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HOW TREATY-MAKING UNMADE CANADA.*

BY LIEUT.-COL. COFFIN, OTTAWA.

THE progress of human ideas has shown that, as with all other sciences, the foundation of the Science of Diplomacy is truth, and it is a proud satisfaction to know that "artful distinctions" have been long since discarded by the manly and practical diplomacy of England; that the publicity due to a Constitutional and Parliamentary form of Government has impressed upon it that sterling characteristic of the national mind—a "love of right, a hate of wrong," and a contempt of gain bought by the sacrifice of honesty. And if, in the course of a long and honourable career, England has committed errors; if, in her own despite, by the force of currents unknown to mariners, she has been driven from "the straight or right way," no ignoble or mercenary motive can be charged against her. Her errors point in another direction. Truthfulness can never be excessive, but there may be an excess of frankness, and an excess of generosity, pernicious as affecting the interests of others. But, if chargeable with errors such as these, she has ever shown herself ready to repair them; she has never shirked re-

sponsibility to foe or friend; she has been munificent in reparation, and she can afford it; she can point to the magnificent structure she has raised, to the wealth and to the power of the Empire, and, great in all things, acknowledge great errors, redeemed by still greater sagacity, and reply to the *persiflage* of a school of foreign negotiators, which is not altogether extinct, with a light proverb in their own language,—"*Il rit bien qui rit le dernier.*"

It is the purpose of this paper to review, briefly, such of the diplomatic transactions of England as affect the Dominion of Canada, and to invite the attention of Canadians to the purport of Treaties which, having been made between England and other countries, are still in force, and continue to exercise a potent influence on the present prosperity and future destinies of Canada.

The Treaties to which we shall refer may be thus briefly summarized:

1st. The Treaty concluded at Paris, 10th February, 1763, by which the Canada of France devolved to the British Crown.

2nd. The Treaty of 1783, also ratified at Paris, the 3rd September, by which the Independence of the United States of America

*A paper read before the Literary and Scientific Society of Ottawa.

was acknowledged, and the boundaries of their territories defined.

3rd. Jay's Treaty, so generally designated, signed in London 19th November, 1794.

4th. The Treaty of Ghent, made in 1814, 24th December, terminating the war known to us as the War of 1812, again defining, but ambiguously, the territorial boundaries of Great Britain on this continent and of the United States. This Treaty led to other Treaties, which afforded a good deal of explanation, but were not always satisfactory, to wit :

5th. The Convention of 1818.

6th. The Treaty of Washington, 9th August, 1842, better known as the Ashburton Treaty.

7th. The Treaty of Washington, 15th June, 1846, known as the Oregon Treaty ; and, finally :

8th. The last Treaty of Washington, of the 8th May, 1871, which has been the subject of so much controversy in Canada.

By the Treaty of Paris, ratified in 1763, three years after the capture of Quebec and the capitulation of Montreal, England acquired all the French possessions on the Continent of America. By the Treaty of 1783, confirming the Independence of the United States, England not only relinquished the territory claimed by each State of the Union, severally, but abandoned to the General Government immense tracts of territory unsettled, and, in fact, unexplored and unknown. The prevailing ignorance of the time was innocently shown in the Treaty itself. The North-Western angle of demarcation was fixed at the North-West angle of the Lake of the Woods, from which point of departure it was to run *due west*, to the sources of the Mississippi. It was subsequently found that the sources of the Mississippi were many hundred miles to the *south*; that the line prescribed was, in fact, an impracticable line. It was, consequently, by Jay's Treaty, 1794, and the Convention of 1815, changed to the line 49 of Northern parallel, more in accordance with the intent of the Treaty, and still more with the interests of the United States. England retained simply her loyal Colonies or Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, the Island of Newfoundland, the Hudson's Bay Territory, including Prince Rupert's Land, and her acquisitions from the French

Crown, which have since expanded and extended across the continent to the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean.

But these vast extents of territory were wanting in cohesion. Contiguous and continuous, they were yet, by force of physical circumstances,—from climate—from remoteness, long drawn out—by barriers of Lake and Ocean—by icy barriers in winter, and by Treaty barriers all the year round,—left separate and apart, debarred from intercommunication at the present and, to all human prescience, in the future. The northern line of demarcation between the countries, established in 1783, terminating at the North-West point of the Lake of the Woods, drove England and Canada into the Arctic regions, inaccessible except by birch canoe or Indian dog-sled. A little more of foresight, a little less of precipitation, and some knowledge of physical geography, would, without question, have secured to Canada, in 1783, a roadway, at the least, to the North-West. But that which in 1783 was unobserved and unappreciated, was, at a later period, in 1814, with open eyes flung aside, with all the spendthrift generosity and sublime indifference of diplomacy. Men in Canada, however proud, and justly proud, of the events of the war of 1812, are not always mindful of the practical results, won chiefly, too, by the gallantry of native Canadians, and quirked away recklessly by the Treaty of Ghent. It may be well to recall the fact that, in December 1814, England was in a position to have forestalled and foreclosed for ever the mortifying humiliation of the Ashburton Treaty of 1842, and to have secured to herself at the same time, on the largest scale and by the shortest line, a right of way to her North-West Territories. In December 1814, she was, by conquest, in actual possession of the fortress of Michilimacinae—called Macinaw for shortness—of Lake Michigan, of the site of the present city of Chicago, and of a line of territory terminating at the fort of Prairie du Chien, on the Mississippi ;—she had won back in fair fight, and held by right of war, the whole of the territory conceded in 1783, and which now constitutes a part of Michigan, and the more northern States of Wisconsin and Minnesota. In the autumn of 1814, Colonel McKay, an Indian trader—a man endowed with a natural genius for warlike enterprise, well known afterwards as

a citizen of Montreal, and father to the present Judge McKay, of the Superior Court of Montreal—with the consent of the British military authorities, and to protect Macinaw from American aggression, embodied a force of Indians and Half-breeds, Orkney-men and voyageurs—among the latter the well-known French Canadian, Captain Rolette—and with this heterogeneous force, ably led and wonderfully kept in hand, penetrated 453 miles into the wilderness, captured a strong palisaded work supported by a powerful gun-boat on the Mississippi, annexing thereby to Canada the whole intermediate territory and holding it militarily, until restored to the United States by the Treaty of Ghent.

It may be well, also, to remind the men of Canada that, in this same month of December, 1814, England held, not by force of arms alone, but by the eager adhesion of the people of the country, the whole of that part of Massachusetts, now Maine, lying between New Brunswick on the east, Canada on the north, and the Penobscot on the west. In the months of July and September, 1814, expeditions organized by Sir John Coape Sherbrooke, Governor of Nova Scotia, occupied 100 miles of territory west of New Brunswick, including the whole of the "disputed territory" fraught in later years with so much of difficulty, and, according to Lord Palmerston, with the disgrace of the "shameful capitulation" of 1842. In December, 1814, this territory was ours, not only by right of war, but with the consent and content of the population. Remember, too, that this was the epoch of the Hartford Convention. Ingersoll, an American historian of the time, writes: "Without a blow struck, part of Massachusetts passed under the British yoke, and so remained without the least resistance until restored at the peace."

The restoration was made under the 1st Article of the Treaty of Ghent, concluded in this same month of December, 1814. The negotiators met, and, almost as a preliminary, commenced operations by a mutual peace-offering, fair enough in outward show, but in reality unequal and delusive. It was agreed without hesitation, and apparently without inquiry, "to restore all territories, places, and possessions whatsoever, taken from either party by the other during the war." The British restored Forts

Niagara and Macinaw, the fort at Prairie du Chien, and the territory between the mouth of the River Wisconsin and the line 49°. They gave up their acquisitions in Maine, then Massachusetts, accepting, as a consequence, a vexatious controversy and a disputed territory. On the Pacific Ocean they gave up Astoria, on the southern shore of the mouth of the River Columbia—then consisting of a few ruined huts,—which not only had never been captured, but was actually, at the time of surrender, the property, in possession, of British subjects. With effervescent good nature, overstraining the meaning of that fatal principle—so appropriately draped in a dead language—of the *status quo ante*, they gave to the Americans a "*piéd à terre*," "which was afterwards tortured," says the *Quarterly Review*, "into an abandonment, and an admission of adverse possession," and created the diplomatic leverage which, in 1846, pried Great Britain and Canada out of the Territory of Oregon.

On the other hand, the Americans gave up nothing, for the simple reason that they had nothing to give. They had, for a short time, occupied a small portion of the western frontier of Canada, and had burnt the Village of Amherstburg, but they had long before withdrawn to Detroit, and had not even left a sentry on the Canadian shore.

Let us now, for one moment, consider the attitude and the temper, the situation and the power, of the two nations at this critical moment of time. The recent success at Plattsburg—the battle of New Orleans took place after the signing of the Treaty—had no doubt reanimated America, but the depression among the people was great. The cost and sacrifices of the war had been enormous; the General Government was in a state of bankruptcy; the American marine had been driven from the ocean; trade and commerce were prostrate, and a large portion of the population were dissatisfied, nay, disaffected. The Hartford Convention was actually in session, and the Eastern States threatened to secede. If we may judge from the writings of the times, America, though defiant in aspect, was very sick at heart.

On the other hand, England was jubilant. Her long contest with Napoleon had been crowned with success. Her cup was full to the overflowing, and it overflowed

with good-nature and good-will. She was eager to be generous, and could afford generosity. *We* might appreciate the sentiment better were we not the victims of it ; we should like it more if we felt it less.

For if at this moment, free as she was to act, and with immense forces at her disposal, she had resolved to retain her territorial conquests as a compensation for the cost of the war, there can be no doubt that, at the present day, the Province of New Brunswick would have extended to the Penobscot, and the Canadian Pacific Railway would have been some 1,500 miles the shorter.

The improvident concessions of 1814 threw us back upon the provisions of the Treaty of 1783, which, so far as they related to the north-eastern boundary, were, in the language of the King of Holland's award, "inexplicable and impracticable." The words of the Treaty, if they meant anything, meant self-immolation—an act of national "hari-kari" for the special delectation of the American public. This was clearly impracticable and inexplicable, and a Treaty which could bear such misconstruction was no Treaty at all. It was a mutual misunderstanding, and both parties agreed to view it in that light, so far as related to the boundary between New Brunswick and Maine ; but the re-opening of the question was attended by evil auguries. The popular feeling in the United States was adverse to retrocession. It was desperately resisted in the American Senate. It involved the still greater family question of State rights. Maine raved like a maniac, and was ready for a free fight with all creation. She defied England, ran a muck at Canada, and shook her impious fist in the face of her own maternal Government. The two countries were brought to the verge of war. The immediate danger was stayed by the personal intervention of the great peacemaker—a well-deserved and honourable title—General Winfield Scott. These perilous complications were cleared up and closed by the Ashburton Treaty, of 1842.

It must be owned that under the critical circumstances of the time the Ashburton Treaty did all that could be done. It gave us a boundary shorn of the American pretensions, though by no means equal to our just rights, as proved, subsequently, by the production of the celebrated Franklin or

"red line" map ; and it gave us peace, and the satisfaction of knowing that New Brunswick had made great sacrifices "for the good of the Empire." While upon this subject, it is but fair to state, in explanation of the course taken by Daniel Webster, that although, doubtless, the Franklin or "red line" map, discovered by David Sparks in the *Archives des affaires Étrangères*, at Paris, was in his hands during these negotiations, this piece of evidence was not conclusive. It afforded strong presumption, but not absolute proof, of the correctness of our claims under the Treaty—claims, however, which we had abandoned when we abandoned the Treaty itself and accepted an arbitration. Nor could a public Minister or a private advocate be expected to make out his adversary's case ; but one thing is now certain, that the presumption raised by the "red line" map was employed by Daniel Webster, in secret conclave, to moderate the formidable opposition of the Senate, and to overcome the intractable violence of Maine ; and that it secured peace between the two countries at a moment when harmony was additionally endangered by the Canadian revolt and its consequences, by the cases of the *Caroline* and the *Creole*, by the right of search question, and by the hostile attitude of the French press and the French people, in those days periodically afflicted with Anglophobia.

Nor can the famous expression, "shameful capitulation," of Lord Palmerston pass altogether unchallenged. It came ill from the mouth of one who, in 1833, had rejected a compromise which, if accepted then, would have foregone all need of capitulation in 1842. In 1833, May 28, General Jackson, with that sincere love of peace which actuates all statesmanlike soldiers, made a proposition to the British Government, through Mr. Livingston, his Secretary of State, and Sir Charles Vaughan, our Minister at Washington, which, in the reprobatory language of Albert Gallatin, one of the oldest diplomats and ablest statesmen of America, was denounced "as a proposal to substitute for the due North Line another which would have given to Great Britain *the greater part, if not the whole*, of the disputed territory. Why the proposal was made, and why it was not accepted," adds Mr. Gallatin, "cannot be otherwise accounted for, so far at least as regards the offer, than by a com-

plete ignorance of the whole subject." This favourable opening for an arrangement was rejected by the Government of Lord Palmerston, a course which, whether from complete ignorance or haughty indifference, was only exceeded in mischief to Canada by the "childlike and bland, heathen Chinese" style of the concessions of the Treaty of Ghent.

Much had been done thus far for the "good of the Empire" and the "love of peace," but we had deeper depths to wade through still. By the Ashburton Treaty we gave up one-half of the territory in dispute, but by the next, the Oregon Treaty, we gave up the whole. In both cases Canada reminds us of a rabbit or a dog in the hands of an experimental anatomist. Like animals doomed to vivisection for the benefit of science, she has been operated upon unsparingly for the good of the Empire. Diplomatic doctors, in constantly recurring succession, have given her up, and given her over. She has been the victim of an endless exhibition of Treaties, applied allopathically, and then, by force of counter-irritants, has been *treated* right into death. It might have been presumed that thus far enough had been done to satisfy both the "good of the Empire" and the "love of peace," that, in short, the "good of the Empire" could hardly have been bettered by any further sacrifice, or the "love of peace" bought at a higher price.

But no; the peace of this continent was destined to be no peace. Scarcely was the ink dry on the face of the Treaty of 1842, when the mercenary jade renewed her exactions and her outrages. She merely effected a "change of base" from the Atlantic to the Pacific sea-board, and demanded, incontinently, twelve degrees of latitude lying between the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific Ocean, as the price of continued favours. Great Britain claimed, and claimed most justly, the whole territory between the forty-second parallel of latitude and the Russian domain of Alaska. The Americans claimed up to 54 deg. 40 min. They "riled," and they raged, and gave vent to the national wrath in the fell alliteration of "fifty-four forty, or fight." But who would fight for a scrap of coast, not much more in area than Spain and Portugal with the half of France thrown in? The game of brag and bluster succeeded; England compounded for the

49 deg., gave up, once for all, about six degrees of latitude by three of longitude, and accepted in return the southern cape of Vancouver Island as an excuse—a diplomatic excuse—for a capitulation far more inglorious than the alleged capitulation of 1842.

I have been greatly assisted in my inquiries into the "outsets" of this transaction by an excellent and exhaustive essay written and published during the pendency of these negotiations, in 1846, by my friend, E. A. Meredith, Esq., the Vice-President of this Association, and I have to thank him for much of what follows. At the outset, it was conceded at once, in a frank and generous spirit, that the whole territory having been held by the British Crown previous to the independence of the United States, England and America had an equal right in it. This principle was agreed to by both nations, and recognized by the Convention of 1818, which gave to England and America a conjoint right of occupation for a period of ten years, which was afterwards extended for a like period. But the greed of the American people was insatiable. As its value became better known, they coveted the whole of the vineyard. American diplomacy, always with an eye to the Presidency, rode in, on the spread eagle, in a very "quirky" spirit. We will not extend this paper by dwelling on their pretensions—whether under the Bull of Pope Alexander VI., or their Spanish titles, or their American titles, or the discoveries of Lewis and Clarke, or the previous occupation of Astoria,—all which, refuted often, proved simply that

"Even though conquered, they could argue still."

As it was admitted that they had a right to share in the territory, a proposal was made to divide it. The most natural line of division was the River Columbia, from the line 49 degs. to the sea. It gave to both countries the best defined and safest boundary. It gave to the Americans the larger and the richer half of the Territory. It gave them the discoveries of Lewis and Clarke. It gave them Astoria. But that was not enough. It gave them no harbour. The mouth of the Columbia was impracticable. Therefore they demanded harbours on Puget Sound and Admiralty Inlet, and having got them turned round and asked, "Why make two

bites of a cherry? If we hold the harbours, what is the good of the remainder of the territory to you?" and on this showing they got that too. Two years afterwards, in 1848, by the conquest of California, they became possessed of the finest harbour on the whole Pacific coast, the bay of San Francisco. Little wonder at the alacrity with which the American Senate ratified the Treaty of 1846, standing at that moment face to face with the Mexican war, though England scorned to make use of her "opportunity." And justly may it be added, in the words of the *Quarterly Review*: "Never was the cause of a nation so strong as ours in this dispute; never, owing to unscrupulous assertions on one side, and to the courteous desire to waive irritating arguments on the other, was the case of a nation less decidedly put forth."

Such was the chief purport of the next Treaty—that of 1846, or the Oregon Treaty. The line 49 degrees, which by the Ashburton Treaty had been left indefinitely in the Rocky Mountains, was extended from the Rocky Mountains to the middle of the channel of the Gulf of Georgia, and, dividing that channel and the Straits of Fuca, to the Pacific Ocean. The American Government, with rare magnanimity, waived their claim to the extension of the line, 49 degrees, across Vancouver Island, gave up graciously the Southern Cape, and allowed Great Britain to remain in undisturbed possession of the whole of *her own* dependency. In after discussions, the American Commissioner, Campbell, a man of shrewd wit and sharp practice, dwelt loftily and long on the disinterestedness of America in this matter of "swapping armour,"—the gold of Glaucus against the brass of Diomed,—and about 270,750 square miles of the El Dorado of the Northern Pacific was compensated for—by a touch of Vancouver cement, laid on with a *camel* hair paint brush.

This Treaty of 1846, or the Oregon Treaty, has been also called the "Boundary Treaty," and has assumed, under that name, a significance and a portent not contemplated by its projectors. It gave rise to the St. Juan question, now so inauspiciously closed. This question never should have been a question at all. The British right under the Treaty to one-half of the channel between the continent and Vancouver Island was unquestionable, and, in this view,

the Island of St. Juan was indisputably hers. How came it, then, that a question of right was allowed to take the shape of a question of compromise?

This controversy has become history, and it behoves Canadians to mark, learn, and digest it. There can be no doubt that, from the first, the British authorities insisted, perversely, that the Rosario Channel was the right channel of the Treaty. The Americans retaliated, and, with equal pertinacity, insisted on the Haro Channel. Both sides were imperfectly informed, and each took its information from interested parties. It became manifest from the first, also, that it was in the interest of the Americans to ignore the real meaning of the Treaty, and to encourage the delusion of the British, and they succeeded, by the play of their opponents, not only in making their game, but in winning it.

Both parties, at remote distances, no doubt had recourse to the best source of information within reach. The British Government turned naturally to the Hudson Bay Company. We find the name of Sir John Pelly, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, prominent in the early stages of these transactions. The Company had been the first explorers; they were the first occupants of the country; they knew all that was then known about it. In their intercourse with Vancouver Island from the mouth of the Fraser River they had always navigated the Rosario Channel; they knew that it was the best, and they brought themselves to believe that it was the right channel; and this belief was strengthened by the knowledge that its maintenance would secure to them, under their lease from the Crown, the 400 square miles of island, islet, rock, and water, which makes up the Georgian Archipelago. They counselled as they believed, judging with the judgment of shrewd and intelligent traders; but the questions evoked by the Treaty of 1846 demanded the foresight and forethought of statesmen.

Viscount Milton has produced a book, printed in 1869, entitled "A History of the St. Juan Water Boundary Question, as affecting the Division of Territory between Great Britain and the United States," interesting in details, and valuable as presenting, in a compendious form, a large amount of official information which, even with his opportunities, was obtained with difficulty.

We cannot, however, agree with him in his conclusion.

His Lordship wrote mainly to expose the miserable policy of compromise. He denounced the action of Lord John Russell, who, in 1859, for the sake of the settlement of the Boundary difficulty, offered to accept the Douglas Channel as a compromise. The Douglas channel would have given to Great Britain the Island of St. Juan, and to the United States all the remainder of the Georgian Archipelago. He contended that the Rosario Channel, as claimed by us, was our unquestionable and indisputable right, and that to give up one rock or islet of the 400 square miles which intervene between the Rosario and Haro Channels would be a fatuous abandonment of great national interests. Here we take leave to differ with his Lordship. We do not feel that under the plain reading of the Treaty of 1846 we ever had the least right to the Rosario Channel, still less under that Treaty could the Haro Channel be imposed upon us. Under that Treaty the true passage or channel, if any, was the Douglas Channel, and the error committed by Lord John Russell was not so much in suggesting the Douglas Channel as a *compromise*, as in not having insisted on it as a *right*.

