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ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

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OCTOBER, 1879.

THE SCENE OF 'EVANGELINE.'

BY G. A. MACKENZIE.

THERE is no event in the history of this continent which has come down to us clothed with more romantic interest than the expulsion of the French settlers in 1755 from the old Acadian country. A community, simple, happy, and prosperous, living under the patriarchal sway of their clergy, cherishing the legends and habits of rural life in the old world, given to the picturesque observances of their religion, are suddenly removed in a body from the fields which they are peacefully cultivating, on a charge of disaffection to the government to which they have become subject, their property confiscated, their families broken up, and the members thereof dispersed in strange lands, to spend the rest of their days in poverty and neglect. Upon this event, sad enough in its plain realities, the American poet has founded the most touching of his poems. Longfellow is the poet of the family and the fireside. He does not scale the loftier heights of passion, nor explore with subtlety the depths of feeling, but he moves with simplicity and sweetness on the levels of thought where all can walk with him, and simply and sweetly has he told the sorrowful story of 'love in Acadie,' which has made that quiet country-side on the Bay of Fundy known wherever English poetry is read.

Let us for a moment recall the circumstances which led to the strange episode in colonial history out of which the story has sprung. Nova Scotia, or Acadie, was ceded by France to Great Britain at the treaty of Utrecht. With the transfer of territory there was, however, no transfer of the loyalty of the people. It is true they took the oath of allegiance to the King, but with the omission of the clause requiring military service. As military service would have entailed the necessity of bearing arms, not only against their Indian allies, but also their own countrymen, the Acadians steadfastly refused to take the oath without such a modification. Successive Governors gave up in despair the attempt to extort from them a more comprehensive form of submission. In course of time the Acadians began to consider themselves as holding a

peculiar character. They were not independent, they were not French subjects, but neither were they ordinary British subjects. They claimed to be 'neutrals,' and by many of them the laws of 'neutrality' were very freely interpreted against the English. As Canada and Cape Breton remained French, in the intermittent warfare between the two powers which followed the treaty, the Acadian 'neutrals' became a source of serious embarrassment to the colonial government. In any outbreak of hostilities the French could count upon gaining information and even active aid from their countrymen in Acadie. The priests also, who by the indulgence of the English Government, were appointed by the Bishop of Quebec, contributed to keep alive the feeling against England as the enemy of Fatherland and Holy Church. Moreover the English colonists were constantly subjected to attack by the Indians, who were the friends of the French, and whose hostility was fanned by the disaffected amongst the 'neutrals.' On the whole the presence of the French settlers was a cause of continual annoyance and trouble to the colonial government, besides being a serious hindrance to the opening up and settlement of the country. When at last a body of young Acadians were taken in arms at Cumberland, where they had joined an invading French force, the authorities at Halifax, out of all patience, determined to eradicate the French from Nova Scotia at a single stroke, and gave the orders which were carried out at Minas in the manner described in the poem.

The scene of 'Evangeline' is in itself not unworthy of the historic and poetic associations which cluster round it. The district of Minas is at the upper end of the Annapolis valley, in the present Township of Horton. The Basin of Minas, celebrated in the poem, appears on the modern maps of Nova Scotia as the 'Basin of Mines,' or 'Mines Basin;' and the Village of Horton and a railway station called 'Grand Pré'—*Grand Pree* in the dialect of to-day—probably mark the central part of the Acadian village.

The muddy Annapolis flows sluggishly between the North and South mountain ranges of Nova Scotia. It enters the Bay of Fundy at Annapolis Royal, where French and English often met in arms in the old days, and where there is still a mouldering fort, occupied by French and English in turns for many years. The valley of the Annapolis is called the garden of Nova Scotia. It is a good agricultural region, though perhaps it would not be called a garden in a richer country. There is no part of it better than Minas district. As one drives to-day through the pleasant country, so beautifully situated on the sheltered basin, one can readily imagine how attached to their home the Acadian farmers must have been, and with what anguish they must have watched it fade away for ever from their sight. To-day there is an air of prosperity and solid comfort about the whole country-side. The farmers' houses are uniformly large and handsome, overlooking well-cultivated fields and symmetrical rows of vigorous fruit trees.

Five years after the exile of the Acadians, settlers from Connecticut took up the deserted farms. They found ox-carts and the implements of husbandry scattered about the fields, and the bones of cattle which had perished for want of care in the winter. To-day if you enter one of the big comfortable homesteads in Horton, you will probably be received by the grandson or great-grandson of one of these New Englanders, who will give you some facts about the old French village from his scanty store of tradition, and display some relics which the plough has turned up on the sites of Acadian houses.

Probably the person who named 'Wolfville' was a New Englander, and had no sense that there was anything in the name out of harmony

with the associations of the region. It is at Wolfville that the sentimental traveller must quarter himself if he would explore the scene of Evangeline. There, at the Acadia Hotel, he may get a comfortable bed and indigestible meals, and may hire horses at a fancy price. Horses are not scarce in Wolfville; but tourists who take an interest in 'Evangeline' are, and this fact the worthy proprietor of the Acadia Hotel takes into consideration in making his charges. Wolfville is well-to-do and common-place. The Baptists reign supreme there, and possess a magnificent college with a cupola and pillars, all of painted wood, and a seminary for Baptist young ladies.

The road from Wolfville to Horton seems to have been one of the main roads through the Acadian settlement, which, like the villages of Quebec, no doubt straggled over a large extent of ground. The gnarled and decaying trunks of ancient willow trees still stand by the road-side, laid out it may be two hundred years ago by the hands of the immigrants from La Rochelle and Poitou. After passing the fine mansions of Wolfville, surrounded by their great elms, you rise to high ground, and the whole of the historic scene is spread before you.

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the beautiful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmer had raised with labour incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the floodgates
Opened and welcomed the sea, to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain, and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forests old, and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents, and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.

This hillside, sloping gently to the *grand pré*—great prairie—was dotted with rustic houses, 'such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries,' with dormer windows and projecting gables. Imagination may reconstruct the rustic scene as the poet has sketched it; the matrons and maidens sitting in the summer evening at the 'gossiping looms,' in snow-white caps and bright-coloured kirtles: the white-haired priest walking with reverend step, while the children pause to kiss the hand extended to bless them, and the women rise with a glad smile to greet him; the labourers slowly plodding homewards from the fields; the columns of pale blue smoke rising like incense from a hundred hearths, 'the homes of peace and contentment.' All has vanished; but if we try and recall the scene, may we not do it with the poet's fancy?

Away off there is Blomidon, a sullen promontory jutting into the basin, his head wreathed in mist so that you may account him as tall as you will. French and New English, Nova Scotians and Canadians come and go and possess the earth, the ocean is driven back and the forest primeval hewn down, but Blomidon stands guard over the Basin, unmoved and sulky amid all the changes.

And there, a broad peninsula reaching out into the Basin, is the great prairie, first reclaimed from the ocean by the French and afterwards added to by the New Englanders. To the north-west are a few trees and a house or two crowning an eminence, which rises slightly above the general level. That is Long Island, an island only in name now, for the great sea-wall sweeps round and meets it, converting, what was once a wide area of water, dividing it from the shore, into hay-fields. Within the circuit of the outer dike are the older earthworks of the French, the lines which mark the gradual progress of the farmers in their advance upon the ocean, now slowly disappearing under the plough

and harrow. There are no fences to divide the fields of the different landowners. The low, flat plain, basking in the warmth of the hazy summer day, is almost as lonely and still as it must have been after Winslow's ships had sailed away with the Acadians. A few scattered cattle are grazing; a solitary labourer swings his scythe; on the mirror-like surface of the basin beyond, a little sail-boat is becalmed.

I doubt if the tides are allowed to wander at will at stated seasons over the meadow, as Mr. Longfellow asserts. The salt-water does not improve the soil, and, now-a-days at any rate, the inhabitants most jealously bar its entrance. They tell of a great upheaval of the waters some years ago, the 'Saxby tide' as it is called, from one who predicted it, when the whole plain was submerged, and cattle and crops and houses were destroyed. The ocean does not enter at any time with the concurrence of the farmers. They have ingeniously constructed gates, called *abadoes (? à bas d'eau)*, which allow the small streams that intersect the meadow to escape, and close of themselves at the flow of the tide. The dikes are anxiously looked after. An official inspection is made every month, and weak points discovered in the earthen walls are at once strengthened by the united labour of the owners of the reclaimed land.

> Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré!

And indeed the New England soldiers who had the matter in hand did the work of destruction very effectually. A few cellars, which are being gradually filled up, are all that is left to mark the sites of the Acadian houses. Visitors are shown the place where the blacksmith's shop stood—'Basil the blacksmith, who was a mighty man in the village and honoured of all men'—and also the site of the church, and, opposite it on the other side of a former road, the house of the parish priest. The poor man's cellar and well are the sole relics of what seems once to have been a comfortable homestead. Here Col. John Winslow of Massachusetts, the officer whose business it was to remove the Acadians, quartered himself, apparently with satisfactory results. 'As you have taken possession of the friar's house,' wrote his friend Jedediah Prebble from the camp at Cumberland, 'I hope you will execute the office of priest.' 'I rejoice to hear that the lines are fallen to you in pleasant places, and that you have a goodly heritage. I understand that you are surrounded by the good things of this world, and, having a sanctified place for your habitation, hope you will be prepared for the enjoyments of another.'

In the church opposite—the grain grows on its site now—on the 5th September, 1755, all the male inhabitants of the district from ten years old and upwards, were ordered to assemble by a proclamation of Winslow's. They came at the time appointed, little suspecting the fate that was impending. They were shut into the church and Winslow, rising with the Governor's warrant in his hand, announced the purpose for which they had been assembled. He was not a hard-hearted man. He had written to Governor Lawrence at Halifax that the duty laid upon him, though he felt it to be necessary, was a disagreeable one, and he told his prisoners that it was against his natural make and temper. He reminded them of the long indulgence they had obtained at His Majesty's hands; they themselves best knew what use they had made of it. He had simply to deliver to them His Majesty's orders—that their lands and cattle and all their effects, saving money and household goods, should be forfeited to the Crown, and themselves removed from the Province. So overwhelming a calamity had not presented itself as possible to the Acadians, and we may imagine with what sore am-

azement the intimation of it smote upon their hearts.

"As, when the air is serene, in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger,
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted,—
'Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!'
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

The church was turned into a temporary jail where the male Acadians were kept under restraint. Winslow's orders, signed by himself, as to the confinement of the prisoners, are extant. Attached to them is this postscript: 'Sept. 5.—The French people not having with them any provision and many of them pleading hunger, begged for bread, on which I gave them, and ordered that for the future they be supplied by their respective families. Thus ended the memorable fifth day of September, a day of great fatigue and trouble.—J. W.'

The immigrants from Connecticut, on their arrival, searched for the church bell, naturally deeming that it could not have been carried away by the French, but failed to find one. 'So the old folks cal'clated,' as one of their descendants remarked, 'that they couldn't ever have had a bell.' He was not aware, probably, that he was making a damaging charge against Mr. Longfellow.

Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded.

. . . . . while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air.

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower. . . . . &c.

Off to the north-east from the site of the church is the mouth of the Gaspereau, where the English ships lay at anchor. The Gaspereau winds through a lovely vale in which a pretty village nestles, bearing the same name as the river. The river has the peculiarity of all these Acadian streams. As the tide rises it runs up; as it falls, it runs down; and at low tide it is almost empty. A common sight in these parts is a slimy water course meandering gracefully under trees that droop from the banks, but with hardly any water to indicate what it is intended to be. 'I never knew before how much water adds to a river,' says Charles Dudley Warner speaking of one of these streams. All encomiums on Acadian scenery must be taken to apply to the time when the tide is high.

The more modern dikes have extended the farming land beyond the spot where the boats of the English sailors were beached, and where the Acadians were embarked. You may walk to-day for miles on the top of the great solid bank which encloses the shore, once the scene of such sad confusion.

To the Gaspereau's mouth moved on the mournful procession.
There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms with wildest entreaties.

* * * * * *

Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the waggons,
Like to a gipsy camp or a leaguer after a battle,

All escape cut off by the sea and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.

* * * * * *

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky, and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr,
Then as the winds seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred house-tops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
'We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré.'

History gives us these statistics: 255 houses, 276 barns, 11 mills and 1 church were burned by Winslow at Grand-Pré, and 1,923 persons transported from the village and its neighbourhood. By a sort of poetic justice, Winslow and his family, 20 years later, were driven into exile for hostility to America.

Whether so hard a sentence as that described was merited by the Acadian population, it is no part of this paper to decide. But this is certain, that numbers of peaceful and innocent people suffered with the guilty; that an apparently reasonably request to be allowed to choose other homes for themselves, where they might remove with some leisure, seems to have received no recognition; and that, in their transportation and subsequent dispersion, the unfortunate people suffered cruelly.

The Acadians who were landed in Pennsylvania petitioned the King for a legal hearing of their case. Their memorial is a most pathetic document, but it gained them no redress. After asserting their fidelity to the English crown, and setting forth the grounds of their claim for redress, the exiles say: 'We were transported into the English Colonies, and this was done in so much haste and with so little regard to our necessities and the tenderest ties of nature, that from the most social enjoyments and affluent circumstances, many found themselves destitute of the necessaries of life. Parents were separated from their children, and husbands from their wives, some of whom have not to this day met again; and we were so crowded in the transport vessels that we had not room even for all our bodies to lay down at once, and consequently were prevented from carrying with us proper necessaries, especially for the support and comfort of the aged and weak, many of whom ended their misery with their lives. And even those amongst us who had suffered deeply from your Majesty's enemies, on account of their attachment to your Majesty's government, were equally involved in the common calamity, of which René Leblanc, the notary-public before mentioned, is a remarkable instance. He was seized, confined, and brought away among the rest of the people, *and his family, consisting of twenty children and about one hundred and fifty grand-children, were scattered in different colonies, so that he was put on shore at New York with only his wife and two youngest children*, in an infirm state of health, from whence he joined three more of his children at Philadelphia, where he died without any more notice being taken of him than any of us, notwithstanding his many years' labour and deep suffering for your Majesty's service.'

If the district of Minas was once the scene of disaffection, it is gratifying to know that no part of Nova

Scotia is better disposed to the present order of things. May loyalty to the union extend and grow strong throughout the whole country! And let us hope that the prosperous dwellers by the basin of Minas shall never again see ships with hostile purpose rounding Blomidon; that the comfortable homesteads will be safe from the torch of an enemy; that none but friendly feet will ever tread the quiet lanes and smiling fields of Acadie.

GRAND PRÉ.

STILL stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them,
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever,
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy,
Thousand of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labours,
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighbouring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

Longfellow.

THE EMIGRANT'S FAREWELL.

BY GEO. W. FIELD, ELORA.

[The papers have of late been much occupied with the emigration of the better class of farmers, which is now steadily setting into our country from Great Britain. In despair at repeatedly bad harvests, a number have at last made up their minds to try their fortunes in the New World. The grief of those who have already landed, on leaving those homes of which their ancestors, in many cases, had been masters for generations, is said to have been peculiarly poignant.

FARE ye well! old England's hamlets, one long ling'ring last adieu,
While the hills are slowly sinking, merging in the rising blue:
England where I early sported, where life's vig'rous prime was passed,
Where I hoped, amid my fathers' kindred dust to find at last.

Fare you well! old home forever, while we follow yonder star,
Beck'ning brightly on to westward, o'er the ocean hills afar,
On to where the broad St. Lawrence seaward mighty volumes pours,
Sweeping, from the loud Niag'ra, all his inland garnered stores—

On to where the sunset prairies roll to meet their guardian sun;
On to where that bright maid Comfort waits by Labour to be won;
Genial faces there shall greet us; ours by kindly hands be wrung,
Brothers', sisters' voices welcome in the same dear mother tongue.

There are mem'ries, dark and golden, shadow-sprites—a spectral band
Rising wildly, sadly floating round that dim and fading land;
Children, of the wayward fancy, wand'ring restless to and fro,
Gath'ring for the soul the brilliance and the shade of long ago.

It was there we laid our first-born, when Death struck his cruellest blow,
Down by where the meadow brooklet murmurs in its summer flow;
Ah, the flowers we rev'rent planted, how they bloomed and looked so gay
When we paid that falt'ring visit at the sunset yesterday.

Still we fain had proudly hovered 'round those scenes so fondly dear;
Fain we too would stand beside her, when to England danger's near;
But, dark Fortune, 'tis not given man to stem thy fickle tide,
And a willing hand must tarry where the willing skies provide.

And Hope rising points us onward, onward, o'er the waiting sea
Where the Western Queen is smiling on her children brave and free,
Where, from out her palace lonely, ocean-girdled, mountain-crowned,
Canada beams forth her welcome to the nations wond'ring round.

Fare ye well then England's hamlets still may Plenty crown your store,
Still may Freedom guard your portals, as so oft in days of yore;
Still may Valour linger round you, Honour scorn to bow the knee,
Mirth and Comfort and Contentment flourish there eternally.

ARE LEGISLATURES PARLIAMENTS?*

BY WM. LEGGO, OTTAWA.

IT is gratifying to observe that the intellectual progress of Canada is equal to her material advancement. The shelves of the Library of Parliament at Ottawa prove that she possesses men able to write, and that her own history, industries, and elements of wealth furnish varied and ample subjects on which their talents are usefully employed. To those unacquainted with the inner life of Ottawa, the amount of literary and artistic talent moving in its circles is surprising, and if there were but a tolerable certainty that the valuable and interesting information which the numerous highly-educated members of the civil service are able to lay before the public would be published without loss to the writers—saying nothing of profit—a large mass of admirable reading and information, valuable from a national point of view, would soon be placed before the Canadian people. In Ottawa, as the seat of Government, is centered the most reliable and extensive data respecting the Dominion, whether we seek for its history, its sources of wealth, or its development; its educational, its political, or its social progress; and in the departments are found many men of great culture, the best of whose lives have been spent in the public service, and who have necessarily obtained an accuracy and an extent of knowledge on these subjects which no other persons can hope to secure. In the great library,—now numbering 93,000 volumes—in the public archives, and in the departmental appliances, these gentlemen have at command a storehouse of references and authority, as to Canadian matters, unequalled on the Continent; and when we add to the list of opportunities the leisure—we may add the luxurious — leisure which many enjoy, we are inclined to express some surprise, and not a little disappointment, that these great facilities are not more largely used. The answer, however, is at hand. Expressing these views not long since to one of these gentlemen, his reply was—'There is much in what you say,—but you must reflect that, though we may be willing to write without compensation, we can hardly be expected to print gratuitously. The reply means this: that the country is yet too young to support a literature of its own. Works on general subjects are produced in foreign countries, possibly better, certainly cheaper, than they can be in Canada, and works on subjects peculiarly Canadian have not a field sufficiently large to bring a profit either to writer or publisher. Under these circumstances it is gratifying to find that, though thus handicapped, several gentlemen of the civil service have produced valuable books. Chief among these is Mr. Todd, the Librarian of Parliament. He has not permitted the sloth which so frequently attacks departmental officers to destroy his usefulness. Possessing peculiar faculties, and surrounded by exceptional facilities, this most industrious and

*Are Legislatures Parliaments? A Study and Review, by Fennings Taylor, Deputy Clerk and Clerk Assistant to the Senate of Canada, author of 'Sketches of British Americans,' with photographs by Notman; 'The Life and Death of the Honourable T. D'Arcy M'Gee;' 'The Last Three Bishops Appointed by the Crown for the Anglican Church of Canada,' &c.—Montreal: John Lovell 1879.

able official has produced a work of great importance, and of so great value that it is now the leading authority wherever British Parliamentary law prevails. Mr. Todd's 'Parliamentary Government in England' is the *vade mecum* of all public men, not only in England, but also in every colony where representative institutions obtain. He is now preparing a second edition of his work, and he is also engaged in enlarging the *brochure*, 'A Constitutional Governor.' Mr. Bourinot, Clerk Assistant to the House of Commons, has nearly ready for the press a work much needed. It is a singular fact that until the appearance of Mr. Todd's 'Parliamentary Government,' there was no book on the subject even in England, and it is as singular that there does not yet exist a work supplying full and authoritative information on parliamentary practice. Sir Erskine May's work has not so wide or practical a range as Mr. Todd's. Mr. Bourinot's work is intended to supply this want, and as he is an elegant writer, and is intimate with all the technicalities and minutiæ of the proceedings in the Houses of Parliament, his book will, doubtless, prove a valuable contribution to the legal works of the country. Mr. Fennings Taylor, of the Senate, Mr. Russell, of the Crown Lands Department of Ontario, Mr. LeSueur, of the Post Office Department, Mr. Morgan, of the Archives Office, Mr. E. A. Meredith, LL.D., late Deputy Minister of the Interior, the late Col. Coffin, Receiver-General, Mr. Griffin, Deputy Postmaster-General, Lieut.-Col. White, of the Post Office Department, Col. Gray, lately in the public service, but now Chief Justice of British Columbia, and Mr. F. A. Dixon, the writer of the charming plays produced at Rideau Hall during Lord Dufferin's administration, and of the 'Masque of Welcome,' sung before His Excellency the Marquis of Lorne and Her Royal Highness the Princess Louise, shortly after their arrival in Canada, are examples of officers who have contributed in various degrees to the literature of Canada. Their work has been produced chiefly for magazines, and is to some extent fugitive, but they, and many others, require only the incentive of protection from loss to stimulate them to productions of a more solid character. Next to Mr. Todd, among the gentlemen of the civil service, stands Mr. Fennings Taylor as a writer on important subjects. His works forming the caption of this article are well known to every Canadian student, and his last effort, 'Are Legislatures Parliaments?' we now propose to discuss. Canadians may feel proud that the peculiar system known as the 'Confederacy' of Canada is attracting constant notice wherever British institutions are known or studied. So important is it in the eyes of all statesmen that its working is being anxiously watched in Europe, and the most far-seeing public men are drawing lessons from its progress. Remarkable articles in the last two numbers of the *Westminster Review*, on 'The Federation of the English Empire,' take the Dominion of Canada as a model upon which the writer proposes to confederate all the possessions of Great Britain. That the principle of constitutional, or, as it is popularly though erroneously termed, 'responsible' government has been more fully and more rapidly developed in Canada than in Britain itself, is a curious and suggestive fact, since it proves that in Canada the elements from which the highest form of popular government yet discovered has been constructed exist in a purity and fulness hitherto unknown in any other country. Any work, therefore, which adds to our knowledge of the political history of Canada,—which throws any light on her institutions, or corrects any popular errors as to her governmental working, will be received with gratitude, and be read with avidity by all classes. Every fre-

quenter of the lobbies and galleries of the Houses of Parliament must be struck by the very superficial knowledge possessed by many of the members, both of the Commons and Senate, of the political history of the country for which they are legislating, and even of the meaning or usefulness of many of the proceedings in which they are hourly taking part. To our legislators especially, such works as those of Mr. Todd, Mr. Fennings Taylor, and Mr. Bourinot, should be familiar.

Mr. Taylor is well known as a ripe scholar and an elegant and forcible writer. His style is peculiarly graceful, and his language a model of taste and perspicuity. He expresses his thoughts with great lucidity and strength, and his work, though on a comparatively dry subject, is rendered attractive, even to the listless reader, by his beauty of expression. His great experience as a superior officer of the Senate, and the opportunities which an intimate acquaintance with all the leading statesmen of Canada have afforded him of acquiring a minute and accurate knowledge of political matters render him a most fitting exponent of the important subject with which in this, perhaps his best production, he has so elaborately dealt.

What is the difference between a 'Parliament' and a 'Legislature?' If there be any, is it a merely verbal one, or does it involve matters of consequence? These are the questions proposed to himself by Mr. Taylor, and the book of 208 pages now before us is his reply. The preface is a brief condensation of the answer. It tells us that:

'The inquiry which has suggested what follows is a very interesting and important one, for it includes a good deal more than a question of grammatical construction, and rises much higher than a mere play on the value of terms that are commonly accepted as interchangeable. There need be no controversy on the etymology of the words in our title page, for their origin and derivation can easily be traced. It may at once be admitted that they are popularly regarded as synonymous and convertible; nor can their relationship be questioned, for the "business of law-making" is necessarily interlaced with, and necessarily includes, the duty of talking and consulting. But the question we propose to examine refers less to the ordinary kinship than to the official use of the two words "Legislature" and "Parliament." Such examination is the more necessary as the suggested meaning of these words, as supplied by the English Statutes, is by no means identical with their common meaning, as given in the English dictionaries. Nor does this divergence exhaust our embarrassment, for the two words have been differently employed, and, consequently, differently interpreted by the Parliament of the United Kingdom, and by the Legislatures of the Colonies. Were the distinctions thus drawn only verbal, they would scarcely deserve attention. But they are not so. On the contrary, the Imperial Parliament has placed an exact and limited meaning on these initial words, which has either escaped the notice of, or has not been assented to by, the Provincial Legislatures; and, as the distinction made by the former includes some important consequences to the latter, it may be worth while to give the whole subject a patient examination. Indeed, the law of the case can scarcely be interpreted apart from the history of the case, and the latter can only be gathered by a careful reference to the practice of the Legislatures, as it is found in the Journals and Records of the Provinces, and these, again, must be studied with the aid of those lights which, actually or presumably, have been shed on them by Ministers of the Crown in England.'

In illustration of his argument, Mr. Taylor cites three important Imperial Statutes, the Act 31 Geo. III., 1791, commonly known as 'The Constitutional Act of 1791,' which divided the Province of Quebec into the two Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada; the Act 3rd and 4th Victoria, 1840, which re-united these Provinces, and formed the Province of

Canada; and the Confederation Act of 1867, cited as 'The British North America Act, 1867.' In the first of these Acts nowhere is the word 'Parliament' used as a term applicable to the new system, nor is the word 'Legislature' anywhere used as an alternative expression, much less as an equivalent one for the word 'Parliament.' The same remark may be made as to the Act of 1840. Both Acts were passed to aid His Majesty, by and with the advice and consent of the Legislative Council and Assembly, to make laws for the peace, welfare, and good government of the inhabitants of the respective Provinces. They conferred no 'powers,' no 'privileges,' no 'immunities,' beyond the power to make laws. The functions of the Legislatures created by these Acts were, in a certain sense, municipal, and they had no powers except those specially declared by them, or such as were necessary for their due and orderly management. Every Statute of the Legislature was declared to be passed under the authority of the supreme authority of the Empire—the Parliament of England. This seat of all British power possessed a variety of 'powers,' 'privileges' and 'immunities' with which centuries of use, or custom, had supplied it, but these were not conferred on the Legislatures created in Canada, either in 1791 or in 1840. The Imperial power reserved the gift of these attributes until 1867, when the Dominion was established, and a 'Parliament' created supplied with all the adjuncts of the British institution of which it was made as perfect a copy as circumstances would permit. The framers of the Constitutional Acts of 1791 and 1840, and of the Confederation Act of 1867, carefully preserved the distinction between the terms 'Parliament' and 'Legislature.' The Assemblies of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, created by the Act of 1791; that of the Province of Canada, created by the Act of 1840; and those of the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, created by the Act of 1867, as well as those of Prince Edward Island, Manitoba, and British Columbia, which subsequently came into Confederation, are in no instance spoken of as 'Parliaments' or as parts of a 'Parliament.' It is only when the ruling power of the Dominion is created—when the legislative bodies of the Commons and Senate are spoken of—that the word 'Parliament' is introduced, and then the draftsman is careful to give to the first Parliament ever created in British North America by express words all the 'privileges, immunities and powers' possessed by the Imperial Parliament.

Mr. Taylor, therefore, argues that the British North America Act, 1867, should be regarded as the interpreter of the Acts of 1791 and 1840, since it not only uses the words 'Parliament' and 'Legislature,' but for the first time, it defines their meaning, and points at their powers. He then deduces the conclusion 'that as a Legislature is a body distinguished from, and not identical with, a Parliament, so must it be ruled by the conditions of its creation, and not by the conditions under which the body from which it is distinguished was created. A Parliament possesses hereditary as well as inherent right. A Legislature possesses only a charter right; for it has no other or higher powers than those contained in the Act under which it is established, and therefore its authority, like the authority of a municipality, is absolutely limited by the law.' Mr. Taylor then draws the somewhat alarming inference that the 'privileges, immunities, and powers' claimed by the Legislatures of Upper Canada and of Lower Canada, under the Act of 1791, by that of Canada under the Act of 1840, and by the several Provinces confederated, under the Act of 1867, were, and are unjustly claimed, and if contested would

have been, or will yet be, held by the Supreme Court of Canada, and by the Privy Council of England, to be unwarrantable assumptions of an arbitrary and absolutely illegal authority. What are these 'privileges, immunities, and powers?' They are not distinctly stated, but we gather that they consist chiefly of freedom by the members from arrest for debt—the right to imprison for contempt of the House—freedom from prosecution, civil or criminal, for words spoken in debate—and access at all reasonable times to the Executive Head of the Government.

The account given by Mr. Taylor of the assumption of these large powers by the Legislature of Upper Canada, is highly interesting. The first Lieut.-Governor of that Province was John Graves Simcoe, Esq., Lord Dorchester, late Guy Carleton, Esq., being Captain-General and Governor-in-Chief in and over the whole of Canada, then known as the Province of Quebec. The first Session of the first Provincial Parliament of the new Province of Upper Canada met at Newark, now Niagara, on the 17th of September, 1792. The Legislature consisted of a Legislative Council of seven, and a House of Assembly of sixteen members. The first journal of the Council opens thus:—

'NEWARK, Monday, 17th Sept. 1792.

'Prayers were read by the Rev. Mr. Stewart.

'Present:

'The Honourable
'William Osgoode,
'James Baby,
'Robert Hamilton,
'Richard Cartwright, jr.
'John Munro,
'Alexander Grant,
'Peter Russell.'

The House was a full one—all the sixteen members being present—John Macdonell, one of the members of Glengarry, was elected Speaker. On his election, the House, in obedience to the command of the Lieutenant-Governor, attended at the bar of the Legislative Council. The three estates, King, Lords and Commons, of the Imperial Parliament, were then reproduced in miniature,—Mr. Simcoe being 'King,' the Legislative Council being 'Lords,' and the Legislative Assembly being the 'Commons.' 'Thus, according to Governor Simcoe's view of the occasion, were the three estates of the Upper Canada Legislature, consisting of twenty-four persons, assembled to make laws for the peace, welfare, and good government of the Province.' They met in a log-house, and it is said occasionally adjourned to the adjoining woods to escape the heat of their small 'House of Parliament.' The modesty and simplicity of the building were, however, amply compensated by the grandeur and dignity of the ceremonies of the occasion, and by the lofty tone of the 'Speech from the Throne.' His Excellency thus addressed the two Houses:—

'*Honourable Gentlemen of the Legislative Council, and Gentlemen of the House of Assembly:*

'I have summoned you together under the authority of an Act of the Parliament of Great Britain, passed in the last year, and which has established the British Constitution, and also the forms which secure and maintain it in this distant country.

'The wisdom and beneficence of our Most Gracious Sovereign and the British Parliament have been eminently proved, not only in imparting to us the same form of government, but also in securing the benefit by the many provisions that guard this memorable Act, so that the blessing of our invaluable Constitution, thus protected and amplified, we may hope, may be established to the remotest posterity.

'The great and momentous trusts and duties which have been committed to the representatives of this Province, in a degree infinitely beyond whatever till this period have distinguished any other colony, have originated from the British nation upon a just consideration of the energy and hazard with which the inhabitants of this Province have so conspi-

cuously supported and defended the British Constitution.

'It is from the same patriotism now called upon to exercise with due deliberation and foresight the various offices of the civil administration that your fellow subjects of the British Empire expect the foundation of that union of industry and wealth, of commerce and power, which may last through all succeeding ages. The natural advantages of the Province of Upper Canada are inferior to none on this side of the Atlantic; there can be no separate interest through its whole extent; the British form of Government has prepared the way for its speedy colonization, and I trust that your fostering care will improve the favourable situation, and that a numerous and agricultural people will speedily take possession of a soil and climate which, under the British laws, and the munificence with which His Majesty has granted the lands of the Crown, offer such superior advantages to all who shall live under its government.'

These great utterances fell on grateful ears. The twenty-three gentlemen, to whom they were addressed, had been suddenly constituted the ruling power over a country whose extent and natural wealth exceeded a thousand fold the area and wealth of many a European Kingdom, holding high seats in the great councils of the nations of the world. They found themselves the very counterparts of the two greatest deliberative assemblies of the globe. To them was confided the important trust of building up a great empire, having almost a continent for their territory. In their hands was placed the power of fashioning a political system worthy of the great country from which the precious gift had proceeded, and they may be excused if, on the first impulse of a laudable pride, they took positions, which now bear the appearance of arrogant assumption. Here in the humble log-shanty of the modest little village of Newark was planted on the 17th September, 1792, the germ which in three fourths of a century, produced on the 1st July, 1867, the great Confederacy now favourably known and mentioned with respect in all parts of the globe —the Dominion of Canada.

And now was committed the initial error which, according to Mr. Taylor, has run like a dark thread through the systems of all the British North American provinces—the Lieut.-Governor took delight in proclaiming the new system to be the 'image and transcript of the British Constitution,' and without considering whether he, or the assembly, possessed the power they, with his assistance, instantly appropriated all the 'privileges, immunities, and powers,' with which the British Houses of Parliament were undoubtedly endowed. The first step in the appropriation was the presentation of the Speaker of the Assembly to his Excellency for his approval, when, following British practice, he formally approved of the selection, and solemnly promised that the members of the House should 'enjoy freedom of debate, access to his person, and privilege from arrest.' The privileges of the British Houses were here formally tendered to the new Assembly, but we look in vain for the authority of his Excellency thus to confer important civil rights upon a select body of men, which were denied to their fellow-citizens,—rights too, which, as between a member and his creditor, might be used to the serious injustice of the latter. No authority for this grant is to be found in the Constitutional Act of 1791, or in his Excellency's Commission, or in the Royal Instructions, and Mr. Taylor therefore concludes that the grant was a mere nullity. Mr. Taylor uses the following strong language in summing up the arguments on this point:

'Thus it would seem that Governor Simcoe made a serious mistake when, in the absence of law and authority, he used the king's name without leave to do what the king personally was powerless to perform, for His Majesty would not screen debtors from their creditors. In the absence of law the king could not authorize the arrest, imprisonment, or fine,

of offenders by such self-constituted courts as Legislative Assemblies, any more than he could do so under the authority of such statutory corporations as County Councils. Neither could he by any exercise of personal authority confer on such assemblies privileges to which they were not entitled by law, which governors were powerless to bestow, and which the Sovereign and Parliament of England evidently did not intend they should possess.'

On Monday, the 15th October, 1792, the Lieut.-Governor after assenting to a number of bills, closed his speech proroguing the House as follows :—

'I particularly recommend to you to explain that the Province is singularly blessed not with a mutilated constitution, but with a constitution which has stood the test of experience, and as the very image and transcript of that of Great Britain, by which she has long established and secured to her subjects as much freedom and happiness as it is possible to be enjoyed under the subordination necessary to civilized society.'

The ambitious style which the new authorities from the first adopted has led to an extravagance in expenditure which is now causing serious attention in the several provinces of the Confederacy. The example of the Lieut.-Governor in inaugurating the elaborate system, having been copied in Upper Canada, and followed in the other provinces, has doubtless had much to do with the useless and disproportionate expense of carrying on the Government of the several Provinces of which the people are now beginning to complain. In some of the Provinces the Legislative Council has been abandoned, without loss to Governmental efficiency, and with much gain in pecuniary outlay. But a feeling is daily gaining ground that the Local Legislatures possessing in reality little more than municipal powers are entirely too expensive—that the whole system is too elaborate and costly, and that ere long it must be reduced to simpler forms, and a more economical expenditure. It is curious that this public feeling, which is yearly gaining force, brings us back to exactly the form of government which the British Parliament in 1791 supposed it was creating in Upper Canada. There is nothing in the Constitutional Act of that year leading us to suppose that the Government would have been worked on any other than municipal lines. Mr. Simcoe in his desire to have the 'very image' of the highly elaborated and expensive British Constitution established among a very youthful and poor people, cast aside the unassuming garb of a municipality and decked the feeble and tottering infant in all the gold and silver, the purple and fine linen of the Imperial parent. It was a fatal error, and has produced a system so expensive and burdensome to the people that now, seeing the provincial machinery to be like a steam trip hammer provided to crush a fly, they are growing restive under the needless expense, and will soon be clamouring for a radical change. If this change be made, it will, as has already been intimated, be but a return to the original intention of the Imperial Parliament, and the sooner the return be made the better for the country.

On Monday, the 17th December, 1792, the Legislature of Lower Canada assembled under the Constitutional Act of 1791, Major-General Sir Alured Clarke being the Lieut.-Governor. The Legislative Council was composed of fifteen members, and the House of Assembly of fifty members. The Councillors present were:

The Honourable William Smith, Chief Justice of the Province and Speaker of the House.

Hugh Finley,	Joseph de Longueuil,
Picotte de Bellestre,	Charles de Lanaudiere,
Thomas Dunn,	George Parnall,
Edward Harrison,	R. A. de Boucherville,
Francois Baby,	John Fraser,
John Collins,	Henry Caldwell.
J. G. Chaussegros de Lery,	

Here too, the error was committed of assuming the name and *rôle* of a Parliament. The words employed in the first journals of the Council are :

'At the Provincial Parliament begun and holden at Quebec, in pursuance of an Act passed in the Parliament of Great Britain.'

On being presented to His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Panet, the Speaker of the Assembly, made the following demand :

'I most humbly claim, in the name of the House of Assembly, the freedom of speech, and generally all the privileges and liberties that are enjoyed by the Commons of Great Britain, our mother country.'

This was received by His Excellency with more caution than was exhibited a few months before by his brother Governor of Upper Canada, as his reply was :

'The House may depend on being allowed the full exercise and enjoyment of all just rights and lawful privileges.'

But though the Lieutenant-Governor of Lower Canada was more guarded in his offer of privileges than Mr. Simcoe had been, it does not appear that his House of Assembly was less disposed than that of the Upper Province to assume all the immunities of the British House. The members immediately commenced a system of self-appropriations, until, at length, the popular belief in their right to retain what they had really filched became permanently fixed, and the practice of the two Provinces became identical.

