Lancaster Sound by some visionary mountains across which a ship sailed in the following year, returned home, leaving it to be supposed from his observations that there was no outlet northwards or westwards from Baffin's Bay. By 1852 all the other sounds of that bay had been examined, and in that year, Captain Inglefield, who was engaged in the search for Sir John Franklin, looked into this one, and saw that the capes christened by Ross were the portals of what seemed an open sea. The following year came Kane's heroic voyage, and his steward Morton, who saw a point between 550 and 560 miles from the Pole, saw also off that point what again seemed an open sea. Up this "sea," named Kennedy Channel by Kane, Kane's surgeon, Dr. Hayes, travelled with a sledge in 1861, only to find the water turned into ice, but ice of such a nature as to lead him to the conclusion that it had

been piled up by the pressure of an ocean to the north. Finally in 1871 Captain Hall in the *Polaris* sailed a little over forty-seven miles beyond the northernmost point which Dr. Hayes reckoned he had reached in a sledge, being then between 534 and 533 miles from the Pole. Though his vessel was caught in the ice there, the sea was navigable further on. He called it Robeson Straits, and it is noteworthy that it is considerably narrower than the entrance to Smith's Sound. And here it is that we must hope Captain Nares will take up the work where it has been left off by those three gallant Americans, so that the discoveries which were begun by Davis and Baffin may be completed by their countrymen, and the northern as well as the southern coasts of this ocean-inlet may be known by English names. We must hope. But those who are most familiar with Arctic history will do no more. If Hall sailed to $82^{\circ} 16' N.$, Kane only got as far as $78^{\circ} 45'$, and Hayes only as far as $78^{\circ} 17'$, when the ice caught their ships. Perhaps the severity of our winter in England may be no omen of an unfavourable condition of the ice next summer in the Polar Sea. But certainly there is little to make us confident that Captain Nares will be able to sail even as far as Captain Hall. On the one hand, it is true, the *Polaris* was a small and badly-equipped vessel, and was, moreover, leading the way; while the *Bloodhound* and the *Alert* will sail in her track, and with a perfection of equipment which, in miniature, will we trust, rival that of the Abyssinian expedition. But, on the other, there is the fact that, in all the long annals of Polar voyaging, no authentic evidence exists of any other ship in any season, however favourable, having got so far north as Hall. It is far more likely that the leading English ship will, in spite of its superior steaming power and power of charging the ice, be ice-locked somewhere nearer the point where Kane was stopped. If that is the case, it means that the chances of reaching the Pole are enormously diminished, because the distance to be traversed by sledges will be enormously increased, and sledging is the most crushing part of the discoverer's toil. And not only would the actual distance from the Pole, even if the sledges could go there in a straight line, be far greater; but, as they might have to follow the indentations of the coast, it might be multiplied perhaps threefold.

The plan of the Expedition is, it is said, as follows. Two ships are to proceed to the entrance of Smith's Sound this year. One will stay there and set to work establishing depôts northwards; the other will sail northwards, and, when stopped by ice, or when arrived at the farthest point from which it seems practicable to keep up communications with its consort, will in the same spider-like fashion begin stretching out a line of depôts northwards. This will be the work of the autumn and winter of 1875, and in 1876 the advanced ship will send out a sledging expedition towards the Pole, which instead of carrying all its commissariat along with it, will find much of it *cachéd* in the depôts of the previous year. Now ten miles a day is good average sledge-travelling, and if the advanced ship steamed as high as the *Polaris*, it is argued that the sledging party might easily perform the 500 and odd miles to the Pole and back in 100 days. We do not say it could not. But surely there is a flaw in this reckoning. Five hundred miles as the crow flies are one thing. To go 500 miles north, following the coast, is quite another. On the most liberal calculations the distance should, it may be imagined, be reckoned as double. Do what we will to lessen its dangers, that will be a tremendous undertaking. The majority of people who read glib newspaper articles have probably the vaguest notions of what such an expedition means. In the first place there is the chance of the dogs dying, and without dogs it is quite certain we should never reach the Pole, unless we succeeded in outsailing Captain Hall. Again, it is not smooth ice that has to be traversed. A sledge has generally to keep to what is called the ice-foot or solid ice clinging to the shores of the straits, because in the centre the ice becomes sooner rotten in the summer. Should this ice cease or become so rotten as Hayes and Payer found it, the party would have to take to the boat. For we presume no advance is to be expected along the snow and glacier-covered border of the land itself. And here, where the talk of an open sea may have made some people think the perils of the attempt will be over, it may very likely prove they have only begun. Let any one recall to himself the dangers, described by so many graphic pens, which beset a strong ship, manned by a full crew in the Polar seas, and then think of a frail boat with its boat's crew launching on what may be a

stormy sea, with every peril from the ice as great or greater than further south. Surely when those who for years have decried an expedition, suddenly turn round and say that "the foremost ship might approach within 500 miles of the Pole; and, with the knowledge of sledge-travelling we now possess, the distance there and back might be traversed in 100 days," they are blowing hot much too soon after blowing cold. Such language in such a quarter argues either considerable ignorance or careless undervaluation of the hazards to be undergone. No, not all the experience of all the explorers that ever lived, could make the Expedition other than a terrible struggle against terrible odds. Our main hope lies in our steamer outstripping Captain Hall's. Could it do this, and do it early in the summer, the wisest policy might after all be to make the grand attempt this year. Should we therefore be daunted by such an outlook, and shrink from the venture? Rather let our

motto be *Ne cede malis sed contra audentior ito*. If immediate success is only to be won by good fortune, an immediate return in some shape is certain. And even if the present enterprise fails, it will, we may be confident, do something to lessen the risks of future explorers. The same people who make light of the difficulties to be encountered now, would be the first to throw cold water on a repetition of the attempt should those difficulties prove insurmountable. It is more prudent and more patriotic to be prepared for partial failure. If Captain Nares can reach the Pole, so much the better. If he can get beyond Hall and Parry it will be a grand contribution to future discovery. But if he does neither, but simply does his best, let us be satisfied, and determined never again to desist from the enterprise which is our birthright, till patient toil is finally crowned by triumph.

A. H. B.

BOOK REVIEWS.

THE LIFE OF H. R. H. THE PRINCE CONSORT,
By Theodore Martin. Vol. I. New York:
D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Adam, Ste-
venson & Co.

To write or compile a Biography of a Royal personage under the immediate supervision of and direct responsibility to, those most interested in the portrait being made as flattering as possible, is even a more difficult task to discharge satisfactorily than for a Poet Laureate to write an Ode to order in commendation of an uninspiring event. We will confess that we took up this book with a prejudice against it; partly from distrust of the author's powers and partly that some of the extracts which were the first to find currency in the press were suffused with a tinge of maudlin, such that created an unfavourable anticipation of the work as a whole. But we gladly admit that our opinion of Mr. Martin's labour has been entirely changed by reading this first volume of the Life of the Prince Consort. Considering the peculiar position in which the biographer was placed, and other causes, which we need not specify, which must have hampered him at

every step, these pages are on the whole, singularly free from weak and indiscriminating fulsomeness. The book is avowedly written under the Queen's immediate supervision, and the supervision exercised by a deeply affectionate widow over the compilation of a memorial of her husband is likely to result in a portrait which does not err on the side of vague washiness. But to prove that Mr. Martin has taken too much colour in his brush, we must first prove that the Prince Consort's was not such a character as he has painted in these pages: we must demonstrate, in fact, that he was not a singularly able, laborious, and well-informed man, and loveable husband, and that he did not approach very near to our *beau idéal* of a noble Prince. Allowing, if you will—though there is little necessity for making any such allowance—for some exaggeration in the estimate which the biographer has formed of his hero, there still remains ample evidence that Prince Albert was very far indeed above the average of the men of his age in intellect, culture, and self-control. The testimony to his merits comes from too many independent sources for any one to doubt its genuineness.

It is a trite remark that the position which he held was a difficult one; but it is too often overlooked that its chief difficulty lay, not so much in the *possibility* which was open to him of making himself acquainted with all that was going on, and yet holding aloof from anything like participation in politics, but in the *necessity* which his position as the Queen's Private Secretary and most confidential adviser laid upon him of making himself master of every occurrence, of the ins and outs of party strategy, and all the complications and excitements of European as well as English politics; and yet not only to hide his hand, but to keep himself ostensibly as an absolute non-entity. During a life of twenty-two years spent in such a position the prying jealousy of the English public could only detect, or even fancy that it detected, one or two instances in which "foreign" influence had been exerted, and in such instances the public was, as usual, misled and unjust. We see by this Life how keen was the interest which the Prince took in the struggles that were going on in Parliament; with what an intelligent gaze he watched the phases of political life throughout Europe; how steadily he worked at any plans or projects in which he *could* openly allow himself to appear as a worker; how cultivated in his taste in art; how accomplished he was as a musician; and how intense was the mutual love of husband and wife throughout a happy, useful, and most laborious life. It cannot be too often repeated that the position in which the Prince stood toward the Queen as her confidant and adviser was one which Lord Melbourne made a special point of pressing upon him and Her Majesty, and which every other Prime Minister fully recognized and heartily endorsed. This explains several memoranda of his, which appear in these pages, on current events, and which manifest a remarkable insight, character, and liberality and breadth of view. In his letters to his valued friend, Baron Stockmar, we have his real opinions candidly expressed, and very interesting is the commentary which they afford on events between 1839 and 1848—the time comprised in this volume. As a short specimen let us take a few words about Italy, written, it must be remembered, early in 1848. "Italy, like every other part in Europe, is bent on progress, on being politically active and national. The Pope is the counterpart of the King of Prussia, of great impulsiveness, half-digested political ideas, little acuteness of intellect, with a great deal of cultivated intelligence (*geist*), and accessibility to outward influences. The rock on which both split is the belief that they can set their subjects in motion and keep the spread and direction of the movement entirely in their own hands; nay, that they alone possess the *right* to control the movement, because it emanates from them."