But the fact is that, in 1859, Lord John Russell was already hampered by the acts of his predecessors. At an earlier period England, ill-advised, had asked too much. She had thereby raised a false issue, and had been shrewdly and irreparably checkmated. So far back as 1848, under instructions to Mr. Crampton, she had officially claimed the Rosario Channel, not so much under the Treaty of 1846, as under the construction she chose to put upon it. She claimed that it was the best, if not the only, navigable channel then known and used. On the other hand, it was shown or contended that the Haro Channel was just as good, and upon the quarrel, in this shape, the contestants joined issue. Never was there a more erroneous issue raised, or a more pernicious. Neither the Rosario nor the Haro corresponds with the meaning of the Treaty; the Douglas Channel alone conforms to both letter and spirit, and, *if insisted upon from the first*, would most assuredly have given to England the great bone of contention, St. Juan Island.

The fact is that the whole fabric of argu-

ment originated in a misconception, which by force of reiteration had assumed the semblance of reality. It is incomprehensible how the plain language of the Treaty could have been so perverted. Now, what are the words of the first Article of the Treaty of 1846?—

“From the point on the forty-ninth parallel of north latitude, where the boundary laid down in existing treaties and conventions between Great Britain and the United States terminates, the line of boundary between the territories of Her Britannic Majesty and those of the United States shall be continued westward along the said forty-ninth parallel of north latitude to the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver Island, and thence, southerly, through the middle of the said channel and of Fuca's Straits to the Pacific Ocean. *Provided*, however, that the navigation of the whole of the said channel and straits, south of the 49th parallel of north latitude, remain free and open to both parties.”

Nothing can be plainer, more intelligible, or more practical, than the meaning of the first Article of the Treaty of 1846. It prescribes that the line of the water boundary, starting from a given point on the 49th parallel, *in the middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver Island*, should pass thence, southerly, through the middle of the said channel and the Straits of Fuca, to the Pacific Ocean. The channel spoken of is the grand channel, *the whole space*, whether of island, rock, or water, which separates the continent from Vancouver's Island. In the Treaty no mention is made of interjacent islands or intermediate channels, simply because the negotiators, working at Washington with the aid of imperfect and untrustworthy charts, knew but little of the subject. These gentlemen, with unsafe knowledge but perfect honesty of purpose, did the best if not the only thing they could do. They had no time to pause; urged by the clamour of the hour, and by the commercial anxieties of two great nations, they brought the Treaty rapidly to a close, determining that the water boundary should be a line drawn in the middle of the channel—*the whole space or channel*—which separates the continent from Vancouver Island: and to preclude injustice or inconvenience to either of the contracting Powers, they carefully and

emphatically *provided*, in the same Article, that the navigation of the *whole* of the *said* channel, including of course all intermediate and subordinate channels, should be free and open to both parties.

That such was the true intendment of the Treaty is confirmed by the language of Sir Richard Pakenham, the British negotiator, used at a subsequent period, in explanation of the transactions of 1846, and referred to by Lord John Russell in his despatch of the 24th August, 1859. He says: "It is my belief that neither Lord Aberdeen, nor Mr. McLane, nor Mr. Bancroft possessed at that time a sufficiently accurate knowledge of the hydrography or the geography of the region in question to enable them to define more accurately what was the intended line of boundary that is expressed in the words of the Treaty;" and again, "all that we knew about it was, that it was to run through the *middle of the channel which separates the continent from Vancouver Island*, and thence southerly through the middle of the said channel and of Fuca Straits to the Pacific Ocean."

The same view has been recently supported by a very great European authority. The London *Times* of the 11th November, 1872, contained, as translated from an Italian journal, a letter from the Chevalier Negra, a scholar and statesman, now ambassador at the court of McMahan, whose name alone commands attention, strongly confirmative of the view taken above. He says:

"By the Oregon Treaty of 1846, English and Americans agreed that the 49th degree of latitude should form their boundary from the Rocky Mountains to the Gulf of Georgia, and that, from that gulf to the Straits of Juan de Fuca, the frontier line should run in the middle of the channel that separates the continent from Vancouver Island. * * But is not the entire space, as I think, and as Capt. Prevost truly said in 1857, a channel like the English Channel? and should not the boundary line, therefore, according both to the spirit and the letter of the Oregon Treaty, pass through the middle of the great channel, of course with the curves necessary to give to the English or to the United States the undivided property of the islands through which a straight line would cut, according as the greater part of the island was found upon the English or American side of the line? I can discern no

geographical reason for dividing back, as the English might like to do, the line eastwards to the Rosario Channel, or for pushing it over to the west to the Haro Channel, as was decided at Berlin. Neither in the first nor in the second case is the line *in the middle of the channel*, and the channel comprises all the space between Vancouver Island and the continent, and is everywhere navigable, although the navigation be better in the broader waters of the Rosario, and better still in those of Haro."

Had the Treaty been thus read and thus acted on *ab initio*, had this dividing line been insisted upon from the first, we should possess now as a *right*, that which Lord John Russell proposed as a *compromise*.

For take the Admiralty chart, and with a pair of dividers trace a line "commencing in the midst of the channel" on the line 49 degrees and running southerly down the middle of the *said channel* which separates the continent from Vancouver Island, following the curvature of the same, at all times equidistantly from the shore of the continent and of Vancouver Island, down to Fuca Straits, regardless of all secondary channels, and of all rocks and islets by the way, and we produce a line in accordance with the letter and the spirit of the Treaty, running as nearly as possible through what is now known as the Douglas Channel, which would give to Great Britain the exclusive right to the Island of St. Juan, and to the United States an equal right to Orcas Island and other fine islands; while the Haro Channel and the Rosario Channel and the Douglas Channel itself, and all other intermediate channels or passages, would have remained free and open to the navigation of both nations. It is difficult indeed to conceive how any misconception could have arisen.

It has been before observed that the subject was one demanding the foresight and forethought of statesmen. Now, what did the statesmen do? Acting under instructions from his Government, we find that, in 1848, the British Minister at Washington blandly suggested to the American Government, in the most honied accents of diplomacy, that, as the Rosario Channel was, beyond a doubt, the right channel, the sooner it was declared so the more gratifying it would be,—and so on, with the usual reciprocations. The Americans, not to be outdone in "bunkum," replied handsomely, and rejoined "Haro."

Here was the first official false step. This first startling impress on the sand became thenceforth hard and inefaceable as granite.

The discussion was thenceforth nursed assiduously, and kept warm carefully, up to the year 1856, when a joint Commission was appointed to settle the water boundary. The American Commissioner was Alexander Campbell; the British, Captain Prevost, R. N. The Commissioners met, reciprocated, and altercated. Prevost moored, fore and aft, in the Rosario Channel, prepared for action. Campbell was equal to any emergency in the Haro Channel. At this safe distance, they exchanged broadsides of minutes and memoranda. At length Prevost, weary of feints and dodges, broke ground, and put in a suggestion of compromise. He proposed the Douglas Channel, and advised his opponent to accept it at once, as he would never have another chance. Campbell answered that he did not want another chance, and would never accept it if he had.

Nothing of course remained to be done but to return home and report progress. Acting on the diplomatic maxim, *festina lente*, nothing more was done for three years, when Lord John Russell took the matter up, and in his memorable despatch of the 24th August, 1859, capped the climax by formally proposing the Douglas Channel as a *compromise*.

At this time the splendid surveys of the British Admiralty were so far advanced that all the great hydrographical facts must have been known in London. If not known, the despatch should have been delayed until they were. These facts, interpreted by the Treaty of 1846, would have justified his Lordship in brushing aside all previous misinterpretations and complications, in assuming new ground, and in demanding a centre line, or the Douglas Channel, as a *right*. Of course, the position then taken was conclusive. Nothing remained to be done but to arbitrate between the two channels, the Haro and the Rosario.

But while Lord John Russell was penning his despatch in Downing Street, a great deal more had been done, abruptly, among the distant isles of the Pacific, than the mind of diplomacy could conceive, or its temper stand. The people of Oregon Territory coveted the island of St. Juan, and General Harney, an officer of the United States

Army, on the most frivolous pretext, and without warning, invaded the island, drums beating, colours flying, with all the pomp and panoply of war. Harney was a kleptomaniac of the school of the first Napoleon. He occupied first and explained afterwards, and his explanation aggravated the outrage. This was in July, 1859. The British Admiral at Esquimalt Harbour, ten miles distant, sent over ships of war, seamen and marines. For a time, the aspect of affairs was threatening in the extreme; but the tact and judgment of the British Governor, Douglas, averted a collision. The intelligence of this hostile irruption reached New York on the 7th September, 1859. Lord Lyons was then our ambassador at Washington. His Lordship addressed, at once, to the American Cabinet, a note calm, grave, and resolute. The answer came promptly, and was enforced with energy. General Scott, commanding the American army—again the peacemaker of the time—was despatched at once to the Oregon Territory, to supersede, if he could not control, his fantastic subordinate. Harney was ordered to report himself at Washington, at a safe distance from the scene of his mischievous exploit. The Americans ought to have withdrawn from an illegal occupation with becoming acknowledgment, but they did not, for reasons best known to diplomacy. Scott and Douglas, discreet men both, arranged for the joint occupation of the island by British and American troops during the continued pendency of negotiations. On the 20th March, 1860, a detachment of British marines was landed on the island, and this joint occupation endured harmoniously, without let or hindrance, for a period of thirteen years.

This long delay was caused chiefly by the American civil war. While the contest raged, the British Ministry, with gentlemanly delicacy, refrained from embarrassing a Government already sore beset. This was acknowledged, with scrimp courtesy indeed, by Mr. Seward, in 1867, but the Hon. Reverdy Johnson was despatched to England with peaceful protestations and full powers.

During this long interval, the British Government had, no doubt, become slowly but widely awake to the important bearings of the questions at issue, and we now find a strong stand made for the re-opening and

consideration of the whole subject, with *amended pleadings*.

The American Plenipotentiary appears to have been perfectly satisfied as to the equity of the British pretensions, and, acting on the great international policy of "honesty to all men," agreed with Lord Stanley, 10th Nov., 1868, to a protocol, by which the *meaning* of the first Article of the Treaty of 1846 was referred to the arbitration of the President of the Swiss Confederation.

In pursuance of this protocol, on the 14th Jan., 1869, the Hon. Reverdy Johnston, charged with full power to this effect, and no doubt strengthened by the approval of his own Government, signed a Convention with the Earl of Clarendon, referring to the Swiss President the solution of the questions as to the true construction to be put on the first Article of the Treaty of 1846, whether it meant the Haro Channel or the Rosario Channel, or the whole channel, or any intermediate channel.

Although this Convention was recommended for ratification by the Senate Committee of Foreign Affairs, it was never brought before the Senate, and the period within which the ratification should have taken place expired.

The fact is, the Senate of the United States never could be brought to face the Convention of 1869. That body gibbed and shied, and at last fairly bolted, leaving the Treaty which, by their national representative at the Court of St. James, had been pledged to win, in a very undignified position on the floor of the House. The force of contrast made the matter worse, for the preceding Treaty, that of 1846, had been sanctioned with suggestive alacrity, at that rate of lightning speed euphonistically known as "slick"—three days only having elapsed between the signing and sealing, and the ratification. Many reasons were assigned, diplomatically, for the collapse, but the best answer is to be found in the 36th protocol of the Treaty of Washington (8th May, 1871), whereby this vexed question was again dealt with, and finally, thus:

"At the Conference of the 15th March, the British Commissioners proposed that the question of the water boundary should be made upon the basis of the Treaty of 1869," or the Reverdy Johnston Treaty.

"The American Commissioners replied

that, though no formal note was taken, it was well understood that *that* Treaty had not been favourably regarded by the Senate." And in this way we are introduced to the last Treaty of all, the Treaty of the 8th May, 1871, or the last Washington Treaty, in its relation with this subject.

It was clear, from the stand taken above by the American negotiators, that no re-opening of the question, no modification of the channels, could ever be approached, except weighted with grave liabilities. They offered, indeed, to abrogate the Treaty of 1846 so far, and to rearrange the boundary line as thereby established, or, in other words, to revive the American claim to Vancouver Island, with "fifty-four forty, or fight." Diplomatic humanity revolted at the proposition. Better to endure all the ills we had, than to rush into unknown danger on the Russian frontiers.

Then, at the Conference of the 29th April, the British Commissioners, hampered and weighted by instructions, bound by the sins of their predecessors, "proposed the middle channel, known as the Douglas Channel." "The American Commissioners declined to entertain the proposal." On their side they proposed the Haro, which was, of course, declined on the other. "Nothing therefore remained to be done but a reference to arbitration to determine whether the line should run through the Haro Channel or the Rosario Straits. This was agreed to."

But the British Commissioners persisted still. "They then proposed that the *arbitrator* should have the *right* to draw the boundary line through an intermediate channel. The American Commissioners declined the proposal, stating that they desired a *decision*, not a *compromise*."

Alas! most lame and impotent conclusion. Had the plain, common-sense construction of the Treaty of 1846 been apprehended from the first, the intermediate channel would have been the line of division, the Island of St. Juan ours, and no compromises asked from either party.

Again, with forlorn desperation, the British Commissioners proposed "that it should be declared to be the proper construction of the Treaty of 1846, that all the channels were to be open to navigation by both parties. The American Commissioners stated they did not so con-

strue the Treaty of 1846, and therefore could not assent to such a declaration.

Oh, conclusion, lamer still, and still more impotent! for thus it falls out. Under the plain, common-sense meaning of the Treaty of 1846, we were entitled to a line dividing the whole channel between the continent and Vancouver Island, while all intermediate water and minor channels were open to both nations, but under the St. Juan award—the Haro Channel having been declared to be the right and *only channel* under the Treaty—we are restricted to the water of that channel alone, the widest it is true, but beset with rocks and shoals, exposed to fogs and gales, and to the influence of tides and currents, which render sailing navigation difficult, if not dangerous, and we are debarred from navigating any of the other deeper and safer intermediate channels.

Thus the direct line of intercourse between New Westminster on the Fraser River, in British Columbia, and Victoria, in Vancouver Island, is hampered and crippled to the very verge of uselessness. The injury done is grievous beyond measure, still it is not irreparable. There is little help for it beyond self-help, but this sturdy auxiliary will not be wanting, and it will be hard if Canada cannot find a way for herself yet through this tangled skein of complexities and complications.

And now let us hope that we have seen the last of these unilateral Conventions; that the eagle, filled to repletion, has folded for aye its predatory wing; and that the British lion and the Canadian lamb may ever henceforth slumber together side by side, undisturbed by suggestive odours of mint sauce. But should these aspirations fail, should the need for other negotiations ever arise, we trust that they may be transferred to a more hopeful arena. The three last Treaties have been manipulated at Washington. We dislike the diplomatic atmosphere of this cis-Atlantic Capua, where the self-sufficient foreigner, piquing himself on his *savoir faire*—

Who knows what's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly,

is bewildered by the most delicate attentions; where the voice is the voice of Jacob, but the hand is that of Esau; where the women are charming, the men hearty and hospitable, and the frolic withal irreproachable, if not paid for at our expense. We

doubt not the honour of our negotiators, but we distrust their good-nature. The very sea voyage disturbs and demoralizes the British organism. Our people are apt to vaunt somewhat ostentatiously the trite Horatian axiom, "*Cælum non animum mutant*," &c., but here it should read with an emendation. Our English-bred diplomats,

Cælum non stomachum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.

They cross the Atlantic, predestined to give up everything, and they do so most effectually. Let us then, in the future, profit by experiences fraught with the qualms as well as with the quirks of diplomacy.

It has been before remarked that Canada, thrown upon its own resources, will, beyond all peradventure, relieve itself from embarrassments it did not create, let the cost be what it may; and, in conclusion, we may be allowed to express an entire confidence that this immense cost, caused by the acts of others, will, in due time, receive generous and just consideration. If sacrifices have been made at the expense of Canada for the good of the Empire, the Empire is bound to redress the balance. If, through the carelessness of subordinates, the Alabama escaped from an English port; if England admits that this escape was to her blame, and that she is bound to pay the penalty of the mishap; it may fairly be claimed that, *foro conscientie*, she is equally bound to compensate Canada if, by the acts of her negotiators in 1814, by the act of Lord Palmerston's Government in 1833, by the act of Lord John Russell's Government in 1859, and by the St. Juan award of 1872, Canada has been sacrificed for the good of the Empire. Admitting that she may have shared in the benefit, she ought not to bear more than her share of the cost. Great Britain has always shown a noble readiness to repair wrong. Let us point to the opportunity. We are about to embark in a great enterprise, as a national work—the construction of a railway which is to connect the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean, and make the Empire one and indivisible. Let Great Britain take her fair share in the cost of an undertaking of equal value to her and to us, and thus compensate New Brunswick, and British Columbia, and our far western territories, for sacrifices made in the past, and encourage this Dominion, when called upon, to make still greater sacrifices in return.

CLUB-LIFE.

THROUGH Eden's shadowy garden,
 Its solitary ward'n,
 Dan Adam paced abroad ;

Around him all was joyance,
 But within a chill annoyance
 Our grand-dad's bosom gnawed ;

In vain his golden bowers
 Bend o'er their floor of flowers
 And woo him to his rest,—

Each dell seems dull and dismal,
 And makes the void abysmal
 Yawn wider in his breast,—

Nor can the unmated lover
 The haunting cause discover
 Why he alone is sad.

Till, lo ! through sleep's dim portal,
 With loveliness immortal
 As with a vesture clad,

Sweet Madam Eve comes gliding,
 Her lily limbs half hiding
 'Mid lengths of rippling hair,—

The Crown of all creation—
 Sent with the dear vocation
 To cure his cark and care ;—

Ah ! how he clasped and kiss'd her,
 And told her how he'd miss'd her !
 And gazing in her eyes,

His Eden flushed resplendent
 For,—Lord of the ascendant—
 Love reigned in Paradise !

So I, with eyes as weary,
Have scanned the splendours dreary
Clubs and their world display,—

Whose palaces majestic,
Home's humbler life domestic
Affront with their array

Of marble courts and basements,
And silk-encurtained casements,
And cedarn corridors,—

Where supercilious dandies
Discuss belles, bets, and brandies,
And wear their hats indoors,—

Where Scandal sneers and sniggers,
And quotes its facts and figures,
And Bore to Foggy prates ;

Where by a law inhuman,
The fair face of no woman
May shine within the gates ;

Where Manhood scoffs at Marriage
That can't afford a carriage
Nor keep a house in town ;

Where Self sits "in excelsis,"
And cares for no one else's
Enjoyment but his own.

Call ye these halls—Elysian ?
The term is a derision,
They're mongrel monast'ries !

For I hold our Sire's opinion—
Outside of Love's Dominion
There is no Paradise.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED !*

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

Author of "Anne Judge, Spinster," "Grandmother's Money," "Poor Humanity," "Little Kate Kirby," &c.

BOOK I.

"THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE NOBLE POOR."

CHAPTER VI.

AN ESCORT HOME.

MABEL WESTBROOK had a strong suspicion in her mind that she was being advised for the best, although the necessity for delay in an act of charity, an act of atonement, was beyond her comprehension. The earnest face of her adviser, the depth of pity in his keen, dark eyes, the interest which he felt in her and her mission, all seriously impressed her, although they did not alter her determination. Before all and everything, her promise. There was no power in human nature to weaken that, and he who had trusted in her knew that she would not fail him at the last. He had left it to the last, and this was the result.

"Why are you very sorry for my sake?" she asked, in a wondering tone of voice.

"You have taken a hard task on yourself—you do not see the end of this so clearly as I do," was the curator's reply.

"It is impossible to see the end."

"It will end in error."

"You cannot tell—you do not know —" began Mabel, when he held up his thin hand, and she stopped at his signal before she was aware of it.

"I see disappointment and mortification of spirit; kindness wasted and zeal misplaced, unless I interfere," said Brian.

"You have no right to interfere with me," replied Mabel.

"I believe I have. But," he added, passing his hands through his long hair, in a perplexed, irritable way, "I want time to think of it all. I did not dream that you and your petty mystery were so close upon me."

"Petty mystery!" said Mabel, colouring again. "There is so little mystery in it, and to-morrow will dispel it."

"The morrow never comes to the philosopher."

"I am not a philosopher."

"I wish you were." And then Brian looked at her, and smiled at her or her obstinacy, or both, it was doubtful which.

"I have received your warning, Mr. Half-day, which after all is but a mere echo of your sister's, and I need not detain you any longer," said Mabel.