No opposition was made to these assumptions until 1812, for no occasion had until then arisen to test the question of authority. On the 11th February, 1812, a letter from Alexander McDonell, Esq., member for Glengarry, to the Speaker of the Upper Canada Assembly, was read in the House, in which that gentleman complained that William Warren Baldwin had grossly and flagrantly violated the privileges of that honourable body by issuing as Deputy Clerk of the Crown, and endorsing and placing in the hands of the Sheriff of the Home District, as Attorney-at-Law, a writ for the purpose of arresting Mr. McDonell in the month of July preceding. He further stated that the Deputy Sheriff told Mr. Baldwin when the writ was lodged, that as a member of the House of Assembly, Mr. McDonell was privileged from arrest :—this, Mr. Baldwin denied, and insisted on his complying implicitly with the tenor of the writ. The Sheriff declined. He further stated, that as Mr. Baldwin was, as Master in Chancery, the organ of communication from the Legislative Council to the Legislative Assembly, his violation of privilege was the less pardonable, and he submitted to the House that Mr. Baldwin should be declared a violator of the privileges of the House.

Proceedings were taken on this letter. Mr. Baldwin was summoned to the bar, but before he could attend he was further charged on the motion of Mr. Gough, seconded by Mr. Rodgers, with having been guilty of a false, scandalous, audacious, contemptuous libel of the House, by publicly charging the House, in the hearing of several members thereof, with injustice to his father, Robert Baldwin, one of the Commissioners for amending and reforming the public highways and roads for the District of Newcastle. But three of seventeen members in attendance, of a House of twenty, voted against this extraordinary resolution. A motion, declaring Mr. Baldwin guilty of a breach of the privileges of the House by suing out a *capias* for the arrest of Mr. McDonell, was then carried. These resolutions having been communicated to the Legislative Council, that body immediately dismissed Mr. Baldwin from its service as one of its officers, without discussion. Mr. Taylor thus comments on this remarkable exhibition of power :

'Indeed, when it is borne in mind that

the Chief Justice of the Province was the Speaker of the Legislative Council, it almost justifies the impression that the Upper Canada Legislature was most anxious to repress inquiry, and to intimidate, and run to earth, any one who should venture to make it. Though the Legislative Council abstained from expressing an opinion, it evidently concurred with the House of Assembly in treating the question of the "privileges, immunities, and powers" of their respective bodies as a sealed question, which no one should be permitted to open, and as a settled question which even the courts of law should not be allowed to disturb by their intervention, or destroy by their judgment.'

Having asserted their assumed rights, the Assembly begged the Council to restore Mr. Baldwin to his position as Master in Chancery, which was immediately done, and thus the matter ended. It does not appear that the question was carried before the courts, and the Houses remained victors.

From this period to 1817, changes were made in the formula adopted by the Speakers both in Upper and Lower Canada, in claiming the privileges of the Houses at the opening of the Legislatures. Mr. Taylor suspects, for there is no direct evidence of the fact, that these modifications were suggested by the Imperial authorities. The replies too were more guarded and the premises were narrowed. In the Lower Province the answer came to be this: 'The Governor-in-Chief will always respect the just rights and constitutional privileges of the Assembly,' or 'The Governor-in-Chief recognizes the accustomed and constitutional rights and privileges of the Assembly.' In Upper Canada, the reply settled down to 'The Lieutenant-Governor grants, and upon all occasions will recognise and allow their constitutional privileges.'

These words, it will be seen, were vague. Nothing was definite, the Assembly now possessed privileges to which they were entitled, leaving them entirely undefined. The change was unpalatable to the Houses, and they chafed greatly at the narrowing effect of the granting words, which were in striking contrast with the broad and extensive expressions of Mr. Simcoe. In 1817, the Upper Canada House made a strenuous effort to commit the Lieutenant-Governor to as wide an expression, as the first Lieutenant-Governor had approved of, and on the 4th February of that year, Mr. Nichol, seconded by Mr. Burwell, moved:

'That the Speaker do demand from the Lieutenant-Governor, the rights and privileges of this House as amply as they are enjoyed by the House of Commons of Great Britain.'

And the motion was carried unanimously. But this arrogant demand was met by an evasive answer. The Assembly was politely assured 'that their privileges should be respected,' leaving them as before, undetermined. Though this form of reply, which meant nothing, was preserved till 1841, it must not be supposed that in practice the Assembly either forgot or yielded up the extensive immunities they claimed. They actually enjoyed them to as full an extent as if they were inherent, and had never been questioned.

But a change came. The advent of Lord Sydenham marks an era in the history of the question now under discussion. The Act of 1791 did not direct how a Speaker of the Assembly was to be chosen. Mr. Simcoe therefore naturally adopted the forms of the British House of Commons. These suggested that, before the Speaker could be said to be fully in possession of his powers, his election should be approved by the Lieutenant-Governor—this involved presentation to His Excellency, and the prayer for privileges, and their grant, including the important one that was subsequently challenged by Mr. Baldwin—freedom from arrest. It has been shewn that this immunity had been gradually withdrawn, though not in specific terms. A diluted form of expression had come into use which meant any-

thing or nothing. In November, 1827, an incident occurred which led up to the change inaugurated by Lord Sydenham in 1841. On the second day of that month the Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau was re-elected Speaker of the House of Assembly of Lower Canada. Bitter personal differences then existed between him and the Governor-in-Chief, the Earl of Dalhousie. When Mr. Papineau, in accordance with established usage, presented himself at the bar of the Legislative Council, for approval, the Speaker of the Council, by command of the Governor, used language which to us seems nothing less than shocking; he said to Mr. Papineau that 'The claim made by the Assembly was disallowed, and they were to go back and choose another person for their Speaker.' This outrage, of which English history furnishes but two examples, one in the Tudor, the other in the Stuart times, was met in the only way possible, by the instant re-election of Mr. Papineau. Lord Dalhousie was properly humiliated and he took the only course open to him; he prorogued the Legislature by proclamation, resigned, and returned to England. He was succeeded by Sir James Kempt, who having no objection to Mr. Papineau approved his election. These proceedings gave rise to much discussion, and the Assembly passed several resolutions which clearly proved that the claim for the 'privileges, immunities, and powers' of the British House of Commons had no solid foundation. In Mr. Taylor's words, 'Their adoption has destroyed a fiction that apparently has been firmly believed and fondly cherished, viz: that the Legislature of Lower Canada, like the Imperial Parliament, derived its privileges from the Common Law of England, whereas, the resolutions, by implication, if not actually, declared that it was created by a special Statute, and that therefore it was controlled by the obligations of a modern law, and not by forms derived only from ancient custom.' This episode in the parliamentary history of Canada led, it is believed, to the change of procedure which took place in 1841. It came now to be understood that in the words of a resolution adopted by the Lower Canada House, 'the approval of Mr. Speaker by His Excellency was an act of courtesy, and not an obligation of law.'

Now we come to the Statute reuniting the two Canadas. This is the Imperial Act of 3 & 4 Vic., c. 35, passed 23rd July, 1840, which went into effect on the 10th February, 1841. By sec. 33 the Legislative Assembly is empowered to elect a Speaker. The first House, under the new Act, met on 14th January, 1841, and after an animated debate it was determined that the Speaker need not be presented to His Excellency for approval, but in answer to the stereotyped prayer for 'privileges' Lord Sydenham replied that 'he grants, and on all occasions will recognize and allow, their constitutional privileges.' His Excellency cautiously avoided any explicit enumeration of the privileges thus granted, and they were left by him still undetermined. The matter remained in this state until 'The British North America Act, 1867,' created the Confederacy known as the Dominion of Canada, and in direct terms gave to it a Parliament, and not a Legislature. Section 18 provides that 'The privileges, immunities and powers to be held, enjoyed, and exercised by the Senate and by the House of Commons and by the members thereof respectively, shall be such as are from time to time defined by Act of the Parliament of Canada, but, so that the same shall never exceed these at the passing of the Act held, enjoyed and exercised by the Commons House of Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and by the members thereof.' Doubts having arisen with regard to the power of defining these privileges by a Canadian Act, the clause was repealed by 38 & 39 Vic.,

c. 38, 19th July, 1875, and this one was substituted. 'The privileges, immunities and powers to be held, enjoyed and exercised by the Senate and by the House of Commons, and by the members thereof respectively, shall be such as are from time to time defined by Act of the Parliament of Canada, but so that any Act of the Parliament of Canada defining such privileges, immunities and powers shall not confer any privileges, immunities or powers exceeding those at the passing of such Act, held, enjoyed and exercised by the Commons House of Parliament of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and by the members thereof.' What are these privileges? We can authoritatively answer the question by referring to the Lords' Journal of 1874 where we find the following entry :—When Mr. Brand was re-elected Speaker of the House of Commons, after the Lord Chancellor, on Her Majesty's behalf, had approved of the choice, Mr. Brand said: 'I submit myself with all humility and gratitude to Her Majesty's gracious commands, and it is now my duty in the name and on the behalf of the Commons of the United Kingdom, to lay claim, by humble petition to Her Majesty, to all their ancient and undoubted rights and privileges, particularly to freedom of speech in debate,—to freedom from arrest of their persons and servants; to free access to Her Majesty when occasion shall require; and that the most favourable construction should be put upon all their proceedings, and with regard to myself I pray that if any error shall be committed it may be imputed to myself, and not to Her Majesty's Loyal Commons.' Such are the privileges of the Senate and Commons of Canada at this moment.

We will now enquire into those of the several Provinces forming the Confederacy. Canadians of the present day will smile at the following account which Mr. Taylor gives us of the state of public feeling in 1818, and of the cool assumption of power by the Assembly of Upper Canada. The battle for civil rights had commenced—the war against the Family Compact had been inaugurated; the Tories of the day arrogated to themselves all the loyalty of the times. The Liberals were stigmatized as 'Hickory Yankees,' 'English Luddites,' 'Scotch Radicals,' 'Irish Exiles,' and they were soon called 'Rebels.' These, in order to ventilate their grievances, and force from the Tories, who filled all the positions of power and all the avenues to them, at least a portion of the civil liberty which should have been equally divided, called a CONVENTION OF DELEGATES to consider the state of public affairs. This alarming proposition was looked upon by the Tories as but one step removed from rebellion. The Lieut.-Governor, Sir Peregrine Maitland, caught the infection, and on opening the Legislature at the then town of Muddy York—now the beautiful City of Toronto—said

> 'Should it appear that a convention of delegates cannot exist without danger to the Constitution, in forming a law of prevention, your dispassionate wisdom will be careful that it shall not unwarily trespass on the sacred right of the subject to seek a redress of his grievances by petition.'

This invitation to active interference bore the ridiculous fruit of a resolution moved in the House by Mr. Jones, seconded by Mr. Vankoughnet, in these words—

> 'Resolved, that no known member of the meeting of persons styling themselves Delegates from the different districts of this Province shall be allowed a seat within the bar of this House.'

This monstrous assumption of the right of expulsion was actually carried almost unanimously—two members only, Mr. Secord and Mr. Casey, voting against it. It does not seem, however, that any occasion occurred for acting upon it, but its passage is a curious revelation of the ideas of power held by the Assembly of Upper Canada

sixty years ago. At this stage of his work, Mr. Taylor gives us a graphic sketch of the rise of Constitutional, or as it is generally termed 'Responsible Government' in Canada. The account is too long for reproduction, and any *resumé* would do it an injustice. It is alone worth the price of the book, and is a valuable contribution to the history of that principle. It is, however, germane to the enquiry, 'Are Legislatures Parliaments?' because as Mr. Simcoe, in 1792, without authority, assumed to clothe the Provincial Legislature with the privileges, powers and immunities of the Imperial House of Commons, so, in 1842, Sir Charles Bagot, Governor-General of the Province of Canada, in the face of instructions to the contrary, given to preceding Governors by the Colonial Office, established, in fact, if not in words, the system of Responsible Government in this country. In both cases the gifts were in excess of the authority of the donors, but they were acquiesced in by the Imperial authorities, though the first was secured with but little remonstrance, while the second was acquired only after a violent and protracted struggle. Mr. Taylor concludes his fifth chapter in the following glowing words :—

'Though separated by an interval of fifty years, Governors Simcoe and Sir Charles Bagot seem to have been alike desirous of raising the Local Legislatures to the highest rank, and to this end to clothe them with the attributes of Parliament. Those eminent men, with the intuition of statesmen, apparently saw, though afar off, to what authority those limited inquests would eventually grow, and hence they did not hesitate by word and deed to promote, as far as in them lay, whatever way best suited, to advance and strengthen such growth. We are witnesses of what has taken place, and if we are wise we shall contentedly appreciate the greater freedom our political institutions have acquired and fuller consideration we have consequently won. In passing, it may be noted that Governor Simcoe and Sir Charles Bagot were of the same political school, and held sympathetic opinions of the value to the Empire of "ships, colonies and commerce." They were both Tories. Both were large-hearted and open-handed rulers. They withheld nothing it was in their power to grant, and even when under the guidance of an attractive illusion, they professed to bestow what they had not the right to give, the intention betrayed a generous and far-seeing purpose—for its aim was to promote the happiness of the Canadian people, and not to advance the private or selfish ends of their rulers. Superfine cynics say of such persons and of others like-minded, that they belong to the "Stupid Party." It would be easy to exchange sneer for sneer and answer such imputations in words conveniently chosen from the vocabulary of Scorn. But it is not necessary; for, were the reproach true, it would not change the fact that Canada is as much, and many think more, indebted to the party thus defamed than to the party of its defamers for the most valuable and enduring parts in her system of Constitutional Government.'

The privileges of the Provincial Legislature can now be easily settled. The recent case of *Landers* v. *Woodworth** throws much light on the vexed question. It had been decided by the English Privy Council in the case of *Beaumont* v. *Barrett* † that the power of punishing contempts is inherent in every Assembly possessing a supreme legislative authority—whether they are such as tend indirectly to obstruct their proceedings, or directly to bring their authority into contempt. The Houses of Assembly in Jamaica, being possessed of supreme legislative authority over that island and its dependencies, have such power, and were therefore justified in committing a party guilty of publishing certain libellous paragraphs, which had been resolved a breach of the privileges of the House, to prison. The later case, however, of *Kielley* v. *Carson*‡ distinctly overruled *Beaumont* v. *Barrett*. It was there held that the

* 2 Canada Supreme Court Reports, 158.
† 1 Moore P. C. Cases, 59.
‡ 4 Moore P. C. C. 63.

House of Assembly of the island of Newfoundland does not possess, as a legal incident, the power of arrest, with a view of adjudication on a contempt committed out of the House; but only such powers as are reasonably necessary for the proper exercise of its functions and duties as a local legislature. And it was further intimated that the British House of Commons possesses this power only by virtue of ancient usage and presumption, the *lex et consuetudo parliamenti*. In *Fenton* v. *Hampton** it was held that the *lex et consuetudo parliamenti* applies exclusively to the House of Lords and House of Commons in England, and is not conferred upon a Supreme Legislative Assembly of a Colony or Settlement by the introduction of the Common Law of England into the Colony. No distinction in this respect exists between Colonial Legislative Councils and Assemblies, whose power is derived by grant from the Crown, or created under the authority of an Act of the Imperial Parliament. In that case the contempt consisted in refusing to appear before a Committee of the Legislative Assembly of Van Dieman's Land to give evidence. In the still more recent case of *Doyle* v. *Falconer*† it was held that the Legislative Assembly of the island of Dominica does not possess the power of punishing a contempt, though committed in its presence and by one of its members. Such authority does not belong to a Colonial House of Assembly by analogy to the *lex et consuetudo parliamenti*, which is inherent in the two Houses of Parliament in the United Kingdom, or to a Court of Justice, which is a Court of Record—a Colonial House of Assembly having no judicial functions. There can be no doubt that on the authority of these decisions the case of *McNab* v. *Bidwell & Baldwin** would not now be considered as law. It was there held that the House of Assembly of Upper Canada had a constitutional right to call persons before it for the purpose of obtaining information; and if the House adjudged the conduct of such persons, in answering or refusing to answer before a Select Committee to be a contempt, it had the right of imprisoning them.

As to immunity from arrest, it was held in *The Queen* v. *Gamble & Boulton*† that a member of the Provincial Legislature was privileged from arrest in civil cases, and that the period for which the privilege lasted, was the same as in England; but this has been modified by local legislation for section 38 of chapter 12 of the Revised Statutes of Ontario provides, that 'Except for any breach of this Act, no member of said Assembly (the Legislative Assembly) shall be liable to arrest, detention, or molestation, for any debt or cause whatever of a civil nature within the legislative authority of this Province, during any Session of the Legislature, or during the twenty days preceding, or the twenty days following such Session.'

The law may now therefore be briefly summed up thus: The privileges, immunities and powers of the members of the Dominion House of Commons and of the Senate are precisely the same as those of the Imperial Houses of Parliament, and they are enumerated by Mr. Brand, Speaker of the Commons in 1874, as we have already shewn. Those of the Legislative Assemblies and Councils of the several Provinces are confined to the right to remove any person, whether a member or a stranger, from their Chamber, who is obstructing their proceedings; but they have no power to punish by imprisonment for any such contempt; nor have they the power to commit for disobedience of

* 11 Moore P. C. C. 347.
† Law Reports, 1 Privy Council Cases in Appeal, 328.

* Draper, Upper Canada Reports, 144.
† 9 Upper Canada Queen's Bench Reports, 546.

a mandate to attend and give evidence. The immunity from arrest is given in Ontario by the Statute we have already noticed.

The subject is highly important, involving as it does, the liberty of the subject, and the country is deeply indebted to Mr. Taylor for the industry and ability exhibited in his treatment of it, since we now know precisely what constitutes a Parliament, and what a Legislature, and their members need no longer be in doubt as to the extent of their privileges, their immunities, or their powers.

ON THE BEACH.

BY GOWAN LEA.

SO thick the mist is hanging round,
Vast ocean is not seen;
But we may hear her rolling wave,
And mark where she hath been.

The veil is rent; a gleam of light;
The forest lands appear!—
Again the brooding vapours dip;
Earth looks more hopeless, drear.

As mist upon the mountain-side;
Or as the tidal flow;
So Doubt within the human breast,
Arising, falling low.

The pulse of Nature, Life's heart-throb,
Lo, everywhere we hail!
Not more upon the heaving sea,
Than in the soul's deep vale.

Peak's Island,
August, 1879.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY.*

BY GENERAL HEWSON, C.E., TORONTO.

THE 'Thirteen Colonies' of North America possessed little or no original force of unity. Strung out in a thin line along the vast extent of coast between New Brunswick and Florida, if they had been given independence freely and separately, they would, in all likelihood, have failed to find any internal ground for confederation. The union which arose between them was a product of common danger. Their subsequent consolidation into a nationality followed from the impetus of that force after it had ceased to operate, on the declaration of peace. If the passions of the American revolution had been allowed to pass away previously, that consolidation would probably have been found impossible, because of the differences of habits and sympathies between the Puritans of New England and the Southern cavaliers. But a controlling element presented itself to give their union of a convenience already satisfied, permanence. From the day at which the Thirteen Colonies had expanded in thought and feeling to the dimensions of the common inheritance which extended in their rear, they felt the instinct of a common destiny, the principle of a national life, in a *sense of Empire*—in such a fraternity of ambition as that which found voice in the exclamation:

> 'No pent-up Utica confines our powers;
> But the whole boundless Continent is ours!'

The Provinces of this Dominion have not been moved towards each other by lasting forces of internal attraction. Having a seaboard nearer home, the farmers of Ontario are not bound by any original reciprocity of convenience to the fishers and shippers of New Brunswick, Prince Edward, Nova Scotia. The Maritime Provinces are drawn by their interests less powerfully towards the carrying trade of this poor Dominion than they are towards the Transatlantic and the coasting traffic of the great and rich Union across the border. Outside the area of country whose material interests follow for six months of the year the line of navigation and the line of railway discharging at Montreal upon ships of the sea, there does not exist to-day a fixed ground of reason to sustain, after the British sympathies of the people shall have cooled, the present promise of Canadian nationality.

"Commerce is King." Acts of Parliament creating embryo nations operate in new societies subject to his veto. They become sooner or later a dead-letter unless they shall have received from him previously the quickening of material life. Mr. Goldwin Smith spoke thoughtfully when he said that the forces of ultimate preponderance which act with political effect in this Dominion of *to day*, favour annexation to the United States. Instead of hiding our heads, as the os-

* *Reports on the Canadian Pacific Railway.* By SANDFORD FLEMING, C.M.G., Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa, 1879.

Notes on the Canadian Pacific Railway. By General M. BUTT HEWSON, formerly Originator and Promoter of the Memphis and Louisville Railroad; Chief Engineer (under Commission from the State of Mississippi) on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad; Chief Engineer of the Mississippi Central Railroad; Chief Engineer of the Arkansas Midland Railroad; Consulting Engineer of the Mississippi, Ouachita and Red River Railroad, &c., &c., &c.

trich hides his, from the pursuit of that unwelcome conclusion, we are told by the practical instinct of this population of architects of their own fortunes, to look the conclusion in the face with the manful determination that it shall be reversed! For that reversal the country relies on the Pacific Railway. The *Province*-creators look to the *Nation*-creators to carry out that great enterprise so as to illuminate with fixed life the black letter of the latter's work, so as to set this embryo Dominion going throughout its several parts, in the development of all that is within it of the elements of vitality. The Pacific Railway may be used for the realisation of that popular expectation if it be carried out with breadth and courage. It can certainly be so located as to make New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the factors and carriers; Quebec and Ontario the bankers and manufacturers, of the millions of agriculturists who may be planted on the rich lands of the North-West, to supply to these scattered Provinces, as the millions of agriculturists who have been planted on the rich lands of the Mississippi Valley have supplied to the scattered communities along the seaboard of the United States, a centripetal attraction of ample grasp to bind around a common core all the outlying parts of a great American empire.

The location of the Canadian Pacific has been made in disregard of its power to 'fasten life in' the Dominion. Delivering the business of the North-West so far in the interior as the neutral waters of Lake Superior, it gives that business over at the first opportunity on its transit, to foreign rivalry. It ignores, thus, the National Policy which would have taken pains to exclude, as far as possible, the intervention of the ample capital and dashing enterprise of the people of the United States between the carrying and the manufacturing interests of Ontario and Quebec, and a vast domestic market of supply and demand whose exclusive possession would give so much ground of permanence to our political union. Further: the location of the Pacific Railway has been made to rest on a system of eastern connections which give the winter commerce of the country to a port of the United States. If only because of its *political complexion*, that fact is highly objectionable even where it is unavoidable; but where it may be avoided with actual economy, it ought not to be submitted to by the country. Now the location of what ought to be the national highway, not only gives the commerce of our future to Portland for the time, but that highway being the arterial outlet of the transportation of the future, the giving *now* establishes that subordination of Canadian independence for ever. It suppresses thus, and as the pamphlet, 'Notes on the Canadian Pacific Railway,' shows, does so in wantonness, a vast development of reciprocal interests available in the hands of statesmanship for bringing into play the powerful attraction which may be set into operation, with the effect of binding together around the North-Western core, the inland and the outlying Provinces of what is little other than a union of black-letter.

Since its inception, the Pacific Railway has been treated by the Government of Ottawa in a narrow spirit. The pamphlet, 'Notes on the Pacific Railway,' says:

'One Ministry felt free to yield to local pressure in restricting the route of the road through the Province of Ontario to the south of Lake Nipissing. . . . Again, the road, designed though it is to connect the two oceans and to discharge 'Asiatic commerce' on the St. Lawrence, has been made to 'begin in the woods!' Its ultimate connection with tide-water was, it is true, provided for at the same time by an 'Order in Council,' one declaring that connection to lie over two sides of a triangle whose base is perfectly available for making the connection in about half the mileage of the sides! The general purpose of the

railway was compromised for some local consideration in order to build a branch whose only supposable uses had been already discharged elsewhere; and was again compromised when the influence of local interests was allowed to determine the site of a river-crossing!

'Some struggling settlements exist on the northern border of Georgian Bay. Others battle on to crops on the northern shore of Lake Superior. These insignificant facts have been, seemingly, allowed to fix one part of this great line of inter-oceanic commerce! A few dozen of town-lot speculators had cast their fortunes at a port of Lake Superior; and made good their determination to control the route of this vast undertaking in order to give value, by a short branch, to their 'landing!'

'Forty or fifty thousand people in Manitoba constitute an influence which has been permitted to determine a vital point—the general question of route—in the design of a great project whose capabilities go to the creation of an empire! Ten thousand inhabitants in the southern part of Vancouver Island and the southern mainland of British Columbia, represent another consideration dominating the grand practicabilities of that creative enterprise—committing it to an extravagant project of marine ferriage, or placing its existence as an agency of British commeree, subject to the foreign guns of San Juan. All this dragging-down of the Pacific Railway below its proper level being, it may be feared, unavoidable so long as its execution is left in Colonial hands, the intervention of the Imperial Authorities in that execution is a very necessity of things if it is to be held on the high ground of Imperial interests. . . .

'The surveyed line of the Canadian Pacific is open to objection on grounds which may be glanced at in the following summary:—

'That from the Valley of the Ottawa to Manitoba—about 900 miles—it traverses a country which contains but insignificent areas fit for cultivation, a country whose rocky and broken surfaces involve lines needlessly unfavourable and works needlessly heavy;

'That it is exposed for 150 miles to seizure in the event of war, by parties from American ships dominating Lake Superior; and that it is again exposed to seizure by troops penetrating from the boundary of the United States into Manitoba from two days' march to four, at any point of the track for a length of 400 miles;

'That for 200 miles west of Selkirk it runs through a district in which facilities of settlement exist already, in the navigation of Lakes Winnipeg, Manitoba, and Winnipegosis;

'That of the 800 miles between Winnipegosis and the mountains, 500 miles go through a region unsuited to agricultural settlement;

'That the pass selected for the crossing the Rockies is twice as high as that of Peace River, and probably one-third higher than any* that is likely to be found *necessary* in crossing from Peace River by way of the central plateau into the slopes of the Pacific.'

The people of Canada must be supposed not to have intended that the Pacific Railway should be subordinated to local or sectional interests. They may be regarded as submitting to its burdens, not to please Manitoba, not to please British Columbia, not to give value to lots at Kamanistiquia or at Prince Arthur's Landing; but to consolidate and to develop their political unity, and to place its maintenance under the safe-guard of *a great line of defence.* Scattered settlers extending in a thin front along the frontier of a great nation, and receiving at all points of 1,500 miles of that front the pressure of that nation's expanding population, the practical intelligence of the Canadian people sees that their control of their own political destiny demands that they shall have, not only a frontier, but also an interior; not only a front, but also a rear. 'Notes on the Canadian Pacific Railway' suggests, for the National line, a route which promises to meet these necessities, and to give the political union of the country the fullest obtainable base in reciprocating interests. It says:—

'A *prima facie* case presenting itself

* This rests on speculation as to the continental summit of a route up the Omineca and, passing the Fraser-Skeena "divide," descending to the Pacific by the Sabine and Skeena.

thus in support of this conclusion, the Peace River Pass taken in conjunction with the extraordinary richness and adaptation to settlement of the Peace River country, seems to determine one point on the true route for the Canadian Pacific Railway.

'Portland cannot be accepted forever as the winter outlet of Canada. If dependence on a foreign power in that case is to be stopped at all, the stoppage must govern the location in reference to the Atlantic Ocean of the great arterial line of this nursling Empire. Halifax, or St. John, or both, offering an escape from holding the trans-continental commerce of Canada subject to the good pleasure of the United States, the summer port of the Canadian Pacific should be selected in reference to these harbours as its winter ports. At or near Quebec is the lowest point at which the St. Lawrence can be regarded bridgeable. About 40 miles farther than Montreal, on a straight line, from Peace River Pass, it is now nearer by railway than Montreal to Halifax by from 150 to 170 miles. Saving ultimately a railway transportation of over 90 miles to St. John, and over 330 miles to Halifax, the true point for discharge of the Pacific Railway upon summer-tide-water would seem, on these grounds, to be Quebec.

'If Quebec be accepted as a fixed point in the East, and the Peace River Pass as a fixed point in the West, a question arises as to the intermediate route. To follow the line now contemplated by way of Montreal, Nipissing, Selkirk, etc., would involve an unnecessary length of track, which would aggregate a total excess, between tide-water and tide-water, of probably not less than 240 miles. With even six trains each way per day, the working-expenses over that distance would cost a million of dollars per annum. It is needless to add to that reason, if Quebec be accepted as the summer port, other proof of the conclusion that the route which has been surveyed should not have been considered until a thorough investigation had been made of the direct route.

'The straight line between Quebec and Hudson's Hope cannot be followed otherwise than generally. Special considerations demand modification in that basis of experimental examinations. What these are can be determined but by those who are in possession of access to official reports and maps of the country to be traversed. A few may be suggested here, at a venture by way of illustration. The broken country back of Quebec demands, probably, that the route be thrown as soon as may be into the valley of the St. Maurice. Passing out of that into the rainshed of Hudson Bay—at a maximum elevation of, perhaps, 1,400 feet—it should be directed upon the Abbittibi and the Moose with a view to connection without any considerable increase in length of track, with navigation by ships or steamers from Hudson Bay. Proceeding, tapping on its way the Albany River, the Weemisk River, the Wastickwa River, etc., it would tap the navigation of Lake Winnipeg from the south, and of Nelson River from the north, at Jack River—crossing the latter at, say where it is said to be but 200 yards wide, Norway House.

'Continuing westwardly from Norway House, the deviations from the straight line suggested by great special considerations would take the railway to, suppose Big Bend, so as to tap the navigation of the Saskatchewan above the Grand Rapid. Proceeding into the valley of the River *Lac la Ronge*, it would go on to tap the Beaver River and the Athabasca; and tapping the Peace River near the mouth of the Smokey, might continue thence to Hudson's Hope as it entered Peace River Pass.

'The line sketched out here is sketched as but a basis of experimental work subject to modification, or, as facts may demand, rejection. It may prove, on investigation, to be unsuited totally. It involves some assumptions which do not rest on a sufficient breadth of information, and other assumptions that are little better as a ground for grave decision, than conjecture. But Peace River Pass being once accepted as a point on the route of the Canadian Pacific, and Quebec as its point of discharge upon summer-tide-water, the circuit by way of Lake Nippissing, Lake Superior, and Manitoba, involves so great an excess of length that it ought to be held inadmissible until all facts, physical and agricultural, shall have been first brought out in reference to the line from Quebec by way of Norway House.'

In giving local application to the line indicated thus on general considerations, the pamphlet says:

'What interest has *New Brunswick* in a railway discharging Canadian freights for Europe at Portland ? Quebec made the terminus of the Pacific Railway on the St. Lawrence, about 290 miles of railway (7 miles shorter than the line connecting Montreal with Portland), would give the shipping interests of that Province the opportunity of competing for the winter freights of half a Continent, at St. John.

'What interest has *Nova Scotia* in a railway discharging Canadian freights for Europe at Portland ? Quebec made the terminus of the Pacific Railway on summer-tide-water, a chord-line across the bow-line of the Intercolonial will spring into existence, reducing the distance to Halifax to 510 miles ; and thus will the establishment of the terminus at Quebec give the shipping interests of Nova Scotia, subject to the drawback of transportation over 220 miles of railway, the great advantage of their geographical position in competition with St. John for the winter-freights of the British North American Empire of the future, at Halifax.'

The Canadian Pacific discharging at Quebec, direct lines would follow under the necessity of things from Quebec to St. John and to Halifax. A trunk involving no considerable addition to the length of rail to either port, would apply for about 170 miles out of Quebec—to a connection with the New Brunswick and Canada Railway at Houlton. Following the Houlton branch of that line to Debec junction, it would fork there, extending on the one hand, in about 160 miles, to Painsec junction on the Intercolonial; and on the other hand, in about 120 miles, to St. John. This would give Quebec one outlet on the Atlantic at the cost of transportation over 290 miles, to St. John ; and another offering more favourable conditions in reference to European commerce, at the cost of transportation over 510 miles, to Halifax. But further advantages of the proposed change of location are pointed out in the pamphlet thus :

'Five or six hundred miles of railway running up the St. Maurice and down to the Moose, would tap Hudson Bay. That line once ready to discharge upon the St. Lawrence at Quebec the treasures awaiting to be claimed by enterprise on and around that great sea, it would quicken the latent energies of the French Canadian population by directing a powerful stream of industrial blood into its heart. The timber, the soil, the minerals, the fisheries—with their whales and their seals and their salmon and their caplin and their cod—thrown open by that line even to Hudson Bay, would fix the Canadian Pacific firmly in the local interests of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, by placing new openings for industry and wealth at the service of their lumbermen, their farmers, their miners, their sailors, their ship-carpenters, their merchants, their capitalists.

'On neither the route adopted, nor on the route proposed in the following pages, does the Pacific Railway obtain a broad basis in the special interests of Ontario. While meeting that expediency, a further development of the Imperial and of the National character of the enterprise may be obtained in the case of the line proposed in this pamphlet by constructing from its crossing of the Moose, a branch-line of 350 miles up the Abittibbi and down the Montreal River to a junction with two lines converging on a point east of Lake Nipissing—one of these lines progressing now by way of Ottawa from Montreal, the other progressing now from Toronto. The point of junction of that Pacific Railway branch with these two lines from the south being retired some eighty miles inland from the Georgian Bay, and in a country highly defensible, this expedient would supply an interior line of communication in direct connection with a base upon Hudson Bay ; and while giving about 700 miles of Railway to local development in Ontario, would give that Province at its great railway-centre, a terminus of the Canadian Pacific. Montreal would continue to enjoy the *present*—its canals, its lakes, its Grand Trunks—and being provided, like Toronto, with one terminus of the Pacific Railway, would be asked by the proposed change of route but to divide the *future*, in a highly expedient distribution of the industrial and commercial vitality of the country, with that centre of French Canadian life, 'the Ancient Capital.'

* * * * *

'The political policy which England has placed on trial in the creation of the Dominion of Canada involves a great British interest. In the fore-front of that policy lies the Canadian Pacific Railway. Based on Halifax, its summer-outlet at the fortress of Quebec—on the defensible waters of the St. Lawrence—and opening up communication from the rear with Europe by way of Hudson Bay, and perhaps by way of Mackenzie River, it supplies a line of transportation three hundred miles north of the frontier, for maintaining the defence of British interests on the great lakes and on the Northern Pacific. Giving to English commerce and enterprise the vast wealth of land and water within the basin of a great inland sea; grasping the fisheries of the Northern Ocean for a hardy population south of them; opening, probably, a direct route by way of that ocean between England and the boundless wheat-region drained by the Mackenzie; and planting British power in a position on the shores of the Pacific from which it can overshadow rivalry in the surrounding waters, the Canadian Pacific Railway stands in relation to Imperial policy in the creation of this Dominion, as an essential base of its development, the very spinal column of another North American Empire! The route suggested above places that great enterprise fairly within the objects of British statesmanship; and raising it out of the Colonial into the Imperial, makes it a legitimate subject for Imperial support.'

The mistake that has been made in the location of the Pacific Railway is vital. That a mistake *has* been made is a conclusion which, after seven years of 'explorations' in that part of British Columbia which has been described as a 'sea of mountains,' begins to take form in the public mind. And now that the world is about to conclude that it is cheaper to carry inter-oceanic freights over an elevation of 1800 feet than over an elevation of 3700, that a railway through the rich soils of the Peace is more likely to obtain freights and promote settlement than one through the northern limits of the great American desert, the said world settles down to the belief that the proper crossing of the Rocky Mountains is that of Peace River Pass! But it has no sooner sat down to consider that conclusion, than it has become startled by the declaration of the map that, of all parts of British Columbia, the part north of 'the sea of mountains,' the part offering the strongest presumptions, *prima facie*, of the best extension to tide-water of the Pacific, is 'unexplored!'

'Explorations' are in progress at last for testing the route by Peace River Pass. But they have been begun in adherence to the blunder of the present location through Manitoba; and promise, therefore, to prove, as all the previous explorations have proved in fact, to be a waste of time and money. A glance at the 'Report on the Canadian Pacific Railway by Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., Engineer-in-Chief, Ottawa, 1879,' shows strikingly that, including all the contributions to the subject by travellers, seven years of Pacific Railway explorations, at a cost of four millions, have left us with very little knowledge of the North-West. Even a breadth of tinting which the actual range of the information does not justify, fails to disturb the conclusion from the laborious studies embodied by Mr. Ridout on the map which accompanies Mr. Fleming's last report, that we know to-day but little of the North-West—know nothing of it in the way proper for presenting to men of sense so grave a proposition as the construction of the Pacific Railway in consideration of a grant of lands along the line.

'Notes on the Canadian Pacific Railway' advises that the present system of explorations be stopped. It is certainly high time to consider the advice when that system can be studied under the light of the fact that it has nothing to show—certainly nothing of any value—to the country for so vast an expenditure as four millions. The 'Notes' says:

'The general considerations which suggest the route by Norway House bring in question the antecedent proceedings. That four millions of dollars—nearly $2,000 per mile of railway—have been expended on surveys which have steadily ignored what seems, on *prima facie* evidence, to be the true line until the contrary shall have been established, is a fact so grave as to set men thinking radically. But, is the mode of exploration pursued the best—the most economical, the broadest? Colonel Dennis, the Canadian Surveyor-General, may be supposed to have answered that question in his adoption of the survey-system under which the Government of the United States makes the work of exploration *subserve the uses of settlement.* It is proposed here that that system shall be extended to the region traversed by the route suggested above for the Pacific Railway, so that the moneys spent on the latter service in future shall accomplish a permanent result by establishing in the field, in the note-book, and on the map, a fixed guide for the sale and the settlement of the Crown Lands. If the four millions of dollars expended up to this time on Pacific Railway surveys where facts may—in all likelihood *will*—prove these expenditures to be mere waste of money, had been expended on section-line surveys after the American system adopted by Colonel Dennis in Manitoba, Canada would be in possession to-day of an immense breadth of accurate knowledge of the topographical and agricultural facts of her great North-West. And these surveys embodied in such a map as the Surveyor-General's map of Manitoba, the determination of the best route for the Pacific Railway could be made by running across the continent five or six thousand miles of experimental lines at a cost not exceeding a hundred and fifty thousand dollars.'*

Mr. Sandford Fleming seems to feel the insufficiency of the present mode of 'exploration.' He says in the Report under consideration in this article:

'I have endeavoured to collect all known information respecting the country within the limits of the Prairie Region. To make it easy of reference, the whole region has been subdivided into blocks, bounded by each separate parallel of latitude and longitude. I have placed side by side the descriptions of scientific travellers, and all statements made on reliable authority which are available. Thus all facts collected have been systematically arranged, and the result is set forth in the appendix. A map has also been prepared on which an attempt has been made to indicate generally the character of the soil, separating that of more or less value from tracts which are comparatively worthless.

'It will be seen that much yet remains to be discovered respecting large areas, and it is this information which I suggest should be obtained in the coming season by careful explorations of the sections where our knowledge is deficient. This *or some other similar method of systematically arranging the facts* as they are collected, can alone give moderately correct ideas of a country so vast in its dimensions. Some misconception, I fear, has already arisen respecting the character of portions of the Territory. Large tracts have been declared worthless on very slender data, and equally extensive areas have been pronounced to be of the greatest fertility on insufficient grounds.

