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THE
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND
NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOLUME VI.
JULY TO DECEMBER.



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THE
CANADIAN MONTHLY
AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. 6.]

JULY, 1874.

[No. 1.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE WAR OF 1812.

THOSE readers who have followed with interest, in the pages of "For King and Country," the course of the War of 1812 up to the battle of Queenston Heights, may be further interested in a rapid *résumé* of the succeeding events of a war which, independently of its special interest for every Canadian, is as full of heroic deeds, brilliant exploits, thrilling adventures and picturesque situations, as many a more celebrated campaign. Being out of the stream of European history, and dwarfed by the gigantic proportions of the then European conflict, it has hardly attracted the attention it deserves; but those who have leisure and opportunity to study its details as presented in the various histories of Canada, and more fully in Colonel Coffin's interesting Chronicle of the War, will find themselves amply rewarded. In the meantime, those who have no very definite knowledge of the course of its events may find a sketch of them, in outline, both interesting and profitable. To give continuity and complete-

ness to the sketch, it is necessary rapidly to glance briefly back to the beginning of the war, and to the complications in which it originated. These latter are naturally traceable to events which occurred in the preceding century; to the smouldering sparks of hostility left between England and her revolted colonies when the flames of the War of Independence had been quenched in the blood of so many of her children. The mother country had not yet, perhaps, forgiven her vigorous but somewhat insubordinate scion for the rough repudiation of her authority, nor had the revolted child got over the acrimony of the separation. The Americans did not know, or could not appreciate the fact, that the Government of the day *was not England*—that a large portion of the British people had thought them ill-used, and had sympathized with them in their struggle for constitutional liberty; and so there existed among them a latent and too-easily excited hatred of everything British. In Canada, on the other hand, the

settlers, being chiefly composed of old British soldiers, and of United Empire Loyalists, who had left their homes in the United States and come to make new ones in Canada, under the shelter of their dearly loved Union Jack, reflected the British feeling to an intensified degree. An animosity, more bitter because the neighbourhood was so close, had sprung up between the two countries.

To this train of inflammable material the great disturber of Europe indirectly applied the torch. Not only did his stormy career excite the most opposite sympathies in the two nations, but his arbitrary "Decree," declaring all British ports in a state of blockade, led to the British retaliation of the celebrated "Orders in Council," which became, at least, the ostensible *casus belli*. This declaration, asserting the constructive blockade of all French ports, and declaring all products of countries under French rule liable to be seized under any flag, bore very hard upon neutrals, especially upon the Americans, whose merchant marine had, during the engrossment of Europe in war, almost monopolised the carrying trade of the world. On every sea American merchantmen, bound to or from French or British ports, were encountered and captured by cruisers of the hostile nation, but as the British cruisers were by far the more numerous, they did by far the greater damage. To the exasperation occasioned by these events was added, through the self-willed action of a British commander, the "last straw" which seemed to make war, sooner or later, almost inevitable.

It was an affair very similar to that known about a dozen years ago, as the "Trent Affair," which, had not Britain been more forbearing than America was in similar circumstances, might have provoked another war. The "right of search" for contraband goods or deserters, which England claimed on principle, and America on principle denied, was rudely asserted. By command of Vice-Admiral Berkeley, of the North

American station, Captain Humphries, of the *Leopard*, overhauled the American frigate *Chesapeake*, and made a demand for deserters whom he knew to be on board. The demand, being refused, was enforced by a broadside, which compelled the *Chesapeake* to strike her colours and surrender the deserters, who were afterwards tried and convicted of piracy at Halifax, and one of them executed.

This unauthorized act was officially disavowed by the British Government at once, before a word of remonstrance from America could reach them. Both Admiral and Captain were recalled, and it was further explained that "the right of search, when applied to vessels of war, extended only to a *requisition*, and could not be carried into effect by force."

But the echoes of the *Leopard's* guns had awakened a storm in America not easily appeased, and still further stirred up by the inflammatory appeals of demagogues and journalists. The cry "To arms!" seemed to be the cry of the nation. Even clerical dignitaries wrote to the President, Jefferson, asserting that forbearance would be cowardice. Jefferson afterwards claimed the credit of having averted actual hostilities at a time when no other man in the Republic could have held in leash the "dogs of war." Yet, notwithstanding, he did not exercise the forbearance of waiting for the reparation and disavowal which came so promptly and spontaneously. Without even asking for reparation, he resorted to the proclamation of the celebrated "embargo," excluding British ships from all American ports. In doing this, he declares that he wished to avert war; to introduce into the disputes of nations "another umpire than that of arms;" and it is to be presumed that he was sincere.*

* Yet the permission, without disavowal or reparation, of such acts as the attack and capture, by the garrison of Fort Niagara, of seven merchant vessels quietly passing on the Niagara River, did not look like a desire to avoid hostilities, and led Brock and other

Certainly the embargo exercised a most injurious effect on the trade and commerce of America, depreciating property and paralyzing industry, especially in New England, where a war with England and a French connection were equally deprecated, and where the feeling, stirred up by the embargo, excited one of the earliest poetic efforts of Lowell, then a boy of thirteen. But there was, undoubtedly, among a large section of the American people, a strong hatred of England and desire to humiliate, especially, her maritime power; and succeeding events indicated, clearly enough, that with many the real object was—in the words of Alison—"to wrest from Britain the Canadas, and, in conjunction with Napoleon, extinguish its maritime and colonial empire." In the meantime the situation was sad enough; on the one side, the artisan population of Great Britain starving for lack of the corn of which their American brethren had such a superabundance, while, on the other side, American planters were half ruined, and American industry crippled, by the refusal to admit British manufactures and merchandise, or permit the exportation of the cotton which was glutting the home market.

In 1809, Jefferson was succeeded by Madison, who repealed the embargo, substituting a non-intercourse Act with England and France. An attempt at negotiating the existing difficulties failed, owing to diplomatic complications; and President Madison, far from inaugurating a more pacific policy, proceeded to keep up and exasperate the warlike sentiments of the people; and, by his treating with Bonaparte, and other actions, showed an evident desire to distinguish his presidency by the conquest of Canada.

In May, 1811, existing ill-feeling was aggravated by another maritime encounter, in

which Britain was certainly *not* the aggressor. The American 44-gun frigate *President*, in defiance of the avowed principle that vessels of war were not liable to right of search, provoked an encounter with the *Little Belt*, a small sloop of 18 guns, and shot the latter to pieces. The American captain was tried by court-martial and acquitted amid national exultation; but Great Britain at once forbearingly accepted the official disavowal of hostile instructions.

Notwithstanding this forbearance, however, President Madison, in November, 1811, appealed to the nation for the "sinews of war," and they responded by large votes of money and men, warlike armaments being prepared during the winter. The people were full of sanguine hopes of an easy conquest of Canada. It was presumed that political troubles and transient dissatisfaction, caused by grievances connected with the Executive, had so far weakened Canadian loyalty that the colonists would interpose but a slight resistance, if they did not even welcome the idea of American connection. And England, her hands full, and her attention engrossed by the affairs of Europe, where Wellington was engaged in the struggle with Spain, and Napoleon was pressing on to Moscow at the head of his gigantic army, would, it was believed, have neither leisure nor power effectually to defend her distant colony. Succeeding events showed how far these calculations were correct.

As a preparation for war the American Government imposed a close blockade of all their ports, allowing no vessels whatever to enter or leave. Their aim was to cut off all communication with England, and attack at an advantage the homeward-bound West India fleet, which was accordingly done by Commodore Rogers, the hero of the *Little Belt* encounter. The frigate *Belvidere*, however, single-handed, defended the merchantmen against a pursuing squadron of three frigates and two sloops, and brought her charge safely home.

Canadians to conclude that the U. S. Government, while avoiding the declaration of war, were desirous of bringing it on by provocation.

This was the prelude to a more decisive step. War was declared by Congress on the 18th of June, 1812, President Madison, though morally responsible for much of the hostile feeling, eluding the formal personal responsibility, which was assumed by the Legislature.* The step was not, however, unopposed. Honourable and high-minded Americans, such as Quincey, Sheffey, and Randolph of Virginia, strongly denounced the proposed invasion of a peaceful and unoffending Province, and especially the idea, openly expressed, of endeavouring to seduce the Canadians from their loyalty, and as Randolph expressed it, "converting them into traitors, as a preparation for making them good American citizens." A heart generous enough so to speak would, it may be believed, be generous enough to rejoice when the Canadian people proved themselves incapable of being "converted into traitors." Despite, however, such nobly expressed opposition, the declaration of war was carried by seventy-nine votes against forty-nine—its supporters being chiefly representatives of Southern and Western States, while its opponents represented the East and North. In New England, indeed, the oppo-

* The extravagant hopes and expectations entertained by the Americans as to the easy conquest of Canada, will be best seen from the following extracts from speeches delivered upon the floor of Congress previous to the declaration of war. Dr. Eustis, United States Secretary of War, said: "We can take Canada without soldiers; we have only to send officers into the Provinces, and the people, disaffected towards their own Government, will rally round our standard." The Hon. Henry Clay, who, in 1814, signed the treaty of peace as one of the Commissioners, expressed himself still more strongly: "It is absurd to suppose we shall not succeed in our enterprise against the enemy's provinces. We have the Canadas as much under our command as Great Britain has the ocean, and the way to conquer her on the ocean is to drive her from the land. *We must take the Continent from them. I wish never to see a peace till we do. God has given us the power and the means; we are to blame if we do not use them.* If we get the Continent, she must allow us the freedom of the sea."

sition to war was intense; and Boston, foremost before in defending American liberty, displayed her flags half-mast high in token of mourning, while a mass-meeting of the inhabitants passed resolutions protesting to the utmost against a war so ruinous, so unnatural, and so threatening, from its connexion with Imperial France, to American liberty and independence. The protestors deserve the grateful remembrance of Canadians, and these facts should not have been forgotten by Great Britain during the late unhappy contest between the North and South.

Canada, the destined victim of these complicated misunderstandings, had of course full warning of the impending storm. The President's message in 1811, and the report made to Congress by its Committee on the Foreign affairs of the United States, conveying sentiments of the most decided hostility to England, had been a presage of what might, ere long, be expected. General Brock, who was at that time acting not only as Commander in Upper Canada, but as administrator of the Government, was not slow to take the alarm, and inaugurate, so far as possible, preparations for defence. In opening the Session of the Legislature at York, in February, 1812, while expressing his hope "that cool reflection and the dictates of justice may yet avert the calamities of war," he impressed the importance of early adopting "such measures as will best secure the internal peace of the country, and defeat every hostile aggression." It was, indeed, to this wise, energetic, and brave commander, that the country looked as its stay and its hope, at a time when Great Britain, worried and harassed by European complications, listened to the representations of the colonists with an incredulous and what seemed an inconceivable apathy.

General Brock, who, though still comparatively a young man, had already distinguished himself with his brave 49th regiment in Europe and the West Indies, had been detained in Canada long beyond the time

when he had reasonably hoped to return to European service, then full of fascination to one who was at once so ardent a patriot and so enthusiastic a soldier. The accomplishment of this hope, delayed by the circumstances of the country, seemed to be just within his grasp, when, in the beginning of 1812, Sir George Prevost received a letter from the Home Office, authorizing him to permit General Brock's return to England for the purpose of being employed on the Continent, this permission arising solely from a desire to promote his wishes and advantage. But Brock, feeling the critical position of Canadian affairs, and acting in accordance with his own sense of duty, as well as with the desire of those associated with him in their management, magnanimously sacrificed his own preferences to remain in Canada, to meet, indeed, a too early death on a comparatively obscure battle-field, but to be also a chief instrument in saving Canada to Great Britain, and to become, no less than his like-minded predecessor, General Wolfe, an honoured and unforgotten hero among the Canadian people.

The actual declaration of war could not but spread a thrill of dismay in a comparatively defenceless and sparsely populated colony. The population of Upper Canada was only about 80,000—that of the whole colony did not exceed 300,000. To defend a frontier of 1,700 miles, threatened by several powerful armies, they had but 4,450 regular troops of all arms, only about 1,500 of whom were in Upper Canada. It is little wonder if the task of resisting so powerful a neighbour seemed at first almost a hopeless one, and if, for a short time, some despondency prevailed. But the spirit of the old Spartans lived in the breasts of the hardy Canadian yeomen, many of whom had already sacrificed so much to their loyal love for the British flag; and the confidence of the people in their brave General acted as a rallying point of hope and courage. The militia justified the expectations General Brock had

expressed of "the sons of a loyal and brave band of veterans;" and troops of volunteers poured into all the garrison-towns, ready "to do—and die" if necessary, rather than yield to the invader.

As soon as the declaration of war was ascertained beyond a doubt, General Brock's measures were prompt and energetic. He called a meeting of the Legislature, established his head-quarters at Fort George, requested reinforcements from the Lower Province, which—however, could not be granted till the arrival of more troops from England; appointed a day of fasting and prayer in recognition of the great ever-present "Help in time of trouble;"—looked to the condition of the frontier-forts and outposts, and paid especial attention to the securing of the allegiance of the Indians, and the equipping, drilling, and organizing the militia. Of arms, however, there was a great scarcity, and many brave volunteers, who poured into York, Kingston, and other places, had to retire, disappointed, for lack of weapons—some indeed supplying the deficiency from their implements of husbandry.

On the 12th of July, General Hull, with an army of 2,500 men, crossed to Canada from Detroit, issuing from Sandwich a proclamation, doubtless emanating from Washington, in which he informed the Canadians that he did not ask their aid, because he came with a force that must overpower all opposition, and which was, moreover, only the van-guard of a far greater one. He offered the Canadians, in exchange for the tyranny under which they were supposed to groan, "the invaluable blessings of civil, political, and religious liberty;"—(it is to be remembered that the *slave-holding States* were the chief instigators and supporters of the war!) He ended his proclamation by expressing the hope that "He who holds in His hand the fate of nations, may guide you to a result the most compatible with your rights and interests, your peace and prosperity." This hope the Canadians, at least, deemed fulfilled in

their being led to refuse the bribe of a personal ease and security purchased by the sacrifice of their sense of right and duty—of their loyalty to the country whose noble traditions they claimed as their own—to the flag which, notwithstanding the occasional shortcomings of its standard-bearers, they still regarded as the time-honoured defender of “civil, political, and religious liberty.”

From Fort George General Brock issued a counter-proclamation to the Canadians, in which he reminded them of the prosperity which the colony had attained under British rule, assured them of the determination of the mother country to defend Canada to the utmost, impressed upon them the sacred duty of keeping inviolate their deliberate and voluntary oaths of allegiance to the British Government, exposed the inconsistency of the American professions with their alliance with tyrannical France, and pointed out the injustice of their threat of refusing quarter in battle should Indians be permitted to fight, side by side with their British allies, in defence of their rights and their lands against those who had, on almost every occasion, overreached and oppressed them. The feeling of depression and hopelessness which had been caused, to some extent, by the invasion and the proclamation, he set himself to eradicate by every means in his power. On July 27th he opened the extra Session of the Legislature, which he had convened at York, by an address in which he adverted with pleasure to the promptitude and loyalty with which the militia had answered the call of danger, and closed his spirited and earnest appeal with the assurance, amply justified by the event, that “by unanimity and despatch in our Councils, and by vigour in our operations, we may teach the enemy this lesson, that a country defended by *freemen* enthusiastically devoted to the cause of their King and Constitution, can never be conquered!” The Legislature sustained him in its replies and in its address to the country, and thus, cheered and rallied

by its leaders, and inspired by its own brave heart, the country went gallantly on to a defence which, considering the fearful odds against which it was maintained, may well excite surprise and admiration, and remain as a bright example to future generations of Canadians.

In the meantime, hostilities had actually commenced. The preceding May, General Brock had sent a detachment of the 41st Regiment to Amherstburg or Fort Malden, some eighteen miles from Sandwich, to be in readiness to defend that frontier. On hearing of the landing of General Hull, he despatched Colonel Proctor thither with a further reinforcement of the 41st. It was time to take energetic measures, for the fact that the enemy had been able to establish a footing in the country had excited alarm and gloom, and endangered the adherence of the Indians of that region. Even General Brock could hardly resist the feeling that without speedy reinforcements, and unless the enemy could be speedily driven from Sandwich, the ruin of the country was imminent. Indeed had Hull pressed on at once, it is impossible to say what the result might have been. Happily for Canada, however, he delayed his advance till there were troops enough on the spot to embarrass him, with the assistance of the militia and Indians, until Brock himself could arrive.

The tidings of the capture of the American trading-post of Michilimacinae, with its garrison, stores and furs, by Captain Roberts, with some thirty regular soldiers and a band of French voyageurs and Indians, came as a gleam of brightness to relieve the gloom. Then came the gallant encounter at Tarontee in the western marshes, where a small British force held a strong American one at bay, and two privates of the 41st “kept the bridge” with a valour and tenacity worthy of the “brave days of old.” At the same time, the capture of a provision convoy of Hull’s, by the

Shawnee chief Tecumseh, with his Indians, seriously embarrassing the American General, (who had to draw his supplies from distant Ohio, over roads which were no roads,) induced him to "change his base of operations," and, recrossing the river, to retire to Detroit. Proctor followed him up, and endeavoured to intercept another convoy escorted by a stronger force, but this attempt was unsuccessful, and in an action at Brownstown the Americans were the victors. But Brock was at hand. On the 13th of August he arrived at Amherstburg at the head of a small force of regulars and militia,—about 700 in all; of these, 400 were militia-men disguised in red-coats. The journey had been a most fatiguing one,—a toilsome march through the wilderness from Burlington Heights to Long Point, and then four days and nights of hard rowing along the dangerous coast of Lake Erie, through rainy and tempestuous weather, in such clumsy open boats as the neighbouring farmers could supply. To the cheerfulness and endurance of the troops during the trying journey, Brock bore most honourable testimony. Their mettle deserved the success they so honourably achieved.

Arrived at Amherstburg, General Brock met Tecumseh, the Shawnee chief already referred to,—one of the heroes of the war. Quickly recognising in Brock the characteristics of a brave and noble leader, Tecumseh and his Indians were at his service at once, and together they concerted plans against Hull and Fort Detroit. By a happy inspiration, General Brock saw that promptitude and resolution were the qualities to gain the day, and General Hull was startled, first by a summons for the immediate surrender of Fort Detroit, and next by the crossing of the British force—General Brock, "erect in his canoe, leading the way to battle." Tecumseh and his Indians were disposed in readiness to attack in flank and rear, while the British force first drove the Americans from a favourable position back

on the fort, and then prepared to assault it. To their surprise, however, a flag of truce anticipated the attack, and the garrison capitulated, surrendering to the British the Michigan territory, Fort Detroit, 33 pieces of cannon, a vessel of war, the military chest, a very large quantity of stores, and about 2,500 troops with their arms, which latter were a much appreciated boon for arming the Canadian militia. General Brock was himself surprised at the ease of this brilliant success, which, at one stroke, revived the drooping spirits of the Canadians, rallied the hesitating, fixed the adhesion of wavering Indian tribes, encouraged the militia, who had now tried their strength in action, and made Brock deservedly the idol of the people. On his return to York he was greeted with the warmest acclamations, as befitted a leader who in such trying circumstances, had organized the military protection of the Province, met and advised with the Legislature, accomplished a trying journey of 300 miles in pursuit of a force more than double his own—had gone, had seen, and had conquered!

It was now his ardent desire to proceed, amid the *prestige* of victory and in the first flush of success, to sweep the Niagara frontier of the last vestige of the invading enemy. It seems most probable that he could have done so, and thus might, at this early stage of the war, have nipped the invasion in the bud, and saved both countries a protracted and harassing struggle. But his hands were, at this critical moment, fatally tied by an armistice, agreed to by the Governor-General, Sir George Prevost, probably in the hope that the revocation of the British "Orders in Council," which took place almost simultaneously with the American declaration of war, would evoke a more pacific spirit. This was not the case, however; things had gone too far; the people were too eager for conquest to be easily persuaded to recede. The sole effect of this most ill-timed armistice was to give the

Americans time to recover from the effect of their reverses, to increase their forces, and to prepare for subsequent successes on the lakes, by building vessels on Lake Erie, under the very eyes of General Brock, who, eager to act, had to remain passively watching the augmentation of the enemy's force, and the equipment of their boats, without being able to fire a shot to prevent it.

The first fruits of this enforced passiveness was the surprise and capture, on the 9th of October, of the brig-of-war *Detroit* and the private brig *Caledonia*, both laden with arms and spoils from Detroit. The former, however, grounded, and was destroyed by its captor, Captain Elliott, who was then fitting out an armed schooner at Black Rock, with a strong force of American seamen under his command.

This stroke of success greatly stimulated the eagerness of the American force under Van Ranselaer—now increased to 6,000 men—to engage in action. General Brock expected this, and issued particular directions to all the outposts where landing might be effected. On the 11th of October a crossing at Queenston was attempted, but failed through unfavourable weather and lack of boats. Before daybreak on the 13th, however, a crossing was effected, and the advance-guard of the American force, protected by a battery commanding every spot where they could be opposed by musketry, had gained the Canadian shore. On landing, they were gallantly opposed by the small outpost force of militia and regulars, aided by the fire of an eighteen-pounder on the heights, and another gun a mile below—a part of the defending force meeting the enemy as they landed, the remainder firing down from the heights above. Both assault and resistance were resolute and brave.

General Brock, at Fort George, having risen, as usual, before daylight, heard the cannonade, and galloped up to the scene of action, where he found himself at once in the midst of a desperate hand-to-hand com-

bat, a detachment of the enemy, who had landed higher up, having gained unobserved a spur of the heights by a secluded and circuitous path. Brock led his men with his usual unflinching valour, unmindful of the circumstance that his height, dress, and bearing made him too conspicuous a mark for the American riflemen. A ball, well and deliberately aimed, struck him down, with the words: "Push on the brave York Volunteers," on his lips. Stung by their loss, his regiment raised a shout of "Avenge the General!" and by a desperate onset, the regulars and militia drove the enemy from the vantage-ground they had gained. But the latter, being strongly reinforced—the little British force of about 300 was compelled to retire towards the village while awaiting the reinforcements that were on their way, hastened by the tidings of the calamity that had befallen the nation. General Sheaffe, Brock's old comrade in arms in other fields, ere long came up, with all the available troops, volunteers and Indians, eager to avenge the death of their commander. By an admirable arrangement of his forces he outflanked the enemy and surrounded them in their dangerous position, from which a determined and successful onset forced them to a headlong and fearful retreat—many being dashed to pieces in descending the precipitous rocks, or drowned in attempting to cross the river. The surviving remnant of the invading force, which had numbered about 1,500 to 800 on the British side, mustered on the brink of the river, and surrendered themselves unconditionally, with their General, Wadsworth, as prisoners of war.*

* It may be noted that two of those who distinguished themselves on their respective sides in this engagement were the late Sir John Beverly Robinson and Colonel Scott, afterwards so well known as General Scott. He it was who carried the flag of truce on this occasion, and of course was one of the prisoners taken. He was subsequently paroled, but broke his parole, as did other American officers.

The day had been won, indeed, and won gallantly, but the sacrifice of Brock's valuable life took away all the exultation from the victory, and turned gratulation into mourning. It was a blow which the enemy might well consider almost a fatal one to the Canadian people, and which gave some colour of truth to the American representation of the battle of Queenston Heights as *a success!* Three days after the engagement the deceased General was interred—temporarily, at Fort George—in a bastion just finished under his own superintendence, amid the tears of his soldiers, the mourning of the nation, while the minute-guns of the American Fort Niagara fired shot for shot with those of Fort George, “as a mark of respect due to a brave enemy.” He died SIR Isaac Brock, though he knew it not, having been knighted in England for his brilliant services at Detroit. But he had a higher tribute in the love and mourning of the Canadian people, who have gratefully preserved and done honour to his memory as one of the heroes of its history. Queenston Heights, where his death occurred, and where his memorial column stands, is, no less than the Plains of Abraham, one of Canada's sacred places, where memories akin to those of Thermopylæ and Marathon may well move every Canadian who has a heart to feel them.

After the battle of Queenston Heights it seemed that General Sheaffe might have effectually followed up the advantage he had gained, as General Brock would assuredly have done if he had survived, by crossing the Niagara and driving back the American forces from the frontier. Fort Niagara was abandoned by the enemy, and would have been an easy prey, while the American army, discouraged and demoralized by their recent repulse, would have been dispersed with the greatest ease. There were, however, great risks to be considered. Opposed to his total available force of 1,500, was an American force of 6,000, and a defeat would

have been a fatal misfortune, placing the frontier at the enemy's mercy and enabling them to attack Proctor in the rear. Brock would have risked it, and would not have been defeated, so far as human calculations can go; but perhaps Sheaffe was right to hesitate. But more unfortunate than this hesitation was the armistice to which Sheaffe agreed, disapproved even by Sir George Prevost, though it met with more favour at home. This armistice, liable to be broken off at thirty hours' notice, gave no real repose to the country and the harassed and suffering militia, while it gave the enemy time to recruit and reorganize, as well as to collect a large flotilla at the lower end of Lake Erie. General Sheaffe must have been influenced by hopes of a more pacific turn of affairs; but recent naval successes over Britain had excited the national vanity of the Americans to the highest degree, and filled the people with greater ardour for conquest and unbounded hopes of success.

The American navy had been so wonderfully improved during the last few years that, though still, of course, vastly smaller than the British, its first-class men-of-war were individually much better equipped. In the naval engagements of 1812 this was speedily seen. The British frigates *Guerriere* and *Macedonian*, and the sloop-of-war *Frolic*, were successively attacked and taken by the American *Constitution*, *United States*, and *Wasp*, of equal nominal, but much greater actual strength. Then the guns of the *Constitution* took a second prize in the *Java*, a fine frigate commanded by a promising young officer, Captain Lambert, who fell, with all her crew. And, as the final disaster of the year, the “American *Hornet*,” as Col. Coffin has it, “stung to death the British *Peacock*.” The tide was not turned till the following June, when Captain Broke, of the *Shannon*, took a splendid prize in the *Chesapeake*, of unfortunate memory.

In the meantime, of course, these successes kept up the warlike spirit of the Americans;

and as the autumn passed into winter, a few skirmishes of varying success took place on the St. Lawrence and the eastern frontier—ineffectual attempts at aggression on the American side, followed by prompt reprisals on the Canadian. The militia of the Montreal district rose *en masse* against the threatening demonstrations of Dearborn from Lake Champlain, with such enthusiasm and effect as to convince the American General of the fruitlessness of attempting to accomplish anything, for the present, with his sickly and enfeebled troops, and to induce him to retire to winter quarters.

The inland American fleet was less successful than the Atlantic one, as, though the *St. George* and the *Simcoe* were both chased into Kingston Harbour in November, they escaped from their pursuers, a small schooner the *Elizabeth*, being the only prize captured. Kingston was cannonaded, and returned the attention with interest, doing more damage than it received. At the termination of the armistice between Sheaffe and Gen. Smyth, who had succeeded Van Ranselaer in command on the American frontier, the latter made an ineffectual demonstration against Fort Erie, and then went into winter quarters, so closing the campaign of 1812.

As the year ended, the Loyal and Patriotic Society of Upper Canada was formed, to provide comfort, succour, and compensation for the brave men and helpless families on whom had fallen the chief brunt of the war, the losses of fields left untilled or laid waste, and property destroyed or plundered. It was generously supported in Canada; and from the West Indies, from Nova Scotia, from London, under the patronage of the Duke of Kent, contributions liberally flowed in, relieving much immediate distress, and testifying a much appreciated sympathy.

By the Legislatures of Upper and Lower Canada, which met in the end of 1812 and the beginning of 1813, large votes were passed for equipping and embodying a strong force of militia, and recruiting went

on diligently with such success that the defensive force of the province for the campaign of 1813 amounted—including regulars and militia—to about 8,000, opposed, however, by an American army of about 23,000.

Early in 1813 hostilities recommenced with a Canadian success in the Far West. There General Harrison, who had succeeded Hull,—as brave and formidable as the latter had showed himself weak and cowardly,—still threatened Proctor with a formidable army of sturdy Kentucky forest rangers and Ohio sharpshooters, and sent on Winchester with a brigade of his army to drive the British and Indians from Frenchtown, one of their outposts. The latter had to retire upon Brownstown, but Proctor pushed forward, attacked Winchester, and with the assistance of his Indian allies, completely routed him and captured all his surviving force, with stores and ammunition. For this success—securing Detroit for the present,—Proctor was made a Brigadier-General, and received the thanks of the Legislature.

In the St. Lawrence, while the ice still held the river, a brilliant demonstration was made at Ogdensburg, or Oswegatchie, against Fort La Presentation, by the gallant Highland Glengarries, under Colonel Macdonnell. They took the enemy by surprise, drove them from each successive position, stormed and carried the battery, burned four armed vessels in the harbour, and captured eleven pieces of cannon and a large amount of military stores. The achievement was an important one, putting a stop to border forays from the American side on that frontier during the rest of the winter.

Hardly any reinforcements had as yet been received from the mother country, a deficiency, however, made up by the gallant conduct of the militia, worthy of the best regular troops. A formidable campaign was now opening before them. The American plan of operations was, that Harrison and his army should recover Michigan and threaten

the west; that Commodore Chauncey, aided by Gen. Pike's land force, should invest York and the Niagara frontier; and that, after succeeding in Western Canada, the two armies should combine with the large force under Dearborn, and make a descent upon Kingston and Montreal.

Sir George Prevost had, in the meantime, arrived at Kingston, and was endeavouring to hasten the equipment of two vessels in preparation there and at York, but men and stores were lacking, Sir James Yeo and his English seamen only arriving in May. Before anything of importance could be done, Chauncey had made his memorable descent upon York, now Toronto,—then, as now, the capital of the Upper Province,—with only too much success. The attack was not unexpected, but the town was defenceless so far as military works were concerned, owing, it is said, to the negligence of Sheaffe. On the evening of the 26th of April, the ominous sound of the alarm-gun was heard, startling the citizens with the dreaded signal of the enemy's approach. Such defence as could be made was made. Sheaffe was there on his way from Newark to Kingston with two companies of the 8th, and the enemy, on landing a little west of the town, met with a brave but ineffectual resistance from both regulars and volunteers. After a sharp contest the British troops were obliged to retire from the unequal struggle,—doubly unequal since the fleet was about to attack the town in front. Sheaffe accordingly retired towards Kingston, and the defenceless town fell into the hands of the enemy, whose advance column, on reaching the Fort, was nearly destroyed by the explosion of the powder magazine, fired by an artillery sergeant named Marshall. The American general, Pike, lost his life in the catastrophe. The ship then building, the dock-yard, and a quantity of marine stores, had been destroyed or removed by the British before deserting the town, and the Americans, previous to evacuating it on the 2nd of May, completed

the work of destruction by burning the public buildings, and plundering the church and the library.

Newark, defended by General Vincent with scarcely 1,400 men, opposed to an American force of 6,000 under Generals Dearborn, Lewis, Boyd, Winder, and Chandler, was the next point of attack. Contrary winds retarded the squadron of 11 vessels of war, with a fighting broadside of 52 guns, till the 8th of May, and then the expedition lingered off the Niagara coast for nearly three weeks, preparatory to the attack on Fort George. The inequality of numbers made the contest almost a hopeless one; but Vincent would not give way without a fight. A cannonade was opened on the 26th, and next day a landing was effected, which was severely contested; but the guns of the men-of-war overpowered the most strenuous efforts of the defenders. Even after landing, however, the American troops were three times driven back at the point of the bayonet; and every mounted officer, save one, had been struck, and every gunner killed or disabled, before Vincent, after a desperate struggle of three hours duration, against a force numbering ten times his own, reluctantly abandoned the defence, spiked his guns, blew up his magazine, and retreated in good order on the strong position of the Beaver Dam, twelve miles from Niagara, on the road to Burlington Heights. Fort George, of course, fell into the hands of the enemy, and, saddest of all, on the sharply-contested field were left the bodies of 445 brave men, only too sorely needed at that juncture to supplement the country's most inadequate defence.

On the same day on which the American squadron landed at Niagara, a small British squadron, consisting of seven armed vessels, sailed from Kingston under the command of Sir George Prevost and Commodore Yeo, to attack the naval post of Sackett's Harbour, which had sheltered and equipped the fleet which Commodore Chauncey had

used to such good purpose. Irresolution and delay in landing prevented the easy capture which might have been made had the right moment been seized, and gave time for the militia to collect in large numbers. Notwithstanding this, however, the British troops put to flight the American force, and the General commanding, after firing his store-houses, was on the point of capitulating, when Sir George Prevost, who is supposed to have been terrified by the dust raised by the retreating militia,—which he took to signify advancing reinforcements,—gave the command to re-embark. The order was most reluctantly obeyed by the mortified and indignant troops, who saw, with bitter mortification, their hardly won success thrown away; while Sir George Prevost's reputation is said to have sustained, by his action on this occasion, a shock which it never recovered, the unfortunate Plattsburgh expedition of the following year giving it the *coup de grâce*.

Gen. Dearborn, after the advantage gained by the capture of York and Fort George, had made no very vigorous efforts to follow up General Vincent on his retreat towards Burlington Heights. In the beginning of June, however, he sent on a force of about 3,000 strong, including 250 cavalry and nine field-pieces, which came up with Vincent's advanced pickets at Stony Creek, where the Americans took up their quarters for the night. Having reconnoitred the position of the enemy, and discovered its weak points, Col. Harvey proposed to General Vincent a night attack, which, led by him, proved entirely successful. The sleeping troops were surprised and surrounded before they could organize for effective resistance, and Generals Winder and Chandler, with 120 officers and men, and four guns, were captured; the rest of the enemy, who had been fighting on confusedly, being compelled to disperse after a sanguinary contest, the loss on the British side being about 160 men. The Americans, when morning fully revealed

the situation, retreated precipitately towards Fort George, destroying tents and burning stores, accompanied by their flotilla of boats and batteaux, with a valuable cargo of supplies, most of which Sir James Yeo intercepted on the way—securing also a large quantity of spoil from a deserted encampment, suddenly evacuated at his approach. These gallant combined efforts freed the Peninsula from present occupation by the enemy, and threw him back on the edge of the frontier at Fort George. An attempted surprise of Vincent's outpost at the Beaver Dam, a *dépôt* for stores under the charge of Colonel Fitzgibbon, was baffled through the intrepidity and energy of a noble Canadian woman, Mary Secord, who undertook a walk of twenty miles through tangled wilderness, haunted by wolves and rattle-snakes, braving hostile sentries and Indian encampments, in order to warn Fitzgibbon of the intended surprise.