Of the Prince's correct musical taste his po-

sition as President of the Antient Concerts, and the programmes which he drew up for their performances, are sufficient evidence. Of his capacity as a performer, let us find room for the testimony of Mendelssohn, given in a private letter to his mother: "I must tell you all the detail of my last visit at Buckingham Palace. It is, as G. says, the one really pleasant and comfortable English house, where one feels a *son aise*. Joking apart, Prince Albert asked me to go to him on Saturday, so that I might try his organ; I found him alone, and, as we were talking, the Queen came in, also alone, in a simple morning dress. I begged that the Prince would first play me something; and he played a Chorale, by heart, with the pedals so charmingly, clearly, and correctly, that it would have done credit to any professional. Then it was my turn, and I began my chorus from "St. Paul"—"How lovely are the messengers." Before I got to the end of the first verse, they both joined in the chorus, and all the time the Prince managed the stops for me so cleverly, first a flute, at the *forte* the great organ, the *V* major part of the whole, then he made a lovely *diminuendo* with the stops, and so on to the end of the piece, and all by heart,—that I was really enchanted."

This is one of the many pleasant sketches of the inner-life of the Royal Family with which this volume furnishes us, and one involuntarily contrasts the state of things here indicated with the glimpses of some other Royal Households, which the Greville Memoirs have lately given to the public. Mr. Martin has, we think, considering the difficulties of his position, discharged his task, as far as it has yet gone, very creditably and satisfactorily. Let him in the concluding volumes, which we hope soon to welcome, be even less sparing of applying the pruning knife to mere expressions of feelings and sentiment, and he will have produced a biography which will give his readers a true and life-like portrait of the Prince of whom England and Germany may alike be proud.

MALCOLM. A Romance. By George Macdonald. Philadelphia: Lippincott & Co.

To say that a story is written by George Macdonald implies that it is inspired by the power of a peculiarly rich and delicate imagination, a true and beautiful idealism, a pure and noble philosophy of life, and, last but not least, a deep, far-reaching spiritual insight. It is this last quality, indeed, which makes him pre-eminently a *teacher*; which gives him his remarkable power of unveiling the true beauty and significance of life from the husks of the conventional and the common-place that usually conceal them from superficial observers, and which, with his loving study of human nature and earnest faith in God, enable him to solve

—so far as they can be solved—some of the ever-recurring and perplexing problems of life.

His latest work, "Malcolm," is characterized by the excellencies of some of his best productions, and is free from the extravagances which disfigured "Wilfred Cumbermede." The author's imagination always, perhaps, has a slightly fanciful tendency, and has a thoroughly Scottish love for lingering on the shadowy confines of the mysterious region of the supernatural; but in our matter-of-fact and material age, such qualities are by no means superfluous, as a counteractive to the self-sufficient hardness of positivism. The scene is laid in and about a little sea-port town on the north coast of Scotland, and the dialogues are couched in the broadest Scotch, which one would think must have proved rather puzzling to the American readers of *Lippincott's Magazine*, in which it was first published; although, here and there the author translates into English a specially difficult word. Malcolm, the hero, is one of George Macdonald's favourite class of heroes, a noble, poetic nature, shining through all the disadvantages of the rough garb and rude language of his humble life and training; for, though an Adonis in his way, and a reader of Shakespeare, he is but a fisher lad, until, attracted by his originality and naive candour, the Marquis and his daughter make him the humble companion of their rustic solitude, and of their voyages along the picturesque and romantic shore.

But Malcolm, who labours under the disadvantage of being *the hero*, is perhaps a less vivid and life-like figure than some of the subordinate characters of the book. Miss Horn, in particular, is a most graphic impersonation of a true Scottish type—rugged, independent, full of strong good sense and grim, quaint humour, rigidly undemonstrative, with her self-gratulatory disclaimer of "feelings," which she thinks are "a terrible sight i' the gait"—yet in the depths of her heart tenderly and staunchly loyal to a true and disinterested affection, which finds its expression in deeds, all the more for being denied in words. Even a finer and a more picturesque figure is the old blind Highland piper, Malcolm's grandfather, with his faded tartans and dilapidated pipes—hardly less loved than his native Gaelic, which, as he poetically expresses it, he believed "ta lancuach of the carden of Aiden, and no doubt ta lancuach in which the Shepherd calls his sheep on ta everlasting hills." His stern, unyielding enmity against his hereditary foe, "Cawmill of Glenlyn," and all his descendants, and the conflict of feeling in which this ultimately involves him—with his tender, intense proud love for Malcolm, are pourtrayed with great truth to nature. Then there is the philosophical schoolmaster, Mr. Graham, unambitious and poetical, and content "to give himself to the hopefuller work of training children

for the true ends of life," governing his little kingdom by moral suasion, and "opposing error only by teaching the truth;" and having for one of his scholars the strange pathetic figure of "the mad laird," with his painfully-felt deformity—safe from ridicule among Mr. Graham's scholars—and his mournful refrain, "I dinna ken whaur I cam' frae." His pretty little friend Phemy, will probably recur in the promised sequel to the story.

The Marquis, who, despite his title, is of a much commoner type than some of his lowly neighbours, is drawn from a class, not uncommon when George the Fourth, as Prince of Wales, was "the first gentleman in Europe," and by no means extinct now, with whom "duty merely amounted to what was expected of him, and honour, the fitting shadow of the garment of truth, was his sole divinity." How his delinquencies and errors work out their own punishment, is one of the most striking features in the moral character of the book. His untrained petted daughter, Lady Florimel, with her delicate and bewitching beauty, her haughty and capricious nature, and her irritating coquetry, is a natural though far from loveable character, whom, however, the author evidently intends to educate, in a succeeding book.

The story has more of a plot than some of the author's works, but its interest depends much less upon that than upon the portrayal and development of character, the exquisite and poetical descriptions, and the beautiful thoughts with which it is profusely enriched. The little town of Portlossie, with its Seaton or *sea-town*; the old castle and church, with the few thatched cottages clustering about them; the sandy beach, with its rocky cliffs and grass-covered downs; are so vividly painted, as to become to us real places which we have seen and known. Yet the beauty of the invisible universe is always made by the author a stepping-stone to the beauty of the invisible, to which the other is but an outer garment, the lights of the countenance of God. As an example of this, and a characteristic and fine thought of the author, we conclude with a quotation of a part of a meditation of Malcolm's, which might be thought too high a flight for a comparatively uncultivated fisher-lad, did we not know of what noble and beautiful thoughts Scottish ploughmen and shepherds have been the authors. The thought is, perhaps, as good a solution of an old and vexed problem as can be arrived at: "I wonder how death and this wan water here look to God? To Him is it like a dream, a picture? God knows how things look, to us both far off and near. He also can see them so when he pleases. What they look to Him is what they are: we cannot see them so, but we see them as He meant us to see them, —*therefore truly*, according to the measure of the created. Made in the image of God, we see things in the image of His sight."

THE COLONIAL QUESTION; A brief consideration of Colonial Emancipation, Imperial Federalism, and Colonial Conservatism. By W. H. Fuller, M.A. Kingston: *British Whig Office*.

This brochure, as we are informed by a prefatory note, was written in 1873, and is now printed as "a modest contribution to the literature of the question," which, owing to recent discussions has become one of great public interest. It is a brief and well-written exposition of the views of the advocates of the three different policies indicated in the title, and closes with a strong plea in favour of Colonial Conservatism as being the safest and most mutually beneficial both to the colony and the mother country. As the pamphlet has the advantage of being brief and concise, those who wish to do so can follow out the arguments in Mr. Fuller's own words, with little expenditure of time or trouble. The author has some good suggestions about the judicious encouragement of emigration, particularly in regard to bringing out pauper children. Whatever view the reader may take as to Mr. Fuller's conclusions, he must accord him the not too common merit of keeping close to his subject, without stepping aside to indulge in any empty and aimless rhetorical declamation, or to denounce or disparage those who may hold and advocate different views.

THE VATICAN DECREES, in their bearing on Civil Allegiance: A Political Expostulation. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. London: John Murray, 1874. Toronto: A. S. Irving.

A LETTER, addressed to his Grace the Duke of Norfolk, &c. By John Henry Newman, D.D., of the Oratory. Toronto: A. S. Irving.

THE VATICAN DECREES, in their bearing on Civil Allegiance. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. Toronto: A. S. Irving.

A REPLY, &c. By the Right Rev. Monsignor Capel, D.D. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1875.

VATICANISM: An answer to Reproofs and Replies. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. New York: Harper & Bro's., 1875. Toronto: A. S. Irving.

HISTORY OF THE VATICAN COUNCIL. By the Rev. P. Schaff, D.D. Toronto: A. S. Irving, 1875.