"It is getting late," he replied, by way of assent to this, or as a hint for her to go. As Mabel rose from the chair, he rose also, and took up his hat. Dorcas, who had been looking from one to the other as each spoke in turn, rose too, and all three passed out of the study, and back through the long rooms, to the hall, Brian lamp in hand again. In the hall he extinguished his lamp, opened the street door, allowed Mabel and his sister to precede him, closed the door behind him, and joined them on the narrow pavement.

"Good night," said Mabel, to him and Dorcas, but Brian did not respond with his sister.

"I will see you to the 'Mitre,' Miss Westbrook, if you will allow me," he said.

"Thank you, no," replied Mabel, "your sister has a more lonely journey."

"Don't ask him to come with me, please," cried Dorcas at once. "I don't want him; I won't have him; I shall run all the way; I would not have him with me for all the world. Good night."

Before another word could be exchanged, away ran Dorcas at the top of her speed along the middle of the road. The brother watched her thoughtfully until Mabel said—

* Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1875.

"It is too late an hour for your sister to be going to St. Lazarus alone."

"She is safe enough in Pentonshire; we are good people hereabouts," Brian said, drily.

"But she——"

"Would not have me for an escort—you heard what she said?"

"Yes. How is it that you and she are not friends?"

"Oh! we are very good friends," said Brian, lightly; "Dorcas is extremely fond of me."

"Is this satire?"

"Not at all," answered Brian, "and I am very fond of Dorcas. But I cannot let her have her own way altogether. You see what a cat she is?"

"She is an excitable girl. I do not understand her."

"You will find it a difficult task to understand any of the family," replied Brian; "I would not assert positively that the Halfdays understand themselves."

"Know thyself" is an excellent motto."

"Ah! if it were only practicable," said Brian. He was walking by Mabel's side now, with his gaze directed to the miry pavement. The streets were empty, and the wind came down them moaning like a child in pain.

"It's a miserable night for you to come back to Penton," he said, suddenly.

"I have never been in Penton before."

"I mean for the Westbrooks to step back to life here," he said. "I thought at one time or another I might meet you in America, seek you out there; but to come to us is strange. Very strange," he added.

Mabel glanced at him, and said timidly—

"My grandfather's history is no secret to you, Mr. Halfday. You have learned it years ago, I am sure."

"I have studied hard, and learned many things, but I do not know James Westbrook's history," was the reply.

"You know why I am in this city?" said Mabel; "you must know."

"I may guess at it from your own words," he answered, "but pray do not cross-examine me. I have pleaded twice for time to think of this."

"I will say good-night, Mr. Halfday, if you please," said Mabel, "I can find my way very well across the Close."

"The Close gates are shut. It is past

eleven," said Brian, "and you will find no one in the streets to ask your way. I would prefer to accompany you."

"But——"

"And I intend to accompany you," he said, emphatically, "not that I would be ungentlemanly enough to balk your desire to get rid of me, if I had not a few more words to say."

He did not say them very readily. He walked on in silence at her side, taking that time "to think of it" for which he had pleaded. Mabel did not intrude upon his reverie, but she glanced askance at him once or twice. He was thinking his hardest now; he had stepped from the kerbstone into the gutter in order to allow himself and her more room, and with his hands clutched behind his back he strode on at a pace with which it was difficult for her to keep up. As he passed beneath the gas-lamps, Mabel could see that it was a face almost of trouble, certainly of doubt.

They were close upon the "Mitre" when he spoke to her—swinging suddenly round with a precipitancy that startled her.

"I wish you had not come," he said; "it would have been much the better for you."

"I am not afraid," answered Mabel, lightly, "and there is nothing so malevolent in my intentions that should make any of your family afraid of me."

"You are proceeding in haste, Miss Westbrook, I tell you once more."

"I am acting on instructions."

"And will not be advised by me in any way?"

"No," she answered, very firmly.

Brian shrugged his shoulders, and then extended his hand.

"Good evening," he said.

Mabel placed her hand within his, and was surprised at the firmness with which he clutched it.

"Do you judge human nature, human character as quickly as you act?" he asked.

"I do not know. Probably," said Mabel, in reply. She did not admire the peremptory manner in which he spoke, and she withdrew her hand from his strong clasp of hers.

"Do not judge too hastily of me, then," he said, almost sorrowfully; "I may be compelled to act in a rash fashion myself, and I would ask you to suspend your judgment until we meet again. Good night."

He walked quickly and abruptly from her, and Mabel Westbrook, pondering on his words, returned to the friendly shelter of the "Mitre." Hers had been an easy mission to fulfil she had thought until a few hours since, but the mists were rising fast upon the road she would pursue, and there might be pitfalls in her way, and dangers of which she had never dreamed. She had been twice warned, but it was beyond her power to listen. The one voice that might have checked her was for ever still, and her task was to go on at any risk.

CHAPTER VII.

A SURPRISE.

WITH the brightness of the next day, Mabel Westbrook looked at life more brightly. She was young, impulsive, sanguine, generous, and without an enemy in the world. Before the death of James Westbrook and his wife there had not been a lighter-hearted, kinder, or more unselfish girl in the States, and she had borne the oncoming of her first trouble with a brave front. She had heard much and suffered much of late days, but she had grown strong, not weak, in affliction, as the best of women invariably do. She had hardly known of evil, of men's rapacity and greed and weakness, until the last year of her life, and the knowledge had sobered her without breaking her down, strengthened many resolutions without narrowing her heart. She had heard of a wrong which it was in her power to set right, and she had given up her birthplace, her American friends and American home, and set forth on a mission of justice to the wronged. It was her own wish, as it had been James Westbrook's—and there was nothing to dismay her in the prophecies of Adam Halfday's grandchildren. She could do her duty to the living and the dead without one regret to follow. The strange young folk whom she had seen last night had put a false construction on her reticence, but they would understand her clearly in a few more hours. The end of her task was nearly accomplished, and she would be glad for all sakes when it was complete.

It was eleven o'clock in the day when she was once more at the gates of St. Lazarus.

The sun was shining, the birds were singing, and the air was warm again—the brotherhood of the noble poor had toddled from their places round the great ring of fire in the hall, and were basking like lizards in the sunshine. The porter, Hodsman, touched his cap at her appearance, and said, with old-fashioned homely courtesy—

"You bring the sunshine with you, lady, this time."

"Have there been many visitors to-day?" she asked.

"No visitors, exactly," he replied. "Not strangers, that is. Mr. Salmon told me to say that he would be glad to see you, ma'am, directly you arrived."

Mabel's brow contracted a little. This irrepressible Salmon would not leave her a moment to herself, if he could help it.

"Where is the Master now?" she asked.

"Praying in the church or fishing in the river, I hardly know which." He craned his head over the wicket-gate which confined him to the lodge, and peered into the quadrangle.

"Oh, the brothers are out. He's fishing," said Hodsman; "you'll find him at the back of the church yonder."

"Thank you."

Mabel Westbrook passed into the courtyard, and turned away from the direction which the porter had indicated. The old men in the black gowns stared across at her from their sunny corners, but Adam Halfday was not one of them. She passed into the banqueting hall or refectory, the door of which was handy on her right, and looked carefully around her, but the place was empty and full of echoes, and the fire within the iron hoop was smouldering to itself.

"He is waiting for me at his cottage," thought Mabel. "Now, if I could reach there quietly without encountering Mr. Salmon, I should be glad."

She was considering her plan of action, when the door was pushed open slowly, and a short old man, with a head that might have been a skeleton's—the skin was drawn so tightly over it and showed the outline of the skull so clearly—came shuffling towards her. He was in the garb of the brotherhood, and he bowed low as he advanced.

"My lady would like to see the church," he piped in feeble accents; "will you please to step this way?"

"Thank you; but I have promised to

wait for one of the brethren here," said Mabel.

"It's my turn, madam," he croaked forth, his hands closing and unclosing in nervous trepidation of losing a fee; "each brother takes it in turn, and no preference is allowed. Will you please to step this way?"

"I have no wish to see the church at present," answered Mabel. "I have——"

"You can begin here, if you like, ma'am. This is the refectory," said the old man, in the showman and parrot-like manner patent to all guides; "it was re-erected in the middle of the fifteenth century, at the sole expense of the cardinal; it is fifty feet in length, twenty-six in breadth, and thirty-seven in height, to the top of the oaken rafters. At the upper end of the hall there are a raised dais and high table still in existence, and the painting on the panel is attributed to Albert Dürer, although there is little real evidence to prove its origin. Its subject is——"

"I am sorry to interrupt you," said Mabel very gently, "but I must defer my inspection of the hospital and church for several days."

"It's a fine morning. You could not have a better opportunity to see the place, my lady," replied the brother; "the subject on the panel yonder is that of——"

Mabel Westbrook, evidently a woman ready with her money, slipped a half-crown into the palm of the brother.

"I will hear all this another time, if you will allow me. Meanwhile, tell me where is Adam Halfday," she said.

The old man paused, looked at his half-crown, dropped the coin into a side pocket, mumbled forth a "Thank you," and moved a step or two more closely to our heroine.

"Adam Halfday, did you say?" he asked. "Yes."

"You could not have a worse brother to show you over the place than he is," he said confidentially. "Adam never took an interest in the charity, or cared to read up his facts, although I don't say but what he scrambles through the business somehow. He's breaking fast, too, and I shall be walking before his coffin soon with the black stick in my hand."

He crossed the hall, took a black rod from the corner, and regarded it with loving interest.

"This has no right to be left here—it's kept always in the church."

"What is it?" asked Mabel.

"When there's a funeral of one of us, the eldest brother walks in front of the corpse with this staff in his hand," said the old man. "I am the eldest brother—Peter Scone, ma'am—and I have walked before a lot of them in my day—some eight or nine and twenty of 'em. I shouldn't wonder," he added, with a chuckle that would have done credit to the first gravedigger in *Hamlet*, "if I don't march before old Adam very shortly. He's sure to go, for his temper is a trying one, and wears him out. Oh, yes; he'll go next, I know."

Mabel shuddered, as the man patted his black stick affectionately.

"Will you tell me where Adam Halfday is to be found this morning? I have a message for him, and wish particularly to see him," she said; "is he in his room?"

"No; that he isn't," was the answer. "Now I come to think of it, it's not very likely you will see the old gentleman to-day."

"Why not?"

"He's gone."

"Gone!" exclaimed Mabel, "gone away, do you mean?"

"Yes, for a week or two. He got leave of absence from the Master early in the morning, and his grandson—that's the curator of the museum, in Market Street—came and fetched him and Dorcas away in a horse and chaise. It's well for those who have relations with horses and chaises to take them for drives about the country," he said jealously, "and give them change of air and scene, whilst others stop here for years and rot. He's going to have sea air, Lord bless you, as if that could cure old Halfday's bad temper, or put him in a good one. It was only yesterday he sulked with all of us, and to-day he's going to have sea air! The like of that now!"

He beat his funeral rod in the palm of his withered right hand, and shook with envy and excitement. It was not all peace and love in the precincts of St. Lazarus, and human nature, even amongst these ruins of time and man, was very much the same as in the busy city, from which the brethren came by right of birth to die.

"Where has he gone?" asked Mabel.

"To the sea-side. That is all I heard about it."

"And Dorcas, has she gone also?"

"Oh, yes; and in her best merino dress, as smart as carrots."

"And her brother came for them early this morning, you tell me?"

"Yes, her brother Brian. Ah! a clever man that, take him altogether, and one who will do better in the world than his father, or his grandfather, or any of the family. A long-headed fellow, Brian," said Peter Scone "but as conceited a young jackanapes as ever strutted in and out here as though the place belonged to him. I don't like people who think so much of themselves; they're hateful company."

"Gone away," said Mabel to herself, "because I was expected—gone away to foil me, I am certain. That is what Brian Halfday meant when he asked me to suspend my judgment till we met again—when he talked of acting rashly presently. Why are they all afraid of me, I wonder?"

CHAPTER VIII.

MABEL ACCEPTS MR. SALMON'S KIND INVITATION.

AFTER the unlooked-for announcement of Adam Halfday's departure from the Hospital of St. Lazarus, Mabel Westbrook did not lose much time with Peter Scone. She was excited and angry; here had come opposition to her wishes, to her amiable scheming, and Brian Halfday had baulked her at the outset. He was a man who had objected to her interference, and had stepped between her and her promise, not trusting her, not knowing what that promise was, or how it might affect the future of himself and sister. She could not sit down tamely and wait for the return of these Halfdays, submitting to their will, as if she had not a firm one of her own when her pride was wounded. Brian Halfday had not treated her well; he had set himself to thwart her; he had regarded her wishes as nothing and his own as supreme, and had acted almost as her enemy. It was a mean advantage which he had taken of her confidence, she considered, and she should never like the man again. He was crafty and deceitful. Peter Scone had called him "a conceited young jackanapes," and very possibly Peter Scone was right. Certainly his grandfather and his own sister did

not regard him with any great degree of reverence, although they might have learned to fear him.

Mabel Westbrook, forced as it were into antagonism with Brian Halfday, and roused to action by the last move of that gentleman, sought out the Reverend Gregory Salmon forthwith. She crossed the second quadrangle, and passed beyond the precincts of the hospital into a fair landscape lying beyond its walls. A stout oaken door in the garden wall opened upon meadow land and woodland, and on a deep, rushing river glittering in the sunshine. Sitting complacently on the bank, not fifty yards from the hospital, was Mr. Salmon, fishing. He was very glad to see her; he was as courteous and fussy and profuse in compliments as ever; he expressed himself highly honoured by her second visit, and he immediately set his fishing tackle aside, with the evident intention of placing his whole time at her disposal. Mabel hastened to assure him that this was only a passing visit, and that she had business, important business, in Penton, before luncheon.

"But you have come to see the church?" said Mr. Salmon.

"No," she answered frankly. "I came to see Adam Halfday, and he has disappointed me."

"To see Adam Halfday!" exclaimed the astonished Master of the hospital.

"If I had placed more confidence in you last night, Mr. Salmon," said Mabel, "it is probable that I should not have been foiled this morning by Adam Halfday's grandson. But I have been anxious for weeks to talk to this old man."

"Bless me! Is there anything so very remarkable about him?"

"I bring him a message from America. I have business to transact with him, which his son, for some mysterious reason, is anxious to postpone," Mabel replied. "That is all I need say or can say at present."

"Yes—ahem—exactly—how very surprising!" said the clergyman. "The son, though I cannot say I like him myself, is a man very much respected in the city, and of course no stranger to the hospital. To offer to take away his grandfather for a holiday was a something I could not object to, or, indeed, had any power to object to. The brethren are not prisoners here, or I their warder. I gave permission as a matter of course."

"Where have they gone?" asked Mabel.

"I don't know," was the reply. "Brian Halfday mentioned the seaside, that is all."

"Did you see him?"

"No."

"Good morning, sir. I have not a moment to spare."

"But we shall have the pleasure of——"

"Yes, soon," said Mabel abruptly, as she turned and went with quick steps across the quadrangle to the first courtyard, and under the archway to her hired carriage. She was back in Penton before twelve—it was only chiming the hour by the cathedral clock when she was making her inquiries at the museum for its missing custodian. But all inquiries were in vain; Brian Halfday had taken every precaution, as though he had feared the pertinacity of Miss Westbrook from the first. No one knew in what direction Mr. Halfday had gone. He had asked for and obtained his holidays that morning—three weeks per annum were lawfully his, although he had never asked for them before. He had urged pressing and sudden business, and departed. He had spoken of writing for his letters in the course of a day or two, but it was very probable that he would not write at all, concluded a flippant youth with red hair, who was left in charge till Brian Halfday's return, and whom Mabel had discovered on an office stool catching the early flies of the spring season.

Mabel Westbrook went back to the "Mitre" smarting with the same sense of slight and injustice which she had experienced that morning at the hospital. She was annoyed at the flight of the Halfdays; she was still more annoyed at her own helplessness. Here was a man who in a few hours had thwarted the mission of her life—in whose power it might still lie to defeat her project. She had told Brian Halfday of her promise, and he had shown no sympathy with her, or respect for the solemn task that she had undertaken. He had set his own will in opposition to her, and was now exulting probably in that success which had discomfited and humiliated her. She should never like the man. He had showed his want of confidence in her too completely for her to forgive him, whatever might be the motives which had led him to act in this strange fashion. She had offered friendship and assistance, and this was her reward. She had come to do good, and no one would put faith in her profession. What

had she said or done, what was there in her manner, to lead these people to distrust her so completely? Verily, she must be a most objectionable young woman in strangers' eyes, and that was a very nice thought to begin her English life with. Still, she was not a girl disposed to submit tamely to distrust or defeat. She was high-spirited and courageous. In America she had been her own mistress early in life, having two old sick folk and a big house to manage and control, and there was more of the clear-sighted, matter-of-fact woman about Mabel Westbrook than is generally to be found in ladies of her age. She was looking keenly out at the world now, and its aspect did not daunt her. She had known trouble in the past, she was prepared even for trouble in the future, and with youth and strength she felt that she should fight through the obstacles in her way. She had faith, and she had money, and they are two excellent aids to most projects under the sun; especially the money, those wisecracks will declare who have long outlived faith in anything but themselves, and their balance at the banker's.

This Brian Halfday should not have his own way so completely as he had bargained for if she had a voice in the matter, and she thought she had. When she discovered after two days' waiting that no tidings had been received at the museum, she and her maid started on a flying expedition to the nearest watering places from Pentonshire, taking half a dozen of them in turn, and ransacking visitors' lists, and exploring parades and piers and sands in their vain quest. The telegraph wires were kept busy in her service, and Mr. Gregory Salmon, the trustees of Penton Museum, and the landlord of the "Mitre" were asked daily by electricity if there were any news, and had daily to reply to Miss Westbrook in the negative.

When a fortnight had elapsed, Mabel and her maid were back in the old city, but Mr. Brian Halfday had not returned to his duties at Penton Museum. There was a week of his holidays still to the good, and he had determined to make the most of his vacation. He must come back was Mabel's consolation; he must face her again; his father and Dorcas must return to the shelter of St. Lazarus. They had achieved their object, and gained time—whether she should learn for what reason time was wanted by the grandson was a matter of some doubt. If he

did not tell her of his own free will, the mystery would end with him—he took no man into his confidence she was assured already.

Four days after her return to Penton, Mabel Westbrook accepted Mr. Salmon's invitation to spend a few days with his wife at the Master's residence in the Hospital of St. Lazarus. She was alone in the world, hotel life was dull, and Mr. and Mrs. Salmon were anxious to be friendly, but it was not for these reasons that she left the "Mitre" for the comfort of a well-to-do English home. The Reverend Gregory Salmon had scarcely made a favourable impression on her, and though Mrs. Salmon was more motherly and more genuine, yet she was hardly a woman to be charmed with. Still Mr. Salmon was extremely pressing that Miss Westbrook should favour them with her company for a few days, and Mabel broke through her habits of reserve and went to St. Lazarus as a guest. She should be near Adam Halfday's rooms, she should be the first to hear of his return, she should be able to see him at some time or other without the son's interference and opposition.

"We shall have a surprise for you to-morrow," said Mr. Salmon, with a broad, beaming smile. If he had not beamed so constantly upon her, and in so fatherly a way, Mabel believed that she would have liked him better.

"A surprise? Has——"

"My dear Miss Mabel,"—Mr. Salmon had dropped the surname after dinner the first day of her arrival—"you must not ask me any questions, you really must not."

Full of her one idea, Mabel waited impatiently for the next day's surprise. Adam Halfday had sent notice of his return to his old quarters, she thought, and the surprise came in the afternoon, and in the unlooked-for event of Angelo Salmon, the chaplain's only son. This was a surprise at which Mabel Westbrook's countenance did not light up with joy; indeed, for a fleeting instant, the fair white brow contracted as with a sense of anger or pain at the heart of its owner. The young man might be a welcome addition to a dull household, but she was not glad to see him, was not pleased that he should find her a guest in his father's house on the day of his premature return. She felt almost as if the Salmons, *pere et mere*, had entrapped her into this visit, knowing

that their son was coming home to them sooner than they had anticipated, possibly even receiving a hint to secure her from this soft-hearted, soft-headed, but not wholly undesigning young man. He stood before her, blushing vividly, as though he had had a share in the conspiracy, and there was a difficulty in encountering Mabel's searching look at him, despite all his efforts to appear agreeably astonished at her presence.

"I thought you were not coming to England for some time, Mr. Salmon," said Mabel, after the first greetings had been exchanged.

"I did think of making a longer stay in America. I—I was a little anxious about Canada and—and Niagara," he added, as though the colony and the waterfall were both in a bad way. "I had even a dream of the Rocky Mountains, but I came back."

"Why?" asked Mabel, but in so hard a tone of inquiry that Mr. Salmon, junior, was not likely at that juncture to state the real cause of his return, which was certainly herself.