'The course I suggest will dispel all erroneous opinions. Moreover, correct information is indispensable to enable us to mature a scheme of colonization railways for the ultimate development of every considerable tract of cultivable and habitable land.'

This reference of Mr. Fleming to the necessity of more 'explorations' glances outside his own system. It speaks of '*some other* or similar method of systematically arranging the facts as they are collected,' so as to 'give a *moderately* correct idea of a country so vast in its dimensions.' The 'Notes' points out clearly what that 'some other' method ought to be—what it should have been at the outset; and what it must be ultimately if the Pacific Railway is to be located knowingly, or the lands along its route to be offered as a basis for its construc-

* This assumes, under the light of extensive practical experience, a rate for these engineering surveys of from $25 to $30 per mile. The Pacific Railway lines have, it is true, cost $64 per mile; but lines much more elaborate than they—those of Col. Dennis's 'block'-surveys in Manitoba and the North-West—have cost much less- $37 per mile. What are called 'Standard' lines of the section-surveys of the United States are run out at a cost varying from $10 to $16 per mile.

tion in a way likely to be considered seriously by men of business. Speaking after the fact of seven years of 'exploration,' and in full view of their results, it says :—

'A mistake has been made in the mode of exploration. An investment of fifty or a hundred millions ought not to be predicated on anything short of full knowledge. The present system of investigation may stumble on a good line ; but it fails to supply evidence that there may not be found even ten miles on either side of that line, one better by many millions of dollars. The exploration ought to proceed on a plan of breadth, one serving to show not only a good line, but *the best* line. Besides this reason for stopping at once the present mode of proceedings, there exists the further reason that, while that mode *wastes*—and has carried the waste already to millions—all outlays, save those on the line ultimately adopted, the method proposed in the following pages applies almost all its outlays to a work of permanence which is a very necessity of settlement. With such a map as Colonel Dennis's map of Manitoba, I can affirm on the authority of many years of personal experience in the determination of railway-routes through regions new and thinly settled, that the question of the route across the Continent may, in the first place, be simplified in the office by the projection of several lines on the map on a basis of specific knowledge. A personal examination of half a dozen points — known to Engineers in the United States as 'ruling points'—on the lines laid down thus, will be sufficient for the rejection of the more unpromising of those projected routes. The few whose relative merits cannot be determined by this reconnoisance may then be subjected to instrumentation. That experimental survey may be made in the case of the Canada Pacific at a special cost which ought not to exceed $150,000—a cost sufficient in conjunction with the permanent work of the settlement-surveys, to determine not only a good route, but a route based on such a fulness of knowledge that it may be pronounced with confidence to be the *best* route.

'Another reason why the system of single line-explorations should be abandoned for that of section-line surveys, rests on that necessity of the Pacific Railway, the utilisation of its rich lands as a convertible resource. The last report of the Chief Engineer of the railway presents strikingly the utter poverty of the information which has been collected, so far, as to the character of those lands. Half-a-dozen professors of Botany might spend the natural terms of their lives in flying visits along Indian trails in the North-West without supplying knowledge of the soils of that region in the way necessary for its presentation to investors in the regular course of business. The section-line survey supplies information in a very different way. Used as they are now in every land-office of the United States as a basis of its sales, and used as they have been in the land of the Illinois Central Railway as a basis of its sales and of its credits, books of maps and field-notes compiled from section-line-surveys are very necessities for the utilisation of the magnificent lands of the North-West as a means of obtaining money for the Pacific Railway.'

The 'Notes' add :—

'It is proposed here that "explorations," whether topographical or botanical, on special routes for the Canada Pacific, shall be stopped. Instrumentation, whether on trial or on location, involves, when made in advance of general knowledge of the country, a still more costly waste. "Section"-line-surveys—at intervals of a mile apart—are hardly necessary for guiding the determination of the proper route of the Pacific Railway ; for "Township"-line-surveys—at intervals of six miles apart—will probably be found sufficient. It is suggested, therefore, that these latter be run out, "blazed," noted, and mapped, along the proposed route from Quebec, by way of Norway House and Peace River Pass, to the Pacific. The breadth of the survey at the eastern end may be narrow, the east and west lines, or "base"-lines, being "offsetted" on meridians wherever necessary to conform to the general direction of the proposed route. Beyond the Rocky Mountains these surveys—in the region marked on the map as "unexplored"—would take a wide range, so as to embrace the lacustrine plateau between the Rockies and the Cascades for, say, three degrees of latitude. The "Township" lines having supplied the facts, agricultural and physical, somewhat gener-

ally, it might be found necessary subsequently, to fill the intervals at some places with "section"-lines so as to obtain these facts in specification. But, be the detail in which the work may be carried out whatever experience shall demand, every dollar spent on it would be spent on a result of permanence, on a very necessity which must be met sooner or later, as a basis of agricultural settlement.

'About 400 miles of the belt proposed above for settlement-survey lie within Quebec. The cost of that part of the whole would be chargeable in fairness to the Crown Lands Department of the Government of that Province. Ontario would, doubtless, meet the obligation of paying for the survey of her lands lying within the proposed belt, for a length of about 300 miles. The 600 miles remaining east of Norway House applying to lands of the Dominion, would constitute a legitimate charge upon the Dominion. If the Imperial Government accept the fact of its deep interest in this great British Railway, it will not hesitate to make the proposed surveys from Norway House to the Pacific, itself. A company of the Royal Engineers set at that work, its completion would place before the English people the offer of fifty millions of acres in a preciseness of knowledge as to the character of the land and as to the construction of the railway—in substitution for mere general statements as to the soil and to the topography—which is absolutely necessary to supply satisfactory grounds of consideration for an acceptance involving so grave a commitment.'

An expenditnre of four millions of dollars having been made under the present system of explorations and surveys, the fact that that expenditure is chargeable on the face of its results with being a mere waste, demands that its continuance shall be stopped until, at all events, the merits of a substitute system shall have been considered. Passing now to the mode of construction, the attention of thoughtful men becomes startled when called on to consider that the country has entered on the construction of 2,700 or 2,800 miles of railway at a cost, on the sections now under work, of from $27,000 to $83,000 per mile; on the sections next to come under work—those in British Columbia—of from $59,000 to $84,000 per mile! Under this head of its subject, the 'Notes' says:

'The Canadian Pacific Railway should not cost at first a dollar more than necessary to make it passable by trains. Interest kept down thus, the opening should take place as soon as possible so as to begin the process of developing business. Running through a country perfectly new, it will not require at the outset the class of works proper to great traffic. The bridge-piers are, in truth, the only constructions that demand permanence. Its road-bed high, well-drained and well cross-tied, it can dispense as long as necessary with ballast, fences, cattle-guards, road-crossings. Except at such places as the intersection of rivers, station-buildings will not be necessary. A colonization road whose object at first is that of simply opening up the country for settlement, it may resort freely to undulating grades, sharp curves, wooden bridges, and almost unbroken stretches of single-track-embankment. Rock-work, deep cuts, high embankments, etc., being all avoided by, where unavoidable otherwise, substitutions of one sort or another, the road and rolling-stock ought not to cost for the purpose of opening for traffic between Quebec and Peace River Pass, more than $15,000 or $16,000 per mile. Any subsequent addition of ballast, substitution of trestling by filling, replacement of undulating gradients by heavy work, etc., etc., may be made in employment of idle rolling-stock—made by degrees at the charge of revenue and in the continued production of revenue, by a system of labour associated with the encouragement of settlement.'

It says on the same head, this:—

'The mode of construction adopted for the Canadian Pacific demands reconsideration. I do not remember to have seen any estimate of its cost on the Prairies; but recollect that the figures for British Columbia are set at about $75,000 a mile. Between Lake Superior and Manitoba they go up to about $83,000 a mile! Such sums as these represent for a railway through a wilderness, are open to grave question—going as they do to the practicability of construct-

ing the line without danger to the credit of the country. If the $20,000,000 being invested in the railway between Lake Superior and Manitoba had been applied to the railway—the colonization line at a cost of about $15,000 a mile—proposed in the following pages, it would have connected Quebec with Hudson Bay ; and have carried the railway seven hundred miles farther westward—completely through "the woodland region" to the threshold of the western granary, at Norway House. There that expenditure would, in any event, have flung open the gate of the future greatness of the country ; and would have brought the project to a stage at which, there is very little room for doubt, the offer of a land-grant of fifty millions of acres made in the business-like way of presentation under the specifications of section-line surveys, would enlist British capital in the extension of the line to the Pacific. A contrast of the results that *might have been* accomplished thus for the same amount of money, with the results that *will have been* accomplished in the case of the expenditures between Lake Superior and Manitoba, supplies not only a striking commentary on the route adopted, but also a startling comparison of the cost of the mode of construction with the expediencies of the case.*

The 'Notes' urge that this great enterprise be entered on *de novo ;* and that the commitments to the present blunder be boldly disregarded, so as to carry out the road on the high ground of Imperial and National interests. It says :

'Yellow Head Pass should, it seems to me, never have been thought of as a point on the Pacific Railway while a pass half the height offers at the discharge through the Rocky Mountains, of Peace River. In this and other points glanced at in the following pages I cannot avoid setting down the present location of the National Railway as an error. The plea set up in apology for that mistake, that the Canadian North-West will be crossed hereafter by several lines to the Pacific, supplies, assuredly, no reason why the *first* should be fixed on the route which is the most objectionable. Nor is the investment of twenty millions in the blunder which evidently has been made, a good reason why a hundred millions more should be invested in continuation of that blunder. Indeed that commitment ought not to count for anything against the overruling expediency of placing the Railway on an Imperial and National plane—certainly ought not to count so when it is considered that those twenty millions supply a distinct want of the day, in giving access for even six months of the year to the lines of emigrant distribution centering at Winnipeg in the navigation of Red River, of the Assinaboine River, of Lake Manitoba, of Lake Winnipegosis, of Lake Winnipeg, of the River Saskatchewan.'

The 'Notes' deals with its subject without any consideration for parties. It goes forward as in a great practical business; and in the firm belief that the country will suffer very much more by the course marked out for the location and construction of the Canadian Pacific than if the leaders of both its political parties and all the interests they represent were sunk to the bottom of the sea. It offers the following apology:

'I went into studies of the Pacific Railway to employ idle hours. The results are given to the public in obedience to an old Engineer's sympathy with a great Engineering enterprise. And views of a pertinent experience presented independently of the political authority may, perhaps, prove to be of more or less service to the country. It may be well to add that in dealing with the question I have not intended to reflect on either individuals or governments. Indeed, I had been restrained for a long time in giving my views on the subject to the public by the unavoidable seeming of discourtesy to the engineer in charge of the railway. But the extent to which I have seen what I must suppose to be mistakes of the management carried, has led me to reflect that that seeming is not real. The points involved are seldom or never strictly professional ;

* At the rate on the route between Lake Superior and Manitoba, the construction eastwardly in extension of that route to the valley of the Ottawa, would cost as much as the construction, on the basis proposed in the 'Notes,' of the line from Quebec by Hudson Bay, Norway House, and Peace River Pass, to the gold fields of the Omineca !

and where they are strictly professional, they may be presumed to find their explanation in *political pressure.* In specifying acts of Governments, I have had no thought of discrimination between the Government of Sir John Macdonald and that of the Hon. Mr. Mackenzie. Both Cabinets are responsible for errors in the management of this great practical enterprise; and because of, simply, the conditions of their existence.'

And now that great, that ruinous, blunders have been committed in the case of the Pacific Railway, there is hope for its future in the consideration that these blunders are chargeable fairly to both parties. Where both are not responsible in common, the aggregate responsibility in the case of either is about evenly balanced by the aggregate responsibility of the other. There is, therefore, no reason why the corrective shall not be applied patriotically and boldly with the approval of both. On the contrary, the responsibility of each for the mistakes already committed, places on each the obligation of earnest concurrence in the conclusion that the location* and construction of the Pacific Railway—being properly outside the functions, as they are certainly outside the intelligence, of Ministries—ought to be placed in the hands of a commission of specialists removed beyond the embarrassments of factious carping. If the voice of party would but remain silent in the event of a transfer of the work to a non-political body occupying the proper relation to the ministry of the day, no happier selection for the management could be made than the Deputy Minister of the Interior, the Deputy Minister of Railways, and the Deputy Minister of Immigration.

* The section-line surveys proposed in the text can be confined to routes of promise. Each would require two lines of parallel—one as a base line and the other as a check. To conform generally to their route, these parallels should be offsetted, at intervals, on meridians. All that would remain to be done then, would be the running out of meridian-lines of such lengths, and at such distances apart, as would be necessary to shew the route for a sufficient width, *in cross-section.* This work could be made available subsequently, by filling in, for the purposes of settlement; but the lines suggested would be sufficient for railway exploration; and could be carried out to any extent likely to be required for that purpose in, at most, three years.

GATHERED ROSES.

BY F. W. BOURDILLON.

ONLY a bee made prisoner,
Caught in a gathered rose!
Was he not 'ware, a flower so fair
For the first gatherer grows!

Only a heart made prisoner,
Going out free no more!
Was he not 'ware, a face so fair
Must have been gathered before?

THE FALLEN LEAVES.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

CHAPTER XXI.—*(Continued.)*

HIS heart ached as he looked at her, she was so poor and so young. The lost creature had, to all appearance, barely passed the boundary between childhood and girlhood—she could hardly be more than fifteen or sixteen years old. Her eyes, of the purest and loveliest blue, rested on Amelius with a vacantly patient look, like the eyes of a suffering child. The soft oval outline of her face would have been perfect if the cheeks had been filled out; they were wasted and hollow, and sadly pale. Her delicate lips had none of the rosy colour of youth; and her finely-modelled chin was disfigured by a piece of plaster covering some injury. She was little and thin; her worn and scanty clothing showed her frail youthful figure still waiting for its perfection of growth. Her pretty little bare hands were reddened by the raw night air. She trembled as Amelius looked at her in silence, with compassionate wonder. But for the words in which she had accosted him, it would have been impossible to associate her with the lamentable life that she led. The appearance of the girl was artlessly virginal and innocent: she looked as if she had passed through the contamination of the streets, without being touched by it, without fearing it, or feeling it, or understanding it. Robed in pure white, with her gentle blue eyes raised to heaven, a painter might have shown her on his canvas as a saint or an angel; and the critical world would have said, Here is the true ideal—Raphael himself might have painted this!

'You look very pale,' said Amelius. 'Are you ill?'

'No, sir—only hungry.'

Her eyes half-closed; she reeled as she said the words. Amelius held her up, and looked round him. They were close to a stall at which coffee and slices of bread-and-butter were sold. He ordered some coffee to be poured out, and offered her the food. She thanked him and tried to eat. 'I can't help it, sir,' she said faintly. The bread dropped from her hand; her weary head sank on his shoulder.

Two young women—older members of the sad sisterhood—were passing at the moment. 'She's too far gone, sir, to eat,' said one of them. 'I know what would do her good, if you don't mind going into a public-house.'

'Where is it?' said Amelius. 'Be quick!'

One of the women led the way. The other helped Amelius to support the girl. They entered the crowded public-house. In less than a minute, the first woman had forced her way through the drunken customers at the bar, and had returned with a glass of port-wine and cloves. The girl revived as the stimulant passed her lips. She opened her innocent blue eyes again, in vague surprise. 'I shan't die this time,' she said quietly.

A corner of the place was not occupied; a small empty cask stood there. Amelius made the poor creature sit down and rest a little. He had only gold in his purse; and, when the woman had paid for the wine, he offered

her some of the change. She declined to take it. 'I've got a shilling or two, sir,' she said; 'and I can take care of myself. Give it to Simple Sally.'

'You'll save her a beating, sir, for one night, at least,' said the other woman. 'We call her Simple Sally, because she's a little soft, poor soul—hasn't grown up you know, in her mind, since she was a child. Give her some of your change, sir, and you'll be doing a kind thing.'

All that is most unselfish, all that is most divinely compassionate and self-sacrificing in a woman's nature, was as beautiful and undefiled as ever in these women—the outcasts of the hard highway!

Amelius turned to the girl. Her head had sunk on her bosom; she was half asleep. She looked up as he approached her.

'Would you have been beaten to-night,' he asked, 'if you had not met with me?'

'Father always beats me, sir,' said Simple Sally, 'if I don't bring money home. He threw a knife at me last night. It didn't hurt me much—it only cut me here,' said the girl, pointing to the plaster on her chin.

One of the women touched Amelius on the shoulder, and whispered to him. 'He's no more her father, sir, than I am. She's a helpless creature—and he takes advantage of her. If I only had a place to take her to, he should never set eyes on her again. Show the gentleman your bosom, Sally.'

She opened her poor threadbare little shawl. Over the lovely girlish breast, still only growing to the rounded beauty of womanhood, there was a hideous blue-black bruise. Simple Sally smiled, and said, 'That *did* hurt me, sir. I'd rather have the knife.'

Some of the nearest drinkers at the bar looked round and laughed. Amelius tenderly drew the shawl over the girl's cold bosom. 'For God's sake, let us get out of this place!' he said.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE influence of the cool air completed Simple Sally's recovery. She was able to eat now. Amelius proposed retracing his steps to the provision-shop, and giving her the best food that the place afforded. She preferred the bread-and-butter at the coffee-stall. Those thick slices, piled up on the plate, tempted her as a luxury. On trying the luxury, one slice satisfied her. 'I thought I was hungry enough to eat the whole plateful,' said the girl, turning away from the stall, in the vacantly-submissive manner which it saddened Amelius to see. He bought more of the bread-and-butter, on the chance that her appetite might revive. While he was wrapping it in a morsel of paper, one of her elder companions touched him and whispered, 'There he is, sir!' Amelius looked at her. 'The brute who calls himself her father,' the woman exclaimed impatiently.

Amelius turned, and saw Simple Sally with her arm in the grasp of a half-drunken ruffian; one of the swarming wild-beasts of Low London, dirtied down from head to foot to the colour of the street mud—the living danger and disgrace of English civilisation. As Amelius eyed him, he drew the girl away a step or two. 'You've got a gentleman this time,' he said to her; 'I shall expect gold to-night, or else—!' He finished the sentence by lifting his monstrous fist, and shaking it in her face. Cautiously as he had lowered his tones in speaking, the words had reached the keenly-sensitive ears of Amelius. Urged by his hot temper, he sprang forward. In another moment, he would have knocked the brute down—but for the timely interference of the arm of the law, clad in a policeman's greatcoat. 'Don't get yourself into trouble, sir,' said the man good-humouredly. 'Now, you Hell-fire (that's the nice name they know him by, sir, in these parts), be off with

you!' The wild beast on two legs cowered at the voice of authority, like the wild beast on four: he was lost to sight, at the dark end of the street, in a moment.

'I saw him threaten her with his fist,' said Amelius, his eyes still aflame with indignation. 'He has bruised her frightfully on the breast. Is there no protection for the poor creature?'

'Well, sir,' the policeman answered, 'you can summons him if you like. I daresay he'd get a month's hard labour. But, don't you see, it would be all the worse for her when he came out of prison.'

The policeman's view of the girl's position was beyond dispute. Amelius turned to her gently; she was shivering with cold or terror, perhaps with both. 'Tell me,' he said, 'is that man really your father?'

'Lord bless you, sir!' interposed the policeman, astonished at the gentleman's simplicity, 'Simple Sally hasn't got father or mother—have you, my girl?'

She paid no heed to the policeman. The sorrow and sympathy, plainly visible in Amelius filled her with a childish interest and surprise. She dimly understood that it was sorrow and sympathy for *her*. The bare idea of distressing this new friend, so unimaginably kind and considerate, seemed to frighten her. 'Don't fret about *me*, sir,' she said timidly; 'I don't mind having no father nor mother; I don't mind being beaten.' She appealed to the nearest of her two women-friends. 'We get used to everything, don't we Jenny.'

Amelius could bear no more. 'It's enough to break one's heart to hear you, and see you!' he burst out—and suddenly turned his head aside. His generous nature was touched to the quick; he could only control himself by an effort of resolution that shook him, body and soul. 'I can't and won't let that unfortunate creature go back to be beaten and starved!' he said, passionately addressing himself to the policeman. 'O, look at her! How helpless, and how young!'

The policeman stared. These were strange words to him. But all true emotion carries with it, among all true people, its own title to respect. He spoke to Amelius with marked respect.

'It's a hard case, sir, no doubt,' he said. 'The girl's a quiet well disposed creature—and the other two there are the same. They're of the sort that keep to themselves, and don't drink. They all of them do well enough, as long as they don't let the liquor overcome them. Half the time it's the men's fault when they do drink. Perhaps the workhouse might take her in for the night. What's this you've got, my girl, in your hand? Money?'

Amelius hastened to say that he had given her the money. 'The workhouse!' he repeated. 'The very sound of it is horrible.' 'Make your mind easy, sir,' said the policeman; 'they won't take her in at the workhouse with money in her hand.'

In sheer despair, Amelius asked helplessly if there was no hotel near. The policeman pointed to Simple Sally's threadbare and scanty clothes, and left them to answer the question for themselves. 'There's a place they call a coffee-house,' he said, with the air of a man who thought he had better provoke as little further inquiry on that subject as possible.

Too completely pre-occupied, or too innocent in the ways of London, to understand the man, Amelius decided on trying the coffee-house. A suspicious old woman met them at the door, and spied the policeman in the background. Without waiting for any inquiries, she said, 'All full for tonight'—and shut the door in their faces.

'Is there no other place?' said Amelius.

'There's a lodging house,' the policeman answered, more doubtfully than ever. 'It's getting late, sir; and I'm afraid you'll find 'em packed like

herrings in a barrel. Come, and see for yourself.'

He led the way into a wretchedly-lighted by-street, and knocked with his foot on a trap-door in the pavement. The door was pushed open from below by a bright eyed boy with a dirty nightcap on his head. 'Any of 'em wanted to-night, sir?' asked the bright-eyed boy, the moment he saw the policeman. 'What does he mean?' said Amelius. 'There's a sprinkling of thieves among them, sir,' the police man explained. 'Stand out of the way, Jacob, and let the gentleman look in.'

He produced his lantern, and direct ed the light downwards, as he spoke. Amelius looked in. The policeman's figure of speech, likening the lodgers to 'herrings in a barrel,' accurately described the scene. On the floor of a kitchen, men, women, and children lay all huddled together in closely-packed rows. Ghastly faces rose terrified out of the seething obscurity when the light of the lantern fell on them. The stench drove Amelius back sickened and shuddering. 'How's the sore place on your head, Jacob?' the policeman inquired. 'This is a civil boy,' he explained to Amelius, 'and I like to encourage him.' 'Better, thank you, sir,' said the bright-eyed boy. 'Good-night, Jacob.' 'Good-night, sir.' The trap door fell—and the lodging-house disappeared like the vision of a frightful dream.

There was a moment of silence, among the little group on the pavement. It was not easy to solve the question of what to do next. 'There seems to be some difficulty,' the policeman remarked, 'about housing this girl for the night.'

'Why shouldn't we take her along with us?' one of the women suggested. 'She won't mind sleeping three in a bed, *I* know.'

'What are you thinking of?' the other woman remonstrated. 'When he finds she don't come home, our place will be the first place he looks for her in.'

Amelius settled the difficulty in his own headlong way. 'I'll take care of her for the night,' he said. 'Sally, will you trust yourself with me?'

She put her hand in his, with the air of a child who was ready to go home. Her wan face brightened for the first time. 'Thank you, sir,' she said; 'I'll go anywhere along with you.'

The policeman smiled. The two women looked thunderstruck. Before they had recovered themselves, Amelius forced them to take some money from him, and cordially shook hands with them. 'You're good creatures,' he said, in his eager, hearty way; 'I'm sincerely sorry for you. Now, Mr. Policeman, show me where to find a cab—and take that for the trouble I am giving you. You're a humane man and a credit to the force.'

In five minutes more, Amelius was on the way to his lodgings, with Simple Sally by his side. The act of reckless imprudence which he was committing was nothing but an act of Christian duty, to his mind. Not the slightest misgiving troubled him. 'I shall provide for her in some way!' he thought to himself cheerfully. He looked at her. The weary outcast was asleep already in her corner of the cab. From time to time she still shivered, even in her sleep. Amelius took off his greatcoat and covered her with it. How some of his friends at the Club would have laughed, if they had seen him at that moment!

He was obliged to wake her, when the cab stopped. His key admitted them to the house. He lit his candle in the hall and led her up the stairs. 'You'll soon be asleep again, Sally,' he whispered. She looked round the little sitting-room with drowsy admiration. 'What a pretty place to live in!' she said. 'Are you hungry again?' Amelius asked. She shook her head, and took off her shabby bonnet; her pretty light brown hair fell about her face and her shoulders. 'I think I'm too tired, sir, to be hungry. Might I take

the sofa-pillow and lay down on the hearthrug?'

Amelius opened the door of his bed-room. 'You are to pass the night more comfortably than that,' he answered. 'There is a bed for you here.'

She followed him in, and looked round the bed-room, with renewed admiration of everything she saw. At sight of the hair-brushes and the comb, she clapped her hands in ecstasy. 'O, how different from mine!' she exclaimed. 'Is the comb tortoiseshell, sir, like one sees in the shop-windows?' The bath and the towels caught her eye next; she stood looking at them with longing eyes, completely forgetful of the wonderful comb. 'I've often peeped into the ironmongers' shops,' she said, 'and thought I should be the happiest girl in the world, if I had such a bath as that. A little pitcher is all I have got of my own, and they swear at me when I want it filled more than once. In all my life, I have never had as much water as I should like.' She paused and thought for a moment. The forlorn, vacant look, appeared again, and dimmed the beauty of her blue eyes. 'It will be hard to go back, after seeing all these pretty things,' she said to herself—and sighed, with that inborn submission to her fate so melancholy to see in a creature so young.

'You shall never go back again to that dreadful life,' Amelius interposed. 'Never speak of it, never think of it any more. O, don't look at me like that!'

She listened with an expression of pain, and suddenly lifted both her hands to her head. There was something so wonderful in the idea which he had suggested to her, that her mind was not able to take it all in at once. 'You made my head giddy,' she said. 'I'm such a poor, stupid girl—I feel out of myself, when a gentleman like you sets me thinking of new things. Would you mind saying it again, sir?'

'I'll say it to-morrow morning,' Amelius rejoined kindly. 'You are tired, Sally—go to rest.'

She roused herself and looked at the bed. 'Is that your bed, sir?'

'It's your bed to-night,' said Amelius. 'I shall sleep on the sofa, in the next room.'

Her eyes rested on him for a moment, in speechless surprise; she looked back again at the bed. 'Are you going to let me sleep by myself?' she asked wonderingly. Not the faintest suggestion of immodesty—nothing that the most profligate man living could have interpreted impurely—showed itself in her look or manner, as she said those words.

Amelius thought of what one of her women-friends had told him. 'She hasn't grown up, you know, in her mind, since she was a child.' There were other senses in the poor victim that were still undeveloped, besides the mental sense. He was at a loss how to answer her, with the respect which was due to that all-atoning ignorance. His silence amazed and frightened her. 'Have I said anything to make you angry with me?' she asked.

Amelius hesitated no longer. 'My poor girl,' he said, 'I pity you from the bottom of my heart! Sleep well, Simple Sally—sleep well.' He left her hurriedly, and shut the door between them.

She followed him as far as the closed door; and stood there alone, trying to understand him, and trying all in vain! After a while, she found courage enough to whisper through the door. 'If you please, sir—' She stopped, startled by her own boldness. He never heard her; he was standing at the window, looking out thoughtfully at the night; feeling less confident of the future already. She still stood at the door, wretched in the firm persuasion that she had offended him. Once, she lifted her hand to knock at the door, and let it drop again at her side. A second time she made the effort, and desperately summoned the reso-

lution to knock. He opened the door directly.

'I'm very sorry if I said anything wrong,' she began faintly, her breath coming and going in quick hysteric gasps. 'Will you please forgive me, and say good-night?' Amelius took her hand; he said it with the utmost gentleness, but still he said it sorrowfully. She was not quite comforted yet. 'Would you mind, sir—?' She paused awkwardly, afraid to go on. There was something so completely childlike in the artless perplexity of her eyes, that Amelius smiled. The change in his expression gave her back her courage in an instant: her pale, delicate lips reflected her smile prettily. 'Would you mind giving me a kiss, sir?' she said.

Amelius kissed her. Let the man who can honestly say he would have done otherwise, blame him. He shut the door between them once more. She was quite happy now. He heard her singing to herself as she got ready for bed.

Once, in the wakeful watches of the night, she startled him. He heard a cry of pain or terror in the bedroom. 'What is it!' he asked through the door, 'what has frightened you?' there was no answer. After a minute or two, the cry was repeated. He opened the door, and looked in. She was sleeping, and dreaming as she slept. One little thin white arm was lifted in the air, and waved restlessly to and fro over her head. 'Don't kill me!' she murmured, in low moaning tones—'O, don't kill me!' Amelius took her arm gently, and laid it back on the coverlid of the bed. His touch seemed to exercise some calming influence over her; she sighed, and turned her head on the pillow; a faint flush rose on her wasted cheeks, and passed away again—she sank quietly into dreamless sleep.

Amelius returned to his sofa, and fell into a broken slumber. The hours of the night passed. The sad light of the November morning dawned mistily through the uncurtained window, and woke him.

He started up, and looked at the bedroom door. 'Now what is to be done?' That was his first thought, on wakening; he was beginning to feel his responsibilities at last.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE landlady of the lodgings decided what was to be done.

'You will be so good, sir, as to leave my apartments immediately,' she said to Amelius. 'I make no claim to the week's rent, in consideration of the short notice. This is a respectable house, and it shall be kept respectable at any sacrifice.'

Amelius explained and protested; he appealed to the landlady's sense of justice and sense of duty, as a Christian woman. The reasoning which would have been irresistible at Tadmor was reasoning completely thrown away in London. The landlady remained as impenetrable as the Egyptian Sphinx. 'If that creature in the bedroom is not out of my house in an hour's time, I shall send for the police.' Having answered her lodger's arguments in those terms, she left the room, and banged the door after her.

'Thank you, sir, for being so kind to me. I'll go away directly—and then perhaps the lady will forgive you,'

Amelius looked round. Simple Sally had heard it all. She was dressed in her wretched clothes, and was standing at the open bedroom door, crying.

'Wait a little,' said Amelius, wiping her eyes with his own handkerchief; 'and we will go away together. I want to get you some better clothes; and I don't exactly know how to set about it. Don't cry, my dear—don't cry.'

The deaf maid-of-all-work came in, as he spoke. She too was in tears. Amelius had been good to her, in

many little ways—and she was the guilty person who had led to the discovery of the bedroom. 'If you had only told me, sir,' she said penitently, 'I'd have kep' it secret. But, there, I went in with your 'ot water as usual, and, O Lor, I was that startled I dropped the jug, and run down stairs again—?' Amelius stopped the further progress of the apology. 'I don't blame you, Maria,' he said; 'I'm in a difficulty. Help me out of it; and you will do me a kindness.' Maria partially heard him, and no more. Afraid of reaching the landlady's ears as well as the maid's ears, if he raised his voice, he asked if she could read writing. Yes, she could read writing, if it was plain. Amelius immediately reduced the expression of his necessities to writing, in large text. Maria was delighted. She knew the nearest shop at which ready-made outer clothing for women could be obtained, and nothing was wanted, as a certain guide to an ignorant man, but two pieces of string. With one piece, she measured Simple Sally's height, and with the other she took the slender girth of the girl's waist—while Amelius opened his writing-desk and supplied himself with the last sum of spare money that he possessed. He had just closed the desk again, when the voice of the merciless landlady was heard, calling imperatively for Maria. The maid-of-all-work handed the two indicative strings to Amelius. 'They'll 'elp you at the shop,' she said—and shuffled out of the room.

Amelius turned to Simple Sally. 'I am going to get you some new clothes,' he began.

The girl stopped him there; she was incapable of listening to a word more. Every trace of sorrow vanished from her face in an instant. She clapped her hands. 'O!' she cried, 'new clothes! clean clothes! Let me go with you.'

Even Amelius saw that it was impossible to take her out in the streets with him in broad daylight, dressed as she was then. 'No, no,' he said, 'wait here till you get your new things. I won't be half an hour gone. Lock yourself in if you are afraid, and open the door to nobody till I come back!' Sally hesitated; she began to look frightened. 'Think of the new dress, and the pretty bonnet,' suggested Amelius, speaking unconsciously in the tone in which he might have promised a new toy to a child. He had taken the right way with her. Her face brightened again. 'I'll do anything you tell me,' she said. He put the key in her hand, and was out in the street directly.

Amelius possessed one valuable moral quality which is exceedingly rare among Englishmen. He was not in the least ashamed of putting himself in a ridiculous position, when he was conscious that his own motives justified him. The smiling and tittering of the shop-women, when he stated the nature of his errand, and produced his two pieces of string, failed to annoy him in the smallest degree. He laughed too. 'Funny, isn't it,' he said, 'a man like me buying gowns and the rest of it? She can't come herself—and you'll advise me, like good creatures, won't you?' They advised their handsome young customer to such good purpose, that he was in possession of a gray walking costume, a black-cloth jacket, a plain lavender-coloured bonnet, a pair of black gloves, and a paper of pins, in little more than ten minutes' time. The nearest trunk-maker supplied a travelling box to hold all these treasures; and a passing cab took Amelius back to the lodgings, just as the half hour was out. But one event had happened during his absence. The landlady had knocked at the door, and had called through it in a terrible voice: 'Half an hour more!' and had retired again without waiting for an answer.

Amelius carried the box into the bedroom. 'Be as quick as you can, Sally,' he said—and left her alone, to

enjoy the full rapture of discovering the new clothes.

When she opened the door and showed herself, the change was so wonderful that Amelius was literally unable to speak to her. Joy flushed her pale cheeks, and diffused its tender radiance over her pure blue eyes. A more charming little creature, in that momentary transfiguration of pride and delight, no man's eyes ever looked on. She ran across the room to Amelius, and threw her arms round his neck. 'Let me be your servant!' she cried, 'I want to live with you all my life. Jump me up! I'm wild —I want to fly through the window.' She caught sight of herself in the looking-glass, and suddenly became composed and serious. 'O,' she said, with the quaintest mixture of awe and astonishment, 'was there ever such another bonnet as this? Do look at it—do please look at it!'

Amelius good-naturedly approached to look at it. At the same moment the sitting-room door was opened, without any preliminary ceremony of knocking—and Rufus walked into the room. 'It's half after ten,' he said, 'and the breakfast is spoiling as fast as it can.'

Before Amelius could make his excuses for having completely forgotten his engagement, Rufus discovered Sally. No woman, young or old, high in rank or low in rank, ever found the New Englander unprepared with his own characteristic acknowledgment of the debt of courtesy which he owed to the sex. With his customary vast strides, he marched up to Sally and insisted on shaking hands with her. 'How do you find yourself, Miss? I take pleasure in making your acquaintance.' The girl turned to Amelius with wide-eyed wonder and doubt. 'Go into the next room, Sally, for a minute or two,' he said. 'This gentleman is a friend of mine, and I have something to say to him.'

'That's an *active* little girl,' said Rufus, looking after her as she ran to the friendly shelter of the bedroom. 'Reminds me of one of our girls at Coolspring—she does. Well, now, and who may Sally be?'

Amelius answered the question, as usual, without the slightest reserve. Rufus waited in impenetrable silence until he had completed his narrative —then took him gently by the arm, and led him to the window. With his hands in his pockets and his long legs planted wide apart on his big feet, the American carefully studied the face of his young friend under the strongest light that could fall on it. 'No,' said Rufus, speaking quietly to himself, 'the boy is not raving mad, so far as I can see. He has every appearance on him of meaning what he says. And this is what comes of the Community at Tadmor, is it? Well, civil and religious liberty is dearly purchased sometimes in the United States—and that's a fact.'

Amelius turned away to pack his portmanteau. 'I don't understand you,' he said.

'I don't suppose you do,' Rufus remarked. 'I'm at a similar loss myself to understand *you.* My store of sensible remarks is copious on most occasions—but I'm darned if I ain't dried up in the face of this! Might I venture to ask, what that venerable Chief Christian at Tadmor would say to the predicament in which I find my young Socialist this morning?'

'What would he say?' Amelius repeated. 'Just what he said when Mellicent first came among us. "Ah, dear me! Another of the Fallen Leaves!" I wish I had the dear old man here to help me. *He* would know how to restore that poor starved outraged beaten creature to the happy place on God's earth which God intended her to fill!'

Rufus abruptly took him by the hand. 'You mean that?' he said.

'What else could I mean?' Amelius rejoined, sharply.

'Bring her right away to breakfast at the hotel!' cried Rufus, with every

appearance of feeling infinitely relieved 'I don't say I can supply you with the venerable Chief Christian—but I can find a woman to fix you, who is as nigh to being an angel (barring the wings) as any she-creature that ever put on a petticoat.' He knocked at the bedroom door, turning a deaf ear to every appeal for further information which Amelius could address to him. 'Breakfast is waiting, Miss!' he called out; 'and I'm bound to tell you that the temper of the cook at our hotel is a long way on the wrong side of uncertain. Well, Amelius, this is the age of exhibitions. If there's ever an exhibition of ignorance in the business of packing a portmanteau, you run for the Gold Medal—and a unanimous jury will vote it, I reckon, to a young man from Tadmor. Clear out, will you? and leave it to me.'

He pulled off his coat, and conquered the difficulties of packing in a hurry, as if he had done nothing else all his life. The landlady herself, appearing with pitiless punctuality exactly at the expiration of the hour, 'smoothed her horrid front' in the polite and placable presence of Rufus. He insisted on shaking hands with her; he took pleasure in making her acquaintance; she reminded him, he did assure her, of the lady of the captain-general of the Coolspring Branch of the St. Vitus Commandery; and he would take the liberty to inquire whether they were related or not. Under cover of this fashionable conversation, Simple Sally was taken out of the room by Amelius without attracting notice. Rufus followed them, still talking to the landlady, all the way down the stairs and out to the street-door.

While Amelius was waiting for his friend outside the house, a young man driving by in a cab leaned out and looked at him. The young man was Jervy, on his way from Mr. Ronald's tombstone to Doctors' Commons.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WITH a rapid succession of events the morning had begun. With a rapid succession of events the day went on.

The breakfast being over, rooms at the hotel were engaged by Rufus for his 'two young friends.' After this, the next thing to be done was to provide Simple Sally with certain necessary, but invisible, articles of clothing, which Amelius had never thought of. A note to the nearest shop produced the speedy arrival of a smart lady, accompanied by a boy and a large basket. There was some difficulty in persuading Sally to trust herself alone in her room with the stranger. She was afraid, poor soul, of everybody but Amelius. Even the good American failed to win her confidence. The distrust implanted in her feeble mind by the terrible life that she had led was the instinctive distrust of a wild animal. 'Why must I go among other people?' she whispered piteously to Amelius. 'I only want to be with You.' It was as completely useless to reason with her as it would have been to explain the advantages of a comfortable cage to a newly-caught bird. There was but one way of inducing her to submit to the most gently-exerted interference. Amelius had only to say, 'Do it, Sally, to please me.' And Sally sighed, and did it.