We place the full titles of these brochures at the head of our brief notice, because it seems evident that no one can have gained a clear and complete view of the controversy who has not carefully studied the best that can be said on both sides. It is the fashion now-a-days to hear only one's own side upon a given subject; and nowhere is this absence of the judicial

spirit so prevalent, and so injurious as in the fields of religious or quasi-religious disputation. It may safely be affirmed of those taking an interest in that temporary surface ruffling caused by the breeze Mr. Gladstone has raised, that the Catholics will read nothing but the replies, and Protestants nothing but the original and the rejoinder. We have no intention of entering upon the merits of the case; much less of reviewing each of these utterances in turn. It will suffice, if some general indications are afforded, as a guide to the reader who desires a clue to their general merit, as well as to their general prospect.

Dr. Schaff's pamphlet, it must be remembered, is from a strongly Protestant writer; yet the history of the Council contained therein, has already appeared in other forms, without contradiction, and the appeals to tradition against Ultramontanism are worth at least as much as those in its favour—which, to be sure, is not giving them the highest character. The real character of the Council is represented by figures, to which we need not refer in detail. It is sufficient to mention that of 541 Europeans, 276 were Italians, of whom 143 belonged to the Roman States alone. In the appendix to the Pamphlet are the Decrees of the Council with the Syllabus in the original and in English, arranged in parallel columns.

Of Mr. Gladstone's original "Expostulation"—*terribilis belli causa*—we need say nothing, after the sifting it has undergone on all sides. Taking up the replies, that of Monsignor Capel, (the Catesby of *Lothair*), is notable in many ways. He is credited with the conversion of all the aristocratic acquisitions of Rome in late years, from the Marquis of Bute down. His pamphlet may be characterized in a few words—it is clever, subtle, and eminently casuistical; nowhere is there sure ground beneath your feet; you feel continually in ecclesiastical syrtes. His method is that conventionally ascribed to the disciples of Ignatius Loyola. We have constantly brought to view subtle distinctions between the direct and indirect authority; what is supreme and infallible, and what is supreme alone; what again is irreformable, yet not infallible. His treatment of the pastoral of the Swiss Bishops (1871), is the cleverest specimen of scholastic casuistry we have read since we fell in with the original schoolmen. Another instance will be found (p. 47,) where he is playing fast and loose with the Syllabus. To do him credit, however, Monsignor Capel does not deny the Ultramontane creed, but, by a wondrous thaumaturgy, displays it in a dazzling display of colour, and winds up with a loyal shout of "God save the Queen."

Cardinal Manning, (Disraeli's Cardinal Grandison in *Lothair*), is a more sober reasoner. His effort it is to invalidate Mr. Gladstone's main position, that a change in the civil relations of English Catholics has been

wrought by the Decrees of 1870. The appeal to tradition is claimed to be in favour of both belligerents, and, in truth, you may fish out of it anything you please. If what you land is not to your mind, throw it back into that abysmal sea; cast in the net again, and you are sure eventually to get what you want. Dr. Manning has managed to inculcate extreme opinions, without appearing to give offence. Even the power of deposition is proved by a sliding enthymeme, by which we slide from Christ to Peter, from Peter to Christian Doctrine, thence to Christian law, and finally to the great law-giver, Pius IX. There is much that is extremely edifying in the Cardinal's pamphlet, but we pass on.

Dr. Newman is a name much beloved in England, even in the Church he has left, and Mr. Gladstone gives full expression to that affection. There is something touching and saddening in the tone of his reply. It is entirely different, in tone, from the other two. He feels every inch an Englishman. He can dare to say that he would obey the call of the Queen to arms, though the Pope forbade him. The Syllabus may be authoritative, but he does not think so. Rash Catholics exist, he says, as well as rash Protestants; and they have, in a large measure, brought the trouble on themselves. He does not even omit, as Dr. Manning does, the strong point made by Mr. Gladstone, regarding the assurances of the Irish bishops and the English vicars-apostolic, in 1791, 1793, and 1826. Dr. Newman even admits that faith has not been kept with the English Government. We regret that we cannot give a detailed account of this reply; it is, from every point of view, worthy of careful and sympathetic perusal.

On Mr. Gladstone's rejoinder we cannot dwell. It is longer, more vigorously written, and more satisfactory altogether than the "Expostulation." A larger array of facts and opinions is brought together, and he has certainly much the best of his antagonists up to this point.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE: A Course of Lectures. Belfast: William Mullan. Toronto: James Campbell & Son. 1874-5.

Prof. Tyndall's now celebrated Address to the British Association was delivered at Belfast; and it seems peculiarly fitting that the Professors of Belfast should furnish the antidote. We have before us six lectures, separately published, at the low price of fourpence sterling, ably written, and with a thorough acquaintance of the subject. It seems difficult to explain the dazed state into which theologians generally have been thrown by the light, solar or factitious, of modern science. The Belfast lecturers think it is timesome orthodox defence were made, and they do the work well. The price at which they are

published puts them within everybody's reach, who cares to read, and is prepared to think, upon the subject. The course is not yet complete; but all the lectures will be regularly supplied by the Toronto publishing firm above named. Those before us are entitled as follows:—"Science and Revelation: their destructive Provinces, with a Review of the theories of Tyndall, Huxley, Darwin, and Spencer," by Dr. Porter. "Theological Colleges, with special reference to the evil results of recent scientific theories," by the same. "Atomism," by Rev. Prof. Watts, an examination and refutation of Dr. Tyndall's theory of the Universe. "Herbert Spencer's Biological Hypothesis," by the same. "Design in the Structure and Fertilization of Plants, a proof of the existence of God," (illustrated), by Dr. Moore. Finally, "The Doctrine of an Impersonal God, in its Effects on Morality and Religion," by the Rev. W. Todd Martin, M.A.

THE MORALITY OF PROHIBITORY LIQUOR LAWS: An Essay. By Wm. B. Weedon. Boston: Roberts Brothers. Toronto: Hart and Rawlinson.

The limitations of space prevent our doing more at present than to notice the appearance of this Essay, and to quote the following words from the author's preface, in explanation of the position he takes in reference to the question of legislative interference with intemperance: "The writer believes that the whole fabric of our legal and political action has been strained and injured by the institution and administration of these liquor laws. He believes that one of the first and most important steps in the much talked about reform of civil government must be, to turn the humane temperance impulse away from its abnormal action in law and in the state, and to give it natural play in the ethical improvement of the individual man and of society."

We should have previously noticed the advent of a new native periodical, "The Canadian Methodist Magazine," published under the editorship of the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A., by the Wesleyan Methodist Book Room, Toronto, in the interest of the Methodist body. We heartily welcome its appearance, and wish it a large measure of success. It is just such a magazine as we should expect a gentleman of the cultivated tastes and learning of Mr. Withrow to issue, and its publication, in the handsome form it comes to us in, is a gratifying evidence of the great advance in the mechanical and publishing facilities that Toronto publishers have made in recent years. The character and tone of its contributions, also, merit high commendation.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

PERHAPS the most notable paper in the current number of *The Contemporary Review*, is that of Mr. W. R. Greg, on "Life at High Pressure." However incredulously Mr. Greg's readers of his "Rocks ahead," may have regarded his Cassandra warnings in the domain of religion and politics, there is no doubt that the subject of his present paper is less open to debate, and its conclusions are less likely to be questioned. That we are all living a "life at high pressure," is a very apparent and momentous fact, and some of the results are as disastrous as they are startling. That the remedy is within the reach of all, is not to bring about the cure. To admonish rival tradesmen of the evils of underselling, is to gain but little. To urge contentment and submission upon operatives on strike is often a waste of words. We must all have our own way, and live after the fashion of our neighbour. It is, nevertheless, well to pause now and again, and examine the nature and conditions of the national well-being, and to trace the drift of the national life. The task may, in the main, be an unheeded and thankless one, but the duty undertaken is no less a subject for legitimate and interested consideration. But startling as is the indictment against the age which Mr. Greg makes, it is curious to note how little concerned the world is with it. All sections of society are bent upon attaining the end each has in view; the world rolls on, and if it awakens to the consciousness of the necessity for any change, it relegates the task of reconstruction to some Royal Commission or Parliamentary enquiry, and goes to sleep again. Happy indifference! Precious possession of peace! But let us hear Mr. Greg. "Beyond doubt," says he, "the most salient characteristic of life is this latter portion of the nineteenth century in its SPEED—what we may call its "hurry, the rate at which we move, the high-pressure at which we work; and the question to be considered is, first, whether this rapid rate is in itself a good; and, next, whether it is worth the price we pay for it—a price rarely reckoned up, and not very easy thoroughly to ascertain." Further, he continues: "We have got into the habit of valuing speed as speed, with little reference to the objects sought by rapid locomotion, or the use to which we put the time so gained." These are remarks easy of apprehension, but their import is not often taken to heart. The march of modern life is a fast one, and is so accelerated that even the terms we apply in referring to time and transit have become changed, and are only relative to the conditions of the era in which we live. The danger of this haste-making, without

heeding its risks, is well pointed out by the author's illustrations from ocean travel experience; and he then goes on to discuss the physical and moral consequence of this needless "haste and hurry" in the mischief, physiological and mental, it does to those exposed to it. The living in an atmosphere of excitement has an apt illustration in its effect upon the French, the closing paragraph of which we extract:—"For more than ninety years, France has scarcely been sane and sober for an hour; ceaseless emotion has grown into chronic hysteria; and defects, vices, and propensities, mental and moral vice, have become constitutional and physical at last." The evil is not a temporary or a stationary one, however, but becomes more exacting in its demands, and runs through the whole social scale. Examples of its baneful effect are cited from every profession. We quote again: "The great prizes of social existence—success in professional, public, and commercial life—demand more strenuous and exhausting toil, greater strain upon both bodily and mental powers, a sterner concentration of effort and of aim, and a more harsh and rigid sacrifice of the relaxation and amenities, which time offers to the easy-going and unambitious, than was formerly the case. The eminent lawyer, the physician in full practice, the minister, and the politician who aspires to be a minister—even the literary workman, or the eager man of science—are one and all condemned to an amount, and continued severity of exertion of which our grandfathers knew little, and which forces one after another of them to break off (or to break down) in mid-career, shattered, paralysed, reduced to premature inaction or senility."