Her warning came just in time. The handful of British troops was prepared, and by a judicious disposition of the thirty regulars, assisted by a few Indians and militiamen, captured the 542 Americans, two field-guns, with ammunition waggons, and the colours of the 14th U. S. Regiment—the enemy surrendering under the impression that he was surrounded by a superior force. This exploit, though on a small scale, was one of the most brilliant exploits of the war, hardly less so than the descent of Bishopp and Clark upon Black Rock, near Buffalo, which soon followed it. With a force of 200 regulars and 40 militia, Colonel Bishopp and his friend, Colonel Clark, of the Lincoln militia dashed down upon Black Rock, as the latter had done, a few days before, upon Fort Schlosser, dispersed the American troops there, under General Porter, destroyed the block-house, the barracks, the naval arsenal and a fine schooner, and removed all the stores that could be carried away, scrupulously respecting, however, all private property. The expedition cost the life of

the gallant young Bishopp, who fell, it is said, more regretted than any other officer save only Brock himself.

If this harassing war is, comparatively, little known to fame, it certainly extended over an area far wider than that of many a world-renowned European campaign. Along a frontier 1,700 miles in length, border frays of varying importance and success were harassing the country. Far to the west, among the rich alluvial forests and tangled jungles of the Detroit district, Proctor, aided by Tecumseh and his Indians, was waging an unequal and somewhat ineffectual struggle with Harrison and his "army of the west," while near him, on the waters of Lake Erie, Captain Barclay was doing all he could to aid him in naval encounters with Commodore Perry. On the Niagara frontier, within sight of the spray of the Falls, attacks and reprisals were going on as just described. On the broad bosom of Lake Ontario, Chauncey and Yeo were fighting a naval duel, with some success to the latter, while the former made a second descent upon York, just then undefended, and completed the devastation previously begun, demolishing barracks and boats, throwing open the gaol, and ill-treating and plundering a number of the inhabitants. Among the picturesque windings of the Thousand Islands, in the mazes of the blue St. Lawrence, American attacking parties were intercepting convoys of batteaux, carrying provisions for western garrisons—a serious misfortune in days when, in our now rich and fertile Canada, not only the regular troops, but the militia and the Indian allies, had to be fed on the Irish mess-pork, and "hard-tack" from Portsmouth, all stores having to be laboriously carried westward from Montreal. Amid the land-locked, mountain-girdled bays of the beautiful Lake Champlain, hostilities, chiefly in the shape of naval encounters, were proceeding, an American fleet attempting to surprise Isle aux-Œufs; and in return, destructive reprisals

being made by the British upon Plattsburgh, Burlington, Scranton, and Champlain town. While, far out on the misty Atlantic, British and American men-of-war were "storming with shot and shell," the British *Pelican* taking the American *Argus*, and the American *Enterprise* and *Decatur*—with great advantage of guns and numbers—taking respectively the *Dominica* and the *Boxer*. In the early part of the year, Sir John Borlase, as a prudential measure, had established a vigilant blockade of the American coast, which hemmed in most of the American frigates in their ports, sending their officers and crews to the service of the lakes, harassed the maritime towns and naval arsenals, and, by keeping the merchantmen idle in the harbours, intercepted the coasting trade, ruined the commerce, and diminished the national revenue by two-thirds.

As the autumn of 1813 approached, the American leaders began to make more urgently threatening movements, apparently determined to make some decisive use of their masses of collected troops. Hampton, on the eastern frontier, at the head of nearly 5,000 men, crossed Lake Champlain to Plattsburgh, in advance on Montreal. At Sackett's Harbour, Wilkinson threatened Kingston with a force of 10,000 men. And General Harrison, in the west, was only awaiting the naval success of Commodore Perry, on Lake Erie, an order to advance upon Proctor with an army of 6,000 men.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of procuring facilities for ship-building in that far inland region, Captain Barclay had been doing his utmost, by fitting out the *Detroit*, a larger vessel than his little squadron had hitherto possessed, to keep from Perry the command of the lake. But Perry was well armed and well supplied, while Barclay was driven to the greatest straits for lack of the supplies which it was impossible for him to procure. He succeeded, however, in blockading Perry for a time in the harbour of Presqu'île, where the water on the bar was

too shallow to allow his ships to float out with heavy guns on board. But, a gale driving Barclay away, Perry got out, and established his position between the land-force and the vessels acting as their store-ships. It became absolutely necessary, at last, to fight the enemy in order to enable the fleet to get supplies, there being, in Barclay's own words, "not a day's flour in the store, and the squadron being on half allowance of many things." A desperate engagement took place, in the course of which Barclay reduced the *Lawrence*, Perry's flag-ship, to an unmanageable hulk; and the mixed crews of seamen, militia and soldiers, in the proportion of *one* of the first to *six* of the last, fought as true Britons fight, till, overpowered by superior numbers and heavier metal; aided by a favouring breeze, Barclay's squadron was forced to surrender, only however, when every vessel had become unmanageable, every officer had been killed or wounded, and a third of the crews put *hors-de-combat*. Barclay himself, when, some months later, mutilated and maimed, he appeared before the Admiralty, presented a spectacle which moved stern warriors to tears, and drew forth a just tribute to his patriotism and courage.

But that defeat was a fatal one for General Proctor. It destroyed his last hope, and retreat or ruin lay before him. Without supplies, deprived of the arms and ammunition of which Fort Malden had been stripped in order to supply the fleet, his prospects seemed gloomy indeed. Retreat across the wilderness behind him in rainy autumn weather might be arduous and ruinous enough, yet it seemed the only escape from hopeless surrender. And so, despite the earnest and eloquent remonstrances of Tecumseh,* who thought he

* Extract from Tecumseh's despairing appeal to General Proctor:—"We are astonished to see our Father giving up everything and preparing to run away without letting his red children know what his intentions are. You always told us you would never

should have held his ground, and who, doubtless, remembered the bold and victorious advance of General Brock at the head of his little force one year before, he abandoned and dismantled Fort Detroit, crossed over to Sandwich, whither he transported his guns, and commenced his retreat upon Burlington Heights with a force of 830 men. The faithful Tecumseh, grieved and indignant as he was at the General's determination to retreat, adhered to the fortunes of his British allies with noble constancy, and accompanied Proctor with his band of 300 Indian followers. The English General did not expect to be immediately followed up by Harrison, knowing the difficulties in the way of his progress. But the Kentucky "mounted infantry," or forest rangers,—each carrying, wherever practicable, a foot soldier behind him,—proved capital bush warriors. Harrison's army of 3,500 men came up with the little retreating force before it could have been supposed possible, surprised Proctor's rear-guard, captured his stores and ammunition, and 100 prisoners. Thus brought to bay, the British General, apparently stunned and bewildered by accumulated misfortunes, felt compelled to risk an almost hopeless fight. His little band of footsore and weary men—dejected, hopeless, exhausted by a harassing and depressing retreat, weakened by the effects of exposure and fatigue, and by the ravages of fever and ague, insufficiently clothed, scantily fed, and further disintegrated by the want of harmony

draw your foot off British ground. But now, Father, we see you are drawing back, and we are sorry to see our Father doing so without seeing the enemy. We must compare our Father's conduct to a fat dog that carries his tail upon his back, but when affrighted it drops it between its legs and runs off. Father! you have got the arms and ammunition which our great Father sent for his red children. If you have an idea of going away, give them to us, and you may go and welcome. Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it be His will we wish to leave our bones upon them."

and the relaxed discipline which unfortunately characterized Proctor's command—were faced about to strike one last despairing blow. The position taken by Proctor at Moravian Town, on the Thames, seems to have been a good one, but the General seems to have lost all energy and foresight. No protective breastwork was thrown up,—no sharp watch kept on the enemy's advance. The latter, having reconnoitred carefully the British position, opened a skilful and vigorous attack, and in a very short time, the exhausted and hopeless troops were totally routed, Proctor and a remnant of his troops effecting a wretched retreat to Burlington Heights, while a number of the captured British soldiers were taken in triumph to "grace a Roman holiday," some of them, instead of being treated honourably as prisoners of war, being consigned to Penitentiary cells.

Tecumseh, with his band of Indians, had taken up a position in the swamp, to the right of the British force. His last words, as he shook hands with Proctor before the engagement, were, "*Father, have a big heart!*" It was indeed the thing that Proctor most needed and most lacked just then. Tecumseh was to make his onset on the discharge of a signal gun. But the gun was never fired, and Tecumseh found himself deserted by his English allies and surrounded by the enemy. Attacked by the dismounted riflemen in the swamp, like a lion in the toils, Tecumseh and his "braves" fought on till the noble chieftain fell—as courageous a warrior and faithful an ally as ever fought under the Union Jack. Proctor survived, but his military career was closed for ever, and the dishonour of its termination fatally tarnishes the glory of his earlier success. The catastrophe of Moravian Town, giving the Americans complete possession of Lakes Erie and Huron, and undisturbed range of the western frontier, striking a blow at the British ascendancy, and giving renewed hopes of success to the Americans, though it awoke a

spirit of more intense and dogged resolution in the Canadians, was the saddest reverse of the war, and is said to be "unparalleled in the annals of the British army."

But it did not come singly. On the very day of Proctor's defeat, a body of 250 soldiers, proceeding from York to Kingston in two schooners, without convoy, were captured on Lake Ontario. These accumulated disasters, added to the knowledge that the Americans were concentrating their forces on Montreal and Kingston, with the probability of the advance of Harrison's army towards the Niagara frontier, compelled General Vincent to raise the blockade of Fort George, on which Prevost had made another of his undecided and ineffectual demonstrations, and retire to Burlington Heights. The unfavourable aspect of affairs, indeed, spread such consternation at headquarters that Prevost issued orders to abandon the Upper Province west of Kingston. In the face of this order, however, a council of war, held at Burlington Heights, decided at all hazards to maintain the defence of the Western Peninsula. The American Government, sure apparently that the British forces would make good their retreat, recalled their victorious General to Detroit just at the time when his advance would have been most disastrous to the small British force on the Niagara frontier.

The force with which it was now expected, under Wilkinson and Hampton, to make an easy conquest of Lower Canada, amounted to 21,000 men, opposed to 3,000 British regulars in Lower Canada—strongly supported, however, by a gallant and enthusiastic French Canadian Militia, who proved themselves in the day of trial no less loyal and unflinching than their Upper Canadian brothers. Wilkinson's concerted attack upon Kingston from Sackett's Harbour was averted by the timely throwing of 2,000 troops into the Kingston garrison, which changed Wilkinson's plans, and sent him down the St. Lawrence to join Hampton—

followed, however, by British schooners and gun-boats, and by a corps of observation, under Colonel Morrison, which made a descent upon him at Chrysler's Farm on the Canadian shore of the river—midway between Kingston and Montreal—and forced him to retreat, completely routed, though numbering two to one of the British force, the scattered American force precipitately taking to their boats and hastening down the river. Notwithstanding its completeness, this defeat was claimed by Wilkinson, and subsequently by American historians, as a victory!

Meantime, Colonel de Salaberry was ready with his gallant Canadian Voltigeurs and Fencibles to receive Hampton's advance on the Chateauguay. Taking up an excellent position, he defended it by a breastwork of logs and a line of *abattis*, broke down the bridges in front, and guarded the ford by an advanced picket and breastwork to obstruct the progress of the enemy's artillery. On the 26th of October, Hampton, with the American force of 3,500 strong, advanced against this position, defended by less than 400 Canadians. As the advanced pickets of the latter fell back on those next in rear, the Canadian force opened fire on the enemy's column, and held him in check till the retreat of some of the skirmishers in the centre encouraged him to advance. By a clever disposition of his buglers, however, sounding the advance at great distances apart, De Salaberry induced the foe to believe that a much greater force was advancing upon him. The American detachment under Colonel Purdy attempting to cross the Chateauguay to join Hampton's body, was defeated and forced to retreat, and, after a hot engagement of four hours, imagining the opposing force to be much more numerous than it really was, Hampton withdrew discomfited, leaving the 400 Canadians masters of the field, and having sustained a loss of only two killed and sixteen wounded, while the American loss had been about 100—the repulse of the Chateau-

guay being as notable and effectual as that of the preceding year at Queenston Heights.

In Upper Canada the tidings of these reverses terrified General McClure, who was in command at Fort George and Twenty-mile Creek, and was harrassing the neighbourhood by plundering foraging parties. Driven in upon Fort George by Colonel Murray, he determined, as the winter set in, to retreat to the American side. But he was apprehensive lest, even then, Vincent's army, finding shelter in Newark, should endanger his safety. So, in the bitter winter weather of a dark and stormy December, *by order of the American Government, expressed through President Madison*, he drove out the helpless inhabitants of 150 dwellings, including 400 women and children—from their peaceful homes, which he fired at thirty minutes' notice, and departed, leaving the unhappy people exposed to the inclemency of the wintry weather, to lament over the smouldering ruins of their homes and their property.

That this barbarous act was the prelude to a course of signal reverses, is scarcely matter for surprise. Strange to say, McClure's eagerness to destroy defenceless Newark so engrossed him that he left Fort George with its stores and barracks uninjured, for the benefit of the British, who quickly succeeded him in its occupation, and accomplished the surprise and capture of Fort Niagara a few days later,—Colonel Murray taking it with a force of 500 men. General Riall speedily followed to Murray's support, and made prompt reprisals for the destruction of Newark, by consigning Youngstown, Lewiston, and Manchester to the flames. The militia were called out with all speed, but General Drummond, the British Commander on the frontier, was bent on further vengeance, and pushed on to Black Rock, which he took in conjunction with Riall, and drove the American troops' back on Buffalo. Thither, too, he followed in pursuit, overpowered all resist-

ance, took Buffalo, which, with Black Rock, was given to the flames, captured three vessels of Perry's squadron, and retired, leaving the American frontier from Ontario to Erie one desolate scene of ruin—a terrible retribution for the smoking ashes of Newark. These reprisals, terrible as they were, were considered justifiable by the sufferers themselves, who blamed their own Government for having initiated such a system of border warfare. But it is one of the most terrible evils of war that it so upsets the ordinary rules of justice and humanity as to make justifiable, in the eyes of brave men, retributive measures which fall not upon the original offenders, but upon sufferers individually innocent.

Amid these scenes of devastation closed the campaign of 1813,—the conquest of Canada, so sanguinely anticipated, seeming at the end of the second year of the war as remote as ever, since the invaders had not yet gained a single position on Canadian soil, with the exception of the one point of Amherstburg in the far west, for the loss of which more than an equivalent had been gained in the British possession of Fort Niagara. On the other hand, the Americans,—in their blockaded seaboard, their paralyzed commerce, and their terribly heavy taxation,—felt the war they had evoked press severely on themselves, and the peace party in the Union found in this pressure a powerful argument to induce their people to consider the desirableness of overtures of pacification.

During the winter the militia of the far west, notwithstanding Proctor's disastrous defeat, were, with some assistance from General Drummond, more or less successfully resisting the progress and occupation of the invaders. The latter seemed determined to retrieve the failures of the preceding year by dint of better drilled troops and more efficient officers, among whom Scott now figured as a brigadier-general. Hostilities commenced on the Champlain frontier, by

Wilkinson's force taking possession of the village of Phillipsburg on Lake Champlain, and proceeding thence, on the 26th March, with a force of 5,000 infantry, 100 cavalry, and 11 guns, against Lacolle Mill, ten miles from Rouse's Point, defended by a slender force of 500 men, composed of regular troops and Canadian Fencibles and Volunteers. It might have seemed that an ordinary mill, with a common shingle roof, would have fallen an easy prey to a force numbering ten times its defence. But the brave little garrison, somewhat assisted by the fire of two sloops and two gunboats at a distance, not only held its assailants at bay, but even made two gallant charges with intent to capture the enemy's guns—a feat hardly possible against such overwhelming numbers. For four hours the unequal combat went on, and though the ammunition of the besieged ran short, not a word was uttered of surrender. At six, p.m., hopeless of overcoming such obstinate defenders, the besiegers retired, ingloriously defeated, without attempting to carry the poor little fortress by storm.

This gallantly given check put a stop to further operations on Lake Champlain, and Wilkinson's army was transferred to the shores of Lake Ontario, where occurred the next military event of the year—another British success. The British inland squadron, which, by the addition of two new ships, had gained the ascendancy of the lake, was now at Kingston. Under the command of Commodore Yeo and General Drummond, the fleet made a descent upon Oswego with 1080 troops, put the American force to flight after a sharp action, dismantled the fort, burned barracks and bridges, removed several guns and schooners and a large quantity of provisions, and retired with small loss. Chauncey was next blockaded in Sackett's Harbour, and part of his expected supplies intercepted.

While these events were transpiring, a large American force, under General Brown,

was harassing the Niagara frontier. An incursion on Port Dover had taken place, and the entire village was burned down without the slightest provocation. In July, Fort Erie surrendered, without firing a shot, to two strong brigades under Generals Scott and Ripley, Major Buck, then in command, thinking it would be a useless sacrifice of life to hold out with a garrison of 170 against 4,000 assailants. On the whole frontier there were only 1,780 British troops, opposed to a strong American force. General Riall, however, the British commander on the frontier, was determined to check the enemy's advance by a vigorous resistance.

A strong American force, led by General Brown, marched down the river to Chippawa, the extreme right of the British position. Notwithstanding the greatly superior numbers of the Americans,—double those of the British troops,—and the strong position which Brown had taken up, Riall, having received reinforcements from Toronto, resolved to attack the enemy. Again and again his columns gallantly charged against the solid American line, but were forced back by their formidable fire; and Riall, after suffering severe loss, had to order a retreat towards Niagara. The unsuccessful attempt was, at least, sufficiently demonstrative of British and Canadian pluck, and seems to have had the effect of deterring the enemy from following up his success even so far as to molest the retreating force. His army, however, advanced leisurely, and occupied Queenston—his light infantry and Indians making marauding incursions in every direction, burning the village of St. David's, and plundering and destroying the property of the unhappy colonists whom the Americans had been so benevolently desirous to free from British tyranny. These sometimes, however, when plundered and oppressed beyond endurance, turned on the marauders, some of whom expiated their violence with their lives.

General Brown, disappointed in his expectation of being assisted to take Fort George and Fort Niagara by Chauncey's fleet,—now effectually held in check by Commodore Yeo, and finding the garrison on the *qui vive*,—retreated to Chippawa, followed by Riall, who took up a position close to the American force at Lundy's Lane. Gen. Drummond having heard at Kingston of Brown's advance and the defeat of Chippawa, hastened to Niagara, where, finding that Riall had gone on before him, he sent Colonel Tucker, on the American side of the river, against a detachment at Lewiston, while he himself pushed on to Queenston. From thence, the enemy having disappeared from Lewiston, he sent Tucker back to Niagara, and moved on with 800 regulars to Lundy's Lane, where he found that Riall had commenced a retreat, Scott, who had advanced to the Falls, having sent for Brown to come on with the rest of his force to join him. The retreat was speedily countermanded by Drummond, who, with 1600 men, found himself confronted with an American force of 5,000, part of which had already arrived within 600 yards when the British General arrived—the engagement commencing almost before he had completed his formation—and established a battery on the slight eminence now crowned by an observatory. From thence, on a summer's day, the eye can take in a large expanse of sunny, peaceful country, rich green woods, peach orchards and vineyards, tranquil homesteads, and fields of the richest, softest green. But on that July afternoon, as evening drew on, the peaceful landscape was clouded by heavy sulphurous smoke, the sweet summer air was filled with the dull boom of artillery, the rattle of volleys of musketry, the sharp crack of the rifle, the shout of the charge, and the groans of the dying,—all blending strangely with the solemn, unceasing roar of the great cataract close by. The combat—the most sanguinary and most fiercely contested of the war—raged with terrible carnage and desperate

obstinacy till the summer darkness closed over the scene, and the moon arose to cast a dim and uncertain light over the bloody field. At one time the enemy had captured several of the British cannon, but they were speedily recovered, with one of the enemy's guns in addition. In the darkness strange mistakes occurred, pieces of artillery being exchanged during the charges made after nightfall. About nine a brief lull in the fighting occurred, while the rear-guard of the American force under General Brown took the place of Scott's brigade, which had suffered severely. Riall's retiring division now came up—with 2 guns and 400 militia—1,200 strong, and between the two forces thus strengthened, the fierce contest was renewed. "Nothing," says an onlooker, "could have been more terrible, nor yet more solemn, than this midnight contest." The desperate charges of the enemy were succeeded by a deathlike silence, interrupted only by the groans of the dying and the dull sound of the Falls of Niagara, while the adverse lines were now and then dimly discerned through the moonlight by the gleam of their arms. These anxious pauses were succeeded by a blaze of musketry along the lines, and by a repetition of the most desperate charges from the enemy, which the British regulars and militia received with the most unshaken firmness." At midnight, Brown, having unsuccessfully tried for six hours, with his force of 5,000 against half that number, to force the British from their position, retreated to Chippawa with a loss of 930,—that on the British side amounting to 870. Generals Scott and Brown were severely wounded, as was also General Drummond, though he retained his command, notwithstanding, to the end of the action. Next day a fresh demonstration was planned but abandoned, and Brown, on the 27th, having burned Street's mills, destroyed the Bridge over the Chippawa Creek, and thrown his *impedimenta* and provisions into the river, retired on Fort Erie, Drum-

mond's light infantry, cavalry, and Indians following in pursuit.

The battle of Lundy's Lane has been, strangely enough, claimed as a victory by Americans, the only ostensible colour for such a claim being the circumstance that they had possession, for a very short time, of some of the British guns. An able and entertaining American author of the present day, who should be better informed, speaks of a Canadian militia-man as "helping his countrymen to be beaten," and of General Scott as gaining his first laurels in this action. Such a *façon de parler* is either very careless or very uncandid. It is difficult to see how a general can be supposed to have gained laurels when he is obliged to retreat before a foe numbering only half his own strength. Nor does a victorious army in general retreat forthwith to a fortified position, harassed in its retreat, and besieged in its position, by the defeated foe! As these were the facts, it would be more honourable frankly to admit that the battle of Lundy's Lane was, for the Americans, a defeat, not a victory, and a defeat, too, with the numerical odds largely in their favour.

General Drummond having followed up and invested the American troops in Fort Erie, daringly attempted to storm the Fort, and nearly succeeded; indeed, on the American principle just noticed, he might be considered victorious, as a portion of his columns succeeded in penetrating the Fort—the centre of the entrenched camp—but were driven thence by the accidental explosion of a powder magazine, which made the assailants retreat in dismay. This disastrous repulse cost the British and Canadians some 500 men,—the American loss being scarcely 100; and a simultaneous attack by Colonel Tucker on Black Rock was not more successful. Notwithstanding this, however, Drummond, being reinforced by the 6th and 82nd Regiments, was able to maintain his position and keep the American force blockaded in Fort Erie.

In the far west the British arms had not been idle. In the spring, a force of 650 Canadians and Indians, under Colonel McKay, captured the American post of Prairie-du-Chien, on the Mississippi. The re-capture of Macinaw was attempted in July by the Americans with a force of 1,000 men, which first signalized itself by a raid on the totally undefended fur *dépôt* at St. Mary's, where they carried off the furs, burned the buildings, killed the cattle and horses of the settlers, and destroyed their property. Holmes, the commanding officer in this raid, soon after lost his life in the attempt upon Macinaw, which was thoroughly repulsed by its little garrison, Macinaw thus remaining in the British possession till the end of the war.

The cessation of the general war in Europe, early in 1814, had left Britain free to turn her chief attention to America, and the effects of this were soon felt. The whole American seaboard, from Maine to Mexico, was subject to the inroads of British squadrons, supplied with troops, whose descents at various points forced the recall of much of the land force sent to Canada. In Maine, Sir John Sherbrooke, Lt.-Governor of Nova Scotia, made successful inroads on the frontier of Maine, carrying one place after another, till the whole border, from Penobscot to New Brunswick, was under British rule, and so continued till the ratification of peace. Further south, General Ross landed at Benedict, ascended the Patuxent to Washington, dispersed its defenders and burned the Capitol, the arsenal, the treasury, the war-office, the President's palace, and the great bridge across the Potomac, the conflagration being aided by the explosion of magazines fired by the retreating Americans. The devastation at Washington was a severe, though unexpected retribution for York, left in ashes by the Americans during the preceding year.

An attempt on Baltimore did not terminate so successfully for the Americans,

General Ross being killed, and the British force, finally giving up the attempt, returned to their ships. In Florida the British forces established themselves for some time, and the army of General Pakenham assaulted New Orleans with about 8,000 men, but was repulsed by a vigorous defence, and compelled to retreat. This repulse was, however, favourable to a treaty for peace, restoring the national equanimity, and making the nation more favourable to the representations of the strong peace party, which now included nearly all New England, and almost all Federalists. In August of this year of 1814, British and American envoys met at Ghent to consider terms of pacification.

In this same month of August, however, occurred an unfortunate British reverse in Canada. Sixteen hundred men of the Duke of Wellington's army had arrived at Quebec, and Sir George Prevost sent a portion of this body to Upper Canada, directed against Sackett's Harbour, while he concentrated 11,000 on the Richelieu frontier, to attack the American position on Lake Champlain, aided by a small and very badly equipped naval force.

General Izzard's departure with 4,000 men to assist the still blockaded American troops at Fort Erie, left the American force on Lake Champlain very inadequate, and Prevost's army, meeting with no opposition, advanced against Plattsburgh, defended by two blockhouses and a chain of field works, and garrisoned by 1,500 troops and militia under General Macomb. Three successive days were employed in bringing up the heavy artillery, and Prevost waited for the advance of the fleet, still in a very backward state of preparation, before proceeding to the attack. The result, however, was a repetition of the inglorious affair of the preceding summer at Sackett's Harbour. Prevost allowed the right moment for the joint attack to pass, and instead of moving his columns at once to joint action with the

fleet, he waited till the fleet had been defeated by the greatly superior squadron opposed to them, and then irresolutely put his troops in motion. But, meeting with some discouragement, he immediately ordered a retreat, without even attempting to carry works which it seemed were quite within his power to capture. The indignation of the disappointed troops, thus compelled to an inglorious retreat, was uncontrollable, and many of the officers broke their swords, declaring that they would never serve again. The retiring force withdrew unmolested. Opinions seemed to differ as to whether Prevost's conduct was pusillanimity or prudence. Taking into consideration the events of the preceding year, appearances seem to favour the former view. Yet Prevost was said to be personally brave in action, his chief lack seeming to be that of decision in command. He was to have been tried by court-martial, but died before this could take place, so that his military reputation still rests under a cloud.

At Fort Erie the disaster on Lake Champlain encouraged the blockaded garrison to make a vigorous sortie on the 17th of September. At first partially successful, they were soon driven back, and pursued to the very *glacis* of the fort, with a loss of 500; the British having lost 600, half of these being made prisoners in the trenches at the beginning of the *sortie*. Hearing of Izzard's advance, Drummond thought it prudent to withdraw to Chippawa his small force, thus reduced and much enfeebled by sickness.

On Lake Ontario, however, Yeo, having constructed a flag-ship carrying 100 guns, effectually vindicated the British supremacy. In October, Chauncey withdrew into Sackett's Harbour, and was blockaded therein. This secured abundant facility for conveying troops and provisions to the Niagara frontier, and though Izzard had now 8,000 men at Fort Erie, he saw the fruitlessness of prosecuting the invasion any farther, blew up the works, and re-crossed with his troops

to American territory, leaving the long-disturbed frontier to repose. With the exception of a western border foray by some mounted Kentucky brigands, this concluded the hostilities of the long and harassing war, and "burst the bubble of the invasion of Canada." The peace ratified by the treaty of Ghent, concluded Dec. 24, 1814, terminated the protracted war, which had been so unjustifiable, so disastrous, and so absolutely fruitless to both countries—a war which had desolated large tracts of fertile territory, sacrificed many valuable lives, and kept up a spirit of hatred between two Christian nations, which should have been endeavouring in unison to advance the liberty and the highest interests of the human race.

To the Union, indeed, the war brought neither glory nor substantial benefit, but, on the contrary, heavy loss. Her merchantmen had been captured to the number of nearly three thousand, her foreign trade almost annihilated, her revenues immensely decreased, direct taxation increased fifty per cent., and the credit of the country so impaired that the Government found it impossible to negotiate a loan—a state of things which must have convinced the keenest advocates of war that they had made a fatal mistake. The original sources of dispute—the right of search, and neutral immunity in time of war—remained untouched by the treaty, which concerned itself chiefly with the restitution of the territory taken in the war to its former owners, the boundaries of Maine and New Brunswick being left for adjustment to a Commission. One article, however, securing the extinction of the American oceanic slave-trade, conferred at least one material boon upon humanity.

To Canada the war was, materially, an almost unqualified misfortune. Devastated territory, neglected farms, sacrificed lives, depredations of plundering expeditions, desolated homes, were the too evident and inefaceable marks of the invasion. A Cana-

dian historian says that, notwithstanding these things, the war was a real benefit to the country, as giving a vast impulse to its general prosperity. Howison, however, in his "Sketches of Upper Canada," published within ten years after the war, gives a very different account. According to him, the temporarily lavish expenditure of money produced only a fictitious prosperity, which collapsed, and caused serious embarrassment, when the circulation of British money gradually decreased, and the people had to depend once more on their ravaged and neglected farms, almost all the live stock which the country contained having been either carried away by the enemy or consumed by the requirements of the troops and the militia.

But if, materially, the war was injurious to the country, there can be no doubt that, morally, it was highly beneficial. It united and gave *esprit-de-corps* to its incongruous and heterogeneous elements. French Canadian and British Canadian fought side by side, and vied with each other in their devotion to their common country. The very Indians proved unflinchingly steadfast, and a large number of emigrants from the United States to Canada willingly joined their fellow subjects in brave and loyal endeavours to repel the invasion. The opening national life of the country was ennobled by its sufferings, and its devotion to the cause it deemed the right, and, strengthened, elevated, and purified by its sacrifices in resisting an unrighteous invasion, it emerged from its "baptism of fire" all the more fitted to become a noble and vigorous nation.

The loss of life, if small compared with that of modern battle-fields, was large compared with the scanty population on whom, for the first two years, fell the brunt of repelling the invasion. It is, indeed, wonderful, when we look at the immense force that closed around Canada, and at the small numbers of Canadian militia, the mere sprinkling of regular troops in the country,

the distance of the mother-country, and the great resources of the foe, so close at hand, that so threatening an invasion was repelled and kept at bay so long by the small bands of Canadians, assisted by a few regular soldiers. Again and again we read of engagements and sieges in which a small Canadian force encountered a foe of twice, three times, sometimes ten times its own strength, and defeated them with heavy loss. Again and again, on the other hand, we find the Americans hesitating to follow up an advantage, till the favourable opportunity had passed, and the tide had turned. One consideration may partially account for this. The Canadians were fighting on their own ground—fighting in self-defence, or rather, in defence of their homes,—of their country, of their loyal allegiance,—of all they held dear and sacred. But the Americans were venturing over unknown ground, into hostile territory, and on an errand that they could not at heart feel to be a justifiable one. Was not a bad cause the secret of their hesitation, as well as of their non-success?

The Canadian people fought, indeed, wholly on the defensive. There were some terrible reprisals, indeed, such as are thought justifiable in war, which is a terrible thing in all its aspects; but for these the British troops—not the Canadians—were almost entirely responsible. On the whole, the war on the British side was conducted in Canada as moderately as war can be, though American historians have objected to Indians having been permitted to participate in the campaign. But the Indians had a right to be allowed to fight for their lands and liberties too,—every General, from Brock onward, restraining them as far as possible from acts of cruelty. And if their hatred of the American people* occasionally led them to overpass

* Americans, at least, need not say much about the Indian tomahawk, when the *National Intelligencer*, the American Government paper of that day, stated that "when the Americans returned to Detroit from the battle of Brownstown, they bore triumphantly on

the bounds of humanity, it was the fault of those who, through ages of unrighteous oppression, had awakened this inextinguishable hatred.

The bravery of the Canadian militia was thought by H-wison to have been insufficiently appreciated on the other side of the Atlantic, where the regular troops usurped the glory of the war. Certainly no people could have more gallantly defended their country against a powerful invader—many passages of the campaign recalling the Swiss struggle for independence, or the noble defence of the Greeks against the Persians, which has embalmed for ever such names as Salamis, Thermopylæ, and Marathon. All over the Provinces of Ontario and Quebec, by Lower Canadian river and winding creek—on the broad-ocean lakes—amid the peach orchards and fertile valleys of the west, where the inhabitants now sit peacefully under their own vines,—and even under the spray of the mighty Niagara,—are scattered our Canadian battle-fields, where our fathers fought and fell, or gained a hardly won and bloody victory. The least that their descendants can do is to keep their memories green—to let “the brave days of old” come in contact with the living present, instead of keeping them shut up in little-used volumes of history. Probably as these days recede more and more into the misty past, and are crowned with its ideal halo, they will more and more furnish subjects from which the poet and painter will kindle the patriotism of the future from the patriotism of the past.*

the points of their bayonets between thirty and forty fresh scalps, which they had taken on the field.” It is not said, however, how they had “taken” them, or whose they were. A “human scalp,” reported to have been found “suspended from the chair of the Speaker of the House of Assembly” when York was taken by the Americans, turned out to be—*an official peruke*—one of the periwigs of those formal days!

* “As yet, these bloody and obscure conflicts are little known beyond the locality, and excite but little

The veterans of 1812—a more stalwart race, it is said, than their descendants—have nearly all passed away. But the spirit that animated them is living still, as has been repeatedly proved;—first, in the so-called “Rebellion” of 1837, and then in the crisis of the threatened Fenian raid, when the unanimous and loyal enthusiasm of the Canadian volunteers reduced the threatened invasion to a fruitless *fiasco*.

It is as unlikely as it is undesirable that Canadian patriotism will ever have to pass again through the same ordeal. The United States are not likely again to attempt a forcible annexation of Canada, and many Americans are sensible that two neighbouring nations, living in peaceful rivalry, may be better than one unwieldy and incoherent power, even were such an annexation possible. The war of 1812-14 ought to have left a salutary lesson of the misery and wrong of such fratricidal encounters between nations owning the same origin, the same high traditions, the same noble literature, the same religion of love and peace. Our common Christianity alone, a bond which has been strengthening of late, should bar the way to war; and in any future dispute it may be hoped that both nations will be willing to accept “another umpire than that of arms.” The proposed Reciprocity Treaty, if it takes place, will, it may be expected, add another link to the amity and kindly feeling growing up between the two nations.

interest when read cursorily in the dry chronicles of the time. But let some eloquent historian arise to throw over these events the light of a philosophical mind, and all the picturesque and romantic interest of which they are capable; to trace the results which have already arisen, and must in future arise, from this collision between two great nations, though fought out on a remote and half-barbarous stage, with little sympathy and less applause, we shall then have these far-off shores converted into classic ground, and the names of Pontiac, Tecumseh, Isaac Brock, become classic names, familiar on all lips as household words—such at least they will become *here*.”—Mrs. Jameson’s “Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada,” in 1837.