In her absence Amelius reiterated his inquiries, in relation to that unknown friend whom Rufus had not scrupled to describe as 'an angel—barring the wings.'

The lady in question (the American briefly explained) was an English woman—the wife of one of his countrymen, established in London as a merchant. He had known them both intimately before their departure from the United States; and the old friendship had been cordially renewed on his arrival in England. Associated

with many other charitable institutions, Mrs. Payson was one of the managing committee of a 'Home for Friendless Women,' especially adapted to receive poor girls in Sally's melancholy position. Rufus offered to write a note to Mrs. Payson; inquiring at what hour she could receive his friend and himself, and obtain permission for them to see the 'Home.' Amelius (after some hesitation) accepted the proposal. The messenger had not been long despatched with the note before the smart person from the shop made her appearance once more, reporting that 'the young lady's outfit had been perfectly arranged,' and presenting the inevitable result in the shape of a bill. The last farthing of ready money in the possession of Amelius proved to be insufficient to discharge the debt. He accepted a loan from Rufus until he could give his bankers the necessary order to sell out some of his money invested in the Funds. His answer, when Rufus protested against this course, was characteristic of the teaching which he owed to the Community. 'My dear fellow, I am bound to return the money you have lent me—in the interests of our poor brethren. The next friend who borrows of you may not have the means of paying you back.'

After waiting for the return of Simple Sally, and waiting in vain, Amelius sent a chambermaid to her room, with a message to her. Rufus disapproved of this hasty proceeding. 'Why disturb the girl at her looking-glass?' asked the old bachelor, with his quaintly-humorous smile.

Sally came in with no bright pleasure in her eyes this time; the girl looked worn and haggard. She drew Amelius away into a corner, and whispered to him. 'I get a pain sometimes where the bruise is,' she said; 'and I've got it bad now.' She glanced, with an odd furtive jealousy, at Rufus. 'I kept away from you,' she explained, 'because I didn't want *him* to know.' She stopped and put her hand on her bosom, and clenched her teeth fast. 'Never mind,' she said cheerfully, as the pang passed away again; 'I can bear it.'

Amelius, with his customary impetuosity, instantly ordered the most comfortable carriage that the hotel possessed. He had heard terrible stories of the possible result of an injury to a woman's bosom. 'I shall take her to the best doctor in London,' he announced. Sally whispered to him again—still with her eye on Rufus. 'Is *he* going with us?' she asked. 'No,' said Amelius; 'one of us must stay here to receive a message.' Rufus looked after them very gravely, as the two left the room together.

Applying for information to the mistress of the hotel, Amelius obtained the address of a consulting surgeon of great celebrity, while Sally was getting ready to go out.

'Why don't you like my good friend up-stairs?' he said to the girl as they drove away from the house. The answer came swift and straight from the heart of the daughter of Eve. 'Because *you* like him!' Amelius changed the subject: he asked if she was still in pain. She shook her head impatiently. Pain or no pain, the uppermost idea in her mind was still that idea of being his servant, which had already found expression in words before they left the lodgings. 'Will you let me keep my beautiful new dress for going out on Sundays?' she asked. 'The shabby old things will do when I am your servant. I can black your boots, and brush your clothes, and keep your room tidy—and I will try hard to learn, if you will have me taught to cook.' Amelius attempted to change the subject again. He might as well have talked to her in an unknown tongue. The glorious prospect of being his servant absorbed the whole of her attention. 'I'm little and I'm stupid,' she went on; 'but I do think I could learn to cook, if I knew

I was doing it for You.' She paused and looked at him anxiously. 'Do let me try!' she pleaded; 'I haven't had much pleasure in my life—and I should like it so!' It was impossible to resist this. 'You shall be as happy as I can make you, Sally,' Amelius answered; 'God knows it isn't much you ask for!'

Something in those compassionate words set her thinking in another direction. It was sad to see how slowly and painfully she realized the idea that had been suggested to her.

'I wonder whether you *can* make me happy?' she said. 'I suppose I have been happy before this—but I don't know when. I don't remember a time when I was not hungry or cold. Wait a bit. I do think I *was* happy once. It was a long while ago, and it took me a weary time to do it—but I did learn at last to play a tune on the fiddle. The old man and his wife took it in turns to teach me. Somebody gave me to the old man and his wife; I don't know who it was, and I don't remember their names. They were musicians. In the fine streets they sang hymns; and in the poor streets they sang comic songs. It was cold, to be sure, standing barefoot on the pavement—but I got plenty of halfpence. The people said I was so little it was a shame to send me out, and so I got halfpence. I had bread and apples for supper, and a nice little corner under the staircase, to sleep in. Do you know, I do think I did enjoy myself at that time?' she concluded, still a little doubtful whether those faint and far-off remembrances were really to be relied on.

Amelius tried to lead her to other recollections. He asked her how old she was at that time.

'I don't know,' she answered; 'I don't know how old I am now. I don't remember anything before the fiddle. I can't call to mind how long it was first—but there came a time when the old man and his wife got into trouble. They went to prison and I never saw them afterwards. I ran away with the fiddle; to get the halfpence, you know, all to myself. I think I should have got a deal of money, if it hadn't been for the boys. They're so cruel, the boys are. They broke my fiddle. I tried selling pencils after that; but people didn't seem to want pencils. They found me out begging. I got took up, and brought before what-do-you-call him—the gentleman who sits in a high place, you know, behind a desk. O, but I was frightened, when they took me before the gentleman! He looked very much puzzled. He says, 'Bring her up here; she's so small I can hardly see her.' He says, 'Good God, what am I to do with this unfortunate child!' There was plenty of people about. One of them says, 'The workhouse ought to take her.' And a lady came in, and she says, 'I'll take her sir, if you'll let me.' And he knew her, and he let her. She took me to a place they called a Refuge—for wandering children, you know. It was very strict at the Refuge. They did give us plenty to eat, to be sure, and they taught us lessons. They told us about Our Father up in Heaven. I said a wrong thing—I said, 'I don't want him up in Heaven; I want him down here.' They were very much ashamed of me when I said that. I was a bad girl; I turned ungrateful. After a time I ran away. You see it was so strict, and I was so used to the streets. I met with a Scotchman in the streets. He wore a kilt, and played the pipes; he taught me to dance, and dressed me up like a Scotch girl. He had a curious wife, a sort of half-black woman. She used to dance too—on a bit of carpet, you know, so as not to spoil her fine shoes. They taught me songs: he taught me a Scotch song. And one day his wife said *she* was English (I don't know how that was, being a half-black woman), and I should learn an English song. And they quarrelled about it. And she had her way. She taught me 'Sally in our Alley.' That's how I come to be

called Sally. I hadn't any name of my own—I always had nicknames. Sally was the last of them, and Sally has stuck to me. I hope it isn't too common a name to please you? O, what a fine house! Are we really going in? Will they let *me* in? How stupid I am! I forgot my beautiful clothes. You won't tell them, will you, if they take me for a lady?'

The carriage had stopped at the great surgeon's house: the waiting-room was full of patients, Some of them were trying to read the books and newspapers on the table; and some of them were looking at each other, not only without the slightest sympathy, but occasionally even with downright distrust and dislike. Amelius took up a newspaper, and gave Sally an illustrated book to amuse her, while they waited to see the surgeon in their turn.

Two long hours passed, before the servant summoned Amelius to the consulting-room. Sally was wearily asleep in her chair, He left her undisturbed; having questions to put relating to the imperfectly-developed state of her mind, which could not be asked in her presence. The surgeon listened, with no ordinary interest, to the young stranger's simple and straightforward narrative of what had happened on the previous night. 'You are very unlike other young men', he said; 'may I ask you how you have been brought up?' The reply surprised him. 'This opens quite a new view of Socialism,' he said. 'I thought your conduct highly imprudent at first—it seems to be the natural result of your teaching now. Let me see what I can do to help you.'

He was very grave and very gentle, when Sally was presented to him. His opinion of the injury to her bosom relieved the anxiety of Amelius: there might be pain for some little time to come, but there were no serious consequences to fear. Having written his prescription, and having put several questions to Sally, the surgeon sent her back, with marked kindness of manner, to wait for Amelius in the patients' room.

'I have young daughters of my own,' he said, when the door was closed, 'and I cannot but feel for that unhappy creature, when I contrast her life with theirs. So far as I can see it, the natural growth of her senses—her higher and her lower senses alike—has been stunted, like the natural growth of her body, by starvation, terror, exposure to cold, and other influences inherent in the life that she has led. With nourishing food, pure air, and above all, kind and careful treatment, I see no reason (at her age) why she should not develop into an intelligent and healthy young woman. Pardon me if I venture on giving you a word of advice. At your time of life, you will do well to place her at once under competent and proper care. You may live to regret it, if you are too confident in your own good motives in such a case as this. Come to me again, if I can be of any use to you. No,' he continued, refusing to take his fee, 'my help to that poor lost girl is help given freely.' He shook hands with Amelius—a worthy member of the noble order to which he belonged.

The surgeon's parting advice, following on the quaint protest of Rufus, had its effect on Amelius. He was silent and thoughtful when he got into the carriage again.

Simple Sally looked at him with a vague sense of alarm. Her heart beat fast, under the perpetually recurring fear that she had done something or said something to offend him. 'Was it bad behaviour in me,' she asked, 'to fall asleep in the chair?' Reassured, so far, she was still as anxious as ever to get at the truth. After long hesitation, and long previous thought, she ventured to try another question. 'The gentleman sent me out of the room—did he say anything to set you against me!'

'The gentleman said everything that was kind of you', Amelius replied,

'and everything to make me hope that you will live to be a happy girl.'

She said nothing to that; vague assurances were no assurances to her—she only looked at him with the dumb fidelity of a dog. Suddenly, she dropped on her knees in the carriage, hid her face in her hands, and cried silently. Surprised and distressed, he attempted to raise her, and console her. 'No!' she said obstinately. 'Something has happened to vex you, and you won't tell me what it is. Do, do, do tell me what it is!'

'My dear child,' said Amelius, 'I was only thinking anxiously about you, in the time to come.'

She looked up at him quickly. 'What! have you forgotten already!' she exclaimed. 'I'm to be your servant in the time to come.' She dried her eyes, and took her place again joyously by his side. 'You did frighten me,' she said, 'and all for nothing. But you didn't mean it, did you?'

An older man might have had the courage to undeceive her: Amelius shrank from it. He tried to lead her back to the melancholy story—so common and so terrible; so pitiable in its utter absence of sentiment or romance—the story of her past life.

'No,' she answered, with that quick insight where her feelings were concerned which was the only quick insight that she possessed. 'I don't like making you sorry; and you did look sorry—you did—when I talked about it before. The streets, the streets, the streets; little girl, or big girl, it's only the streets; and always being hungry and cold; and cruel men when it isn't cruel boys. I want to be happy! I want to enjoy my new clothes! You tell me about your own self. What makes you so kind? I can't make it out; try as I may, I can't make it out.'

Some time elapsed before they got back to the hotel. Amelius drove as far as the City, to give the necessary instructions to his bankers.

On returning to the sitting-room at last, he discovered that his American friend was not alone. A gray-haired lady with a bright benevolent face was talking earnestly to Rufus. The instant Sally discovered the stranger, she started back, fled to the shelter of her bedchamber, and locked herself in. Amelius, entering the room after a little hesitation, was presented to Mrs. Payson.

'There was something in my old friend's note,' said the lady, smiling and turning to Rufus, 'which suggested to me that I should do well to answer it personally. I am not too old yet to follow the impulse of the moment, sometimes; and I am very glad that I did so. I have heard what is—to me—a very interesting story. Mr. Goldenheart, I respect you! And I will prove it by helping you with all my heart and soul to save that poor little girl who has just run away from me. Pray don't make excuses for her; I should have run away too, at her age. We have arranged,' she continued, looking again at Rufus, 'that I shall take you both to the Home this afternoon. If we can prevail on Sally to go with us, one serious obstacle in our way will be overcome. Tell me the number of her room. I want to try if I can't make friends with her. I have had some experience; and I don't despair of bringing her back here, hand in hand with the terrible person who has frightened her.'

The two men were left together Amelius attempted to speak.

'Keep it down,' said Rufus' 'no premature outbreak of opinion, if you please, yet awhile. Wait till she has fixed Sally, and shown us the Paradise of the poor girls. It's within the London postal district, and that's all I know about it. Well, now, and did you go to the doctor? Thunder! what's come to the boy? Seems as though he had left his complexion in the carriage? He looks, I do declare, as if he wanted medical tinkering himself.'

Amelius explained that his past night had been a wakeful one, and that the events of the day had not allowed him any opportunities of repose. 'Since the morning,' he said, 'things have hurried so, one on the top of the other, that I am beginning to feel a little dazed and weary.' Without a word of remark, Rufus produced the remedy. The materials were ready on the sideboard—he made a cocktail.

'Another?' asked the New Englander, after a reasonable lapse of time.

Amelius declined taking another. He stretched himself on the sofa; his good friend considerately took up a newspaper. For the first time that day, he had now the prospect of a quiet interval for rest and thought. In less than a minute, the delusive prospect vanished. He started to his feet again, disturbed by a new anxiety. Having leisure to think, he had thought of Regina. 'Good heavens!' he exclaimed; 'she's waiting to see me—and I never remembered it till this moment!' He looked at his watch; it was five o'clock. 'What am I to do?' he said, helplessly.

Rufus laid down the newspaper, and considered the new difficulty in its various aspects.

'We are bound to go with Mrs. Payson to the Home,' he said; 'and I tell you this, Amelius, the matter of Sally is not a matter to be played with; it's a thing that's got to be done. In your place, I should write politely to Miss Regina, and put it off till to-morrow.'

In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, a man who took Rufus for his counsellor was a man who acted wisely in every sense of the word. Events, however (of which Amelius and his friend were both ignorant alike), had so ordered it that the American's well-meant advice, in this one exceptional case, was the very worst advice that could have been given. In an hour more, Jervy and Mrs. Sowler were to meet at the tavern-door. The one last hope of protecting Mrs. Farnaby from the abominable conspiracy of which she was the destined victim, rested solely on the fulfilment by Amelius of his engagement with Regina for that day. Always ready to interfere with the progress of the courtship, Mrs. Farnaby would be especially eager to seize the first opportunity of speaking to her young Socialist friend on the subject of his lecture. In the course of the talk between them, the idea which, in the present disturbed state of his mind, had not struck him yet—the idea that the outcast of the streets might, by the barest conceivable possibility, be identified with the lost daughter—would, in one way or another, be almost infallibly suggested to Amelius; and, at the eleventh hour, the conspiracy would be foiled. If, on the other hand, the American's fatal advice was followed, the next morning's post might bring a letter from Jervy to Mrs. Farnaby—with this disastrous result. At the first words spoken by Amelius she would put an end to all further interest in the subject on his part, by telling him that the lost girl had been found, and found by another person.

Rufus pointed to the writing-materials on a side table, which he had himself used earlier in the day. The needful excuse was, unhappily, quite easy to find. A misunderstanding with his landlady had obliged Amelius to leave his lodgings at an hour's notice, and had occupied him in trying to find a residence for the rest of the day. The note was written. Rufus, who was nearest to the bell, stretched out his hand to ring for the messenger. Amelius suddenly stopped him.

'She doesn't like me to disappoint her,' he said. 'I needn't stay long—I might get there and back in half an hour, in a fast cab.'

His conscience was not quite easy. The sense of having forgotten Regina—no matter how naturally and ex-

cusably— oppressed him with a feeling of self-reproach. Rufus raised no objection; the hesitation of Amelius was unquestionably creditable to him. 'If you must do it, my son,' he said, 'do it right away—and we'll wait for you.'

Amelius took up his hat. The door opened as he approached it, and Mrs. Payson entered the room, leading Simple Sally by the hand.

'We are all going together,' said the genial old lady, 'to see my large family of daughters at the Home. We can have our talk in the carriage. It's an hour's drive from this place—and I must be back again to dinner at half-past seven.'

Amelius and Rufus looked at each other. Amelius thought of pleading an engagement, and asking to be excused. Under the circumstances, it was assuredly not a very gracious thing to do. Before he could make up his mind, one way or the other, Sally stole to his side, and put her hand on his arm. Mrs. Payson had done wonders in conquering the girl's inveterate distrust of strangers, and, to a certain extent at least, winning her confidence. But no earthly influence could shake Sally's dog-like devotion to Amelius. Her jealous instinct discovered something suspicious in his sudden silence. 'You must go with us,' she said; 'I won't go without You.'

'Certainly not,' Mrs. Payson added; 'I promised her that, of course, beforehand.'

Rufus rang the bell, and despatched the messenger to Regina. 'That's the one way out of it, my son,' he whispered to Amelius, as they followed Mrs. Payson and Sally down the stairs of the hotel.

They had just driven up to the gates of the Home, when Jervy and his accomplice met at the tavern, and entered on their consultation in a private room.

In spite of her poverty-stricken appearance, Mrs. Sowler was not absolutely destitute. In various and underhand and wicked ways she contrived to put a few shillings in her pocket from week to week. If she was half starved, it was for the very ordinary reason (among persons of her vicious class) that she preferred spending her money on drink. Stating his business with her, as reservedly and as cunningly as usual, Jervy found to his astonishment that even this squalid old creature presumed to bargain with him. The two wretches were on the point of a quarrel which might have delayed the execution of the plot against Mrs. Farnaby, but for the vile self-control which made Jervy one of the most formidable criminals living. He gave way on the question of money—and, from that moment, he held Mrs. Sowler absolutely at his disposal.

'Meet me to-morrow morning, to receive your instructions,' he said. 'The time is ten sharp; and the place is the powder-magazine in Hyde Park. And mind this! You must be decently dressed—you know where to hire the things. If I smell you of spirits to-morrow morning, I shall employ somebody else. No! not a farthing now. You will have your money to-morrow at ten.'

Left by himself, Jervy sent for pen, ink and paper. Using his left hand, which was just as serviceable to him as his right, he traced these lines:

'You are informed, by an unknown friend, that a certain lost young lady is now living in a foreign country, and may be restored to her afflicted mother on receipt of a sufficient sum to pay expenses and to reward the writer of this letter, who is (undeservedly) in distressed circumstances.

'Are you, madam, the mother? I ask the question in the strictest confidence, knowing nothing certainly but that your husband was the person who put the young lady out to nurse in her infancy.

'I don't address your husband, because his inhuman desertion of the poor baby does not incline me to trust him. I run the risk of trusting you

—to a certain extent at starting. Shall I drop a hint which may help you to identify the child, in your own mind? It would be inexcusably foolish on my part to speak too plainly, just yet. The hint must be a vague one. Suppose I use a poetical expression, and say the young lady is enveloped in mystery from head to foot—especially the foot?

'In the event of my addressing the right person, I beg to offer a suggestion for a preliminary interview.

'If you will take a walk on the bridge over the Serpentine River, on the Kensington Gardens side, at half-past ten o'clock to-morrow morning, holding a white handkerchief in your left hand, you will meet the much-injured woman, who was deceived into taking charge of the infant child at Ramsgate, and will be satisfied so far that you are giving your confidence to persons who really deserve it.'

Jervy addressed this infamous letter to Mrs. Farnaby, in an ordinary envelope, marked 'Private.' He posted it, that night, with his own hand.

(*To be continued.*)

I HOLD within my hand a lute,
  A lute that hath not many strings,
  A little bird above it sings,
  And singing soars and claps its wings;
Sing, little bird; when thou art mute,
The music dies within my lute.

Sing on, thou little bird, until
  I hear a voice expected long,
That bids an after-silence fill
  The space that once was filled with song.
Then fold thy wings upon my breast,
Upon my heart, and give it rest.

DORA GREENWELL.

ECKERMANN AND GOETHE.

BY FIDELIS, KINGSTON.

PART II.

OF all Goethe's literary conversations, his affectionate reminiscences of Schiller are the most interesting, in themselves, and as a proof that human sympathy was not really the matter of indifference to him which he supposed. He speaks with some amusement of the rivalry which the public had set up between himself and Schiller. 'For twenty years, the public has been disputing which is the greatest, Schiller or I, and it ought to be glad that it has got a couple of fellows about whom it can dispute.' He tells us that Schiller could not work instinctively, and that he liked to discuss the works on which he was engaged, scene after scene. Goethe, on the contrary, said nothing to any one till his work was finished,—an indication in itself of the different quality of their genius. Yet, different as their natures were, Goethe tells us that their tendencies 'were still towards one point, which made our connexion so intimate that one really would not live without the other.' He tells us how the subject of 'William Tell' had been suggested to Schiller by himself—that he, inspired by the enchanting scenery of the Lake of the Four Cantons (Lucerne), had for some time contemplated such a drama, but, having many other things to do, had communicated his thoughts to Schiller, and described to him the scenery which had so impressed him. In Schiller's soul, he tells us, his landscapes and his acting figures formed themselves into a drama,—Goethe gave up his subject entirely to him, and thus we have the origin of Schiller's 'Wilhelm Tell.' Of 'Wallenstein,' on the other hand, he says that if Schiller had asked him about it before he had written it he would certainly have advised him against it, for he 'could never have dreamed that from such a subject so excellent a drama could be made,' which he gives in illustration of the wise maxim that 'one should never ask anybody if one means to write anything.' A memorial of Schiller, which he received on his seventy-eighth birthday, consisting of a transcribed conversation, seemed to give Goethe much pleasure. 'Schiller appears here, as always, in perfect possession of his sublime nature. He was a true man, such as one ought to be.' In another conversation, he speaks regretfully of over-work having in Schiller's later years impaired his health and productive powers. Being obliged to write on days when he was not well, and being determined that his talent should obey him at any hour, he 'was obliged to stimulate his powers by the use of spirituous liquors. The habit impaired his health, and was likewise injurious to his productions. The faults which some wise-acres find in his works I deduce from this source. All the passages which they say are not what they ought to be I would call *pathological passages*, for he wrote them on days when he had not strength to find the right and true motives.' Would that authors gen-

erally could find such considerate critics!

In another conversation, some years later, he refers again to the danger of forcing production by recourse to stimulants, remarking that if an author should do this, 'the method would certainly answer, but it would be discoverable in all the scenes which he had written under such an influence, to their great disadvantage.' 'My counsel,' he says, 'is to force nothing, and rather to trifle and sleep away all unproductive days and hours, than on such days to compose something which will afterwards give no pleasure.' To which we may imagine hard-driven writers, chained to the relentless press of this hurrying age, responding, with a sigh, 'Happy indeed are they who can avail themselves of such excellent advice!' But the lesson is a good one, for all!

In the same conversation, he makes an interesting distinction between the higher kind of productiveness, which is a gift, and the lower kind, which man can himself control—both being required for the production of any great work.

'No productiveness of the highest kind, no remarkable discovery, no great thought which bears fruit and has results, is in the power of any one; but such things are elevated above all earthly control. Man must consider them as an unexpected gift from above, as pure children of God, which he must receive and venerate with joyful thanks. They are akin to the *dæmon* (Socratic), which does with him what it pleases, and to which he unconsciously resigns himself, whilst he believes he is acting from his own impulse. There is, however, a productiveness of another kind, subjected to earthly influences, and which man has more in his power, although he here, also, finds cause to bow before something divine. Under this category I place all that appertains to the execution of a plan, all the links of a chain of thought, the ends of which already shine forth; I also place there all that constitutes the visible body of a work of art. Thus Shakespeare was inspired with his first thought of his Hamlet when the spirit of the whole presented itself to his mind as an unexpected impression, and he surveyed the several situations, characters and conclusions, in an elevated mood, as a pure gift from above, on which he had no immediate influence, although the possibility of conceiving such a thought certainly pre-supposed such a mind as his. But the individual scenes, and the dialogue of the characters, he had completely in his own power, so that he might produce them daily and hourly, and work at them for weeks if he liked.'

To Shakespeare Goethe again and again recurs with unbounded admiration, 'We cannot talk about Shakespeare,' he says at one time, in despair; 'everything is inadequate.' 'Goetz' and 'Egmont,' he admits to be the expression of his influence on his own genius, which he says he 'did well to get rid of by writing them.' Elsewhere he speaks of Shakespeare as having 'already exhausted the whole of human nature in all its tendencies, in all its heights and depths, and that, in fact, there remains for him the aftercome, nothing more to do! And how could one get courage to put pen to paper, if one were conscious in an earnest, appreciating spirit, that such unfathomable and unattainable excellencies were already in existence!' He believed that, had he been born an Englishman, the master-pieces of English literature, brought before him at the first dawn of youthful consciousness, would have overpowered him, and he would not have known what to do. At another time, he says, dwelling on the same thought: 'Had I earlier known how many excellent things have been in existence for hundreds and thousands of years, I should not have written a line, but have done something else.' In a similar mood,

he quaintly says of distinguished men who died early, that they 'had perfectly fulfilled their missions, and it was time for them to depart, *that other people might still have something to do in a world made to last a long while !'*

Of Byron, he again and again expresses an extraordinarily high estimate, indeed, he was evidently his favourite among his English contemporaries. He declared that he had never seen the true poetical power greater in any man than in him. 'In the apprehension of external objects, and a clear penetration into past situations, he is quite as great as Shakespeare. But as a pure individuality, Shakespeare is his superior.' But he admitted that his recklessness of moral restraint, his perpetual discontent and opposition to the world about him, prevented the fair development of his genius. Had he been able to work off this opposition in speeches in Parliament, he would have been, Goethe thought, a healthier poet,—an acute, and probably correct conjecture. But, says Goethe, 'as he scarcely ever spoke in Parliament, he kept within himself all his feelings against his nation, and to free himself from them, he had no other means than to express them in poetical form. I could, therefore, call a great part of Byron's works of negation ' suppressed parliamentary speeches, and think this would be no bad name for them.' In an earlier conversation he uses the same tendency in Byron to illustrate a great truth, which, however, needs to be balanced with its opposite :—' His personal negation and fault-finding is injurious even to his excellent works. For not only does the discontent of the poet infect the reader, but the end of all opposition is negation ; and negation is nothing. If I call *bad* bad, what do I gain ? But if I call *good* bad, I do a great deal of mischief. He who will work aright must never rail, must not trouble himself at all about what is ill done, but only do well himself. For the great point is, *not to pull down, but to build up, and in this, humanity finds pure joy.'*

But Goethe, as we all know, went to the opposite extreme of apathy towards revolutionary movements which were necessary to the welfare and progress of humanity. His own explanation of this was, that ' all violent transitions are revolting to my mind, for they are not conformable to nature. I love the rose, but I am not fool enough to desire that my garden should produce them now, at the end of April. I am satisfied if I now find the first green leaves, satisfied if I see how one leaf after another is formed upon the stem, from week to week ; I am pleased when in May, I perceive the buds, and am happy when, at last in June, the rose appears in all its splendour and all its fragrance.'

With destructive criticism Goethe had as little patience as with destructive movements. With a grand recklessness of literal truth of detail natural to one who could see into the great central truths of humanity, he says : ' Till lately the world believed in the heroism of Lucretia,—of a Mucius Scœvola, and suffered itself by this belief, to be warmed and inspired. But now comes your historical criticism, and says that those persons never lived, but are to be regarded as fables and fictions, divined by the great mind of the Romans. What are we to do with so pitiful a truth ? *If the Romans were great enough to invent such stories, he should at least be great enough to believe them.'*

Wolf, he tells us, had tried to pull Homer to pieces, but the poem constructed itself by its own vitality. ' Thus,' he says, ' they are now pulling to pieces the five Books of Moses, and if an annihilating criticism is injurious in anything, it is so in matters of religion, for here everything depends upon faith, to which we cannot return when we have once lost it.'

Scott, as well as Byron, was a favourite of Goethe's, and there is a

letter from Sir Walter to Goethe, touching in its frank simplicity, as he enters into a description of his family and circumstances, and refers with some pride to his home at Abbotsford. The letter pleased Goethe exceedingly,—especially the personal communications regarding Scott's home and family. It is curious to note, as recalling the immense difference in postal facilities between that time and the present, that Scott apologises for delay in writing, owing to not having been able to find 'a private hand to convey his letter, and that he now writes hurriedly because he has just heard of an opportunity.' Here is one of Goethe's criticisms on Scott's genius:—

'His scenes and situations are like pictures by Teniers; in the arrangement they show the summit of art; the individual figures have a speaking truth, and the execution is extended with artistic love to the minutest details, so that not a stroke is lost.'

Of Milton, he said that his 'Samson' has 'more of the antique spirit than any production of any other modern poet. Milton was really a great poet; one to whom we owe all possible respect.'

Of Napoleon also, he had a great admiration, as one of the master spirits of the world, and speaks with evident satisfaction of his having carried a copy of 'Werther' in his field library. Goethe had no romantic illusions about the great conqueror; but it is evident that, on the whole, he valued *strength*, intellectual and physical, above *moral* power and insight, and indeed held a rather low opinion of humanity in general. 'No man,' he says, 'serves another disinterestedly, but he does it willingly if he knows he can thus serve himself. Napoleon knew men; he knew how to make proper use of their weaknesses.'

In another conversation, in the same Mephistophelian vein he tells Eckermann that had he been born in England, he would have been a bishop with £30,000 a year! And 'having once attained this eminence, would have neglected nothing to keep my position. Above all, I would have done everything to make the night of ignorance, if possible, still darker. Oh, how would I have tried to cajole the good silly multitude, and how would I have humbled the schoolboys, so that no one should have observed, or even have had the courage to remark that my brilliant position was based upon the most scandalous abuses!'

Of course these words must be taken ironically, but they well illustrate the cynical mocking side of Goethe's character. At another time, the other side comes out,—in speaking of his having been censured for not taking up arms, or even co-operating as a poet during the struggle of the Germans with the French:

'If such an emergency had befallen me when twenty years old, I should certainly not have been the last; but it found me as one who had already passed the first sixties.—Besides, we cannot all serve our country in the same way, but each does his duty best, according as God has endowed him. I have toiled hard enough during half a century. I can say, that, in those things which nature has appointed for my daily work, I have permitted myself no repose or relaxation, night or day, but have always striven, investigated, and done as much, and that as well as I could.' To himself, he said, who was not of a warlike nature, and who had no warlike sense,—war-songs would have been as a badly fitting mask.

'How could I write songs of hatred without hating? And, between ourselves, I did not hate the French, although I thanked God that we were free from them. How could I, to whom culture and barbarism are alone of importance, hate a nation which is among the most cultivated of the earth, and to which I owe so great a part of my own cultivation?—'There

is a degree where it (national hatred) vanishes altogether, and where one stands, to a certain extent, *above* nations, and feels the weal or woe of a neighbouring people, as if it had happened to one's own.' It was such a calm and exalted philosophy of thought and feeling that made his admiring disciples regard even his egoism as the natural and fitting expression of a majestic nature. Guizot, Merimeé, Voltaire, Victor Hugo, Humboldt, Manzoni, Béranger, Molière are among the literary men of other countries of whom he speaks with admiring appreciation. One of the most interesting conversations discusses Carlyle's celebrated essay on Goethe. Eckermann, through whom the essay, first published in *Fraser's Magazine*, had been sent to Goethe, dined with him on the day he read it, and naïvely says :—'He appeared to-day in quite youthful spirits, and we began immediately to speak on topics interesting to both.' 'It is pleasant to see' said Goethe, 'how the earlier pedantry of the Scotch has changed into earnestness and profundity. When I recollect how the Edinburgh Reviewers treated my works not many years since, and when I now consider Carlyle's merits with respect to German literature, I am astonished at the important step for the better.' In the same conversation Goethe remarks to Eckermann.—'My works cannot be popular. He who thinks and strives to make them so is in error. They are not written for the multitude, but only for individuals who desire something congenial, and whose aims are like my own.' Goethe had a great admiration for Englishmen,— especially the young, handsome Englishmen who found their way to Weimar, whom he declared to be 'thoroughly complete men,'—and whom he contrasted with the 'short-sighted, pale, narrow-chested young Germans,'— 'young without youth,'—who came to him from North-East Germany. He protested against the over-education which prevailed in philosophical and learned matters,' which had no practical application and caused 'deficiency in the necessary mental and bodily energy, which is quite indispensable when one would enter properly into practical life.' What he says of Germans then might not be altogether inapplicable to ourselves now. He goes on to say :—

'The third part of the learned men and statesmen, shackled to the desk, are ruined in body, and consigned to the demon of hypochondria. Here there should be action from above, that future generations may, at least, be preserved from a like destruction.'

The death of the Grand Duke, Carl August,—Goethe's old patron and friend—occurred in 1828 and was a heavy blow. 'I thought,' said he, 'that I should depart before him,— but God disposes as he thinks best; and all that we poor mortals have to do, is to endure and keep ourselves upright as well and as long as we can.' To this end, Eckermann very characteristically tells us that 'he went soon to Dornburg to withdraw himself from daily saddening impressions, and to restore himself by fresh activity in a new scene.' During the Grand Duke's life, he had borne the following honourable testimony concerning him, in speaking to Eckermann :—'I have been intimately connected with him for half a century, and have, during half a century, striven and worked with him, but I should speak falsely if I were to say that I have known a single day in which the Grand Duke has not thought of doing and executing something tending to the benefit of the land, and fitted to improve the condition of individuals.' Some months after his death, in conversation with Eckermann, he indulged in affectionate reminiscences of his early intercourse with the prince with whom he had worked for fifty years, —of their break-neck chases over the Mountains of Ilmenan—their forest

bivouacks— their long evening discussions, when they would sit conversing 'on art and nature and other excellent topics, till both fell asleep on one sofa.' Goethe extols his talent, his administrative power, his cultivation, and his noble benevolence. 'He always thought first of the happiness of his country, and only, at last, a little of himself. His hand was always ready and open to meet noble men, and to assist in promoting worthy objects. There was a great deal that was divine in him. He would have liked to promote the happiness of all mankind. Love engenders love, and one who is loved can easily govern.'

A slight incident that occurred during the Grand Duke's life, showed how little pettiness there was in Goethe's egoism. The theatre in which Schiller as well as Goethe had taken so strong an artistic interest had been burned down, and Goethe had spent much time and thought in devising, along with the architect Coudray, a plan for a new and noble building. It had actually been begun, and the walls were going up, when the Grand Duke was persuaded, on the score of expense, to alter the plan, and Eckermann in passing, discovered that the plan of Goethe and Coudray had been relinquished. 'I feared,' he said (very naturally) 'that this unexpected measure would deeply wound Goethe's feelings; but there was no sign of it. I found him in the mildest and most serene frame of mind, quite raised above all sensitive littleness.' 'You will have a very tolerable house,' said he, 'if not exactly such a one as I wished and imagined. You will go to it, and I shall go to it too, and in the end all will turn out well enough.'

It is one of the curiosities of genius that Goethe should have placed his chief pride in his celebrated 'theory of colours,' in which he was completely wrong, and which, even during his lifetime, met with persistent scientific opposition. How strongly he clung to t as his *great* achievement, we see from his telling Eckermann that, 'To make an epoch in the world, two conditions are notoriously essential—a good head and a great inheritance. Napoleon inherited the French Revolution; Frederick the Great, the Silesian War; Luther, the darkness of the Popes; and I, the errors of the Newtonian theory. The present generation has no conception of what I have accomplished in this matter, *but posterity will grant that I have by no means come into a bad inheritance.*'

'As for what I have done as a poet,' he would repeatedly say to me, 'I take no pride in it whatever. Excellent poets have lived at the same time with myself, poets more excellent have lived before me, and others will come after me. But that, in my country, I am the only person who knows the truth in the difficult science of colours—of that, I say, I am not a little proud, and here I have a consciousness of a superiority to many.' Eckermann accounts for his irritability with regard to opposition to this favourite theory, while he was perfectly patient of criticism of his poems—on the ground that his feeling for it was 'like that of a mother, who loves an excellent child all the more the less it is esteemed by others.' It shows, however, that no man is '*totus, teres, atque rotundus;*' and that even a Goethe, with all his penetration, was not able to form a correct estimate of his own powers. Eckermann glances at the reason of Goethe's failure in attempting questions of exact science, although, in his 'Metamorphosis of Plants,' he foreshadowed a real scientific truth. He was always eager to avail himself—Eckermann tells us—of the knowledge of a specialist, because he says, 'the latter has *mastered a kingdom of endless details*, whilst Goethe lives more in the contemplation of great universal laws. Thence it is that Goethe, who is always upon the track of some great synthesis, but who, from the want of knowledge of single facts, lacks a confirmation of his presentiments, seizes upon and retains

with such decided love, every connexion with important natural philosophers. For in them he finds what he himself wants; in them he finds that which supplies his own deficiencies. In none of his tendencies has he come to a fixed point; he will always go on further and further, still learning and learning. Thus he shows himself a man endowed with imperishable youth.'

From many wise and weighty sayings on great questions, we select the following as being especially fitting and characteristic:—

'Man is born not to solve the problems of the universe, but *to find out where the problem begins*, and then to restrain himself within the limits of the comprehensible.'

'His faculties are not sufficient to measure the actions of the universe; and an attempt to explain the outer world by reason is, with his narrow points of view, but a vain endeavour. The reason of man and the reason of the Deity are two very different things.'

'If we grant freedom to man, there is an end to the omniscience of God; for if the Divinity knows how I shall act, I must act so perforce. I give this merely as a sign how little we know, and to show that it is not good to meddle with divine mysteries.'

'People are always talking about originality; but what do they mean? As soon as we are born, the world begins to work upon us, and this goes on to the end. And, after all, what can we call our own, except energy, strength, and will? If I could give an account of all that I owe to great predecessors and contemporaries, there would be but a small balance in my favour.'

'Everywhere we learn only from those whom we love.'

There are many other thoughts in this basket of fragments to which one would willingly give place, did our limits permit, but room must be left for a few of Goethe's latest utterances on the most solemn and momentous problems of life. In the immortality of the soul he had the fullest belief: 'I am fully convinced,' he says, 'that our spirit is a being of a nature quite indestructible, and that its activity continues from eternity to eternity. It is like the sun, which seems to set only to our earthly eyes, but which, in reality, never sets but shines on unceasingly.' In a much earlier conversation he says, in his Mephistophelian moods, that much occupation with theories of immortality was for ladies and rich men, not for active workers, and hoped that he should hereafter meet none of the warm advocates of the doctrine here. 'For how I should be tormented! The pious would throng around me to say, "Were we not right? Did we not predict it? Has it not happened just as we said? And so there would be *ennui* without end—even in the other world!'" But this cynical outbreak was evidently the result of a worrying cross-examination he had had to sustain from a lady, on some speculations of Tiedge's in his 'Urania.' Years later, he says, 'To me, the eternal existence of my soul is proved from my idea of activity, if I work on incessantly till my death, nature is bound to give me *another form of existence when the present one can no longer sustain my spirit.*'

The plaint "few and evil have been the days of the years of my life' is one we should hardly have looked for from, perhaps, the most successful poet who ever lived, yet he gives his retrospect thus:

'I have ever been esteemed one of Fortune's choicest favourites; nor will I complain or find fault with the course my life has taken. Yet, truly, *there has been nothing but toil and care*; and I may say that, in all my seventy-five years, I have never had a month of genuine comfort. It has been the perpetual rolling of a stone, which I have always had to raise anew. The claims upon my activity, both from within and without, were too numerous.'