But another and more serious feature of this high-pressure existence is advanced, and referred to as the penalty which nature imposes as the price for thus setting aside her laws. It is this, "that men who have thus given up their entire being to this professional or business labour, so often lose all capability of a better life, all relish for recreation or contemplation, all true appreciation of leisure when it comes at last; for the faculties of enjoyment, like all others, are apt to grow atrophied with disuse—so that we see men in most careers go toiling on long after the culminating point of professional success is reached—when wealth has become a superfluity, and there is no motive for further accumulation—not because their life has still a charm for them, but because every other life has by long disacquaintance lost its attraction." Mr. Greg then proceeds

to signalize further examples of the evil, and to combat the well-worn arguments offered in its behalf. He aptly points out that the result of this too eager life-race is more and more to assign the prizes to men of *exceptional physique*, whose constitution can better stand the inordinate strain upon the system. Finally he comes to the admonitions suggested by a review of the subject, and to the remedy he would prescribe. These we must briefly indicate as "moderation" and "simplicity of living," referring our readers to the paper itself which will amply repay perusal. We close with one further extract, and that with reference to the suggested cure:—"As wealth increases, and as fortunes

"grow more and more colossal, as year by year
 "successful enterprise places riches within the
 "reach of many, and as the disposition of every
 "class to imitate and emulate the style of living
 "of the classes above it in the social scale re-
 "mains about the most inveterate of our nati-
 "onal characteristics, there would seem to be
 "small hope of attaining a standard of life truly
 "dignified and worthy, except through such a
 "regeneration in the tastes and sentiments of
 "of the opulent and noble—the leaders of
 "fashion, the acknowledged chiefs and stars of
 "society—as should cause simplicity to become
 "'good style,' and luxury beyond a certain
 "point, to be voted vulgar."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

The stage is at all times peculiarly open to depreciation, and its alleged degeneration has from time immemorial been the theme of the pharisaism of the bigot, the self-mortification of the ascetic, and the pessimism of the cynic. The world is full of strange puzzles. A large class of the public whose appetite is tickled by the reports of Brooklyn Scandals and criminal trials in the morning newspaper satisfies its moral scruples by declining to attend the evening play, and by denouncing those who do. These purists are not the only ones who—

"Compound for sins they are inclined to,
 By damning those they have no mind to."

The "license of the stage" is a standing catch-word, always in readiness to be flung at the defenders of the drama. To us it seems that this word "license" would now-a-days be more appropriately connected with the sensational novel, and the faction fights of the party press and the Legislative halls. The pulpit, too, has it not in some instances borrowed from the comedy of the stage?

The truth is, the theatre is what the age makes it. "A profession lightly thought of by the public, leads naturally to a debased art," and the gain to the sum of the good or bad influences of the time, is just what each generation determines. "The stage," says Lessing, the greatest name in German literature next to Goethe, "which means the world, is not only the mirror of life, but also a school of morals." If the theatre is to be quarrelled with, as is now again the fashion in puritan circles on the other side of the lines, why not the novel? The

play is nothing more, in most cases, than the novel *acted*. Never was there a time when the novel was more ubiquitous. Of the two, the influence of the theatre is likely to be more wholesome, as being more open to public criticism, and as being more social. Let it never be forgotten that "man is a gregarious animal." The enjoyment derived from a good novel is a solitary and consequently, to some extent, a selfish one. On the other hand, a large proportion of the enjoyment which arises from seeing a good play well acted is derived from sympathy—from the consciousness that hundreds of our fellow creatures are sharers in our pleasure. For the time being, while they are watching the varying fortunes of the men and women of the mimic world on the stage, sympathizing with their joys and sorrows, their feelings and aspirations, the spectators—rich and poor, lofty and lowly alike—are bound together with adamant chains. "One touch of nature" makes them really "kin;" makes them indeed members of one universal brotherhood—the brotherhood of man. The fact, with which every one who is accustomed to attend theatres is familiar, that "a slim house" has a far more depressing effect upon the audience than upon the actors, is conclusive proof that we do not over-estimate the value of this sympathetic element in the sum-total of the enjoyment of the spectator of a play. Nor need the acted play fear comparison with the novel in other respects. A warning may be conveyed, or a truth inculcated, quite as impressively by the one as by the other; and a knowledge of human life and human nature imparted in a more effective manner. Moreover, the acted

drama influences a class to which even the lightest and most fascinating novel appeals in vain, we mean the section of the community—a very large one, we fear, in Canada as well as in the United States—the members of which cannot bring their minds to read anything except the party newspaper of its own stripe of politics.

Of course, there are bad plays as there are bad novels; but is it not a truism that the results of all human effort may be divided into good, bad, and indifferent; and why should that be made a special objection against the drama which applies equally to everything of man's workmanship? It may even be admitted that histrionic genius is a rare gift, and that in its absence resort is often had to accessories of a questionable or even vicious character to "draw houses." But has the novel no similar blemishes; is not the rostrum and the pulpit as often marred by expedients quite as doubtful, and by a sensationalism quite as rank? Let the decriers of the stage be just. Let them recognize that the theatre has a mission; that as a social force it is capable of being made, if it be not already, incomparably more potent for good or evil than any other. Let them countenance it by their presence, and do all that lies in their power to raise, to purify, and to ennoble it, and they will find that as an instrument for the education and regeneration of the masses, it will outweigh all others—popular lectures, Mechanics' Institutes, Young Men's Associations, temperance organizations, &c., &c.—put together. A great London philanthropist once said, "I should like to have the direction of a penny theatre," and (as a writer in the last number of the *Contemporary* remarks respecting the saying of Fletcher, of Saltoun,) "Let other people have the making of the laws, if I can have the writing of the songs," might be said with more truth of plays." The existence of the drama can be traced back for some two thousand five hundred years; how long it existed previously it is impossible to say. Even the Hebrew Scriptures contains dialogues in a dramatic form; as in the Book of Job. It is to be found among peoples of the most diverse races, religions, and tastes—Hindoos, Chinese, Greeks, and Romans, down to modern Europeans. It has been subjected at various times to the bitterest assaults at the hands of its opponents, who have ever been on the watch to compass its destruction. But it still survives, in greater luxuriance and in greater favour than at any former period of the world's history. Such being the case it *must* possess some special virtues which fit it to human needs, and make it perennial and indestructible; and the sooner this fact is recognized and acted upon by its decriers, the better.

We have been led into these remarks partly by the desire to answer those who, while they profess their appreciation of the novel as a

beneficent outgrowth of literature, yet would deny a place to the drama as an accredited and legitimate educator of the age; but we have been also actuated by the desire to mark the recent enterprise in our city in the building and equipment of two handsome places of amusement, as a distinctive indication of a social transition which has taken place amongst us; and, in regard to the just completed engagement of Miss Neilson at the Grand Opera House, to congratulate the management upon the success (so richly deserved), that waited upon the enterprise, to tender our heartiest thanks for the treat offered, and to commiserate those whose conscientious scruples denied them a rare and charming pleasure.