But though the Canadians of the present and future generations are not likely to be called upon to "fight as their fathers fought against their fellow-men in battle," there are more subtle and dangerous enemies of their country to be encountered in less sanguinary though not less arduous combats. A prominent English writer declares that, in the England of the present, there is to be feared "a distinct and unmistakable lowering of the level of national life; a slack and lethargic quality about public opinion; a growing predominance of material, temporary, and selfish aims over those which are generous, far-reaching, and spiritual; a deadly weakening of intellectual conclusive-

ness, of clear-shining moral illumination, and lastly, *of a certain stoutness of self-respect*, for which England was once especially famous." Are there no such evils to be dreaded in Canada? And there are others, even more conspicuous and urgent, which are only too distinctly visible in every column of our newspapers, at every corner of our streets. Against these ruinous, destructive, intangible enemies, Canada expects every man to do his duty! A higher than Canada expects it, and will give strength for the warfare, and victory, in the end, to the honest warrior.

"So,—forward—and farewell!"

FIDELIS.

NOTE.—The following authorities have been made use of in compiling the above sketch :—"Garneau's History of Canada," "McMullen's History of Canada," "Colonel Coffin's Chronicle of the War of 1812," "Tupper's Life of Brock," Howison's "Sketches in Upper Canada," Mrs. Jameson's "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada," Mr. Croil's "Dundas, a Sketch of Canadian History," and Parton's "Jefferson,"

THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY REV. G. CROLY.

WHITE bud! that in meek beauty dost lean,
 The cloister'd cheek, as pale as moonlight snow,
 Thou seem'st, beneath thy huge, high leaf of green,
 An eremite beneath his mountain's brow.

White bud! thou'rt emblem of a lovelier thing—
 The broken spirit that its anguish bears
 To silent shades, and there sits offering
 To Heaven the holy fragrance of its tears.

CLARICE :

AN OLD STORY OF THE NEW WORLD.

ON a bright October evening in the year 1690, a group of officers stood clustered around the tall flag-staff which rose from the highest point of the lofty citadel of Quebec, bearing upon its summit the national emblem of *la belle France*. The last rays of the setting sun kissed its silken folds, as, lifted by the freshening breeze, they streamed proudly out upon the golden air, as in defiance of the bold invader who would pluck the liliated banner from the rock on which, nearly a century before, the hand of the adventurous Champlain had planted it.

Very beautiful was the scene presented to the gazer's eye from the pinnacle of that lofty rock, over which bent serene and cloudless the blue arch of heaven ; an infinite depth of ether, its cerulean hue deepened in contrast to the glowing horizon which burned beneath it with the gorgeous hues of sunset ; violet, gold, and purple, mingling and flashing out their splendours with a magical change of form and colour peculiar to the brilliant twilights of the north.

Robed in purple mist stood the grand Laurentian chain of mountains that guard like sentinels the lovely valley of St. Charles, their proud heads already crowned with the early falling snows of Canada ; and still beyond gleamed, like some fair gem in the blue waters of the St. Lawrence, the beautiful Isle of Orleans. Directly opposite the rocky height appeared the precipitous shore of Point Levi, rising abruptly from the noble Bay of Quebec, and stretching out to a point in the broad river whose waves washed the base of the wooded promontory. It formed a lovely object in the landscape, with its high swelling hills and long undulating stretch of woods resting against the vivid back-ground of the evening sky, while here

and there, hanging like the eyrie of the mountain eagle among its craggy ledges, peeped out the whitewashed walls of a peasant's cottage shining through the autumnal foliage, and adding beauty and completeness to the picture.

The evening air was loaded with fragrance stolen from the hardy wild flowers that still lingered in many a sheltered dingle, and which mingled their fainter perfume with the rich odours of foreign plants wafted from the stately gardens of the château, in whose gay parterres bloomed the rarer flowers of European climates, each in its season—the rich rose of Provence, the Frenchman's darling mignonette, and the blue balmy violets of England.

But although in this sweet autumn night the heavens above were glorious in their silent beauty, and the earth beneath was fair and radiant as a poet's dream, there were sounds abroad that marred the harmony of nature by a tale of human strife and passion. In the distance was heard at intervals the tramp of soldiers, the rattling of arms, the hurrying to and fro of multitudes, all jarring harshly upon the holy silence of the hour, yet at intervals relieved by the music of the military band, playing before the Governor's château the spirit-stirring national airs of France.

The group of officers who stood around the flag-staff were too much absorbed in discussing the engrossing topic of the hour, to be touched by the beauty of the evening, or disturbed by the discord so ill in keeping with its peace, for danger menaced them in their stronghold ; nay, even now they stood in its very presence, and, ignoring the illuminated sky, and the earth bathed in sunset glories, they levelled their glasses, pointing

with significant word and gesture towards an armed fleet of no contemptible force which lay at anchor in the waters of their own majestic river, its white canvas bellying in the breeze, and the Royal Ensign of England flinging defiance from the mast-head of the Admiral's vessel.

This warlike expedition, as all readers of early Canadian history will remember, was set on foot by the British colonists of Massachusetts—its command entrusted to Sir William Phipps, a man whose humble birth had not prevented his rising to the highest posts of power and honour in the gift of his countrymen. Previous to the appearance of the gallant little armament before Quebec, it had, almost without opposition, captured several French posts on the shores of Newfoundland and the Lower St. Lawrence, and had actually reached Tadoussac, on the Saguenay, before any authentic tidings of impending danger were received at the Canadian capital. Rumours, it is true, concerning its movements, were rife, and preparations for defence had been, and still were being made by order of Comte de Frontenac, the vigilant Governor of the Province; for though nature had rendered the place well nigh impregnable, it was deemed prudent to strengthen the weaker points against sudden and insidious attack; for not then, as at the present day, was the lofty summit of Cape Diamond crowned with works of solid masonry, the citadel being at that period only a quadrangular fort with flanking defences at each corner, protected by a wall on the inner side; while some weak field-works with redoubts strengthened the works towards the Plains of Abraham. The Lower Town, too, had its battery, and the precipitous passage ascending from it to the upper part of the city was protected by flanking loop-hole walls, and embarrassed by entrenchments and rows of *chevaux-de-frise*.

Though inferior by birth to his noble adversary the Comte de Frontenac, Sir William Phipps was his equal in high chivalric cou-

rage, and his superior in the possession of those noble attributes of character which constitute the true hero. Burning with a desire to add this northern jewel to the crown of his Sovereign, he set at nought every discouragement, and after reconnoitring the position, he discussed his plans with his officers, when it was unanimously resolved to demand an immediate surrender of the garrison, and in case of refusal to land the troops and at once commence an attack upon the city.

Speculating upon the audacity which brought this British armament before the walls of their city, the knot of officers remained upon the heights till only the white shrouds and gleaming lights of the hostile vessels were visible through the gathering darkness, and then all save two dispersed. Of these two, each seemed intent upon his own thoughts, and for many minutes after their companions left them, the silence remained unbroken. Far below them, the illuminated windows of the château cast their splendour into the surrounding darkness, gay figures came in and out upon the balconies, and woman's silvery laughter mingled with the strains of music that floated upward on the air. Suddenly one of the young officers started from his reverie.

"Come," he said, addressing his companion, "let us descend from this breezy height. Who knows, Léon, but to some of us this may prove our last night of life. Yonder the fair Clarice is dispensing the favour of her smiles, and why should not we too hasten to bask in their radiance?"

"Your light tone, D'Esperon, is in ill keeping with my graver mood," said the other, with a gesture of impatience. "Yet go, if you will, and join the cloud of silly moths that flutter round to be scorched by her disdain. But as for me," he added, with a deep-drawn sigh and a desponding tone, which his companion hastily interrupted—

"Yes, but for me!" he said mockingly. "For heaven's sake, St. Ours, explain to me

the secret of that despairing accent, and that look of dismal gloom which you assume whenever the name of Madame de Levasseur is spoken between us. It is in vain that you strive to conceal your love for her; and that it is reciprocated who can doubt that marks her conscious blush at your approach, and hears, when she addresses you, the softened tones that fall in such liquid sweetness from her lips—and such lips! Cupid be merciful! for, by my troth, the honey of Hybla was vinegar to the dew that bathes those living roses in beauty.”

St. Ours sighed deeply, but was still silent. He had not even a smile to return for the absurd rhapsody of his friend, who, somewhat annoyed by his silence and emotion, exclaimed, with the impetuosity natural to him—

“In the name of all the saints, St. Ours, prithee explain to me, your truest friend, the secret of this dark mystery in which you shroud yourself—just at the very moment, too, when love and beauty wait, amidst a score of hapless aspirants, to crown you with triumph. Yes you, and you alone! for would not Montessor, D’Aubigny, De Lorme, barter all their hopes of fame in these northern wars for one little token of the favour lavished upon you by the fair Clarice?”

“Oh, that is it, D’Esperon! If she looked coldly upon me, I would nerve myself to suffer. But it is a cruel destiny to know that the treasure may be won, and yet feel myself forbidden by cruel destiny to possess it.”

“I do not comprehend you, Léon,” said his friend, “you speak in riddles, and, as one deeply interested in your happiness, I think I have a right to demand their explanation.”

“Forgive me, Louis, I know I must have greatly tried your patience, but till lately, when the certainty was forced upon me that the happiness of another was in my keeping, I resolved to bury in my own breast a secret which is the haunting skeleton of my life. D’Esperon, you will understand all

when I tell you that I am a married man!”

“Married! You jest surely!” ejaculated the other in a tone of utter astonishment.

“Would to God it were an idle jest!” exclaimed St. Ours, as he paced with rapid step the narrow parapet; “an idle jest,” he repeated, “or else a frightful dream to be dispelled at waking. But no; the tale is true, and in sad and sober earnest I have told it.”

“Married!” re-echoed his friend, unable to recover from his amazement. “How can I believe you, since no word of this strange confession has ever before passed your lips—not even to me have you breathed it—to me your comrade in arms, your brother in affection, for years your almost daily companion: our hearts knit together in no common bond of friendship.”

“Even so, dear D’Esperon, and many times I have purposed to speak of it to you, but the very thought of it was odious to me, though indeed I scarcely realized my bondage, so much was it a thing of the past, till I saw the beautiful Clarice, and woke to the full consciousness of my unhappy destiny.”

“But when and where was this fatal marriage contracted, and to whom in heaven’s name, St. Ours, are you sacrificed?”

“Sacrificed, yes!” repeated St. Ours, bitterly. “She was but a child of twelve, I a boy of fifteen—she had many names, I only heard her called one. Her father was the Count de Lancey, my father’s bosom friend, and they had made a compact, when their children were babies, to unite them at a suitable age in marriage, as a seal to their lifelong friendship, and in order to bind in one their two estates. The dangerous illness of the Count de Lancey hastened the period intended for our marriage, and as he wished to see it ratified before he died, the ceremony was performed beside his death-bed, neither of us, children as we were, realizing the solemnity of the act in which we were principals. I only remember that I felt a kind of aversion to her even then, but as it was stipulated that I should not claim my child-

wife till she had completed her fifteenth year, I gave myself no thought or concern about the matter. Since then I have only once seen her, and it was then by my father's desire that I accompanied him to the convent where she was placed to complete her education. But when I spoke to her she replied briefly, and with averted look, as though my presence filled her with disgust, as hers had certainly kindled in me a feeling of strong aversion. For, young as I then was, I had a keen sense of the beautiful in woman; and when I saw her thin, childish face, her large meaningless eyes, and undeveloped figure, I turned loathingly away, secretly hoping that I might never again behold her."

"And you never have?" questioned his friend.

"No, never! and God grant I never may. Shortly after this period my father died, and as I had embraced a military life, I was soon after sent on foreign service, and for eight years remained absent from France, till recalled by the appointment which transferred me to this western world, in the suite of the Comte de Frontenac."

"And have you had no knowledge recently of this child-wife of yours?" questioned D'Esperon.

"None whatever. I heard only on my return to Paris, that she spoke with bitterness of her early marriage, denouncing it as the misfortune of her life, and declaring that she would sooner become a veiled nun in the convent of Ste. Marie, than recognize the enforced tie at which her very heart revolted. For aught I know, she may have fulfilled this menace, and so released me from the cruel vow by which my father bound me, never voluntarily to break the tie which had united me to the daughter of his friend."

"But, recollect, St. Ours, that this child to whom you were wedded has, through the lapse of all these years, become a woman—a woman-angel, it may be, who might now fill your whole being with the joy of her ripened loveliness."

"Impossible!" returned St. Ours, "and, had you seen her in her childish ugliness, you could never suggest a thing so improbable. Besides, she is not Clarice, and so could win no portion of my love. Yet, though I have studied to be forgotten by her, to be considered as one dead even—yet holding sacred, as I do, the promise made to my father never voluntarily to dissolve that ill-starred union—I would, should she demand it of me, fulfil the vows I made to her at the altar, even though my heart is irrevocably given to another. But as yet I am spared that dreaded claim, and I interpret her reticence as the expression of a personal repugnance not less bitter than my own."

The night-breeze had freshened during this conversation, and St. Ours, drawing his cloak closely about him, walked rapidly up and down, then turned quickly as his friend said to him:

"Do you not remember, Léon, that this is her birth-night, and we but ill honour it by loitering here."

"Let us begone then, and join yonder crowd of her worshippers! In the face of to-morrow's threatened conflict, it may be, as you say, for the last time, and I at least would link these parting moments with the brightness of her smile."

"Courage! St. Ours, and remember your family motto," said D'Esperon gaily, as arm in arm the friends descended the Rock, and bent their steps towards the château, from whence issued sounds of music and of laughter, ill in keeping with Léon St. Ours' despairing mind, but exhilarating to his mirth-loving companion, who with quickened step pressed on, impatient to join in the revelry.

It was the birth-night of the Governor's favourite niece, the beautiful and fascinating Madame de Levasseur, and the grand salon was thronged with a brilliant assemblage of the most distinguished residents, civil and military, of the city. M. de Frontenac would not permit the threatening aspect of public affairs to interfere with the arrangements of

this occasion, and thus the festivities at the château presented a scene of gay magnificence that would have been in better keeping with the celebration of victory than with that which was in all probability the eve of a deadly encounter of two hostile forces.

Yet who could think of impending danger in the midst of sights and sounds that spoke only of joy and gladness—in the presence, too, of the radiant queen of the evening, the cynosure of attraction to every eye—charming in her simplicity, her exquisite grace, her touching beauty, less dazzling though it might be than that of some others who, in the imposing splendour of rich robes and jewels of countless value, lent *éclat* to the birthnight of the lovely Clarice. Her toilet was by far the simplest worn that gala evening, for, as if conscious that beauty needs not the aid of ornament, she wore only a superb diamond cross, her uncle's gift on this day, with a few natural flowers wreathed among the rich folds of her shining hair. Her robes were of the purest white, for the weeds of widowhood, if indeed she had ever worn them for a husband to whom her affections had not been given, were long since laid aside, and on this, her twentieth birthday, she resembled rather a youthful bride than the widow of a departed lord.

With a calm step, but a beating heart, Léon St. Ours entered the salon, and, not daring by a single glance to seek the object which filled his every thought, he paused for one moment amid the throng of her admirers to pay her the silent homage of his greetings; and then, with no word exchanged between them, passed on to join the group of officers who, gathered around the person of the Governor, were busily discussing the all-engrossing topic of the day. Yet, while apparently listening to the discourse, his eye sought out, and, spell-bound, followed every movement of the beautiful Clarice; and it was easy to see, by the furtive glances which occasionally met his, that the interest was reciprocated: and when by some happy chance her eyes

once or twice encountered his, and then were as quickly withdrawn, the glad light that filled them, and the bright flushing of the fair cheek, told a tale too sweet and clear for the despairing lover's peace.

And so, though seeming still to lend an ear to the discourse around him, he stood in reality deaf and indifferent to it, conscious only of the presence of his enchantress, while her silver laugh, or the low, sweet tones of her voice, came to him mingled with, yet to his ear separated from, all other sounds—her lightest tone penetrating, like some divine harmony, the secret chambers of his soul.

She was dancing with the young Count St. Cyr, and she moved through the mazes of the figure with a grace and lightness that scarcely suffered her airy step to touch the floor. St. Ours envied her handsome partner, as he looked down admiringly upon her sweet animated face upturned to his, bright with a beaming expression that told of some indwelling joy, whose source Léon would have given almost his life to discover. What could it mean? he asked himself. Was it possible that the devotion so long manifested towards her by the young Count was at length meeting a response of tenderness from her? Could it be this subtle magic which so glorified her speaking face, and lent a diviner charm to every graceful movement?

And as this surmise for a brief moment crossed the thought of St. Ours, a jealous pang wrung his heart, but instantly it was dissipated, when—in answer to his stolen glance—her beaming eyes met his, fraught with such tender sweetness as never shone in any eyes that have not their loving message from the heart. No, it was not the softly wooing words her handsome partner was whispering in her ear which called it forth. St. Ours felt that for him alone was that lovely smile, that eloquent blush. No longer striving to resist their fascination, he advanced towards her, and as she

turned to greet him her whole face became radiant with pleasurable emotion.

The young Count St. Cyr, at the approach of his rival, drew back mortified and offended; but heedless of his annoyance, the happy St. Ours, following the guidance of the fair Clarice, threaded the long suite of rooms towards an open balcony, which, flooded now with moonlight, ran along the eastern wall of the château. High as the eyrie of the eagle hung this lofty terrace, overlooking the old town which, with its precipitous and narrow streets, lay hundreds of feet below. Beyond it gleamed the glorious St. Lawrence, broad as an ocean, in its majestic flow through the landscape, now only discernible by its dim and misty outline, its localities marked by twinkling lights which shone through the surrounding darkness, "as shines a good deed in a wicked world."

It was October, but the weather was soft and balmy as a night in June. The late autumn flowers, which still bloomed profusely in the gardens of the château, freighted the air with their odours, while the rossignol, the Canadian nightingale, at intervals poured forth her liquid song from the coverts of lilacs and acacias where she sat concealed. The moon was over its full, yet it seemed not to dim the brilliant host of stars that sparkled in the heavens; though more glorious than either moon or stars appeared just now the resplendent coruscations of the majestic aurora, often so magnificent in the autumnal skies of northern latitudes.

St. Ours and Clarice, moved by the grandeur of the spectacle, bent in silence over the stone parapet, watching its shooting splendours as they now darted in luminous shafts athwart the heavens, then broadened and reddened into sheets of flame, that moved to and fro like blood red banners above the battle-field. Then again paling to a silver radiance, it seemed to shoot forth a thousand arrows of light up to the very zenith, which there uniting in a central point, formed a vast tent of inconceivable splendour, that

seemed to inclose the universe within its folds.

Attracted by the report of the brilliant phenomenon, many of the guests had come from the lighted salons to observe it from the balcony, when suddenly the strange brightness became more intense, the vast tent shook out its luminous folds, waving and shimmering till the heavens were one blaze of light, in the radiance of which every feature of the surrounding landscape became distinctly revealed—the rocky summit of Cape Diamond, the wooded promontory of Point Levi, the fair valley of St. Charles, with its guardian barrier of mountains, the little village of Beauport, and near its shores the dark ships of the invaders lying silently at their anchorage. Their tall masts stood clearly out against the glowing sky, and, as St. Ours pointed them out to Clarice, he felt her hand tremble as it rested on his arm, while, as if shrinking from the sight, she half whispered—

"I cannot look upon it—that hostile armament! for to-morrow—to-morrow, perhaps"—she could say no more, but paused suddenly, bending down her face to hide its emotion. It was sweet to feel for whose safety she so much feared, and yet what would it avail him! An impassable barrier separated them, and he must steel his heart to the softness which threatened to unman him.

He put aside his grave mood, and spoke carelessly, as in answer to her half-uttered fear: "There is small chance that these bold invaders will venture an attack against such mighty odds," he said, "but even should they, and some of us pay with life the price of our loyalty, what would it greatly matter? There is compensation in that wise saying of the ancients, 'whom the gods love die young.'"

She cast on him a look of soft reproach, and in that momentary glance, so full of deep unspoken love, he read how wholly her heart was his, and how untruthful had been his con-

duct in not having before this revealed to her his true position. He would delay it no longer, but he could not speak it—that very night, before he slept, he would write her a full confession, and then, yes, if need be, go unregretfully to death. Clarice saw the sudden cloud upon his face, but she felt that she was beloved, and in the deep joy of her heart her voice assumed a tenderer tone, and her eyes, so beautiful always, shone with a radiance that told more eloquently than words the fulness of the heart's content.

St. Ours could not understand her serenity, for though love had grown up between them, and they both knew it—for its expression will crop out in looks, and words, and acts, not noticeable by all—yet Léon had never formally declared his passion, nor yet appealed to her guardian, the Comte de Frontenac, for his sanction; and therefore, why, instead of doubting him, did she seem so assured, so satisfied, so ready to yield heart and love before a demand for it had been formally made? It was a mystery to him, a covert mystery, though it enhanced his unhappiness, and fixed him in the resolve to declare all and resign her for ever.

While these two stood apart, going through all this heart-experience, yet uttering but few words, crowds had gathered on the balcony, eager to watch the mysterious coruscations of the aurora; and there were many among them who saw in its mystic streams of light a shadowing forth of hosts engaged in battle, and drew ill auguries from the omens, of defeat to the loyal cause. But no such fear filled the hearts of the brave garrison, and, staunchest among them, and of firmest resolve to maintain against all odds the rocky stronghold, was the Governor himself, the Comte de Frontenac, a gallant old noble, bred in the warlike school of Louis the Fourteenth, and a true follower of Henry of Navarre.

Possessing the entire confidence of his Sovereign, it was his constant endeavour to

advance the interests of the Canadian colony, and, by a wise administration and judicious policy, to render it a worthy appendage to the crown of France. But though just, generous and brave, the Comte's imperious temper often balked his good purposes, and to those who in any way ventured to thwart his views, he often became so irascible and vindictive as to deter them from approaching him.

In his dark and stormy moods, Madame de Levasseur was the only one who possessed the power to drive away the evil spirit. She was never daunted by his wildest displays of passion; in her presence they lost at once their power. An atmosphere of peace and love, whose influence was felt by all, seemed ever to surround her; and over M. de Frontenac its power was magical. He loved to have her near him, for she was dear to him as a daughter, and amid the harassing cares of his arduous position he turned to her as the weary pilgrim in the desert turns to the sparkling fountain for rest and refreshment.

In truth, like most persons in power, the stately old Comte loved to have favourites about him, and to none of them did he evince so decided a partiality as to young Léon St. Ours, who seemed to share his favour almost equally with Clarice. He held a post immediately about the person of his chief, and thus, occupying apartments in the château, and forming one of the household, he was constantly thrown into dangerous proximity with the fair Clarice. It was a perilous position for the enamoured Léon, and the more so as the Comte seemed in no way displeased by the intimacy which he saw growing up between them, and each day knitting them more closely together.

It was late on that gala night before the birthday revels ended. The dancing, indeed, had long ago ceased, and the sound of music was heard only faintly and at intervals. Over the wine-cup some still sat discussing, and others gathered in knots in the almost

deserted rooms, or lingered on the balcony. But all were engrossed by an exciting topic. Abroad, the whole city seemed astir; lights glanced in every direction, a ceaseless hum of voices filled the air, and blazing watch-fires on the heights brightened with their red glare the darkness of the night. It was long past midnight when St. Ours left the castle, charged with a private despatch from M. de Frontenac to the Intendant.

And the first yellow streak of dawn was tinging the horizon when, his duty done, he found himself at last alone in the privacy of his chamber. Too much excited to feel the want of sleep, he opened his cabinet, intending to occupy the short time which would be his before the sound of the morning *reveillé*, in writing to Madame de Levasseur—his last words, they might be, his most eloquent they must be, coming as they did from the deepest fountain of true love and grief.

Full, indeed, of manly tenderness was this touching letter, and of sad, heart-rending regret at the inexorable fate which forbade him to devote to her his life. All was told, all mystery dispelled—his heart laid bare to her gaze; its anguish and its deathless affection touchingly depicted; and its earnest prayer for her happiness uttered in words of pathos which only love and despair like his could dictate.

The letter was sealed and addressed, and the half hour which remained to him before the active duties of the day commenced, he employed in looking over the drawers which held his private papers. Letter after letter was given to the flames, but one or two brief notes, sent on returning a book, or acknowledging some trifling act of courtesy, and bearing the delicate signature of "Clarice," were gazed upon till the letters became dim, and then placed—a hoarded treasure—in the most secret drawer of the cabinet.

Unclosing one of these, Léon started on seeing a miniature, which had been there quite forgotten through months and years,

though the gold of its setting was undimmed by time, and the gems that mounted it remained as brilliant as when first placed there by the hand of the artificer. It was the picture of his child-wife, upon which he had never looked since the day of his fatal marriage, when he received it from the hand of her father. Involuntarily, and with a shudder of aversion, he closed the drawer, then a sudden impulse urged him to re-open it, and look upon the semblance of the girl, the memory of whose face had faded from his mind. As he did so, a pair of soft dark eyes looked full upon him—eyes that seemed to him strangely familiar, and which he might have thought beautiful had there been any other expression in them than the bashful innocence of childhood.

He forgot that with the lapse of years the child had ripened to maturity, and that, doubtless, those eyes, so exquisite in form and colour, were now radiant with the tender light and aroused sensibilities of a woman's loving soul; and that the childish face might now be rounded into loveliness, and irradiated with sweetness and intelligence. But Léon could not imagine such a development, nor did he desire to do so. He regarded the picture as that of his evil genius, and, as in contrast to it rose before him the beaming smile and tender eyes of the beautiful and beloved Clarice, he cast the miniature from him with a feeling of aversion and disgust. As it fell, the spring opened, and revealed a ringlet of soft chestnut hair fastened within the case, but, compared with the dark and lustrous tresses of his heart's idol, this child's fair curl possessed for him no beauty, and, returning the despised picture to the silence and darkness of the secret drawer, he locked the cabinet, and went out to breathe the fresh morning air upon the terrace.

The early dawn was struggling through a heavy mist that shrouded every object, but as the sun arose it rolled gradually upward, hanging in fleecy folds over the majestic St.

Lawrence, and wrapping in soft aerial robes the summits of the grand Laurentian chain of mountains that stood, dark and still, pencilled against the hazy morning sky. As the fog lifted from the river, the first object which caught the eye of St. Ours was the enemy's fleet, lying quietly at its anchorage. Every stitch of canvas was furled, but from the tall mast of the Admiral's ship the Red Cross flag of England flaunted menace and defiance to the loyal lieges of the French king, while the threatening array of guns that bristled through the port-holes declared its temporary quiet to be only that of the couchant lion waiting for its prey.

The Comte de Frontenac chafed at the audacity of the invader, but thanks to the perfect discipline of the garrison under his veteran command, every point was strongly guarded, and the most efficient preparations made to repel the enemy's attack. Thousands of Argus eyes had watched from the earliest dawn to catch the first movement of the squadron, but noon approached and all remained quiet; the meridian came, and then a boat, bearing the white flag of truce, was seen to leave the side of the Admiral's ship and row towards the city. Speedily it touched the pier at St. Rochs, when an officer sprang on shore, and, courteously saluting the detachment drawn up to receive him, announced himself as the bearer of a message from his Commander, Sir William Phipps, to His Excellency the Comte de Frontenac, to whose presence he requested safe and speedy conduct.

Yielding to the customary precaution of being blindfolded, he was forthwith escorted up through the steep ascents of the Lower Town, past formidable batteries and threatening rows of *chevaux-de-frise*, to the lofty point crowned by the castle of St. Louis, the vice-regal residence of the Governor. Admitted within its portals, the English envoy was then conducted to the council-chamber, where the Comte de Frontenac, in presence of many officers of rank, civil

and military, and surrounded by his brilliant suite, waited to give him audience! An imposing assemblage! thought the Englishman, when the bandage was removed, and with uncovered eyes he stood face to face with the silent and dignified persons who composed it.

The stern countenance of the haughty old Comte was in itself sufficient to daunt the courage of any ordinary man, but Sir William Phipps had chosen well his messenger, who was not one to flinch before the proud glance of any mortal man. With a bearing not less bold and lofty than that of the aristocratic noble whom he confronted, the English officer advanced towards M. de Frontenac, and, saluting him with frigid courtesy, awaited his permission to unfold the purpose of his visit. Slightly acknowledging the greeting, the Governor said, in a brief and peremptory tone:

"With whatsoever message you come charged from your presumptuous commander, let us hear it. Read on, Sir."

At this permission the Englishman coolly drew forth his document, and read, in a tone as calm and unmoved as though the words he uttered were of the most agreeable import, the summons of his Admiral, demanding in the name of William, King of England, an immediate and unconditional surrender of the city and fortress of Quebec, and concluding in a tone slightly imperious:

"Your answer, Comte de Frontenac, positive, in an hour, is required upon the peril that will ensue;" and imperturbably laying his watch upon the table, he added: "It is now twelve, I await your Excellency's reply till the time named has expired."

By a simultaneous impulse the whole assembly started to their feet, surprised out of their dignity by the audacity of the message and its bearer. Rage and astonishment were depicted on the livid countenance of M. de Frontenac, and a fire blazed in his keen, dark eyes, that seemed as if it would consume the object of his wrath. For a few

moments excessive anger prevented his utterance, and when at last his white lips parted to speak, a torrent of scorn and defiance flowed fiercely from them. Shaking his clenched hand with a menacing gesture :

"I do not recognize the supremacy of William of England," he said. "I know him only as the Prince of Orange—a usurper, who to gratify his selfish ambition has outraged the most sacred claims of blood and religion; striving to persuade the nation that he is its saviour and the defender of its faith, even while he has violated law and right, and overturned the Church itself. These offences the Divine Justice will not long delay to punish as they merit."

Perfectly unmoved by this hurricane of wrath stood the messenger of Sir William Phipps, only that a haughtier light glanced in his clear blue eye, and a scarcely perceptible curl of the lip shewed his contempt for the accusations flung against his Sovereign. He merely asked :

"This, then, is your Excellency's reply?"

M. de Frontenac deigned no audible answer to the questioner; but, with a look of frigid determination, bent his head in token of assent.

"May it please your Excellency then," resumed the English officer, in the most imperturbable tone, "to cause this your answer to be rendered in writing for the satisfaction of my commander, to whom I would not willingly bear back a false interpretation thereof."

"I will answer your master, Sir, by the mouth of my cannon," thundered the enraged Governor, whose scarcely smothered wrath leaped into flame at the audacious coolness of the envoy. "Thus, and thus only will I hold parley with him," he continued, "and that too ere long, for it is time to teach him that the Comte de Frontenac, the viceroy of the greatest Sovereign in Europe, is not to be dealt with in this summary manner, even though it were by his peers," and with a haughty wave of his hand

the Governor arose, and, attended by his suite, quitted the hall.

The council, of course, broke up, the bandage was replaced over the eyes of the officer, and, attended by the military escort, he was conducted to his boat. The hostilities which commenced immediately on the conclusion of this conference are a matter of history on which it is unnecessary to dwell. Exasperated by the menacing and contemptuous reply of M. de Frontenac, Sir William Phipps, in accordance with the advice of his officers, resolved to commence immediate hostilities. The assault was made at various points of the city simultaneously, and maintained bravely, even desperately, but yet without any prospect of success. For the assailed were not less brave and determined than the assailants, and had besides the advantage of a stronger force and a more commanding position; though at that period weak in artificial barriers. Nature had made the Canadian stronghold an almost impregnable fortress.

Yet, hour after hour, the terrible cannonading continued unceasingly; but, directed as it chiefly was against the heights of the Upper Town, the balls fell harmless to the ground, while the numerous guns of the fort replied with a true and deadly aim that told fearfully upon the enemy's ships, and stilled the beating of many a gallant heart upon their decks. And so the strife continued till the weary day declined, and night spread her friendly curtain over the scene of strife, when for a while the desperate combat ceased.

Léon St. Ours welcomed the transient respite from the fearful sound of battle. Through the whole day he had been among the foremost where danger was rifest, but had escaped all peril unhurt. Would another evening still find him among the living, still living, still despairing—as he must ever be—of the right to seek and win the one treasure that he coveted! To-morrow might end for him all hope and all despair for this

brief life, since there lay the black hulks of the enemy's ships awaiting morning to renew the unequal strife, and among the victims marked for death might not he be numbered?

At this thought of coming doom an intense desire seized him to see Clarice, to look upon her if only for one moment, but he was in command of a battery in the Lower Town, and could not leave his post. It was a cruel destiny he thought, as he stood dreamily gazing at the distant turrets of the château, which rose dark against the sky, and picturing to himself that one fair image within those walls, which had followed him through all the duties and perils of that eventful day, and chafing at the necessity that withheld him from her; when, as though some unseen agency was at hand to aid his secret wish, a messenger came in sudden haste from the castle, requiring his immediate attendance upon the Governor.

Secretly hoping that this summons would forward his cherished wish, and give him a short interview with Clarice, he obeyed it with alacrity, not unwillingly resigning his important post to another. He found M. de Frontenac in his cabinet with some of his principal officers, and soon learned that the service required of him was to carry a secret message to the Commandant of a distant redoubt. The Governor detained him but a few minutes, and as he departed by a private entrance on his embassy, his way led through a corridor in which were situated the apartments of Madame de Levasseur. It seemed to him enchanted ground, and with quickened heart-beats he found the door of her boudoir. It stood partially open, and involuntarily he paused for an instant opposite to it.

But not a sound reached his quickened ear from within—all there was dark and silent, but a faint odour of her favourite flowers stole balmily, like her own sweet presence, upon his sense. A glass door at the end of the passage stood open, and

stepping through it upon the balcony, with a hope undefined even to himself, he started at the sight of a reclining figure that lay motionless, as if in death, upon a cushioned seat. Shrinking at the sound of his own cautious step, St. Ours stole towards her—for at a glance he recognized the object of his thought—drawing still nearer and nearer, till his enamoured eye took in all her loveliness, and even her measured breathing fell softly upon his ear.

The moonbeams quivered over her as she lay unconscious in that quiet sleep, lending in his fond fancy a celestial character to her beauty. The folds of her white garments fell gracefully around her, and over the arm on which her head rested, her dark hair, escaped from its fastening, fell, sweeping the floor with its rich abundance.

Closely clasped in the other hand, and pressed against her heart, he spied the glittering case of a miniature, and at the sight a jealous pang shot through his heart, for though it might be that of a brother, or even of the husband so lately lost, he could not bear—selfish even in his hopeless love—to think that her thought of him could be divided with another. What would he not have given for one glimpse of the features hidden in that case; but vain the wish, for the small fingers held the treasure with a jealous clasp; and, fearful of longer delay, he was about to retreat when a low murmur from the sweet sleeper arrested him; he paused—he bent to listen, and caught his own name upon her lips.