"The States were chilly and lonely. I yearned for home," he said; "I had not seen mother and father for many months."

"I wish I had been apprised of your coming," said Mabel, musingly. "I feel very much in the way now."

"Oh! pray don't think that," said Angelo and Angelo's mother.

"You will have a great deal to say to your parents."

"No, I really shan't," answered Angelo. "And there are family matters for them to talk over with you."

"They can be deferred, dear Miss Mabel," cried the chaplain. "I hope you will not regard yourself in the light of anything but a very welcome guest whom we should be truly sorry to part with yet awhile."

Mabel bowed, but her face retained its gravity for that night—nothing took away its thoughtful, almost sad expression. Angelo Salmon sneaked to her side after dinner, and woke her to a fleeting interest in friends and acquaintances in Boston, whom they both had known, but he did not extract a smile from her that was anything like the bright, unforced smiles which had been too much for him in the States. She listened to his anecdotes and his news attentively, but he discovered that her big grey eyes were awkward things to encounter that night.

Angelo Salmon was not a plain young

man; barring a certain puffiness of cheek, he might have been considered rather a good-looking fellow than otherwise. He was tall and slim, had very blue, doll-like eyes, a nose too small for him, and a curly mass of ginger hair that increased his cherubic aspect, and made one think of a pair of wings as fitting to his *tout ensemble*. Take it altogether, it was a fresh-coloured, trumpet-blowing kind of face, wholly lacking in any expression save that of perfect innocence. A child would have trusted Angelo Salmon at first sight; a promoter of Companies would have had hopes of him for "shares;" the man on the look-out at the corner of the street would have suggested "confidence" or skittles promptly; an unprincipled person, anxious to get rid of a bad half-crown, would have immediately and hopefully given it him in change; no living cabman could have looked him in the face without doubling his fare; dogs liked him, and cats rubbed their fur against his legs when he came into a room.

His intense meekness, and his unmistakable sense of discomfort, rendered Mabel more merciful towards him at the close of the evening, when a rubber of whist had been got through in spiritless fashion. Mr. Salmon, senior, had left the drawing-room to take a last look round for the night—and his last look included a walk round the quadrangle as a matter of duty, and when it did not rain. Mrs. Salmon was dozing in an easy chair after the excitement of trumping her husband's tricks and being scowled and growled at for her pains, and Angelo and Mabel Westbrook were lingering at the card table.

"Miss Westbrook," Angelo said, suddenly, in a thick voice, "I hope I have not offended you in any way. I should be very sorry indeed."

"Why should you think I am offended, Mr. Salmon?" asked Mabel.

"I don't know; but you are different—somewhat. You are scarcely the young lady who bid me good-bye at Boston. I—I think, if you will allow me the presumption to say so, that we—we were better friends in the New World than we—we are now in the Old," he stammered forth. "Of course, I—I have no right to say this, or to notice this; not in the least. But I should be very sorry, very sorry, to think I had given you offence."

"We were scarcely better friends in America than in England, of that I am sure," said Mabel, in reply. "Perhaps I was looking forward to my journey as to a long holiday, and lighter of heart in consequence. I hardly remember now."

"Has not England pleased you, Miss Westbrook?"

"I have seen little of it yet. I have already met disappointments and deceits in it," she added, with a sigh.

"Is it possible?"

"Hence I am dull to-night, and you have seen the change in me."

"I—I was afraid that my sudden return had something to do with it."

"Possibly it vexed me a little."

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Angelo, rolling his white handkerchief into a ball and dabbing his forehead with it.

"Your parents did not tell me you were coming. I accepted their invitation in good faith, and believing that I should be very quiet and very much alone. And knowing of your return, as Mr. and Mrs. Salmon did," she said once more, looking steadfastly at Angelo, "I think the information might have been extended to me, so that I might have acted upon it as I wished. There, that is all," she added, frankly, "and it's not worth commenting upon further. It does not matter; only I feel more proud and fussy to-night than usual. Pray understand, Mr. Salmon, it does not matter to me in the least."

She said this very meaningly and very assuringly, but it did not tend to raise the spirits of Angelo Salmon in any great degree. He coloured, looked at her, and away from her, coughed once or twice, and rose.

"I am glad I have not given offence," he said ruefully; "thank you, Miss Westbrook; thank you very much indeed."

He did not say for what he thanked her; he could hardly have explained had she asked him, but she was far from curious concerning the motives for his gratitude. When Angelo's father reappeared, she bade them good night, and went at once to her room, wherein she locked herself, after dismissing her maid. The principal bedrooms of the Master's establishment were, like the drawing-room and dining-room, on the ground floor. As we have already remarked in an earlier chapter, several cottages of the brethren had been levelled, and this low-roofed,

substantial, rambling edifice built on the space, to the shame of the trustees and the glory of the Master of a century or so ago.

Mabel's bedroom window looked towards the quadrangle and the houses of the brothers; and pensively disposed that night, she sat down at the bedroom window and gazed out at the stars, and the dark landscape on which they shone. She was unhappy,—it was very odd, but she was conscious that she was becoming unhappy in this England, where her grandfather had wished that she should spend the rest of her life. She had not a friend in the world here, unless Angelo Salmon was to be considered her friend; they were all to make; they were to come round her by intuition, or to be discovered by herself. She had letters of introduction, which she valued about as much as the one she had sent to Mr. Salmon. There was an old school-fellow in London somewhere, she believed, and that was all. There was a lonely life at present before her, and she had spoken that night of much deceit in it. Even these Salmons had tricked her into accepting an invitation to their house, so that she might meet a well-meaning booby who had been impressed by her, and much against her will, in Boston. He was the son of Mr. Gregory Salmon, of Pentonshire, and hence had attracted her notice; he had come across her life as a curious coincidence, not as a fate—certainly not as a man whom she could ever take to heart as a lover.

He was young and had hopes, and it would be her stern duty to crush them summarily forthwith. A lover, indeed! as if in all her life she should think of a lover! She did not believe the man existed for whom she should ever care a brass button. She was wholly heart-whole, and intended to keep so. Her task would drive all love nonsense out of her thoughts—and these Halfdays—

She looked towards the cottages, as her thoughts turned in the old direction—towards the deserted cottage of Adam Halfday in particular. During the day she had studied the place, and even tried the door, which she had found securely fastened, and wondered when she should enter and give the dead man's message to one member of the Noble Poor, whom she was anxious to confront.

She drew a quick breath of surprise, and leaned forwards, with her face pressed more closely to the glass. There was a light shining from the window of Adam Halfday's

room—sure sign that human life, in some shape or fashion, had come back to the deserted house.

CHAPTER IX.

AN ALLY.

THE heroine of this history was a young lady who made up her mind very quickly, who dashed at results with all the natural impulsiveness of a girl of twenty years. She was courageous also; the unknown or the unforeseen did not daunt her at the outset. She snatched up her hat and mantle, put them on, drew aside the heavy curtains, and with some difficulty unfastened the old-fashioned lock of the window. The windows of Mr. Salmon's principal apartments consisted of double glass doors, opening upon the flower beds beneath, and Mabel stepped without difficulty from the room, closed the window behind her, and stood in the quadrangle.

"I am nearer the truth to-night," she whispered to herself as she went swiftly along in the shadow of the brethren's cottages towards the light shimmering in the lattice casement of Adam Halfday's house.

The truth was there, the solution of the mystery of Adam's disappearance must be there, and she advanced without a thought of the danger that might follow her intrusion. She had not reached the cottage, when she discovered that she was very womanly and very easily frightened after all, for her heart bobbed suddenly into her mouth as a voice exclaimed at her side—

"Miss Westbrook, is that you?"

Mabel turned quickly in the direction of the sound, and discovered a tall, thin figure sitting in the shadow of the wall on one of the benches that had been provided for the accommodation of the brethren. The figure had been recumbent until Mabel's rapid progress had attracted its attention, when it had sat up with great haste, and with its hair on end.

"Mr. Salmon!" exclaimed Mabel, peering into the darkness, and distinguishing with difficulty the Master's son.

"Yes, it is I," said Angelo rising, and breathing with a little difficulty; "is anything serious the matter? What can it possibly be that——"

"That brings me here," concluded Mabel as he paused. "What has brought you out to spy upon me, I might ask with a better grace, Mr. Salmon?"

"Upon my word and honour, Miss Westbrook, I am no spy," replied Angelo in great perturbation of mind, "I had no idea you were out of doors; you have given me a terrible fright, I assure you."

"What are you doing?" Mabel asked peremptorily.

She was annoyed at discovering Angelo Salmon in the quadrangle; annoyed also at being discovered herself, and was "down upon him" accordingly.

"I could not sleep. I didn't feel very well. I have been smoking with father, and his cigars are dreadfully strong," he said with a shudder, "and so I came out into the fresh air to—to think a little."

"Has any one passed you?" she asked.

"Bless my soul, no."

"You have seen no one in the quadrangle since you have been here?"

"Certainly not, except yourself. Is—anybody expected?"

Mabel was excited by delay. She took Mr. Angelo Salmon by the arm, and walked him into the centre of the big grass plat, where the light in Adam Halfday's window was visible.

"Has not that light attracted your attention?" she asked.

"I have not noticed it before," was his reply; "one of the brothers is up late, against the rules. Or perhaps he is ill."

"You know a brother of the name of Halfday?"

"I don't trouble myself much about the brethren," Angelo answered, "I leave that to father. This is not exactly my home. I have chambers in town, if you remember."

"I do not remember," said Mabel almost fretfully; "don't talk, please. Let me think what is best to be done."

"What are you going to do?" inquired the perplexed Angelo.

"I am interested—deeply interested—in one Adam Halfday, a pensioner here," Mabel confessed; "he is absent with leave from the charity, his house has been locked during his absence, he has not returned, and yet there is a light in his room to-night. And see there, the shadow of a man's head upon the blind?"

"Oh, good gracious! so there is," cried

Angelo. "The sooner we call for assistance the better, don't you think?"

"No, I do not."

"But you will never——"

Mabel interrupted him once more.

"I do not believe there is any one to hurt me in Adam Halfday's room, any one who would think of doing me harm," said Mabel, "and I am going to solve the mystery of that light."

"Alone?" said Angelo.

"Yes, alone. You may wait here, if you will."

"I—I really cannot suffer you to go alone," said Angelo, plucking up the small amount of courage with which nature had endowed him, and feeling very strongly that he must not betray any exhibition of fear to his companion. "I—I will accompany you, if you think we require no assistance."

"I am sure we do not."

"Very well, Miss Westbrook," said Angelo, "I hope you are right."

He was doubtful himself, but thieves were unlikely to intrude upon the precincts of the Hospital, unless they came after his father's plate, and at the worst, why he and Mabel would die together.

There was a faint consolation in that, he was inclined to consider, but it did not buoy him up in any great degree. Certainly he was not quite himself yet; he should have felt a braver man if he had not incautiously smoked one of the fattest and darkest cigars from his father's box of Larranagas. One cannot be wholly a hero when the stomach is sick.

Mabel passed to the cottage and Angelo walked by her side.

"When I am assured all is safe, I may ask you to leave me with the intruder," she said.

"I don't think it would be quite safe to leave you," Angelo replied.

"Adam Halfday is an old man to whom I bring consolation."

"Oh, indeed," said Angelo.

Miss Westbrook was in her right mind he had always fancied, but her actions were certainly extraordinary on that particular occasion.

They were at the common door of the cottages at last, an open gap of darkness which led under the building to a broad space of garden ground beyond, where the brothers raised fruit and vegetables for their

own consumption, and in their proper season, and where beyond the garden streamed a branch of the river. Right and left of the entry were doors—to the right that of Adam Halfday's. Mabel put her hand on the latch and pressed the door silently inwards, but it was as securely fastened as she had found it in the afternoon.

"Locked still," she whispered to Angelo.

"Yes, it's singular," was his reply.

"The man or woman in that room has entered from the back, has crossed the stream and garden ground, and will return that way again," cried Mabel, more excited now, "let us make haste."

Angelo Salmon did not see any pressing necessity for haste, but he followed her notwithstanding. He must have been very fond of Mabel Westbrook in his heart, for he could have followed no other woman or man on so hazardous an adventure. His own father might have gone down on his knees to him in vain,—not that the Master of St. Lazarus would have been likely to act in this fashion, we are disposed to consider.

They passed through the dark passage to the garden, and stood under the star-lit sky, in the rear of Adam Halfday's house, before a door that was ajar, and that opened to Mabel's touch.

Here Mabel paused, and her courage sank a degree or two, as was very natural, at the black little room beyond the door, and through which room she must pass to the front of the house.

"Keep near me, Mr. Salmon," she whispered.

"Certainly—but—but you are quite sure I had better not shout for the police?"

"What police?"

"I beg pardon, I mean for the porter, or anybody else who may be handy."

"Are you nervous?"

"Oh, not a bit! Not I, indeed!"

"We will see this out for ourselves, then."

Mabel Westbrook entered the dark room, and groped her way towards the opposite wall. Through the chinks of the door as she approached, the tell-tale light was seen again. Her heart beat rapidly, but she was nerved to action, and she dashed at the door, and pushed it open with both hands. It swung back noisily against a chair, and startled the inmate, who was sitting at an open desk, poring over many papers. He looked up quickly and fiercely at the door-

way, and at the fair figure of the woman standing there and gazing in upon him.

"Miss Westbrook, you here!" he exclaimed in his surprise.

"Yes, it is I," answered Mabel.

And then she and Brian Halfday looked steadily at each other, as men crossing swords upon a point of honour might look before the first thrust was given.

CHAPTER X.

IN ADAM HALFDAY'S ROOM.

BRIAN HALFDAY was paler than when Mabel had seen him last, but the fright which he had had might possibly account for it. A door suddenly swung open in the middle of the night, when the house is quiet and the student absorbed in his task, is not a fair test of the strength of the student's nerves, although Brian had only pushed his chair back, and set his thin, white hands upon the papers, as if in defence of them. His hair and eyes looked darker than usual, Mabel thought, by contrast with the whiteness of his face. If he had been taken off his guard by Mabel's unceremonious method of entry, he was quick to assume his customary demeanour. He rose, placed a rush-bottomed chair at his visitor's disposal, and said, with great calmness—

"Pray take a seat, Miss Westbrook."

"Will you tell me why you are here in secret, Mr. Halfday—why you have all treated me so badly?" said Mabel, far from coolly, in reply.

"I have not treated you badly," he replied. "I hope I can say the same for the rest of my family."

"You have," was her flat denial.

"Pardon me," he said; "but you must allow me to repeat that I have *not*."

"What are you doing here?" asked Mabel, still angry and still bewildered: why do you not answer my questions fairly and straightforwardly? Where is your grandfather? Where is your sister Dorcas? Why——"

She paused as she detected a smile lurking at the corners of his mouth and cried—

"Is it possible that you see anything to jest at in this?"

"You have asked me five questions in a breath—which shall I reply to first?" he said.

"To any of them, so that you answer truthfully."

The smile vanished from his mouth, and the lips became hard and inflexible at once.

"I am not in the habit of telling untruths, Miss Westbrook," he replied.

"You have deceived me already—you have plotted against me from the first moment you became aware of my existence," said Mabel.

"I asked for time to think, and you would not give it me. And, Miss Westbrook," he added in a very earnest voice that impressed Mabel, despite her mistrust of him, "time was as important to you as to me."

"I had told you of the promise to my father."

"Which did not bind me in any way," answered Brian, "which—excuse me, but you have a companion. Who is that sneaking in the background?"

"It is Mr. Salmon, who has been kind enough to accompany me," said Mabel.

"The Master of the Hospital?"

"His son."

"Eavesdropping is fashionable at St. Lazarus," was the acrid comment here. "Come in, Mr. Salmon. You will catch cold in that scullery, I am afraid."

Angelo Salmon, somewhat red in the face, entered the room at this invitation. Brian stared at him for an instant, and then said—

"You will find a chair by the side of your friend. Sit down, please."

"I don't know that Miss Westbrook wishes me to remain," replied Angelo. "I think you said, Miss Westbrook, there might be business to transact with some one here. Is this the gentleman?"

"No, I wish to see this gentleman's grandfather."

"Then if you will allow me to remain as your escort I shall be obliged," said Angelo.

"Very well," replied Mabel, wearily; "I don't think it matters."

She did not think there were any questions or answers of moment to be made now, and it was no longer impossible to disguise her interest in these Halfdays from the outer world of which Angelo Salmon was an atom. Besides, she had learned to distrust Brian Halfday, and the forced lightness of his demeanour had rendered her trebly suspicious.

Angelo Salmon was a protection, and a witness, if either were necessary.

Brian appeared to read part of her thoughts, and to smile at them again, as he put various papers in the breast pocket of his coat before locking up the desk.

"I fear this late visit has set me under a cloud, Miss Westbrook," he said, "but I am a patient man, and must wait for the clearer light that will come in good time."

"Have you any right, may I ask," said Angelo Salmon, "to enter this hospital without permission, and take papers from one of the brothers' desks? It appears to me a most extraordinary proceeding."

"What it may appear to you, Mr. Salmon, is of not the slightest consequence to me," was the sharp answer, "but I will correct one or two errors into which you have fallen. I have the permission of the owner of these rooms to be here, and he is as much the master of his own house, by right of charter of this place, as you are master of yours. There is nothing in the original rules by which this foundation was established that forbids a relative's entrance at any time, or in any manner; this place is Adam Halfday's freehold so long as he chooses to remain in it. As for the desk, it is my own property, and it contains papers far too valuable to be left here during the absence of my grandfather. Hence I have taken the first opportunity of calling for them."

"Where is Adam Halfday?" asked Mabel.

"You remind me that I have not replied to your questions after all," he said; "I owe you an apology."

"I would prefer your answers to your apologies, Mr. Halfday," said Mabel with severity. She was drifting into antagonism almost against her will with him, but she could not resist it. He had acted in opposition to her from the outset, and she was quick to resent it. More quick, because she could perceive no reason for his conduct, and it was opposed to the best interests of those for whom he affected to care. She had come as a benefactress, and he was too proud, or too obstinate, to allow benefits to be conferred on those who needed them sorely. It might have been a wiser policy to conciliate this man—to feign to be impressed by his arguments or excuses—but she was above all attempts at disguise, and it was as well that she was.

"I think I have sufficiently explained the motives for my presence, Miss Westbrook," Brian continued; "the hour is a late one. I had not another at my disposal, and I did not care to ask any one's permission to enter this house. That is a fair and straightforward answer, I hope."

"Go on, sir," said Mabel.

"Where is my grandfather, you inquire, and Dorcas?" Brian continued. "I can only reply that they have left the Hospital of St. Lazarus for good."

"You have taken them away?"

"On the contrary, they left of their own free will."

"And Adam Halfday will not return?" said Mabel.

"Not while I can work for him," replied Brian, "and find a home for him. This badge of the order of Noble Poverty has been on my conscience, and a brand on my pride, for more years than I care to look back at, and the old man returns here never again."

"It is an excuse," cried Mabel, indignantly, "a paltry excuse to keep your grandfather from meeting me. You dare not deny this to my face."

"Certainly, I do not wish you to meet my grandfather."

"I knew it!"

"Chance may set him in your way," Brian said, "but of my own free will, Miss Westbrook, I will not take you to him."

"You are more unjust and uncharitable to that old man than to me," said Mabel. "You stand in the way of his comfort and happiness, and, great Heaven! for what reason can it be?"

"I will tell you presently."

"Will you deliver a letter to him?"

Brian shook his head.

"No, I cannot do that."

"Then you and I are enemies from this day, Mr. Halfday, and I will baulk you in your scheme, if it cost me my fortune," cried Mabel, passionately; "you are cruel—you are a coward."

Brian Halfday regarded Mabel Westbrook attentively as she raved at him like a little spitfire, but he did not reply to her invectives. He buttoned his coat to his chin, left his chair, took his hat from a side-table and pulled it tightly over his brows. Angelo Salmon and Mabel watched him furtively. There were a hundred wild schemes revol-

ing in the brain of the heiress, but Brian Halfday gave her no time for consideration.

"I have already written to your father," said Brian, turning suddenly to Mabel's companion. "Good evening."

"Stay," cried Mabel, "I——"

But Brian had passed into the back room, and thence to the garden, unceremoniously leaving his visitors to put out the light, if they cared to exercise that degree of precaution.

"He is afraid of being detained," said Angelo; "those papers——"

"I have nothing to do with his papers," Mabel answered, "but he shall not go away like this. He must tell me more, or I must trust him more. Let me follow him."

She hurried after Brian Halfday, who, to her astonishment, was on the other side of the stream, which he had leaped like a cat. Yes, she was a terribly impulsive young woman, for she ran to the bank as if to attempt to spring after him, and he came quickly forward, and cried—

"Don't jump, for Heaven's sake, woman! The water is deep there."