In truth, the advent of Miss Neilson, the first actress really belonging to the front rank who has ever visited Toronto, must have been to many a revelation of the capacity for conferring pleasure of the highest kind which lies within the grasp of one supremely gifted woman. And we must do the people of Toronto the credit of saying that they made the most of their opportunity. The crowds that flocked to see her nightly (we believe they numbered over 13,000 during the eight days of her stay) were something wonderful to witness; and their enthusiasm was equally wonderful. And they had ample opportunity for forming a judgment as to Miss Neilson's varied merits as an actress. She appeared in no less than three perfectly distinct classes of characters: tragic, as in *Juliet* and *Isabella*; romantic, as in *Julia* in "The Hunchback," and *Pauline* in "The Lady of Lyons"; and in high comedy as in *Rosalind* and *Beatrice*. For ourselves, we prefer her in tragedy, not but that those who hold her *Rosalind* to be her most perfect performance may not be right, but because tragedy is altogether the higher and nobler order of drama, and gives opportunity for the display of the higher and nobler qualities of the great artist. On the whole we like her *Juliet* best. It is evidently a character to which she has devoted the whole powers of her mind during many years of study. And rightly so, for it is probably the most difficult to portray, as it is undoubtedly the most beautiful in the whole range of the drama. We have seen many *Juliets* in our time, from Miss Susan Cushman's and Mrs. Mowat's, down to Miss Adeline Stanhope's and Miss Randolph's, but we never saw a thoroughly satisfactory one till we saw Miss Neilson's. What Miss Helen Faucit's may have been, we do not know, never having seen it; but that it was better than Miss Neilson's we take the liberty of doubting, and are fortified therein by the opinions of those who have seen both. And most wonderful, in its varied manifestations of powers the most versatile and diverse, is Miss Neilson's performance throughout. From the youthful beauty and grace of the first scene we pass to the ball-room, where the sudden inspiration of her first

love is made manifest by a few master-touches ; then to the balcony where its declaration is marked by touches of exquisite poetry flecked as it were with snatches of girlish waywardness ; then to the mingled eagerness and affection of the scene in the garden with the nurse ; passing on to the deep fervour of the brief love passage just before the marriage ; to the terrible agony of the scene where the news of Tybalt's death is brought to her ; to the passion and abandon of her parting with her husband ; to her wild supplications to her father and mother not to force on the marriage with Paris ; to the deep pathos of the exquisite scene with the friar ; to the terror and despair of the scene where she takes the sleeping potion ; and, finally, to the calm settled desperation of the last scene of all, where she takes up her everlasting rest beside the man whom she has loved so well. When it is remembered that all these things and others which might be mentioned go to make up but one character in all its varied completeness, and further, that the poet has lavished the utmost magnificence of language and wealth of imagination in its portrayal, it will hardly be denied that the literature of the world may be ransacked in vain for a character to match this amazing creation. And yet there are people who tell us that Shakespeare is "played out." Such ought to have been present on Miss Neilson's opening night, when, in obedience to the spell of the arch-enchanter's wand, the Grand Opera House was crammed from pit to dome to hear "the old, old story" told again,—a story old as humanity, but forever new—as embodied in the most pitiful, but still most beautiful love poem in all literature. If they had, they would have felt obliged to confess their error, and perhaps even to acknowledge a suspicion that Shakespeare will be played out when the English language is played out, but not till then.

Next to Miss Neilson's *Juliet* we should rank her *Isabella*. The character, however, is not nearly so difficult to act, being written in but one, or at most, two keys, and consequently not demanding so many varied powers for its presentation. The tone is grave and tragic throughout. Still the character is a magnificent one, and gives some splendid opportunities for display. In particular the grand prison scene with Claudio is more popularly striking, and consequently more telling, than any single scene in "*Romeo and Juliet*," and rouses the audience to a greater pitch of enthusiasm. It was acted by Miss Neilson with a tragic grandeur worthy of a Rachel or a Siddons. Of her other two Shakespearean characters, her *Rosalind* was far better than her *Beatrice*. The former, indeed, was exquisite, almost perfect in fact. As *Julia*, in "*The Hunchback*," and as *Pauline*, in the "*Lady of Lyons*," Miss Neilson was also better than any other of the numerous actresses we have seen in them ; though in the latter she was at times somewhat

too tragic for a character which is not tragic, but melodramatic. The plays are not especial favourites of ours. It is true that, in both, the plot and situations are remarkably strong ; but in both also the language is stilted and artificial, and palls greatly after the magnificent diction of Shakespeare. Our notice has extended to such great length, that we have only space to add, that on the whole Miss Neilson's support was remarkably good, and that the costumes, accessories, and scene-shifting, left nothing to be desired. The excellent orchestra, under Herr Müller's able direction, is quite a feature in the performances at this theatre, and always executes its part of the entertainment most admirably.

THEATRICALS AT RIDEAU HALL.

One of the features of the past month has been the presentation of an original *Operetta*, entitled "*The Maire of St. Brieux*," produced for the first time at the Government House, Ottawa, on the 18th ultimo ; the work being written and composed expressly for Her Excellency the Countess of Dufferin's private theatricals.

The *Libretto*, written by Mr. F. A. Dixon, is fresh and sparkling. The humour is not too strained, and the "points" are cleverly worked up. Of the music, the circumstances of its present introduction render any very close criticism both difficult and out of place. Its production in Toronto shortly, which is rumoured, will give us the opportunity of examining the work more in detail. Meantime Mr. Mills must certainly be congratulated on having been successful in producing an operetta whose many beauties entitle it to rank as one of the musical features of the day.

The scene is laid in the little village of St. Brieux, in Brittany, during the first Consulate, (cir. 1800.) To this spot Charles Duval, a young Englishman, has been sent over by his uncle, who is concerned in the endeavour to place the Comte de Provence, then a refugee in England, upon the throne of France. Here he meets the Comtesse de Beau-dry, a Royalist, who has come to the village disguised as the Widow Barrie, a Parisian dressmaker, being really his own cousin and boyish love, who, several years before, had made a clandestine match with a Frenchman, and had, consequently, been severed from her family. To her he confides certain papers entrusted to him for that purpose, though without recognizing her. The Comtesse, taking advantage of the passion with which her charms have inspired the Maire of St. Brieux, an elderly gallant, makes him the unwilling medium of communication between herself and the Royalist party in Paris. Having, however, incurred his animosity by rejecting his addresses, she, with Duval, is placed under suspicion of being a conspirator, and is in danger of arrest. She cleverly clears

the difficulty by placing his proposal to herself in a ridiculous light, at the same time threatening to reveal his foolish complicity in her plot. This appeal to his vanity and fears is successful, and she becomes mistress of the situation. In the danger of the moment she has confided to Duval her relationship to himself; and his love for her, which has remained constant, bears promise of reward.

There is a slight underplot, turning upon the jealousy of a blacksmith's apprentice, Pierre, and the coquetry of the village belle, Marie, niece of the blacksmith.

The cast of characters was as follows:—The *Maire* of *St. Bricux* (*Baritone*), E. Kimber, Esq.; The *Comtesse de Beaudry* (*Soprano*), Mrs. Anglin; *Marie* (*Mezzo Soprano*), Miss A. Kimber; *Charles Duval* (*Tenor*), J. H. Plummer, Esq.; *Mons. Bouillet* (*Bass*), E. Gingras, Esq.; *Pierre*, P. B. Douglas, Esq.

The principal features of the work may be briefly noticed. An ingeniously written overture arranged for piano, violins, contra-bass, flute, and horn, precedes the rising of the curtain. The Operetta opens with a chorus of villagers and blacksmiths, the movement of which is written in 6-8 time, with syncopated accompaniment, and is striking and novel. A lover's quarrel between *Marie* and *Pierre* is carried out in the duet "Twixt the cup and the lip," in which various apposite proverbs are cleverly arranged, and set to simple but appropriate music; opening in a minor key and passing to a major, as the lovers make their final *adieux*. A *tenor* song, "White and Pink," which *Duval* sings while meditating on his boyish love, is smooth and flowing. Some fine flute passages mark this number.

The *Maire* on his first appearance makes the blacksmith his confidant on the subject of plots and conspiracies in a difficult *quasi-recitative*, with a florid accompaniment. The *trio* in F, in which *Duval's* banter, the *Maire's* rage, and the blacksmith's sympathy are well elaborated, is a capital piece of musical composition, with a lively and well-conceived accompaniment, a peculiar feature of which is the repetition in quavers of the dominant throughout almost the whole movement. The first song is a very touching little ballad, "Only a Daisy," for the leading soprano, *Madame Barrie*, the words and music of which are very sweet, and form a striking contrast to the *agitato* movement following. The "Spring Song," descriptive of the pleasures of returning spring and the thoughts of love which it suggests, may be considered to be the composer's best effort. It is in reality a waltz-song of much grace and originality, with a pleasing accompaniment, in

which the flute *obligato* is a conspicuous feature. A declaration of love for the charming widow, on the part of the *Maire*, gives rise to a cleverly arranged and amusing *duet*, in the first part of which are some florid passages in the instrumentation, while the whole of the latter part is constructed on a simple ground-bass of two bars, which, beginning *andante*, gradually increases in speed until the climax is reached in the widow's final "No!" The *quartette*, "Hush, Hush," is an effective *staccato* passage, and closes the scene, while the *Maire* and his companions disperse to a *pizzicato* accompaniment. The "Peasants' song," for *Marie*, is a pretty little melody, well suited to the words, in pleasing contrast to the Blacksmith's song, which is bold and vigorous, though the closing eight bars, perhaps, lack originality. *Pierre's* song, "Dear love, despite your cruel words," is one of the finest and most popular airs in the *Operetta*, and affords considerable scope for display. A *duet*, "Through bud time and spring time," between *Duval* and his cousin, the *Comtesse de Beaudry*, is flowing and graceful, and full of feeling. In the last verse the beauty of the *tenor* part is particularly noticeable.

The climax of the plot is reached in a song in which the whilom *Madame Barrie* holds up the *Maire* to ridicule, and threatens an *expose* of his folly. The work concludes with a stirring chorus, "Hail to the *Maire*," which is vigorously written in 3-4 time, changing to common time as the peasantry advance to crown the *Maire* with garlands.

Though it is scarcely our province to advert to the manner of its production at Rideau Hall, it may be permissible to say that for accuracy of detail in dress and appointments, beauty of scenery, and excellence of acting, we have never seen anything upon the private stage to approach the "Maire of St. Brieux," as produced under the generous auspices of its noble patron. The quality of voice and ease of execution on the part of the lady who filled the part of *The Comtesse de Beaudry* would be hard to equal in Canada, while the trying part of the *Maire* was filled by an accomplished actor as well as vocalist.