As to the existence of a God, he entertained no doubt whatever,—nay, more, he considered it a truth beyond question. 'Heathen,' as he has been called, he was orthodox in comparison with the 'advanced thinkers' of our own day. 'Men,' he said, 'now doubt as little the existence of a God as their own, though the nature of the divinity,—the immortality, the peculiarities of our own souls, and their connexion with our bodies, are insoluble problems, with respect to which our philosophers take us no further.' It is curious that Goethe, in these conversations, never refers to Shelley, whose declaration of atheism in the poem of 'Queen Mab' had been given to the world a year or two before Eckermann came to Weimar, and whose tragic death occurred in the very year that the conversations began. In conversing about the instinct of birds in caring for the orphaned young of other birds, he says: 'That is what I call the omnipresence of the Deity, who has everywhere spread and implanted a portion of his endless love, and has implanted even in the brute as a germ that which only blossoms to perfection in noble man.'

As to the 'moral element,' he was equally at issue with 'modern advanced thought.' It came, he tells us, 'through God Himself, like everything else. It is no product of human reflection, but a beautiful nature inherent and inborn. It is more or less inherent in mankind generally, but to a high degree in a few eminently gifted minds.'

Even his eschatology resembles, and is evidently drawn from the Christian one: 'I foresee the time when God will have no more joy in man, but will break up everything for a renewed creation. I am certain that everything is planned to this end, and that the time and hour are already fixed in the distant future for the occurrence of this renovating epoch.' At another time, he expresses a feeling most natural to earnest minds when the burden of 'world-sorrow' presses heavily upon them:

'If, in a depressed mood, one reflects deeply upon the wretchedness of our age, it often occurs to one that the world is gradually approaching the last day. And the evil accumulates from generation to generation! For is it not enough that we have to suffer for the sins of our fathers, but we hand down to posterity these inherited vices, increased by our own.'

'A second Redeemer,' said Eckermann, 'would be required to move from us the seriousness, the discomfort, and the monstrous oppressions of this state of things.' 'If he came,' said Goethe, '*he would be crucified a second time.*'

'Christianity,' he says elsewhere, 'has a might of its own, by which dejected, suffering humanity is re-elevated from time to time, and when we grant it this power, it is raised above all philosophy, and needs no support therefrom.'

In the guiding and governing action of a Divine Providence, Goethe again and again expresses his implicit faith. In speaking of what had once seemed adverse circumstances in his life, he says:

'But now I can do reverence to all these hindrances; for during these delays things have ripened abroad, among other excellent men, so that they advance me beyond all conception, and will bring my work to a conclusion, which I could not have imagined a year ago. The like has often happened to me in life, and in such cases one is led to believe in a higher influence, in something "*dæmonish*" which we adore without trying to explain it further.' Again he says, 'To hear some people speak, one would almost believe that they were of opinion that God had withdrawn into silence since those old times, and that man was now placed quite upon his own feet, and had to see how he could get on without God and His invisible breath.'

Towards Christianity Goethe's last

attitude was certainly not one of *rejection*, though it would hardly have secured him membership in a Christian Church. Again and again in the last months of his life he recurs to the inspiring effect of a true faith, to the wonderful and majestic figure of Christ as portrayed in the Gospels. 'I look upon all the four gospels as thoroughly genuine; for there is in them the reflection of a greatness which emanated from the person of Jesus, and which was of as divine a kind as ever was seen on earth.'

Again he says, in comparing Romanism and Protestantism, 'We scarcely know what we owe to Luther and to the Reformation in general. We are freed from the fetters of spiritual narrow-mindedness; we have, in consequence of our increasing culture, become capable of turning back to the fountain head, and of comprehending Christianity in its purity. We have, again, the courage to stand with firm feet upon God's earth, and to feel ourselves in our divinely endowed human nature. Let mental culture go on advancing—let the natural sciences go on gaining in depth and breadth, and the human mind expand as it may, *it will never go beyond the elevation and moral culture of Christianity as it glistens and shines forth in the Gospels.*'

'The mischievous sectarianism of the Protestants will also cease, and with it the hatred and hostile feeling between father and son, sister and brother; for as soon as the pure doctrine and love of Christ are comprehended in their true nature and have become a vital principle, we shall feel ourselves as human beings, great and free, and not attach especial importance to a degree more or less in the outward forms of religion. Besides we shall all gradually advance from a Christianity of words and faith, to a Christianity of feeling and action.'

'God did not retire to rest after the well-known six days of creation, but on the contrary, is constantly active as on the first. It would have been for Him a poor occupation to compose this heavy world out of simple elements, and to keep it rolling in the sunbeams from year to year, *if he had not had the plan of forming a nursery for a world of spirits, upon this material basis.*'

Why, seeing so far and going so far, Goethe did not see farther and go farther, is one of many similar mysteries which we must be content to leave unsolved. One reason, probably, was that the object of his natural worship was rather greatness of intellect—pure reason, than the Divine Love whose revelation is the Lord Jesus Christ. Then the concrete types of Christianity with which he chiefly came in contact—the Roman Catholic, the Rationalistic, and the 'Pietistic,' were calculated, each in its own way, to repel rather than attract his full and many-sided nature, while doubtless his egoism presented a more personal barrier to the entrance of the spiritual light which the humble and the child-like are most fitted to receive. Yet another reason, perhaps, lay in his tendency to dissatisfaction with any partial revelation of that Absolute and Incomprehensible Existence, the full apprehension of which is so far beyond the reach of human faculties. That he was *not* wanting in intense veneration for the 'Eternal Power and Godhead,' and for the 'grace and truth' that shone in the person of Christ, his own words conclusively prove.

The words last quoted were spoken but a few days before his death, in the last conversation but one which Eckermann has recorded. The end seemed to come suddenly, as all endings, perhaps, do seem to come, however long delayed. Eckermann sorrowfully apologises for the too scanty records of the last months by the simple and touching confession, that 'as he was daily before my eyes, fresh and energetic as ever, I fancied this must always be the case.' So completely does he impart to us his own feeling for his great master that we can almost share

the silent sorrow with which in the closing scene, he stands beside the empty shrine from whence the mighty intellect had fled. 'A perfect man lay in great beauty before me, and the rapture which the sight caused made me forget for a moment that the immortal spirit had left such an abode. I laid my hand on his heart—there was a deep silence—and I turned away to give free vent to my suppressed tears.'

We reluctantly turn away from the pages in which, through the medium of the poet's simple-hearted friend, we have been privileged to hold converse for a while with the mighty dead, and share in what seems an ideal life, as compared with the commonplace of average existence. It is honourable to the literary history of the United States, that the first translation of these conversations, though not a full one, was published in America, the work of Margaret Fuller Ossoli. The more complete translation by John Oxenford, published in England is not an easy book to find, on this side of the sea especially. A modern reprint of it, which, so far as the writer is aware, does not exist, would be a boon to readers in America. It is the sort of book to take as a companion to a summer solitude, enhancing by its suggestiveness the delights of unrestricted communion with nature, and enriching the harvest of thought which at such seasons, we may garner in. Its poetic insight, too, might well furnish an antidote to the superficial 'smartness' and shallow materialism that penetrate too much of our current literature. It is a help to the comprehension of the great works of Goethe, and as has been already said, to the complex and enigmatical character of the man. We see that his faults—great indeed—were at least the faults of a great nature; that the very egoism at which we grow so impatient, was the outcome of the conviction that his 'God-given best' was the perfecting and the full development of the genius which had been bestowed on him. That his life was self-centred was its weakness and its mistake—the weakness and the mistake that stunted its highest development, sullied its fair repute, and obscured to him the highest truth that the poet-teacher can unfold—that the truest greatness and greatest moral beauty for man lies, not in self-assertion but in self-surrender—in willingness to 'lose his life' that, in the best and truest sense, it may be 'found.'

DESTINY.

BY EDWIN ARNOLD.

SOMEWHERE there waiteth in this world of ours
For one lone soul another lonely soul,
Each chasing each through all the weary hours,
And meeting strangely at one sudden goal.
Then blend they, like green leaves with golden flowers,
Into one beautiful and tender whole;
And life's long night is ended, and the way
Lies open onward to eternal day.

(*Selected.*)

HOW IT HAPPENED.

BY ELIZABETH CAMPBELL.

WELL, this was how it came about—Colonel Warde said he couldn't get a cup of coffee to suit him at the hotel; and, as I rather prided myself on being able to make coffee fit for a king, of course I volunteered to make a cup that would suit him; and, as it was near luncheon,and there is no time like the present, I undertook to make it for him at once—'right away,' as our Yankee neighbours have it.

I make coffee in that comparatively recent invention known as the 'French Coffee-pot,' and when I went in search of it I found that the percolator was out of order. Now, ordinarily, that would have been of no consequence, because we are such a nervous family that we seldom drink coffee; it intoxicates us, much as strong drink intoxicates other mortals. Dick says because I make it so strong, and probably that is the reason; since, if I take coffee at all, I want it to be coffee, and not a dark-coloured hot water. However, I will never get this cup of coffee made at this rate, and that is what I began to think when, having managed to repair the percolator so that it would do duty, I proceeded to half fill the cylinder top, and found that the coffee had been ground so fine that it would take the water about three hours to drip through enough for two or three cups. Well, fortunately, after due search, I found some very fine unground coffee, and it only remained to grind it to suit myself.

'Bridget' I asked, with a dim foreboding of evil, 'have you seen the little coffee-mill lately?'—but Bridget had not seen it. She seldom sees anything at the right time; but on this occasion she really made an effort, and after some five or ten minutes' skirmishing in the kettle-closet, and subsequently in the cellar, the coffee-mill came to the surface, and things began to look favourable for the decoction of that much vaunted and eagerly awaited cup of coffee.

I'm afraid you will think me a shocking poor housekeeper, but I'm not; not nearly so bad as the foregoing would lead you to suppose; only I was a stranger, in a strange city; and Heaven defend me from untrained servants—of all the helpless, useless, shiftless, incapable—well! well! I was just making a few mental remarks of this sort, while I stood watching that Bridget clean the coffee-mill.

'Arrah, ma'am, sure this thing'll niver grind anything agin—sure the childer, bless thim! was playing store with it the other day, and I think it was pebbles they had in it, or something.'

'What!' I screamed, 'then it's ruined, of course; and now I am fairly at my wits' end, and Colonel Warde will have to go without his coffee after all. It is too bad. I declare it is—I shall be ashamed to excuse myself.'

A low, rippling laugh fell on my ears at this moment; and turning I saw my sister Beatrice standing in the doorway. Now Beatrice was our queen—she was tall; she was beautiful; she was stately, cold, and grand;

she was really an old maid; but no one ever thought of applying the term to her, and although she was seven years older than me, I know strangers always supposed her to be younger. Whatever the circumstances of our family, Beatrice always managed to be well-dressed, though she really spent the least money of any of our girls. She was slender and elegant of figure, a pale brunette in type, with magnificent dark, Spanish-looking eyes, and a superb head of glossy hair, dark as midnight, and not a single silver thread among its silken coils, while I was visibly growing grey. There was a legend in our family that Beatrice had once been deeply in love—engaged, in fact—and during those halcyon days she was as merry, frolicsome, full of fun and mischief as any of the ordinary mortals of the household; but that I never quite believed, for I could not imagine her other than the calm and stately being she always appeared to us. True, there were moments when she unbent, and then she was more our queen than ever, for she was one of those rarely favoured creatures who rule in every word—when she was cold and stately we submitted to her influence and owned her sway absolutely; and when she unbent we basked in the rays of her infrequent sunlight, but owned her sway more abjectly than ever.

So now when I heard that low, musical laugh, I turned and saw her smiling in the doorway, and I smiled a radiant response, for I immediately felt encouraged.

'Why do you laugh at my perplexity, Trix, dear? I'm sure I shall be too mortified to apologize. I wish I had never had the conceit to say I could make a good cup of coffee.'

'Don't despair, dear; you shall yet make good that harmless boast,' was the encouraging reply; and turning away without further explanation she took a wide-brimmed hat from the stand in the hall, and tying it on as she ran lightly down the front steps proceeded swiftly along the street. Of course I ran to the dining-room, which commanded a view of the street, and wondered to myself, quite audibly, what on earth she was going to do. How young—how girlish she looked in her plain, princesse robe of black silk! It was buttoned down the back, from the nape of her delicate neck to the simple flounce of knife-pleating round the skirt, which was its only trimming, and it was made with a graceful train, that added to her height and the striking elegance of her figure. At this moment it was caught up in one white hand, for Beatrice never swept the street with her gowns, and had that rare knack of never catching a speck of dust on any article she wore, either in the street or elsewhere, while I was still wondering where she had gone, and what on earth she proposed doing to assist me in my intended coffee-making. I saw her enter the little hardware store at the end of the street, and then I divined her intention. She must have heard Bridget say the coffee-mill was spoiled—Well! who could have fancied it? But then one never knows what Beatrice will do.

If she had not done it, I suppose I would have had the temerity, in the course of the next five minutes, to have sent Bridget on the same errand. Although I knew she was quite capable of refusing; but I never would have dreamed of suggesting such a thing to my queenly sister. While I stood wrapt in the wonder of it, holding the canister of unground coffee in one hand, and a tablespoon in the other, Beatrice entered and placed a new coffee-mill on the table before me. I had just time to say:

'Trix dear, you are an angel,' and to bestow a single rapid glance on her face, which seemed strangely moved—her eyes were flashing through the moisture of tears, and her usually pale cheeks were aflame with some extraordinary excitement—when she turned and was gone, swift as a lightning-flash.

But I had no time to marvel then—every minute was of importance; so I hastened to grind the coffee, to place it in the cylinder, etc., and thank Heaven! at the end of another ten minutes the coffee was made, and poured out in my daintiest and thinnest china.

Dear, dear! I have been a dreadful time getting the fragrant decoction into those cups, haven't I?—but it was really worth all the worry it cost me, and poured out as clear as amber and as strong as brandy. Colonel Warde declared he had never drank such a delicious cup of coffee in America—in point of fact he drank five, but the cups were small, and even I, the most nervous member of the family, drank two. As to Beatrice, whom I now took occasion to observe particularly, I really began to fear she was attacked with temporary insanity.

As soon as the coffee began to circulate, and I had got over the trepidation of handing round the first cups (I told you how nervous I was), I remembered how strangely excited Beatrice had appeared, and then I observed her attentively. I soon decided that her excitement, whatever had caused it, was not of an unpleasant nature; but, as it became more evident, I wondered excessively what extraordinary combination of circumstances could have produced it, for it was an axiom in our house that earthquakes would not shake our stately sister from her customary high-bred repose. Whatever the cause, however, one thing was certain, the effect was vastly becoming. And so Colonel Warde seemed to think, for an intention which I had suspected of slumbering in his breast, suddenly awoke into violent activity, and I felt certain he would propose for our Beatrice that evening; and how I did hope she would accept him, for he was a grand match and a splendid fellow.

'You are almost as fond of coffee as I am,' he remarked, glancing with admiring eyes at her sparkling face when she passed her cup to me for the third time.

'O, I love it!' exclaimed Trix, with what I thought very exaggerated enthusiasm. 'Blessed be the man who invented coffee!' she added.

Now Trix seldom ever asked for a second cup, but, of course, I didn't say that; on the contrary I told a harmless fib, in the hope of advancing Colonel Warde's evident intentions.

'I should have made my sister prepare the coffee for you, Colonel Warde,' I said; 'she makes coffee better than I do.'

'I never want anything better than this,' said the gallant Colonel; 'it is fit for an Eastern Monarch.'

Beatrice laughed aloud, and her lovely, velvety, Spanish eyes fairly sparkled with a mischievous twinkle; but she didn't contradict me, and I was thankful for that, for our queen abhorred culinary pursuits of every description, and had never, to my knowledge, made a cup of coffee in her life.

Clearly enough she observed the Colonel's admiration, and perhaps suspected his intentions as much as I did; but if so her subsequent treatment of him was all the more reprehensible; for I consider that she gave him the most decided encouragement—however, as the real story-writers say, I must not anticipate.

Between the pair of them, and my own small assistance to boot, the coffee-pot was emptied at last; and there being no further inducement to linger over the lunch-table, we adjourned to the sitting-room—the cosiest little room for a lover's flirtation that ever was invented; and full of that thought I made the first pretext I could for leaving them there alone.

I stayed away an unconscionably long time; and when, at last I returned, I began an apology for my absence, uttered in a loud distinct tone, some time before I neared the door—of course I didn't wish to cause blushes or confusion by too sudden an entrance.

'You must think me very rude, Colonel Warde,' I said; 'but I'm quite a slave to that pretty set of china—there isn't a set to match it in America—so I always wash it myself, for that dreadful Bridget—'

Trix interrupted further vituperation of the 'slavey,' by exclaiming with a merry laugh:

'Don't say a word, Katie dear, against that invaluable domestic assistant. Bridget's an angel, and I could find it in my heart to embrace her this minute.'

'Good gracious! She has gone clean crazy!' was my mental commentary. Colonel Warde's proposal has been too much for her—dear Trix! beautiful though she is, she was getting to be an old maid,' and so I entered with some feeling of trepidation, and the evening having now come on, and the room being quite dark, I had nearly fallen over Trix before I saw her.

'What have you done with Colonel Warde?' I inquired then, for I perceived he was not in the room, as soon as my eyes became accustomed to the gloom.

'O! I was obliged to send him away, poor fellow! I knew I should be, as soon as you left us alone in that ostentatious way.'

'Good gracious!—then he didn't—'

'O! yes he did—quite in the most orthodox way, his hand and fortune, and all his earthly goods, at my feet—and he was desperately in earnest, too; that was the worst of it, but of course I had to say no—'

'*Why* had you to say *no*, Trix?—*why*, I should like to know?'

'Don't scream, dear, and I will tell you. There, sit down on this ottoman, and give me your dear little hand, and I will tell you all about it;' and I did as she bade me, while she held my hand between both of her's, that seemed to me burning with fever, while her eyes and her cheeks sparkled more than ever, but still she seemed brimming over and pulsating with happiness, and what it was all about I couldn't form the faintest idea.

'She is clean gone!' I thought to myself; but I didn't dare to hasten the coming disclosure by word or look.

Fortunately she didn't keep me long in suspense.

'Ages ago, when I was a girl of eighteen, and you were but a child, in short dresses—so, of course you don't remember—I was as desperately in love as ever the wildest, most romantic imagination could dream of—'

'*You* Trix!' I gasped.

'Yes, dear, *me*—it seems impossible, almost, but it was true. I was desperately, absurdly in love, and I made no effort to conceal it; every one about me knew it as well as I did myself. He was a young English officer, handsome as Apollo, on leave of absence from his regiment, and making a brief visit for change of air, his health being impaired, to some friends in New York, where, you remember, we were living at that time. Our acquaintance was brief, and Harold had never spoken to me of his love, or formally asked for mine, but I fancied that I read his feelings aright, and that I knew his love for me as well as I was quite certain he knew mine for him. Well, one day there came a peremptory recall to Captain Lindsay—his regiment was ordered out to India, for it was the period of the great Indian mutiny—and he had scant time to say good-bye, for a vessel sailed for England on the following day; and, by a singular mischance, I was away from home for a few days, and when I returned he was gone! Gone, and he had left no letter, no message, not even an ordinary good-bye for me!—oh, the shame, the anguish, the heart-break of that time. Of course everybody pitied me, for all had known of my love, and equally all could see that no explanation or engagement had taken place. Well, I wanted to die, but I didn't; I couldn't understand why, but I know now—

it was because he really *did* love me after all; yes, even as I loved him, and neither of us could die till we had met again, and told our love, for I don't doubt but he wished to die too. Well, I needn't remind you how we have knocked around the world in the course of the last fifteen or twenty years; and if Harold wrote to me, it is small wonder that I never got his letters. From the day we parted, before he received that message to rejoin his regiment, until this afternoon, we never beheld each other, or received word or token from each other; and if that angelic Bridget of yours were not the shiftless and incapable creature she is, perhaps we never should have met again. Yes, dear, it was all because of that blessed coffee-mill—just as I came out of the store, bearing it triumphantly in my hand, without so much as a wrapping-paper about it, I found myself face to face with Harold Lindsay. He knew me instantly, as I did him, though he has a scar across one cheek, and is bronzed with the Indian sun; but it seemed only yesterday that we parted.'

'I have searched the world over for you, Beatrice,' he said; 'oh, why have you been so cruel to me—I know you loved me—you love me now—I see it in every look of your heavenly face.'

Katie, dear, I thought I had gone mad; I had a wild desire to fling the coffee mill up in the air, and to shriek to give vent to my overwhelming feelings; but by a superhuman effort I controlled myself, and behaved quite like a calm, sane person. First, I observed that an old lady—such a handsome old lady, his mother, perhaps—was leaning on his arm, and that helped to steady me, I think; so I answered very quietly—

'There has been some great mistake, Harold, I don't know what; but come to me this evening and it will be all explained;' and then I pointed out our house to him, and brought home the coffee-mill, which I presently remembered you must be waiting for. You wonder how I could leave him so after such a meeting and such long waiting—but that was just what made it so easy—we had waited such a long long time, that a few hours more did not seem of any consequence. And then there was the dear old lady who leaned on his arm, and who very evidently thought we had both been stricken with lunacy, and our parting was almost as sudden as our meeting.'

'And you think he will come this evening?' I asked, incredulously, and wondering at the hopeless fatuity of a woman in love.

'I *know* he will come,' returned Beatrice, with a radiant smile; and in point of fact, at that moment, there was a ring at the front door, and my sister started up, trembling like any sentimental love-sick girl.

I didn't believe for a moment it was Harold Lindsay; but I was mistaken, and evidently Beatrice understood her lover much better than I did, for a few minutes later he was in our cosy little sitting-room, and our stately queen was clasped to his bosom, laughing and crying hysterically like any ordinary mortal.

I stole away as quickly and as quietly as possible, though I venture to say they regarded my absence as little as they had done my presence. After a time I suppose there were full explanations, although they scarcely seemed necessary, considering the excellent understanding between the lovers; and since then I have heard fragments of their story—a treacherous friend of Beatrice's was the chief marplot. It appeared that Lindsay had left letters, and love-declarations, and a great variety of good-byes and farewells to be delivered by this same treacherous friend, who, being secretly in love with Beatrice, had never delivered his trust, but had sought to win her for himself, but his failure had proved his punishment, since he had died of remorse and a broken heart.

So our Beatrice is to be married in

great state, in St. James' Cathedral; and when the Vice regal party arrives she will be presented to the Princess, and should you wish to recognise her, just look for the handsomest woman in the room, and you can't mistake any one else for our Beatrice.

THE SAGUENAY HUNTER.

BY M. E. B., OAKVILLE.

AFAR, afar, in the forest's shade,
  On the banks of the Saguenay river,
The rude hut lies that my strong hands made,
  Where glad eyes wait for me ever;
But they must wait for me in vain,
  Throughout the evening's gloaming,
Until suspense has grown to pain,
  As they wonder where I am roaming.

I see them all in this glimmering light,
  As the twilight hour is nearing,
And my wife's sweet eye with a tear is bright,
  As our darlings are hoping and fearing.
Oh, little they think of the terrible blight
  That is over their happiness falling;
For I know they will mourn me till death's dim light,
  And forever the past be recalling.

The antlered deer lies by my side,
  His numbed heart faintly beating,
He fled, I followed, the chasm was wide,
  And human life is fleeting;
And they will wander o'er hill and dell,
  And start at the wind's low sighing,
And search for me, yet none may tell,
  Where the Saguenay hunter lay dying.

Oh, angels of mercy and angels of grace,
  Through life be my loved ones attending,
And soften the grief in each beautiful face,
  Whose love lights my spirit's ascending;
Were they near me, Death, as the hunter's fate,
  I could meet thee, but ah! I shiver,
And weep as I die while my darlings await
  My return by the Saguenay River.

POLITICAL MORALITY.

BY CARROLL RYAN, OTTAWA.

"The history of public virtue in this country, is to be found in protests."—HORACE WALPOLE.

SINCE David Hume wrote his celebrated essay on the proposition 'That politics may be reduced to a Science,' a complete change has taken place in the world of political thought. Although he drew largely on ancient history for illustration, portions of his work had a personal application to the then prime minister of England—Robert Walpole—which could, perhaps, with equal force, be adjusted to the conditions that attended nearly every one of that brilliant statesman's successors. Indeed, the curious in such matters may find amusement, if so inclined, in drawing an historical parallel, for there are many and strong points of resemblance in the characters and careers of the champion of the Hanoverian dynasty and the present premier of Canada. The purely democratic idea of government, as now understood, seems never to have presented itself to the mind of Hume, who constantly refers to three estates in the commonwealth, viz: the Chief Magistrate, the nobility, and the populace. A notable passage, however, is that in which he says: 'The ages of public spirit are not always the most eminent for private virtue. Good laws may beget order and moderation in government where the manners and customs have instilled little humanity or justice into the tempers of men.' In support of this somewhat paradoxical assumption, he cites the history of the Roman Republic, but public spirit was a very different thing then to what it is now. A Roman citizen at the time of the Punic wars regarded public spirit as the preservation of Roman ascendancy, and the conquest of those whom, in his pride, he designated barbarians. In our time, public spirit may fairly be considered as consisting of a desire to reform abuses of administration and secure the fullest measure of freedom to all men. How, then, must we regard a country where the laws are bad, where good order and moderation do not characterize the Government, and where the people lack the public spirit to insist upon a reformation? That such is the present condition of of Canada can hardly be doubted. When Hume wrote, the theory of Evolution had not dawned upon the minds of speculative philosophers to give them a key to the problems of history and politics, nor had the splendid experiment of free institutions in America furnished them with a test of human capacity in the aggregate to govern with wisdom and determination. Hume wrote ably on matters of commerce, money, interest, balance of trade, etc., which he called 'vulgar subjects,' but it was not till the vast and complex generalizations of Adam Smith* had been given to the world that Englishmen began to realize the scientific element of natural law in commerce, and the necessity which existed of studying it with a view to successful dealing with other nations. This revealed a new order of business and developed that idea of commercial

* Hume was born in 1711, Adam Smith in 1723. Hume nowhere refers to the 'Wealth of Nations.'

morality which finally led to the overthrow of slavery, and, after many years, to the establishment of the principles of free trade. It would have been impossible that such a revolution should have taken place in the world of commerce without corresponding results in the world of politics; indeed, the two have always been so closely allied that progress in one direction compelled the abandonment of error in the other. We, therefore, find these corresponding results in successive Reform Bills and the removal of Catholic and Jewish disabilities. It remained, however, for a later period to establish a man's right to change his allegiance and become a citizen of a foreign state. This was simply an extension of the idea of liberty directly traceable to the genius of the people who subdued this continent to civilization; but we all know how fierce was the struggle and how near it led to homicidal war before the principle was admitted by England. In Germany and other States it is resisted even at the present day. Had American republicanism bestowed no other boon upon the world, that alone would entitle it to the endearing gratitude of humanity. Nor is the political evolution thus indicated likely to stop at this point. The idea, originating in the family, extended to the tribe, thence to the nation, now embraces the whole human race, and enlists the united moral force of all free people in support of the cause of the humblest individual who opposes tyranny.

Coming to our own country we may observe how, by successive struggles, we have obtained rights and privileges one after another from the power that assumed to control our political destiny, till we have almost reached the position of independence, with nothing to retain our allegiance to the mother country save affection and expediency. In a national sense we are

> 'Standing with reluctant feet
> Where the stream and river meet.'

Having reached this point it is impossible that the energies which have carried us thus far should all at once lose their force and furnish a spectacle among the nations of an arrested development unique in history. We must go on, because to continue our colonial nonage much longer would be fraught with peril, if it has not already debauched the spirit of patriotism in the youth of our country, who feel no more repugnance at transferring their allegiance from Canada to the United States, when personal advantage so requires, than they do in donning a new suit of clothes. Habits of thought engendered by colonial dependence are fatal to the patriotic instinct, because, in such a condition, the avenues to distinction are necessarily restricted, and the great incentive of national pride extinguished. Nor is the evil decreased when the dominating power is monarchical and distant, while the immediate neighbouring territory is occupied by a powerful republic. Under any circumstances, it may be said, monarchical institutions are not the best calculated for the highest political development. There is a fallacy in Pope's couplet:

> 'For forms of government let fools contest
> That which is best administered is best.'

A government which depended for stability on the humours of those entrusted with it, would have few claims for support and none for reverence.

The American idea is impatient of all political restraint, and the facility with which change of allegiance is made merely indicates that the individual believes himself entitled to assert the right to seek his own happiness when and in what manner he pleases. Yet Canadians are a home-loving people, and would not be so ready to divert the whole current of their lives, were there not some radical defects in our political, social, or geographical position, which compels them to seek abroad for that which

they cannot obtain at home. That such defects do exist is hardly susceptible of a doubt, and it is my purpose, in this paper, to show that they consist, primarily, in the immorality of our political system, our lack of social homogeniety, and, to some extent, in our unfortunate geographical position.

In pursuing this inquiry, we must bear in mind that the conditions under which we are now labouring are the natural results of antecedent circumstances; but it is in our power to modify them wisely, so as to assure the happiness of those who may come after us; for, after all, our actions are the only part of us for which we can reasonably claim immortality.

The British Constitution is an unfailing theme for the admiration of certain people who imagine that political wisdom could devise no better scheme of government; yet, it is, essentially, one of faction and conspiracy; and, in the form in which it has been transmitted to us, contains the worst elements of absolutism and oligarchy. Our institutions have passed that period when government could curtail the liberty of the subject for the expression of opinion, or, even for agitating fundamental changes in the form of national administration. Public opinion, or, as some writers say, the consensus of the competent, has been found sufficiently strong to control the speculations of those whose ideas are too radical for present acceptance; but there are few who care to reflect upon the devious methods by which governments and politicians manufacture public opinion, and the specious arts they employ in order to entrap the electorate. Nothing could be farther from the thoughts or desires of these wily manipulators, than the restriction of liberty. On the contrary, it is part of the new political philosophy, that every man should possess the fullest amount of rational freedom, an untrammelled press allowing the widest latitude for discussion on all questions of public polity. This species of liberty having become as common as the air we breathe, it is in like manner accepted as a matter of course. This begets a false sense of security which enables politicians to carry to a successful issue those schemes by which whole masses of men are made to minister to their ambition and aggrandizement. The prizes in public life are very great, and, as success is the sole test of merit, unscrupulousness becomes virtue in a politician. Men otherwise strict in their conceptions of morality, judge the conduct of public men by a different standard than that which they apply to others, as if the eternal principle of right admitted of variation. The ready acquiescence thus given by honourable men to actions performed by a politician that would not be tolerated in a private individual, betokens an undeveloped condition of morality, and, politicians, aware of the defect, are tempted thereby to risk a certain amount of opprobium in pursuit of their objects.

But scientific morality applied to politics condemns all such actions as essentially bad, and, even on the poor pretence of expediency, as inadmissable as it is certain of ultimate failure. That no law of living can be violated with impunity is a fact as clearly established in morals as anything in physics; therefore bad conduct which, in the sense I desire to convey, is only a simple name for political artifice, demands and always receives its natural correction. Politicians, nevertheless, achieve their immediate purpose, and, while they dazzle the vulgar with delusive generalities, manage to secure their own fortunes and provide for those attached to them. By skilful canvassing and caucusing they steal the franchise from the masses. Minorities are manipulated by agents, and no election is permitted to take place till they have declared who shall be the candidates. Under this system the electors rarely have a choice, except between the nominees of op-

posing factions, and very often they choose the worse. In all political campaigns, measures are devised for securing the votes of the various minorities into which constituencies are divided. Vulgar prejudices, sectarian passions, social predilections, are all skilfully woven into a net, into which the elector walks with eyes open, for there is no animal more obtuse than the average voter. One agent panders to the Catholics, another to the Orangemen, still another to the Methodists, and so with the other various sects. Englishmen are appealed to in one way, Irishmen in another, Scotchmen in some other way, while Frenchmen and Germans are approached after a style suitable to their peculiar habits of thought. It is very humiliating to observe these tactics, but still more so to find how admirably the transparent fraud succeeds. The people thus played upon seem, under the circumstances, to suffer from a suspension of judgment and become stupid to the extent of the cajolery bestowed on them. Another large class, one by no means insignificant, in number at least, sell their votes, and though by the act they surrender all rights of citizenship, there are none more blatant at public gatherings than they. According to this system, the electors are the very last persons consulted in the choice of their representatives. The heads of factions do that for them, and, as a general thing, they submit with complacent stupidity while all the time imagining they are free and independent electors. No wonder we have bad laws and corruption in high places under a system like this.

Ministers, backed by a parliamentary majority, are absolute in Canada since Lord Dufferin established the constitutional inability of a Governor-General to act contrary to the advice of his Ministers. The sense of unlimited power thus engendered gives tangibility to the immorality which lies at the basis of government by faction, and those who have taken an active part in politics, or who at any time may have exercised their franchise conscientiously in opposition to a dominant party, know how impossible it is for them to obtain justice or consideration from men who esteem it a part of their duty to punish those who disagree with them. Within a year we have seen Acts of Parliament passed with the obvious purpose of providing rewards from the Treasury for men whose sole claim to recognition consisted in their having performed the dirty work of a political campaign. So deeply has the spirit of faction entered into the life of Canadians, that it is no uncommon thing for men in ordinary avocations to quit the country when their party is defeated, only to return when another election gives them the prospect of securing justice at the hands of the Government, or, perhaps, a share in the spoils of office. This is the more to be deplored when we reflect that there are no 'burning questions' to divide the people into hostile camps, and what may be taken as a reason for division is merely of a traditional or personal character. But, perhaps, the worst indication of the essential immorality of our system lies in the readiness of the electorate to condone the gravest political offences when the passion of common greed is appealed to. Material politics, if I may be permitted to use the term, are now paramount in Canada—Government and people appearing to sink every consideration which is not based on the immediate selfishness of the pocket. Our Statute Book is encumbered with unjust, unequal laws; our system of taxation, direct and indirect, is in open violation of equity; our judicature is split up into almost innumerable jurisdictions, which enable the rich to defraud the poor. Whole classes are exempt from bearing their just share of the public burdens. Religious corporations, the Civil Service, holders of certain kinds of securities, escape taxation in various ways; while,

those who labour in productive pursuits and win a precarious livelihood by hand and brain, have to endure the additional imposition thus created. Our bankruptcy laws, which can only be described as disgraceful, place a premium on dishonesty, enabling the trader to wipe out his liabilities on the one hand, while empowering him on the other to exact the last farthing from those who have been inveigled into his books. Under the operation of these laws a fraudulent debtor to the extent of many thousands of dollars may defy those whom he has cheated; but the wretch who is mean enough to owe less than $100 must go to prison. Our banking system is founded on an immoral compact between political leaders and great monetary institutions for mutual benefit at the expense of the people; while our currency is more debased than the brass money linked indissolubly with the infancy of the second James. Our system of representation, extending as it does to the smallest details of municipal life, furnishes us with a class of professional demagogues ready on all occasions to divert popular movements to their own advantage; while innumerable sects and cliques conspire in public places for shares in the plunder of which the dumb-driven taxpayer is despoiled. Let any man, for instance, walk through the Dominion Capital with his eyes open and he will find that every third man he meets is either taxing him, living on his taxes, or exempt from taxation. In some cases he will observe fortunate individuals who exercise all three functions with honour and in perfect self-satisfied equanimity that Canada is the best governed and ought to be the happiest country on the globe. Contemplating these things, is it any matter for astonishment that the Dominion should annually lose one hundred thousand of its people who leave its borders to find freer scope for their energies in the neighbouring republic? A foreigner observing those palpable defects of our system, but unacquainted with our real condition would be prone to imagine that we are a sluggish, if not a retrogressive people, blindly attached to antiquated traditions, and, unwilling, through superstitious reverence for our forefathers, to reform the laws and customs they had bequeathed us. But how degrading is the position in which we must be content to be regarded when the fact is stated that for our population of four millions of souls we maintain over six hundred paid legislators and seven parliaments all constructed on the revered model of the British Constitution. The possession of such vast machinery for the abrogation of unwholesome laws and the enactment of measures in accordance with the genius of a free people, would, we should imagine, speedily obliterate the abuses I have mentioned; but, strange to say, these evils have increased instead of diminishing, and, now, after twelve years of almost absolute self-government, the idea of justice in civil affairs is lost amid the voluminous intricacies of conflicting legislation. It would have been well for Canada, perhaps, had the edict of Zeleucus been incorporated into the Act of Confederation; in the words of Gibbon: 'A Locrian who proposed any new law stood forth in the assembly of the people with a cord round his neck, and if the law was rejected, the innovator was instantly strangled.'

The volumes of Statutes enacted since Confederation occupy a large space in the library at Ottawa, and it may be truly affirmed of them that they contain more useless, mischieviously bad legislation than ever was allowed to encumber the records of a civilized nation. No attempt has been made to reconcile the conflicting conditions of those laws which stand a monument

> 'To show
> How much men bear and die not.'

Yet amid this mass of legislation there is but little attempted in the way of reforming abuses, and what little there

may be is of the most perfunctory character. This is not to be wondered at, because rings, cliques and combinations control the representation, and, by far, the larger part of those elected are mere parliamentary brokers whose chief care is to look after certain interests, not the general welfare. The spirit of the age is essentially money-grabbing, and parliamentarians make no secret of the objects they have been elected to serve. Anyone who has given attention to the proceedings of committees will bear testimony to this humiliating truth. It would be hopeless to look to Parliament for reform—that must come from below—from the people themselves. This point being admitted, we must regret the great lapse which the people of Canada have recently made from right principles. Under the guidance of certain politicians they have been taught to look to the State for assistance in their industries. This idea is destructive of character, and introduces a spirit of state socialism fatal to that independent manliness which should ever distinguish a free people. Although the masses are now free, they are yet restrained, in another sense, by poverty, and made dependent on employment. But when that employment fails, the very worst thing a Government could do would be to teach them to look to the State for aid. The Government should be dependent on the people, not the people on the Government. Bismarck encouraged this state socialism, and, in doing so created a Frankenstein monster which threatens his master's destruction. There is a possibility of the great German's experience finding a parallel illustration in the Dominion.