It was a moment of ecstasy to the impassioned lover, which sent the warm blood bounding joyously through his veins. He filled her thoughts and was present in her dreams—it was enough—he dared no longer linger, and turning swiftly to go, the sudden motion broke her light slumber, and she sprang terrified to her feet. The moon had passed into a cloud, and in her fright she failed to recognize him; she saw only the retreating figure of a man, and with a rapid

bound she sprang away ; but before she effected her escape, a furtive glance had revealed to her something familiar in the figure, which she could not fail to recognize. For an instant surprise and joy arrested her flight, but at the opening of a distant door, she disappeared like a startled bird within the corridor. Thus suddenly aroused to a recollection of the duty assigned him, and a regretful sense of his momentary infidelity to it, he crushed down all softening influences, and departed to fulfil it.

The brief truce of the night was broken at early dawn by the sound of the enemy's guns, who, nothing daunted by the repulse of the preceding day, renewed the assault with a pertinacious courage which should have rewarded them with success. But they contended against fearful odds, and though for six continuous hours they maintained a vigorous assault against the rocky fortress of the north, they were finally compelled to yield to the superior force and position of the assailed, and withdrew defeated from the combat. There were many on the decks of that valiant little flotilla who opposed the mortifying retreat, but Sir William Phipps, no less humane than he was brave, seeing no chance of victory, sought to avoid a useless waste of life by a discontinuance of the desperate fight.

So the anchors were weighed, and the defeated armament floated slowly down the stream, crippled by the guns of the fortress, and its decks reeking with the blood of its brave and manly hearts.

Fast and continuous, as the ill-fated fleet retired, poured upon it from the lofty heights of the citadel the deadly fire of cannon, scarcely a ball of which sped through the air in vain ; one among them, on its fatal errand, struck the mast of the Rear-Admiral's ship, which, shivered by the blow, trembled, and with the proud flag of England at its summit, fell headlong into the St. Lawrence. Then, what humiliation crushed down the hearts of its vanquished defenders, and

what proud, exulting joy swelled the triumph of the victors !

Borne up by its silken folds, the glittering ensign floated slowly on towards the conquerors—a token of surrender which they hailed with shouts that shook to their foundation the rocky bulwarks of the city. On it came, watched by the multitude with eager eyes, till, saturated by the waves, it became submerged, the remnants of the splintered staff floating on the surface alone designating its position. The breathless hush which followed its disappearance was in an instant broken by the commanding voice of M. de Frontenac impetuously exclaiming :

“ Shall it be lost to us ? that Red Cross trophy of our victory ! Lost to us ? and not an arm among the hundreds here stretched out to rescue it for posterity.”

“ Not lost ! so help me God !” shouted in reply the manly tones of Léon St. Ours, and with the utterance of the words he cast aside his coat and sword, sprang from the high bank on which he stood, and dashed boldly out into the stream. The welkin rang with enthusiastic cheers, and many a one who shrank from the danger now envied the gallant fellow who dared it, and coveted the glory of his fearless act. The retiring foe were still near enough to mark the proceeding, and, hoping to preserve their fallen flag from the grasp of the victors, they vigorously renewed their slackened fire. But regardless of the peril, St. Ours pressed fearlessly on towards the prize, bravely breasting the resisting tide, heedless of the enemy's balls which fell fast around him, seething the surface of the water, or plunging beneath it directly in his track. But, as though he bore a charmed life, he cut swiftly through the liquid element, nearing each instant the object to be won.

A profound silence enchained the multitude which thronged the shore, watching with trembling anxiety for his safety and success, but when at last he fairly grasped the broken flag-staff and drew the proud ensign from

the water, holding it up and shaking from its drooping folds a shower of glittering drops. a burst of gratulation, prolonged and deafening, greeted his triumph as he swam back to the shore and laid the rescued trophy at the feet of his commander.

Surrounded by his brilliant staff, the old soldier stood upon the highest point of the elevated bank, his eagle eye watching the scene with intense interest, a smile at its triumphant issue lighting up and softening the stern expression of his face. Bending courteously towards St. Ours, as with graceful bearing the young man laid down the rescued prize before him, he said, and a glow of pleasure flushed his veteran cheek as he spoke :

“Well and bravely done, young sir, well and bravely ! And I thank you for this, the crowning act of an heroic day, which on this spot shall receive the guerdon due to your valorous achievement. Kneel down, Léon St. Ours !” Drawing his sword from its scabbard, the glittering blade flashed in the sun as he held it for a moment over the young man’s head, then laying it upon his shoulder : —“Rise Baron de Mornay,” he said, “and be thou fortunate in love as thou hast this day proved thyself valiant in arms, and loyal in the service of thy sovereign.”

At these words the new-made baron arose, flushed and excited, pleased with the approbation of his commander and the flattering distinction conferred on him, yet not a little mystified at being accosted as Baron de Mornay, the paternal name which he had long since disused, partly because he had given it to his child-wife, which made it hateful to him, and partly that, in assuming the name of his maternal grandfather, he came into possession of the valuable estates that accompanied it. As he now stood bending in grateful acknowledgment to the Governor, the young and handsome hero was the envy and admiration of all the gallants in the army.

“He casts us into the shade on all occa-

sions,” said D’Esperon laughingly to a comrade, “and after this grand exploit you may be sure the women will deify him, so we stand small chances of success, De Lorme, in either games of love or war.”

A good-humoured nod and smile were the reply, for St. Ours was such a universal favourite that all rejoiced in his good fortune.

The eventful day closed with a ball and banquet at the castle, and conspicuous among the adornments of the *grand salon* floated the captured flag, dividing the attention of the guests with the youthful hero who had perilled his life to save it. On this night of general joy and triumph, the delicate cheek of Clarice de Levasseur wore a brighter rose-hue than usual ; in her beaming eye there shone unwonted light, and a gladness in her very step and in her voice, which, since his last letter—unfolding to her the barrier which prevented his seeking her—he dared not interpret in his favour.

This feeling lent a constraint to his manner which she was quick to perceive, but it only gave a more charming *abandon* to hers, and lent to every look and tone an eloquent avowal of the love she no longer strove to conceal. Never before had she so decidedly manifested it ; but, even while yielding to the sweet intoxication, came the bitter thought, of what avail to him could be the surrender of that tender heart, bound as he was, like the fabled Ixion, to a relentless fate. Again he would tell her so ; even now, amidst the gladness and music of these festal rooms, he would seek a moment to implore her forgiveness, and end at once this hapless strife.

Just at that moment he saw her cross the salon and go towards a small apartment which opened into a conservatory, and, half believing that some unseen agency approved his purpose, he instantly followed her. A single lamp hung suspended from the ceiling ; at this late hour its light burned low, but still with sufficient clearness for him to perceive, which he did with actual dismay,

the martial figure of the Comte de Frontenac seated in a high-backed chair, grimly surmounted by his own arms, and beside him, smiling, yet in tears, stood Clarice, her arm thrown caressingly round his neck, and her face half-hidden on his shoulder.

Confused and mortified at his uncalled-for intrusion, Léon, with some inarticulate words of apology, turned hastily to retreat, when the voice of the Governor arrested him.

"Come hither, Baron de Mornay," he said, in a tone of unwonted gaiety; "there doubtless is an unseen power which directs our actions, or your presence would not have shone upon us at so auspicious a moment. Come, and tell me what shall be done to the man whom we delight to honour? I feel that I have but poorly acknowledged my appreciation of your chivalrous conduct by the empty title conferred on you this morning. My wish now is to express my individual gratitude by enriching you with a gift, priceless above rubies, if—as the young believe—the heart's affection is more to be coveted than the world's wealth and honours. Clarice!"

She heard her name called, but made no response. She was kneeling before M. de Frontenac, striving with her small hands to cover her face as it rested on his knee. The Comte turned from her with a smile.

"Young man," he resumed, again addressing Léon, "I honoured your father and loved him, and I rejoice that he has left such a son to honour his memory and bear up his ancient name. Being such an one, I willingly entrust to your keeping the most precious of my treasures, the happiness of my child—my child by adoption—the bequest of a cherished sister, whose death I remember among the great sorrows of my life."

There was a pause when he ceased to speak, for Léon's tongue clove to the roof of his mouth; in the shame and agony of that moment the very pulsations of his heart became painfully audible. A few moments of silence intervened, in which, with

desperate effort, he struggled for utterance. Then, with assumed courage he turned towards M. de Frontenac, prepared to read a sentence of wrath and banishment in that terrible face, but great was his relief when on looking up to brave the expected lightning, he saw the eagle glance of the veteran softened by an expression of kindness such as he had rarely met there before.

A mist seemed suddenly to obscure his sight, but yet through it he saw the still kneeling figure of Clarice, her face bowed down and hidden in her hands, when, breaking through all restraint, he cast himself on his knees beside her, and in broken accents gave utterance to his love and his despair. With breathless rapidity he recounted the history of his early marriage, and the vow which forbade him to cancel it, and which had wrenched forever from his heart the one hope dearest to him on earth.

"A strange story this, upon my faith, Sir Baron," said the Comte in a tone that sounded mockingly to the ears of the wretched and sensitive lover. "Clarice, my child, heard you ever the like of it?"

"Aye, darling uncle, so like, so very like, I would say it was the same," responded her silver voice, and as she spoke she lifted up her lovely face, so radiant with joy that Léon sprang indignantly to his feet, believing himself to be the victim of some preconcerted jest.

"The same, little one? did you say the same?" questioned the Comte, in the half mocking tone so irritating to the ear of Léon.

"Listen, doubting uncle, and believe," she answered, "for my tale, too, is of a maiden wedded in her childhood, left unclaimed in womanhood, forsaken by her liege lord, whose painted semblance only kept true her faith, and sustained her affection even until now," and unclasping the chain of gold from her neck, she detached the miniature which had awakened Léon's jealousy, and held it silently towards him,

again bending down her blushing face to hide it from his gaze.

A feeling of strange, undefined expectation impelled him to take it eagerly from her hand and press open the case, which disclosed a likeness that startled him with its familiar look. Moving towards the lamp, he held the picture up in the light, and recognized at once his own boyish face, though he might still almost have doubted it, had he not read his own name, Léon de Mornay, engraved upon the golden case.

Then, almost frantic with surprise and joy, and quite regardless of the presence of M. de Frontenac, he threw himself beside Clarice, and drew her passionately towards him.

"Rosyne! Marie! Clarice! Can it be that they are one? the same to whom I plighted such unwilling vows. The same, my Clarice—the same—angel of my life, for whom I would have given up that life, and whom I deserve not now to win—wronging her as I have done, and in so wronging, shut myself out from a paradise of joy."

The broken sentence was uttered almost inarticulately, through the strong emotion which overpowered him, but, unheeding his rhapsody, the Comte said quietly—

"Yes, young man, through the weak indulgence of a groundless prejudice you have made for yourself years of unhappiness, that have taught you a lesson I trust you will not soon forget. But we have no time for moralizing. You have suffered enough to expiate your fault, and now that the prize is fairly won, take her, and make good amends to her for the wrongs of the past. She

has been my precious charge for many years, and for her sake I have marked your course and brought you to my side, that if I found you worthy, the romance might issue in a happy *dénouement*. The name she has borne was her mother's, and with that marriage symbol on her finger, it was not meet to deprive her of her matronly dignity. Make to each other all necessary explanations; be persuaded that you are mutually satisfied with this re-union; and when we have driven these bold invaders from our shores, and shouted a *Te Deum* for our deliverance, your nuptials shall be celebrated among the rejoicings with which we signalize the return of peace."

He rose and left the room as he ceased speaking, and the door which he closed on retiring we dare not presume to open.

The lapse of a few days saw the waters of the St. Lawrence free from the presence of the hostile squadron, when great rejoicings took place in the valiant City of Quebec on the restoration of peace, and amidst the festivities of the occasion the marriage of Léon and Clarice was solemnized with a pomp and circumstance more in keeping with the Comte de Frontenac's magnificent tastes than with the quiet and simple wishes of the happy lovers.

It was in the old church of Notre Dame, surrounded by holy symbols, and with the flag which Léon had rescued floating above their heads, that the youthful pair plighted anew their willing vows, and with grateful hearts gave thanks to Him who had guided them along their separate paths to this final and happy re-union.

A GAGE D'AMOUR.

From "Vignettes in Rhyme."

"Martis cælebs quid agam Kalendis,
—miraris?"—HOR. iii. 8.

I.

CHARLES,—for it seems you wish to know,—
You wonder what could scare me so,
And why, in this long-locked bureau,
With trembling fingers,—
With tragic air I now replace
This ancient web of yellow lace,
Among whose faded folds the trace
Of perfume lingers.

II.

Friend of my youth, severe as true,
I guess the train your thoughts pursue ;
But this my state is nowise due
To indigestion ;
I had forgotten it was there,
A scarf 'hat Some-one used to wear.
Hinc ille lachrymæ,—so spare
Your cynic question.

III.

Some one who is not girlish now,
And wed long since. We meet and bow ;
I don't suppose our broken vow
Affects us keenly ;
Yet, trifling though my act appears,
Your Sternes would make it ground for tears ;—
One can't disturb the dust of years
And smile serenely.

IV.

"My golder locks" are gray and chill,
For hers,—let them be sacred still ;
But yet, I own, a boyish thrill
Went dancing through me,

Charles, when I held yon yellow lace ;
 For, from its dusty hiding-place,
 Peeped out an arch, ingenuous face
 That beckoned to me.

v.

We shut our heart up, now-a-days,
 Like some old music-box that plays
 Unfashionable airs that raise
 Derisive pity ;
 Alas,—a nothing starts the spring ;
 And lo, the sentimental thing
 At once commences quavering
 Its lover's ditty.

vi.

Laugh, if you like. The boy in me,—
 The boy that was,—revived to see
 The fresh young smile that shone when she,
 Of old, was tender.
 Once more we trod the Golden Way,—
 That mother you saw yesterday,
 And I, whom none can well portray
 As young or slender.

vii.

She twirled the flimsy scarf about
 Her pretty head, and stepping out,
 Slipped arm in mine, with half a pout
 Of childish pleasure.
 Where we were bound no mortal knows,
 For then you plunged in Ireland's woes,
 And brought me blankly back to prose
 And Gladstone's measure.

viii.

Well, well, the wisest bend to Fate.
 My brown old books around me wait,
 My pipe still holds, unconfiscate,
 Its wonted station.
 Pass me the wine. To Those that keep
 The bachelor's secluded sleep
 Peaceful, inviolate, and deep,
 I pour libation.

THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

IT has frequently been remarked of late that the love of the picturesque, as we understand it, seems hardly to date farther back than a century or two. The classic idea of beauty wanted the subjectiveness which gives the charm to natural scenery in the eye of the modern poet. With the Greeks, beauty of form, whether in humanity or in the broad outlines of nature, was almost a religion. Æstheticism served to tone down the rugged features of the mythology, entirely anthropomorphic, which they had inherited from ruder ancestors. Even their art, in its palmiest times, retained something of the fetishism of earlier days. The Fauns, the Dryads, the Nereids, and the great Pan himself, were only the incarnations of the diverse manifestations of nature on land or sea. But it would be a mistake to suppose that the Greek poets were heedless of the wonderful richness of nature; they simply saw it with less cultivated eyes, and with ruder conceptions of the imagination. No reader of Homer, especially in the *Odyssey*, can fail to be struck with the keen and accurate observation of the beautiful in nature which marks distinctively the great Ionian poet. The Tragedians of the later age were not less remarkable for this ardent attachment to the picturesque in the lands where their scenes were laid. It has been remarked that from the plays of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, a complete topography of Greece and the Isles might be constructed. For "word-painting," so far as epithets were concerned, no language has ever approached the Greek in power; witness such suggestive epithets as "the rosy-fingered dawn," and that unequalled example of onomatopœia, "poluphlosboio thalasses," applied to the roll of the tide up the beach on the sea. The Romans, on the other hand, cared little for

nature or its beauties. Where the lyric poets, such as Horace, speak of rural life, it is seldom that they go into raptures about it. The country is to them a place of ease, of relief from the court or the forum, a retreat for social intercourse, at which a due proportion of the Falernian was not an unwelcome disperser of the tedium of country life. In almost all ancient writers, Nature, except where it is exalted to worship by fetishism, occupies the background. Man alone forms the main subject of poesy and prose; the grandeur of rock and valley, sea and shore, had not yet made its inarticulate voice known to human minds. For them it was almost a sealed book, and it seems almost as of yesterday when the poets who ushered in the dawn of the century drew men's thoughts and quickened their imaginations into communion with the great heart of Nature. How much in our day we owe to the Lake poets, and to the writings of John Ruskin, can hardly be estimated.

Certain it is, that æsthetic taste *has* increased to a very great extent. People now undertake long and fatiguing journeys to see beauties of natural scenery, rugged mountain passes, and sombre stony valleys lying at the foot of barren rocks and glaciers, which, a century ago, they would not have thought worth the trouble; and that, not because it is the *fashion*, but because they really find pleasure in so doing. Nay, they even find beauties in home scenery, to which, some fifty years ago, they would have been almost blind. How many tourists now take the round of our upper lakes, or explore the smaller lakes of Muskoka and similar districts, compared with the few who knew or cared for Canadian scenery some thirty years ago! *Then*, people as a rule travelled only when obliged to do so, and hardly took the trouble to appreciate the natural beauties that

came in their way: Of course this is partially owing to increased facilities for travel, yet it is still more largely due to the wide diffusion of the appreciative sense. Such books as those of Captain Butler, with their graphic and exquisite descriptions, could hardly have been the production of the last century.

Among our American neighbours, this increased love of the picturesque is also very marked, not only in their constant pilgrimages to the widely-renowned scenery of the Old World, but in the manner in which "Picturesque America" is being explored and described, from north to south and from east to west. We are bewildered indeed, and almost surfeited, with the multitude of grand mountain-gorges, dark cañons, waterfalls and winding streams, set in emerald foliage, and dashing in white foam over intercepting rocks, of which we are constantly hearing for the first time. Doubtless, in course of time, many of these will gather associations around them, as some of them indeed have done, in the late war; and become as world-renowned as the far-famed scenery of Europe. Yet, in many cases much of the beauty must, perforce, disappear with advancing civilization. This is painfully apparent in many places, both in the United States and in Canada, where picturesque villages are being transformed into prosaic towns, and foliage-clad streams and dashing cascades disfigured by mills and factories, and set to work for their living—sentiment giving way to utility, as it always has to do, when the picturesqueness of nature stands in the way of human necessities, real or fictitious.

Feeling that this change must necessarily, in the course of years, overtake much that is now beautiful and picturesque in their country, our American neighbours, whom we are wont sometimes to designate, rather contemptuously, as utilitarian, have set apart a gigantic national pleasure-ground, a reserve of grand and picturesque beauty, called the

"Yellow-stone Reservation." This tract of country, comprising many square miles of territory, and much natural beauty and sublimity, is to belong inalienably to the American people; not to be settled and cultivated, but to remain for all generations, left as nature has left it, to be a reserve of healthful and pleasurable enjoyment of natural influences, after other places, now as wild and beautiful, have become civilized out of their beauty, or passed into the hands of individual owners. When that vast country begins to be filled up with its rapidly-increasing population, when its villages have become cities, and its cities have stretched out for long miles into the surrounding country, this Reservation will be more and more appreciated—a little Alps, full of unspoiled beauty, pure air, and refreshing breezes, where exhausted minds and bodies may be rested and invigorated, and from whence they may return, with refreshed spirits and renewed vigour, to their daily toil: this, wisely and liberally done, our Government should do while there is yet time. Canada, at least that part of it to which the name has hitherto been applied, is filling up rapidly, and is likely to fill up still more rapidly in the future. While it is still possible then, it would be well that our Government should set apart—not one gigantic reservation, as the Americans have done, but several, within easy distances of our great centres of population—such as are now favourite haunts of tourists, and might easily be preserved, if proper precautions are taken in their present state. Such are some of the most frequented camping-grounds of the Torontonians about our remoter lakes; and such, *par excellence*, is the fairy archipelago known all over the world as "The Thousand Islands."

There has been a proposition made of late, it is said, to the Government, which has called forth—and most naturally—a good deal of indignant comment from the papers of Central Canada—journalists of the most opposite shades of politics uniting in strong depreca-

tion of such a procedure as the sale of this national possession and national glory, to any individuals whatsoever. It seems difficult, indeed, to believe that a Government so trusted by the Canadian people as the present one, could bring itself to listen to such a proposition. For, to sell the Islands to private individuals would be practically sacrificing this national privilege, and jeopardizing its very existence as one of the natural glories of Canada. Every traveller in Canada has tried in some measure to describe the beauty of the mazy windings of these fairy islets, which in most places are still as secluded from all traces of human habitation—as unmarred in their wild, lonely beauty, as when the canoe of the Iroquois alone disturbed their glassy ripples, and broke the reflection in their still waters of the overhanging birch and hemlock. But it is only the “camper out,” who can pitch his tent, first on one island and then on another, who can fully appreciate their sylvan beauty, as he alone can fully explore their picturesque rocks and windings. Many a tourist, both American and Canadian—many a diligent worker unable to take a longer journey, gathers precious stores of health and recreation, and innocent, elevating enjoyment, among these islands, amid whose wildness he can feel free for a time from the bondage and prosaic materialism of ordinary civilized life. And, as the country grows more and more thickly settled, such a privilege must necessarily be more and more highly valued, more and more needed. But let the islands—even any large number of them—be transferred to private hands, and the seclusion and the freedom of them would be practically almost destroyed for the general public. On the islands that were private property, tourists and “camping out” parties would be trespassers, and even if the possessors were good-natured and indulgent, non-possessors could feel no freedom in the enjoyment of them. Then, undoubtedly, many of them would be bought up by American specu-

lators, who would sell them at a large profit, in many cases to rich Americans, who are very much inclined to appreciate such country quarters. Villas would spring up everywhere among them, possibly such as one enterprising American has already built, in the form of a—Pullman car; and, from a wild secluded bit of nature, our Thousand Islands would become transformed into a cockney suburb, into which the artificial, ostentatious life of our neighbours would introduce the follies and extravagances of Newport and Saratoga, *absit omen*. Let us cordially hope that such an undesirable and atrocious consummation may be averted! No amount of pecuniary consideration or material prosperity could make up to us as a people for the spoliation of this unique national possession, whose undestroyed beauty and seclusion, once marred, could never be restored!

Every owner, moreover, would be at liberty to follow his own peculiar pleasure or taste with regard to his particular island. If it suited him to “clear” it, and use its wood for timber or firewood, to build on it a hotel, or a tavern, or turn it to any other ignoble use, no one could prevent him. And good taste does not so preponderate among mankind as to afford us any security that utter disfiguration would not result in many cases from the sale of our beautiful islands. Let our Government, then, far from entertaining any question of selling, proceed to take measures for securing the privileges of the Thousand Islands to all future generations of Canadians. Let them not only do this, but let them, by appointing an efficient staff of keepers, provide for guarding their present beauty of luxuriant foliage from the hands of such base and reckless depredators as have already in some cases made considerable havoc among them. We ought to be able to protect them without the desperate resource of selling them, which has been proposed as a remedy! As in some other cases, the remedy, if adopted, would be worse than the disease.

On some of the larger islands "squatters" have settled themselves, and it would be quite right and proper that with such, Government should come to some understanding with regard to terms and title. But let the idea of sale extend no further! Quite enough of the islands are private property already, as is rather too visible in going down the American channel. We do not want our Thousand Islands Americanized, or even civilized. Let us keep, amid our fast spreading civilization, at least one little fresh characteristic bit of the old-time scenery of Canada, one spot to link the dreamy traditional past to the busy, matter-of-fact present—one free, unsophisticated breathing-place, apart from all vulgarizing associations, where our weary toilers with hand and brain may snatch a brief delightful holiday; where, amid woodland sights and fragrant breezes, they may gain a stock of health and strength of body

and mind to serve for the rest of the year. There, too, they may become nobler men, as well as more useful citizens, by being reminded by the silent purifying influences of Nature, the great teacher, that "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth;" that there are higher considerations than those of wealth and worldly advancement; and there may be led to feel, more deeply than is possible for them when surrounded by the despotic press and hurry of our outward life,—

"The presence that disturbs us with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things—all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

A BIRTHDAY SONG.

FOR DOMINION DAY.

METHOUGHT—in visions of the night—
I saw, as in a dream Elysian,
Our fair Dominion spread in sight,
As from a prophet's mount of vision.
From east to west it seemed to be
Across the continent extended,
And mighty stream and inland sea
Gleamed in the sun—a vision splendid.

Full oft the strong young eagle might
Exhausted furl his weary pinion,
Who fain would measure in his flight,
The circuit of our wide Dominion.

From far snow-girdled Hudson's Bay,
 O'er many a winding creek and river,
 To where, beneath her shadowy spray,
 Niagara thunders on for ever.

From where the long, low "Banks" advance
 Their barriers to the wild Atlantic,
 While o'er them snowy surges prance,
 Like foaming steeds of war gigantic—
 To where the mild Pacific breaks
 'Mid land-locked fiord and misty mountain,
 Within whose caverned cañons wakes—
 In darkness—many a river-fountain.

There lies Columbia's coast, rock-bound,
 With rugged isle and mountain hoary.
 Seamed with dark pass, and *cache* profound,
 Haunted with dreams of golden glory.
 Then eastward, o'er a tract serene—
 Pine-dotted steppe and rolling prairie,
 Where rivers wind 'mid copses green,
 And lakes lie gemmed with isles of faëry.

On, where in state Superior sleeps
 Beneath her purple-tinted highlands,
 On, where our proud St. Lawrence sweeps
 Amid her maze of tufted islands ;
 By many a homestead, nestled down
 'Mid orchard trees and dimpled meadow,
 Where, 'neath the linden's leafy crown,
 The kine are lying, deep in shadow :

By many an inland pine-girt lake
 And glassy creek, in secret faring,
 'Mid shadowy glade and woodland brake,
 Its crown of water-lilies wearing.
 Then onward, past Mount Royal's domes,
 By many a gleaming roof and steeple ;
 Past narrow fields and bowery homes
 Of quiet French-Canadian people.

To where, upon its rocky throne,
 St. Louis' castle—warder hoary—
 Keeps guard above the quaint old town,
 All haloed with Canadian story.

Still on—where Orleans' woodlands sleep,
 And snowy sails are seaward flashing,
 Where Montmorency, from the steep,
 Her snowy, foam-flecked sheet is dashing.

And onward still—in mighty tide—
 The Gulf, its way to ocean taking,
 'Twixt pine-crowned hills in circuit wide,
 Upon Acadia's shore is breaking ;
 Where fishers roam—a hardy race,
 The spoils of ocean homeward bringing,
 And sea-pinks deck the rock's dark face,
 All dank with sea-weed moistly clinging.

Fair heritage and fruitful soil,
 This land—our own—we fondly cherish,
 Kept for us by the blood and toil
 Of those whose memory ne'er should perish !
 A land where Nature's forces teach
 A lesson stern, of bravely bearing
 Danger and ill—and youth may reach
 A prime of right and noble daring :

A land where Nature's beauty, too—
 A higher beauty still revealing,
 In sunset glory, autumn hue—
 May waken high, poetic feeling.
 A land, we fain would hope, where Right
 Shall rule o'er interest's baser measure,
 And Christian love and Freedom's might,
 Together be its dearest treasure !

Long, long may Britain's banner be
 Above our country's youth extended—
 The honoured ensign of the free—
 By brave Canadian hearts defended !
 But life is short and thought is long,
 And fancy, wearied, furl'd her pinion,
 And sought to frame a birthday song,
 In honour of our young Dominion !

A GLANCE WITHIN THE FOREST.

BY MRS. C. P. TRAILL,

Author of the "Backwoods of Canada," &c.

"If thou art worn and hard beset
 With sorrows thou wouldst fain forget ;
 If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep
 Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep,
 Go to the woods—no pale-faced fears
 Dim the sweet face that nature wears."

—LONGFELLOW.

ON entering a thickly-clad tract of woodland, the first impression made on the traveller is not so much surprise at the height and bulk of the trees as at the dense and crowded mass of vegetation that everywhere meets the eye, mingled with the confused trunks of fallen trees, broken branches, and every sort of decaying *débris*.

He looks upward and around for the ancient monarchs of the wood, with hoary rifted trunks, wide-spread arms bleached by centuries of wintry snows, and scathed by the tempests that have passed over their heads—such trees as were familiar to him among the ancient oaks and beeches of England, and which he had imaged to himself as existing on a grander scale in the primeval forests of the new world. These he does not see in the Canadian woods. The impression is conveyed that rapid growth tends to rapid development and swift decay.

The younger growth screens the few that have withstood the effects of time ; the oldest lie prostrate at his feet, hidden by rank herbage, or covered by a thick coating of variegated mosses. It seems indeed marvellous how mother earth can support so vast an amount of vegetation, since all her numerous vegetable family alike demand nourishment and a suitable space within her bosom. Ample as we know her re-

sources to be, at first glance they would seem unequal to the demand, so great is the drain upon them ; yet in nothing is the wise economy of the Great Creator more manifestly shown than in the consumption and renewal of the soil, and the supplies for the support of plant-life. But let us continue our survey of the forest, simply as such. Here we behold trees in every stage of progress, from the tiny seedling of a few leaves, just pushing forth its tender head from the sheltering bed of moss or decaying foliage, to the aspiring sapling which seems in haste to rival its loftier companions in the race of life ; while others, further advanced to maturity, have gained the higher regions, and, lifting their leafy heads above their fellows, are revelling in light and air. Straight upward and onward has been their growth. The few sparsely-scattered lateral branches that had been developed during their early career have fallen away, and even the scars where they had been are scarcely discernible on the smooth trunk of the oldest trees. It is not till they gain space and a full exposure to the effects of the sunlight and atmospheric influences, that they make a full and leafy head. It is this which gives the forest trees that straight, pillar-like trunk which is their grand characteristic. The young trees are drawn up like seedlings in a hotbed. These saplings remind one of the overtaxed children in a factory, toiling on in heat and steam and dust, the vigour of their frames, like the young operatives, destroyed and weakened through lack of free circulation of air and sunshine.

Beneath the living lie the prostrate dead in every stage of decay—a mass of vegeta-

ble matter returning to its original elements, and slowly giving back to the soil what it had gathered during the long period of its existence, in the form of fertilizing gases and organic matter, again to act their parts in nourishing a new and rising generation. In this great chemical laboratory the work of decomposition is ever going forward,—unseen, silent influences are ever at work ; no idlers are here.

Let us for a few minutes pause to consider some of the labourers that God has appointed to reduce those mighty fallen trunks that encumber the ground. There lies one—it has been a giant in its day ; but look upon it now. Its round, pillar-like form is all that is left to tell us of its former fair proportions, and this is merely a crumbling shell. Touch that deep velvet clothing of verdure that covers the surface, and the foot or the hand sinks into the decaying mass—the fabric falls into ruin beneath the pressure. What has destroyed that hard vegetable tissue that, when in health and vigor, required the sharp axe and nervous arm of the chopper, or the rending teeth of the saw to separate its parts. Those soft plumy masses and grey coating lichens, and, more powerful than either, those large hoof-like fungi of the genus *Polyporus*, have been the unresisting forces—the wedges that have divided the woody fibre ; those myriads of tiny insects that have found a home and nursery below the forest of mosses—the axes and saws that, in conjunction with the rain and snows of heaven, have effected the work of destruction.

Take now a little of the soil that lies below the roots of the mosses in your hand, and you will find a rich black mould, fit for your most delicate green-house plants to grow in. Years pass on ; return again and seek for the tree-trunk and its destroyers. Where are they ? A few spadefuls of fine fertilizing mould, over which rank herbage now grows, is all that marks the spot. The woody fibre is changed, the mosses having

done their part, and no longer find occupation. The insect tribes, no longer sheltered, also are gone. The Master's work has been accomplished ; and it is marvellous in our eyes—that is, if we will reflect upon the work, the labourers employed, and the consequences, as we ought to do. These obedient labourers of the forest-world, under the Great Director, have been preparing a field and soil for man's use countless ages before the ships of Cabot or Columbus had furrowed the waters that girdle the forest-clad shores of the western hemisphere. Should we not "Praise the Lord for his goodness, and for the wonders which he doeth for the children of men."

Beside the mosses and fungi that take possession of the fallen trees, as soon as a little soil has been prepared for their reception, a variety of seedlings spring up—a tiny forest nursery, ready to supply the waste of their predecessors.

Here you may see a seedling pine not exceeding two inches in stature, a miniature resemblance of yonder lofty tree, the top of which reaches nearly fifty feet above the heads of the tallest oak, maple, or elm ; and there are some of these last that will give a straight trunk, free of the branches, of fifty feet from the root upwards.

That tiny seedling, with its few delicate thready leaves and soft green stem, and that majestic, pillar-like trunk, with deeply rifted bark, and twisted, cable-like roots, whose top is hidden by the lower growth of hardwood trees—are they not both vegetable wonders, proclaiming the glory and power of their Creator, who formed the things that be out of nothing ? Do they not equally bear witness to His care for man, to whom He has given power alike over the parent tree and the little seedling—to save or to destroy, as may seem best to him—to plant or to root up, as he may choose ?

On a first journey through the forest, the traveller is impressed by the deep unbroken silence that reigns around him, and also of

the absence of animal life, if we except the insect world, but even these (with the exception of the mosquitoes and other winged tribes) are seen only in the Spring and Summer months; the rest, working in secret, or among the leafy tree-tops, are not perceived. During the winter this stillness is most remarkable; it is a silence that may be felt—if I may so express the profound stillness—where the sound of your own steps or the monotonous creaking of some tree, loosened at the root, swaying to and fro, alone breaks the almost unearthly repose of the scene.

The deer lie mostly concealed in the tangled covert of the most lonely parts of the forest, in thick cedar swamps along the margins of lake and stream; and, as civilization increases, these wild denizens of the woods and wilds retreat further from man and his improvements.

Towards the early spring, a solitary chipmunk may be seen on warm sunny days sporting on the mossy logs, or you may hear the saucy, chattering note of the red squirrel, as he hurries up the rugged bark of a forked pine to his nest. Or, during a long day's journey, you may sometimes, even in mid-winter, be cheered by the whispering note of the little chickadee (the small blue titmouse) greeting you from among the hemlock boughs, or the rapping of the little midland (downy woodpecker) may be heard at long intervals awakening the echoes of the vast unpeopled solitude, but even these sounds are of rare occurrence.

There is a solemn grandeur in those old pine woods that insensibly inclines the mind to musings inspiring the soul with high and holy thoughts of Him whose wisdom and mighty power originated and sustains those noble vegetable pillars that support the leafy roof of the forest aisles above your head, where the wind, sweeping among a thousand ærial harp-strings, makes music that seems more of heaven than earth.