"You are going away, leaving me to think the worst of you," she said, "not offering to help me in any way; not seeing that I am your grandfather's friend, your own, your sister's."

"It is for the best, Miss Westbrook," he said, mournfully.

"You war against a weak woman like me, and pride yourself upon a cunning which keeps me false to my word."

This mingled tone of entreaty and reproval might have had a greater effect upon Brian at an earlier period of their interview, for he seemed to waver for an instant, as if to assure her or console her. Then he caught sight of the tall figure of Angelo Salmon advancing to join the lady, and he turned suddenly and sharply away.

"Good night," he said, in a low voice, as he struck off across the fields at a pace with which it would have been difficult to keep up. He was merged in the darkness of the night before Angelo was at her side.

"Has he gone?" asked the chaplain's son.

"Yes."

"Shall I spring across and pursue him?" inquired Angelo, full of enthusiasm in Mabel's service now. "I am an excellent

runner ; I won a cup once, and I fancy he has stolen something, do you know ? ”

“ He has stolen away my peace of mind ; yes,” murmured Mabel.

“ You don’t mean——”

“ I mean that I shall never rest till I baulk him, as he has baulked me,” said Mabel. “ I bring hope to Adam Halfday, and he prefers in his pride—I see it is all his pride, now—to keep that old man desolate. Oh ! if I only had one friend in England ! ”

“ Will you not consider me one ? ” said Angelo, beseechingly.

“ Yes ; if you will find Adam Halfday for me.”

“ I’ll try. I’ll find him,” said Angelo ; “ I don’t think it will be a very difficult task to discover him.”

“ I shall be very grateful to you,” answered Mabel.

“ Thank you,” said Angelo. “ I will begin my inquiries to-morrow. And, dear me, there’s that light to put out, and the door to close, or we may have the hospital burnt down before the morning. One moment.”

He was not more than two minutes, but Mabel Westbrook had not waited for his return. She had proceeded along the quadrangle to the window of her room, and it was only by running that he overtook her.

“ Good night, Miss Westbrook,” he exclaimed, somewhat puffily, as he came up with her. “ I was afraid you were not going to say good night to me.”

“ I said that an hour and a half ago,” replied Mabel ; “ still, good night.”

“ Is it worth while to mention this to—father and mother ? ” he suggested.

Mabel thought for an instant.

“ Scarcely,” she replied ; “ but you may do as you like. There is no secret in it.”

“ There is not ! ” he exclaimed. “ Well, I can’t make out——”

“ You will understand me soon enough. Good night again.”

“ Good night, Miss Westbrook. Good night,” he replied, in tenderer accents than she cared to hear. In the night-time, and under the bright stars, this farewell reminded Angelo of Romeo and Juliet, only Juliet was anxious to get rid of him, and it might have struck her that Romeo was hardly up to the mark.

Still Romeo had made wonderful running over the course of his true love that even-

ing, and accident had helped him marvelously forwards in Juliet’s confidence and friendship. He did not wholly despair now. He wished that he had done something to show how brave a fellow he was—if it had only been to go first into that dark room some time since ; but it was too late to think of that. Presently, he hoped to have a stronger claim upon her gratitude.

CHAPTER XI.

THE DISCOVERY.

ANGELO SALMON, having a task to fulfil, began work in good earnest. Mabel Westbrook had wished, for some mysterious reason or other, to discover Adam Halfday, and he wished to be of service to Mabel Westbrook. He was not naturally of a persevering disposition ; a legacy from a rich grandmother had done him all the harm that it could, taken away every incentive to study, quenched the few ambitions that he had ever had, and constituted him a gentleman with a fine capacity for ease. Until he had met this young, bright, energetic girl in the United States, he had manifested a torpidity of temperament and a dreaminess of idea that might have had its sequel in semi idiocy, had not love pulled him together and almost made a man of him. He had fallen in love, truly, desperately, and at first sight, with Mabel Westbrook, and it was as well for his moral and physical condition that the heiress had not fallen in love with him in return, but had, on the contrary, snubbed him and laughed at him. This had impressed him with the fact that life was not to be as he wished it, and had brushed away some of the cobwebs which had been collecting in the corners of his sluggish brain. Though there was not much hope for him, still there was a something to strive for, and Mabel was worth the pursuit. If she had been less clever, less independent, if she had had no money, he would have been glad, for Angelo was far from a brilliant man, and felt his inferiority terribly. He had read very little, and thought less, and there was no attraction in his banker’s account to a lady who had money in her own right, and plenty of it. He was unselfish ; he would have been glad to marry Mabel without a penny, and he knew how

the fact of her riches would bring round her in good time men who could talk his head off, men with good looks, men of high caste, men who could do everything better than he, except love her more truly and tenderly. Nevertheless, the world was brightening for him a little. Miss Westbrook was a guest in his father's house; she had no friends in England at present, and she had taken him into her confidence as regarded the missing Adam Halfday.

He would find that old man for her, to begin with. If he possessed any gift at all—and he was somewhat doubtful of the fact since he had travelled and met intelligent folk at every turn—it was in sifting little details and arriving at conclusions by the process. In a different sphere of life, and with a fair amount of training, he might have made an excellent detective, and his placid expression of countenance would have helped him forward in the business. As it was, he was simply inquisitive at times. At school he had been invariably called "the old woman;" his inquiring mind took such small turns and became interested in so little that was boylike or manlike. He had never known his lessons, but he could have answered any question about his washing bill, about other boys' bills also, and the exact number of their socks and collars.

This odd faculty—if it can be called a faculty—had fallen into disuse of late years. There had been nothing to excite his curiosity, and he had become so languid and torpid, that his father and his father's friends had grown nervous concerning him, and talked him into travel, with what results our readers can perceive for themselves. He had come back to England an improved version of the Angelo Salmon who had dawdled about Penton for years, oscillating between that ancient city and his lonely chambers in Clement's Inn, with a dreamy idea that he was a man of the world, fulfilling his allotted task in life with credit to himself and his family, and as became an honourable gentleman. And an honourable gentleman he was, without any vice in him, which his cynical acquaintance thought rather a pity, as it was difficult to get on with him in any way save one, and that was in the matter of loans on pressing occasions. Then Angelo Salmon came in handy, and was a blessing to his species.

Angelo became of service immediately upon his return from America, for he devoted himself wholly and solely to the task upon which Mabel Westbrook had set her heart, and he proved himself an invaluable aide-de-camp. He discovered Adam Halfday in a week.

Mabel was still a guest at the hospital; she seemed to have settled down there, and become almost one of the family, to the intense satisfaction of Mr. Gregory Salmon and his better half, who were anxious about their son, and knew very quickly the state of his feelings, which, by the way, and to Mabel's annoyance, he did not make any effort to disguise. He was not a great deal at the Hospital during the week; he was prosecuting his researches early and late. He had begun with Peter Scone, whom he discovered knew more of Adam's departure than Mabel had suspected, and had followed up various little clues with various results until the end was reached, and Adam Halfday and his grand-daughter were found to be living in a little cottage, in the wilds of Pentonshire, up amongst the hills some twenty miles away, where were moor-land and forest-land, and great stretches of green country, dear to the lovers of our charming English landscapes.

"I have found them, Miss Westbrook," Angelo said exultingly one Saturday evening, as he entered his father's drawing-room; "they are on the borders of the next county. They have taken a cottage for six months, at 3s. 9d. a week, and Brian Halfday is there on Sundays, and sometimes in the middle of the week."

"Thank you, thank you," cried Mabel, "you raise a load from my heart by the good news. How can we reach them? When can we go?"

"It is cross country."

"You will order me a post-chaise early to-morrow, please. I may rely upon you," said Mabel, feverish and impatient now, "and relays of horses on the road, at any cost, for time is valuable."

"To-morrow is Sunday," said the Reverend Gregory Salmon, with a faint cough.

"And Brian Halfday will be there, and in your way again," observed Angelo.

"No, we shall be there before him," said Mabel; "we can start by daybreak if necessary."

"He will not go down to-night, certainly,"

said Angelo; "I hear that he walks the whole distance from Penton on the Sunday morning, as a rule."

"He lectures on 'Our City Abuses' at the Penton Institute for Working Men to-night," said the Master of the Hospital, "and there is a debate afterwards in which he takes part. He is quite a firebrand at times, Miss Westbrook."

"I can imagine that."

"A red-hot man, with the most extravagant ideas of the rights of the people, and all those kinds of absurdities," continued Gregory Salmon; "you don't know what trouble we have with him."

"I can imagine him a man interfering with everything, and always disputatious and disagreeable," said Mabel severely.

"That is exactly his character," observed the senior Mr. Salmon.

"Intensely conceited, and allowing no man or woman, if possible, to have an opinion opposed to his own," continued Mabel.

"Precisely."

"A bad temper——"

"Oh! a terrible temper."

"Intolerant and unjust——"

"Decidedly."

"And a man universally disliked," concluded Mabel.

"Ahem—scarcely that. I don't like him myself," said the Master, "for he's disrespectful in his manner to me; but you will be surprised to hear the Penton people voted him a piece of plate last Christmas."

"Yes—I am surprised at that," replied Mabel; "why was the plate given to him?"

"Oh! there has been a fuss for years about the forest rights further inland, and Brian Halfday, who had spent his life poring over old charters and deeds, was the first to take a principal part in the movement, and upset the people's minds," was the answer; "however, his side got the day, and he, as honorary secretary, came in for a silver salve. I wish him joy of it. I hope he may find some use for it out of the pawnbroker's shop."

Mabel, who was thinking very deeply, looked up at this."

"Is he poor, then?"

"The salary at the museum is a hundred and thirty pounds per annum—there were ten pounds extra voted last Christmas by a majority of the trustees," said Mr. Gregory Salmon, "and that is a small sum for a

man to give himself airs with, in a city like Penton."

"Ye-es," said Mabel, slowly and hesitatingly, "it is a very small sum. What makes him so proud a man?"

"Oh, like all self-taught individuals, he thinks he is more clever than anyone else—has read more, studied harder, and done more for the parish. You would scarcely credit it, but when one evening at the Institute, with Lord Swelter in the chair, I was delivering an address on the antiquities of this very hospital, he actually rose up in the body of the hall and contradicted my facts. You may imagine that I have not any great regard for a man who so grossly misconducts himself."

"Was he in the right?" Mabel asked.

"My dear Miss Westbrook, I declined to enter into any discussion with him, and Lord Swelter said afterwards that I had acted very judiciously."

"Yes, I dare say," said Mabel very absently. "Mr. Salmon," turning suddenly to Angelo, "will you go or send to the 'Mitre' at once? I will leave at an early hour tomorrow morning. I could not rest here all day in inaction and live."

"If it is a matter of grave consequence, of course I cannot urge you to remain till Monday," said Mr. Salmon, senior, "but it is exceedingly strange."

He waited for his visitor's confidence, as he had waited more than once before, but Mabel only replied—

"It is a matter of grave consequence. If I wait, this terrible Brian Halfday will foil me for ever. I am afraid of him."

"I will go to the 'Mitre' at once," said Angelo, rising.

"Thank you. I am deeply indebted to you, Mr. Angelo."

It was the first time that she had addressed him by his Christian name, and he flushed with pleasure. He departed on his errand with cheerful alacrity, and by eight o'clock in the morning of the following day an open postchaise and pair awaited Miss Westbrook's pleasure outside the entrance tower of St. Lazarus.

"When I return there will be no further mystery," Mabel said to the Master, who was at the gates to see her depart with Angelo as guide, "and I shall be very glad. I hate mystery—it has been the only shadow of my life."

"*Au revoir*, Miss Westbrook. Late this evening we shall hope to have the pleasure of welcoming you again," said Mr. Gregory Salmon, with a bow. "Angelo, you will take care of your precious charge, I feel assured."

"I will," said Angelo, radiant with happiness.

The post-chaise was driven rapidly away, and Mabel's face brightened with every mile away from St. Lazarus. She was excited with the journey, with the knowledge that she was approaching the completion of her task, the end of that mission which she had promised old James Westbrook faithfully to perform.

It was a hard task in many respects, but she did not feel its onerous duties now. She had got over that in America, when the truth was told her for the first time, and she had wept and wrung her hands and mourned over the weakness of human nature. Now it seemed like approaching the light, and bringing unto others a salvation from the darkness of their lives. Why Brian Halfday should have studied to thwart her in that task, Heaven only knew—it was unfathomable to her. He must have cruelly misunderstood her throughout, or, from the natural perversity of his disposition, seen in her only a disturber of the peace of mind of his family, instead of one who brought a blessing in her hands. She had imputed as much to him, but he had closed his ears and heart against her, and would not take her word. At all events he would brook no interference—and he had acted like a man afraid of her from the first. If the mystery vanished with her meeting with Adam Halfday—the mystery of the grandson's conduct as well—she would be very glad. Though she should never like Brian Halfday in all her life, she would be at peace with him, as well as with the rest of them, if it were possible.

It was a fair journey, and a bright warm day; the horses were fresh to their work, the postboy was energetic, and it was not eleven o'clock when they were winding up a steep, chalk, rutty roadway to a higher level.

"Three miles more, and we are at the end of our journey," said Angelo.

"Yes; we must be close to the end, now," murmured Mabel.

She had become very thoughtful, as though the excitement of the journey had worn off,

and the grave nature of her mission was asserting itself at last. Once or twice Angelo noticed that her lips moved as though rehearsing a lesson or a speech, and that in her grey eyes was a far-away look that told of an utter unconsciousness of present things.

"Round the bend of this hill we shall see the cottage lying in the hollow," said Angelo Salmon, but Mabel did not answer him again.

CHAPTER XII.

FOUND.

AT the turn of the road Angelo Salmon pointed out the hiding-place of Adam Halfday—a little white cottage lying in the hollow of the land, with a belt of fir trees for a background. The steep carriage road diverge! from here, and wound on across the hills, but the downs were level enough for the post-chaise to proceed some distance towards the cottage, over the close springy turf.

"What a glorious day it is!" exclaimed Angelo, but the remark failed as ineffectually to arouse his companion, as that of the preceding observation with which he had favoured her. She was too near to the truth; and her eyes took no thought of the day's glory, or of the beauty of the landscape which lay spread before her. Brian Halfday had chosen a fair resting-place for his grand-sire in the summer weather; the cottage stood some three-quarters of the way to the summit of the Penton downs, sheltered from the east by the sudden dip in the land, and open to the warm west winds that came across from the sea which sharp eyes could perceive in the distance, an expanse of golden ripple touching the blue sky, and flecked by the sails of stately ships.

"We will get down here, if you please, Miss Westbrook," said Angelo, as the post-boy reined in his horses; "the ground becomes broken and rugged in the descent."

"How far is that cottage from us?"

"Half a mile, perhaps."

"It seems as if we were never to get there," said Mabel, impatiently. "Now if it should be too late, after all!"

"That is not likely."

"Did you see him yesterday?"

"I inquired about him—he was in good health."

"And living with his grand-daughter, Dorcas?"

"Yes."

"That is well. Surely there is nothing now to stand between me and that old man," said Mabel.

"I don't think anyone can interfere," Angelo replied; "besides, Miss Westbrook, I am here to protect you. It is the greatest privilege of my life to—"

"Please do not talk so much, you worry me," said Mabel, and Angelo was immediately silent at this petulant appeal. He saw that she was not so calm and grave as she had been; he could almost fancy that there was an expression of regret, almost of irresolution on her face, as if at the last moment she were uncertain of the wisdom of her step, or undecided how to act now that the crisis had arrived.

Here was the end of the task to which she had looked forward during the process of the settlement of her grandfather's estate by the lawyers—that long, wearisome process of "coming into her rights," at which she had fretted and fumed in vain for months.

She and Angelo were silent until they were within a stone's throw of the cottage, and then her escort said kindly and considerately—

"I had better wait without until you have seen Mr. Halfday."

"Are you not curious to know why I have come?" she asked, almost satirically. "Your father is."

"I am not very curious," answered Angelo; "it is a good motive, I know."

"I thank you for believing in me," she said, "and now wish me God speed."

"God speed you on your task, Miss Westbrook."

"Why I have come—the broad, general principle of right which takes me to this house—I will tell you in good faith when we return to St. Lazarus," said Mabel.

Mr. Salmon bowed, and sat down on a rustic seat which had been placed a few yards from the cottage.

"I will wait here," he said; "it is a post of observation, and I can warn you if any one is coming."

"It is hardly necessary," said Mabel, in reply. She walked towards the cottage, which was planted on the downs itself, without any formality of fence or garden ground. Standing close to this humble edifice, a great

deal of its picturesqueness vanished by proximity, and there was evidence of wear and tear on its weather-beaten walls, and in the ragged, time-worn thatch above them. The place had not been repaired or painted to suit the tastes of the new comer, and only a rough panel of wood in the centre of the front door was suggestive of alteration. It was the country retreat of one who had neither the inclination nor the means to be too particular as regarded his habitation, and who considered the pure air of the breezy downs a full and satisfactory compensation for domestic inconveniences and the absence of society. Mabel knocked twice at the door without receiving a response. No one came to admit her, no voice called to her to enter, and full of a new fear her hand went quickly to the latch at last. The door was unfastened, and yielded to her touch; it opened inwards upon a room thick with the smoke of a wood fire, which was crackling and spluttering on a wide old-fashioned brick hearth. The intruder found her way with difficulty through the stifling fog, and coughed as she advanced, until a deep, hollow voice by the fireside called out—

"Is that you, Dorcas?"

"No, it is a friend who has come a long way to see you," answered Mabel.

"If you're the woman who came before and read me silly, I'll throw something at you this time," was the exceedingly discourteous warning proffered here.

"Are you Adam Halfday, of St. Lazarus?" asked Mabel, advancing again.

"I am. Is there any reason why I should deny it?"

"Not any."

"And who are you, creeping in when Dorcas and Brian have deserted me?" he asked. "I have no right to be left like this at my age—I am too old—I shall have my throat cut one of these fine days, and nobody the wiser till the beastly chapel's over. Who are you?—are you dumb?" he growled forth, in even more dog-like fashion.

Mabel had reached the old man's side. The smoke had cleared away somewhat by the opening of the door, or her smarting eyes had grown accustomed to it, for she could see that it was the face of Adam Halfday peering from a coarse blanket in which he had enshrouded himself that summer morning. He was sitting in an arm-chair, almost half-way up the chimney, for the con-

venience of securing all the heat of which the wood-fire was capable.

"You do not recognize me, Adam?" she inquired.

"I haven't my glasses; you ought to see. I have not my glasses on. Dorcas has left them on the drawers, upstairs—just like her," he mumbled, "always flying and tearing about, without any consideration for me."

"I will get them for you."

"Here!—hi! don't do that!" he screamed forth, "the house don't belong to you, and I can't have people——"

But Mabel Westbrook had found her way up a steep flight of wooden stairs to a room in the roof, secured a pair of glasses in heavy metal frames, which were on a chest of drawers near the window in the thatch, and was down again at the old man's side before he had completed his protest at her unceremonious behaviour.

"I want you to see me very clearly as I am—to make sure I am your friend, and not deceiving you," she said; "put on your glasses, please."

The withered hands into which she placed the spectacles began to shake with nervous trepidation, and Mabel knew already that he was conscious of her identity.

"Sit down, madam," he said, "I will talk to you in a minute."

Mabel sat down, and Adam Halfday put on his spectacles with difficulty, and finally peered at her keenly through them. With his dark, withered face, and with the blanket drawn closely round him, he looked not unlike an Indian chief over his camp-fire, wary, watchful and distrustful.

"Do you recognize me?" Mabel asked, quietly.

"No—not clearly."

"I am the lady who called at St. Lazarus the evening before you left the hospital," said Mabel.

"Indeed," he replied, in a low voice.

"You remember?"

"So many people call there—I can't recollect everybody."

"I was the only visitor that day."

"I don't remember," he replied again.

"Try and think?"

"I don't want to think," he said, in a fretful whimper; "will you wait till Brian comes?"

"I am here at this early hour to avoid Brian," said Mabel.

The old man turned away his head, and blinked at the fire.

"Brian can talk to you so much better than I can," he muttered; "I leave all business to him."

"Adam Halfday," said Mabel, drawing her chair towards the old man's, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, "you are on guard against the truest friend you have ever had in your life, although your grandson has warned you of me for reasons of his own. You are too old to attempt deceit—and too near Heaven, I hope, to lie to any one. Now tell me frankly who I am?"

There was a pause, and then Adam said, without looking at his questioner—

"You are James Westbrook's granddaughter."

CHAPTER XIII.

HOW ADAM HALFDAY TOOK THE GOOD NEWS.

ADAM HALFDAY acknowledged this with a great effort, and, with a timid, appealing look at Mabel, whose fair, bright smile at him in return perplexed him greatly. He looked steadily at the fire still, and said—

"I am a weak old man, and must not be excited too much. If you would only wait for Brian!"