The Ottawa Choral Union now numbers 328 active and honorary members, and is contributing its quota to classical music. Its Conductor is F. W. Mills, Esq., well-known in the musical circles of Quebec in connection with several sacred compositions. Want of space precludes a detailed account of the operations of this Society, but we hope to be able to give a comprehensive statement of its doings in a future number.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE first volume of the new (ninth) edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, edited by Dr. T. Spencer Baynes, has been received in this country. It covers the portion of the alphabet from A to An, and has been almost entirely rewritten. Some of the best scholars and specialists have been retained upon the work; and we may look for a reissue of the publication, worthily representative of the advanced thought of the day, and highly creditable to the enterprise of its publishers. Among the new and notable contributions to the second volume, now in press, the publishers announce the following articles:—Archæology, by our distinguished townsman, Prof. Daniel Wilson, LL.D., of University College; Animal Kingdom, by Prof. Huxley; Anthropology, by Dr. E. B. Tylor; Aryan Races, by Prof. Max Müller; Astronomy, by Prof. R. A. Proctor; and Apocalyptic Literature, by the Rev. Dr. Samuel Davidson.

The Messrs. Harper have just sent us a very dainty quarto volume entitled, "Songs of our Youth, set to music," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." The poetry and its musical accompaniment are charming, and the work, doubtless, will find a hearty welcome in juvenile musical circles.

A reprint is announced by the Messrs. Appleton of a translation, from the French of M. Th. Ribot, of his work on "Heredity: a Psychological Study of its Phenomena, Laws, Causes, and Consequences." Prof. Ribot, it will be remembered, is the author of the recent work on Contemporary English Psychologists.

The Canadian legal profession will, we are sure, be glad to learn that the Master in Chancery, at Toronto, Mr. T. W. Taylor, has just completed a treatise upon Equity Jurisprudence, founded, we understand, upon the well-known Commentary of Mr. Story. Few members of the profession in Canada are better authorities

in Equity practice than Mr. Taylor, and none are more capable of writing on the subject. Messrs. Willing & Williamson, Toronto, are the publishers.

We are in receipt of a number of pamphlets and brochures on questions of some importance to Canadians, notably, Mr. Norris on "The American Question," Mr. Fuller on "The Colonial Question," &c., and will have something to say about them in our next issue. We have also to acknowledge receipt of "The Maritime Monthly" for March; and an interesting pamphlet on "Winnipeg as it is in 1874, and as it was in 1860," by Mr. Geo. B. Elliott, of Manitoba.

Messrs. Appleton & Co., to whom the reading public is indebted for the reprint of many of the recent and important contributions to science, have commenced the publication of a series of books, under the title of "The Popular Science Library." It is designed that the series shall give the results of modern scientific enquiry on the several subjects of which the volumes will treat, and in a manner that will commend them to popular favour and interest. Three of the issues have come to hand, viz., "Health," by Dr. Edward Smith, F. R. S.; "The Natural History of Man," a course of Elementary Lectures from the French of Prof. A. de Quatrefages; and "The Science of Music; or the Physical Basis of Musical Harmony," by Mr. Sedley Taylor, M.A.

The *Times* recently speaks of the present Lord Lytton's volume of "Fables in Song," reprinted by Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co, of Toronto, in the following terms:—"This volume, by the author of 'Owen Meredith,' has given us greater pleasure than any poetry which has been published for a long time back. It contains many pages of striking merit, finely imagined and finely written."

NOTE.—[The following addendum to Mr. Bourinot's paper on "Canadian Historic Names," reached us too late for insertion in its proper place. The reader will please read it in connection with the author's remarks on the origin of the word "Ottawa," on page 299.]

"Abbé Ferland, on the other hand, tells us that Outawak, or Ottawa, was a name given to one of the great Algonquin nations, and is derived from the practice still followed in certain places, of splitting the ears, and inserting pieces of skin or other material." Other French writers call them "courtes oreilles," or "the short eared," while Bancroft says that the name is simply the Algonquin word for "traders." In fact it is clear that the origin of the word is lost in the obscurity of the past, and that it is vain to attempt now to solve the difficulty to a certainty."

Champlain, who, from 1607 to 1635, may well be said to have been the mainstay of French power and progress in North America. His singular honesty of purpose, and unswerving adherence to the truth, gained him the respect and confidence of his own countrymen and of all the Indian tribes.

1635. René Rohault, son of the Marquis de Gamache, gave six thousand crowns towards the foundation of a college in Quebec, and the foundation of the Jesuits' College is said to have been laid this year.* On the death of Champlain, M. Chateaufort assumed charge of the colony.

1636. M. Charles Huault de Montmagny, who had been appointed Governor of Canada on the death of Champlain, reached Quebec in May.

1637. An institution was founded by M. de Sillery, a knight of Malta, for converted Algonquins. It was situated near Quebec, and named "Sillery," after its founder. Father Le Jeune is said to have been placed in charge.

1639. The Hotel Dieu, at Quebec, was founded through the instrumentality of the Duchess d'Aiguillon.

1640. The Ursuline Convent was founded at Quebec by Madame de la Peltrie, who came out from France accompanied by three nuns, who were to act as nurses for the Hotel Dieu, and three Ursuline sisters for the convent. A society known as "La Compagnie de Montreal" was founded in Paris for the promotion of religion in the colony, and M. de Maisonneuve was selected to conduct the operations and preside over the affairs of the company in Canada. The grant of the greater part of the Island of Montreal to M.

de Maisonneuve and his associates bears date 17th December, 1640.—The church and college of the Jesuits at Quebec was destroyed by fire.

1641. M. de Maisonneuve and his party arrived at Quebec early in the season, and, notwithstanding the objections raised by the Quebec colonists, proceeded without delay to Hochelaga (Island of Montreal).

1642. On the 17th May the spot selected for the site of the town of "Ville Marie" was consecrated by the Superior of the Jesuits, and the new settlement, which was destined in after times to become the commercial metropolis of Canada, started into life.

1643. Jean Nicolet, the discoverer of the Mississippi, was drowned about the end of October by the upsetting of a canoe going from Quebec to Sillery.

1644. The grant of the Island of Montreal to the Seminary of St. Sulpice was confirmed by the King on the 13th February. Wheat was first sown in Canada this year.

1645. M. Maisonneuve returned to France, on account of the death of his father, and to obtain supplies and assistance for his colony at Ville Marie. Father Jerome Lallemand returned from the country of the Hurons, and was elected on the 16th September Superior of the Jesuits.

1646. 16th March—The chapel of the Hotel Dieu at Quebec was blessed by Father Vimont. The Jesuit Father Isaac Jogues was murdered by the Iroquois who were very troublesome to the settlers at this time.

1647. The church at Sillery was blessed on the 8th May. M. Louis D'Aillebout de Coulonge, who had some time before been commandant at Three Rivers, was appointed Governor of Can-

*By some writers, the date of the foundation is stated to be two years later, in 1637.

ada in succession to M. de Montmagny, whose term of office had expired.—La Tour's fort at St. John was taken by M. d'Aulnay de Charnisy, the garrison hanged, and Madame La Tour, who had defended the fort in her husband's absence, died of grief shortly after.

1648. August 20th.—M. D'Aillebout arrived at Quebec from France to assume the Government of Canada.—Father Anthony Daniel was tortured to death by the Iroquois in one of a series of attacks upon the Huron Settlements; several hundreds of the Hurons were put to death during the onslaughts.*—Sillery was destroyed by the Iroquois.—Large flocks of white partridges (*Tetrao Mutus*) visited the vicinity of Quebec. Twelve hundred were killed in the course of a month.

1649. A girl, aged sixteen, was executed at Quebec for theft.

1650. The house of the Ursulines at Quebec was destroyed by fire on the night of the 30th December.

1651. March 13th—M. D'Aillebout laid the foundation-stone of the church at Ste. Anne du Petit Cap (now known as La bonne Ste. Anne—the Good Ste. Anne).—Jean de Lauzon was appointed to succeed M. D'Aillebout as Governor of Canada on the 17th January, and landed at Quebec on the 14th October.—Charles de la Tour appointed Governor of Acadia, by Louis XIII.

1652. November 12th —MM. St. Denis and Gaillarbois were killed by the Indians at Cap de la Madeleine.—M. du Plessis and eight other Frenchmen were also murdered by the Iroquois.

* These repeated onslaughts almost annihilated the Hurons; the remnant of the tribe sought aid from the Missionaries, and were established near Quebec, where some of their descendants may still be found.

1653. M. de Maisonneuve, who had been to France to obtain succour, returned with a reinforcement of 105 men.—The benediction of the Chapel at the Island of Orleans, near Quebec, by Father John Lallemand, took place this year.

1654. Brothers Louis le Bœsme and N. Liegeois were murdered by the Iroquois.—Port Royal taken by the English 16th August, and Le Borgne carried prisoner to Boston.

1655. A sanguinary engagement took place between the Iroquois and the Eries, in which the power of the latter was utterly destroyed.