Law Reform is a question which, perhaps, demands more attention than any other subject now mooted in politics; still, though we have abundance of eminent lawyers holding seats in our legislatures, it is the last thing that anyone dreams of attempting. Lawyers, as a class, are very much to blame in this respect, and it may here be remarked that one of the greatest obstacles to legal reform is the maintenance of the practice of law as a profession. It is a monopoly of the worst kind, and surrounds courts of justice with restrictions totally at variance with free institutions. It is bad enough to have the administration of justice monopolised by a class, but when that class assumes a large, if not a controlling, influence in legislation, law reform is almost an impossibility. Nor is the dread of change confined to one profession, so-called, or one set of men. A notable example of the tenacity with which some people will cling to bad laws, when once established, was furnished during the last session of Parliament. The House of Commons passed an Act repealing all laws relating to insolvency by a majority so large that there could be no doubt of the popular will; but the irresponsible Senate rejected the Bill and compelled the country still longer to endure the infamy of a trade system which has done more to demoralize our people than any Act of Parliament that ever obtained the sanction of the Crown.

The absurd division of power between the Federal and the Provincial authorities, by which prerogative and jurisdiction is confused in a manner to defy settlement, when they are not in accord, leads to endless disputations, in which the most open evasions of duty are practised. A prominent instance of this anomaly in our constitution is to be seen in the condition of the Ontario Boundary question, which remains unsettled to this day, although the award of the arbitrators was given over two years ago. Here we have an example of political immorality practised by the central authority which takes advantage of its position to punish a whole Province for not accepting a local government at its dictation. The same principle controls the matter of provincial subsidies, and the notorious example set by Nova Scotia in the

early days of Confederation has been followed by other Provinces, the indirect support of whose Governments was secured to the party in power at Ottawa by most flagrant violations of the Act of Union.

Nor does this system of bribery and intimidation cease at any given point, for we find its ramifications extending throughout all phases of commercial and social, as well as political life. Even criminal jurisprudence is not free from the universal taint, for it is in the power of anyone who reads the daily papers to cite instances where the prerogative of pardon has been exercised to defeat the ends of justice and open prison doors for the escape of convicted malefactors. I may not be permitted, perhaps, to go so far as to say that political influence has done this, but the friends of the condemned have always in such cases taken care to employ counsel notorious for active sympathy with the party that happened to be dominant at the time. In prosecutions for malfeasance of office, there have been some grievous cases of injustice. A well known instance will suffice as an illustration. Some time ago two men were guilty of an exactly similar offence; both were clearly indictable for felony as well as for misdemeanor; but for some occult reason one was sent for trial by the Government on a charge of felony, convicted, and sent to the penitentiary for five years; the other charged simply with misdemeanor, got off with four months in gaol. Of the 'hush up' system, it is only necessary now to observe that it is the curse of the Civil Service and the worst result of the appointments for political reasons. To those familiar with the Capital, it is scarcely necessary to point out the every-day appearance on its streets of contractors backed by parliamentarians of pronounced proclivities, long experience, and tried sagacity in departmental manipulation. Again, in the matter of employment, we have all had opportunities of observing how men are chosen for the most responsible positions, not on account of their mental, moral, or professional qualifications, but because they have demonstrated certain usefulness in a party sense of themselves or their connections. Nor are the amenities of social life exempt from the all-prevailing stigma of political reprobation as the insolent assumption of the title 'Party of Gentlemen' sufficiently indicates. Fortunately Canada has no aristocracy. Now every man has an open field to display his merits; but our system is as yet too raw for the growth of sound social homogeneity. Canadians, beyond the immediate circle of their families, have none of that intercourse which constitutes such a charm in the society of some countries. An almost oriental seclusion surrounds every household, and gives an air of awkward superficiality uncomfortably recognizable by all who have had the benefit of foreign travel. This is modified to some extent by church congregations; but the general effect is unhappy and greatly retards the growth of national spirit.

This brings us to the consideration of a matter of the first importance in relation to the development of national character. Our state educational system controlled by the Provincial Governments has been lauded to the skies, especially in Ontario, as a triumph of administration in a very difficult field, and there are certainly good reasons for the praises that have been bestowed upon it. There is, however, one conspicuous neglect, which under a system of state education is little short of marvellous. From primary schools to universities there is not the slightest provision for teaching the duties of citizenship and the principles of political morality. Next to that part of education which relates to the control of the impulses and emotions, should come the inculcation of sound principles concerning the rights, duties, responsibilities of citizenship, and so long as this is lacking, our system of educa-

tion is incomplete and faulty in the most important particular. I will not pause here to describe the laws enacted in ancient states for the purpose of training the youth, so that when each generation arrived at maturity, every man was prepared to discharge the functions of a citizen with advantage to the nation and honour to himself.

The geographical position of a country is of commanding importance when we come to consider the possibilities of its future and the probabilities of its maintaining independent national existence. As regards Canada, this portion of our inquiry requires but brief consideration. A glance at the map of North America shows that the Dominion extends across the broadest part of the continent, a zig-zag shelf of mountain and prairie devoid of natural boundaries from Thunder Bay to a few miles below the mouth of Lake Ontario. It is barricaded on the north by eternal winter and interminable ice, while the conterminous territory on the south is occupied by an unconquerable power determinately hostile to everything British and Canadian. To these disadvantages must be added a climate which closes our ports against commerce for six months in every year; the wonder then is, not that Canada should be in its present backward condition, but that its people ever contrived to wrest from reluctant nature and foreign step-mother government the amount of material prosperity and political freedom which they do enjoy. Circumscribed by climate, hemmed in by artificial boundaries projected in defiance of geographical limitations, with nothing but a fading tradition to separate the inhabitants from a great progressive kindred people, the dream of Canadian nationality, or even the perpetuation for any length of time of British supremacy in North America, appears in the light of sober judgment one of the wildest chimeras that ever haunted the political imagination.

In addition to these evils and defects which I have endeavoured to point out, we must not forget to note the suicidal mania our general, local, and municipal governments have contracted for borrowing from foreign money-lenders. Nor is this insane system of hypothecating future endeavour confined to those bodies; for the fact is notorious that seven out of every ten farms in the country are mortgaged at rates of interest that double the debt every ten years. Human industry, though ever so wisely applied, is incapable of successfully resisting such a drain, and the consequences are to be seen in the fact that the land is gradually falling into the hands of large proprietors, while freeholders in the older settled provinces are becoming fewer every year. The independent farmer is disappearing to make way for the thriftless, shifting tenant. This is, perhaps, of all evils that afflict Canada, the worst, because there seems no way to arrest it. It means poverty of the people, sterility of the soil, and is pregnant with social disaster.

Considering all these things, it is not too much to say that political morality in Canada is at a very low ebb. Nor can we listen to the speeches and observe the conduct of our statesmen in the face of these crying abuses and portentous facts without feeling how wofully unequal they are to cope with the difficulties of their times. Their organs are filled with personal slander, vituperation, and false witness; their utterances the dreariest common-place of professional politics. None of them have the courage to grapple with the evils which are sapping the foundation of national life. Our destiny is, therefore, manifest under the conditions set forth. We may stagger along for awhile, but the combined oppressions of our political system and vast public debt must put an early period to the most foolish and ill-contrived experiment ever attempted in colonial government. The spurious loyalty which

bestowed longevity on the errors of our forefathers, and rooted in Canadian soil some of the worst abuses of an *effete* European system, will then be impotent to save the people of Canada from becoming a prey to the enlightened rapacity of republican America. Nor can we contemplate that result with unmixed feelings, for undoubtedly our condition would be vastly improved thereby in a material sense; yet no true Canadian can resign the vision of independent national greatness without a pang. Dispute the point as we may, the whole tendency of our affairs is towards absorption by the United States, and that end will surely be reached much sooner than many people anticipate, if a higher political morality and a more noble public spirit than now obtain are not infused into Canadian institutions.

NEWFANGLE AGAIN.

BY A NON-RESIDENT.

AS our friend, 'A Woman of Newfangle,' comes forward again to break a lance on behalf of the much maligned men whom 'she' has kindly taken under her powerful protection, a few criticisms on her criticisms may be in order. They shall be as brief as possible, for, since she now so satisfactorily 'sums up' in favour of the 'higher education' movement, and so cordially agrees that 'there can be no reason why women should not be afforded all facility for making the most of their lives and of any talents with which they may be gifted,' it is hardly worth while to waste time in arguing side-issues that are of consequence chiefly in enforcing the need for the promotion of more thorough and systematic female education. Still, a few remarks are, I think, called for in view of the very remarkable character of some of our friend's criticisms.

It is a pity that a mind so ingenious in devising and maintaining hypothetical lines of defence, and in disposing of inconvenient facts, should have been lost to the noble profession of the law, in which 'A Woman of Newfangle' would doubtless have distinguished herself. Her method of proving statistics that the facts brought out through the 'Working Women's Protection Union of New York,' amount to nothing—reminds one of the way in which a worthy alderman in Dickens' 'Chimes' proves, by the same means, that a poor man has no right to eat tripe—in fact, that it is quite iniquitous in him to do so. Statistics, it has been often said, may be made to prove anything. Everything depends on the way in which they are used. Had 'A Woman of Newfangle' held a brief on the opposite side, there is no doubt that, with her acuteness and perspicacity, she would have argued somewhat in this way: Six thousand women are a small proportion of the women of New York and its suburbs or outlying cities, but it must be remembered that a very large proportion of the adult female population are not 'working women,' *i. e.*, women working for remuneration from employers. Deducting married women,

whose work, little or much, is entirely domestic—single women similarly circumstanced—women whose pride is that 'they toil not, neither do they spin,' and the women too old to work at all—it will be seen that the 'working women' proper cannot constitute even a third of the whole female population. When we can arrive at the real proportion they do constitute, we shall be able to say exactly how large a fraction of that proportion the six thousand five hundred wronged women represent; but we may be tolerably sure that it is by no means a small one. Then there is every reason to believe that the number of cases righted by this Protective Union does not represent anything like the number of the actually existing cases of wrong. We all know that no Society of this kind ever reaches all, or anything like all who might be benefited by it. It is long before even the knowledge of such a Society penetrates through the whole mass of a population so large as 'New York and its suburbs or outlying cities,'—which latter our friend has assumed to be included in its operations. And of those who were aware of its existence, how many—either through procrastination or dislike to push matters, or fear of offending where it is their interest to please, or feminine shrinking from going to law—would neglect to take advantage even of this Union? So that we may fairly presume that the six thousand five hundred righted cases represent a very much larger number of cases which have not been righted, and this number would bear not by any means a very small proportion to the working female population of New York, with which, alone, it should be compared. This would certainly be a much more tenable, because a much fairer calculation than the remarkable one our friend has made, and it is a pity it did not suit her 'case' to use it, as she could doubtless have done with so good effect.

Then, as to the average amount recovered for each, respecting which 'A Woman of Newfangle' is so scornful, let me remind her that there are very many working-women with families in far more needy circumstances than servant girls, since they have to board and lodge themselves, and often half-a-dozen hungry little ones as well, and that, to such, the loss of so small a sum as even *one* dollar will often cause no little suffering. 'A Woman of Newfangle' may hardly believe it, but I can assure her that I have known women of mature age to weep over the loss of a few sorely-needed shillings because to them it made all the difference between getting what they needed and going without. Many a poor school-teacher, working hard to support a widowed mother and younger brothers and sisters, would find the loss of even $3.26 make a sorely felt hole in her slender purse; and as for factory-girls, the amount paid them, when board and lodging are deducted, is usually barely sufficient for their daily needs, in which circumstances a very small loss may entail much privation. The appreciation shown by a 'Woman of Newfangle' of the circumstances and needs of her struggling and suffering sisters, reminds one of that shown by the naïve question of Marie Antoinette, who, when informed that the poor were suffering for lack of bread, enquired, 'why do they not eat cake?'

As I am *not*, and *have not been*, discussing the relative moral excellence of the sexes, we shall pass over that alarming story of Baron Huddlestone, and also the delicate ethical question whether a 'more logical lie' is more heinous than a less logical. To me it seems that the *gravamen* of a lie rests in the '*intent to deceive*,' independently of the way in which the intent is executed, which may be more or less clumsy or skilful, according to the *intellectual* not *moral* calibre of the deceiver. As to the question to what extent women might cheat men, had they the same opportunities, we need

not enter upon that either. No one will for a moment pretend, that, as the world goes at present, women have anything like the opportunities of cheating, or wronging men, that men have of cheating or wronging women, who, from their comparative ignorance of business, are so much in the power of men. Even to the limited extent that they are employers, they would find it difficult to be guilty of much injustice. If a lady were to try to underpay, or refuse to pay at all, her coachman or her gardener, she would soon be glad, for the sake of peace, if not of honesty, to give him his due. However, the question does not concern us—how women might treat men *if* they had the power, since '*ifs*' defy proof—but how *men do* actually treat *women?* How often do we hear the sad story of helpless and inexperienced women entrusting their whole property to men in whom they placed implicit confidence, and finding themselves suddenly left penniless, destitute of the little provision they had saved for old age or sickness! How often do we hear of female wards finding that their inheritance has, somehow or other, melted away under the manipulation of its supposed guardians? No one, with the most moderate knowledge of the world, will deny that such cases, with others that could be cited *ad infinitum* are only too numerous. How often, when such cases of suffering occur, do we hear the half impatient, half pitying remark 'Women know so little of business?' Well, since this ignorance and confidence work such mischief, would it not be well that they should be educated to know a little more of it? It were absurd, as well as wicked, to attempt to establish an antagonism between the sexes, which, it has been repeatedly pointed out, are meant to be the help and complement, each of the other. But there is no attempt to do this in simply calling attention to the existence of a real evil, and to its simplest remedy—that women should be better fitted by education for taking care of themselves, and that they should be disabused of the idea that in the serious affairs of life, the conventional courtesy of society will at all make up for the helpless ignorance which they are too often encouraged to cultivate as an additional charm.

She is further—as a matter of course—sceptical as to the flagrancy of the cases which I said I would give from my own personal knowledge, for I certainly happen to know more than she apparently does—of the circumstances and trials of poor women. The pages of a magazine are obviously not the place in which to give a detailed list of circumstances which have come to one's knowledge in the free intercourse of private life. Were it suitable to give even a few of the cases I can readily recall within the compass of my limited experience, most readers would think them flagrant enough; but I am not sanguine enough to hope that it would convince our Newfangle friend. She would, doubtless, act on one of the time-honoured privileges of the sex to which she ostensibly belongs, 'and what she will—she will—you may depend on't;' and if the facts went against her, would aver, 'so much the worse for the facts!' All wrongs are to be looked at through the small end of the telescope, where women are the sufferers. Yet I cannot but think, that if she had come in contact with some of the cases of bitter hardship which I happen to know; had her indignation been as often and as justly stirred as mine has been, by almost incredible meanness and injustice on the part of men towards women, and often by men, who were regarded by those about them, as at least 'average men,' who could hardly regard as extreme, 'the opinion' which, doubtless, on behalf of the men of Newfangle, has so excited her ire.

It is, certainly, very kind of her to take up so warmly the cause of 'the average man,' though one cannot help thinking that she might have allowed

him to speak for himself. But what is an 'average man?' 'A Woman of Newfangle' says it means 'nearly all men.' To this, I venture humbly to demur. When we speak, for example, of the average yield of a field of wheat as being indifferent, we do not necessarily mean, that nearly all the ears are indifferent, since a great many may be very good, or a great many very bad indeed. We know, of course, that there are a great many very good men, as well as a great many who are very bad. By 'the average man' I understand the man who stands midway between the two extremes—the man who is neither very bad nor very good. Now, what is the ordinary course of the average man, in business, when 'the principle of self-interest comes into play,' and is not modified, as it ought to be, in all Christian civilization by the Golden Rule? Will any one pretend that rigid integrity is the rule rather than the exception, in our ordinary commercial life? Does the 'average' manufacturer or importer keep clear of the 'loaded cottons' and 'China clay,' which English writers tell us, are ruining the credit of British manufacturers? Does the 'average' shop-keeper instruct his clerks to inform customers as to the defects as well as the merits of his goods, and never to recommend them for what they are not? Does the 'average' milk-seller take care to supply his city customers with the pure undiluted fluid, as it comes from the honest cow, or are all the stories of adulterated milk, and consequent physical harm, malicious fabrications? Does the 'average' lawyer honestly recommend his client to withdraw or compromise a doubtful case, and keep his speeches to the jury within the limits of his conscientious convictions? Are men really so much better than when King David said in his haste that 'all men were liars,' or are the 'tricks of trade' less proverbial than they were in the time of Solomon? Oliver Wendell Holmes tells us that—

> 'When doctors tell us all they think,
> And lawyers tell us all they mean;
> When what we pay for, that we drink,
> From real grape or coffee bean,'

the millennium will be close at hand.

In the August number of the *Contemporary Review*, we are told by a masculine writer that 'respectable' attorneys 'make out a bill for double the proper charge' and think it no harm. With so many concurrent testimonies, to the same effect, why does not our Newfangle friend distribute her righteous indignation impartially all round? 'Why these angers in celestial minds' over one statement that the 'average man,' who (his own sex being the judges) finds so many opportunities of over-reaching his fellow-man, will still more readily over-reach or oppress his more inexperienced and helpless sister-woman? Of course, the 'average' in Arcadia may be different, and our friend, from her different standpoint, may have had reason to arrive at a different opinion. But, before condemning the opinions of others, let her remember the parable of the knights and the shield.

Our Newfangle friend is, moreover, not to be convinced that women, *as women*, are paid less than men for the same services. If facts bear against it, then, again, so much the worse for the facts! A very definite instance was given, on good authority, of a lady in the Post-Office Department at Washington, who is paid $900 for translating foreign letters in three different languages, while the man *who copies the letters which she translates* receives $1,800. This very distinct statement is thus conveniently disposed of by our friend from Newfangle:—'As for the man who gets $1,800 for *what are said to be inferior services* no decision could be come to without knowing more about the case!' Of course facts are simply thrown away on any one who has such an 'easy method' of disposing of them. Female genius, we are told, is readily recognized; but this is not to

the purpose. Genius usually commands its own recognition, especially musical or pictorial art. What is complained of is that, in ordinary cases and ordinary occupations, women are, as a rule, paid less than men for the same work. I had thought this an undisputed fact, which no one would dream of questioning. Blanco White, in a book on the Woman Question, admits it as a recognized fact, and defends it on the singular ground that women do not have the same responsibilities in supporting others, ignoring the real state of the case, which is, that there are few working women who work for themselves alone, and have not helpless relatives to maintain. He goes the length of drawing a pathetic fancy-picture or hypothetical case of a young man obliged to postpone marriage because a young woman is found willing to do his work more cheaply. He is driven to emigrate, and is eventually ruined—all because of female 'cheap labour'; precisely the same style of argument with which we have been lately familiarized in the case of the Chinese. Of course he might just as well have drawn an equally pathetic fancy-picture of the young woman, with a widowed mother and little brothers and sisters to support, who finds herself compelled by necessity to take whatever work she can get to do, however inadequate the remuneration. I am glad to see that the question of juster recompense for female labour is being taken up among ourselves, being one of the points considered in an address given at the late Teachers' Conference in Toronto by a man who evidently does not agree with 'A Woman of Newfangle.'

Our friend has evidently entirely forgotten certain questions which she asked in her first homily, when she gives us a list of English authoresses extending over the past half-century. She formerly remarked that the agitation concerning female education 'had been on foot, with a lively gait, for at least fifty years in the United States' (a slight overstatement by the way), and then demanded,—'Is there any appreciable result? Have women there taken a higher tone? have they distinguished themselves more than formerly? If they have, *it is certainly hidden from the outside world.*' In reply I asked, among other questions: 'Fifty years ago, how many female writers were there of any repute, *in the United States?*' To this our friend responds with a list of *English* female authors of two past generations, beginning with Mrs. Barbauld and ending with Mrs. Somerville. As this is, of course, not answering the question *at all*, which it is to be supposed she would have done had she been able to do so satisfactorily, her case must go by default in the very *test-instance* selected by herself. Of course the world moves. No one has tried to deny *that.* And the question of female education moves with it.

She is equally wide of the mark in her criticism of my quotation from Whittier, which is in no way inconsistent with anything I have said on the subject. If she will refresh her memory by turning to the context, she will find that it was given simply to show in what estimation the cultivated American woman is held by noble poets like Whittier as opposed to certain anonymous newspaper paragraphists referred to by her. It occurred to me, indeed, in giving it, that our friend *might* possibly catch at the *phrase* 'the wisdom of unreason,' yet I gave it notwithstanding. For it seems superfluous to point out, to any candid and intelligent reader, that the 'logic of the heart and wisdom of unreason,' *i. e.* the quick *intuitive* perception which poets ascribe to women, is no more incompatible with the logic of the schools than the innate genius of the painter is incompatible with an accurate knowledge of the rules of perspective. Here, by the way, is the verse which

immediately succeeds those quoted, which I withheld before out of consideration for the nerves of our venerable friend. She needs it now, however, to correct her misapprehension of its predecessor : –

> 'He sees with pride her richer thoughts,
> Her fancy's freer ranges,—
> And love, thus deepened to respect,
> Is proof against all changes.'

Evidently there are *some* men on whom our friend's indignation will be rather thrown away.

Our friend maintains that the trial of female medical education has been successful only to a very limited extent (it is wonderful that she admits even *that* limited success), and that, however well it may be to have female medical missionaries abroad, 'it would be more to the purpose to point to ladies in full practice at home in every house one enters.' It strikes me that it is most to the purpose that medical women should go where they are most urgently needed. But as for this '*trial*,' how long has its duration been? How long is it since women have, with much difficulty, won for themselves access to any adequate medical education or overcome the obstacles to their entering on medical practice, which in England at least, have not been fully overcome *yet?* Everyone who knows anything of the movement knows that it has been a struggle with so many obstacles, that it must have demanded an exceptionally strong bent and an exceptionally strong will to overcome them ; and those who know anything of the private history of ladies *now* in good practice, know with what ungenerous and cruel opposition some of the best of them have had to contend. Even still they have the prejudice of many of both sexes arrayed against them, and yet we are told of the '*trials*' and the 'limited success.' Taking into consideration the many 'lions in the way,' the violent conservative opposition of many from whom better things might have been expected, the difficulty of securing educational facilities, and the urgent call and ready welcome for labourers in the foreign field, I think it is rather surprising that we can point to even so many female physicians at home. I do not know that the time shall ever come when there will be so many female physicians that we shall have 'one in every house.' For out of the number of women with a natural aptitude for medicine, many will doubtless marry, leaving of course a comparatively small proportion to devote themselves to the study of the profession. For, of course, the truth that marriage is the natural lot of the greater number of women, must never be lost sight of in predicting the future of the sex.

It is not necessary to discuss very extensively the unfortunate subjection of women to the tyranny of fashion in dress, so long as men wear hats and costumes which so sorely perplex the painter and the sculptor. We may hope that a more æsthetic and sensible *régime* is dawning for both. But whatever monstrosities there may be in vogue, women at all events manage to put some grace into their costumes —and are seldom altogether 'out of drawing.' And, even in Newfangle, when you see a plot of flowers before the farmer's door, is it usually cared for by the busy farmer, or by his equally busy wife or daughter?

Arbitarily as our friend deals with facts and figures, it is startling to find her taking such liberties with the English language as to declare that 'difference' implies inferiority in the words she quoted, and that 'any one who knows the real force or meaning of language will agree with her.' I have yet to hear of any dictionary which so defines 'difference,' or any accurate writer who uses it in the sense of difference *plus inferiority.* If inferiority had been meant, in the passage she quotes, why should not the word itself have been used, instead of a word with quite a different meaning. As 'difference,' not 'in-

feriority' was the word used, it is only fair to presume that difference not inferiority was meant? If our friend is determined to 'understand' it otherwise, we unfortunately cannot alter her peculiar 'understanding' of it, but she cannot expect to justify her logic by imposing on well-defined and understood words an interpretation which they do not legitimately bear. I do not express any opinion as to whether there is or is not 'inferiority' on either side. I simply maintain that, in the words quoted, *this* question was not touched at all.

As for the allusion to Captain Carey, it is easy for our Newfangle friend, writing a month later than I did, to talk of his 'noble record and the uncertainty and difference of opinion' which hangs over his case. At the time I wrote, the apparent unanimity of public opinion and of newspaper correspondents in condemning him—our ignorance of his past history, and the fact that *British officers on the spot* had severely censured and deprived him of his sword—made it impossible to take any other view than that which prompted my allusion, which was slight compared with the torrent of indignant condemnation then poured upon him from the press at home or abroad. It would have been simple justice in our Newfangle friend to have frankly admitted this, if she referred to the matter at all. Of course, by the time written words were *read*, a reaction had set in, which made it easy for her to take a small advantage. I cordially admit that, now that we do know his honourable previous record, and that competent professional authorities, after due investigation, have reversed the original sentence, we must accept their judgment and acquit him of *cowardice*, even though we may not yet be able to regard him as a hero.

'A Woman of Newfangle' declares that she did not 'stigmatise' the movement for the higher education of women. There are other ways of 'stigmatising' a movement than doing it in so many words. If her first homily was not throughout a *sneer* at that movement and its results, it was strangely calculated to mislead ordinary readers. If she merely wished to point out that higher education would not work miracles in the case of women any more than of men, it was hardly worth her while to attack, in so hostile a spirit, articles which never pretended that such education could do more than afford the discipline which, though it does not 'make careers in the world,' is yet a most needful preparation for them—articles in which it was carefully pointed out that mere success in passing examinations will *not* necessarily ensure success in the world, and that to such success there is no royal road; that it can be attained only by earnest purpose, faithful preparation, and persevering *hard work;* in which, also, it was predicted that in the long run women will find themselves permitted to do whatever they shall prove themselves able *to do well*, because 'old prejudices must eventually yield to common sense and the inevitable law of demand and supply.' Our friend repeats some of these indubitable truths, utterly ignoring the fact that they were most *strongly insisted on* in the very articles which 'she' quoted only to *attack*. Let me suggest that a fair and generous critic—whatever form his criticism may take—will never fail to balance his fault-finding with a frank and cordial recognition of all that he can endorse and approve.

THE INDEMNITY AND TAX EXEMPTIONS QUESTIONS.

BY W. M'DONNELL, LINDSAY.

THE late local elections have sustained Mr. Mowat and his supporters, and have again left him to continue, most probably, as Premier of Ontario for another parliamentary period. Whether he will remain a 'reformer who has nothing to reform' is a question which is now interesting to many; but it cannot be denied that though he has received a new lease of power, yet, in consequence of his rather timid and indecisive course—where, at least, one important reform was needed—many of his earliest friends and supporters did not give him a renewal of the same warm support as of old during his late appeal to the electors of this Province. From the unsatisfactory moves, also, to which Mr. Mowat resorted to retain office, and his apparent subserviency in courting the assistance of a certain ecclesiastical authority, many have been led to suspect his intentions, while others have lost confidence in him, and have very little hope that the measures of reform which he may be permitted to introduce, will be more than nominal makeshifts, just to keep up appearances. A prominent Reformer, at the present period, should be one in more than the mere name. Professed attachment to party, merely for the sake of retaining office, is demoralizing statesmanship; and those who can rise above mere party instincts will yet be obliged to acknowledge that where a great principle was at stake, where the most urgent and perhaps the only great reform of the day was demanded and repeatedly pressed upon the attention of our local Government, Mr. Mowat and his colleagues hesitated to such a degree as to leave them, in the opinion of every impartial observer, deserving of being accounted nothing more than simply nominal Reformers.

In the heat of party excitement, certain charges were brought against Mr. Mowat as Premier which, there is reason to believe, were unfounded. Notwithstanding the attempts made to prove him and his political associates unscrupulous in expenditure, and to show that, under their direction, the grossest mismanagement of the public funds of the Province took place, the accusations have had but little to sustain them: with perhaps one exception, they were evidently, for the most part, charges trumped up for the occasion. Mistakes may have been made in expenditure, but these, it may be said, were unimportant. As a general rule, the Mowat Government was probably as careful in the matter of public outlay as its predecessors; and on the whole, unless in the charge for the increase of indemnity, there was little or no reason for the complaint that the public money of Ontario had been squandered by wholesale, or that the Province was being recklessly run into debt.

The main cause why many of Mr. Mowat's old supporters became alienated from him, and why increased opposition was offered by many Liberal Conservatives, was the fact—for fact it is—that he was openly delinquent on two important matters. In the first place, instead of putting his foot down firmly against any increased indemnity to members of the Local House, or against any increase of his

own salary and that of his colleagues, particularly during a period of great financial depression, he yielded to a most culpable pressure, and virtually authorised what has been called the 'salary grab,' thereby diminishing the resources of the Province, adding to the burdens of the people, and setting an example of want of economy and indifference to retrenchment. The excuses made by partizan defenders for the action taken in this questionable affair were exceedingly weak. No matter by whom the suggestion was made, for it is evident that Conservatives and Reformers were equally to blame; no matter how artfully the manœuvre was managed, Mr. Mowat ought not, as a Reform Premier, to have given way or heeded the rapacity of those that beset him. Had he said to those greedy for an increase: 'No, gentlemen; occupying the position which I do before the country, it will not do for me as leader of the Reform party in Ontario, it will not do for Reform representatives in the Legislature, to comply with such a demand. It is antagonistic to true reform, and I at least cannot be a party to it.' Had he been firm enough to have taken such a course, the Reformers of Ontario would not have been placed in the false position in which they found themselves by a retrograde action of professed friends.

Many conflicting speculations have been made as to who the real juggler was in this mercenary case—the prime mover or originator of the 'salary grab'—whether a Conservative or a Reformer, whether a private member or one of the ministry. The finger of suspicion has, it may have been unfairly, pointed at one of the latter; and it would be a piece of interesting information that would enable us to lay our hand on the man who set the ball in motion, or secretly pulled the wires for this very selfish purpose.

The other charge against Mr. Mowat—and a very grave one it is—is his surprising hesitation and uncertainty in relation to the question of Tax Exemptions,—the only great reform which was demanded, and which, until lately, he himself, as well as almost all others, believed that he had power to secure for the people of Ontario. This was one of the great measures with which only a Reform Government was expected to grapple—and how was the opportunity lost? None ought to know better than Mr. Mowat that, for years back, this corrupt thing—virtually class legislation—this unjust privilege, this scandalous immunity, this admitted outrage on all that is fair or reasonable, has been denounced by the press and the people. Yes, he must know this; and that after a long agitation, relying on his presumed sense of justice, numerous petitions during 1877 and 1878, from nearly all parts of the Province, signed by great numbers of all classes and all political parties, by several municipal bodies, as well as by many professional men, were forwarded to the Local Legislature demanding redress. But we all know now how Mr. Mowat, the Reform Premier of Ontario, and his timid colleagues, shrunk back in alarm, disappointed the reasonable expectation of their friends, and failed most miserably.

Why is this question such a *bête noire* to professed Reformers? It is remarkable that even Mr. Blake, who is decidedly one of the most advanced and outspoken of his party—the party which claims to be most progressive—has, as yet, scarcely alluded to it. Why is this? And why was it that the *Globe* was silenced? Why was it that that journal and other papers which gave us week after week so many laboured articles against class privileges, and so many telling illustrations of the gross injustice of tax exemptions—why was it that they became almost suddenly mute, with scarcely an effort to hide their shameless inconsistency, remaining almost silent on the matter up to this very hour? There was, it was suspected,

good reason to believe that, for party purposes, the Conservative leaders were merely playing with the question, and would most probably do so were they in power; but, in the name of all that is right, why did a so-called Reform Government, when it was assumed and believed that it had jurisdiction in the matter, allow such an opportunity to pass for acting justly? Why not make some satisfactory attempt towards granting equal rights to rich and poor alike, towards allowing no distinction to exist before the law, between the well paid office-holder, whether in a judicial, clerical, or in any other position, and the mechanic or the field-labourer who has to work for his daily bread? Why let those in exalted and affluent positions—many of them in the pay of the State (and, also, with perhaps the assurance of a comfortable pension or allowance *in futuro*)—why let such be exempt from paying taxes, and oblige the man, who when unable to work may have either to beg or to starve to contribute his municipal quota, and pay the last cent of the rate assessed on the trifling share of chattels of which he may be possessed, chattels too often publicly sold to pay even this petty tax? Why allow this shameful political iniquity any longer to exist? There is evidently but one reply—the *party* must be kept in power, the questionable arrangement must not, if possible, be disturbed, and, therefore, the holiest and most righteous principles must be abandoned by men usurping, as it were, the position of Reform leaders, so that they may be able to remain longer in office. Who will have the temerity to state that this is not the legitimate conclusion which many will draw from the course of Mr. Mowat and his colleagues? The most rabid partizan, even the *Globe* itself, must at last, after every evasion, make the same degrading admission.

It seems that, by a late decision of one of the Courts, it has been held that the local parliament has now no power to tax the salaries of judges or certain other Dominion officials. This decision must have evidently been a god-send to Mr. Mowat. It will be interesting to watch the further course of events in this direction, and see whether Sir John A. Macdonald, notwithstanding much that some of his strongest supporters have said and written against exemptions, will act as Mr. Mowat has done; or whether he will go to work resolutely and make every man, no matter what his position, pay his fair share of taxes, and shame the so-called Reformers in office; or whether he will hesitate and let the question of exemptions be yet tossed like a shuttle-cock from one party of political shufflers to the other.

It would be well if every independent elector in Canada would carefully watch the course which may be further taken by leading politicians in Ottawa and in Ontario on this important matter.

UNDER ONE ROOF:

AN EPISODE IN A FAMILY HISTORY.

BY JAMES PAYN.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A WORD FROM VERSAILLES.

IT was fortunate that Gresham had not been hasty in stating to Lady Arden the wrong that had been done to his friend by Mr. Walcot's machinations, for he had no doubt that it was at his instigation that false witness had been borne against him; had he done so it was not in woman's nature, or, at all events, in that of her ladyship, not to have 'had it out' with Miss Annabel Spence, which would have led to complications. For on the morning after the departure of the master of the Hall, arrived Mr. Hayling, the family lawyer, with 'instructions' which he had been directed to communicate forthwith to those concerned. From their nature it was evident that Sir Robert contemplated a protracted absence, since each head of a department without doors received rules for his guidance for some time to come; while as to mere domestic matters, there was this singular enactment that no change should be made in the present household without Sir Robert's written consent.

In this Lady Arden fortunately only saw a new impertinence and arrogance on the part of Walcot, and not, as he doubtless intended it to be, a positive insult. It was pretty certain he had taken it for granted that Mayne had laid the whole circumstances of his case before her, when no alternative would have been left to her but to dismiss Annabel Spence, or to lose her own self-respect. He had secured Sir Robert's consent to retain the girl by pointing out that she was not to blame, or, at all events, only very slightly so in comparison with her would-be seducer, while to turn her out of doors on such a charge would be her ruin. Thus he hoped at once to bring husband and wife into collision, and, at the same time—since he was sure to get his way—to retain at the Hall one person at least devoted to his interests. He knew that the whole hive would be roused against him, and indeed that, for all his craft and power, they would have destroyed him, had he not hit upon the audacious plan of carrying off with him their Queen Bee, Sir Robert.

On Lady Arden's communicating Mr. Hayling's message to Gresham, that young gentleman perceived at once—for hate sharpens our wits as much as love—this device of the common enemy, and resolved to frame what he had to say to his hostess in such a way as for the present to shield Miss Spence from the punishment she so richly deserved, which was the very course, indeed, that his friend himself had enjoined on him. Frederic Mayne was far too chivalrous to wish to be revenged upon a poor servant girl for an offence in which she had been only the instrument; and also, I am afraid, he felt that such a course of action would have tended to diminish the long score he had set down to the credit of Mr. Walcot, and which it was

his fixed and firm intention to settle in full.

'My dear fellow,' he wrote to his friend upon the day after he reached London, 'it has often been cast up against me that I have no object in life; but that is no longer the case. My *raison d'être* for the future is to be even with "Uncle Ferdy." I am not so clever by half, but I have health and strength, and several thousands a year, all which shall be expended in this pursuit rather than not gain my ends. The date of our return match, cannot, it is true, at present be fixed, but it will come off, believe me. Of course I am very anxious to hear from you if only from selfish motives. I trust most sincerely that you have been able to clear my character with Lady Arden without implicating that impressionable young person with the too sensational memory—what she did remember, poor girl, was always, bear in mind, what Walcot taught her. As to what happened in respect to that gentleman and Sir Robert, I probably know more than you do. They started yesterday from Folkestone for the South of France; your uncle, I was told by my informant—who has five pounds a week and his expenses for keeping his eye on the runaway couple—looking, you will be sorry to hear, exceedingly ill; *my* "uncle Ferdy" appearing, on the other hand, to be in excellent health and spirits; a perfect green bay tree; how long he will "flourish" remains to be seen; this woodman is very eager, and his axe will not fail for want of sharpening (if I don't say "d—— him" it is because it is superfluous, and also because I'm always thinking it). I hope matters have been so explained that you may be able to give my most respectful regards to Lady Arden and the young ladies; remember me to poor Frank in any case—who might put Master Groad into the millstream with a great sense of satisfaction, and without fear of consequences; and offer my homage to the Great Bába—whose views, I know, coincide with my own respecting our common uncle. I am looking about for a dreadful toy-man for the dear child to shoot at, which shall be much more like F. W. than Quilp's famous figure head was to Kit. "Oh, that I had him here," &c. Do not forget also to remember me cordially to Dyneley. He is a most capital good fellow, but he entertains fanatical views about the forgiveness of injuries. The most he could extract from me with respect to "Uncle Ferdy" is that I would forgive him—if he escaped my righteous indignation. Before all things we must pay our debts. I picture you all breathing freely in the absence of the oppressor, and yet so genuinely sorry about Sir Robert. Of course it was "the spirits" who did it; their power,—or rather the weakness of poor humanity in connection with them—is wounded. Our difficulties will, I fear, be half over, even if Walcot shows himself (as he is sure to do sooner or later) to his brother-in-law in his true colours; for nothing is so hard in the way of owning oneself wrong—even to generous and forgiving natures such as are to be found at Halcombe—as to admit that we have been deceived and cajoled. In case Holme has to leave the farm for "rounding" as Groad called it, on his tyrant, I shall be able, perhaps, to do something for him. You will write particularly to me respecting Miss Evelyn and Miss Millicent, who, I hope, have heard nothing to my discredit. The mere thought of this is intolerable to me. I fly from it, and all the more eagerly from having experienced its contact—to the contemplation of my new object in life. Surely by giving one's whole time and attention to it, it ought to be attained. You will say I have "Uncle Ferdy" on the brain. I am afraid it is so, and so it will be till I have him on the hip.

'Yours ever faithfully,

'FREDERIC MAYNE.