The soul needs such moments of tranquillity to recover from the toil, the wear and

tear of busy life, with all its daily vexations and disappointments. It is repose to the careworn spirit to withdraw itself from man and live a brief space among the trees, the flowers, the ferns, and the lowly mosses, and to consider the lilies of the field, how they grow, cared for by Him who clothes the grass of the field, and weaves His rays of gorgeous light into their glorious tissues, giving them a stamp of grace and loveliness whereby to gladden and refresh the overburdened hearts of the children of men.

In the contemplation of these things all worldly care and strife is forgotten, and peace, and joy, and love, with holy reverence, steal into the heart, and there light up upon its altar a pure flame of spiritual adoration and thanksgiving to God, and of peace and good-will to his fellow-creatures, and to all that the Creator has called into being.

Surely it is well if in the lonely churchless wilderness the poor settler, oppressed with many cares, can look around him through the leafy aisles of those huge forest trees that wall in his path, and can find in them something to interest and enlighten his mind. Such teachings have ere now been drawn from this source, proving a consolation and pleasure to the lonely sojourner in the woods, and who shall say that they have been without profit to his soul?

Beside the living trees, bushes, and rank herbage that meets the eye in the thick uncleared forest, there is a mass of fallen timber, broken limbs, and decaying branches heaped across each other in wild confusion, through which young saplings are thrusting up their plummy heads, while many a graceful wood-fern and flower is flourishing, all green and bright, beneath surrounding decay.

The confusion is still more remarkable if it be the precincts of a cedar swamp—here indeed it would puzzle the most adventurous hunter to explore the tangled desolation. Trunks of great size lean one above the other, the intervening trees forming a wall of support so strong that the falling are

upheld; we thus see the living and dead mingle together in an impenetrable mass; if a spark should by chance fall within that thicket, how great a matter would it kindle, and this accident often happens. What volumes of smoke during the daylight! what magnificent jets of flame shoot up at night, casting a red glare upon the murky veil of smoke-cloud above! Now behold the fire quickened by the rising wind which accompanies fire, springing from heap to heap of the fallen brushwood, darting up the shreddy bark to the very tops of the tallest trees, sending abroad fiery showers of sparks, which, seizing on the dry twigs and long waving moss of other trees, continue to spread the work of destruction. Sometimes such conflagrations have been known to rage for many weeks together during the prevalence of a long, dry, hot season.

Such was the dry summer of 1826, in which an extensive district in New Brunswick was made desolate. Whole villages were reduced to ashes, rivers and streams were dried up, and thousands of settlers in Miramichi were rendered homeless and childless. During that awful conflagration a cry of despair went up from the miserable inhabitants that the day of fiery wrath had begun, and that the vials of God's anger were being poured out upon the earth—beginning with the people of New Brunswick.

A modern writer—Burton on Emigration—gives the following fearful picture of this terrible catastrophe: "The clearing unfortunately formed only a strip about half a mile wide along the banks of the Miramichi, and the great amphitheatre of flame spreading over the surface of several thousand square miles, filled it with a fiery air which ignited the wooden houses of the settlers.

"Anything more frightful than the devastation caused by this fire has never been known save in the earthquakes of Portugal and Southern America. The towns or villages, of which Newcastle was one, (contain-

ing 1,000 inhabitants,) were almost entirely reduced to ashes. The burned bodies lay putrifying in the ruined streets, mingled with those of the wild beasts which had been driven among the haunts of men by the progress of the devouring flames. So intense was the heat of the air, that those miserable wretches who sought for safety and refuge in open boats and rafts on the river and its tributary streams, died from suffocation. In many places the streams were dried up, or the sparks communicated by the high wind brought the very danger to them from which they were fleeing. Famine, too, followed in the wake of the fire. The harvest was destroyed, the cattle perished, and the land became for a time a howling wilderness, on which had settled the blackness of desolation."

Nor is man benefited by these impromptu fires running through the forest. The land becomes very much more difficult to clear. The charred pines and hemlocks especially, become almost indestructible, and encumber the ground for a long succession of years.

It is indeed a grand and exciting thing to watch the progress of a forest on fire, but when it ceases to burn we look with regret upon the scene; instead of the bright, refreshing verdure that once delighted the eye, there remain blackened trunks, withered foliage, reddened and blasted by the fire, and a blot for years to come upon the face of the land, till nature once more renovates the scorched ground with a new race of herbs, and shrubs, and forest trees, which in course of years shut out the charred trunks that strew the earth; but more than a quarter of a century must pass before the scene of ruin assumes its former cheerful aspect. The tall burnt spars often remain for a much longer period, while the stumps of the larger pines will continue uninjured by time for nearly a century. It is long before the usual process of decomposition by means of the mosses and fungi can have any effect upon them; even the moisture of the atmosphere

is scarcely felt, the charred surface resists the water, and offers no nourishment for the roots of the succulent parasites. Instead of mosses, grey lichens in the course of time effect a lodgment within the crevices of the slowly crumbling charcoal, but the process of decay goes on for years almost imperceptibly.

Among the new race of vegetables that spring upon the burned soil, the first and most luxuriant in growth is the fireweed (*Erechtithites hieracifolia*) a tall rank weed with the aspect of the common sowthistle. This plant seems to delight in the newly burned soil; like many other Canadian weeds, it comes, we know not from whence; and disappears, we know not wherefore. It must, as we suppose, be borne upon the wings of the wind to seize upon its inheritance; it comes up, flourishes luxuriantly—a thick crop as if sown by some careful hand; it blossoms, perfects its silken winged fruit, is cut down by the earliest autumnal frosts, goes hence, and is seen no more. No second crop appears the ensuing year. We can only form the conjecture that the soil has been exhausted of the principle that fed the parent plant, and no suitable nourishment is left for the young crop that should now succeed to it. It is a mystery, nevertheless, that the soil prepared by accidental cause, should receive so bountifully seed hitherto foreign to it—that the winds (if the winds be the agent employed) should waft the seed, and drop it upon this particular soil. What has become of the newly perfected seed—has it gone forth to reappear in some distant locality under circumstances more suitable to its growth?

But, while we note the disorderly appearance of the forest, the unsightly decay of its fallen timbers, and the desolation exhibited after the fire has scathed it, we must not omit to take a glance at it in its wintry aspect.

Snow, like Christian charity, covers a multitude of defects. Go forth into the dense

forest after a heavy snow storm, and behold how marvellously beautiful has every object there become, touched as by the wand of an enchanter; the trees are gleaming as with diamonds and pearls. A glistening mantle, unrivalled by any other object in Nature, is upon everything that meets our sight. The eye is no longer offended with the aspect of ruin and decay. All now is fresh, pure, and unsullied. No earthly stain has yet dimmed its lustre; like the robe of its Creator when He was beheld by the chosen disciples upon the Mount, it is white and glistening as no fuller on earth could white it.

Of these unseemly heaps of dry withering branches, every twig is now laden with spotless snow. Those slender, attenuated saplings that looked so weak, and drawn upward, are now bent down and converted into bowers of beauty bending in graceful arches over the paths, and, if the keen breath of frost have touched them, changing them to crystal till they glitter like gems of price: even the stumps, those unsightly objects, are now capped with turbans in whiteness surpassing the far-famed muslins of Dacca.

The young evergreens, the spruces, hemlocks, and cedars, have caught, and sustain the snowflakes on their fan-like branches, till they look as if they were laden with flowers of shining whiteness; even the rugged trunks of the forest trees have been whitened by the new-fallen snow, and for a brief space look like columns of purest marble.

Where the swamp is the thickest, and the confusion of fallen trees the greatest, there the effect is the more striking, from the fantastic forms produced by the lodgment of the masses of snow among the branches. When the full moon is shining down among these snowy glades, the coldest and most apathetic of men must acknowledge that there are beauties in a Canadian forest scene, even if he have failed to perceive it during the leafy months of spring and summer.

Of such a scene, may we not say with the homely poet Bloomfield, "A glorious

sight—if glory dwells below, where Heaven's magnificence makes all the show." Although the snow lingers longer within the forest than on the open clearings to which sunbeams have more ready access, yet vegetation is more rapid within the boundaries of the former. No cold biting winds or searching frost penetrates the woods to nip and chill the early buds as on the more open exposures; within all is quiet and warmth, when without the air is cold and blustering.

It is among the low bushes and sapling trees that we find the first green tints of early spring. It is in the forest that the hungry cattle hasten to browse on the tender shoots and swelling buds of the sugar maple and basswood, or search out the oily succulent blades of the wild garlic.

Go to the woods as soon as the snow has melted, and you will see the seedlings of many plants springing up from beneath the thick carpeting of dead leaves that strew the earth. There is the wood ruffe (*Galium stellata*) and the creeping veronica, matting the ground bright and verdant; the winter greens, (*Pyrola eliptica* and *Pyrola rotundifolia*) fresh and green as when the feathery snow first hid them from our view. The graceful fronds of the wood-fern, (*Aspidium spinulosum*) though lying prostrate upon the soil, are fresh and bright, no withering frost having blighted them. The shining parsley-like leaves of the Sweet Cicely (*Osmorhiza ciliata*) are there too, looking so fresh and tempting that you wish it were, what it greatly resembles, English parsley.

While the garden shrubs and border flowers are hardly visible in the warm shelter of the moist woods, we find already bursting forth the leaf-buds of the Bush Honeysuckle

(*Zyloxteum ciliata*). The swamp gooseberry and currants of many species are putting forth their leaves, while the brown, downy buds of the Leather-wood or Moose-wood (*Drica palustre*) are ready to open, and shew the pale yellow, funnel-shaped blossoms that they had so carefully sheltered on the grey leafless branches, and here are trailing garlands of nature's own weaving. The elegant *Linnaea Borealis*, the sweet flower so dear to the great father of botany whose name it bears; and there, covering that little mound of forest mould, is the dark-leaved, graceful *Mitchella repens*, the twin-berry of the Squaw—a lovely, fragrant flower it is, loving deep shade, and shrinking from the withering glance of the hot sunbeams. There are evergreen wood-ferns of rare grace of leafage and of verdure, and club mosses like miniature forest trees, all evergreens. A kindly nursing mother is the forest to these her lowly offspring; the earth their cradle, the snow their coverlet—warm, soft and light.

To those who love the forest and its productions, the continual destruction of the native trees will ever be a source of regret, even while acknowledging its necessity, for with the removal of the sheltering woods must also disappear most of the rare plants, indigenous to the soil, that derive their nurture from them, some indeed so entirely dependent on the decaying vegetation of the trees beneath which they grow that they perish directly they are deprived of it. Exposed to the effects of drying winds and hot sunshine they wither away and are seen no more. Soon may we say, in the words of the old Scotch song—

“The flowers of the forest are a' wede away.”

CURRENT EVENTS.

IF Canada and British Columbia were two independent nations, separate and distinct from one another, it would be sufficient to say that a rupture of their diplomatic relations had taken place; that Canada admitted a prospective breach of treaty engagements, involuntary but unavoidable on her part, and had offered to make such amends as would satisfy the other party to the international contract; and that the negotiations having this object in view had been broken off by Canada, resenting the act of the Pacific State in raising a doubt about the sufficiency of the powers of the Canadian ambassador. It is difficult to understand why the question of fulfilling our engagement with British Columbia was raised at all at this time, several years before she could have a right to make any complaint on that score. She had a right to insist that the Pacific Railway be commenced without delay; but as it is not certain what point on the Pacific ought to be the terminus, this demand could not at once be satisfied. The universal rule of diplomacy, when there is a mutual desire to settle some irritating question, is to raise as few points as possible; to anticipate no difficulties that may possibly crop up at some future time, but to leave them, if they must come, to be dealt with when time and circumstances shall have fully developed them. Nations sometimes go to war about a question of which, when all is over, no notice is taken in the Treaty of Peace. Seeming difficulties, which look serious as viewed in the uncertain light of the distant future, may prove to be no difficulties at all. Many Englishmen believed, during the Presidency of Napoleon III., and the early days of the Empire, that he would certainly seek an opportunity to avenge Waterloo. To assume that, eight years hence,

Canada will find herself at loggerheads with British Columbia, unless we purchase peace now, is to meet trouble a good deal more than half way, if it be not needlessly to create it out of what may prove to be nothing.

When the present Government assumed office, the Premier was strongly penetrated with the conviction that the Pacific Railway could not be completed in eight years. That he was right in taking this view is beyond question; that any thing was to be gained by proclaiming the fact, and making the contingency a basis of negotiation, is exceedingly doubtful; but he believed that candour and fair-dealing required him to take this line, and an agent was sent to British Columbia to bargain for an extension of time. Mr. Edgar, on whom the choice of the Government fell, was authorized to offer very substantial equivalents, such as ought to have more than satisfied the Province to be dealt with. They included the continuance of the railroad across Vancouver Island, the immediate opening of a common road across the Province, the construction of a telegraph across the continent, and the guarantee of a yearly expenditure on the works west of the Rocky Mountains, of not less than one million five hundred thousand dollars. If a right to complain of those terms rested anywhere, it rested with the nation at large: British Columbia, if wise, would have closed with them at once. It is true that if she did not accept she did not refuse them; but the negotiations were broken off on a question of form involving the sufficiency of the agent's powers.

No doubt Mr. Edgar's credentials were altogether informal; and it was evidently thought that there was no necessity for formalities which would have been indispensable between two independent nations. The

Premier simply gave the agent a letter of introduction to Mr. Walkem, Attorney-General of British Columbia, which, as it began with "Dear Sir," was evidently intended to have a private and friendly side. The agent took no formal instructions from the Governor-General or the Secretary of State; and it is probable that, when he set out, Government had not decided upon the terms which it afterwards authorized Mr. Edgar to offer. The letter of introduction merely made the Attorney-General aware that the agent would confer with him and other members of the Government, "on the questions lately agitating the public mind in Columbia," and learn their views regarding the declared policy of the Government on the Pacific Railway. It was not till after the lapse of two months, during which many opportunities for such conferences must have occurred, that the agent received from the Canadian Government, in cipher, by telegraph, authority to make definite proposals. At this point in the proceedings the Government of British Columbia demanded from Mr. Edgar the production of formal powers. But as he had none to produce, he relied on the sufficiency of the notification conveyed in the letter of Mr. Mackenzie to Mr. Walkem, that he was acting as the agent of the Canadian Government, and the assurance which he had himself given the Columbia Government, that his instructions had come in cipher over the wires. Mr. Edgar protested with some warmth against the refusal to accept Mr. Mackenzie's letter as sufficient; but as that document did not state that the bearer was authorized to conclude anything, the loophole was quite large enough to allow the Columbia Government to escape from negotiations which might have involved an appeal to the electors. It would have been better if Mr. Edgar had, at this stage, asked for formal instructions. They might have been sent by telegraph; and if the Provincial Government had refused to receive them in that shape, its decision would have been tanta-

mount to a refusal to negotiate on the basis of the proposals made. Mr. Walkem might have been more courteous in the choice of terms in which he asked Mr. Edgar to produce his authority to bind the Canadian Government. It would not have been unreasonable for him to say that, while he did not in the least doubt the word of Mr. Edgar, it would be more regular and more satisfactory if he could present his authority to act in an official and regular form. As a week elapsed between the receipt of Mr. Walkem's demand and Mr. Edgar's reply, there was plenty of time to communicate with the Government at Ottawa, and it is probable that such communication was actually made. If so, Mr. Edgar would probably convey some of the resentment he felt and expressed in a letter to Mr. Walkem, at what he regarded as an imputation on his honour, contained in the assumption that he might be making proposals without authority. But as the objection of Mr. Walkem would bear another construction, it would have been better to assume that the only object in asking for full credentials was, that the negotiations might assume a regular official form. If Mr. Edgar had taken this view of the matter, and obtained what the British Columbia Government asked for, the latter would then have been reduced to the alternative of refusing to negotiate, or reject the proposals, if that were its object; and in either case it would have been obliged to state the grounds of its action. But, from the turn matters took, it escaped the responsibility of taking any decided line of action.

One day before Mr. Edgar replied to Mr. Walkem's demand, Governor Trutch, at the instance of the Executive Council, had telegraphed to the Secretary of State at Ottawa, the enquiry, "whether Mr. Edgar is empowered to negotiate with this Government, and whether propositions purporting to be made by him on behalf of the Dominion, will be considered binding by that Government?" Mr. Mackenzie replied, that his letter suffi-

ciently indicated the nature of Mr. Edgar's mission, and that the capacity in which he had been sent had previously been recognized by the Provincial Government. The Columbia Government, in addressing its enquiry directly to Ottawa before receiving Mr. Edgar's reply, committed an offensive breach of etiquette. Mr. Walkem and his colleagues were bound to await Mr. Edgar's reply; and if it had conceded what was asked on the point of form, as it ought to have done, the obstacle which they regarded as standing in way of negotiation would have been removed. But having asked that Mr. Edgar's powers be produced, there is no doubt they were entitled to have them. In any case they should have come through Mr. Edgar: to him they should have been communicated, and it would have been sufficient, in reply to the enquiry of Lieutenant-Governor Trutch, to refer for the answer to Mr. Edgar, by whom the required document could have been produced. The telegram in which Mr. Mackenzie answered the enquiry of the Governor, informed him of Mr. Edgar's recall. The mere demand that Mr. Edgar should show that he had power to do something more than hold a conversation, and exchange views with the Columbia Government, does not appear a sufficient reason for breaking off the negotiations; and it is difficult, in seeking an explanation, not to take refuge in the conjecture that there is something more than appears on the surface. The correspondence is certainly deficient, in failing to give any glimpse of the exchange of views between the Local Government and Ottawa agent during a period of two months, in which there must have been frequent conferences. Mr. Walkem and his colleagues do not appear to have been prepared for the sudden breaking off of the proposed negotiations and the recall of Mr. Edgar, for, the day after receiving Mr. Mackenzie's telegram, he telegraphed the Premier for a categorical reply to Governor Trutch's enquiry, but got no answer.

Since the correspondence was published, the divergence between the two Governments has been getting wider. An Ottawa journal, well known to be in the confidence of that Government, intimates that the favourable terms which have been offered to British Columbia would not now be repeated; while the Provincial Government, on its part, has sent Mr. Walkem to England to inform the Disraeli Government that the conditions of the Union have not been carried out by Canada. The next thing we may expect to hear is the reappearance of American intrigue in the Pacific Province. The British Columbia Government has by no means the unanimous support of the population. Its proceedings in this business, from first to last, are sharply criticized by the Opposition press, by which it is charged with a covert desire to avoid any new arrangement with Canada that would necessitate an appeal to the constituencies. When the tumultuous proceedings took place over the alleged design to depart from the terms of the Union, the local Legislature came to a resolution that no such change should be made without the sanction of the constituencies. It is easy to conceive that Mr. Walkem's Government is not anxious to give the Opposition that chance of obtaining power. The very liberal terms offered by the Ottawa Government would, if accepted, probably have been represented by the Opposition, in British Columbia, as entirely inadequate. With this objection in prospective, Mr. Walkem, if the negotiations had gone on, would have been tempted to bid as high as his rivals, and to meet the proposals offered with extravagant and impossible demands. It is almost impossible that Mr. Edgar should not have learned something, during the two months he was in communication with the local Government, of what these demands would be; and if the impossibility of an accommodation had become manifest, that circumstance would go far to account for the abrupt ter-

mination of the negotiations, which is otherwise somewhat inexplicable.

The appeal of the British Columbia Government to England is difficult to understand. Mr. Walkem may have found the impression gaining ground that the rupture of the negotiations was due to his handling of the subject; and this may be an attempt to recover his ground by an appeal which he fancies may somehow lead to the reopening of the negotiations. We shall not entertain the thought that he intends this notification to be made the preliminary to an anti-national and disintegrating movement. With the terms Canada was prepared to offer, and did offer through Mr. Edgar, there ought not to have been any difficulty in arriving at an accommodation; and a misunderstanding which, so far as appears on the surface, had no better cause than a question of form, ought not to be difficult to get over, if the two parties be actuated by ordinary good feeling, and a mutual desire to remove the difficulty that has arisen.

The appointment of Mr. Dorion to the Chief Justiceship of the Court of Appeal, Quebec, takes from the House of Commons one of its chief ornaments. During the greater part of his public career, extending over twenty years, it has been Mr. Dorion's fortune to be in opposition; the short periods during which he has been in office were separated by long intervals of time. Opposition, when it comes to assume a chronic form, tends to extinguish the hope of success, and generally sours the temper and warps the judgment. Mr. Dorion is one of the few men who have gone through the severe trial unscathed. The training of the advocate—which, while it assists the politician in one way, deteriorates him in another—was visible in his style of debating; but from vices of temper and narrowness of view he was remarkably free. He well deserves the distinguished position on the Bench to which he has been appointed.

Though few appointments have ever given more general satisfaction, this has not passed without criticism. It is remarkable that an English journal, published at Montreal, should have objected to the selection of Mr. Dorion on the ground of his nationality and on the existing distribution of judicial offices between French and English, which it is alleged required—as a means of maintaining an equipoise assumed to be necessary—the appointment of an English-speaking barrister to the Chief Justiceship. The objection is not sustained by the constitution of the Superior Courts at Quebec. The Court of Appeal consists of two English and three French Judges, while the Superior Court at Montreal is equally divided between the two origins. Some of the French journals remind the objectors that the proportion of French to English in that Province is as three and a half to one; and they ask what would happen if the distribution of judicial offices bore the same proportion. They do not forget to state that a Quebec judge requires to possess an almost equal knowledge of the French and English languages, and to have made a profound study of the French civil law, which is the basis of the civil law of Quebec. English advocates, for the most part, they add, speak French indifferently or not at all, and their knowledge of the French civil law is very superficial; while in French advocates corresponding defects do not exist. The case, as thus put, is no doubt overstated; but the unwisdom of raising objections to Mr. Dorion's appointment on account of his nationality is, under the circumstances, sufficiently evident.

There never was a time when raising of questions of nationality between the inhabitants of the Province of Quebec of English and French origin was likely to do any good. The cry of French domination, which was piped in the shrillest tones in Upper Canada under the late Legislative Union, is being replaced in Quebec by ill-founded.

complaints of the domination of Ontario. The unreasonableness of a cry will always prevent it from obtaining a dangerous potency ; but, whether true or not, its effect is pretty much the same in proportion to the extent in which it obtains credence. The burthen of the complaint of the French Opposition journals is the overshadowing power of Ontario in the Union. To it they attribute the absence of an amnesty for Riel—which the whole French population of Quebec regard as eminently just and necessary—and they think it a grievance that Quebec cannot impose Separate Schools on the majority of New Brunswick. The influence of Quebec counted for much when the same question was agitated in Upper Canada ; and there is a disposition in that Province to chafe over the loss of power, when she no longer finds herself the arbiter of the destinies of the country. But the truth is, Quebec herself has gained largely through the change by which Confederation superseded Legislative Union. She has applied herself vigorously to open a system of internal communication, in the shape of railways of one kind or another ; and instead of indulging the old jealousy of a system of immigration which was sure to increase the population, and augment the relative importance of Upper Canada, she herself makes no difficulty of inviting immigrants to her borders to enable her to keep pace with the other provinces ; and we witness the spectacle of an ancient colony of France, which, for a whole century after the separation did not draw ten families from the parent stock, now able to point to a new stream of population from the ancient mother country. But if the political ills of Quebec are imaginary, it is better to try to dispel the illusion than to irritate the exaggerated Gallico-Canadian patriotism in which it originates.

The critics have not forgotten to recall the fact that Mr. Dorion denied during last Session that he was about to be appointed Chief Justice. The only explanation that

would cover the ground of this reproach would be that, at the time, the question of his appointment had not come up ; and as any other state of facts would be entirely inconsistent with the character of the late Minister of Justice, we have no difficulty in adopting this view of the matter. The fact of the denial is patent and indisputable ; and we do not see that the enigma admits of any other solution than that the resolution to accept the Chief Justiceship was afterwards suddenly taken. Some journals profess to know that the whole thing was pre-arranged long before ; that Mr. Dorion prevented the acceptance of the resignation of Chief Justice Duval, and forced upon him six months' leave of absence, besides delaying the reorganization of the Court of Appeal, and all for the purpose of bringing things to a climax at the end of the Session, when he would be in a position to go on the Bench. But no proof of the charge has been offered, and it has much the appearance of malignant imputation or random guess-work.

The retirement of Mr. Dorion from public life is a loss to the Government which it cannot wholly recover. The recognized leaders of the two parties into which the French Canadians are divided, have both, within a short time, disappeared from their places, Sir George Cartier being removed by death, and Mr. Dorion going to occupy a post in another sphere of utility, which it has probably been the object of his life to attain. Among the French-Canadian journalists there are some who sigh for a return to that unity of action which, under Mr. Lafontaine, was scarcely broken by a dissentient voice. But the man under whom they could unite, and the questions which might make union a necessity, are alike wanting. The forces of disunion—antagonisms and rivalries, personal and political—have acquired a momentum which cannot at once be arrested ; and they have lost nothing of the vigour which forms their motive power. The phe-

nomenon of an union among the French-Canadians, from 1848 to 1851, which would have been perfect if Mr. Papineau's temperament would have allowed him to follow any leader, was due to their exclusion from office under the previous administration. If the proposals made in the Caron correspondence of 1846 had been carried out, and a representative Canadian element been introduced into the Draper Cabinet, the French Canadians would never have been an united body. Neither the circumstance of their exclusion nor its result can ever be reproduced.

If the selection of judges for the new Court of Appeal, created last Session of the Ontario Legislature, is not specially open to criticism, it is at least very different from what was generally expected. The prevailing opinion, arising out of an idea of the fitness of things, was that the Chief Justices of the Courts of Queen's Bench and Common Pleas, and the Chancellor, with the Chief Justice of the old Court of Appeal, would form the new Court. It was thought that the Judges, whose chief business it will be to review the judgments of the other courts, should be men of great experience, who have long occupied leading positions in the other courts; and that it was due to the distinguished functionaries named that they should have the refusal of these offices. What has happened is, that Chief Justice Draper has been retained; that Mr. Strong has been translated from the Vice-Chancellorship to the new Court, and that the Court has been completed by the appointment of two barristers, Mr. Christopher Patterson and Mr. Burton. Against these appointments there is nothing to be said, except that two of the judges, who are entirely without judicial training, will have to pass in review the judgments of men who have been some twenty years on the Bench. They may not fail in the duties required of them, but they can hardly be as well prepared for the discharge of their duties as

they would have been if the exercise of the judicial function were not new to them.

A question of salary may have had something to do with the Chief Justices being passed over. The pay of the judges in the new court will be less than in the old courts; and it is believed the Chief Justices would have been reluctant to submit to a diminution of their remuneration, and a postponement of the time when they would be entitled to the same amount of retiring allowance that they could now claim. Last Session of Parliament it was understood there would be a question of removing this inequality, but the jealousy of the smaller Provinces, which refused to take any note of differences in the amount of work or the cost of living in different parts of the country, blocked the way. If this be the real cause—if the Government found itself unable to make the remuneration of the Appellate judges equal to that of the judges in the other courts—the country has been deprived of the services, in this capacity, of men whose experience points them out as presumably the fittest, because the Legislature grudged granting adequate remuneration. A judiciary of whom this could be said would already be in a state of decline. But the Court of Appeal, as actually constituted, may prove equal to the duties required of it. Chief Justice Draper and Mr. Strong, senior justice, will satisfactorily discharge any duties that may fall to them; and the two new good appointments have fallen to lawyers likely to develop into unexceptionable judges. It would have been desirable, however, that they should have passed to the Appellate jurisdiction through a probationary term of service in the older courts.

Farmers' Unions, under the name of Granges, of which so much has been heard in the Western States, have obtained a footing on Canadian soil. A circular informs us that delegates from different Canadian granges met at London on the 2nd June, appointed officers, and issued a "declaration of principles." The officers, male

and female, appear to be all residents of towns and villages. The "principles" consist of good resolutions, involving questions of personal deportment and domestic economy; of economic maxims, good, bad, indifferent, doubtful and impossible: a confused jumble of good intentions and ignorant assertion. The farmer and the manufacturer are to come together, without the intervention of the trader. This is possible only to a limited extent; and where it is possible, a Farmers' Union may lead to economy of purchases. When the manufacturer is in England or Germany the direct contact will be impossible. It is conceivable that agricultural implements and many other things, by being bought in quantities from the manufacturer, may be got much cheaper than when they are surcharged with two additional profits—one of the wholesale and the other of the retail dealer. By this species of co-operation the farmers may save money. We do not derive much instruction from the statement that "transportation companies of every kind are necessary" to the success of the farmer; or from a declared hostility to such management of corporations—railway companies being presumably alluded to—as "tends to oppress and rob the people of their just profits." These things cannot, any more than "the tyranny of monopolies," be understood without a bill of particulars. Many of the declarations, which are evidently intended to be expressions of the highest wisdom, are economical fallacies in their crudest form. We may be quite sure that a man who makes a public declaration that he is opposed to high rates of interest, has only a vague and inaccurate idea of the laws on which the rate of interest depends. And when high profits in trade are mentioned with the same abhorrence, it is plain that the writer fancies the remedy is to be found in something else than competition; that both can, in some occult way, be regulated by arbitrary control. To denounce mortgages and credit

in general terms, which admit of no exceptions and take no account of the conditions under which credit may be obtained and borrowed money used, is no proof of the possession of superior wisdom, though the public is evidently expected to regard the denunciation in that light, and to accept as a revelation the information it assumes to convey.

Political discussion is interdicted by the grangers; but, as many of the questions on which the members take a stand have a political side, it is difficult to see how the interdict can be maintained. They are more likely to glide imperceptibly into politics, in which case existing political parties will bid for their support. If the farmers as a body could ever unite on a common political platform, they would carry all before them; but happily there are very formidable obstacles to the formation of a class interest so powerful and overwhelming as this would prove. No secret society, bound together by oaths and passwords, has ever yet, in this country, been able to maintain a political unity; and if the grangers should be linked together by the same ties, they would not be likely to present an unexampled instance of unity unless they had a definite political aim from the first. So far as the questions in which the organization is interested may become subjects of legislation, the members would be bound to select and support candidates willing to accept and advocate their views; and it is quite possible that many of them find themselves committed in advance, before they were well aware what they were doing. The members bind themselves "to maintain our [their] laws inviolate," an obligation which may easily cover the ground we have indicated, and perhaps a great deal more. There is always danger of organizations like this being controlled for the benefit of a few individuals, whose object in setting them up is fully known only to themselves; and there is the more ground for suspicion on this score when, as in the present instance, the

imitation of what has been done in a neighbouring country is more apparent than any ground of necessity for the movement in the circumstances under which it is set on foot.

Except during the heat of passion in which the Reciprocity Treaty of 1853 was abrogated, perhaps there never was a time when Canada could not have obtained a new treaty, if she would have consented to pay the price demanded: the introduction into the schedule of a long list of manufactures, which the Americans feel certain they could supply our market with. The former treaty was condemned, ostensibly, because it was confined to raw produce: it was on that account unreasonably denounced as one-sided; and whenever the question of Reciprocity has since come up, the Americans have always stated their readiness to enter into a new treaty, provided Canada would consent to admit their manufactures free of duty. The argument, intended to prove the partial character of the Treaty of 1853, was put in a shape which Canadians were asked to accept as a demonstration. Under that treaty, the Americans imported more from us than we took from them. This argument assumes that the importation of Canadian produce into the States was in some way disadvantageous to that country. But was this so? To a great extent the trade was one of convenience: each country imported at one point on the frontier the same description of articles that it exported at another. In this way local convenience was consulted, local wants were supplied. This convenience was the measure of the benefit of the treaty, and the benefit was mutual.

But the powerful rings of American manufacturers who had obtained the control of their own market by duties largely prohibitory, cast a longing eye on the Canadian market. Free access to that market would stand in lieu of impossible annexation. From them first came the objection that the former treaty was one-sided; they afterwards used

their influence to prevent the negotiation of any new treaty from which their wares were excluded. They were not willing to enter the Canadian market on the same terms that the English manufacturer is obliged to enter it: they demanded for the textile fabrics of Lowell and the finished products of the Pennsylvania iron mines an advantage over Birmingham and Manchester: a discrimination in favour of the foreign over English manufactures. In every period of recurring commercial depression, they sent goods to the Canadian market, to be sold at prices which would barely reimburse their expenditure on them, sometimes at a positive loss. They were obliged to realize to maintain their credit; and they selected a neighbouring foreign market, because it would be ruinous to them to reduce the price in their own country. Under these circumstances they chafed over the barrier of duties, feeble as it was, which met them at the frontier. If they could get free access to this market, they would change in a day from implacable enemies to warm friends of Reciprocity.

If Canada gets a treaty now it will be because she is willing to pay the price for it which she never would pay before; because she is willing to permit a large class of American manufacturers free access to this market. There are three things that require to be well considered before this point is settled: How England will like to see Canada discriminate against her manufactures; what the probable effect on Canadian manufactures will be; how the inevitable deficit in the revenue which will result is to be made good. The negotiations are conducted in the name of England; and Imperial interests must be left to the care of Imperial functionaries. Any treaty that may be agreed upon will necessarily receive the sanction of the Imperial Government before it goes into operation. Mr. Disraeli must be left to answer the complaints of British manufacturers, if any be made. To Canadian manufacturers the Ottawa

Government must account. They are in no mood to welcome a treaty by which American manufactures will be admitted free of duty. Last session they appeared in force at Ottawa to demand an increase of the tariff, in which they had only a moderate degree of success. But, for the two and a half per cent. additional duty they must have felt inwardly thankful, though they treated it as too little to justify the audible expression of gratitude. From what they said on the introduction of the original draft of the new tariff, it will be possible to form some idea of the tone they will take if they find American manufactures being admitted free of duty. Some of these gentlemen may possibly find themselves caught in their own net. They have asked to be put on an equality with the Americans, and have volunteered the statement that, with a more extended market, they could manufacture cheaper: if they find the American market open to them, on the same terms that Americans can enter our market, where will be their right to complain? Manufactures that have already taken root ought to be able to bear this competition; for the cost of producing many articles must be less in Canada than in the States, where the entire scale of prices is higher. The deficit which must result from freeing a large list of American manufactures Mr. Cartwright may have the pleasure of dealing with. But he will be able to meet it in a prospective form; for the treaty could not go into effect till the commencement of the financial year 1875. It would be sheer waste of time to attempt to anticipate how he would perform that task.