1656. A large part of Acadia was granted to Sir Thomas Temple and others by Oliver Cromwell.

1657. The Seminary of St. Sulpice was founded by the Abbé Queylus, who was commissioned for that purpose by the St. Sulpicians of Paris.—François de Laval, Abbé de Montigny, who was born at Laval, Maine, France, 23rd March, 1622, was consecrated Bishop of Petrœa and appointed Vicar Apostolic for Canada; Monseigneur de Laval (a scion of the noble house of Montmorency) was thus the first Bishop sent to Canada.

1658. New buildings, consisting of hospital, choir and church for the Hotel Dieu, Quebec, were finished, and the latter consecrated on 10th August by the Abbé de Queylus.—The foundation of the church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours in the city of Montreal was laid by the Sœur Marguerite Bourgeois.—M. Pierre de Voyer, Vicomte d'Argenson, who had been appointed Governor of Canada in 1657, arrived at Quebec on 11th July, and immediately assumed the reins of government.

1659. The Convent de la Congregation, at Montreal, was founded by

Marguerite Bourgeois.—From this time the control of the Jesuits over the clergy of Canada virtually ceased.*—M. de Laval, the first Bishop who came to Canada, arrived at Quebec from France on the 16th June.

1660. M. d'Aillebout died at Montreal on 21st May.—A grant was made by the French Government to Captain Sueve Doublet, of the island of St. John (now Prince Edward Island).

1661. Pierre du Bois, Baron d'Avaugour, succeeded Vicomte d'Argenson as Governor of Canada.

1662. A large number of emigrants and a company of regular soldiers arrived from France.—An extraordinary meteor is said to have been seen both in Quebec and Montreal.

1663. A violent shock of earthquake was felt throughout Canada and parts of the New England States on the 5th February.—The Chevalier Augustin de Saffray Mesy arrived at Quebec on 15th September, and assumed the reins of government in place of the Baron d'Avaugour, who had been recalled.—The Seminary of Quebec was founded by M. de Laval, who had obtained the formal approval of the King in April, before sailing with M. de Mesy for Canada.—The date of the landing of M. Augustin de Mesy may fairly be considered to be the date from which the new *régime* commenced. Thenceforward the decree of 21st March was to have effect, and Canada was to be governed by a Supreme Council, consisting of the Governor, the Bishop, the Royal Intendant, five Councillors, an Attorney-General and Chief Clerk.—M. Robert, a Councillor of State, was the first Royal Intendant, but it does not appear that he ever assumed the duties

* M. le Vicomte d'Argenson is stated to have introduced *lettres de cachet* into France.

of his office.—The year 1663 was not only memorable on account of the political changes which took place, but also on account of the natural phenomena which occurred. On January 7th, and again on the 14th, very brilliant mock suns were observed at Quebec, where, also, on 5th February, a violent shock of earthquake was felt. Earthquakes are said to have occurred frequently from February to August, 1663, and to have extended throughout Eastern Canada and the New England States, producing in many places on the lower St. Lawrence a complete change of the surface of the valley, elevating and depressing it, and changing the beds of the smaller streams.

1664. M. Alexandre de Prouville, Marquis de Tracy, who had been appointed Viceroy of all the Colonies of France, sailed from Rochelle in February for the West Indies, whence he was to proceed to Canada on a tour of inspection of all the French Colonies in North America.

1665. A comet was visible in Quebec at Eastertide.—February 24th and October 15th violent shocks of earthquake were felt at Murray Bay and Tadoussac.—M. de Mesy died at Quebec on 5th of May.—June 19—Four companies of the Carignan regiment arrived at Quebec—June 30.—The Marquis de Tracy, Viceroy of the Colonies of France, arrived at Quebec, accompanied by four companies of the Carignan regiment.—August 19—M. de Salières, Colonel of the Carignan regiment, arrived at Quebec with four companies. The four remaining companies of the Carignan regiment arrived in Canada on 20th August.—September 12—Daniel de Rémi, Sieur de Courcelles, who had been appointed to succeed M. de Mesy as Governor, arrived at Quebec, bringing with him M. de Talon, Royal

Intendant.—During the autumn of this year detachments of soldiers were sent up the country and erected forts at Sorel, Chambly, and St. Thérèse, posts on the river Richelieu.

1666. January 9th—M. de Courcelles left Quebec on an expedition against the Indians, and returned on 17th March. May 31—The Marquis de Tracy laid the foundation-stone of the Jesuits' Chapel in Quebec, M. de Courcelles laid the first stone of the first chapel, and M. de Talon the first stone of the second chapel. July 11th—The Cathedral of Quebec was consecrated by M. de Laval, under whose auspices it had been built.—A second expedition, numbering upwards of 600 men, under the Marquis de Tracy, accompanied by M. de Courcelles, marched against the Indians in October. The Indians retired into the forest, declining an engagement, and the French, having burned their villages and stores of provisions, returned to Canada.

1667. Acadia was restored to France by the treaty of Breda, made in July.—The Marquis de Tracy returned to France in the autumn, having accomplished the object of his mission.—The first ball given in Canada took place at the house of a Mons. Chartier, on the 4th February, and the pious old Jesuit who records the fact expresses the fervent hope that no evil consequences may ensue.—Jean Vincent de St. Castine, Baron de St. Castine, settled near Pentagoët (Penobscot).

1668. Formal cession to France by King Charles II. of all Acadia, by letters patent, dated in February.—The Intendant Talon established a brewery in Quebec.

1669. Charter granted by King Charles II. of England to the Hudson's Bay Company.

1670. A Royal edict was issued by Louis XIV. for the encouragement of early marriages amongst his Canadian subjects.—M. de Courcelles took charge of an expedition against the Senecas (Sonnontouans); he proceeded as far as the Bay of Quinté, when the Senecas came to terms and complied with all his demands.—Although Acadia was formally ceded to France in 1668, possession was not given until 1670, when the following places were surrendered: Pentagoët, St. John, Gemisick (now Jemseg, on the St. John river), Port Royal, Lahève, and Cape Sable. The surrender was made by Sir Thomas Temple to Hubert d'Audigny, chevalier de Grand-fontaine.

1671. Madame de la Peltrie (who founded the Ursuline Convent at Quebec) died in November.—M. de Lusson made a treaty with the North-Western Indians at the Falls of St. Mary (Sault Ste. Marie).

1672. Louis de la Buade, Count de Paluan and de Frontenac, was appointed to succeed M. de Courcelles as Governor of Canada: his commission bearing date 7th April. September 12th—M. de Courcelles, accompanied by the Intendant de Talon, sailed from Quebec for France.—By a decree, dated at St. Germain-en-Laye, 4th June, and signed by the Queen Marie Thérèse, the Intendant Talon was authorized to frame police regulations and to appoint Judges both in Canada and Acadia.—Joliet, accompanied by a priest named Marquette, penetrated, in December, as far as Michilimakinac.

1673. The corner-stone of the Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours was laid this year. The erection of this church had been delayed since 1658, when the foundation was laid.—Fort Frontenac (now Kingston) was

built and garrisoned under the orders of the new Governor.—Joliet and Marquette, passing by way of the Fox and Wisconsin rivers, reached the Mississippi on 17th June, and descended as far as the confluence of the Arkansas.

—With a view to check the trade which had sprung up between the Indians and the *Coueurs des Bois*, a decree was issued by the King, dated from the camp at Vossen, between Brussels and Louvain, on 15th June, forbidding any Frenchman to remain in the woods more than twenty-four hours without leave from the Governor.

1674. By a decree issued at St. Germain-en-Laye, Louis XIV. resumed the powers and privileges granted to the West India Company, and the trade with Canada thus became open to all his Majesty's subjects.—Canada was made an Episcopal See, and M. de Laval, titular bishop of Petraea, became the first bishop of Quebec.*—Sir Thomas Temple died.

1675. A royal edict, dated 5th June, confirmed the establishment of the Sovereign Council, which was to be composed of the Governor, M. de Laval, recently appointed Bishop of Quebec, or, in his absence, the Grand Vicar; the Intendant, and seven other Councillors.—The Church of Notre Dame de Bonsecours, at Montreal, was finished, and the first mass said therein on the feast of the Assomption.

1676. An edict of the king was issued in April confirming the arrangement made by the Bishop of Quebec for the affiliation of the Seminary of Quebec with that of Paris.—M. de Chambly appointed Governor of Acadia, subject, however, to the Governor of Canada.

* Those who desire a more intimate acquaintance with the character of M. de Laval, cannot do better than consult "*The Old Regime in Canada*," recently published by Francis Parkman.

1677. The Indian chief Garaconthië, who had been a firm ally of the French, died this year.—La Salle visited France to obtain authority to prosecute his researches in the western part of the continent.

1678. La Salle returned from France, and passing by way of Lake Erie in the *Griffon*, built above Niagara Falls, he founded a settlement by himself at Detroit; proceeding thence to the Straits of Mackinaw (Michilimakinac), sailed across to Green Bay, and thence to the River St. Joseph, where he established Fort Miami.—Several of the Recollet Fathers returned to Canada under the patronage of the Intendant Talon, and much to the annoyance of M. de Laval, whose authority they slighted.

1679. By an edict of the 7th May, it was forbidden to arrest or imprison any person except by order of the Governor, or of the Sovereign Council.—An attempt was made this year to establish a parochial clergy, vesting the power of appointment in the Seigneurs; but, owing to the determined opposition of the Bishop, the attempt was not successful.