"Still relying on him, then?"

"I have nobody else. He's very unkind to me, but there's no one else," was the reply.

"You rely on a man who has done his best to keep me from meeting you," said Mabel. "I am sorry to speak ill of him, but his has been a cruel and mistaken act."

"He always knows what is best, he says."

"I have come from James Westbrook in all good faith," continued Mabel, "to bring you good news—to raise you from poverty to riches—to render your last days as bright and happy as it is possible in this world, and at your age, they can be—to change the life of you and yours."

The blanket slipped from Adam Halfday's shoulders, as he leaned out of it in intense amazement.

"Brian never said anything of this," he cried; "not a word, not a single word has he told me of what you meant to do."

"I thought not," answered Mabel.

"And I don't see—I don't understand—why will you not explain before the boy enters, and interferes with us? Why will you not tell me what you mean, before Brian comes from Penton?" he exclaimed, with increasing excitement, and forgetting his past entreaties that Mabel should postpone her information until the arrival of his grandson.

Once more Mabel paused—for once more there stole across her mind a doubt of the wisdom of the policy she was pursuing. Words of warning that had been uttered by Brian Halfday on the first night of her meeting with him, came back to her as she sat facing this excitable, unamiable old man. Was she really acting for the best? Ought she not to consider this again before telling all the truth?

"You will listen calmly?"

"I swear to that," was Adam's answer. "Calmly! I should think so."

There was no time for consideration. It had been her grandfather's dying command—let her go on to the end without further hesitation. She could have wished that her listener had been a different man; she had pictured him as something like her own grandfather until he went to England; but if the painting had faded on the wall, it had been drawn by her own vivid imagination, and she had no right to shrink from the real portrait before her. Poverty had cast down and soured the disposition of this man, and Fate had been against him for many weary years—the fate of a hard injustice, which, late in the day, she had come back to atone for.

"The story of your partnership with my grandfather in Penton I need not dwell upon at any length," Mabel began; "it was not a happy alliance, and it was far from prosperous."

"Ay—yes, that's true," Adam Halfday murmured.

"There might have been prosperity, if there had been fair play given to the great business you two strove to create."

"Well, well, go on," he said, impatiently; "pass all that, and come to the end of it, and why you are here."

"You are not listening as calmly as you promised—your hands are shaking with excitement," Mabel warned him.

"You bring me close to an accursed past, and ask me to be calm. Great Heavens!

young woman, how is it possible?" he shouted at her. :

"I will be brief, but I require of you a greater patience."

"There, there—I'll try," said Adam; "see, my hands are not shaking now—but let me know the worst, or best, in a few words, and get me from the old days as quickly as you can. They were terrible days to me and mine."

"They were. In those past days, you and my father met misfortune, and the firm was broken up," Mabel continued. "There had been not only foolish speculations and gross mismanagement, but downright dishonesty. Warrants of value were not forthcoming, bonds and securities were missing, and there was never a trace of them from that day. Two ruined men, my grandfather and you, parted in bitterness of spirit with each other."

"We did. I hated him," said Adam.

"And distrusted his honesty. Ah, sir, at least that was unfair. Years afterwards James Westbrook learned a truth, and who had ruined you and him."

"Well?"

"It was my own poor father, God forgive him!"

Mabel bowed her head and pressed her hands before her face, but the old man was not affected by her grief. He was only anxious for the recital of the story, and in what way its termination affected his small lease of life. The troubles and griefs of the young were nothing to him; he had known troubles and griefs himself, and had had time to recover from them, as this child would do when he was lying in his coffin.

"Your father—Caspar Westbrook—our cashier," said Adam Halfday slowly. "Ah, I remember him. He went abroad—but all that is past and gone. I don't mind who brought me to ruin; it's too far back for me to care. What have you come for now? That's it!"

"You went down in position, step by step, until, in your poverty, it was necessary to claim the charity of St. Lazarus," Mabel continued; "whilst my grandfather, by degrees, amassed wealth in the New World. It is he who makes atonement from his grave to the man who was ruined by his son."

"Atonement, for such a wrong, comes awfully late!" whispered the old man to himself.

"He kept the secret for my father's sake."

"Whilst I was starving!"

"He had heard you were dead."

"He was always disposed to believe everything he was told—and that was the worst of the business," said Adam.

"I was to discover your children, or grandchildren, for it was only a few days before his last illness the news reached him that you were at St. Lazarus."

"And James Westbrook thought of me on his dying bed?"

"Yes."

"Strange that I should have come into his head after all these years," said Halfday; "and—well, well, well—what did he say about me? What did he think of doing for the old partner whom he had dragged from affluence to the workhouse—for that Hospital was not much better than the workhouse, or this infernal hole where Brian has stuffed me into. What are your instructions—what are you going to do for ME, at last?"

The blanket trailed upon the floor—a corner of it fell into the fire, where it scorched on unheeded, and the old man sat erect in his chair, with his large, veined, claw-like hands clutching at the wooden arms, and with a look of greed upon his face that Mabel Westbrook never afterwards forgot.

"My mission is to be your friend, to watch over you and yours, *as long as I live*," she answered; "never to let one man or woman of your race want help, money, friendship, anything, so long as it is in my power to assist. It is atonement for the past; it was my father's wish before he died—it was my grandfather's."

"Your father is dead then?" asked Adam Halfday.

"Yes. He died in Central Africa."

"A bad climate, that kills thieves as well as honest men," remarked Adam. "Did he go there with Brian's father?"

"I cannot tell."

"They were as intimate as I was with James Westbrook in my youth. I have no doubt they were together. But what are you going to do for ME?" he cried. "How is my life to be changed, and made all that you talk about? If I want money, can I have it?"

"Yes."

"Can I have it *now*?"

"Yes, if you wish."

"Without their knowing anything about it?" added the old man, with a new eagerness horrible to witness; "to do with as I like—just as I like! and no man or woman the wiser."

"Why should you wish that?" asked Mabel curiously.

"They would talk to me—tell me what to do with my money—interfere and harass me—drive me raving mad with their advice—poison me for it, Brian might, for he's fond of money, and works hard for it, and is not too particular."

"Great Heaven, do not say that!" cried Mabel.

"And I don't want them to know how rich I am," he said in a confidential whisper. "Can't you see, lady, how much better it will be for them not to know?"

Mabel shook her head.

"I shall be independent of them," he said. "I can thwart their plans against me at any moment. I shall feel stronger, prouder, younger, when I have some money of my own."

"You do not trust them?"

"In all my life I never trusted man or woman," he replied between his thin closed lips.

"I am sorry to hear you tell me this."

"There has been no one to trust," replied Adam; "in my own family, or out of it, nobody to trust."

"Or to love?"

"No, not one."

"Surely poor Dorcas, who has devoted her young life to you, who is your son's child, has a claim on your affection?"

"Dorcas," said the old man thoughtfully. "Well, no, I don't like her much, and I can't trust her at all. She's the best of them, I suppose. I don't know, I will not try to know at my age. How you wander from the subject! How you put me off, and keep me on the rack! You are as cruel as your father was."

"Ah, do not upbraid me!" cried Mabel. "You are old and feeble, and I do not see how this money—"

"What money? Where is it then—how much?"

"I was commissioned to place at your disposal, and as an earnest of good faith, a certain sum, when I had told you all the truth," said Mabel; "when I had asked your forgiveness for my father's crime and

for my grandfather's hard thoughts of you, for all the past wherein you suffered much from man's injustice."

"Yes, yes, I forgive everybody—the whole lot of them, whoever they are. How much money is it?" cried Adam

"Twenty thousand pounds."

"Good God!"

Adam Halfday sank back in his chair,— a man shot dead by the announcement; and the wasted form grew stiff and rigid as she gazed at him in horror. She sprang to her feet with a wild scream, as the head fell forwards on the chest, and a strange gurgling noise escaped him for a moment; she bent over him, and unfastened the buckle of his rusty stock with trembling fingers; she begged him to look up and take courage, and not give way at the last, at the very last, like this! she held him to her panting breast as though she loved him, and shed bitter and blinding tears over this poor wreck of all that had been human.

"Look up! do pray look up, for mercy's sake," cried Mabel, in her bewilderment and grief, "or I shall never know a happy hour in all my life again! Adam, my poor dear

Adam, see here; your bank-book; a statement of the money lodged at the Penton Bank in your name, to do with as you wish. Do look at it; do look at me! O, Heaven, I have killed him!"

Adam Halfday never saw the great gift which Mabel had brought to him, though his eyes were open and glaring at the unhappy girl who still hung over him. He had passed from this world in the arms of his old partner's grandchild, and joy had killed him, though the poor, grief-stricken, impulsive woman, cowering in the presence of the dead, took the blame upon herself.

When the truth was patent to her, and hard to bear and awful in its suddenness, the room swam round with her, and the consciousness of all that happened struck her down with greater force. She gave forth a second scream of terror, that went echoing from the cottage to the ears of Angelo without, and to the ears of others who were toiling up the hill to meet the dead man waiting in his chair for them, and fell forwards on the sanded floor, at the feet of the old man whom she had come many thousands of miles across the sea to benefit like this!

(To be continued.)

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

AS shadows gather round life's day,
Thoughts saddened sometimes trace the lapse of years,
And call from Memory's tomb a ray
That seems a glimpse of Heaven, subdued by tears,
Or scan the blighted joys that strew the way,
And sorrow o'er departed hopes and fears.

Of all the thoughts that Memory holds in store,
"It might have been" is fraught with deepest pain;
Thank God, its gloom shall fade for evermore,
When death is past, and but our spirit lives remain—
Through Heaven's great amnesty allowed to share,
That love whose power through endless time shall reign.

J. B. B.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION;*

A REPLY TO PROF. TYNDALL ON "MATERIALISM AND ITS OPPONENTS."

BY JOHN WATSON, M.A.

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"THE present age is pre-eminently the age of *criticism*, to which all things must be content to submit. Not even religion need expect to escape investigation; for if she seeks to shelter herself behind her sanctity, she will only provoke a suspicion of insecurity, from which those branches of knowledge that invite the severest scrutiny are exempt." These memorable words, written by Immanuel Kant towards the close of last century, have since received abundant illustration. A restless spirit of inquiry has prevailed, and still prevails, which is impatient of anything, however venerable, that cannot at once show its right to exist; and, therefore, it was not to be expected that Theology should succeed in preventing intruders, reverent or irreverent, from invading any charmed circle she might draw around her. Assaults have been made upon her from various positions and by different engines, but it is probably from the vantage-ground of science, and by scientific artillery, that she has been exposed to the fiercest and roughest kind of battery. The progress of science has been so swift and sure that one can hardly be surprised that its representatives are intolerant of rival methods, and forget in their triumphant haste that super-

* [The present paper was received some time before the appearance of the article by the Rev. Mr. Martineau in our March number; but as Prof. Tyndall's "Materialism and its Opponents" had been directed mainly against Mr. Martineau, precedence was naturally given to that gentleman's rejoinder. We had intended to publish Mr. Martineau's concluding paper, but it is so long—occupying twenty-seven pages of the *Contemporary*—that it would encroach unduly on our space. Our inability is the less to be regretted, inasmuch as the two papers will very shortly be published in book form by Messrs. Putnam, of New York, and, moreover, the present article covers the whole ground occupied by Prof. Tyndall.—ED. C. M.]

sensible realities cannot be verified by sense or formulated by mathematics: not because they are illusory, but because they lie beyond the circle within which science is free to move. And thus it has come about that some of the most distinguished of living physicists claim for their own department of truth undisputed possession of the domain of real knowledge, reserving for religion the nebulous realm of untested belief and unverifiable conjecture. Wrong begets wrong. The almost insolent tone in which the splendid achievements and definite results of science are contrasted with the stationary attitude and doubtful claims of religion, is partly responsible for that distrust, perhaps even dislike, of scientific progress which many religious minds evince. It is not in human nature to remain passive and unconcerned when beliefs of superlative importance are, or seem to be, at stake; nor is it unreasonable to feel that if we are for ever debarred from knowing more of a Supreme Being than his bare existence—as a school of thinkers, who have now the ear of a large section of the thinking public, proclaim from the house-tops—religious truth is placed at the mercy of every freak of fancy and every change of sentiment, while there is more than a possibility that even this poor minimum of belief will not long escape attack. That this prevision of consequences is not due merely to nervous apprehension is sufficiently proved by the fact that, while such men as Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Spencer are convinced that there is a great but unknowable reality behind the veil of visible phenomena, there are others, less reverent or more consistent, who plunge with their eyes open into the cheerless abyss of Materialism and Atheism. The struggle for physical well-being, with which we in this country have hitherto been mainly occupied.

has served as a breakwater to the tide of scepticism that has already swept over Europe ; but the roar of its waters is now in our ears and its spray on our faces, and we can only hope to keep all that we most highly value from being torn from the grasp of the more cultured among us by calmly and manfully facing the emergency.

These remarks have been immediately suggested by the reprint, in a late issue of this Review, of the reply Professor Tyndall has thought fit to make to the critics of his celebrated Belfast address.† All who are interested in watching the direction in which the current of recent speculation upon the mutual relations of science and religion is flowing, will have turned with eagerness to the latest utterance of one of the acknowledged leaders of scientific thought. But those who have done so in the expectation of finding therein any substantial contribution to the settlement of this great question will have been disappointed ; for while there is some freshness of illustration, and while that felicity of expression which never deserts the author is not wanting, no thought is advanced which has not been already expressed by him with at least equal force and clearness. At the same time, Mr. Tyndall perhaps owed it to himself to state, more explicitly than he had before done, the position he personally occupied in regard to Theism. For although it was evident from the first to any one at all familiar with the school of philosophical physicists, headed by Mr. Herbert Spencer, to which in the main he belongs, that Mr. Tyndall could not justly be charged with Atheism, the way in which he originally expressed himself was certainly calculated to suggest a different conclusion. The explanations that have now been made should be sufficient to dispel this false impression from the mind of all men of candour and charity, and to prevent the future repetition of so obnoxious a charge. It must, however, be confessed that a close and impartial estimate of the *tendency* of the views now distinctly expressed does not warrant quite so favourable a verdict ; for the only conception of a Supreme Being ostensibly allowed is so purely negative, that religious thought, or even religious emotion, is rendered impossible. Nevertheless, the Theist who pre-

fers to look at the latest vaticination of the scientific prophet in its nobler aspect, will be impelled to exclaim : " Behold thou hast blessed us altogether ! " This is the spirit in which we propose to consider Mr. Tyndall's confession of faith ; and if we should seem at first to be magnifying its sceptical side, a perusal of what we have further to say will show that we only seek to remove a morbid part, by sympathy with which an organism on the whole sound is in some degree impaired.

In common with Mr. Herbert Spencer, Professor Tyndall makes a broad distinction between that which the human intellect is capable of knowing, and that which is forever beyond its reach. The former is the realm of Science, the latter of Religion ; as the faculty or organ of the one is the understanding, and of the other emotion. Besides this general opposition of the Knowable and the Unknowable, a further contrast is set up, within the sphere of the Knowable itself, between the phenomena of matter and the phenomena of mind, which are declared to be incommensurable and mutually exclusive. A close scrutiny of the language in which this doctrine is propounded will perhaps suffice to show, that the two-fold opposition it asserts is at once gratuitous and self-contradictory : that, on the one hand, a positive knowledge of that which is ostensibly maintained to be unknowable is covertly assumed, and that, on the other hand, the rigid antithesis of mind and matter is tacitly surrendered. In what follows we shall endeavour to represent our author's thought fully and accurately, and with the impartiality which the importance of the subject demands ; to secure which, we shall in most cases confine ourselves to the article reprinted in the CANADIAN MONTHLY, to which the reader may refer to assure himself that we fulfil our promise.

1. In the address delivered before the British Association at Belfast, Professor Tyndall declared that " the whole process of evolution is the manifestation of a Power absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man." In the article now under consideration he adds in illustration : " I dare not, save poetically, use the pronoun ' He ' regarding it [the " Power "] ; I dare not call it a ' Mind ' ; I refuse to call it a ' Cause.' Its mystery overshadows me ; but it remains a mystery, while the objective frames which

† See CANADIAN MONTHLY for January, p. 56.

my neighbours try to make it fit, simply distort and desecrate it." This is a perfectly explicit denial of the possibility of any knowledge of a Supreme Power; but it is at the same time a less explicit assertion that this unknowable Power *exists*. We shall endeavour to prove that the denial and the assertion contradict each other.

When we are told that a "Power" exists, which is "absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man," we are apt to let the statement pass, because the word "Power" calls up a more or less definite object of thought, whereas that which is "absolutely inscrutable" can have no definiteness whatever. It is impossible to think of a "Power" without conceiving of it as something which *operates*, and which therefore may be known, at least partially, from its manifestations. Accordingly we are informed that the Power in question is "manifested in the whole process of evolution." It would seem then that we not only know that this Power exists, but also that the infinite energies of organic and inorganic nature, as well as the loftiest thoughts of man, are special modes of its operation. But a Power which pervades and sustains the whole universe can no longer be termed "absolutely inscrutable;" we are now warranted in speaking, with Wordsworth, of—

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

If therefore we are consistently to maintain our first position, we must suppose that the Unknowable is called a "Power," and declared to be "manifested in the whole process of evolution," merely in deference to the exigencies of popular language, which is not always of the delicacy requisite for the expression of the ideas of subtle thinkers. We are confirmed in this conjecture by our author himself, who "refuses to call" the Unknowable a "Cause." This radically alters our conception of it; for we had supposed, erroneously as it now appears, that it was not *only* a Cause, but the Cause of Causes—the Absolute Cause, of which all modes of reality are the visible effects. We

must then discard the use of the word "Power," which, when supplemented by the important addition, "manifested in the whole process of evolution," is naturally taken to cover the operation of all laws of nature and all processes of thought. We must be particularly careful not to "distort" or "degrade" the Unknowable by supposing that it is a "Power" that operates; or a "Cause" that acts; rather let us conceive it, poetically of course, after the manner of the gods of Epicurus, as somehow dwelling in a pure vacuum, altogether beyond the limits of the known or knowable universe; and let us cease to speak of it as "manifested in the whole process of evolution," since it has no connection whatever with any reality that can be known by us. How then shall we designate the Unknowable? "I dare not call it a 'Mind.'" Of course not, seeing that it is "absolutely inscrutable." "I dare not use the pronoun 'He' regarding it." No, clearly not; for that were to re-introduce the conception of "Mind," which has just been eliminated. What shall the Unknowable be called? for we are now left to our own resources, our guide having deserted us. We are assured that it *exists*, and we must try to attach some meaning to the assertion. Shall we say, "Something exists," or "It exists?" Assuredly not; for the Unknowable must on no account be identified with a material extended *thing*. Does the Unknowable exist at all? Baffled at every turn to attach any meaning to the proposition, "The Unknowable exists," this is the question that at last forces itself upon us. And for ourselves we answer: Yes, it exists, exactly in the sense in which *Nothing* exists—*i. e.* as a pure abstraction in the mind of its creator, but nowhere else. If any one will have the goodness to point out what remains after inorganic nature, organic nature, all living beings and all minds have been thought away, except the abstraction "Nothing," we shall be prepared to admit that the Unknowable has a real existence. It is no Power, no Cause, no Mind, Nothing. By simply holding fast by the notion of its "absolute inscrutability," and refusing to allow it to be brought into connection with, and thus receive a meaning from, that which is really known, we find that the Unknowable, being simply the absence of all knowledge, cannot be even held to have an objective existence.