The increase of the capacity of our canals forms one of the stipulations of the draft of the proposed treaty submitted by the British plenipotentiaries. The extent to which the St. Lawrence canals are capable of being deepened is not a settled point. Not even the most competent engineers are certain that a depth of fourteen feet is attainable; and we presume that no government would

authorize a stipulation to be made in its name that the depth should be more than twelve feet. Of course, the Imperial Government, in whose name treaties are made, cannot undertake to stipulate that the Canadian canals shall be increased to any specific dimensions; all it can undertake to do is to recommend Canada to do the work in a particular way, and perhaps within a given time. A stipulation that Canada should build the Caughnawaga canal, for the use and benefit of Americans, would in itself be highly objectionable. It will be a canal for taking the trade from Canada. Its justification must be sought in the equivalents we are to get for the sacrifices we are called upon to make. To enable any one to judge of their relative value, it would be necessary that he should have the whole treaty before him; for it is only as a whole that its merits and demerits can be fairly balanced, and a definite judgment pronounced. Canada, it is certain, will be required to make many sacrifices; the first of which—the amount she would be entitled to receive under the Treaty of Washington for admitting Americans to her in-shore fisheries—will be measurable by a money standard. There has been no arbitration, as it was intended there should be, to determine the amount; but to arrive at some approximate figure would seem to be a preliminary step essential to anything like definiteness in the negotiations for a Reciprocity Treaty. The sacrifices which are demanded from us would require some very substantial equivalents, and these would not be complete without the reciprocal admission of the vessels of each country to register in the other, and the mutual throwing open of the coasting trade of the lakes. Without these concessions Canada would get nothing that could be called equivalents for the sacrifice she would be required to make; and if the Americans be not prepared to concede these points, the negotiations would not be worth the trouble they have cost.

There are some matters of minor importance, in which Canadian interests would require to be guarded. The proposed draft of treaty, as sent to the Senate by President Grant, is represented as having come from the British plenipotentiaries. The President confines himself to recommending this document to the favourable consideration of the Senate, but even this advice has not been acted upon, and the question is postponed till the December Session. In the meantime, the cities will have ample opportunity to exercise their vocation, and it is quite impossible to foresee what course the Senate may take seven months hence.

England is semi-officially represented as having been passive throughout the entire negotiations. The whole responsibility of the proposed Treaty is assumed by the Canadian Government, and the negotiator whom it nominated, and the Imperial Government appointed. It is something to know that, despite the circumlocution to which it was necessary to resort, the fullest assumption of responsibility may be expected from the Ottawa Government. That will be a satisfactory element in the discussion of the projected Treaty, when its merits and demerits come under review.

The New Brunswick elections, as was foreseen, have gone largely in favour of the Government. There was but one question on which the ear of the electors could be got; and the decision has been an emphatic negative of the demand made by the Roman Catholics for Separate Schools. The issue involved much more than the simple question whether Separate Schools should be granted or refused. The partisans of Separate Schools had so mismanaged their case that the party of resistance found itself called upon to defend the constitutional rights of the Province. Repeated attempts had been made to take the question out of the jurisdiction of the Provincial Legislature. The veto of the Governor-General had been

involved. Parliament had been asked to intervene; and this last resource is confessedly not abandoned, but only postponed till the Privy Council shall have pronounced on the constitutionality of the Common School Law. The money necessary to prosecute this appeal was provided by Parliament, and is expended under the direction of the bishop. That the decision will be otherwise than adverse, the Roman Catholics do not appear to hope; and in that case Mr. Costigan, the mouthpiece in the House of Commons of the Bishop and Roman Catholic clergy of New Brunswick, will again invoke the interference of Parliament. He will do so, if the threat be carried out, with the opinion of the English Law officers of the Crown before him, that Parliament has no right to interfere; backed as it must then be by the judicial decision of the Privy Council. All this was known to the electors of New Brunswick, whose decision at the polls is in full accord with the Wedderburn resolutions, passed last Session of the Local Legislature, in which the interference of the Parliament of Canada or that of the Empire, unless on the requisition or consent of New Brunswick, was deprecated.

If a different policy had ruled the action of the Separate School advocates—if they had been content to leave the question to the operation of public opinion in the Province—the defeat they have encountered would not have been half so decisive as it has proved. It is quite conceivable that many who would be comparatively indifferent whether Separate Schools were conceded or not, would feel themselves bound to defend, to the last extremity, the menaced constitutional rights of the Province. The contest has been waged in a way that has unnecessarily created feelings of bitterness between classes of the population, which half the life-time of a generation will be required to remove. The Catholics have thrown away whatever chances of success they may have had; chances that were not very promising

at best, and which ill management was sure to make desperate.

The substantial loss of the vanquished party is, after all, much more apparent than real. Substantially, it appears the Catholics can get what they want, if they be willing to take it in the way it is offered. In three wards of the city of St. John, a local journal informs us, "Separate schools are established to all intents and purposes; bishop, priest, trustees, government, people, all consenting." The defeated party will now probably not disdain to accept the substance, even if it should continue to fight for what some regard as only a shadow and a name, though it is no doubt a great deal more. The way of getting round the law is not clearly described. But it is hinted that when a Christian Brother passes the ordinary examination and receives a license as teacher, the school over which he exercises control becomes by common consent a separate school, and he is allowed under certain regulations to impart religious teaching to the pupils. If this is done in St. John, it is assumed that it can be done equally well in other places, though that would seem to be a hasty conclusion. Separate schools established under these conditions would be merely tolerated schools. Unless Catholic trustees could be elected, there would be no certainty that anything like a separate school could be established. The example set in St. John, though it might not always be easy to follow, seems to point to the only practical compromise which can give the Catholics a large measure of what they claim without disturbing the legal basis on which the common school system rests.

A judgment has been pronounced by Judge Routhier, of the Superior Court of the Province of Quebec, which is destined to become famous. It lays down the doctrine that a priest or bishop, no matter what injury he may inflict on individuals, in the assumed exercise of his ecclesiastical functions, cannot be called to account in the

civil tribunals; that if the offender be a priest, the injured party must content himself by appealing to the bishop, and if he be a bishop, the only appeal is to Rome. The liberty of the pulpit is put on a level with the liberty of the press; but with a singular forgetfulness of the fact that the press is amenable to the law, and may be called on to answer a charge of libel, either in a civil or a criminal action. Divine right, no longer claimed for kings, is attributed to the priest; and while English law and the Gallican liberties are alike ignored, the syllabus is held up as containing the rules by which a Canadian court is to be guided. The Guibord appeal case is the only living sign of active opposition to ecclesiastical assumption in the Province of Quebec.

The political strength of sacerdotal authority in Quebec may be judged by the circumstance that *Le Pays*, a journal of decided national tendencies which was published many years in Montreal, came to the conclusion some two years ago, that its existence was a political mistake, and was succeeded by a new journal which was careful to avoid the error of coming into collision with the clergy. The new journal found it necessary to go much farther and counteract the principles of pronounced liberalism which it professed on questions of domestic politics, by setting up the Count de Chambord and Don Carlos as objects of admiration in Europe. This devotion was too artificial to last; but it is accounted a crime in a liberal journal of Quebec to speak otherwise than favourably of the pretender Don Carlos, *le Roi légitime et très catholique*, as the *Ménerve* puts it. The truce between the Jesuits and Liberals of Quebec, which has many of the characteristics of an alliance, is among the most notable signs of the times. In the elections of 1867, every successive number of *Le Pays* was a continued indictment against the clergy for their alleged interference with the rights of electors. But in these more happy times, when the old battles have ceased, a

previous editor of *Le Pays* makes no difficulty of proposing, as a member of the Legislature of Quebec, the "restoration" of the Jesuit barracks at Quebec, to the Jesuits of to-day, though the order had been abolished by the Pope when the property was assumed by the State, and no legal succession could be established.

Whether the Currency Bill passed by the United States Congress will produce inflation, as its supporters hope, is a question on which opinion is much divided. The attempt to equalize the volume of currency in different parts of the country must fail: the fallacy of assuming that it can be made to bear any uniform relation to the population gives us a measure of the degree of financial wisdom which Congress brought to bear on the question. There cannot be an arbitrary redistribution of the currency; the only redistribution possible is what may result from the operation of natural laws. The legal right to redistribute to the amount of \$25,000,000, has long remained inoperative, and the provision for a further redistribution cannot be more successful. The worst feature of the Bill, as it originally passed the Senate—the provision to substitute bonds for cash in payment of greenbacks—has been eliminated. That Congress intended to produce inflation is plain from the provision which increases the amount of legal tenders from \$356,000,000 to \$382,000,000, but as the bill abolishes what has been called a reserve of \$18,000,000, the effect may not be what Congress intended.

The eight days' visit of the Emperor of all the Russias to England is not likely to affect the future destinies of Central Asia. The recollection of the repudiation of the Black Sea Treaty, and the still more recent violation by the Russian Government of its pledge in regard to the Khiva, made the reception of the royal visitor somewhat cold and languid, though it was studiously respectful. The front with which the Disraeli Government meets this act of Russian bad

faith dispels the hope which had been indulged that the formation of the new Government would be coincident with the inauguration of a bold and vigorous foreign policy. The *Saturday Review* dismisses this unfounded expectation with a witticism. "The foreign policy of the present Government," it says, "is so exactly that of the last, that the great difficulty with Lord Granville and Lord Derby must be, to feel which of them is in office." A similar expectation of a change of colonial policy will probably meet a like disappointment, so far as it assumed that any great change was likely to take place.

The vote on Mr. Trevelyan's bill to extend household suffrage to the counties, shows that the Liberal party is far from being an unit on the question. Mr. Lowe voted against it, while Mr. Goschen and Sir Wm. Harcourt absented themselves. Disraeli took care not to make his opposition the expression of a final policy. In saying the time for the extension of the franchise had not come, he virtually admitted that it is coming. It may come the sooner for Joseph Arch having taught the labourer the secret and the power of association. Just now the labourer's attention is absorbed by the question of wages, which he begins to look at in connection with the alternative of emigration. Mr. Arch is expected to accompany a number of emigrants to Canada. In his struggle with his employer, the labourer gets a large measure of sympathy and assistance. The relation of employer and employed will henceforth be put on a new footing.

While church patronage goes by the board in Scotland, the House of Lords appoints a committee to enquire into the question of church patronage in England. The avowed object of the Bishop of Peterborough, by whom the committee was moved for, is to abolish the sale of next presentations to livings. The abolition of patronage as understood in Scotland, will not come in in England for

some time. The Ecclesiastical Discipline Bill has passed the House of Lords, but it is likely to be thrown out in the Commons. The central idea of the measure is to enforce some sort of uniformity; and the effect of putting it into force would almost certainly be to mature existing divergencies into an open rupture. Lingered privilege gives way slowly before the demands of justice, even in fiscal matters. Lands used for shooting have hitherto been free from assessment; but the exemption can no longer be maintained, even by a Conservative Government. Woodlands too will henceforth pay local rates.

France is again on the edge of a volcano. The discussion of the Constitutional Bills has been the occasion of exciting scenes in the French Assembly, which have been reproduced elsewhere; though the cause appears to have been an election in which the Bonapartists obtained an unexpected success. The partisans of the Empire, who have become very active, are as unscrupulous as ever, part of their policy being apparently to provoke their rivals to fight duels as a means of removing obstacles out of their way. This is very apparent in their treatment of Gambetta, the most formidable of their foes, and, as far as an individual can be, the chief hope of France at the present time. M. Gambetta, who generally shows himself to be under the discipline of complete self-control, appears for once to have been betrayed into something like an outburst of passion. The Government of September being charged by the Imperialists in the Assembly with having entered into fraudulent contracts and made improper appointments, Gambetta, amidst a storm of excitement, replied that he had answered the questions of the committee by whom the charges were investigated; but he denied the right of the Bonapartists in the Chamber, whom he contemptuously designated "*wretches*,"—*ces misérables* was the term used—to interrogate him. M. Rouher

attempted to reply, but his voice was drowned in the general commotion. When the Chamber adjourned Gambetta and his friends were followed and assaulted by the infuriated Imperialists. On the arrival of the train at Paris, his pursuers tried to induce Gambetta to repeat the strong expression which he had used in the Assembly. The Imperialist journals caught up and echoed the tone of their leaders; and the evening after the scene described in the Assembly Gambetta was jostled at the Versailles railway station by creatures of the late Emperor, one of whom, an officer of the Imperial Guard, attempted to strike the Republican deputy. Next day this scene was reproduced, and Count St. Croix struck him with a stick across the face; but instead of provoking a duel and getting a chance to shoot the object of Imperial hate or run him through with a sword, he got six months' imprisonment with the addition of a *fine*. This, we are sorry to say, does not indicate any general decline in the passion for duelling in France; for though Gambetta has wisely refused to fight, a proposal was made that ten Republican deputies should fight as many Bonapartists. But M. Cassaneau, who was challenged by M. Clemenceau, replied that he would fight only Gambetta. If Gambetta were open to accept challenges, the swords of the Bonapartists, which were used to so little purpose in defending France, would cut the thread of his existence before a week passed. The policy of these Bonapartists is scarcely distinguishable from a calculated policy of assassination; for it is a mere calculation how many duels any one man, not a noted duellist, could fight without being killed. The Left found itself equally at war with the Government and the Imperialists. When the question of what treatment the conduct of the Bonapartists ought to receive was brought up in the Chamber, the Minister of the Interior distributed the blame about equally between the two parties; for which a vote of censure on him was pro-

posed, but it failed on a vote of 377 against 326. Still the Government did not find a passive attitude possible, and *Le Pays* was visited with the penalty of suspension. In the bestowal of that species of favours the Government makes some show of impartiality; the prosecution of Republican journals having followed a few days after the suppression of *Le Pays*. The Government was defeated in its attempt to carry its measure for the disfranchisement of a large part of the population in the municipal elections. The proposal will accrue to the advantage of the Imperialists, with whom the advocacy of universal suffrage is a settled thing.

The policy of the Imperialists seems to be to take advantage of the demand for a dissolution to insist on making the claims of the son of the man of Sedan the subject of a plebiscite. M. de Bourgoing, whose Imperialism is avowed, has been able to carry the election in the Nièvre, which was thought to be strongly Republican. The Imperialists evidently consider their days of penance over, and instead of feeling contrition and shame for the pass to which their policy brought the country, they push their claims with an impudent boldness bordering on brutality. The return of the Empire begins to be spoken of by the Left Centre as a possible contingency; and to avoid so great a calamity it proposed an alliance with the Right Centre. The basis on which the Left Centre proposed to unite was the confirmation of McMahon's power's; the organization of a Second Chamber; the conferring on the President of the right of discharging both Chambers; the appointment of McMahon's successor by a joint vote of the two Houses. But the negotiations will probably come to nothing. There is always a question of dissolution; and though dissolution is the best way out of the difficulty, the Assembly shrink from insisting on it. At present it looks as if the Imperialists were the most likely to gain by delay; though if they could get a plebiscite in the shape that

sued them they would welcome it any day. It is reported that McMahon will recommend the Assembly to confer on him the power of dissolution, before the adjournment; and if this be done the result of the elections would probably be to give the Republicans a commanding majority.

In Spain Carlism prolongs its lingering and criminal existence, and sometimes even snatches a petty triumph of arms, though it more frequently meets reverses. The late Government, weak from internal divisions, had hardly cohesive power enough to keep it together, while Serrano was absent relieving Bilbao; and on his return he decided between the Moderates and the Progressists of which it was composed by throwing his influence into the Conservative scale. The Progressists were not peremptorily excluded from the new Government; but when Zabala got the chief place and Sagasta was made Minister of the Interior, a very important post, the Progressists declined to have anything to do with it. The desire is attributed to Serrano to seek a prolongation of his authority on the model of the French Marshalate; and Marshal Concha is supposed to be favourable to Alfonso. Zabala's offer of an amnesty to the Carlists, on condition that they would lay down their arms, has been, as might have been expected, without effect; for in any event likely to happen, they may count on getting as good terms. In the Basque Provinces, Don Carlos has met with unexpected demands for peace, accompanied by what the telegrams describe as a "revolt," and he showed his humanity by ordering the complainants to be shot. When the Government has restored peace in Spain and Cuba, it assures the representatives of foreign powers its design is completely to establish representative institutions.— Whether they will be monarchical or republican the nation may or may not be allowed to determine, for military power is everything in Spain at present.

SELECTIONS.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

(From Macmillan's Magazine.)

MR. FORSYTH'S bill for removing the Electoral Disabilities of Women, the second reading of which is at hand, has received less attention than the subject deserves. The Residuum was enfranchised for the sake of its vote by the leaders of a party which for a series of years had been denouncing any extension of the suffrage, even to the most intelligent artisans, on the ground that it would place political power in unfit hands. An analogous stroke of strategy, it seems, is now meditated by the same tacticians in the case of Female Suffrage, the motion in favour of which is brought forward by one of their supporters, and has already received the adhesion of their chief. The very foundations of Society are touched when Party tampers with the relations of the sexes.

In England the proposal at present is to give the suffrage only to unmarried women being householders. But the drawing of this hard-and-fast line is at the outset contested by the champions of Woman's Rights; and it seems impossible that the distinction should be maintained. The lodger-franchise is evidently the vanishing point of the feudal connection between political privilege and the possession of houses or land. The suffrage will become personal in England, as it has elsewhere. If a property qualification remains, it will be one embracing all kinds of property: money settled on a married woman for her separate use, as well as the house or lodgings occupied by a widow or a spinster. In the counties already married women have qualifications in the form of land settled to their separate use; and the notion that a spinster in lodgings is specially entitled to the suffrage as the head of a household, is one of those pieces of metaphysics in which the politicians who affect to scorn anything metaphysical are apt themselves unwarily to indulge. If the present motion is carried, the votes of the female householders, with that system of election pledges which is now enabling minorities, and even small minorities, to control national legislation, will form the crow-

bar by which the next barrier will be speedily forced.

Marriage itself, as it raises the position of a woman in the eyes of all but the very radical section of the Woman's Rights party, could hardly be treated as politically penal. And yet an Act conferring the suffrage on married women would probably be the most momentous step that could be taken by any legislature, since it would declare the family not to be a political unit, and for the first time authorize a wife, and make it in certain cases her duty as a citizen, to act publicly in opposition to her husband. Those at least who hold the family to be worth as much as the state, will think twice before they concur in such a change.

With the right of electing must ultimately go the right of being elected. The contempt with which the candidature of Mrs. Victoria Woodhull for the Presidency was received by some of the advocates of Female Suffrage in America only showed that they had not considered the consequences of their own principles. Surely she who gives the mandate is competent herself to carry it. Under the parliamentary system, whatever the forms and phrases may be, the constituencies are the supreme arbiters of the national policy, and decide not only who shall be the legislators, but what shall be the course of legislation. They have long virtually appointed the Ministers, and now they appoint them actually. Twice the Government has been changed by a plebiscite, and on the second occasion the Budget was submitted to the constituencies as directly as ever it was to the House of Commons. There may be some repugnance, natural or traditional, to be overcome in admitting women to seats in parliament, but there is also some repugnance to be overcome in throwing them into the turmoil of contested elections, in which, as soon as Female Suffrage is carried, some ladies will unquestionably claim their part.

There are members of Parliament who shrink from the step which they are now urged to take, but who fancy that they have no choice

left them because the municipal franchise has already been conceded. The municipal franchise was no doubt intended to be the thin end of the wedge. Nevertheless there is a wide step between this and the national franchise; between allowing female influence to prevail in the disposition of school rates, or other local rates, and allowing it to prevail in the supreme government of the country. To see that it is so, we have only to imagine the foreign policy of England determined by the women, while that of other countries is determined by the men; and this in the age of Bismarck.

The writer of this paper himself once signed a petition for Female Household Suffrage got up by Mr. Mill. He has always been for enlarging the number of active citizens as much as possible, and widening the basis of government, in accordance with the maxim, which seems to him the sum of political philosophy, "That is the best form of government which doth most actuate and dispose all parts and members of the commonwealth to the common good." He had not, when he signed the petition, seen the public life of women in the United States. But he was led to reconsider what he had done, and prevented from going further, by finding that the movement was received with mistrust by some of the best and most sensible women of his acquaintance, who feared that their most valuable privileges, and the deepest sources of their happiness, were being jeopardized to gratify the political aspirations of a few of their sex. For the authority of Mr. Mill, in all cases where his judgment was unclouded, the writer felt, and still feels, great respect. But since that time, Mr. Mill's autobiography has appeared, and has revealed the history of his extraordinary and almost portentous education, the singular circumstances of his marriage, his hallucination (for it surely can be called nothing less) as to the unparalleled genius of his wife, and peculiarities of character and temperament such as could not fail to prevent him from fully appreciating the power of influences which, whatever our philosophy may say, reign and will continue to reign supreme over questions of this kind. To him marriage was a union of two philosophers in the pursuit of truth; and in his work on the position and destiny of women, not only does he scarcely think of children, but sex and its influences seem hardly to be

present to his mind. Of the distinctive excellence and beauty of the female character it does not appear that he had formed any idea, though he dilates on the special qualities of the female mind.

Mr. Mill has allowed us to see that his opinions as to the political position of women were formed early in his life, probably before he had studied history rationally, perhaps before the rational study of history had even come into existence. The consequence, with all deference to his great name be it said, is that his historical presentment of the case is fundamentally unsound. He and his disciples represent the lot of the woman as having always been determined by the will of the man, who, according to them, has willed that she should be the slave, and that he should be her master and her tyrant. "Society, both in this (the case of marriage) and other cases, has preferred to attain its object by foul rather than by fair means; but this is the only case in which it has substantially persisted in them even to the present day." This is Mr. Mill's fundamental assumption; and from it, as every rational student of history is now aware, conclusions utterly erroneous as well as injurious to humanity must flow. The lot of the woman has not been determined by the will of the man, at least in any considerable degree. The lot both of the man and the woman has been determined from age to age by circumstances over which the will of neither of them had much control, and which neither could be blamed for accepting or failing to reverse. Mr. Mill, and those who with him assume that the man has always willed that he should himself enjoy political rights, and that the woman should be his slave, forget that it is only in a few countries that man does enjoy political rights; and that, even in those few countries, freedom is the birth almost of yesterday. It may probably be said that the number of men who have really and freely exercised the suffrage up to the present time is not much greater than the number of those who have in different ages, and in various ways, laid down their lives or made personal sacrifices of other kinds in bringing the suffrage into existence.

In the early stages of civilization the family was socially and legally, as well as politically, a unit. Its head represented the whole household before the tribe, the state, and all persons and

bodies without ; while within he exercised absolute power over all the members, male as well as female, over his sons as well as over his wife and daughters. On the death of the head of a family, his eldest son stepped into his place, and became the representative and protector of the whole household, including the widow of the deceased chief. This system, long retained in conservative Rome, was there the source of the national respect for authority, and by an expansion of feeling from the family to the community, to the patriotism which produced and sustained Roman greatness. But its traces lingered far down in history. It was not male tyranny that authorized a Tudor queen to send members of the royal household to the Tower by her personal authority as the mistress of the family, without regard to the common law against arbitrary imprisonment. Such a constitution was essential to the existence of the family in primitive times ; without it, the germs of nations and of humanity would have perished. To suppose that it was devised by the male sex for the gratification of their own tyrannical propensities would be most absurd. It was at least as much a necessity to the primitive woman as it was to the primitive man. It is still a necessity to woman in the countries where the primitive type of society remains. What would be the fate of a female Bedouin, if she were suddenly invested with Woman's Rights and emancipated from the protection of her husband ?

That the present relation of women to their husbands literally has its origin in slavery, and is a hideous relic of that system, is a theory which Mr. Mill sets forth in language such as, if it could sink into the hearts of those to whom it is addressed, would turn all affection to bitterness, and divide every household against itself. Yet this theory is without historical foundation. It seems, indeed, like a figure of invective heedlessly converted into history. Even in the most primitive times, and those in which the subjection of the women was most complete, the wife was clearly distinguished from the slave. The lot of Sarah is different from that of Hagar ; the authority of Hector over Andromache is absolute, yet no one can confound her position with that of her handmaidens. The Roman matron who sent her slave to be crucified, the Southern matron who

was the fierce supporter of slavery, were not themselves slaves. Whatever may now be obsolete in the relations of husband and wife is not a relic of slavery, but of primitive marriage, and may be regarded as at worst an arrangement once indispensable which has survived its hour. Where real slavery has existed, it has extended to both sexes, and it has ceased for both at the same time. Even the Oriental seclusion of women, perhaps the worst condition in which the sex has ever been, has its root, not in the slave-owning propensity so much as in jealousy, a passion which, though extravagant and detestable in its excessive manifestation, is not without an element of affection. The most beautiful building in the East is that in which Shah Jehan rests by the side of Nour-mahal.

If the calm and philosophic nature of Mr. Mill is ever betrayed into violence, it is in his denunciations of the present institution of marriage. He depicts it as a despotism full of mutual degradation, and fruitful of no virtues or affections except the debased virtues and the miserable affections of the master and the slave. The grossest and most degrading terms of Oriental slavery are used to designate the relations of husband and wife throughout the whole book. A husband who desires his wife's love is merely seeking "to have, in the woman most nearly connected with him, not a forced slave, but a willing one—not a slave merely, but a favourite." Husbands have therefore "put everything in practice to enslave the minds of their wives." If a wife is intensely attached to her husband, "exactly as may much be said of domestic slavery." "It is part of the irony of life that the strongest feelings of devoted gratitude of which human nature seems to be susceptible are called forth in human beings towards those who, having the power entirely to crush their earthly existence, voluntarily refrain from using their power." Even children are only links in the chain of bondage. By the affections of women "are meant the only ones they are allowed to have—those to the men with whom they are connected, or to the children who constitute an additional and indefeasible tie between them and a man." The Jesuit is an object of sympathy, because he is the enemy of the domestic tyrant, and it is assumed that the husband can have no motive but the love of undivided ty-

ranny for objecting to being superseded by an intriguing interloper in his wife's affections. As though a wife would regard with complacency, say a female spiritualist, installed beside her hearth. It is impossible to doubt that Mr. Mill's views, in writing such passages, were coloured by the incidents of his life. But it is by circulating his book and propagating his notions that the petitions in favour of Female Suffrage have been obtained.

The anomalies in the property law affecting married women, to which remedial legislation has recently been directed, are like whatever is obsolete in relations between the sexes generally—not deliberate iniquities, but survivals. They are relics of feudalism, or of still more primitive institutions incorporated by feudalism; and while the system to which they belonged existed, they were indispensable parts of it, and must have been so regarded by both sexes alike. Any one who is tolerably well informed ought to be ashamed to represent them as the contrivances of male injustice. It is not on one sex only that the relics of feudalism have borne hard.

The exclusion of women from professions is cited as another proof of constant and immemorial injustice. But what woman asked or wished to be admitted to a profession fifty or even five and twenty years ago? What woman, till quite recently, would have been ready to renounce marriage and maternity in order that she might devote herself to law, medicine, or commercial pursuits? The fact is, the demand is connected with an abnormal and possibly transient state of things. The expensiveness of living, in a country where the fashion is set by millionaires, combined with the overcrowded condition of the very callings to which women are demanding admission, has put extraordinary difficulties in the way of marriage. Many women are thus left without an object in life, and they naturally try to open for themselves some new career. The utmost sympathy is due to them, and every facility ought in justice to be afforded them; though unhappily the addition of fresh competitors for subsistence to a crowd in which literally famine has already been at work, will be as far as possible from removing the real root of the evil; to say nothing of the risk which a woman must run in committing herself irrevocably to a precarious calling and closing against

herself the gate of domestic life. But the demand, as has been already said, is of yesterday, and probably in its serious form is as yet confined to the countries in which the special impediments to early marriages exist. In the United States it is not easy to distinguish the serious demand from a passion for emulating the male sex, which has undoubtedly taken possession of some of the women there, as it took possession of women under the Roman empire, who began to play the gladiator when other excitements were exhausted. With regard to the profession of law, indeed, so far as it is concerned with the administration of justice, there is, and, while human emotions retain their force, always will be, a reason, independent of the question of demand, for excluding women, at least for excluding one of the two sexes. The influence of a pretty advocate appealing to a jury, perhaps in behalf of a client of her own sex, would not have seemed to Mr. Mill at all dangerous to the integrity of public justice; but most people, and especially those who have seen anything of sentimental causes in the United States, will probably be of a different opinion.

What has been said as to the professions is equally true of the universities, which, in fact, were schools of the professions. A few years ago, what English girl would have consented to leave her home and mingle with male students? What English girl would have thought it possible that she could go through the whole of the medical course with male companions of her studies? Even now, what is the amount of settled belief in the right, as it is termed, of "co-education?" What would be said to a young man if he presented himself in the name of that right at the door of Vassar, or any female college? Without arraighing the past, those whose duty it is may consider, with the deliberation which they deserve, the two distinct questions, whether it is desirable that the education of both sexes shall be the same, and whether it is desirable that the young men and the young women of the wealthier classes shall be educated together in the same universities. Beneath the first probably lies the still deeper question, whether it is good for humanity that woman, who has hitherto been the helpmate and the complement, should become, as the leaders in the Woman's Right movement in the United States evidently desire, the rival

and competitor of man. Both she cannot be ; and it is by no means clear that, in deciding which she shall be, the aspirations of the leaders of this movement coincide with the interests of the sex.*

If the education of women has hitherto been defective, so has that of men. We are now going to do our best to improve both. Surely no accomplishment in the acquisition of which woman has been condemned to spend her time could well be less useful than that of writing Greek and Latin verses. That the comparative absence of works of creative genius among women is due entirely to the social tyranny which has excluded, or is supposed to have excluded, them from literary and scientific careers, cannot be said to be self-evident. The case of music, often cited, seems to suggest that there is another cause, and that the career of intellectual ambition is in most cases not likely to be happier than that of domestic affection, though this is no reason why the experiment should not be fairly tried. Perhaps the intellectual disabilities under which women have laboured, even in the past, have been somewhat exaggerated. If Shelley was a child to Mrs. Mill, as Mr. Mill says, no "sociable disabilities" hindered Mrs. Mill from publishing poems which would have eclipsed Shelley. The writer once heard an American lecturer of great eminence confidently ascribe the licentiousness of English fiction in the early part of the last century to the exclusion of women from literary life. The lecturer forgot that the most popular novelist of that period, and certainly not the least licentious, was Mrs. Aphra Behn. And this lady's name suggests the remark that as the relations of the sexes have been the most intimate conceivable, the action of character has been reciprocal, and the level of moral ideas and sentiments for both pretty much the same.

Mr. Mill, seeing that the man is the stronger, seems to assume that the relations between man and woman must always have been regulated simply by the law of the strongest. But

* The question of Female Education is not here discussed. But the arbiters of that question will do well to bear in mind that the happiness of most women materially depends on their having healthy children ; and that children are not likely to be healthy if the brains of both parents are severely tasked.

strength is not tyranny. The protector must always be stronger than the person under his protection. A mother is overwhelmingly superior in strength to her infant child, and the child is completely at her mercy. The very highest conception that humanity has ever formed, whether it be founded in reality or not, is that of power losing itself in affection. This may be said without lapsing into what has been called the religion of inhumanity. St. Paul (who on an hypothesis is an authoritative expositor of the morality which became that of Christendom) preaches Fraternity plainly, and even passionately enough. He affirms with the utmost breadth the essential equality of the sexes, and their necessary relations to each other as the two halves of humanity. Yet he no less distinctly ratifies the unity of the family, the authority of its head, and the female need of personal government ; a need which, when it is natural, has nothing in it more degrading than the need of protection.

The "Revolt of Woman" is the name given to the movement by a female writer in America, who, by the way, claims, in virtue of "superior complexity of organization," not only political equality, but absolute supremacy over man. But, in this revolt, to what do the insurgents appeal? To their own strength, or to the justice and affection of man?

The main factors of the relation between the sexes have hitherto been, and probably still are, natural affection—the man's need of a help-mate, the woman's need of a protector and provider, especially when she becomes a mother, and the common interest of parents in their children. One of these factors must be withdrawn, or greatly reduced in importance, to warrant us in concluding that a fundamental change in the relation is about to take place. Mr. Mill hardly notices any one of the four, and he treats the natural relation which arises from them as a purely artificial structure, like a paper constitution or an Act of Parliament, which legislatures can modify or abolish at their pleasure.

It has no doubt been far from a satisfactory world to either sex ; but unless we attach a factitious value to public life and to the exercise of public professions, it will be very difficult to prove that it has been more unsatisfactory for one sex than the other. If the woman has had her

sorrows at home, the man has had his wars and his rough struggles with nature abroad, and with the sweat of his brow he has reclaimed the earth, and made it a habitation for his partner as well as for himself. If the woman has had her disabilities, she has also had her privileges. War has spared her; for if in primitive times she was made a slave, this was better, in the days before sentiment at least, than being massacred. And her privileges have been connected with her disabilities. If she had made war by her vote, she could not have claimed special respect as a neutral, nor will she be able to claim special respect as a neutral if she makes war by her vote hereafter.

In the United States the privileges of women may be said to extend to immunity, not only for ordinary outrage, but for murder. A poisoner, whose guilt has been proved by overwhelming evidence, is let off because she is a woman; there is a sentimental scene between her and her advocate in court, and afterwards she appears as a public lecturer. The whiskey crusade shows that women are practically above the law. Rioting, and injury to the property of tradesmen, when committed by the privileged sex, are hailed as a new and beneficent agency in public life; and because the German population, being less sentimental, asserts the principles of legality and decency, the women are said to have suffered martyrdom. So far from the American family being the despotism which Mr. Mill describes, the want of domestic authority lies at the root of all that is worst in the politics of the United States. If the women ask for the suffrage, say some American publicists, they must have it; and in the same way, everything that a child cries for is apt to be given it, without reflection as to the consequences of the indulgence.

There is, therefore, no reason for setting the sexes by the ears, or giving to any change which it may be just and expedient to make, the aspect of a revolt. We may discuss on its own merits the question whether female suffrage would be a good thing for the whole community. The interest of the whole community must be the test. As to natural rights, they must be sought by those who desire them, not in communities, but in the primeval woods, where the available rights of women will be small.

The question whether female suffrage on an extended scale is good for the whole community is probably identical, practically speaking, with the question whether it is good for us to have free institutions or not. Absolute monarchy is founded on personal loyalty. Free institutions are founded on the love of liberty, or, to speak more properly, on the preference of legal to personal government. But the love of liberty and the desire of being governed by law alone appear to be characteristically male. The female need of protection, of which, so long as women remain physically weak, and so long as they are mothers, it will be impossible to get rid, is apparently accompanied by a preference for personal government, which finds its proper satisfaction in the family, but which gives an almost uniform bias to the political sentiments of women. The account commonly accepted of the reactionary tendency which all admit to be generally characteristic of the sex, is, that they are priest-ridden. No doubt many of them are priest-ridden, and female suffrage would give a vast increase of power to the clergy. But the cause is probably deeper and more permanent, being, in fact, the sentiment inherent in the female temperament, which again is formed by the normal functions and circumstances of the sex. And if this is the case, to give women the franchise is simply to give them the power of putting an end, actually and virtually, to all franchises together: It may not be easy to say beforehand exactly what course the demolition of free institutions by female suffrage would take. In the United States probably some woman's favourite would be elected President, and re-elected till his power became personal, and perhaps dynastic. But there can be little doubt that, in all cases, if power were put into the hands of the women, free government, and with it liberty of opinion, would fall.