1680. A great meeting was held at Montreal and negotiations were carried on between the Count de Frontenac and the Iroquois chiefs, with a view to a better understanding between the French and the Indians; but the relations between the Cantons and the French Colony remained on the same uncertain footing up to the time of Frontenac's recall in 1682.

1682. M. Lefebvre de la Barre was appointed to succeed the Count de Frontenac as Governor of Canada; de Frontenac having been recalled owing to the difficulties which arose in carrying on the Government from the Governor's irritable temper.—M. de

Muelles was at the same time appointed Intendant.—A great fire occurred in Quebec, by which nearly all the buildings in the lower town were consumed.—La Salle arrived on the Mississippi from Canada on 2nd February, and conducted an expedition down the river. He claimed the entire valley for the French King, and named it Louisiana in his honour. La Salle was accompanied on this expedition by a priest named Hennepin.

1684. An expedition against the Indians was undertaken by the Governor de la Barre, but it ended in a complete failure; the indecision and want of skill on the part of the Governor alienated the feelings of the Indians who had hitherto been friendly to the French.—M. de la Vallière appointed to command in Acadia, M. de Chambly having gone to Grenada, of which island he had been named Governor. M. de la Vallière seems to have been succeeded in a short time by M. Perrot.

1685. M. de la Barre was superseded on the result of his expedition against the Indians becoming known in France, and was succeeded by Jacques René de Brisay, Marquis de Denonville, a cavalry officer of some reputation in the French service.—Six hundred regular troops arrived from France to strengthen the garrisons in Canada.

1686. The Island of St. John (Prince Edward), the Magdalens, and Isle Royale (Cape Breton), were granted by Louis XIV. to Gabriel Gautier, by patent dated in May, 1686.—By the treaty between France and England, dated 16th November, it was stipulated that if hostilities should break out between the two Crowns in Europe, peace should not thereby be broken in America.—The Ursuline Convent at Quebec, which had been rebuilt after the fire of 1650, was again destroyed by fire.

1687. M. de Menneval appointed Governor of Acadia in place of M. Perrot; his government to extend from Cape Gaspé, to the river Kennebec. By commission dated 16th March, he is directed to reside at Port Royal, and to give particular attention to the christianizing of the Indians.—M. de Denonville, having assembled at Montreal a mixed force of upwards of two thousand men, marched up the St. Lawrence, crossed Lake Ontario near the mouth of the Genessee, where he erected a fort, and proceeded to the settlements of the Senecas, who, being defeated in the action which ensued, retired into the woods. The French, having destroyed the provisions and growing crops of the Senecas, retired. The marquis established a fort near Niagara Falls, and, having left a garrison there, returned to Montreal.—Chevalier de Vaudreuil arrived in Quebec with a reinforcement of eight hundred men.

1688. Sieur de Goutins appointed *écrivain du roi* in Acadia.—Sir Edmond Andros, governor of New England, landed at Pentagoët (Penobscot), and pillaged the residence of the Baron de Castine.—M. de la Vallière succeeded M. de Laval as Bishop of Quebec.

1689. The Indians attacked the Island of Montreal on 6th August, and nearly destroyed the settlement; hundreds of persons were cruelly massacred. The want of success in his operations against the Indians on the part of M. de Denonville, led, as in the case of M. de la Barre, to his recall, and he was succeeded by the Count de Frontenac, who arrived at Quebec on the 18th October, accompanied by M. de Callières.

1690. A party of French Canadians and Indians commanded by M. Le Moyne de St. Hélène, attacked Corlaer

(Schenectady) during the night of February 18th, and surprising the inhabitants in their sleep, ruthlessly murdered about sixty, and carrying off as many more; with the cattle and other spoil, which they hurriedly gathered together, they returned to Canada. Many stragglers were, however, cut off by the infuriated settlers, who collected and harassed the retiring party.—A second expedition started from Three Rivers under Francois Hertel, who, following the St. Francis and Connecticut rivers, arrived at Salmon Falls (Portsmouth, New Hampshire), on 27th March, where a tragedy similar to that of Corlaer was enacted; some thirty persons were murdered, and a number carried away as prisoners; the houses, cattle, and stores were destroyed by fire.—A third party under M. de Portneuf penetrated to Casco, on Casco Bay, Maine, and, after a slight resistance, captured the forts. They then burned the habitations and demolished the defences, and taking the survivors with them, retreated to Quebec. In this attack the English colonists lost about thirty men, the French two. Mr. Nelson, who had been appointed English Governor of Nova Scotia, was taken prisoner by M. Villebon and sent to Quebec. These expeditions were organized by Count Frontenac with a view to raise the character of the French in the estimation of the Iroquois, the frequent defeats sustained by the Canadians under M. de la Barre and the Marquis de Denonville having completely destroyed the prestige they had acquired during the administration of M. de Courcelle.—Sir William Phipps, governor of Massachusetts, appeared off Quebec on the 16th October with a fleet and a body of troops under Major Walley and demanded the surrender of Quebec. Count Frontenac returned an indignant refusal, and Sir William

opened fire upon the city. The troops landed on the 18th, but after two days fighting, (during which M. de Sainte Helène was mortally wounded) the English came to the conclusion to abandon the attempt; the troops were therefore re-embarked, and the fleet returned to Boston. Great rejoicing took place after the departure of the fleet, and a new church, *Notre Dame de la Victoire*, was erected in honor of the victory.* Annapolis, then called Port Royal, was captured by the English under Sir William Phipps. In May, M. de Menneval, the Governor, and the whole garrison (about 40 men) were taken prisoners, and the settlement was pillaged. The Chevalier de Villebon arrived at Port Royal on 14th June, and learning what had taken place, he withdrew to Gemisick (Jemseg) and proceeded thence to Quebec. Commissioners from the English Colonies met at New York on 1st May to concert measures for joint attack on the French possessions. A deputation was sent to London to solicit naval and military co-operation.

1691. The Indians assembled in force at the confluence of the Ottawa and St. Lawrence above Montreal, and from thence threatened the settlements, treating with the greatest cruelty such of the inhabitants as fell into their hands.

1692. The Grey Nunnery at Montreal was founded this year.—Early in the spring Colonel Schuyler of New York invaded Canada at the head of a considerable body of colonial militia and Indians; he was, however, met and defeated by a force under M. de Varennes.—The defences of Quebec were greatly improved and strengthened this

* A medal was struck by the King of France, bearing the words "Francia in novo orbe victrix Kebeca liberata, A. D., M. D. C. X. C."

year, and the St. Louis and St. John gates were built.—An edict of the king was issued in March authorizing the establishment of a general hospital at Quebec, and also confirming the establishment of the Recollets.

1692. Sir William Phipps dispatched an expedition to Nachouac (now Nashua) up the St. John river to capture Villebon, but finding the French were prepared, the attack was abandoned.—A fort was erected at Pemaquid by Sir William Phipps, under instructions from the English government.

1693. Frontenac led an attack against the Iroquois early in the season.—This year the court called *Justice Royale* was established at Montreal. It was a court having both criminal and civil jurisdiction, and was sanctioned by an edict dated March, 1693.

1694. The Indians having suffered very severely from the incursions of the French in 1693, sent emissaries to Quebec and Montreal to negotiate a treaty.

1695. Fort Frontenac was reestablished and garrisoned.

1696. M. de Frontenac having fixed upon *Isle Perrot* as the place of rendezvous, ordered all the forces of the colony to assemble there, and having collected some two thousand three hundred men, left on 7th July to attack the Indian settlements on the south side of Lake Ontario. Having destroyed the villages of the Onondagas and Oneidas, the governor suddenly decided, notwithstanding the remonstrances of his lieutenants de Callière, de Ramezay, and de Vaudreuil, to return to Montreal. It was upon this occasion that the French captured a very old man,* the only person left in the settlement, and handed him over to

their Indian allies to be tortured, a fate which he bore with the greatest fortitude.

1696. M. d'Iberville captured the English fort at Pemaquid which was demolished. The English settlements in Newfoundland were attacked by a French squadron of six men of war. The English man of war, *Sapphire*, was destroyed by her captain (Cleasby) to prevent her falling into the hands of the French, who made prisoners of the crew, and inflicted great injury on the settlements.—Major Benjamin Church, commissioned by Lieutenant-Governor Stoughton of Massachusetts, embarked at Boston, and proceeded to Beaubassin (Chignecto) which he completely destroyed. This expedition, having been joined by Colonel Haythorne, who assumed the command, then ascended the St. John river and attacked Villebon at Nachouac, but was repulsed.

1697. By the treaty of Ryswick, ratified by King William III. on 25th September, 1697, France was confirmed in the possession of Canada and Acadia.—A French fleet under the Marquis of Nesmond was sent from Brest to attack the English settlements in Newfoundland and New England, but not arriving at Placentia until 27th July, the design was abandoned.—Governor Bradstreet, of Massachusetts, died at Salem on 27th March, aged 94.—Sir John Gibson was dispatched to Newfoundland with large reinforcements.

1698. Fort William, at the harbour of St. John, Newfoundland, was built by Sir John Gibson.—In May, Lord Bellamont, then governor of New York and Massachusetts, sent Colonel Schuyler on a mission to Count Frontenac, informing the latter of the conclusion

* Stated to have been nearly 100 years of age.