'A telegram just informs me that our respective uncles have reached Marseilles, where they shew signs of remaining for the present.'

The postscript was the first intimation that the family at Halcombe had received of the movements of Sir Robert, whose silence sufficiently indicated his high displeasure. In the meantime, there had been several councils held at the Hall, and one or two (where the calumet, or pipe of amity, was not wanting) between Gresham and Dyneley at the Manor Farm. Unhappily a 'masterly inactivity' was the only course of action for the present open to them—with one exception. When Lady Arden had been placed in possession of the facts respecting the persecution of her son, she dismissed Mr. Groad from her service upon the spot. He did not come under the head of domestic servants, and was therefore unprotected by Sir Robert's edict; but it is doubtful whether, even if he had been, her ladyship would have endured his presence at Halcombe. Thanks to Gresham's knowledge of his transactions in peaches (which he shrewdly suspected was not the first), Mr. Groad made no strenuous resistance, but started off with his hopeful son, three months' wages in advance, and the black parrot, within twenty-four hours.

Gilbert Holme, returning on that afternoon from Mirton, met the covered cart which contained this 'happy family' coming over the moor, and proffered a good-natured 'good bye;' but the only reply he got—which was, however, some explanation for their silence—was from that truthful bird, who croaked as usual, 'We are all for ourselves here,' and was incontinently shaken, cage and all, by Jem, for holding communication with the enemy.

If Lady Arden's wrath against one of Mr. Walcot's mere instruments burnt thus fiercely, it may be imagined with what feelings she regarded that gentleman himself. With all his knowledge of human nature he probably underrated the resentment he had aroused in her, the love of a mother for her child being a factor that men of his class are incapable of estimating, though they can appreciate numbers (in financial matters) up to millions. Of course she was for the present powerless, but from that moment there were possibilities of reprisal in her, which, if his eyes could have read them, would have paled his dishonest cheek.

Mr. George Gresham (who would have wrung his neck, however, with much satisfaction) was far less inimical to him; indeed he was almost grateful to Mr. Walcot in one particular, namely for that ukase for leaving the household undisturbed, which secured to him the society of his Elise.

'No matter what happens to me, my darling, in the future,' he whispered to her, consolingly, 'I am your's for ever, and I could almost forgive the scoundrel for not having separated us in the meantime.'

At which that prudent and astute young Teutoness shook her little head. 'O, George,' she said, 'has love so blinded you that you do not see this man's intentions in allowing me to remain here? He wishes your passion to precipitate matters; nothing would please him better than that you should marry me out of hand, so that all he has said to your uncle should be corroborated, and there should be a just pretext not only for your disinheritance hereafter, but for withdrawing his countenance from you on the spot.'

'Then let us gratify him,' cried Gresham, cheerfully; 'we are told, you know, to give pleasure to those that hurt us.'

'Yes, but not to ruin those that love us,' was her prompt reply. 'I always told you that you were endangering your best interests by bestowing your affection on such as I am. I shall never reproach you for withdrawing them, or placing them more

fitly' (her voice slightly trembled) 'elsewhere. In any case, my resolve thus far is fixed—that you shall run no further risks on my account. If our union cannot take place without such a loss of your uncle's favour as we have good cause to fear, indeed, indeed, George, I will never become your wife.

'Very good,' said Gresham, 'we are still young' (here he kissed her to prove it), 'and can afford to wait a bit. In the meantime let us be happy with one another.'

Considering the relative position they were understood to occupy in the the family, this would not have been accomplished under ordinary circumstances without some difficulty; since, for the young man of the house to take solitary walks with the governess, and to converse with her in her native tongue for the purpose of isolation, is generally considered, at the best, 'peculiar.' But Lady Arden, always prone to take small notice of anything beyond her children and her 'symptoms,' was now consumed by the thought of her own wrongs and Franky's, and disposed to concentrate all her sense of misdoing upon a single offender.

The two girls, it is true, were sharp as needles, and had eyes to which all the attempted eoncealments of a *tendresse* would have been transparent; but then George was a great favourite with them, and had been always wont to have his own way, and they both liked Elise, who, so far from being a designing character, they took note discouraged her swain's attentions rather than otherwise. At the same time they were by no means without the social prejudices of their class, and might possibly have resented such 'goings on' but for certain circumstances in their own position, which at present it would be immature, if not indelicate, to refer to more particularly, than as a fellow-feeling which made them wondrous kind.

A student of female nature can always assure himself whether a woman has ever been in love or not, by watching her conduct towards any one of her own sex who is professedly in that predicament. There is a tenderness and sympathy in her manner (and especially if there are obstacles to the engagement) which scarcely any other circumstances elicit in so marked a way, and she will always put her shoulder to the wheel (of Hymen) with a will.

In old maids there are to my mind few more touching spectacles than this behaviour; it speaks of a dead love —or worse, perhaps, a lost one—upon whose grave, along with the forget-me-nots, grow gentleness and pity, and in which envy has no root.

It may be added that, in any case, Mr. George Gresham was not one to brook interference with his affections from unauthorized quarters, and if remonstrated with, even by Lady Arden herself, he would have replied, and not without some reason, that, however strong the arguments which might at one time have been urged against his love for Elise Hurt, they had now lost their force; for it was almost certain he was no longer his uncle's heir, if, indeed, he inherited anything; and that the incompatibility, therefore, arising from the difference of social position no longer existed.

Even if it did exist, it did not, at all events, affect his spirits; and when the spring came on and touched fair Halcombe with its fairy wand, it found George Gresham already 'May from head to heel.'

As to the other inhabitants of the Hall, if they were not so merry, yet the absence of Sir Robert, which they mourned with genuine sorrow, not unmingled in Lady Arden's case with a sharp and bitter pain, was greatly mitigated by the sense of freedom, of emancipation from the rule of Ferdinand Walcot. That of the Great Baba—who was now more paramount than ever—being tempered by love, was we may be sure infinitely preferable to it.

They were not without news of the nominal master of the house. Sir Robert wrote letters to his wife from time to time which were duly read—for there was nothing, alas! of a confidential kind in them—to the family circle. His health, he described as still failing, but always added that everything was done for him that could be done, and that he was tended by kind and loving hands.

These expressions—which were evidently his own—were odious to her to whom they were addressed; and in her replies she studiously avoided any allusion to them.

Gresham, on the contrary, would have induced her to take some comfort from them.

'It is certain,' he argued, 'that my uncle does not write them to annoy you. Why, then, should he write them at all, save to keep up a resolution that has begun to waver, to assure himself of a fact to which a glimmer of doubt already attaches itself? If Walcot looks over his shoulder—which is quite as likely as not, by the bye—the idea that such remarks will suggest is "Methinks he doth protest too much."'

This was also Mr. Dyneley's view.

All theories about the actual state of Sir Robert's mind were suddenly, however, put to flight by a letter from him, which arrived about the beginning of June; a part of the contents of which were singularly grave and ominous:

'As neither my health and spirits show any signs of improvement, I am about, under medical advice, to try the effects of a long sea voyage. As the first of a new line of vessels starts on the 6th from this port to Australia, without calling elsewhere on the way, we have taken the opportunity of securing berths in her. I shall have the great advantage of Ferdinand's experience of this new country, and hope to write you from it a much better and brighter account of myself. Kiss the dear girls and boys fondly for me.'

There was not a word of remembrance to Gresham.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT ITS HEAD.

PRESCIENT as the family at Halcombe were of misfortunes sooner or later to happen in connection with their head, this last tidings exceeded all that had been looked for in the way of evil. It seemed to them that if once Ferdinand Walcot should contrive to place half the world between Sir Robert and his belongings, he would be lost to them forever. The fact of Walcot's 'knowing the country' by no means gave them the satisfaction that it seemed to afford their correspondent. It would only give this man another advantage over his confiding companion, who far from home and friends, and perhaps surrounded by creatures of his brother-in-law, would fall more completely into his power than ever.

The cruelty of Sir Robert's withdrawal from them to so immense a distance, without one syllable of regret, was felt by Lady Arden very keenly, but to do her justice this feeling was swallowed up by her apprehension upon his account.

'Dear George,' said she, with earnest gravity, 'my mind misgives me about this matter more than I dare to express.'

'It is a most ill-judged proceeding of my uncle's, without doubt,' answered Gresham as carelessly as he could; 'but since he chooses this man's society, it is quite as well he should have it on shipboard. Mayne tells me it is enough to make a man hate his mother, to be shut up with her for a three months' voyage; and Sir Robert will see this fellow in his true colours long before he reaches Melbourne.'

'I am so glad to remember,' said

Milly gravely, 'that Mr. Walcot is a bad sailor.'

'He is a bad everything, my dear,' observed Lady Arden, regardless of logic. 'He will end by murdering your poor dear Papa in the bush.'

'My *dear* Lady Arden!' exclaimed Gresham reprovingly; but in his heart of hearts he thought this prophecy far from unlikely to come to pass. His views of Ferdinand Walcot, always far from favourable, had of late, perhaps, gathered corroboration from his friend Mayne's epistles, which were always full of 'Uncle Ferdy;' and for whom they had no epithet less strong than 'villain.'

'I have got my eye on him,' ran his last letter, 'and am watching him narrowly, though at second hand, like vermin under the microscope.'

But not a word had he said about this Australian project.

Under these circumstances, it was urged by Lady Arden that Mr. Mayne should be at once communicated with, and invited down to the Hall.

'He has been so friendly with us, George,' she said, 'and has taken such immense pains in this matter, that we cannot do enough to show our gratitude; and then it would be such a comfort to have his counsel at such a crisis.'

'But Mayne always says, Lady Arden, that he is under a great obligation to us for having given him a pursuit. And you see it is the London season, and it is rather hard to bring a fellow down to Halcombe—though I am sure he would be delighted—and——,' and further than that 'and' Mr. George Gresham could not get.

The fact was he knew his friend would be willing enough to come, but that he would be restrained from doing so, from feelings of delicacy towards Sir Robert. 'I have no right,' he had written, 'ever to enter your uncle's house until the imputation that has been made upon my behaviour while under his roof has been removed. At present he thinks me a blackguard, and no wonder. His last words were to forbid me to speak with any ladies of his family. Of course this is all owing to "Uncle Ferdy"'—here followed the usual digression concerning his intentions of 'making it all right' with that gentleman, and something over;' allusions to the 'return match' to come off at some indefinite date, &c., &c.—'but that does not alter the fact that it would be an impertinence in me to show my nose at Halcombe.'

Now Gresham had slurred over to Lady Arden (as well as he might) the cause of offence supposed to have been given by Mayne, but he was not good at framing excuses.

'I think you do your friend wrong,' said she, 'in supposing that he would not give up the pleasures of society for a day or two to come and help us in our trouble.'

'I think so, too,' said Evelyn, gently.

Millicent said nothing, but blushed so very much that Gresham imagined that some story to his friend's discredit must have reached her ears.

'I think, under the circumstances,' said he, 'a line from yourself, Lady Arden, would have more force than anything I can write.'

'Then he shall have it, George,' was her reply.

Gresham felt the need of his friend's presence at such a crisis at least as much as the rest. The two young men had many points in common (it is curious, indeed, *how* alike young men of that type are) but Mayne's was the leading spirit. They were equally honourable, generous, and resolute; but Gresham was indolent where his friend was vigorous, and the latter had the keener wit. When to these circumstances of superiority we add the fact that Mayne's large fortune, and the power it conferred upon him, it is easy to understand how the other leant upon him. Dyneley, indeed, would have seemed to be the natural ally to whom the inmates of the hall should have turned in this emergency,

but respect for his patron (as they thought), or the knowledge that, however involuntarily, he had struck the first note of this domestic discord, had of late kept the Curate silent even on occasions when his advice was looked for.

As a matter of fact he was only too eager to help them by his counsel, but shrank from volunteering that good office, which must necessarily draw him nearer and nearer to Evelyn, his relation to whom he felt to be that of the moth to the candle. She attracted him, and very innocently, but (so it seemed to him) to his own destruction. Not that he was so modest that he felt it impossible she could ever reciprocate his affection, but that circumstances appeared now more than ever to forbid him to hope to win her.

It was improbable that at any time her step-father would have listened to his suit; but now, when Sir Robert was already far from pleased with the family, his pretentions would be sure to be treated with contempt, and moreover would undoubtedly be used by Walcot to Evelyn's own disadvantage; and the Curate was not the man to injure another—far less the girl he loved—for the gratification of himself.

On the other hand there were limits even to his self-sacrifice. He could not seek Evelyn's society, be intimate and ever confidential with her, speak with her, take her hand, as a friend and almost a brother—with such far from brotherly feelings; it was more than he could bear, to be permitted to talk to her upon every topic—even tender ones—for she spoke to him of Gresham and Elise—save the very one which was always on the tip of his tongue, but on which honour bade him to be silent.

Therefore the curate was not so constant a visitor at the hall as he once had been, when the field was less open to him, and Lady Arden, perhaps, a little resented this, which rendered his keeping away the easier.

Her letter to Mr. Mayne was answered in less time than by return of post, by the arrival of that gentleman himself, the cordiality of whose reception by Lady Arden and her elder daughter at once set him at his ease, and placed him in his old position in the family. Gresham had, indeed, assured him that this would be the case, and that nothing 'unpleasant' had transpired respecting him; but he was greatly pleased to be thus personally convinced of the fact. As to his transgression of Sir Robert's veto, he either felt that the circumstances were grave enough to excuse it, or Lady Arden's note, and his own wish to revisit Halcombe, had overcome them. Gresham, of course, had received him even more warmly than did the others, but there was still one whose welcome this exacting young gentleman missed. He so far forgot himself as to look round the room with an enquiring air—which Gresham was good enough, with a twinkle in his eye, to translate for him.

'You wonder why Dyneley is not here' (Mayne had mentioned having caught sight of him at the village); 'if you want him you must go to his lodgings. He doesn't visit at this house now, and is supposed to be a creature of Uncle Ferdy's.'

'For shame,' cried Lady Arden. 'How can you jest upon such a subject, George!'

'George will jest upon anything,' observed Evy, with unwonted severity and heightened colour.

'That is quite my experience of him,' said Mayne, demurely. 'He has no ballast.'

Here Milly entered the room; she had been standing outside the door for full a minute, not listening at the keyhole, nor saying 'plums, prunes, and prism' with a view to getting a proper shape to her mouth; yet something like the latter she had been doing. If she had been a man she should say she had been 'pulling herself together' in order to enter the room with an easy and indifferent air. In

this she was not very successful, for when one is indifferent (to the presence of a visitor for example) one does not blush and tremble, and murmur 'how do you do?' as though with the last failing breath of poor humanity.

Mr. Mayne, however, it was plain to see, was less critical than cordial. His happiness was so bright and clear that it reflected itself even in the grief-worn face of Lady Arden. Her mother's heart doubtless predicted for her a spot of sunshine in that future which until now had seemed all dark; but the next moment the present trouble, like a parted curtain, once more dropt its folds about her.

'You have come, Mr. Mayne,' said she, 'from a bright world to a very sombre one; nothing but the shadow of death itself could have affected us with a deeper sadness than the news of my poor husband. Do you think it *can* be true?'

'I'm afraid, Lady Arden, I must needs corroborate it, from tidings I have received from another quarter.'

'Great heavens! To think of my poor husband, weak and ill, and in that distant land, with no one but a false wretch like Ferdinand Walcot to depend upon!'

At the sight of which picture, so often presented to her imagination, the poor lady melted into tears.

'My dear Lady Arden,' said Mayne, gently; 'do not let us take too sombre views of what is no doubt a bad business. Your husband, I have good reason to believe, is not so ill as he imagines himself to be, and the voyage may be of real service to him. Moreover, I have taken such mearures as will prevent him being left to Mr. Walcot's tender mercies. An unknown but trusty friend will accompany him.'

'What! On board the ship?'

'Yes. A friend of mine is also desirous of trying the effect of a long sea voyage.'

'Oh, Mr. Mayne, you are too good! You have sent some one expressly to look after my dear husband! Hitherto I have not interfered with your kind offices—that is, with the material part of them—it seemed, somehow, that I ought not to be spending Sir Robert's money in keeping watch, as it were, over his own actions; but now that the peril is grown so serious and so urgent you must really allow me to defray——'

'Pardon me, my dear madam,' interrupted Mayne, gently, 'but you entirely misunderstand what has been done, and, I am sorry to say, credit me with much more than I deserve. My little arrangements have nothing to do with Sir Robert—that is, directly. They have been made, as Gresham will tell you, with quite another object. It is a personal matter between myself and Mr. Ferdinand Walcot, and concerns no one else—that is, directly. It has been some expense to me, no doubt, but then it is my only hobby.'

And Mr. Mayne smiled, and rubbed his hands together slowly, like a man who 'sees his way.'

'I understand your delicate way of putting it,' answered Lady Arden, smiling also, in spite of herself, 'but, after all, it is my husband's safety with which you are so good as to concern yourself, and I really must be allowed——'

'You can send another man after Sir Robert, of course,' put in Mayne, quietly; 'but as to interfering with my confidential agent, there is really no excuse for it. He has quite another matter in hand, though it happens to have a connection with that in which you are so vitally interested. Such being the case, I have brought down with me a collection of "Reports" I have received from time to time from the person who manages my little affair, and which may repay perusal.'

'Reports from Marseilles, do you mean?' exclaimed Lady Arden.

'From Marseilles and other places,' answered Mayne, coolly. 'They form

quite a little biography of—of the gentleman I am concerned about from the time he quitted England. The manuscript has all the advantages of a legal document, being written without stops and in a gigantic hand, combined with the interest of a fiction.'

Later in the day the manuscript was produced; it appeared to consist of several reams, and if nothing else, as Mayne said, should come of it, the employer of such a correspondent could never complain that he had not had enough for his money. The items of importance, however, were but few. The two gentlemen had accomplished their journey to Marseilles with great rapidity—indeed with surprising haste, since one of them was an invalid—and had afterwards lived at their hotel, quietly, but by no means in seclusion. They had occasionally dined at the *table d'hôte*, and had made acquaintances in the town; one a fellow-countryman of the name of Marshall, who had been seized with severe illness on his way to Cannes; he had been formerly known to Sir Robert, but Mr. Walcot was particularly kind and attentive to him; another, a Mr. Grosvenor, who often drove out with them, another a Mrs. Wilmot, who held spiritual *séances* at her house near the Quai, &c.

Although, in short, Mr. Walcot rarely left his brother-in-law, he made no attempt to isolate him in any way. Sir Robert looked weak and worn, and was manifestly in bad spirits, but by no means gave the impression of being seriously ill. His appetite was small; Mr. Mayne's informant condescended to explain that he had had a personal opportunity of observing this at the *table d'hôte;* but the rest of his budget had to be taken on trust for the present; it was dangerous to commit details to writing.

Such were the heads of what the secret agent had to tell. In a subsequent despatch he stated that Walcot had taken passage for himself and Sir Robert for Australia in the steamer *Apollo* without the least attempt at concealment, 'though if that had not been the case,' added the writer, with a pretty touch of egotism, 'you would equally have been informed of it.'

Here was matter enough for conjecture and apprehension in the little household, but unhappily nothing on which action could be taken. Only the long and serious talks that ensued had the effect of making Mr. Mayne's relations with the ladies more and more familiar, and himself more recognised as a friend of the family. Gresham, as we have confessed, though sincerely regretting the misfortunes of the house, was by no means inconsolable under them, or, at all events, without the means of consolation. Evelyn, though grave, could not certainly be said to be overcome with grief. The society of Mr. Walcot, since his declaration of love for her, had become so painful, nay abhorrent, that his absence was a welcome relief, notwithstanding that it entailed that of her stepfather also. If one could have looked into her heart, it was not *that* trouble which vexed it most; though it was more defined and positive than any other.

Millicent was happy in spite of herself; in vain she reproved her own heart for its gladness and brightness at a time so inopportune, and under circumstances that evidently weighed down her dearest and nearest with a heavy sorrow.

Frank, though he had loved his stepfather much, had feared 'Uncle Ferdy' more, and openly rejoiced in his enfranchisement.

The Great Baba made no secret of his satisfaction at the departure of his enemy.

'But you want dear Papa to come back, don't you darling?' had been a question addressed to him by his fond mother.

'Ess; but not to bring back at wicked man with him aden; he must put him into the pit-hole first, and then tum.' The pit-hole being the grave.

All the young folks at Halcombe, in fact though they loved Sir Robert dearly, bore his absence with a certain degree of equanimity, the recognition of which disquieted them. To their tender consciences it seemed ungrateful to be thus at ease while their benefactor was in such dangerous hands, though it was his own choice that had placed him there.

Lady Arden alone was genuinely wretched; she now perceived that something more and deeper than her *amour propre* had been wounded by Sir Robert's preference of Walcot's companionship to her own; that she really loved this husband, who had thus withdrawn himself from her, as her heart misgave her, for ever, and to whom, while he was with her, she had failed or fallen short in loving duty. When the sixth of the month came round—the date on which he was to sail for the under world, her sorrow reached its climax; she withdrew herself to her own room, and remained there for the whole day, save for one hour, when she walked out alone to the hill-top, and gazed with tears upon that ocean on which he had already begun his voyage.

CHAPTER XXXV.

PERPLEXITIES.

THAT one cannot have one's cake without certain drawbacks is well understood, and in the country, when one has been asked to dinner, it is necessary to make a call to acknowledge the obligation. Thus it happened at this date that Mr. and Mrs. Raynes came over to Halcombe in due course, and found things in very different case than on their last visit. They had of course heard tidings of Sir Robert's departure, but they had no idea under what circumstances it had occurred, nor was it very easy to inform them without betraying family secrets. Moreover, despite his good nature there was a certain inopportuneness in the presence of Mr. Raynes on the spot where any calamity had occurred, by reason of his grinning. It was not that he made a jest of sorrow, but on hearing what surprised him, whether grave or gay, he always met it with his mouth split. No sound necessarily escaped him—this was controlled by circumstances—though when he did laugh he laughed like a horse; but had one said to him, 'My father is dead,' he would have received it with the same look of amazed drollery as the intelligence of the demise of Queen Anne. As if to make up, too, for his silence, or inaptness of speech, he had generally a quotation from Shakespeare handy, which under really serious circumstances made him appear only more ridiculous, and even affected, albeit he was one of the most genuine as well as gentle souls alive.

Lady Arden herself was not visible to this worthy couple on this occasion; they were received by the younger members of the family, who explained as best they could the misfortune that had befallen them. Mrs. Raynes, good soul, at once dissolved into tears and silence, but her more robust spouse, eager to comfort and most unwontedly loquacious, could not but think travel was the best thing for Sir Robert. 'When he comes back,' said he, 'we shall see changes in him, no doubt, after so long a voyage; if he does not lisp and wear strange suits, we shall scarce think he has swum in a gondola.'

At this the young ladies smiled, with alien lips, as they well might, not in the least understanding him, whilst the poor gentleman went on to express his satisfaction that their stepfather had at least a friend with him 'of adoption tried, and grappled to his soul with hooks of steel.' His misconception of the whole situation was in short so complete, and under the circumstances so intolerable, that both Evy and Milly withdrew their atten-

tion from him, and left him to be entertained by his young friend Frank. Not a whit discouraged by this, the good man pursued his well-meant vein of consolation. 'Well, my boy, you have lost *your* dear stepfather—unexpectedly—for an indefinite period. The very same thing once occurred to me; *my* stepfather was snatched away from me, and even more suddenly, not by water, but by another element—the wind. He was carried away in a balloon.'

Frank, who had hitherto been but moderately interested, here pricked up his ears.

'In a balloon, Mr. Raynes? How came he in a balloon?'

'Well—he was—yes, a scientific individual devoted to balloon ascents. Not that he understood the management of such things, poor man, or he might have been here to day. He went up on an occasion—for an experiment—with a donkey tied to the car.'

'A donkey?' Franky clapped his hands delightedly. He would almost have been reconciled to his present bereavement if he could have seen Sir Robert depart in so admirable a manner.

'It's no joke, my young friend,' said Mr. Raynes, reprovingly: 'I saw the poor man come down, and thought as lightly of it as yourself, for the spectacle was no novelty to me, only some idiot in the crowd cut the donkey loose before my unfortunate relative was aware of what he was at, and being thus freed from the quadruped's weight, the balloon shot up like a sky-rocket, with my stepfather in it.'

'But he came down, I suppose?' exclaimed Frank.

'Not to my knowledge,' returned Mr. Raynes, coolly. 'No one ever saw him come down. He is probably careering about "the viewless fields of air" (Shakespeare, my boy) at this very moment. He left his earthly friends ten years ago. Now your case is not so bad as that, Frank, so cheer up.'

Frank not only cheered up, but began to give way to such exuberant mirth that it scandalised his sisters, who promptly reproved him for want of feeling.

'I couldn't help it,' gasped Frank.

'I am sorry that my recital of the loss of a relative should have awakened his mirth,' said Mr. Raynes, in his gravest manner. And then he grinned, beyond anything, one would think, that mortal mouth had attempted, and took his departure.

'He is really too eccentric,' said Evelyn.

'His Judy, as he will call his Julie, is almost as bad,' returned Millicent. 'She told me—oh Heavens, here he is again.'

'One moment, ladies,' observed Mr. Raynes, putting his head in at the door; 'we were just off, when I remembered something—which may be of importance. We drove to Mirton this morning, and the postmaster, hearing we were coming to Halcombe, asked me to bring over this telegram; it is for Mr. Mayne. He is here, is he not?'

'Yes, yes; oh thank you.'

He grinned so that, as he disappeared, he seemed to have swallowed himself (like the cat in 'Alice in Wonderland).'

'Let us take it at once over to the Manor Farm,' cried Milly; 'the three gentlemen are all together there, I know.'

'I think we had better send it across,' answered Evy. She did not wish to call at Mr. Dyneley's, nor perhaps that her sister should appear to seek to find out Mr. Mayne. In ten minutes the latter returned in Gresham's company, and with the open telegram.

'Here is strange news,' said he; 'one hardly knows whether to think it good or not. It comes from my agent, Bevill. "Sir R. and W. have not gone to Australia, they have sailed for England. Important. I come home by to-night's mail."'

'Then papa is coming back after all,' exclaimed Milly, joyfully; 'he can be here to-morrow, can he not?'

'He is not coming alone, unhappily,' observed Gresham. Evelyn, too, looked very grave. Milly, in short, was the only one to whom this news brought unalloyed satisfaction, and that, as it happened, only for a moment. The next speaker utterly dispelled it.

'If Sir Robert is coming back, Mayne, I am afraid we shall lose you?' observed Gresham, forgetting the reason why he could not remain at Halcombe in the fact.

Mayne nodded and answered coldly, 'Yes, it would not be pleasant to remain under your uncle's roof, after our little misunderstanding.'

Milly longed to say, 'What *can* it matter, whatever it is? Do stop,' but of course she remained silent.

'I am sure, dear papa will not take us by surprise,' said Evelyn, confidently. 'He is too considerate for that.'

'True, we need do nothing in a hurry,' said Gresham; 'we shall probably hear of my uncle's movements by to-morrow's post.'

'I do not think so,' said Evelyn. 'He would surely have written from Marseilles on this sudden change of purpose had he wished to inform us of his movements.'

To this no one had anything to say; the remark seemed somewhat inconsistent with that she had just uttered respecting the consideration of Sir Robert for others. And yet they knew it was not so.

'Of course it's all Walcot's doing,' said Gresham, expressing the general sentiment. 'I wonder what he does it *for*.'

'For some wise and good purpose, no doubt,' said Mayne unctuously; 'dear uncle Ferdy!'

'Oh, Mr. Mayne, how *can* you!' remonstrated Milly.

'My dear young lady, I have the warmest interest in the gentleman in question, I do assure you. I long to meet him, though it is true, not here. I am delighted that the ocean will not now separate us. And next to meeting him I long to hear about him. What do you say to my telegraphing to Bevill to come to Mirton, where we can hold communication with him without awakening the suspicions of the enemy? He will bring us the latest information concerning Sir Robert, by the light of which, perhaps, we may be enabled to see our way.'

Gresham and the rest thought this an excellent plan; while Lady Arden herself made no opposition to it. She would not have liked the man to come to the Hall—it seemed like encouraging an espionage upon her husband; but there was nothing offensive to her in his being at Mirton, where Mr. Mayne might consult him on his own affairs.

Practically, the difference was but slight, but in matters of feeling it often happens that as little suffices to salve as to wound; moreover, the poor lady's curiosity to know what had taken place to change her husband's plans was excessive; and Mr. Bevill would at least afford them some data to enable them to guess at this.

Mr. Mayne therefore telegraphed as proposed. In the meantime the family at the Hall remained in a very unpleasant state of tension, expecting, or rather apprehending, they knew not what, and exceedingly embarrassed by receiving no communication from Sir Robert.

On the first news of his change of intention Lady Arden had been very hopeful; expressing herself confident that her husband had repented of deserting them (even if he had not emancipated himself from the influence of his brother-in-law), and was returning in all haste to his home. Even though Walcot should accompany him, such a result seemed better to her than his prolonged and indefinite absence; and the getting things 'patched up' than

a complete and, perhaps, permanent rupture.

But as the days went by, and her husband gave no sign of his return, she began to grow morbidly anxious and alarmed. It was with some difficulty, indeed, when news came of the agent s expected arrival at the inn at Mirton, that she could be restrained from going thither, and hearing his story with her own ears.

In the end, however, Mayne and Gresham drove over thither alone, while Dyneley remained with her to administer such consulation as his presence and arguments could afford. The family distress had broken down his resolution to keep aloof from the Hall; and his sober and hopeful view of matters acted like a tonic.

'Certainly when one is in trouble,' admitted her ladyship, who had been no little aggrieved by his late apparent coldness; 'there is no one who comforts one like Mr. Dyneley. Don't you think so, Evelyn?'

'I always thought him a very good man, Mamma,' was her gentle reply.

But if the Curate took sanguine views of the state of affairs, they were by no means shared by the other two young men; who being either less charitable, or having suffered more seriously at Walcot's hands, were ready to credit him with any enormity.

As they sat in the dog-cart together, driving over the moor in thoughtful silence Gresham flicked the mare with his whip, and suddenly exclaimed, 'I believe the man means murder. He has got my uncle in some out-of-the-way spot, and is doing him to death, probably by poison. Else he would surely have written to his wife.'

'Men don't always write to their wives, my dear Gresham.'

'But a good man, like my uncle, who must needs know she is in distress and anxiety about him—he would certainly write if he could.'

'Not necessarily, if he is ashamed of himself,' argued Mayne. 'And besides, his letters may have been intercepted. I quite agree with you, of course, that Uncle Ferdy would stick at nothing on moral grounds. But he is not of the stuff that murderers are made of. He has too delicate a consideration for his own skin. His rule in life is material advantage, to which all his other passions are subservient. One would have thought, for example, he would have wreaked his revenge on Groad and Holme, who betrayed him; but he has taken no steps in that direction, from motives of policy.'

'It would be his motive to murder my uncle,' returned Gresham,' 'if his last will—as I have no doubt is the case—has been made in his favour.'

'No doubt; and he would do it without scruple, but for the consequences. He is a man that weighs consequences very nicely, and never incurs a risk that is avoidable. To raise his hand against your uncle, knowing as he well does, what we two think of him, would be very dangerous. However, we shall hear what Bevill says about it, who is quite without prejudice. I believe him to be loyal to me as his employer; but he is not troubled with sentiment of any kind, and would have served Uncle Ferdy himself with equal fidelity, if he had happened to retain him. That is why he left the police, and set up on his own account as a social detective. He felt that his area of action was too circumscribed.'

'I should say, then, he is likely to find it some day still more limited—by a prison wall, for example.'

'Not at all; there is no fear of that Bevill has a respect for the law, which he looks upon as an old employer. He would never hold a brief on the opposite side.'

'Still—though it is ungrateful for me to say so—I should feel uncomfortable in employing such an instrument.'

'I am glad to hear you say that because it leaves this matter where I

wished it to be, solely in my own hands. When one fights with the Indians, one does not stand up in scarlet to be shot at in an open space; one has to dodge like them behind the trees. I have hired this gentleman to dodge *for* me. You have often noticed, doubtless, what a fine head of hair dear Uncle Ferdy has got. Well, he is a great chief; but I mean to have his scalp.'

Before the inn door, as they drove up, stood a stout and contemplative person with a straw in his mouth, whom Mayne, at once indicated as 'my agent;' else Gresham would have probably taken him for a commercial traveller in the illustrated book or fancy jewellery line, to neither of which branches of commerce much encouragement was afforded at Mirton—so much of time he seemed to have on his hands, and so little to do in it; and at the same time so totally indifferent did he appear to the beauties of land and sea, which offered themselves to the gaze from the spot he occupied in sublime profusion. His hands were plunged deep in his pockets, though, from the contour of his figure, it was plain that they could not be withdrawn from thence without some difficulty. His hat was tilted on the back of his head and displayed a countenance like the moon at full, and without any greater vestiges of vegetation. It was the face of a fat boy except for a few lines in it, which time had drawn about the brow and mouth, and expressed—if it expressed anything—a good-natured vacuity.

Even the arrival of his employer awoke but little vitality in Mr. Bevill. He extricated his right hand from its pocket, touched his hat with his forefinger, and cast one momentary but scrutinizing glance at Gresham.

Mr. Bevill never lost an opportunity of observation, and never wasted his energies; he knew Mayne already.

'Good morning, Mr. Bevill; this is Sir Robert's nephew, Mr. George Gresham.'

'So I concluded, sir, from seeing him in your company; otherwise it would not have struck me.'

'You see no family resemblance?' said Mayne, laughing. 'Perhaps you think he is more like *my* uncle, Uncle Ferdy.'

'Same build, sir, but that's all,' replied the detective sententiously.

'Not so clever, by half, you mean, Mr. Bevill,' said Gresham, laughing.

'Well, sir, I didn't *say* that. But even if it were so, you might be clever enough as cleverness goes. The gentleman to whom your friend was referring' (it was a characteristic of Mr. Bevill never to mention names; he thought it a bad habit, and besides the groom had come forward to take the mare), 'has wits enough for half-a-dozen.'

'You are bound to speak highly of him since he has outwitted Mr. Bevill,' said Mayne, lightly.

'Well, yes, sir, for the present—there is no doubt about it; he *has!*'

'Well, come indoors, and let's talk it over.'

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MR. BEVILL.

MR. BEVILL, when not on duty, was of a retiring disposition, and had already installed himself in the only private sitting-room of which the little inn could boast. A low-roofed apartment, of small dimensions, and these encroached upon by a collection of old china, tropical shells, stuffed fish of truculent and piky aspect, and other 'curios' brought home by seafaring men of Mirton, and purchased by the landlord on easy terms. There was room, however, for the two visitors, who were about to seat themselves near the open window, when Mr. Bevill put in an objection.

'Under that window there is a bench, where the village folks sit, I have noticed.' (He had been in Mirton

about half-an-hour.) 'It may not signify, but still it may. Our gentleman' —it was thus he always spoke of Mr. Walcot, just as Mayne applied to him the derisively familiar term of 'Uncle Ferdy'—'your gentleman may have friends here with sharp ears.'

'Your gentleman has no friends anywhere,' observed Gresham, grimly.

'Pardon me,' said Mr. Bevill, 'everone has friends everywhere—who has money.'

He closed the window, and pointed to a little table in a corner of the room, round which they took their seats.

'You have read my reports to your friends here, Mr. Gresham, I conclude?' (The word 'reports' was pronounced with a certain dignity that showed Mr. Bevill was capable of a weakness, and that it lay in the direction of literary composition.)

Mr. Mayne nodded assent.

'Good; then I will not trouble you with matters that are contained in them. My last statement, if you remember, was that Sir Robert was not, in my opinion, seriously ill. Within a few hours after I had written that opinion, I had cause to modify it. I came upon him in the courtyard of the inn, and I thought him looking very ill. It was the first time I had seen him since I discovered his intention to sail for Australia. Perhaps, therefore, his ill looks arose from mental causes; that idea occurred to me because our gentleman was walking arm in arm with him, and speaking in a tender and yet encouraging tone. He had, I thought at the time (but I was wrong), been persuaded by a stronger will to exchange all his old associations for new ones, and was, perhaps, already regretting it.'

If Mr. Bevill could not be said to talk like a book, it was clear that he was talking like a very carefully compiled manuscript—and, in fact, was quoting from it. His own ordinary conversation had nothing in common with this ornate and explanatory style. He was by nature plain of speech, as he himself confessed, but 'give him time,' and he would turn out something in the way of literature worthy of your critical attention. And he was very proud of this accomplishment.

'From the day when our gentleman and his friend had secured their berths on board the *Apollo*,' he went on, 'I saw very little of them. They kept themselves *to* themselves, or rather our gentleman kept his friend to himself, much more than formerly, and for one thing, they no more took their meals at the *table d'hôte*. It was understood that Sir R.'s state of health forbade it. As the *Apollo* was to sail with the tide in the early morning, they went on board on the previous afternoon; but, as I understood, they did not dine in in the saloon. As for me, I did not wish to show myself to either of them lest I might be recognised as one who had sought their company of late (though I had been as prudent as possible in so doing), and our gentleman should have had his suspicions aroused before starting. I did not wish him to know that Sir R. had a friend on board until necessity should compel the revelation.'

This last sentence Mr. Bevill repeated (under the transparent pretence of having forgotten it), with a roll in his voice that greatly enhanced the stately periods.

'I myself delayed going on board the ship until after dusk, and, when I did so, at once betook myself to my cabin. Before finally turning in for the night, however, I came on deck for a breath of fresh air, in full confidence that at such an hour I should run no risk of encountering those whom it was my object to avoid. It was half-past nine, and the saloon passengers, who had been smoking and chatting above till it grew cold, had all gone below. I was about to follow their example when I saw our gentleman come up the saloon stairs with a travelling bag in his hand. There would have been hardly sufficient light by which to re-

cognise him, had I not been on the look-out for him, and no one else; but as it was I felt quite certain of my man. He went to the side of the ship, and peered over it, into the semi-darkness. I did the like, taking care to keep myself out of his range of vision, and this is what I saw. There was a boat lying close under me, with Sir Robert himself lying in the stern of it, and just as I had seen him come on board, with all his portmanteaus, boxes, &c., in the bow. Only it was plain that he was now going away instead of embarking. I do assure you, for the moment, I was now quite thrown off my balance. It was not what was happening before my eyes so much as the sense of what might and would have happened, but for my just coming up for that mouthful of air—namely, that I should have found myself bound for Australia for no earthly reason; doomed to I don't know how many months of ocean travel, without the least object, save to get home again, not to mention the money thrown away by my employer, and the disgrace that would attach to myself in having been thus tricked and deluded.

'All this passed through my mind like a keen blast of air, but did not hinder me from seeing my gentleman run quickly down the ladder, jump into the boat, and seat himself by the side of Sir R.; the next moment the rowers had pushed off, and they were gone.'