In France, it is morally certain that at the present moment, if votes were given to the women, the first result would be the restoration to power of the Bourbons, with their reactionary priesthood, and the destruction of all that has been gained by the national agonies of the last century. The next result would be a religious crusade against German Protestantism and Italian freedom.

But would the men submit? Would they, in

compliance with the edict of the women, and in obedience to a woman's government, haul down the tricolor, hoist the white flag, bow their necks to the yoke of Reaction, and march against the victors of Sedan in a cause which they detest? This question points to another serious consideration. It is true that law is much stronger now than it was in primitive or feudal times, and a woman is more under its protection and less under the private protection of her husband and her kinsmen. But law, after all, though the fact may be rough and unwelcome, rests at bottom on the force of the community, and the force of the community is male. No woman can imagine that her sex can execute, or in case of rebellion re-assert, the law; for that they must look entirely to the men. The men would be conscious of this, and if any law were made exclusively in the interests of the women, and in contradiction to the male sense of justice, they would refuse to carry it into effect. In the United States there have been intimations, on the part of the women, of a desire to make a very lavish use of capital punishment, untrammelled by the technical rules of evidence, for offences or supposed offences against the sex. The men would, of course, refuse execution; law would be set at defiance, and government would be overturned. But the bad effects of the public consciousness that executive force—the rude but indispensable basis of law—had been partly removed, and that the law was being made by those who had not the power to carry it into effect, would not be limited to manifest instances of the influence of sex in legislation. In cases where, as in Jamaica, an elective government has rested on two races, equal, legally speaking, in political power, but of which one was evidently inferior in real force to the other, reverence for law has been weak, and the result has been disastrous. There can be little doubt that, as soon as the Federal bayonets are removed, there will be another case of the same kind in the Southern States; laws made by negro majorities will be set at defiance by the stronger race. To personal despotism or class domination civilization can put an end, but it cannot eliminate force.

It is very likely that in England, the women, to reform drunken husbands, would vote for extreme prohibitory measures against liquor;

but the difficulty of carrying such legislation into effect, great as it is already, could hardly fail to be much increased by the feeling that it was the act of the women, and the consequence would probably be contempt, and perhaps open defiance, of the law. Female legislation with regard to education in the interest of clerical ascendancy, would be apt to be attended by the same effects.

Elective government, with the liberty of opinion and the power of progress which are its concomitants, has been brought into existence by the most terrible throes of humanity. When perfected and firmly established, it will, as we hope, and have good grounds for believing, give to reason and justice an ascendancy which they have never had before in human affairs, and increase the happiness of all by making private interest subordinate to the public good. But its condition, if we look at the world as a whole, is still exceedingly precarious. All the powers of class interest, of sybaritism, of superstition, are arrayed against it, and have vast forces at their command, including the great standing armies of Europe, while they find accomplices in the lassitude, the alarm, the discouragement caused by the revolutionary storms which, unhappily, are almost inevitable attendants upon the birth of a new order of things. Its existence having been so far a struggle, and an assertion at the sword's point, of principles, just in themselves, but needing qualification to make them available as the foundations of a polity, it is full of defects, to remedy which, so as to make it the deliberate expression of public reason, clear of sectional interest and passion, is now the great aim of political thought and effort. Those to whose hands it is committed at this crisis are trustees for posterity of a heritage bought by ages of effort and torrents of blood; and they are bound to allow neither their own ambition nor that of any one else, if they can help it, to imperil the safety of their trust. That women would be likely to vote for one set of aspirants to political office rather than for the opposite set, would be a very bad reason for withholding from them the suffrage even for a day; but that they would probably overturn the institutions on which the hopes of the world rest, is as good a reason as there can be for withholding anything from anybody. When free institutions are firmly established in

Europe, the question of Female Suffrage may, perhaps, be raised with less peril, so far as political interests are concerned; but to take a female vote on their fate at present would be as suicidal as it would have been to take a female vote on the issues between Charles the First and the Parliament in the middle of the Civil War.

So far as elective government has succeeded, women in general have fully reaped the benefit of the improvements, moral and material, which it has produced. They are mistaken if they imagine that they fared better under the form of government which, in France and elsewhere, if they had the power, their sentiment would lead them to restore. They were not exempt from the misery and starvation brought into every home by the ambitious wars and the general misrule of the monarchies or even from the cruelty of their criminal laws. Down to the last days of the monarchy in France, women as well as men were broken alive upon the wheel for theft.

It is needless to say that any discussion of the relative excellence, intellectual or moral, of the two moieties of humanity, would be equally barren and irrelevant. The only question is as to the proper spheres of the man and woman; and assuredly, by unsexing women, we should do no homage to their sex.

It is alleged that female influence would mitigate the violence of party politics. But what ground have we, in reason or experience, for believing that women, if introduced into the political arena, would be less violent than men? Hitherto they have been free from political vices, because they have generally taken no part in politics, just as home has been an asylum from political rancour because political division has not been introduced between man and wife. But the chances are that, being more excitable, and having, with more warmth and generosity of temperament, less power of self-control, women would, when once engaged in party struggles, be not less, but more, violent than men. All our experience, in fact, points this way. In the Reign of Terror, and in the revolt of the Commune, the women notoriously rivalled the men in fury and atrocity. The same was the case in the late American Civil War. What has been the effect of public life on the character of the women who

have thrown themselves into it in the United States can be doubted by no human being; and our experience of female agitations in this country seems to tell pretty much the same tale. That party politics require mitigation, and perhaps something more, may be readily admitted; but we are not likely to make the cauldron boil less fiercely by flinging into it female character and Home.

That Home would escape disturbance it is surely difficult to believe. We are told that a difference of religion between man and wife does not produce unhappiness. The fact may be doubted when the difference is strong. But religion is an affair of the other world; and it does not, at all events it need not, bring people into direct, much less into public collision in this world. A man and his wife taking opposite sides in politics would be brought into direct and public collision, especially if they happened to be active politicians, about a subject of the most exciting kind. Would the harmony of most households bear the strain? Would not a husband who cared for his own happiness be apt to say that if his wife wanted it she might have the vote, but that there should be only one vote between them?

Men are not good housekeepers, and there need not be anything disparaging in saying that women, as a rule, are not likely to be good politicians. Most of them, after all, will be married, and their sphere will be one in which they do not directly feel the effects of good or bad government, which are directly felt by the man who goes forth to labour, and the practical sense of which, more than anything else, forms the political wisdom, such as it is, of the great mass of mankind. Nor would there be anything, generally speaking, to balance the judgment, as it is balanced in men by the variety of practical needs and considerations. Even with male constituencies, particular questions are apt to become too predominant, and to lead to the exaction of tyrannical pledges and to narrow ostracism of conscientious public men. But with Female Suffrage there would probably be always a woman's question, of a kind appealing to sentiment, such as the question of the Contagious Diseases Act, which demagogues would take care to provide, and which would swallow up every other question, and make a clean sweep of all public men who might refuse to take the

woman's pledge. With Female Suffrage, the question of the Contagious Diseases Act would probably have made a clean sweep at the last general election of all the best servants of the State.

Mr. Mill had persuaded himself that great capacity for government had been displayed by women, and that there was urgent necessity for bringing them into the management of the State. But he can hardly be serious when he cites as an instance of female rule a constitutional queen whose excellence consists in never doing any act of government except under the guidance of her Ministers. The queens regnant or consort, before our monarchy became constitutional, who may be said to have wielded power, are the Empress-Queen Matilda, Eleanor the wife of Henry II., Isabella the wife of Edward II., Margaret of Anjou, Mary, Elizabeth, and Henrietta Maria. Not much can be made of this list when it is considered that both Margaret of Anjou and Henrietta Maria were, by their temper, principal causes of civil wars, and that the statesmanship of Elizabeth has totally collapsed between Mr. Froude's first volume and his last, while her feminine relations with Leicester and other favourites have contracted a much more ominous complexion in a political as well as in a moral point of view. On the other hand, it is probable that Eleanor, the wife of Edward I., and certain that Caroline, the wife of George II., rendered, in a womanly way, high services to the State. Mr. Mill says, from his experience at the India Office, that the queens in India are better than the kings. But the reason is obvious. British protection has suspended the operation of the rude checks on the vic's of Indian despots, and a woman brought up in the zenana, though she cannot possibly be a good ruler, may well be better than a hog or a tiger.

Neither the cases of queens, however, nor those of female regents of the Netherlands, to which Mr. Mill gives so strange a turn, (as though Charles V and Philip II. had preferred females on account of their ability to male members of the house,) are in point. They all belong to the hereditary system, under which these ladies were called to power by birth or appointment, and surrounded by councillors from whose policy it is scarcely possible to distinguish that of the sovereign. Under the

elective system women would have to make their own way to seats in Parliament and to office by the same means as male politicians, by canvassing, stumping, wrestling with competitors in debate; and the female character would be exposed to influences entirely different from those which operated on Isabella of Castile.

Without pressing the argument against "Premiers in the family way" too far, it may safely be said that the women who would best represent their sex, and whose opinions would be worth most, would be generally excluded from public life by conjugal and maternal duty. Success with popular constituencies would probably fall to the lot, not of the grave matrons and spinsters whom Mr. Mill evidently has in view, but of dashing adventuresses, whose methods of captivating their constituents would often be by no means identical with legislative wisdom, or calculated to increase our veneration for their sex.

Mr. Mill is the real father of the whole movement; the arguments of its other champions are mere reproductions of his. Whatever biased his mind, therefore, ought to be carefully noted; and again it must be said that he was possessed by an illusion—an illusion beautiful and touching, but still an illusion—as to the political genius of his wife. He has given us the means of judging of her speculative powers, and even they, it is evident, were not extraordinarily high.

That there are women eminently capable of understanding and discussing political questions nobody will deny. These will find a sphere in the press, through which many men exercise a power which makes it a matter of indifference whether they have a vote or not. But it by no means follows that it is expedient to put political power into the hands of the whole sex; much less that it is expedient to do so at a moment when it is morally certain that they would use their power to cancel a good deal of what has been done in their interest, as well as in that of their partners, by the efforts of the last two hundred years.

Some supporters of the movement flatter themselves that women would always vote for peace, and that Female Suffrage would consequently be a short method of ridding the world of war and standing armies. Such experience as we have hardly warrants this anticipation.

Female Sovereigns, as a rule, have not been eminently pacific. It would be difficult to find four contemporary male rulers who made more wars than Catherine the Second of Russia, Maria Theresa, Madame de Pompadour, (who ruled France in the name of her lover,) and the Terzaghi, as Carlyle calls her, of Spain. It is widely believed that the late Empress of the French, inspired by her Jesuits, was a principal mover in the attack on Germany. Those who know the Southern States say that the women there are far more ready to renew the Civil War than the men. The most effective check on war is, to use the American phrase, that every one should do his own fighting. But this check cannot be applied to women, who will be comparatively irresponsible in voting for war. A woman, in fact, can never be a full citizen in countries where, as in Germany, it is part of a citizen's duty to bear arms.

Finally, it is said that there are certain specific grievances under which women labour, and which call for immediate redress, but of which redress cannot be had unless women are empowered to extort it from their husbands and brothers at the polls. Of course if there is wrong, and wrong to half humanity, which cannot be righted in any other way, we must at once accept Female Suffrage, whatever perils it may entail.

In the United States the grievance of which most is heard is the tyrannical stringency of the marriage tie, which, it is alleged, gives a man property in a woman, and unduly interferes with the freedom and genuineness of affection. Some of the language used is more startling than this, and if reproduced might unfairly prejudice the case. But male legislatures in the United States have already carried the liberty of divorce so far, that the next step would be the total abolition of marriage and the destruction of the family. The women themselves have now, it is said, begun to draw back. They have probably become aware that liberty of divorce must be reciprocal, that marriage is pre-eminently a restraint placed on the passions of the man in the interest of the woman, that a woman loses her charms more easily than she loses her need of a protector, and that to the children divorce is moral and social ruin. Mr. Mill demands for the "slave" the privilege of changing her master; he forgets that he would at the same

time give the master the privilege of changing his slave.

The question, of which more is heard here, as to the right of women to the control of their own property, was one the importance of which was not likely to be fully perceived while comparatively few women earned their own bread. However, now that it is perceived, the British legislature has at least gone so far in removing anomalies that it need not despair of seeing itself do complete justice. In the United States, male legislatures, so far from being unwilling, display almost an exaggerated propensity to sever the interest of the wife from that of the husband. An eminent American jurist told the writer that he knew a case in which a woman was compelling her husband to work for her as a hired labourer, and another in which a woman had accomplished a divorce by simply shutting the door of the house, which was her own property, in her husband's face. After all, it must be remembered that the man remains responsible for the maintenance of the woman and her children, and that the analogy of a commercial partnership, which is in vogue with the champions of Woman's Right in the United States, is very far from holding good: commercial justice between themselves and their husbands is not what the women really want. It must be remembered, too, that the male has by nature certain advantages over the female which no legislature on earth can annul; and that it is necessary in the interest of both sexes, but especially in the interest of women, to render the restraint of marriage acceptable, not only to persons of cultivated sensibility, but to ordinary men. If the ideal of marriage which floats in the pages of Mr. Mill were actually embodied in legislation, and the husband were stripped of all conjugal rights, and left with nothing but the responsibility of maintaining the family, it is at least possible that the result among the coarser masses of mankind might be the increase of license and the consequent degradation of women.

It is commonly said in the United States by the Woman's Right party, that women are underpaid for their labour, and a vague hope is held out that this might be set right by female legislation. In most fields of industry women are new-comers, and on all new-comers old custom is apt at first to bear hard. Female singers,

pianoforte players, novelists, painters, milliners, are not underpaid. If female clerks and school-mistresses are paid less than male clerks and school-masters, this may be partly because continuance in the calling is an element of value, and women are taken off by marriage. That a New-Yorker will persist, out of regard for the aristocracy of sex, in paying a man a high price for his labour when he can get the work done as well for less money by a woman, is not much to be apprehended. But that legislatures, male or female, could equalize wages, few will be credulous enough to believe, though it is possible that the attempt might be made.

As to domestic cruelty, if it can be stopped by any extension of the criminal law; there is surely not the slightest reason for believing that male legislatures are unwilling to perform that duty, though of course criminal legislation in this case, as in all others, to be effective, must keep terms with reason and justice. In fact, in this matter, women are probably better in the present hands than they would be in their own. The source of these infamies and horrors in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred is drink;

and if the member for Marylebone, instead of tampering with the relations between the sexes, will turn his mind to the improvement and extension of the legislation commenced under the late Government against intemperance, he will deserve in the highest degree the gratitude of woman in general, and especially of those who have the greatest claim to our sympathy.

The case of women is not that of an unenfranchised class, the interest of which is distinct from that of the enfranchised. The great mass of them are completely identified in interest with their husbands, while even those who are not married can hardly be said to form a class, or to have any common interest, other than mere sex, which is liable to be unfairly affected by class legislation. There is, therefore, no reason why Parliament should not do justice in any practical question relative to the rights of women which may be brought before it, as it has already done justice in several such questions, without invoking upon itself the coercion of Female Suffrage.

GOLDWIN SMITH.

A COUNTRY WALK WITH THE POETS.

(From the *Victoria Magazine*.)

I have gathered a posy of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is my own.—
MONTAIGNE.

IT is in the power of each one of us to find, as the Good Duke did in *As You Like It*—

Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stone, and good in everything.

And true poetry consists in taking the "common round, the daily task," of human life; or in observing the treasures hid among hedges and by meadow streams, as well as the grander adjuncts of trees with autumn tints and soft hazy mountains melting off into the mysterious blue distance; and with these materials weaving a song that shall speak home to the hearts of the uninstructed countryman and innocent child.

There are people to whom poetry is simply

a number of words strung like beads upon a string; people who may be classed as strictly anti-poets and painters; anti-lovers of nature and the beautiful; to whom Wordsworth's lines in *Peter Bell* may aptly be applied—

A primrose by a river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him,
And it was nothing more.

But to a real lover of nature every blade of grass speaks in an intelligible language. The rivers with "an inner voice," the sighing of the summer woods about them blowing, which "makes a murmur in the land," the song of birds, the hum of insects on the wing, are to them "so many voices, and not one of them is without signification."

We may divide the poets of nature into two schools—those who paint with the brush of a Rubens and those who use the more delicate touch of a Raphael. Milton and Spenser stand foremost among the first, while Chaucer, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, and Tennyson belong to the latter.

In the 4th Book of *Paradise Lost* we have the following description of the bower :

— It was a place
Chosen by the Sov'ran Planter, when He fram'd
All things to man's delightful use ; the roof,
Of thickest covert, was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub
Fenc'd up the verdant wall : each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and
wrought
Mosaic ; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem.

Exquisite as this picture is, we lose sight of the individual flowers in it: it is the *Bower* that is the subject of Milton's word painting. I think that the metre in which this splendid poem is written is not suited for minute detail. It flows on in a deep, solemn current, now thundering forth in scenes of terror, and describing the arch-fiend's journey to hell's nine-fold gates ; now changing into soft music, like the nestling of angels' wings far up in the blue heaven, to usher in that still small voice that Elijah heard after the tempest had passed.

In the *Allegro* and *Penseroso*, both of which were written, as was the greater part of the *Paradise Lost*, at Horton, Milton gives us many beautiful pictures of pastoral scenes ; but nowhere do we find the minute description of the daisy, foxglove, or cowslip, which some of our great poets have given us.

Shelley, in his *Spirit of Solitude*, has described, in glowing language, a tropical forest, where—

Like clouds suspended in an emerald sky,
The ash and the acacia floating hang
Tremulous and pale. Like restless serpents clothed
In rainbow and in fire, the parasites,
Starr'd with ten thousand blossoms, flow around
The grey trunks ;

— Soft mossy lawns

Beneath these canopies extend their swells,
Fragrant with perfumed herbs, and eyed with blooms
Minute, yet beautiful.

Shelley has, however, shown us in his poem of the *Sensitive Plant* that he was also a miniature-painter. In the 2nd Book, Canto vii., of the *Faerie Queen*, Spenser gives us an account of the Garden of Proserpine—

The mournful cypress grew in greatest store
And trees of bitter gall, and ebon sad,
Dead sleeping poppy ; and black hellebore ;
Cold coloquintida, and tetra mad ;
Mortal samnitis, and cicuta bad ;
With which th' unjust Athenians made to die
Wise Socrates, who, thereof quaffing glad,
Pour'd out his life and last philosophy
To the fair Cirtias, his dearest belamy.

Swinburne has given us, in his *Garden of Proserpine*, a stanza that resembles the above—

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine.
Pale beds of blowing rushes,
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this, whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

He also alludes to the *cicuta* or hemlock. *Tetra* was the old name for the deadly nightshade, and the *mortal samnitis* is the saim or juniper tree.

The above quotations will be sufficient to explain what I mean by the Rubens school of poetry. It is, however, with the Raphael school that I intend to deal.

Chaucer stands first as the poet who has given us the most minute description of his favourite flower, and of the manner in which he worshipped her. In the *Legend of Good Women* he tells us how he rose early in a spring morning before the sun had risen, so that he might rush out into the fields and see the daisy open, its *resurrection* as he quaintly calls it, and how—

Adown full softly I began to sink,
And leaning on my elbow and my side
The longè day I shope me to abide,
For nothing elles, and I shall not lie,
But for to look upon the daisy ;
But men by reason well it calle may
The day's eye, or else the eye of day,
The empress and the flower of flowers all.

And then in the evening he again went to the fields—

To see the flower, how it will go to rest,
For fear of night, so hateth it the darkness.

The father of English poetry had not to wander far in those days to find his Empress of flowers—

————— green fields and oaks,
With branches broad, laden with leaves new,
That sprang out against the sunnè sheen,
Some very red, and some a glad light green
were to be met with in the very heart of our great city of London.

In none of his poems does Chaucer fail to mention the emblem of Innocence. In the *Flower and the Leaf* the fair lady with the branch of Agnus, castus (a kind of willow) in her hand, sings—

A bargeret, in praising the daisy,
For as me thought, among the notës sweet,
She saide "Si douce est la Marguirite."

Chaucer was also the first to notice the manner in which the daisy opened at sunrise and closed at sunset. "This flower," says a quaint old English author, "is such a wanderer that it must have been one of the first flowers that strayed and grew outside the garden of Eden."

Passing from the father of English poetry I come to the prophet of humanity—the thousand-souled Shakespeare! His favourite flower appears to have been the violet, but he loved all the treasures of the fields and hedges, and the names he gives them are those by which little children and country folk still call them.

In *Cymbeline* he speaks of the "winking Mary-buds" which begin "to open their golden eyes." In some parts of England the hawthorn still bears the old name, and the month of May is still called "Mois de Marie" in France. The clover-flowers were called cocks-heads and honeysuckle in olden days.

How exquisitely touching is that scene between Ophelia and Laertes:—

Ophelia. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember; and there are pansies, that's for thought. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's some for me. We may call it herb of grace o' Sundays—you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daisy. I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died.

The rosemary was said to comfort the brain

and strengthen the memory, hence it was worn at weddings and at funerals. The fennel is also called Love-in-a-mist. Later on, when the Queen tells Laertes that his sister is drowned, she says—

There is a willow grows aslant a brook
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream,
There with fantastic garlands did she come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead-men's-fingers call them.

The crow-flower is the common campion. The long-purples belong to the orchis family, and are generally known by the name of Purple-loosestrife.

The *Midsummer Night's Dream* really takes place in May. There is no allusion in Shakespeare's play to the bonfires and pageantries which usually took place in England on the 24th of June, the Midsummer night of the olden days, when the country maidens gathered the magical St. John's wort, which was to foretell if their lover would prove constant. Old Stowe, the topographer, tells us that it was the custom of the people on May-day to walk "in the sweet meadows and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kind," and this is what Shakespeare's characters do throughout the *Dream*.

Oberon tells a beautiful story of the little West-in flower, the heartsease, or pansy, sometimes called Kiss-me-behind-the-garden-gate and Herbe Trinity, which was—

Before, milk-white, now purple with love's wounds.
And maidens call it Love-in-idleness.

It must not be confounded with the love-lies-bleeding, which belongs to the Amaranth family; and here it may be as well to remark that the amaranth in poetry is often an imaginary flower, which was supposed never to fade.

In the *Winter's Tale* Perdita enumerates the flowers she "lacks to make a garland of"—

Daffodils,

That come before the swallow dares, and wake
The winds of March with beauty: violets dim
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroses
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength.

Bold oxslips, and
The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The fleur-de-luce being one.

In some parts of England the country folk still say " he died," or " she was married about primrose time ;" and in *Hamlet* the word is used as an adjective to describe the gay and flowery path to ruin—

The primrose way to the everlasting bonfire.

The fleur-de-luce is not, strictly speaking, a lily, but the Iris or flag-flower, and derives its name from Louis VII. of France, who chose it for his emblem before starting for the Crusades. The name is a corruption of Fleur-de-Louis, and is now called Fleur-de-lis. The crown-imperial is the Fritillary, and the daffodil or Lent lily is the Amaryllis, and is often called by Spenser and Michael Drayton "lily." The white narcissus of the poets was called "primrose peerless;" it was a great favourite with the Greek writers; the Anemone is by some called the white narcissus, and the French called it *l'herbe-au-vent*, which is a translation of the Greek name Anemos—wind-flower, from which our word of anemone is derived. The dark purple kind is sometimes called Pasque-flower. The red anemone is by some said to be the "lilies of the field" to which the Lord referred. It is a common flower in Palestine.

In "*Love's Labour Lost*" four of the most exquisite lines occur, lines unsurpassed in simplicity and music by any of Shakespeare's beautiful songs—

When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight.

All those who are acquainted with fields and meadows know well the Cardamine, or meadow-bitter-cress, the lady-smock of our old poets. It is sometimes called cuckoo-flower; but it was a common practice to call all flowers that appeared about the end of April by the name of the bird of "wandering voice." Old Walton, a true lover of nature, says, "See here a boy gathering lilies and lady-smocks, and there a girl cropping culver-keys and cowslips, all to make garlands." I have been unable satisfactorily to make out what the culver-key really is. In Sheridan's Dictionary I found the word

"culver-key, a species of flower"—a piece of information which left me as wise as I was before. I think, however, that it may be the old name for the wild geranium, sometimes called crane's-bill and dove's-bill, the word culver being the Anglo-Saxon name for dove. Isaac Walton again mentions them in a song—

Red hyacinth and yellow daffodils,
Purple narcissus, like the morning rays,
Pale gander-grass, and azure culver-keyes.

The French call the wild geranium *pie-d-de-pigeon*.

It has not been determined what "the cuckoo-buds of yellow hue" are. They are not the cuckoo-pints, which are arums, and often called by the children in the midlands "Lords and Ladies." How carefully do their little fingers pull off the hood and reveal the "parson-in-his-pulpit," as they call the tall spire in the centre. In Gloucestershire the children call it "Jack-in-the-box."

Shakespeare mentions the "crimson drops i' the bottom of the cowslip," which he also calls "cinque spotted"—

The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

Little children call these rubies "peeps." The cowslip was sometimes called paige, petty-mullein, and palsywort. The French still call it "*Herbe-de-la-paralysie*."

As the pansy denotes thought, so does the blue violet signify remembrance. There are three lines in *Hamlet*—

Lay her i' the earth,
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets grow.

And in *In Memoriam*—

And from his ashes may be made
The violets of his native land.

which imply remembrance after death.

There was a quaint legend attached to the Mandragora, or mandrake. It is said that dogs were tied to pull the plant up, and so prevent the certain death of the person who dared to

attempt such a deed, and that the groans emitted by it when this was done were terrible: thus in Shakespeare—

And shrieks like mandrakes, torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, go mad.

Wordsworth's favourite flower was the Celandine, or swallow-wort—

Pansies, lilies, kingcups, daisies
Let them live upon their praises;
Long as there's a sun that sets
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets
They shall have a place in story.
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little celandine.

I must pass over many poets, but I must not omit Tennyson. Trees are what he delights in most—

A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime
When rosy plumelets tuft the larch.
But here will sigh the alder tree,
And here thine aspen shiver;
Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Thro' the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river.
One willow over the river wept,
By the margin willow-veil'd.

————— Like satin shining palm
On shallows in the windy gleams of March.

In *Amphion* he gives us a long list of trees, among them "the birch tree swang her fragrant hair," and with wonderful skill has he brought out the characteristic of each tree—

The poplars in long order due
With cypress promenaded,
The shock head willows two and two,
By river galloped.

In the Garden Scene in *Maud* he has described the emotions of the different plants—

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, "She is near, she is near;"
The white rose weeps, "She is late;"
The lark-spur listens, "I hear, I hear;"
And the lily whispers, "I wait."

The sorrow of the passion-flower, the flush of

expectation on the red rose, the paleness of hope deferred in the white, the bright, hopeful exclamation of the wiry little larkspur, the gentle resignation of the lily—with what a loving tender hand has he painted each.

In the *May Queen* the following verse occurs:

The honeysuckle round the porch has wov'n its wavy
bowers,
And by the meadow trenches blow the faint sweet
cuckoo flowers,
And the wild marsh marigold shines like fire in swamp
and hollow gray.

Here, by the "faint sweet cuckoo flower," Tennyson means the ladysmocks, or meadow bitter cress. The marsh marigold we all know. It is the "goldie" or "goolie" of Chaucer.

In the *Two Voices* he mentions the "tufts of rosy-tinted snow" on the thorn, and again—

The furry prickle fire the dells,
The fox-gloves cluster dappled bells.

But I have still to mention the birds of the poets, and so will conclude this part of my subject with the words of the greatest of poets—

Consider the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.

In Chaucer's *Nightingale and Cuckoo* the latter is called the bird of ill omen. I confess that I consider the poor bird is very badly treated in this poem. In the first place the nightingale requests him to "move off" and leave the place to birds that can sing. The cuckoo tries to defend her song, and in doing so uses rather unparliamentary language, and rails against love. The nightingale vindicates love, but is at last overcome with sorrow by the taunts and bitter words of the cuckoo, and calls on the God of Love for help, whereupon Chaucer tells us he—

————— started up anon,
And to the brook I ran and got a stone,
And at the cuckoo heartily cast;
And for dread he flew away full fast,
And glad was I when he was gone.

In return for this most unprovoked assault, the

————— Cuckoo, as he flay,
He said, "farewell, farewell, popinjay,"
As though he scorned —————

The oldest sample of English secular music

which we possess is arranged to the oldest of our English songs—

Summer is yucmen in
Lhude sing cucu.
Groweth sed or bloweth med,
And springeth the wde nu,
Sing cucu.

It was a favourite song in the time of Elizabeth, and Shakspeare has introduced it *Love's Labour Lost*.

In Denmark there is a curious legend regarding this bird:—"When in early spring-time the voice of the cuckoo is first heard in the woods, every village girl kisses her hand, and asks, 'Cuckoo, cuckoo, when shall I be married?' And the old folks, borne down with age and rheumatism, enquire, 'When shall I be released from this world's cares?' The bird, in answer, continues saying 'cuckoo' as many times as the years will elapse before the object of their desires will come to pass. But as some old people live to an advanced age, and some girls never marry, the poor bird has so much to do in answering the questions put to her that she has no time to build her nest, and lays her eggs in that of the hedge sparrow."

Wordsworth has written the finest lines to this bird—

O blithe new comer! I have heard—
I hear thee and rejoice.
O cuckoo! Shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

The lark and nightingale, the Attic bird of some poets, the Philomel of others, are however the rivals for fame. Shelley has given us some beautiful lines to the sky-lark, which are so well known that no quotation is needed. The poet Hogg has also written some verses so exquisite in their freshness and simplicity that I may be pardoned for giving them in full—

Bird of the wilderness, blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness, blest is thy dwelling-place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee.

Wild is thy lay, and loud, far on the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth!
Where on thy dewy wing, where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen, o'er moor and mountain green,

O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim, over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherubim, hie thee away.

Then when the gloaming comes, love in the heather blooms,

Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be;
Bird of the wilderness, blest is thy dwelling-place,
Oh! to abide in the desert with thee.

But one line of Shakspeare's—

Hark! hark!! The lark at heaven's gate sings.

alone would have sufficed to immortalize the herald of the morning.

The nightingale's song has always been called sad. Milton pronounced it—

Most musical, most melancholy.

S. T. Coleridge has answered this accusation in the following manner:—

Most musical, most melancholy bird!
A melancholy bird! O idle thought.
In nature there is nothing melancholy;
But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced

With the remembrance of a grievous wrong,
Or slow distemper, or neglected love,
And so, poor wretch, filled all things with himself,
And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale
Of his own sorrows. He, and such as he,
First named thy notes a melancholy strain,

————— 'Tis the merry nightingale
That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,
With fast thick warble, his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant and disburden his full soul
Of all its music.

And Hartley Coleridge, in his verses to the nightingale, says that the song is a combination of fierce grief and wild joy—

Oh nightingale! what doth she ail?
And is she sad or jolly?
For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
So like to melancholy.

Tennyson, however, has best described the song—

Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
Rings Eden through the budded quicks,

O tell me where the senses mix,
 O tell me where the passions meet,
 Whence radiate : fierce extremes employ
 Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,
 And in the midmost heart of grief
 Thy passions clasp a secret joy.

And I—my harp would prelude woe,
 I cannot all command the strings ;
 The glory of the sum of things
 Will flash along the chords and go.

Th two lines describe, not only the song
 of the nightingale, but also that of the poem *In
 Memoriam*. In both it is—

The glory of the sum of things.

which words and song are unable to express :
 and the same reason may be given for the
 nightingale's song that Tennyson gives for
 writing his poem—

I do but sing because I must.

Chaucer mentions the old superstition that
 the nightingale's* song enticed the leaves out
 of their buds—

The nightingale
 That called forth the fresh leavës new.

And Tennyson also alludes to it when he says—

In whispers like the whispers of the leaves
 That tremble round the nightingale.

And again in the line above quoted—

Rings Eden through the budded quicks.

The superstition attached to the robin has
 saved that little songster from an untimely
 death.

It was supposed that its red breast came

* The following song is said to be sung by the
 French peasantry, and supposed to be an imitation
 of the nightingale's :—

“ Le bon Dieu m'a donné une femme,
 Que j'ai tant, tant, tant, tant, tant, battue.”
 Que s'il m'en donne une autre,
 Je ne la batterais plus, plus, plus, plus,
 Qu'un petit, qu'un petit, qu'un petit.”

from the Lord's blood which was sprinkled on
 it when the bird attended Him to the cross.
 And in the following lines by an American poet,
 John Greenleaf Whittier, another legion is well
 told—

My old Welch neighbour over the way
 Crept slowly out in the sun of spring,
 Pushed from her ears the locks of gray,
 And listened to hear the robin sing.

Her grandson playing at marbles stopped,
 And, cruel in sport as boys will be,
 Tossed a stone at the bird who hopped
 From bough to bough in the apple tree.

Nay ! said the grandmother ; have you not heard
 My poor, bad boy, of the fiery pit,
 And how, drop by drop, this merciful bird
 Carries the water that quenches it ?

He brings cool dew in his little bill,
 And lets it fall on the souls of sin ;
 You can see the mark on his red breast still
 Of fires that scorch as he drops it in.

My poor Bron-rhuddyn ! My breast-burned bird !
 Singing so sweetly from limb to limb,
 Very dear to the heart of our Lord
 Is he who pities the lost like him.

“ Amen ! ” I said to the beautiful myth,
 “ Sing, bird of God, in my heart as well.”
 Each good thought is a drop wherewith
 To cool and lessen the fires of hell.

Prayers of love like rain-drops fall,
 Tears of pity are cooling dew,
 And dear to the heart of our Lord are all
 Who suffer like Him in the good they do.

But I must finish my paper. All these
 beauties of flowers and birds are around us
 now, and will be for some time yet ; and as
 we walk amid green fields and woods, now
 echoing to the song of countless visitors from
 far-off climes, shall we not say, with old Isaac
 Walton—

Lord, what music hast thou provided for thy
 saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such
 music on earth ?

THE ART UNION EXHIBITION.

THE recurrence of the Annual Exhibition of our two-year-old Art Union is an event of such importance to the social life of our young country as to call for an extended notice of it in these pages, devoted as they are and ever have been to the advancement of all that tends to elevate and refine the popular character.

The general impressions conveyed by the present exhibition, mixed as they are, cannot on the whole be otherwise than satisfactory, the improvement on former collections, Provincial and otherwise, being beyond question. The standard of excellence set by the Committee is undoubtedly considerably higher than any before known in our Art circles; it is still, however, not high enough to make the distinction of being an exhibitor one of any great honour. If this Art Union is to be—as it should be—the nursing mother of painting as an art amongst us, it must be more chary of admittance to the honours of its walls; and, while showing tender regard towards productions of promise in the future, even if their present be somewhat weak, should be rigidly exclusive towards abortions, products of Vanity and Incompetence upon whom her maternal care would be thrown away.