Does this analysis do Mr. Tyndall any injustice? Is not the conclusion at which we have arrived the only one to which we can come, if we are thoroughly in earnest with the words we employ? If I am forbidden to apply to the Unknowable any predicate whatever; if I dare not call it "He," if I cannot call it "It," if I refuse to call it a "Cause," and must not call it a "Power," what possible account can I render to myself of what I mean? And if the Unknowable has no definite meaning, in what sense can it be said to *exist*? Here if anywhere the "*Vorstellungsfähigkeit*," which he well defines as "the power of definite mental presentation, of attaching to words the corresponding objects of thought, and of seeing them in their proper relations," might have come into play, and served to warn our author that the impossibility of realising in consciousness that which is asserted in words, and the complete absence of all relations, without which no object is even conceivable, conspire to prove that an "absolutely inscrutable" Power is an empty abstraction, about which nothing can be said because there is nothing to say about it. But instead of following out the doctrine of the Unknowable to its legitimate issue, Mr. Tyndall first weaves, out of a series of negations, an impalpable, unimaginable, unthinkable Idol, and then, covering his eyes and stopping up his ears, falls down before it, in true oriental fashion, adoring it as an absolute "mystery." But wherein lies the "mystery?" Is it not entirely self-created? If I sedulously sweep from my consciousness all definite objects of thought—granting that this is possible—and then protest that I am filled with humility and awe, feeling myself in contact with a Presence that overshadows and strikes me mute by its unintelligible wonder, am I not guilty of demonstrable self-deception? Will any mental attitude so readily predispose to the feeling of utterly baffling mystery, as the effort to extract something from nothing, the intelligible from the unintelligible? The darker the night, the more room there is to people space with ghosts; but darkness is simply the absence of light, and ghosts the projection of unreasoning fancy! The Hindoo priest, who believed that, upon shutting out all the sights and sounds of nature and purifying his consciousness of all trace of thought or emotion, he passed into passion-

less union with Brahma, was not more unreasonable than those who ask us to believe in the reality of a Power, that by definition can never be known. It is really astonishing to find that men who are utterly incredulous of the unintelligible, so long as they are moving in the realm of Science, relapse into sheer mysticism the moment they cross the border-line which ushers them into the domain of Religion! When Molière ridicules the mediæval schoolmen by putting into the mouth of one of his characters the pretentionly nonsensical remark, that "opium puts people to sleep by its soporific virtue," he strikes at the root of that deification of the emptiest of all abstractions—the abstraction of Nothing—which is at present in fashion. For it is as reasonable, to say the least, to account for the production of sleep by saying that sleep is produced, as it is to declare that "the whole process of evolution" manifests the operation of a "Power," of which no more can be said than that it operates.

It has been well said that no error is overthrown until its origin has been accounted for; a remark that is peculiarly applicable in the present instance. That there is a Supreme Power, out of all relation to the actual world, which no effort of human thought can in the least apprehend, is not a new thought: it was propounded shortly after the reception of Christianity, and has reappeared at intervals ever since. It determined the course of the theosophical speculations of Gnostics in the second century, and formed the central idea of mediæval Mysticism; it has been held by profound thinkers like Kant and Sir William Hamilton; it was countenanced by Goethe, and is pertinaciously advocated by Mr. Matthew Arnold.* It will therefore naturally be asked, how it has come that men of such diverse character and habits of thought, separated as some of them are by centuries of progress, should coincide in maintaining, as the fruit of mature and reverential investigation, a view which is declared to be not only untrue but intrinsically absurd. "Surely it is too much to suppose," it may be said,

*[Prof. Watson might have added that the "thought" is also "countenanced" by the Bible, in such passages, for instance, as Job xi. 7: "Canst thou by searching find out God?"—Job, xxxvi. 26: "Behold, God is great, and we know him not"; and many others.—ED. C. M.]

"that such men should allow themselves to fall into a blunder that appears to be of such easy refutation." The objection, besides being merely an appeal to authority, is much less formidable than it looks. For a careful investigation shows that, in all cases, what is denied to knowledge is brought back in some other equivalent form. The Absolute One of the theosophists was really taken out of its self-contained isolation, and brought into connection with the known universe, by the fiction of a series of emanations that were supposed to proceed from it, as successive waves of light go out from the sun. In the system of Kant, the possibility of an intellectual apprehension of the Divine is denied; but the moral law in the heart of man is held to necessitate the supposition of a Being, unchangeable, infinite, and eternal. The limitations of the human intellect are maintained by Hamilton to raise up an insurmountable wall or partition between the finite and the Infinite; but this wall is virtually taken away when Belief is invested with a power denied to Knowledge. Goethe, to whom reference is made by Mr. Tyndall, after making Faust utter a denial of any knowledge of God, allows him immediately after to make use of language that converts the denial into an affirmation—

"The All-embracer,
The All-upholder,
Grasps and upholds He not
Thee, me, Himself?
Doth not the Heaven vault itself above thee?
Stand not the earth's foundations firm beneath thee?
And climb not, friendly looking down,
Up Heaven's slope th' eternal stars?
And feel'st thou not an innate force propelling
Thy tide of life to head and heart,
A power that, in eternal mystery dwelling,
Moves visibly invisible beside thee? . . .
All places speak it forth,
All hearts, from furthest South to furthest North,
Proclaim the tale divine,
Each in its proper speech."²

And Mr. Matthew Arnold, in like manner, gives meaning to his negative conception of God by speaking of a "Power, not ourselves, that makes for righteousness." Knowledge of a Supreme Being has not, as we are asked to believe, been "denied to some of the greatest and noblest men in this and other ages," if we will only look at the implications of their statements, rather than at the superficial meaning of them; nor has it been refused to Professor Tyndall. Careful

examination would show that the real difficulties that surround and obscure all speculations upon the ultimate origin of things, and the unconscious assumption of false and untested premisses, have caused the true proposition, that the human mind has only a *partial and incomplete knowledge* of a Supreme Being, to be confused or identified with the untrue proposition, that *no knowledge whatever* of Him is possible. It would lead us too far away from our present subject to remove the various disguises of language and association by which these two disparate judgments have been blended together, in the case of each of the writers named; but the source of confusion in the writer with whom we are at present concerned it will now be our aim to investigate.

It has already been remarked that Mr. Tyndall allows himself—inconsistently, if we are to take his assertion of the "absolute inscrutability" of the Unknowable in its strict and only legitimate meaning—to speak of a "Power," and of its "manifestation in the whole process of evolution." In this way a definite object of thought is gained, but at the sacrifice of logical consistency. For how can we say that we have *no knowledge* of that which the whole existing universe reveals? Follow Professor Tyndall in the onward sweep of his thought, from the moment when, as in a vision, he sees *nothing* but a nebulous mist, in which the world is as yet wrapped up and concealed; trace his course as he pictures this potential world coming forth from its obscurity and shaping into greater and greater definiteness, until at length the molten globe hardens and solidifies, and becomes a fit dwelling-place for living things; watch inorganic matter bursting forth into the organic life of the vegetable world, becoming by insensible gradations instinct with the sensitive life of the animal, and rising through myriad forms, until it culminates in man, the highest animal of all; add to all this, that this infinite variety and fulness are the manifestation and evolution of a Power, admittedly only partially revealed; and then ask whether in any intelligible sense it can be said that of this Power we know nothing, or that we are encompassed by an absolute "mystery." That in a certain sense mystery folds us round, and shuts out from our dim vision the unfathomable riches of the Divine nature, all men of reverential feeling will not only admit, but

* J. S. Blackie's translation of "Faust."

eagerly contend ; but the mystery is one that takes its meaning and springs from the measure of knowledge we actually possess, not the sham mystery which arises from the futile effort to see something in a bald abstraction. Although Nature has unfolded the secret of many of its laws to the triumphant questioning of science, there are numerous phenomena that have not as yet arranged themselves in the well-ordered and harmonious system of the universe ; and hence a perfectly intelligible and demonstrable ground for the assertion of mystery exists, that there are objects partially revealed, which must be capable of taking up their appointed place in the grand economy of things, when they are brought under the fuller light of advancing knowledge. But even although the continuous exercise of millions of human intelligences for countless millions of years shall not, as probably it cannot, bathe every spot in the whole universe in the light of reason ; although human knowledge may never "orb into the perfect star" ; the presence of spots of darkness, however vast, does not quench the light that is already shining. How then can the Power, which manifests itself in all created things, be termed an absolute "mystery?" We know, according to our author himself, that it exists, and that of it the whole system of things is a manifestation ; we know that none of these, nor all of them together, exhaust its endless activity ; surely then it is to affirm and deny in one breath to speak of the Power of which we know so much as "absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man!"

It almost seems to be forgotten that the only ground we have for asserting the reality of anything is our knowledge of it, and that if we try to put meaning into that which is defined as the absolute negation of knowledge, we gratuitously puzzle ourselves by self-created difficulties. Mr. Tyndall's misunderstanding of the nature and foundation of knowledge presents a painful contrast to his wonderful capacity of scientific generalization. And the reason is that he tacitly assumes, as a method of knowledge, what is in reality a method of ignorance. Perhaps a familiar illustration will make this clear. Picking up a stone and pressing it in my hand, I find it offers a strong resistance to the muscular energy I bring to bear upon it ; looking at it, I see it is of a

certain colour ; letting it go, it falls to the ground. Here are three properties I have found the stone to possess : hardness, colour, and weight. If I say, this stone is not hardness, nor colour, nor weight, I assert what is undeniable ; but at the same time these three attributes, taken together, really constitute the nature of the stone, although they do not exhaust its properties. But if I employ the method by means of which a Supreme Power is shown to be unknowable, I shall remove each of these known qualities in succession, and then ask what the stone is *in itself*, apart from its properties. And the answer will be that I know nothing whatever about it. "The stone in itself," I may say, "I can never know ; it is absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man ; its mystery overshadows me, and any attempt to apply predicates to it simply distorts and desecrates it." Is it not evident that we may create as many "mysteries" as we choose, by thus separating from an object all its qualities, and then attempting to find something in the bodiless remainder ? And yet this conjuring trick has imposed upon the keenest scientific intellects of the present day ! In his own sphere, Professor Tyndall would refuse point-blank to be juggled into the belief of his complete ignorance, where demonstrably he was in possession of knowledge. He would reply that he not only knew these properties of the stone, but many others ; by chemical analysis, by tracing the relation of colour to the organ of vision, and investigating the nature of light, and by showing that weight involves an immediate relation to the earth and a mediate relation to other worlds, he would show that our rudimentary knowledge of any material object may be indefinitely increased. Now, we contend that there cannot be two fundamentally contradictory methods of knowledge ; that as scientific progress consists in the discovery of new relations or properties, so the only way in which the Power which knowledge as a whole partly reveals and (not revealing fully) partly conceals, can be truly apprehended, is by seeking it in the whole of known existence—*i.e.* in the sum of relations by which the universe is constituted.

2. By a simple analysis of the language employed in regard to the Unknowable, it has been shown that what is taken away with one hand is restored with the other :

knowledge of a Power, declared to be "absolutely inscrutable," is denied; but as the surrender of such knowledge is only equivalent to an endorsement of the Lucretian maxim, "*Ex nihilo nihil fit*," no real prejudice is raised against knowledge of a Power which is "manifested in the whole process of evolution." Little surprise will therefore be felt that Mr. Tyndall likewise blows hot and cold when he comes to speak of emotion as the sole organ of Religion. He maintains the "mutual independence of religious feeling and objective knowledge;" Mr. Martineau, he says, "professes to *know* where he only claims to *feel*," and speaks of "organs of divine apprehension," not recognizing the "entirely *subjective* character of his creed."

Here there is a perfectly unqualified denial of any knowledge whatever of a Supreme Power, which is yet very strangely held to be "manifested in the whole process of evolution," and is at the very least known to *exist*. For ourselves, we confess our total inability to see how these contradictory statements may be even plausibly reconciled. If religious feeling entirely excludes "objective knowledge," the assertion that the supposed Power exists must be given up; and if the Power is known to exist there must be some "objective knowledge" of it—a knowledge of its real existence beyond the individual mind—in which case religious apprehension is not "entirely subjective."

But no doubt it would be replied that by "objective" knowledge is meant definite knowledge—a knowledge of the *nature* of the unknown Power. Here the admission that in the absence of all attributes no knowledge whatever is possible is unwittingly made; an admission that indirectly bears out the conclusion that the "absolutely inscrutable" is incapable of being either thought or expressed. Without at present further insisting upon the consequences of this admission, let us see whether, upon the exclusion of all knowledge, religious emotion is possible at all.

Now it will be at once admitted that no emotion of any kind is possible, unless the person who experiences it *believes* in the reality of the object towards which it is directed. This is, of course, very different from saying that the belief proves the object not to be "entirely subjective;" for it is self-evident that emotion may arise either

when the object of it is very different from what it is supposed to be—as is perhaps usually the case in the amatory passion—or when there is no real object at all. But it is a universal law, to which religious feeling is no exception, that no emotion can be experienced without an accompanying belief in the actual existence of something that excites it. The fetish-worshipper picks up the first stick or stone that attracts his eye, and clothes it with superhuman attributes woven from the emotions of his own soul; but the moment he is convinced that the reality does not correspond to his belief, he casts it from him as a worthless thing. From the musical murmur of the fountain and the whispering silence of the forest, from the mysterious voice of the ocean and the infinite vastness of the overarching heavens, the poetic mind of Greece created a host of supernatural beings, to whom the tribute of incense and prayer was offered up; but the "dry light" of the understanding gradually banished the gods from the creed of the more thoughtful; a more artificial and corrupt age overlaid the sublime simplicity of the religious conceptions of an earlier time with incredible fictions; and at length even the devotion of the masses died out with the extinction of their faith. So in the later days of the Roman Republic, as in the period of the Empire, when real belief in the gods lingered only among the most illiterate and unthinking, not reverence and awe, but indifference and contempt were felt for the detected shams: the philosophers tolerated their worship from moral or political motives, the wits turned it into a jest, the very children and old women scoffed at it. And, coming nearer ourselves, the extreme difficulty we have of realizing that our English forefathers had a living faith in Woden and Thor shows how the decay of religious belief is surely followed by the extinction of religious emotion. Nay, does not the pity or contempt with which the Protestant of to-day regards the divine honours paid to the Blessed Virgin teach the same instructive lesson? Really, the inseparable dependence of feeling and belief is so manifest that some excuse almost seems needed for insisting upon and illustrating it. Our justification is that it is tacitly denied when we are called upon to admit that religious emotion may survive disbelief of the "objective" reality of a Supreme

Power. This concealment of manifest consequences is simply, as Carlyle says in a like connection, "an attempt to roof over the bottomless pit." The fabric of emotion cannot be raised upon the bosom of Nothing; it must have a foundation of some solidity to rest upon, or it will inevitably fall when the rains descend and the floods come, and great will be the fall of it! Convince people, as Mr. Tyndall labours to do, that religious feeling is thrown out at empty space, and you cut away the roots, and remove the soil, and extinguish the sunlight, without which the fruit and flower of religious life will never come into being. Nor does it in any way mend matters to say that, although we have no knowledge of the nature of the Power that underlies all phenomena, we may be certain of its existence; for even granting that this proposition is capable of being intelligibly stated—and that it is not we have already tried to show—the survival of emotion is not by this alteration rendered one whit more credible. Emotion demands for its production not only belief in a real object, but belief in an object *adequate to its production*. But if the Unknowable is to be conceived neither as a Power, a Cause, a Mind, a Person, nor as anything else that has meaning for us, how can the contemplation of it excite even the faintest trace of emotion, unless it be the emotion of intellectual bewilderment? How can it be either worshipped or revered, admired or loved? How can it produce either hope or fear, doubt or apprehension? The thing is incredible; and therefore to purchase the safety of Religion at the ignoble expense of rational comprehension, is to overreach one's self by giving up at the same time that emotion which we are told is "the only philosophic foundation on which it is possible to build religion."

Here, however, as before, we have to rejoice at the manifestation of a noble inconsistency. Even when he is maintaining that Religion is entirely "under the reign of Emotion," Mr. Tyndall informs us that "the scientific investigator finds himself overshadowed by the same awe" as moved Kant, when he contemplated "the starry heavens and the moral responsibility of man;" an awe that "associates him with a Power which gives fulness and tone to his existence," and which he "sees manifested

in the universe." Here language is used which distinctly implies that the sphere of emotion somehow overlaps the sphere of knowledge. It is easy to understand how a Power, which is "manifested in the universe"—as *e. g.* in the starry heavens and the moral nature of man—should call out religious emotion of a pure and lofty kind; for it is difficult to see in what essential respects that which is revealed alike in the physical and moral world, while it cannot be identified with either, differs from the Creator and Moral Governor of the world, of whom the ordinary Theist speaks. That this Power is in reality that Supreme Being, who is neither unknowable nor unknown, an examination of the positive side of our author's theory, to which we now proceed, will, we believe, firmly establish.

3. Leaving the realm of the Unknowable, Professor Tyndall enters the sphere of the Knowable, and discourses upon the nature of "matter," which is said to contain "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." A preliminary word or two upon the relation of Science and Religion will prepare the way for the further remarks we have to make.

We may approach Nature with two very different objects in view: either to find out the special properties or relations by which individual things are constituted, and the laws which regulate the co-existence and succession of natural events; or to discover the ultimate nature of the universe as a whole—whether, for example, it is self-dependent and self-governed, or dependent for its existence and manifestations upon a Supreme Being. The former is a scientific, the latter a theological problem. It is of course quite legitimate for a scientific man to assume the role of the theologian, or for the professional theologian to decide upon a question of science, provided that he has competent knowledge and does not attempt to solve the one by a method that is only appropriate to the other. Now, when Mr. Tyndall informs us that "matter" contains the "promise and potency of every form and quality of life," he may be speaking either from the stand-point of science or from that of theology, according as he means that life follows and is, as a matter of fact, connected with inorganic things, or that all known phenomena, inorganic and organic, may be explained from themselves

without assistance from any higher principle. These two essentially different questions are, in the article under consideration, confused together, so that now the one and now the other prevails, and the conclusion at last reached appears to be established by scientific observation and experiment, when in reality it is the result of theological speculation. This confusion is concealed mainly by an ambiguous use of the term "matter," which is sometimes employed, in its proper scientific sense, as a general name for all phenomena *except* those of life and consciousness; and at other times in a theological sense, as identical with the Power of which all phenomena indifferently are the "manifestation." This charge has to be made good.

Mr. Tyndall begins with inorganic nature. "Let us," he says, "travel in company to the Caribbean Sea, and halt upon the heated water. What is that sea, and what is the sun which heats it? Answering for myself, I say that they are both matter." Certainly; but what is "matter?" Apparently (p. 64) it may at present be defined as a "homogeneous extended atomic solid," the atoms of which (p. 62) are "in motion, and of various shapes, and of as many kinds as there are chemical elements." This is undoubtedly a scientific definition of "matter," nothing being said as to its *ultimate nature*. Nor is the next step open to objection. The sun is supposed to act upon the surface of the sea, and the water, with the exception of a "solid residue of salt," takes to "itself wings and flies off as vapour;" reaching the Alps, the vapour condenses to "particles of crystalline water," which "coalesce to stars of snow." These crystals are claimed to be "matter," and the claim cannot be denied, since nothing is said as to the *ultimate nature* of "matter."

But we enter a strong protest against our author's next step. "A *formative power*," he says, "has obviously come into play which did not manifest itself in either the liquid or the vapour. The question now is, was not the power 'potential' in both of them, requiring only the proper condition of temperature to bring it into action? Again I answer for myself in the affirmative." Here the passage from the scientific to the theological point of view is made, since the term "matter" is no longer applied to a *special object*

having certain definite properties, but to the *universe as a whole*. See what is involved in the above reasoning. The water of the Caribbean Sea, like the sun, is "matter," *i. e.*, it is an "atomic solid," having certain sensible properties. Here there is nothing said of a "formative power," that is "potential," in either the "water or the sun;" a proof that the ordinary scientific conception of "matter" does not contemplate any explanation of the ultimate nature of a material thing. The water changes its form and becomes vapour; but how? Not of itself, nor from any "power" that it has potentially in itself, but by the action of the sun's rays upon it; in other words, we are now speaking, not of a special material thing, but of the operation of certain physical laws. Then we have to "compound the northward motion of the vapour with the earth's axial rotation" in order to account for the motion of the vapour to the Alps. We are getting far away from the material thing called "water," with which we started; for here is a greater complexity of natural laws introduced. The vapour of *itself* has no power of motion "potentially" in itself, any more than the water has the capacity of converting itself into vapour. Finally, the "cold firmament" has to be introduced to explain the condensation of the vapour to crystals; and hence it is not in the vapour that the formation of crystals must be sought, but in the general laws of the physical universe. What, then, does Professor Tyndall mean by telling us that in the "liquid" and the "vapour" there was "potentially" a "formative power?" Is it not at once apparent that these form the least important factor in the production of the ultimate result, the crystal, and that the "formative power" really lies in Nature *as a whole*? Suppose we discount the action of the sun's rays, the influence of gravitation, the coldness of the atmosphere, and, in short, the general laws of nature; and what becomes of the "formative power?" Evidently the "liquid" or the "vapour," *per se*, is no more competent to build up the symmetrical forms of the crystal than to extinguish the sun. When, therefore, we are told that "matter" has "potentially" a "formative power," we are not to understand by this that any individual material thing, such as a "liquid" or "vapour," has this power, but only that it is possessed by

the universe as a whole. And as the universe is not identical with any part of itself, so neither is its "formative power" the same as the sum of visible things; for these things are simply its manifestation. Thus we obtain the conception of a "Power," which is "manifested in the universe." In short, what Mr. Tyndall now calls "matter," he formerly called a "Power, absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man." Thus his "Materialism" turns out to be very innocent indeed, when it is properly understood. And it is very instructive to note how the assertion of "absolute inscrutability" changes into the claim of considerable knowledge, when the same thing is called "matter" which was before termed "Power." Such is the potent influence of a name, that we are now called upon to admire the "astonishing addition made to the power of matter," when contemplated as the artificer of crystals; an admiration which must now be extended to the "Power" which was formerly maintained to be "absolutely inscrutable to the intellect of man," and thus defrauded "of an intrinsic architectural power, which the art of man, even when pushed to its utmost degree of refinement, is incompetent to imitate." Liberating ourselves from the confusing influence of ambiguous language, we have now the conception of a Power that is manifested, although incompletely, in the whole of "the things that are made." Such a conception does not of course coincide with the Christian idea of God; but so far from being antagonistic thereto, it involves the attributes of superhuman power and intelligence. And we shall have occasion to see that the conception must be widened and purified by the addition of other and loftier attributes.