'And where the deuce were they gone to?' inquired Gresham, impatiently.

'That was the very question that yours truly put to himself, sir,' said Mr. Bevill, breaking into his colloquial style, 'and which, unfortunately, has not been answered yet. Of course, I was for following 'em hot foot; but that was not so easy. When I asked for a boat to go on shore, the captain of the deck watch didn't see it. He said it was too late; and that the next time I was put on shore from the *Apollo* it would be in Melbourne harbour. The very notion of this turned me cold again, and I am afraid I found myself bidding higher than I should have done for the accommodation of a boat. The fact was, however, that the officer was afraid of losing his men altogether if he gave them such an opportunity of slipping away on the eve of so long a voyage, and in the end he consented to put me on shore himself for a five pound note, which accordingly I paid him. That's gone, I fear, from you and your heirs forever, sir,' here the speaker turned to Mr. Mayne, 'but with regard to the Australian passage-money, I am happy to say I recovered half of it, on a representation of the case to the Navigation Company.'

'That is a secondary matter, Mr. Bevill,' said Mayne, quietly. 'Pray go on with your narrative.'

'I wish I could, sir, but unhappily it ends where I left it; our gentleman got clean way, though not, indeed, without leaving a trail behind him. He had not returned to the hotel, where they quite understood, indeed, he was on his way to Australia; and as I could not gain any information of his movements by land—which, since he was in charge of an invalid, could scarcely have been concealed—I gave my attention to the water. A trading ship, I found, had sailed that very night for England, bound for Weymouth, and on inquiring at the office, I found our gentleman had engaged berths for himself and Sir R. on board of it, *as well as* on board the *Apollo.*'

'But for what possible reason?' exclaimed Gresham.

'Heaven knows, sir—or, leastways, more likely the other party. I can think of nothing else to explain it but that our gentleman had found out he was being watched, and was resolved to throw one off his tracks at any cost. Yet how he could have persuaded Sir R.—though, indeed, poor soul, he looked in that there boat as though he had very little strength to resist him

—to change his plans so completely, and at such short notice—that baffles me altogether.'

'One thing at all events is certain,' observed Gresham, 'that their object is to hide away from all of us.'

'It is the object of our gentleman, no doubt,' replied the detective.

'Mr. Bevill has administered a just reproof to you, Gresham,' observed Mayne. 'It is no more your uncle's fault that he has adopted this strange course than that yonder signboard swings to the wind. He has not been a free agent for this long time, and now, prostrated by illness——'

'Forgive me,' interrupted Gresham, earnestly. 'I spoke in thoughtlessness, not in bitterness, Heaven knows. The very thought of the influence this scoundrel exercises over the good, kind old man——'

'Fifty-one,' observed Mr. Bevill, sententiously. 'I heard him say so.'

'Well, well, when a man, even in middle life, subordinates his will to another, and voluntarily becomes a cipher, one thinks of him as old,' said Gresham. 'I trust my uncle will live many a year, but among those who love him. To think of this man Walcot, I was about to say, puts me alike out of patience and of reason. That is why you, Mayne, and Mr. Bevill here are such a comfort to me. The only plan that ever occurs to me is to take the scoundrel by the neck and throttle him.'

'The idea is too charming to dwell upon,' said Mayne, gravely. 'I dare not indulge myself in such luxurious thoughts. Besides his *neck* is scarcely private property. Jack Ketch has in a manner bespoken it.'

'I hope not, since that will mean murder,' answered Gresham, gloomily; 'in which case one can only too well guess the victim.'

'No, no; our gentleman is not of that sort, sir,' observed Mr. Bevill, assuringly. 'I know the class, and call them the Pouncers; it is always now or never with them. But this one, he is so clever that he don't pounce, but can afford to abide his time. He will never hurry matters in the way you are thinking of.'

'That is quite my view,' remarked Mayne. 'Nature, however, may make things terribly easy for him—his star has fought for him as it is beyond all expectation—and time is pressing. I do not speak of the future wrong that may be done to my friend Gresham and others, for that I know is insignificant to them in comparison with the condition of Sir Robert himself, ill, and in this villain's clutches; conscious, perhaps, by this time, of the true character of his companion, yet physically incapable of escape from him.'

'I see all that, sir,' said Mr. Bevill, slowly, the place for me, therefore, seems just now to be Weymouth.'

'By all means,' exclaimed Gresham, earnestly. 'If it was not that I fear my motives would be misconstrued, or rather misrepresented by this scoundrel, I would myself accompany you. What do you say, Mayne?'

'I say "No," Gresham,' was the unexpected rejoinder. 'By Mr. Bevill's account your uncle stands in no immediate danger either from natural causes or foul play; and I think it would be only just, before taking so decided a step as you propose, to wait a few days, in which he may declare his intentions. If he remains in England for any time—say a week, for example—without communicating with Lady Arden, or any of the family—we may take it for granted that he is under dictation. Whereas, if it is not so, and you or even Mr. Bevill (whom we have reason to feel Walcot already suspects of dogging him), should go down to Weymouth, it would arouse irritation in Sir Robert's mind, and retard, if it does not prevent its awakening to the true state of affairs.'

'Our gentleman himself could not have looked at the matter all around more judgematically,' observed Mr. Bevill, in approving tones. 'Let us give him the week then, and I will re-

main here in the meantime till you say "Off," sir. If I get a few score of questions answered concerning him in this neighbourhood, it may not be altogether time thrown away.'

Gresham looked from one to the other, with a half-consenting, half hesitating air.

'This is your business, at least in part, Gresham,' said Mayne, gently. 'Sir Robert is your uncle, not mine, and I should be sorry, indeed, if anything should happen—within those few days—to cause you to repent of following my advice. You will act, of course as you think right. But I must follow my own judgment in keeping Mr. Bevill for the present at Mirton. Uncle Ferdy is too shy a bird for us to run the risk of frightening him. We have him now within reach, which is a great point; but should we force him to fly away, things would be made more difficult for us. Moreover Bevill's presence—and much more yours—might cause him to precipitate matters.'

'I put myself in your hands,' said Gresham, after a long pause. 'They are stronger than mine, and fitter, I feel, to deal with such an emergency as this. Let our motto for the present be Patience, and if within a week, we do not hear from my uncle, I will take my own way.'

Whereupon Mayne said 'Agreed;' and Mr. Bevill, 'Right you are, sir.'

(*To be continued.*)

THE SCIENTIFIC SPIRIT.

BY WILLIAM D. LE SUEUR, B.A., OTTAWA.

THE modern world is, in an altogether peculiar degree, under the dominion of physical science, and more and more of the best thought of our time is being drafted into scientific regions. It would be vain to deny that this phenomenon is accompanied by a great bettering of the conditions of life, throughout a large section at least of society, and that human thought, speaking generally, is in a healthier state than in the days when science was feeble and theology strong. We have, therefore, an evident interest in advancing the boundaries of science, and to this end it is important that the scientific spirit should be cultivated and guarded, if possible, against any weaknesses or errors into which it might have a natural tendency to fall. In the opinion of some thoughtful persons the time has come when a wise direction of scientific discovery, and a wise organization of the present resources of civilized society are of more importance than the mere increase of scientific knowledge. The poet Shelley, in the beginning of this century, wrote: "We have more moral, political and historical wisdom than we know how to reduce into practice; we have more scientific and economical knowledge than can be accommodated to the just distribution of the produce which it multiplies." If this was so in Shelley's time, how is it now? Steam was then but in its infancy; the railway was not; the telegraph was not even a dream. One thing is beyond all doubt. We have enough physical science—if that could suffice—to make a very comfortable world of this to all decent peo-

ple; whereas, for some years past, the amount of distress consequent upon financial confusion and the dislocation of industry, has been something appalling. Our unlimited command over the resources of nature has not enabled us to give bread to the hungry nor clothes to the naked; while the only remedy we can think of for hard times is—idleness. Men must suffer because they have produced too much. Let them therefore stand idle and wait until the surplus products of their industry have been consumed; then, perchance, they may hope for employment and food. Such is the "fix" into which the wisdom of the nineteenth century manages to thrust itself. Surely such a result should be regarded as the *reductio ad absurdum* of something. But of what?

Let us have science then, since science does us good, or at least gives us the means of doing ourselves good; but let us see if we cannot humanise it so as to increase the probability that it will prove of universal, and not of merely partial, benefit. Let us see also that the minds which occupy themselves with science do not waste their powers in unprofitable inquiries, and possibly, by the pursuit of false methods, do themselves more harm than good. Let us try to realise clearly, what the true scientific spirit is, and do our best to develop and strengthen *that*.

One of the chief dangers to which science is exposed is that of dogmatism. It is exposed to this danger through its very strength. Theology was once strong—strong in its control of the human mind, strong in the enthusiasm it was able to create, strong in the universality of its claims and its ambition—and it was dogmatic as nothing else has ever been, or probably will ever be. Dogmatism is nothing but the temper of command unreasonably exercised. Science in the present day wields command, and it only too easily falls into the snare of dogmatism. We have heard in our day of an "orthodox" geology, an "orthodox" political economy, and probably other sciences as well have their orthodox schools. Having myself given an account the other day to a scientific friend of the argument of a little work entitled 'Scepticism in Geology,' which has now reached a second edition, I was surprised at the warmth of indignation with which the attack on the system reared by Lyell was received. A person present having asked my friend whether he would not read the book in question, in order to judge better of the value of its arguments, he answered emphatically 'No,' he would not, he said, waste time on anything so absurd. Similarly, I have seen people utterly refuse to read so much as a line in defence or explanation of spiritualism; while, in the region of Political Economy, I have known a writer set down as utterly incompetent on the simple ground that he had criticised the views of Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill. Nay more, in the latter case, the writer in question, without an examination of a page of his book was stigmatised as an *inflationist;* whereas, the chief point of his objection to Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill was, that the language held by them in regard to money gave rise to all kinds of inflationist heresies and schemes.* No one, indeed, can mix much with men who occupy themselves chiefly with science, or who, without being possessed of much scientific knowledge, have a natural predilection for science, without seeing how readily—I speak generally of course—they glide into dogmatism, and assume, not for themselves personally, but for the great Church of Science of which they hold themselves members, an infallibility far surpassing that of the Roman Pontiffs, which, when fully explained, is found to be a very limited thing. For '*Roma locuta est, causa finita est,*' they are quite prepared to

* The writer referred to is Mr. H. V. Poor, of New York. His views on the point in question are fully shared by Sir Anthony Musgrave.

say, '*Scientia*,' &c., and when once the name of science is invoked, controversy must cease.

Now it is very obvious that there is nothing scientific in dogmatism carried to this point. One can excuse a well-informed man for not caring to discuss matters, on a footing of equality, with an ill-informed one; nor need any one trouble himself with theories which imply complete ignorance of facts on the part of those who put them forward. Coleridge's dictum about 'understanding a man's ignorance' before you conclude that he is hopelessly in the wrong comes in here. If we not only believe a man to be ignorant, but, as it were, are able to survey his ignorance, to see all around it, and understand both it and him; then we may, without arrogance, decline to re-open, for his amusement, questions which we have good reason to consider closed. But, in many cases where 'science' is appealed to, nothing of this kind can be claimed. The dogmatist simply knows what is current as the orthodox science of the day or hour, and, strong in this knowledge, pooh-poohs any facts that may be alleged in opposition thereto. And yet how very brief is the authority which many scientific theories enjoy! They 'have their day and cease to be,' and are only referred to afterwards as examples of inconclusive reasoning or over-hasty generalisation. The geologists of to-day have made no satisfactory reply to the attacks made by the physical school upon their mode of computing time; yet how much of geological theory depends upon the correctness of that method! The whole doctrine of 'causes now in action' may be said to be at stake; for if the Lyellian school of geologists have proved anything, it is that causes now in action could not have produced the results we see in much less time than has been claimed.

The remedy for dogmatism in science is a recognition of the essentially provisional character of all scientific theories. Every science, it should be remembered, owes its existence to a certain process of abstraction. The universe is a whole, and only as a whole can it be fully comprehended. We light upon a fact or a phenomenon, and discern its relations to certain closely connected facts or phenomena. Apart from these it would have no significance whatever; seen in connection with them it has both significance and interest. But how do we know what its remoter relations may be, or what may be its place in the general scheme of things. Any theory we can frame is valid only so far as the discovered relations are concerned; in other words it is a working hypothesis and no more. How unwise therefore to allow a working hypothesis actually to stand in the way of work,—to nail ourselves down to it, as if it were really part of the durable framework of the universe! The doctrine of gravitation itself can only be held to be provisionally true, in regard, at least, to the terms in which it is expressed. The facts on which it is based, and which at present it serves to formulate, will remain unchanged; but the time may come when we shall see them in other relations, and when their whole character, relatively to our apprehension, will be changed. And it will be something in that day, should it ever come, to be saved from the necessity of attributing to the brute earth the power of acting, without any intermediary, upon similar brute masses elsewhere, which is what the theory as at present framed compels us to do. The true scientific attitude of mind is one opposed to all dogmatism, one which regards the work of science as in its nature exhaustless, and which sees that progress consists in ever grasping more and more of the unity of laws and phenomena, and not in pursuing separate lines of enquiry into infinitely minute detail.

Science indeed to be true to itself, and to do its work in the best way must be nothing less than philosophy;

or at least it must be steeped in the widest conceptions that philosophy can supply. It would be idle to decry specialism in the study of science, for it has long been a necessary result of the enormous development of scientific knowledge; but, at the same time, it can hardly be questioned that special sciences are often studied in a very unscientific manner and spirit—that is to say, as a mere matter of curiosity, or perhaps of personal competition, and without any sense of what Comte calls the *ensemble*—without any genuine interest in science in the widest sense of the word. What is the difference between a mania for collecting old books or old tea-pots and a passion for gathering every obtainable plant, insect or fossil in a certain district, unless the latter tasks be undertaken with the distinct object of furthering the general work of science, either by establishing some theory in the particular branch in which the effort is made, or by throwing a side light upon some connected study? It may be said that all these pursuits sharpen the faculty of observation: so they do in the particular region in which the faculty is exercised, but not in other regions; on the contrary the more attention is concentrated on one class of objects the less (necessarily) will it be given to other classes. One master interest has often dwarfed, if not killed, every other. While, therefore, I readily give my sympathy to those whose tastes take them afield and lead them to study nature in any of her forms, I look for some manifestation of interest in science as a whole, some sense of the unity of all truth, something altogether above and beyond the fiddle-faddle dilettanteism of a curiosity hunter, before I congratulate science on the labours bestowed in her service. I have seen a boy turning up words in a Latin dictionary, and I have seen a man turning up plants in Gray's Botany, and I cannot say which of the two processes seemed to me the more scientific.

The true man of science ought, above all things, to be *interesting*. Living in a world whose phenomena he is studying, with whose laws he is every day gaining a wider acquaintance, and seeing the bearing of these upon human life and history, he should be of all men the most companionable and the one from whose intercourse we should derive the most profit. If this be so, there surely must be something wrong with a science that simply enables its possessor to pound general society with long words, and which causes all his interest and enthusiasm to go out towards the infinitely minute and the infinitely unimportant. The entomologist in 'The Poet at the Breakfast-Table,' having been invited to look at the stars through a telescope, declined on the ground of pressing occupations. 'May I venture to ask,' said the Poet, 'on what particular point you are engaged just at present?' 'Certainly, Sir, you may. It is, I suppose, as difficult and important a matter as often comes before a student of natural history. I wish to settle the point once for all whether the *Pediculus Melittæ* is, or is not, the larva of Meloe.' The Pediculus, concluded the Poet, occupied a larger space in that man's mental vision than 'the midnight march of the solar system.' When Rousseau came up to Paris to submit certain new musical ideas to the *savans* of the Academy, he found, as he tells us in his 'Confessions,' that these men enjoyed a great advantage over him, inasmuch as their scientific attainments enabled them to talk continuously without putting any meaning into what they said, and to repel all new ideas by the simple iteration of formulas. Jean Jacques is not an unimpeachable witness in his own cause; but some of us have heard enough perhaps of what has purported to be scientific talk to be prepared to believe that his description may not have been altogether wide of the mark. The fact is that men of science are often dreary in the

extreme through the concentration of their interests upon some narrow field of investigation, and the complete absence from their minds of all wider views or aims. We do not go to such men for counsel, for sympathy, or for anything pertaining to good fellowship or social enjoyment. By long gazing at specimens they are well on the way to becoming specimens themselves; and 'the unstable and the unlearned,' taking them as types of what science does for a man, think but ill of its power to round human life into harmonious completeness.

Many, no doubt, are fitted to engage in the work of scientific observation and classification, whose power of original thought is inconsiderable, and whose metaphysical conceptions, if they indulge in any, will be of a simplicity bordering on rudeness. But the spirit in which these will pursue their studies will depend greatly upon the example set by greater men, and it is, therefore, of vast importance that the leaders in scientific investigation should set clearly before the world where the chief interest and the highest glory of science lies, that they should visibly make it the instructor of humanity to all noble ends, that they should put it forward as the great liberaliser of thought, the enemy of superstition and confusion, the beautifier of life, and that in which man's highest faculties can find unfailing exercise and satisfaction. If science were always exhibited in this light by its foremost representatives, we should get rid of the notion that it is a thing of catalogues and long names; and the rank and file of scientific workers would be more conscious of an object to their labours than they are at present. The opposition so often imagined to exist between science and poetry is due to nothing but the faulty exemplifications which we have of science. Give to it the depth which comes of union with philosophy, and inspire it with the faith which true philosophy teaches, and it will itself catch the language of poetry to express its glorious revelations.

We have in Canada many organizations which are helping forward the work of science in their own several ways. We must all desire that the labours of these should be crowned with success, and that Canada should contribute its share to the scientific achievements of the age. The makers of catalogues will not do much for us if left to themselves; but if a true scientific spirit can be diffused among the intelligent youth of our country, if a spirit of rational inquiry can be awakened, if the work of science can be nobly conceived by us, then we shall be sure in due time to do our part faithfully and well in building up that structure of scientific knowledge which, in the years to come, shall be, as it were, the common home and shelter of humanity.

ROUND THE TABLE.

CARDINAL NEWMAN.

No man of the present age has been so enthusiastically lauded by his friends, or so feebly attacked by his enemies, as the lately created Cardinal Newman. A great deal of this is, no doubt, due to the charm of his style and his fine mastery of the English language. Something also to his earnestness and singleness of purpose; but the larger part of the zeal which he has infused into his admirers seems to be owing to similarity of feeling, to predisposition towards mysticism and ecclesiasticism. To those who are disposed to consider the reality of things, and to look for the strict truth of matters, there are many sentiments and statements in Dr. Newman's works, which can only be described as 'glittering generalities' often very wide of the truth. Out of many instances I shall only quote one where he says, that the Roman Catholic Church 'has raised the position of woman, destroyed slavery, encouraged literature and philosophy,' and so on. Not to go too far back in the history of slavery, what has been the action of the Church of Rome in regard to that form of it—Negro Slavery—with which we are most familiar? The Protestant nations of England and America have spent lavishly their blood and their treasure to put an end to this system. England has for many years, at great expense and loss of life, maintained a fleet on the coast of Africa expressly to cut off the source of it—the Slave trade. At the present time the Catholic nations of Spain and Portugal are amongst Christian nations the sole owners of negro slaves. The former power especially has been the persistent enemy of all attempts to abolish it. Did any one ever hear or read of the influence of the Pope being brought to bear on the Spanish Government in this matter? We are all familiar with the successful efforts made by Rome to prevent the burial of heretics, the erection of Protestant Churches, and the circulation of the Bible in Spain. It has also been specially diligent in prohibiting secular education in that country; but who ever heard of a Bull or Encyclical or other document issuing from Rome against the importation of slaves into Cuba, or against the continued existence of slavery in that island?

The latest fulsome eulogy of Dr. Newman and his works appears, with singular inappropriateness, in a late number of the *Fortnightly*. The writer makes a great display of learning and literary smartness, and offers many would-be profound explanations of things, the true meaning of which lies on the surface. An almost ludicrous instance of this occurs where the writer and Dr. Newman explain the causes which led to the popularity of Sir Walter Scott. Much learned disquisition is expended in explaining the conditions and influences which moulded the mind of Dr. Newman. A diligent examination of his writings, especially of the 'Apologia,' places the matter in a much simpler and clearer light. We learn that, at a very early and tender age, he was sent from home to the school of Dr. Nicolas at Ealing. That it was there his mind got its first religious bent appears very clearly when we afterwards read his own statement that at the age of ten he always crossed himself when in the dark, and that at fifteen when he wrote his first verses he made the sign of the cross at the top of them. At sixteen

he drew up a series of texts in defence and illustration of the Athanasian Creed, a creed which shocks the minds of many who firmly believe in it. Such incidents at such periods of a life would go a long way to enable one to infer its future career. He was sent afterwards to Oxford at a time when there was little else taught there besides classical literature and dogmatic theology, and when the air was full of ecclesiasticism. The principal aim of his early writings seems to have been to gain, for the English Church, the power and influence in England possessed by the Church of Rome in Catholic Countries, and failing in that he naturally lapsed into the latter communion. We can only lament that his splendid talents should have been devoted to such a futile purpose.

J. G. W.

ENGLISH SYMPATHY WITH THE FRENCH EMPIRE.

—THAT a large section of English society gives all its sympathies to the cause of the French Empire as against the existing Republic there can be no room for doubt. The altogether extraordinary and, to the rest of the world, incomprehensible demonstrations in connection with the death of the Prince Imperial meant this and nothing else. Then to what are we to attribute this state of feeling? It may have many sources, but I feel convinced that the principal is the sense of disquiet that the British tradesman and the British aristocrat alike feel at the sight of a government like the French which is really *trying to live upon principles.* The average British mind has no faith in principles, and it has a blind instinct that people who have much to do with them will come to harm, and, by their disasters, keep other people more or less in turmoil. The 'rest and be thankful' spirit is still strong in the present generation of Englishmen, at least of the middle and upper classes; and the French Empire was a form of government that suited them exactly, —that is to say, as applied to their neighbours across the Channel. It did not deal in principles except in the same insincere, hand-to-mouth kind of way in which the Britisher delights. It seemed to favour trade, and it promised finality in regard to political aspirations. It acted as a very imposing kind of police upon a nation known to contain excitable and insurrectionary materials. All this soothed the spirit of John Bull, and in his heart no doubt he thought the French happy to be in such excellent hands. The French people—at least the intelligence of the nation—did not see the thing in the same light, but what did that matter? John Bull experiences a distinct pleasure in the thought that the intelligence of a nation should not have its own way; for intelligence is a dangerous thing; far better, he thinks, come down, as in England, to a balancing of interest against interest and a system of universal compromise.

To people of this disposition the French Republic with its eager discussions, springing from strong convictions, and its evident desire to carry out principles consistently, must be a constant source of irritation and uneasiness. Thought and expectation are kept upon the stretch, and then the example may be bad for other nations. Only think what might happen if any respect for principles, or regard for consistency, should extend to the political system of Great Britain! Why there is no knowing what institutions might be overturned in a year. The Church might be disestablished, justice might be made cheap and trade honest or comparatively so—and then the deluge! Let us have the Empire back and we shall know where we are, we shall again 'rest and be thankful.' L.

'OF SUCH IS THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.'

—One of the points upon which science has disturbed traditional modes of thinking is in regard to our estimate of child-nature. The Christian world, in spite of much in actual experience to the contrary, has remained under the influence of the words 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven;' and many beautiful things are said about the purity, innocence, faith and affection of children. It is not maintained, however, that all children show these engaging qualities; and yet unless all children—in so far as they are children, and are not directly influenced by the evil example of those around—exhibit this fitness for a higher stage of being, the dictum cannot be accepted as the general truth which it has always been assumed to be. It would take much from the natural force of the words if we were to understand that the speaker, being, as it happened, surrounded by a group of particularly good children—the kind for example who take prizes for good conduct at school—had exclaimed, 'Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.' We should then have to know what those children were like before we could profit by the statement. Christian theology, however, is not very consistent upon the point; for over against this declaration we must set the doctrine of total depravity, according to which none of the works of grace can proceed from any human being until supernaturally regenerated. On doctrinal grounds, therefore, it is very hard to know what to think. Are children angels in disguise, or are they, like David of old, 'conceived in sin and shapen in iniquity?' There are many facts against the angel theory, and there are quite as many against that of total depravity. A kind of equilibrium is, therefore, established: the former view serves well for sentimental purposes, while the latter is an important element in 'systematic theology.'

Fortunately science steps in to show us 'a more excellent way.' What we see now is that children inherit the qualities of their ancestors, and that, as a rule, ancestral influence is in proportion to its nearness. A child will be more like its father than its grandfather. The children of the radically depraved will be depraved; the children of virtuous and high-minded people will be easily drawn towards virtue and high-mindedness. Science, however, further shows that just as embryonic life repeats the stages of our physical ancestry, so child-life repeats, more or less fully, the stages of our historical or social ancestry. In other words, many of the characteristics of savage or barbarous races are illustrated in the thoughts and acts of our children. If this be so, we see at once how vain it is to look to children for the fruits of a high moral development. In the first place we do the children themselves injustice, and possibly injury, in calling for what they cannot give; in the second, we subject ourselves to disappointment, and perhaps fall into fretfulness of temper consequent on the disappointment. What we have to do is to train our children just as their developing natures will allow, to right courses of action, not looking for fruit before it is time for fruit, or losing patience with the tree (and perhaps blasting it), because, as yet, it shows only leaves. In due time we shall reap if we faint not. S.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Bismarck in the Franco-German War, 1870-71. Authorized translation from the German of DR. MORITZ BUSCH, Abridged. Toronto and Chicago: Belfords, Clarke & Co., 1879.

Among the many wondrous changes of this age, few have approached in startling and unexpected completeness the reunion of the German fatherland. The central figure of the Prussian court, the controlling mind of the Germanic Confederation, was undoubtedly Bismarck, and any work which undertook to give his views, opinions and utterances, at this eventful time, more especially on political matters, was sure to succeed. Readers who hope to find a detailed statement of Bismarck's policy will be disappointed; nor does this work pretend to be a history of the stirring times of 1870. No one, from its pages alone, could gather any idea of them. The author was attached to the staff of the Prussian Chancellor shortly before the battle of Sedan and remained with it until the return to Berlin after the surrender of Paris. His bureau was eminently peaceful: we read of despatches received and sent away, of telegrams correcting mistakes, of leading articles and communications to various newspapers, as forming the author's daily work. During the progress to Versailles, and occasionally during his walks there, we get glimpses of the war, but these are incidents which hardly ruffle the current of daily life. As the siege of Paris drags on and the long nights of winter close in, the central bureau at the cosy house at Versailles becomes most enjoyable, and the dinners are aided by presents, love-gifts, cheese, wine, spirits, cigars, and luxuries from all parts of Germany which the railways bring to the great and popular chief. We see the chief after a hard day's work at dinner, the genial master of the house, encouraging every one to talk and talking himself, on almost every subject, but as much as possible avoiding 'shop.' And his stories are very amusing. Of his parents, how they went to assemblies and what dresses were worn, 'how some time after, 'there was an ambassador at Berlin, who 'also gave similar balls, where we danced 'till three o'clock, and there was nothing 'to eat. At last we rebelled. When it 'grew late we produced bread and butter 'from our pockets and devoured it. 'Food was provided the very next time, 'but we were never invited again.' Of his childhood, boyhood, youth and manhood, his hunting, fishing, farming and diplomacy; of the people he had met; of those he had only heard of—in fact, the book is replete with the sayings and opinions of Bismarck.

The hackneyed reference to Boswell is sure to suggest itself and correctly in this respect. Boswell's book gave a vivid idea of Johnson's appearance, habits, companions and conversation, and Dr. Busch is singularly successful in doing so too. His descriptions are eminently happy. We see the visitors come and go and hear their remarks, and the interest in the drama, the stage and accessories, is engrossing. These qualities render the work of great value, and the extracts which have gone the round of the newspaper press shew the ability of the author in descriptive writing.

The Fallen Leaves. By WILKIE COLLINS, Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Company, 1879.

There is slight blame attachable to so prolific a novel writer as Wilkie Collins, if all his works do not come up to his usual standard. But the blame which must be dealt out on this occasion is the more severe when we find that the faults to be complained of are largely the result of carelessness. To the highest qualities of the novelist, those qualities which raise an author to the top of his profession, Wilkie Collins has never attained; his great success has been largely due to a marvellous facility in the constructing of plots, and a wonderful elaboration of detail which, though it sometimes results in the evolution of an impossible char-

acter, yet always makes such a character appear credible and realistic. Any relaxation in the care bestowed upon such work must necessarily result in a great falling-off in the quality of the tale.

Fallen Leaves has been too evidently written in haste. The opening episode with Millicent at the Christian Socialistic Community at Tadmor is quite disconnected with the rest of the book. It serves the purpose of explaining young Goldenheart's journey to England, and it justifies the fanciful name given to the story—for, without Mellicent, there would be but one fallen leaf—but beyond this it is nothing but an excrescence. Goldenheart's character could have been brought out in more simple ways than by the machinery of this peculiar Community, which really exercises very slight influence over his life, beyond inducing him to utter a very prosy lecture on Christian Socialism, which we are led to expect will exercise a great influence on his prospects in life, matrimonial or otherwise, and which after all has no effect on matters at all. It is apparently introduced merely in order that three or four characters should meet at its delivery, who might just as well have met on the street, or at any place of public entertainment.

These smaller blots, however, might be pardoned, but for the grotesque meanness of the incident which forms the centre of the chief *nexus* of the plot. Mrs. Farnaby has had her first child born out of wedlock, stolen from her when a few days old, and though she afterwards marries the man who has done this cruel action, her only object in life is to discover her daughter. Mr. and Mrs. Farnaby are life-like characters, and, though some of their actions border on the improbable, that part of the tale relating to the search for the lost child is the most interesting. But in Mr. Collins' over desire for realistic effects, and owing, probably, to his feeling that 'strawberry-marks,' as a mode of recognition, are 'played-out,' he has been driven to make Mrs. Farnaby and her child slightly web-footed (as to a particular toe on the left foot)! The result of this in the scene where the poor mother just recognises her child and dies with her face on the deformed member, is of course an utter piece of bathos.

The old French servant 'Toff' is, perhaps, the pleasantest character in the book, with his handy ways and his cheerful disregard for all ordinary moralities and proprieties in the cause of his master. Our interest in Goldenheart is not so strong at the end of the book as it is at the beginning, and it is a little doubtful whether it will suffice to carry us through the second series promised by Mr. Collins.

Essays from the North American Review. New York: D. Appleton & Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

This handsome volume contains a selection of representative essays by the writers in the *North American Review*, on literary, social, and philosophical subjects. The list of authors comprises the most eminent in American literature, and ranges from Longfellow's *Defence of Poetry*, in 1832, to Oliver Wendall Holmes, on *Mechanism of Vital Action*, in 1857, and J. R. Lowell on *Shakespeare* in 1868. It thus covers an era in literary activity, the advance in breadth of tone and power of treatment being marked in the later articles. A review of Lockhart's *Life of Sir Walter Scott*, is a readable, pleasantly written *resumé* of the outer phases of that remarkable career. It does not give an adequate estimate of Scott's position as the originator of the romantic and mediæval reaction of the first half of our century, nor does it attempt any analysis of Scott's peculiar power in depicting scenery, his sense of colour and form, so well estimated by Ruskin, in the *Modern Painters*.

The *Social Condition of Woman*, by Caleb Cushing, 1836, is an agreeably written disquisition on the causes which have raised the position of women since the days when the fancy of the prehistoric young man 'lightly turned to thoughts of love,' as invading a hostile tribal camp, he knocked the object of his affections senseless with his stone axe, previous to carrying her off on that journey of which the modern bridal tour is a 'survival,' to his own cave or wigwam. There is not anything novel in what Mr. Cushing writes about the position of women under the ancient civilization, and the defect of the usual exaggeration in the influence attributed to Christianity in beginning or forwarding the movement of progress as relating to woman. The influence of the Virgin as a Mediæval Goddess is not derived from the position of Mary in the Gospels.

There she is studiously put in the background; and St. Paul's opinions were certainly not in favour of the Rights of Woman. Roman and Byzantine Christianity left Woman where it found her, in the gynæcium. Teutonic Christianity gave the sex the same honour as had been given by Teutonic Paganism in the Germany of Tacitus. All through the ages when Christian ideals dominated in European Society, women were either immured million-fold in convents, or in married life were degraded to a lower plane. The modern position of Woman belongs to the reign of modern ideas.

Peter the Great is a historical monograph worthy of its writer, John Lothrop Motley (1845). A somewhat feeble *Defence of Poetry* written on the text—how much more vigorous than the comment?—of Sidney, by Longfellow; an omnium gatherum of anecdotes on the *Last Moments of Eminent Men*, by Bancroft; a sketch of the Earl of Chesterfield, by Adams; are relieved by two excellent essays written at the same era of the *Review*, that on *The Northmen*, by Washington Irving, and the *John Milton*, by Emerson. The latter is a noble portraiture of the great statesman and poet of the Cause, betrayed by Monk to the Monarchy of the Restoration. The purity and lofty spiritual grandeur of Milton are well set before us, but the writer does not estimate the absence of the sense of humour which marks the poet and his party—which M. Taine finds so conspicuous in the stiffness of the human and divine actors in *Paradise Lost*—Adam and his wife conversing after the manner of Colonel and Mrs. Hutchinson, and Eve displaying a meek and humble deference to the marital wisdom which the poet could scarcely have drawn from experience. The articles on Hawthorne and on Cooper have, of course, an interest belonging to the national literature—that on *Shakespeare* is able but *doctrinaire*, and surely the comparison of the greatest English writer to *one of God's Spies*, is a most unsavoury simile.

More than any other of these essays, we have been charmed with the last, that on *Mechanism of Vital Action*, written in his usual charming manner by Oliver Wendall Holmes—an essay where epigrammatic sparkle and clearness of statement carries the reader over some difficult scientific ground. Mr. Holmes shews how the ordinary forces of nature may be conceived adequate to the first production and to the maintenance of vital action on the earth. Mr. Holmes wrote at the precise turning-point in the history of Evolution as a Theory, when the Doctrine of Natural Selection was on the eve of being enunciated. A sequel to this delightful essay, taking in the ground so abundantly gained since then, would be a useful popularization of the Theory of Existence now held by all educated men, who accept the guidance of science. As a whole, this volume is a welcome addition to American literature; in all details it is an *edition de luxe*. The paper, type, and binding in dark green cloth, are alike excellent. We might well ask for a similar collection of essays by representative Canadian writers.

LITERARY NOTES.

'THUS,' says an American contemporary, 'does the popular demand for low-priced literature seize hold of the costliest of England's thought.' The remark refers to a notice of the enterprise of a New York publisher, in reproducing at 20 cents each, the monthly issues of the English magazines, 'The Nineteenth Century,' and the 'Fortnightly,' and 'Contemporary' Reviews. Certainly, the force of cheapness cannot well go further, whatever may be thought of the morality of such piratical seizures upon the cream of contemporary English thought. To those who hold that literature has no claim for protection beyond what local statutory enactments may concede to it, it may excite no remorse that they are thus permitted to revel in the spoil of other lands. The curious thought about the matter, however, is that while these gigantic seizures of the American print-

ing and publishing trade are calling forth the indignant comments of the author and book-craft of England, an English Cabinet Minister is the while shaping Imperial legislation to give absolute and almost unconditional copyright in the whole British dominions, to every would-be author of the American republic—an act of grace, not only far in advance of the privileges American authors have hitherto enjoyed, but one that throws out of hand every card that England held by which to win reciprocity of copyright with the United States. Of course it may be said that this excess of virtue, on the part of the Mother Country, is in harmony with the spirit of Imperial legislation in international matters. Without being careful to reply to this, we would but urge that England in this matter should not impose upon Canada the obligation to give effect to the proposed Imperial enactment, so long, at least as she fails to secure a reciprocal international treaty with our cousins across the line, and so long, particularly, as American publishers have the monopoly of the book markets of Canada for the sale of their unauthorized reprints of English books. The injustice of any other course, under the circumstances, need hardly be dwelt upon. To restrain Canadian publishers from supplying their own market with reprints of English copyrights, under government license in the authors' interest, is absurd and impolitic enough, while the American reprinter alone is free to do so and without any tax. But to place this premium upon foreign enterprise, and, in addition, to give the American author copyright in Canada, without a substantial *quid pro quo*, is simple lunacy. If England is thus heedlessly bent upon sacrificing the interests of the Dominion, Canadian nationality is then the veriest dream, and the mother-land will have another folly akin to that of the Ashburton and Washington Treaties upon which to plume itself.

A volume containing a trio of literary judgments—on Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin—has just been issued with the rather fanciful title of 'Lessons from my Masters.' Its author is Mr. Peter Bayne, the biographer of 'Hugh Miller,' and the critical estimates have been appearing in the London *Literary World*, from which they are now republished.

A two volume selection of the lectures and essays of the late Professor Clifford has just been issued from the press of Messrs. Macmillan & Co. The volumes are edited by Messrs. Leslie Stephen and Frederick Pollock, with an introduction by the latter.

Messrs. Blackwood & Sons issue a very useful and interesting book, entitled 'The Modern World,' by Mr. J. A. S. Barton, containing brief descriptions of the principal countries of both hemispheres. The sketches exclude reference to the antecedents of the countries described, the author's object being 'to note the most important turning points of modern history, and to indicate, generally, the resemblances and diversities of the several races from which the nations have sprung.'

Mr. Francis Parkman, the Historian, has re-cast his work on 'The Discovery of the Great West,' and issues it under the new title of 'La Salle, or The Discovery of the Great West,' the author announcing that he has recently procured access to a rich store of material which throws new light on the character of La Salle, and on his adventurous career. It would be an important service to literature if the author's publishers would now bring out a cheap popular edition of his charming histories. They would doubtless meet with large sale in Canada.

Messrs. Scribner have now completed their re-issue of Mr. Gladstone's 'Gleanings of Past Years, 1843-79,' a compilation of the bulk of the great stateman's writings. The volumes are grouped as follows: Vol. 1, The Throne and the Prince Consort, The Cabinet and the Constitution; Vol. 2, Personal and Literary; Vol. 3, Historical and Speculative; Vol. 4, Foreign; Vols. 5 and 6, Ecclesiastical; and Vol. 7, Miscellaneous.

Canon Farrar's new book, 'The Life and Work of St. Paul,' is now ready. The publishers, Messrs. Cassell announce that Mudie's Library subscribed for one thousand copies of the work before publication. Fiction will have to look to its laurels! The same publishers announce in cheap serial form a reissue of Robert's Holy Land, with accurate reproductions of the artist's famous drawings. The original edition of the work has for some years been unattainable except at a fancy price.