Of the subjects chosen by the artists exhibiting, it will be remarked that the majority are strictly landscapes, and those, in the main, national. Flowers and fruit in various forms and combinations are favourite studies. There are two or three portraits, and one treatment of an historical incident; but of figure studies, conceptive composition, home life, the charming little bits of cottage interior and peasant life of the English type; the exquisitely finished *genre* paintings of the French, we have no sample or suggestion. There is nothing of the idealistic, nothing but what is seen by the outside eye. This, while art is so young amongst us, is no matter of objection. Studying what they see, our artists will one day, and that soon, be able rightly to imagine and paint that which they think.

It is to be observed with divided satisfaction that certain of our artists have been seeking subject matter in the old world. It is clear that if we are to have High Art at home, Canadian painters—upon the principle that Mahomet *must* go the mountain—must visit the great European centres of art life, and educate hand, and eye, and mind, at the fountain head—the homes of the grand old-time life of which

here we know nothing save by hearsay and at second-hand. Satisfaction is divided, because the outcome of their travel is represented merely by a few sketches of Welch moors, and an English meadow or two. Good as these are, it was scarcely worth while to go so far to bring back so little.

Another conclusion to which we are driven is, that the place is yet vacant for *the* Artist of Canada, he who, born and bred in her, sharer of her hardships and her successes, and *loving* her through all, shall paint with faithful hand the thousand charms of her primal forest days as a country—her unfolding life as a nation. For landscape, he would have the great still forest-bound lakes with their ever-varying aspect of sun and shade, summer green, and winter snow and ice; the fresh young life of Spring, fairer and dearer to us Canadians—as colour-hungry through long months of a white world, and the rich glories of the Fall. For historical subjects, Canada has an unpainted, almost an unwritten, history of her own, as full of bloody incident and wrong as any artist could desire. The great historical incidents of these modern days have but little of dramatic or picturesque in their composition. The æsthetic in pictorial art shudders at the severe lines and dull colouring of 19th century costume, and though the poet still finds in humanity as wide a field as ever, the artist of these days is driven to nature or the past for his subjects. The past of Canada is picturesque enough, it only waits its artists.

One more point. Rising as we rapidly are to a position in which architectural features are of considerable moment, it is a matter of surprise and regret that the department of “architectural plans and drawings” is so scantily filled. Messrs. Smith and Gemmell, James and Conolly, J. Smith, R. C. Windeyer, and E. Burke, all local architects, being the sole exhibitors. We can only suppose that as long as painted wood and tin are allowed to humbug the eye by the semblance of stone, as in our new Post Office and the Parliament Library at Ottawa, where height places the imposition beyond chance of detection, architects of high artistic standing feel ashamed of submitting the delusive plans which misplaced parsimony, striving to be cheaply magnificent, compels them to design. True Art and falsity cannot live together.

It is only necessary to premise, in commencing our *critique*, that only those pictures have been noticed in

which merit, to a greater or less degree, is apparent, a very considerable section of the pictures on view being composed, despite the laudable exertions of a vigilant hanging committee, of pictures of which it is difficult to speak in praise.

Beginning with the Oil Paintings, which number some 86, we notice with satisfaction the large number of local and national subjects present. With but few exceptions, our artists have gone to the fountain head—Nature—for inspiration, and though the result on the whole, as an exhibition, cannot be considered as perfectly satisfactory, yet there is enough of promise to show that the time is not distant when, on our own ground, we shall be able to compete, at any rate with our neighbours, in the delineation of the features of our noble country. This, however, is more satisfactorily apparent in the water colour than in the oil section of the exhibition.

The industry of our local artists, during the past season, is shown by the number of canvases sent in, fifteen from the same hand being no uncommon number. It is possible, however, that fewer canvases might have brought better work. The first screen presents a number of Mr. Verner's productions, all dealing with native scenery and Indian life, and containing the same defect of hard, unsympathetic treatment, which characterises his works. It is certainly to be regretted that, with Mr. Verner's industry and evident affection for this class of subjects, he should be unable to enter into the poetry of the scenes he paints, or to transfer the sentiment to his canvas.

"The Insecure Retreat," (9,) by Mr. T. M. Martern, is an anima' study of rats and a cat in conjunction with a green pail and an oil can. The cat, whose expression conveys somewhat too much of the sentiment of anxiety, is nervously watching a hole in the floor, strangely oblivious of the fact that a couple of bold buccaneers of rats are complacently licking the oil off the top of the can behind her, with a noble but abnormal disregard of their natural enemy. The execution is good, the fur of the deluded pussy being well rendered, and the rats evidently a "life" study.

A pretty little canvas is the "Stray Lamb," (16) by Allan Edson, the subject being a small but carefully worked up bit of forest hill-side, full of broken light and shade, the *motif* being supplied in the programme by the figure of a sheep supposed for the occasion to be lost, but which is browsing contentedly enough on the stray leaves of underbrush.

No. 17, "The Tidal Wave" is an attempt on the part of Mr. Forbes—not altogether unsuccessful—to delineate one of the most difficult of nature's "puzzles for artists"—a breaking wave; but the consequent foam, under Mr. Forbes' brush, is neither more nor less than smoke.

"Lady Helen Blackwood, eldest daughter of His

Excellency the Earl of Dufferin," (18,) by J. C. Forbes, cannot be called either a flattering likeness or a successful portrait.

(22.) "Mount Madison, White Mountains," by Allan Edson, a big canvas, is monotonous in tone, and one is somewhat at a loss to account for the peculiar arrangement of the lights; the blues too are hardly satisfactory.

(25.) "The Locket," by J. C. Forbes, is a life-size bust of a lady regarding with a somewhat cynical look, a locket which she holds in her hand. The flesh colouring is here more satisfactory, but none of the portraits exhibited by Mr. Forbes this year, fulfil the promise held out by his former work "Beware," with the exception, perhaps of "Miss Ada," (77,) which is in better spirit.

(31.) "Beaver River," by the same artist, would seem to show that his forte may be found in landscape. It is a pretty little bit of waterfall and broken rock, with a picturesque foreground, composed of moss-overgrown tree trunks and bending birch; the hardness of the upper part of the picture, and the vivid greens employed, are detrimental to the effect of the whole.

(36.) "Mac-Mac Encampment, Gulf of St. Lawrence," by Henry Sandham, is a canvas of some pretension, full of very green and blue sea, and purple hills, with a would-be grassy foreground, too suggestive of paint.

(39.) "Big Trout Bay, Lake Superior," by T. M. Martern, despite a considerable degree of hardness and a heavy dull tone of colour, has points of great merit and excellence. The execution of the bit of foreground rock, lighted by a stray gleam of sun, is in its way all that could be desired, and the whole picture conveys to the full the impression of stern grandeur which the artist evidently felt.

"Toronto Harbour," (41,) is as creditable a work as Mr. Forbes has produced; the management of the shadows on the marsh, wharf, and steamer, and the haziness of the distance, are, with the general clearness of his work, strong points.

(40.) "Sioux Encampment on the Assiniboine," by F. A. Verner, strikes us as the most satisfactory of his works. The scene represents a group of Indian tents in the dull glow of the setting sun. As usual with this artist, the representation is of the most faithful character, while in this he has given way to a feeling for lights and shadows as they strike and fall from the queerly-shaped tents, which is a desideratum in his pictures.

(51.) "Valley of Pigeon River," Mr. Martern's big canvas, possesses two points of excellent execution. A foreground group of grey and moss-covered boulders, and a mountainous pine-clad range bathed in the soft warm mist of a setting sun. The

middle of the canvas is filled by a winding river rather too hard and cold to harmonise with the rest of the scene, while a strip of inexplicably dull green lies between the river and foreground. It is, however, a good piece of work.

(54) is an admirably painted study of huge limestone rocks, near Dundas, whose rugged cracks and fissures are boldly portrayed by the hand of the same artist.

(57.) "Looking On," also by Mr. Martern, follows the fortunes of the above-mentioned cat and rats. This time, the experiences of the oil-can having evidently brought increase of impudence, the rapacious rodents are engaged on the floor in an engrossing debauchery of broken eggs, regardless of Nemesis, who, in the shape of pussy, is preparing, with eyes strongly suggestive of strychnine or incipient insanity, to launch herself from an overhanging shelf upon the plunderers. It may be remarked that this eccentric quadruped wears her hind leg in a most uncomfortable fashion.

(63.) "Battle of Queenston Heights," by Mr. Matthews, is remarkable as being the only attempt on the part of our artists to idealise, or to portray other than the life of the present; for the rest, the present picture has no discernible qualification for its position.

(73.) "Becalmed," by J. C. Forbes, is a scene of water lilies, tall flags, a flapping sail, and a pair of "spoons" in a boat, of whom it is difficult to tell who is most uncomfortable, since the expression of the faces is not part of the intent of the picture; the perspective of the little scene is good.

(84.) "Thunder Bay," by F. A. Verner, is a pretty, quiet-toned bit of rock and water in the evening light, treated with considerable tenderness.

(83.) "Burnham Beeches," is a little study by Allan Edson, of the moss-covered trunks of some old beeches, the foreground of which is unsatisfactorily spotty and aimless, and damaging to what would otherwise be a good bit of colouring. Weakness of foreground is a constantly occurring drawback throughout the exhibition.

It is with a certain feeling of relief that we turn to the water-colour section of the exhibition, the general character of the pictures being decidedly good, while of several it may be said that little or nothing is left to be desired.

(91) and (95) are a couple of studies by G. Harlow White, soft and unobtrusive in tone, and careful in execution. Wales and Canada, respectively, supply the subjects.

"A Pioneer," (93,) by L. R. O'Brien, is a clever evening scene of backwoods' life. The day's work of the "pioneer" is done, and he is represented as leaning over a snake fence gazing into the purple

depths of the "forest primeval" at his feet, and biding who knows what—castles of independence and prosperity, all to be realised by those sturdy arms.

Allan Edson sends two large and ambitious views of harvest fields, (96) and (104,) whose technical treatment is rather exceptional, the whole surface being solidly covered with colour, while the employment of adventitious aids to effect in finishing off gives a result rather shocking to upholders of the "pure" school. The *impasto* style is, however, perfectly admissible, and infinitely to be preferred to the "scratched-paper" lights of the old treatment. Effective as his pictures are, Mr. Edson is not quite master of his material, as witness his skies, which are smudgy.

(100.) "Birches," by T. M. Martern, a pretty and effective study of birch trees, in which a couple of sturdy, many-tinted veterans stand out boldly against a woody background. "Mountain, Moor, Marsh, and Meadow," (106,) by C. S. Millard, is a frame containing four small sketches, whose subjects are sufficiently explained by their titles. Especially to be commended is the one at the upper right hand, the eye being carried over an infinite expanse of rich brown, cloud-shaded moorland, most artistically rendered. The same praise can scarcely be accorded to (105,) by the same artist, which is hard and confused, with ill-managed lights. In (109,) "An Autumn Evening, overlooking Owen Sound," Mr. O'Brien is again very happy in his evening sky, with whose tenderness he evidently has complete sympathy. A country road, bounded by the inevitable "snake fence," excellently treated, leads to the brow of a hill, beyond which the greens and the purples of a heavily-wooded country stand out against a clear sun-deserted sky. (108.) "On Mount Royal," by W. L. Fraser, is a bold study of grass and trees, treated very broadly, and in a style too merely suggestive to earn for it more than the title of "sketch." It is, however, a fairly good specimen of the "pure" school, the lights being all left, and the effects, such as they are, produced by the most vigorously "legitimate" of means. It has, however, no depth—no atmosphere.

In (116,) "Toronto, from the Marsh," by L. R. O'Brien, we have an admirable and delicately finished view of the city, full of sentiment and appreciation of the value of colour. The city, smoke-clouded from its many chimneys, lies in the distance, wrapped in a purple haze, while the foreground of marsh and still water, with a beached boat by way of contrast, is in harmony with the sky, though the last is, perhaps, a trifle too uniformly light.

(119.) "Moel Siabod, North Wales," C. S. Millard, a view of mountain and moor, sun-lighted

and cloud-shaded, is to be noted for some effective stone colouring. The sky, however, is scarcely happy. (123.) "The Village Green, Fifield, Oxon, England," by M. Matthews, is a careful and attractive picture of an English village scene. A turn in the road, overshadowed by a wide-spreading oak, the foliage of which is, by the way, somewhat too uniform in colour, is filled by a retreating cart, while the sunlight slants across the road upon a group of school children at play—a way-side wall, with its overtopping hollyhocks, throwing pleasant shadows across the foreground.

(124.) "Toronto, from the Kingston Road," is a careful little sketch, but the subject, from the point chosen, requires more artistic composition to make a taking picture than Mr. Jas. Hoch has been able to exhibit. "Ottawa, from the Rideau," (131,) by L. R. O'Brien, though possessing strong points, and evidencing vigour and good composition, is not altogether a satisfactory performance in its colouring, the excellence of the general effect being marred by mal-arrangement of lights, a brilliant streak of green in the middle distance for example. (133) and (148,) by Jas. Griffith, are large carefully-finished fruit and flower subjects, with the inevitable pineapple and melon, the invariable pear, peach, and plum, and the unavoidable gold fish, of course, strongly to the fore. The arrangement of the flowers, as to their colouring, is not harmonious, though their execution is good. Admirable indeed is (138,) "Prospect of Pigeon Pie," by D. Fowler, representing a triplet of undeniably defunct pigeons. The effect is highly artistic and natural, and the work bold, showing knowledge of the power of a little colour when properly located. Similar in subject and character, though not so satisfactory in execution, is (144,) "Christ Church Partridges," by the same artist; while his group of Gladioli (140) shows the same features of good effect from simple work.

(136) and (142.) Two small frames, the one containing an artistic study of red, white, and yellow roses, carelessly but tastefully heaped together; the other a couple of apples, autumn-tinted, are worthy of Mr. Griffith's brush. The prominent frame on this screen is filled with a pretentious view of "Dolwyddelan Castle, North Wales," (141) chosen possibly in order to show the native mind that the old country has as jaw-twisting a nomenclature as even our Indians can boast of. This is an important picture, inasmuch as it is a first attempt to introduce here that later style of Turner which even his warmest admirers confess required the consummate knowledge of the power of colour his genius-guided hand alone showed, to make it admirable. In all *he* did, hazy, fanciful, lawless as it was, there was

nothing *weak*, nothing without full reason, full intuitive. In its indecision, its hazy blending of mysterious tints, its etherealised rocks, if rocks they be, Mr. Millard's picture shows his *intention*—no more. No suggestion of light or colour is there in the dull, meaningless, leaden sky, to explain the mysterious lights of the middle distance; while the washy, weak foreground is as un-Turneresque as it possibly could be. Though feeling for the delicate sympathy with nature which Turner possessed is indeed to be desired for our Canadian artists as a point in which they are as a rule deficient, weak imitations of his mere mannerism are mischievous, and to be avoided.

A clean sketch of the ubiquitous Indian and his birch-bark afloat on a still island-dotted lake, is "Indian Summer," (143,) by L. R. O'Brien; and (146,) "The Woods' Midsummer," by the same artist, is another successful specimen, showing careful study and microscopical execution. The female figure with the sun-shade in the foreground is no addition to the strength of the composition. There is something refreshing and very true in Mr. Matthews' modest "English Hay Field," (147,) broad and bold, without being rough and sketchy. "Gibraltar Point, Lake Memphremagog," (145,) by W. L. Frazer, is a boldly treated bit of precipitous rock overhanging the lake, though somewhat sketchy. In (160,) "Ffos-y-noddyn, North Wales," Harlow White has portrayed a cool rock-girdled pool with big water-washed and moss-covered boulders, suggestive of days when the now dry water course was filled with foaming, tumbling waves. The rocks are the best part of the picture, the greens being weak and flat. A couple of good foreground figures of fishermen with boat and nets form the good points of (161), "Under the Cliff, Port Stanley," by L. R. O'Brien, the sky and water being unsatisfactory. (164.) "A partial view of the Eastern Block of the Parliament Building at Ottawa" is careful, and shares in the finish given to all his work by Mr. O'Brien. "Moorland," by C. S. Millard, has merit which would be greater were not the foreground so overbalanced by the hills in the distance. "September near Flesherston," (165,) by L. R. O'Brien, is a pretty little study of cattle, trees and sky. Queerly chosen as is the subject, "The Train from the West," (166,) by the same artist, must be commended for the accuracy of its execution; though it partakes too much of the real pump and washing-tub school to be considered as a valuable addition to our art stores. (168,) by James Griffith, is an excellent piece of work in the way of fruit and flowers, whilst the grouping is superior to that of similar subjects in the room. "Summer's Farewell," (167,) by Mr. Matthews, has some boldly handled foreground rocks, with a river flowing for indefinite miles through an extremely

green valley into misty distance, which, with the sky, forms the best part of the picture. Nos. (170,) (176,) and (181,) three studies from the Welch moors, by C. S. Millard, are of considerable merit, particularly the last, which is perhaps as good a little bit of quiet effective work as any in the room.

(171,) (175,) and (180,) are all good studies of flowers, by James Griffiths, indefatigable in this line of art. They contrast with the brilliant hues and bolder style of Mr. Fowler's well executed "Gladiolus," (182) and "Cactus," (177.) In 174, "November," a winter scene, by L. R. O'Brien, one cannot but regret that so much careful work has been bestowed on so little-repaying a subject. Mr. Marten's study of moss-covered pine trunks, (178,) with the sunlight falling amongst the prostrate trees, shows feeling and bold treatment.

"On Point Des Moines," (179,) by Henry Sandham, a view of rock and stony beach and sea, has some rather too lively colouring in the foreground, which gives it a spotty effect, but the bit of brown rock in the middle distance with the corresponding sea, are in good taste and tone. Nos. (183) and (172) are tenderly treated views of Loch Lomond, by G. Harlow White, well harmonized and pleasing in effect.

(184.) "Early Autumn on the Don," by James

Hoch, has some close vigorous work, though the general effect is somewhat heavy.

"In Cleveland Harbour," (188,) by L. R. O'Brien, the last picture on the catalogue, is a charmingly clear little sketch of boats and barges, whose tapering masts stand out against a blue and white cloud sky. The whole, though not possessing any strong feeling, is in Mr. O'Brien's accurate and cleanly style.

With this our notice of the present year's exhibition concludes. The good effects of exhibition and criticism, provided the latter be but honest, and free from touch of partisanship, will before long be seen both in our artists and their public. The mere fact of people being led in their turn to criticise the critic, is satisfactory to the interests of art, and therefore artists. Once create the interest, the taste will follow; with the taste will come the want, and with the want will come the supply. Our new-born Art Union must make it its care that that taste be not directed to unworthy objects. The standard of popular taste will largely depend upon the standard set by this Institution; it is to be trusted that no other motive than the interests of the art it has undertaken to foster, will be allowed to decide the question of admittance or rejection of contributions. For arts, artists, and public, better twenty faithful *artists* than a cycle of self-satisfied daubers.

BOOK REVIEWS.

MODERN DOUBT AND CHRISTIAN BELIEF. A series of Apologetic Lectures addressed to Earnest Seekers after Truth. By Theodore Christlieb, D.D., University Preacher and Professor of Theology at Bonn. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1874.

Those who followed with interest the proceedings of the Evangelical Alliance at New York last year, will remember that the ablest and most exhaustive paper on Modern Scepticism was read by Professor Christlieb. A general wish was expressed that the author's Course of Lectures on the subject should be translated for the benefit of English and American readers. The work has thus been brought out simultaneously on both sides of the Atlantic. Dr. Christlieb, in his preface, states that he has avoided entering in the present work upon the subject of Inspiration, believing that "the decided *separation* (and not mere *distinction*) now established between the idea of Re-

velation on the one hand, and that of Scriptural Inspiration on the other, to be a real gain for modern Dogmatic Theology; though by the popular mind the *terms* are still regarded as almost identical in meaning. Another motive for such omission was, that I have long determined and still hope to be able to deal with the general question of the Inspiration of the Scripture and special points connected therewith, (e. g. the *Genesis* and credibility of particular books), as well as the objections raised by the votaries of natural science to Scripture teaching on such points as the Creation, the Deluge, the Descent of Man, &c., in a second course of Apologetic Lectures." The two series together will thus constitute together a complete course of Christian Evidences, so framed as to bring the entire subject in review down to the present time, with all the aspects modern doubt in its latest phases.

The volume before us consists of eight lectures, the comprehensive character of which may be judged from a brief summary of their contents. Lecture I. contains a consideration of the existing breach between modern culture and Christianity. In dealing with the causes of this breach, Dr. Christlieb does not conceal the ecclesiastical causes which have repelled scientific and literary inquirers. "It has been widened," he contends, "by the unhallowed labours of the Church herself," including under the word Protestant, as well as Catholic, Christendom. The analysis of the causes which have produced the divorce between culture and religion is conducted with great skill; the difficulties in the way of reconciliation are plainly indicated, and the method by which the breach may be filled up—the special vocation, as the author thinks, of the Teutonic nations—sketched in a hopeful spirit of faith in the future. Lecture II, is devoted to Reason and Revelation, in three sections, the province of Natural Theology, that of Supernatural or Revealed Theology, and lastly, the relation between them. In the Third Lecture we have an exhaustive statement of the prevailing non-Biblical conceptions of Deity—Atheism, Materialism, Pantheism, Deism, and Rationalism. This chapter is one of the most interesting in this valuable work; it possesses all the thoroughness of German scholarship, and all that candour in presenting the views of opponents which only consists with perfect confidence in the writer's ability to refute them. Lecture IV. is devoted to Biblical Theism, and an exposition, exegetical as well as argumentative, of the doctrine of the Trinity. The Fifth Lecture treats of the modern negation of Miracles, and undertakes a demonstration of the nature, possibility, and necessity of the miraculous, with an examination of its historical manifestations as recorded in Scripture. This subject, by an easy transition, leads to the modern anti-miraculous accounts of the life of Christ, whether they are rationalistic or mythical in form. We are first introduced to the old rationalistic theory of Paulus; next to Schenkel's combination of the rationalistic and mythical methods; and finally, in that section, to Keim's "Jesus of Nazara," which has lately been published in an English dress. In this writer the same confusion of theories exists, for while he contends that Christ is "only a man," yet singularly enough he resolves him into "a mystery." Strauss and Renan are examined at considerable length, and the account given of their Christology is much the clearest we have seen in any book on the subject. For Strauss, Dr. Christlieb has some respect; but for Renan's Parisian flippancy and irreverent *bavardage* he expresses much contempt. The Seventh Lecture treats of modern denials of the Resurrection of Christ, and the work concludes with a critical examination of the anti-miraculous conception of

F. C. Baur and the Tübingen school founded by him.

It will be seen from this brief and imperfect synopsis of its contents, the valuable character of Dr. Christlieb's work. Differing as it does from any of the ordinary manuals of Christian Evidences published in England or America, it has the merit of thoroughness and solidity. It is the production of a scholar who is thoroughly acquainted with every phase of doubt in a country where free thought boasts its ablest and acutest disciples. Whether we regard the author's views of the great philosophical schools of Germany, or the varied phases of scepticism which have sprung from them, the entire survey of an intricate subject is of a masterly character.

In order to give some idea of Prof. Christlieb's method, we shall select the Seventh Lecture, that on the Resurrection, and give some account of it in detail. This dogma is the culmination of the miraculous narrative; "it is the proof of all other dogmas, the foundation of our Christian life and hope, the soul of the entire Apostolic preaching, the cornerstone on which the Christian Church is built." In the first division of the Lecture the theories of objectors are examined, one after the other. At the outset, those who deny the *bodily* resurrection of Christ "seek to diminish its importance by representing it as non-essential to the faith." To them the corporeal miracle is of no importance, and they prefer to speak of "a spiritual resurrection and glorification." To this our author replies by showing the stress laid upon the doctrine by the Apostles, and further objecting that "resurrection does not refer to the spirit, the continued existence of which Scripture takes as a matter of course, but only to the body and its issuing forth from the grave." Schenkel, who takes the spiritual view, endeavours to interpret St. Paul as proclaiming a faith which rests only on the outward fact of a bodily resurrection of Christ as entirely worthless, in defiance of the obvious drift of his entire argument in the fifteenth chapter of 1st Corinthians. Baur and Keim adopt Schenkel's view with some modifications. Strauss was honest enough, on the other hand, to assign to the resurrection its full importance, styling it "the centre of the centre, the real heart of Christianity as it has been until now," and further, "that as regards the resurrection of Christ, it can scarcely be doubted that, with it, the truth of Christianity stands or falls." In fact having admitted the authenticity of St. Paul's Epistles to the Romans, the Corinthians, and Galatians, he could take no other view. Baur endeavoured to shirk the difficulty by representing it as not a fit subject of investigation. "What the resurrection *per se* is, it does not lie within the bounds of historical research to determine." . . . "For the disciples," he says again, "the resurrection was as real as any historical fact—whatever may have been the medium of this persuasion." Hence he sets about attempting to account for this belief amongst the disciples, and resolves it into "a certain inexplicable condition of human consciousness." On which Strauss remarked, "Baur, at least verbally, evaded the burning question."

Of the Rationalistic theories there were several, each of which was framed to account in a natural way for the belief entertained by the disciples. One of these was that held by Schleiermacher and the old

Rationalists, according to which the Saviour's death was only apparent—a state of trance or swoon. Another view confessed the reality of the death, but denied the resurrection as an outward fact, attributing it to visions experienced by the disciples. Schenkel has also recourse to the belief that the belief in the resurrection was the result of hallucination. The Church at Jerusalem, he thinks, regarded the fact that the grave of Jesus was found empty, as a miracle of Divine omnipotence, and supposed that “it had taken place by the help of angels. Hence the first tradition of an angelic appearance, which was supported by the utterances of deeply-excited women.” Renan espouses the “visionary theory.” He does not think that Christ, though he often spoke of resurrection and a new life, ever distinctly said that he would rise again in the flesh. Yet in another place he is constrained to admit that “several of the Master's words *might* be understood in the sense of his again issuing from the grave.” In reference to the patriarchs, Renan makes the singular remark that “the belief began to gain ground that even the patriarchs and other Old Testament worthies of the first rank had not really died, and that their bodies were alive in their graves at Hebron!” On which Dr. Christlieb remarks: “How does Renan know this? It is simply a piece of his lively oriental imagination which plays such an important part in his *Vie de Jésus*. Nor can Renan adduce a single authority for this wild assertion.” The French writer then proceeds, by the aid of this random invention, to connect the credulity of Mary Magdalene and the other women with the gradual growth of the resurrection myth. Strauss, of course, favours the visionary hypothesis, but his scheme is not quite so wild as Renan's. It has weak points of its own, however, and is demolished by our author without much difficulty. His first step is to marshal the historical testimonies and to submit them to a searching criticism, and then to take the various theories already enumerated, and expose the fallacies which they involve. Concluding his examination of Strauss, the author remarks:—“His explanatory attempts, as well as those of all other anti-miraculous critics, are entangled in an endless chain of enigmas and difficulties. Difficulties exegetical, for there is the clear testimony of St. Paul, and the distinction between visions and the narratives of our Lord's appearances. Difficulties psychological in the way of so many and so differently constituted persons having been simultaneously pre-disposed to see visions. Difficulties dogmatical, arising from the question, Whence should the idea of an isolated individual resurrection, hitherto foreign to their belief, arise in the minds of the disciples? Difficulties chronological: unanimous historical evidence points to “the third day” and this leaves no space for the gradual development of visions, or of the translocation of the first appearances to Galilee. Difficulties topographical: there, in a well-known spot, stands the empty tomb, with its loud question:—“Where is the body?” To which Dr. Christlieb adds finally, difficulties historical, such as the existence of the Christian Sunday, and difficulties moral—the entire regeneration of a world which proceeded from the preaching of the Apostles. “The critic,” he concludes, “is not yet born who could overcome all these obstacles.” It will be seen by the brief account we have given of the evidences of the Resurrection, as Dr. Christlieb has stated them, that he

has omitted no argument which possesses any logical force, and that his positions are enforced by a certain originality in their presentation we do not often meet in modern English treatises on Apologetics.

There are two other chapters of great interest to which we should like to refer briefly, because we think the author, contrary to his usual practice, has been led into a false position in his anxiety to render the evidence cumulative in character. We refer to the lectures on Theism and on Miracles. The first section of the former is devoted, for the most part, to the views of Deity presented in the Old Testament. The solution of anthropomorphic and other difficulties, the distinction between the Elohistic and the Jehovistic portions of the Pentateuch borrowed by Bishop Colenso from German Rationalism, and the moral objections to the Old Testament theocracy are criticized at considerable length. Then comes the main purpose of the chapter, the development of the Trinitarian conception of the Divine Nature. The varied lights in which the theory is viewed are so many proofs of the author's extensive learning and polemical skill. It would be impossible to give here even an enumeration of the leading arguments employed by Dr. Christlieb. First, of course, the Scripture testimony of the Divinity of the Three Persons is expounded at considerable length—a distinction being clearly made between books of which the canonicity has been disputed and those which even Baur and Strauss admit to be authentic. In the course of this appeal to Holy Writ, the Arian, Sabellian, and kindred heresies are tested by the declarations of Scripture, and other objections to the Trinitarian view examined in order. We come now to the philosophical statement of the doctrine:—“The received dogmatic theology of the Church distinguishes between an essential (immanent Ontological) Trinity of persons in the Godhead, and an Economical Trinity, *i. e.* a three-fold manifestation or self-revelation of the God to us. The Church believes in and affirms both. But many in the present day, and amongst them not a few sincere believers in revelation, deny the scriptural authority of the former, while all receive and acknowledge the latter.” In other words, there is a tendency to believe that there are three successive phases of development (Sabellianism) instead of three contemporaneous distinctions of the Divine Nature, as the Scriptures teach. The remainder of the lecture is occupied by an examination of the collateral proofs such as the existence of the Trinitarian conception in heathen religions. In the words of Schelling:—“The philosophy of mythology proves that a Trinity of Divine Potentialities is the root from which have grown the religious ideas of all nations of any importance that are known to us.” Dr. Christlieb further contends that abstract Montheism is utterly empty and lifeless, and leads, as it did with the Jews and Mohammedans, who denied that Christ was of the same Divine essence as the Father, to a cold and cheerless Deism. We cannot follow our author in the conclusions he draws upon this subject; to the English reader they will no doubt appear novel and original, and therefore their force will strike him perhaps with more effect than they intrinsically deserve. It appears to us, also, that Dr. Christlieb's position on the so-called Athanasian Creed is indefensible. It is not necessary to enter here into the metaphysical distinctions.

of this symbol; its employment of such words as "person," "substance," or "essence," in an entirely different sense from that of ordinary language. Nor shall we refer at length to the "damnatory" clauses which are a stumbling-block to many. But we do think that Prof. Christlieb, who, after quoting the Creed as declaring that "he who would be saved must *thus* think of the Trinity" commends this stringency, was in duty bound to adhere to every clause of it. Instead of which he proceeds to show that although belief in a Trinity is an essential article of faith, one ought not to believe it as this symbol interprets and defines it. On the contrary, he maintains that there are some points in the teaching of this Creed, concerning the relations of the Divine Persons, which are not in full accord with those of Scripture. And still less do they satisfy the questions and requirements of speculative theology. And again,— "The Athanasian Creed is evidently too stiffly arithmetical in some of its definitions and antitheses, without attempt to reconcile their obvious contradictions," &c. Now if this be so—if the Creed be a mere bundle of paradoxes—why should any one who cannot possibly hold the doctrine of the Trinity as thus repulsively stated, be declared in danger of everlasting perdition? It is surely one thing to believe in the Scriptural doctrine and a totally different thing to embrace the metaphysical distinctions of an anonymous creed. It appears to us that Dr. Christlieb himself is obnoxious to its anathema.

The argument on Miracles is an excellent one in

almost every particular. The author denies that they are in any sense "a rent in nature's harmony," or a violation of the laws of nature. On the contrary he contends that they are, for the most part, "an intensification of natural forces." Their aim is a redemptive one; and they are not an unnatural breach in nature, but "a supernatural interruption of the non-natural." Of course the objections of Hume and Spinoza are submitted to a critical examination. The last section of the chapter is an attempt to prove from the history of missionary and charitable effort, that there are still miraculous manifestations. This position is based upon a few apparently unexpected successes quite inadequate for the purpose; it opens the door, on the other hand, to the so-called miraculous appearances at Paray-le-Monial or Lourdes and the entire hagiology of mediæval Rome. When the opening is afforded for belief in prodigies there can be no limit to credulity and superstition.

Having thus endeavoured to give our readers some idea of the scope, learning, and ability of this book, we heartily commend it to their careful attention and study. We have seen no work, for years past, which so fully expounds and defends the fundamental doctrines of Christianity. Certainly none of the numerous manuals and treatises on Evidences issued of late can compare with it in depth of learning, acuteness and solidity of argument, or in the spirit of earnestness and devotion which pervades the volume throughout.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE commerce of literature has always partaken more of the character of a profession than of a trade, and this fact is amply illustrated in the biographies of the many author-publishers who have given to Book-craft much of its interest and importance. The typical bookseller is not a purveyor of literature merely—a trafficker in folios and duodecimos, as one might traffic in dry-goods and groceries—but he is often a creator in the art, and is always an ardent student, and a sympathetic friend of letters. The history of the Book-trade, to a great extent, would be the record of the growth of literature; while the narrative of its great publishing achievements would be the story of such enterprises as have given a powerful impetus to learning, and furnished a valuable incentive to the diffusion of useful knowledge. "A History of Booksellers" has just been published, which, in some degree, endeavours to do justice to these co-workers in literature. However inadequately it does this, the perusal of its interesting pages will bear out what we have said in regard to the character and qualifications of this class. In the volume we have the instructive story told of the rise and growth of such houses as Murray, Longman, Blackwood, Charles Knight, the Chambers, the Rivingtons, the Nelsons, and other notabilities of the publishing fraternity. While the incidents in the career of these publishers are of interest to the

general reader, the literary student will find the study of the gossip and correspondence of the authors and their publishers of peculiar interest. Nothing brings the author more clearly out in relief, nor gives a better idea, to the public apprehension, of the manner of the man, than to note the concern a writer betrays in the birth and reception of his literary progeny. Whether the child is to live or to die in the public favour, and if the former, what is to be the place assigned for the offspring of his brain, are the living questions which author and publisher are often found discussing. Such topics of interest and like material in the way of literary and trade gossip, the reader will find profusely scattered throughout this History of Book-publishing. As a companion to the *Manuals of English Literature*, the student will not find the work destitute of service; and to such we particularly recommend it.

Mr. Goldwin Smith's article on Female Suffrage, in *Macmillan*, relates to a subject of great political importance in England, and has extensively attracted the notice of the press both there and here. We have accordingly included it among our selections, although, (as is duly acknowledged in a note in *Macmillan*.) a few paragraphs had already appeared in an article on Woman's Rights by the same author, in these columns.