Mr. Tyndall next passes to the organic world, and begins, as was meet, with vegetal life. "On the ground near a tree planted by Sir John Moore, little oaklets were successfully fighting for life with the surrounding vegetation. The acorns had dropped into the friendly soil, and this was the result of their interaction. What is the acorn? what the earth? and what the sun, without whose heat and light the tree could not become a tree, however rich the soil, and however healthy the seed? I answer for myself as before—all 'matter.'" Here the passage from the scientific to the theological

conception of "matter" is made at one bound. The term "matter" cannot be here employed in the sense of an "extended homogeneous atomic solid," nor even in the sense of that which manifests the operation of mechanical and chemical forces; it must mean that which is also displayed in the higher phenomena of vegetal life. We are not concerned to defend the position that there is in the plant a "soul," distinct and separate from its organism; on the contrary, we maintain, as emphatically as our author, that such a "soul" is an unintelligible abstraction. Surely it was quite superfluous to prove to a man of Mr. Martineau's philosophic grasp of thought, that the "soul" of the plant is not externally put into it, as one would fill up a vessel with water! What we wish to point out is that Mr. Tyndall is gradually idealizing the conception of "matter" with which he started. To this we do not object, so long as it is admitted that the "matter" spoken of is not "matter" as first defined, but that which is manifested in the totality of natural laws. What we have to complain of is the very misleading language which is employed. Speaking of the Ceylon fern, our author asks: "Does it lessen my amazement to know that every cluster and every leaf—their form and texture—lie in the molecular structure of these apparently insignificant stems?" No, it certainly does not lessen one's amazement—it raises it to the height of incredulity! In the passage in reference to the oak, already quoted, it is pointed out that for the growth of the plant there are needed the heat and light of the sun, without which the plant could not become a plant, "however rich the soil and however healthy the seed." In plain terms, the whole of the dynamical and chemical forces of the universe must conspire to the production of vegetal life. It is not therefore from their "molecular structure" that the foliage of the oak and the fern proceed, but from the Power which is seen manifested in the whole universe. If we limit ourselves to the "molecular structure" of an individual plant, we shall never get beyond the conception of an "extended homogeneous atomic solid." "Matter," as that which is revealed in the phenomena of life, not less than in the phenomena of inorganic nature, is nothing that can be discerned by our senses; it is simply the "Power" which, we

are told, is "manifested in the whole process of evolution." We need not quarrel with our author's terms; so long as it is clearly understood that "matter" is, in the theological sense, synonymous with the so-called "Power," we are content. Now we know that it displays not only power and intelligence, but must in some sense possess life. We are approaching nearer to the true conception of a Supreme Being.

The next step will have been anticipated. The animal, as well as the vegetable, is a product of the power latent in "matter." And of course the origin of man is to be traced to the same source. "Were not man's origin implicated, we should accept without a murmur the derivation of animal life from what we call inorganic nature." We must figure the babe "growing in the womb, woven by something not itself, . . . and appearing in due time, a living miracle, with all its organs and all their implications."

How "matter" has gradually transformed itself! We have simply to make explicit what is implied in these words, to have the conception of God in its fulness and completeness. We are told indeed that life and consciousness are "derived from what we call inorganic Nature." This, however, we must regard as a loose and popular way of speaking. "Inorganic nature" is definable as an "extended homogeneous atomic solid" of certain sensible properties; and from that which is so conceived nothing can be derived except "inorganic nature." Professor Tyndall is here taking advantage of the ambiguity that lurks in the term "matter," and asserting of it in its scientific sense what is only true of it in its theological meaning. Life and consciousness are no more the product of "matter," regarded as another name for "inorganic nature," than the "Power, manifested in the whole process of evolution," is dependent upon that process. Not "inorganic nature," but "matter"—that which is revealed in the inorganic world, as well as in the world of consciousness and of life—contains "the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." Suppose, then, that we eschew the confusing term "matter" altogether—the disuse of the mere word cannot in any way affect our conceptions—and ask how the results which we have now obtained are to be formulated, what shall we have to say? We must say that the Un-

known is that which works through the laws that keep the stars in their appointed places, guide the planets in their orbits, regulate the motions of all visible things, and control the incessant vibration of invisible molecules. Is this all? No; it is that which, acting mysteriously, separates or draws together the countless atoms of which each thing is made up, and manifests its handiwork openly in the mathematical regularity of the snow crystal. Does the power of the Unknown end here? No; it is that which, essaying a higher feat, impels the sap through the veins of the tree, forms its minute cells, weaves the whole into a texture "wonderful even to the naked eye," and superintends the ever-ending, ever-renewed cycle of changes of vegetal life; that which stirs in every nerve of the animate being, flashing sensation from periphery to centre and impulse back again from centre to periphery. Has the Unknown further capacity? Yes; rousing itself from the death-sleep of inorganic nature and the sluggish life of plant and animal, and gathering itself together for a last triumphant effort, it awakens to conscious thought and feeling in man; informs the song of the poet and guides the intellect of the scientific discoverer; embodies itself in languages, laws, institutions; originates moral and religious conceptions; and rolls on, in an ever-deepening and ever-widening stream of civilization, through the ages, enlightening, purifying, and elevating. Is this all? No; for the Unknown is still "working and weaving in endless motion," in inorganic nature, in plant and animal, and in man; and what its final manifestations will be no man can tell. The Unknown is all that has been said, and more; it is not to be identified with any of its embodiments; its glory is only partially revealed, and no limit can be set to its creative activity. What is this Unknown? Is it "matter?" Its nature cannot be altered by any name we may choose to give it; but at least it is an omnipotent, omnipresent, infinite Being, which surely it were no misnomer to call by the high name of *God*.

4. At this point we are reminded that we have been assuming much more than Mr. Tyndall is willing to allow. Swept along by the current of his speculation, we have been carried beyond the point where he stops, and have been led to suppose that consciousness, not less than inorganic na-

ture and living things, is a manifestation of "that mysterious something called matter." Nor have we been altogether deserted by the apparent countenance of our guide. For not only does he reject the supposition that there is in man a "soul" distinct from his body, and therefore remove all legitimate grounds for isolating consciousness from sensitive life, but he uses expressions that in their natural sense seem to mean that there is no break in the continuity of man's animal life and his intellectual and spiritual nature. What, for instance, are we to understand when we are told that "no line has ever been drawn between the conscious and the unconscious," if not that consciousness is an efflorescence of "matter?" What is the meaning of the statement that the babe "is woven by something not itself, . . . and appears in due time, a living miracle, with all its organs and *all their implications?*" And how are we to interpret the assertion, occurring in the Belfast address, that "the doctrine of evolution derives man *in his totality* from the interaction of organism and environment through countless ages past?" When an author allows himself to use language so loosely as to suggest unbroken continuity, when he means to affirm an absolute rupture, he need not be surprised should his meaning be misapprehended.

We must, however, accept the explicit statements that "the passage from the physics of the brain to the corresponding facts of consciousness is unthinkable," and that "the chasm between the two classes of phenomena is intellectually impassable." Physical and mental phenomena thus, like two parallel lines that never meet however far they may be produced, have no point of contact, although they are of equal certainty.

The first reflection that suggests itself in regard to this doctrine is that the supposed opposition of mind and matter cannot be so absolute as it is said to be, since it must be by a *mental* process that material phenomena are known. If these phenomena lie entirely beyond the circle of consciousness, they must be for ever unknowable. How then was the impossible feat of crossing a "chasm" which is "intellectually impassable" ever accomplished? It must be by an intellectual process that we are enabled to affirm that there are two isolated realms of

existence; and if only by an intellectual process the existence of the non-intellectual is discovered, must not consciousness in some sense enfold material as well as mental phenomena? This difficulty is not met by the explanation of Mr. Herbert Spencer, which our author seems to favour, that modes of consciousness are merely *symbols* of an external reality; for the "physical processes" that are maintained to differ *toto caelo* from the "corresponding facts of consciousness" are material phenomena as they are actually known. There must be some radical misconception at bottom when it is held, in the teeth of facts, that the phenomena of inorganic nature, which cannot be shown to have any existence apart from consciousness, yet absolutely exclude consciousness. There is evidently a sense in which mind comprehends the material world, as the atmosphere surrounds and embraces our globe; while the converse proposition, that matter comprehends mind, cannot be even intelligibly stated, unless consciousness is first presupposed. For what is "matter," or "atoms," or "physical powers," or the "molecular structure of the brain," apart from consciousness and thought?

Let us not be misunderstood. We are not advocating the absurd theory that the material universe depends for its reality upon the consciousness of the individual; this no man in his senses ever did or ever will believe, however he may affect to do so. The world does not vanish when I shut my eyes and reappear when I open them. What we claim is that, if it were possible for *all intelligence* to be removed, the natural world would at the same time fade away for ever, leaving not a wrack behind. Try to conceive of anything that is entirely dissociated from consciousness, and the utter futility of the attempt will at once become manifest. There lies before me certain printed matter, which upon inspection I find to be an article entitled "Materialism and its Opponents." By a necromancy a thousand times more wonderful than the evolution of the umbrageous foliage of the oak from the interaction of the acorn, the earth, and solar light and heat, gross matter is converted into a magic glass, in which the partial outlines of a great mind are mirrored. But had there not been intelligence in the conceiving mind, and intelligence in all the intermediate processes by which Mr. Tyn-

dall's thoughts have been visualized, the printed words would have been to me as unintelligible as was the Sphinx's riddle to her hapless victims. For the communion of mind with mind, there must be common intelligence on both sides; and however extreme may be the divergence in the relative capacity of teacher and taught, essential unity of nature must pervade both, or no result will follow. Is this law inoperative when the communion is no longer between man and man, but between man and nature? Do we read into nature a meaning that is not there? Shall we not rather say that we discover in it a depth of meaning that but suggests to us how much more might be found if only our intelligence were strengthened and purified? We hold that if Reason were not present in the natural world, no effort of the most splendid intellect could extract one jot of coherent meaning from it. The whole aim of the man of science is to spell out the words that are written in its mighty pages; and in doing so he is perpetually reminded that its laws are unchangeable; that no single atom in the whole great universe stands alone; that above, below, afar, there stretch invisible cords by which all things are bound together. Chance has no counterpart in the world of reality; and what is chance but another name for unreason? Professor Tyndall asks that the claim to knowledge of a Supreme Being should be "verified," and here is the answer: That which is comprehensible by an intelligent being, such as man, must itself be the product of an Intelligence. And the same Intelligence which manifests itself in nature also reveals itself in the human mind. For the laws of thought are, after all, the necessary condition of the laws of nature. If therefore nature must be an embodiment of reason in order to be intelligible, the human mind must also be rational, or nature would be a "book with seven seals." Whence come the laws of thought? It will not be seriously contended that each mind creates itself, and hence they must be derived from a higher source. Can intelligence proceed from anything but intelligence? And if not, are we not necessarily led to find in mental laws—which are at bottom necessary and absolute, however imperfectly they may be comprehended—the presence of a Lawgiver who prescribes them? Moreover, it is impossible to separate the human intellect from

the human conscience, both being united in one person, whose nature they together constitute. But moral distinctions can neither be altered nor destroyed; they are as inviolable as the laws which control the motions of worlds. Thus the same Supreme Power, which is manifested in nature, also reveals itself in the mind and conscience of man. The supposed "chasm" between nature and consciousness is removed, when it is seen that all forms of existence are united in Him, who comprehends them all, while exhausting Himself in none.

Our aim in the foregoing remarks has been to show that in the scheme of the universe sketched by Professor Tyndall, contradiction enfolds contradiction, as ball lies within ball in a Chinese toy. Perhaps things have been said that to some may appear untrue, and to others doubtful; but we are not conscious of having advanced any proposition that does not admit of justification. If our reasoning has been sound, the following positions have been established:—First, that an "absolutely inscrutable" Power, as it cannot be known, so it cannot legitimately be held to exist; secondly, that the foundation of religious emotion is taken away, when knowledge of a Supreme Being is denied; thirdly, that "matter," not being identifiable with any finite existence, but being partially manifested in the whole of existing things, is synonymous with the "Power" otherwise declared to be unknowable, but here admitted to be eminently knowable—in one word, God; and finally, that this Supreme Being, the source and essence of all finite existence, is intelligent and moral. In conclusion, a word or two may be said in reply to the objection that the claim to knowledge of God is and must be Anthropomorphism—a favourite charge of those who insist that the Infinite is unknowable. Mr. Matthew Arnold, it is well known, maintains that the popular conception of God is that of a "magnified and non-natural man in the next street;" and Professor Tyndall, in the article before us, speaks with some contempt of Gassendi and Mr. Clerk Maxwell, who present Him "under the guise of 'a manufacturer of atoms.'" That either form of presentation is exceedingly imperfect it were vain to deny; but, just as "absolute inscrutability" has been affirmed when "partial ignorance" would have been the

fitting expression, so we may be sure that neither of the definitions objected to is at all adequate as a symbol of the conception in the mind of its framer. In any case, Theism is not responsible for the imperfections of its advocates. A God who is vacillating, capricious, changeable, or who watches from a distance the independent movements of the world-machine He has constructed and set in motion, is certainly not calculated to call forth the highest reverence or the purest love of man. But this is not the conception which a contemplation of nature and of consciousness suggests. In the one, we discover, and are discovering more and more, the presence of a Power, whose majestic movements are regulated by the faultless rhythm of self-prescribed and inviolate law; the other, with its two facets, the intellectual and the moral,

leads directly to that Spirit "in whom we live and move and have our being." Although we are hemmed in by the restrictions of our short human life, mystified by the vagaries of our human minds, and misled by the aberrations of our human hearts, there has not been denied to us a real knowledge of Him whose ineffable splendour shines into the sphere of our earthly existence, and whose infinite perfections are fitted to satisfy our noblest emotions. If to hold this is to give way to Anthropomorphism, we are content to merit the taunt. Out of the fulness of his heart, Professor Tyndall speaks, in apt and beautiful words, of the humility and awe that a contemplation of the universe evokes; and these emotions he feels, because his whole spiritual nature is responsive to Him who is infinitely Intelligent and unchangeably Good.

THREE GENERATIONS.

BY DANIEL WILSON, LL.D., F.R.S.E., UNIVERSITY COLLEGE, TORONTO.

THREE generations ago carry back the imaginations and traditions of living men into a wonderfully different world from the present. By such few steps we get away from our Victorian era to a time when young George the Third declared himself proud of the name of Briton; and having made John Stuart, Earl of Bute, his Prime Minister: Smollett started the *Briton* as his organ, Wilkes and Churchill set the *North Briton* a-going in ironical antagonism to that ministerial broad-sheet; and by-and-bye there followed Grenville, Chatham, Junius, Lord North, with Lexington, Bunker's Hill, the surrender of General Burgoyne, and the Declaration of Independence which made such a new world of this western hemisphere.

The present is undoubtedly, in some sense or other, a product of all the past. But ac-

ording to one class of modern evolutionists, there is an actual transmission of mental and moral characteristics from generation to generation. Mr. Francis Galton in his "Hereditary Genius," and M. Theodore Ribot in his "Heredity," aim at showing that statesmen and philosophers, artists, poets, scholars, and orators, are all begotten in a succession of generations, like so many prize short-horns. From Thomas Pitt, Governor of Madras, have come Robert Pitt, of Boconnoc; William Pitt, Earl of Chatham; and then the younger William Pitt, the real ruler of England during very memorable years of the 18th and 19th centuries. Again, Dr. Erasmus Darwin, author of "The Botanic Garden," of "Zoonomia, or the Laws of Organic Life," &c., had a son, Robert, a physician of note, and in due course a

grandson, Charles, known to all men as the author of "The Origin of Species," "The Descent of Man," and, in short, of Darwinism. Evolutionists, therefore, claim some show of reason in looking to the third generation for the harvesting of whatever seed-times of promise the men of mark of an elder time may supply. We do not, however, propose at present to discuss the bearing of the supposed "laws of heredity" in relation to "the bright particular stars" of that elder time when George III., a young and promising prince, revived the sentiments of loyalty among the descendants of the old English cavaliers and jacobites; and, as the great Whig historian says, with profane levity, "The Tories—who had always been inclined to King-worship, and who had long felt with pain the want of an idol before whom they could bow themselves down,—were as joyful as the priests of Apis, when, after a long interval, they had found a new calf to adore!" But, apart from all other reasons for not following down Smollett, Wilkès, Churchill, or "Junius" to their third generation, it may suffice as an adequate one that they never got so far. We propose, therefore, to glance at the working of this assumed law of transmission of mental and moral characteristics, and the consequent propagation of breeds of philosophers, economists, artists, and orators, in a humbler line of exemplars of this "survival of the fittest,"—to see, in fact, whether there is any prospect of begetting a breed of first-class preachers, of which we are as much in want at present as of any other intellectual commodity.

Among the characters that figure in Burns's "Ordination," "The Kirk's Alarm," "The Holy Fair," and others of his satirical poems, one of the heroes of "The Twa Herds"—the Rev. John Russell, of Kilmarnock,—was a man of local celebrity and unwonted force of character. He was a native of Morayshire, trained at the University of Aberdeen; and Hugh Miller is good authority for the fact that the race of Welches, Pedens, and Cargills of the old covenanting times was perpetuated to the north of the Grammys long after they had become the heroes of a past history in the south. Whether it was due to his northern birth and training, or solely to personal characteristics, certain it is that John Russell belonged to the same type of stern, Calvinistic preachers, in whom

the uncompromising spirit of the confessors of the times of the persecution survived into the eighteenth century. Buckle, who sought to reduce the phenomena of history to very simple laws, and brought them to bear in no very flattering manner on Scottish national story, nevertheless disbelieved in the possibility of perpetuating a race of Scottish puritans by hereditary succession. It may be of some interest now to trace out the evolutionary process as it has manifested itself in successive generations sprung from the vigorous stock of the Kilmarnock divine, whom Burns assailed with the bitterest shafts of his satire.

Hugh Miller furnishes, in his "Autobiography," a lively picture of the Grammar School of Cromarty, as it flourished in his own juvenile days, with a scholarly licentiate of the Kirk as parish schoolmaster, who "could appeal to the fact that no teacher in the north had ever sent more students to college, and that his better scholars almost always got on well in life." The building devoted to such excellent training was a long, low, straw-thatched school-house, looking out from the sea-shore on the Cromarty Firth, whither it had been removed from the vicinity of the parish church and the laird's pleasure grounds, because of sundry school-boy raids on the manor. While the parish school still occupied its older sheltered site, another licentiate of the Church of Scotland, John Russell, came from Moray to assume its mastership; and when Hugh Miller was still working as a mason on the Old Red Sandstone of Cromarty, he communicated to Allan Cunningham a vivid portraiture of the elder incumbent of the Parish Grammar School. There, as in the later spheres of his labour, his character was that of a stern disciplinarian, in whom the genial social elements by no means predominated. The traditions of the Cromarty Parish School sufficiently prefigured the character of his later career as a preacher and parish minister.

"There in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in the morning's face."

But though, so far, the Auburn schoolmaster of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village" may serve as a prototype of the Cromarty

dominie, the later touches of his portraiture seem to have been wanting. The busy whisper did indeed "convey the dismal tidings when he frowned," but we hear of no laughing with counterfeited glee at any of his jokes. "He was," says Hugh Miller, "a large, robust, dark-complexioned man, imperturbably grave, fierce of temper, and had a stern expression of countenance. It is said that a lady, who had been one of his pupils, actually fainted when she heard him, many years afterwards, speak of transgressions, from the pulpit;" and an unfortunate youth who had incurred his ire by the loss of the school door-key, with consequent suspicion of conspiring to secure an enforced holiday, is reported, when he grew to manhood, in all cases of mental perturbation, to have groped in his pocket as he did on that fatal morning for the missing key.

As with many another probationer of the Church, the Cromarty Grammar School was only a temporary resting-place for its master. Like Dominie Sampson, he was beset with the ambition to "wag his pow in a pulpit," and with better aptitude for success. With a powerful voice, ready fluency of language, and a thorough mastery of the points of Calvinistic theory, he found opportunities for exercising his gifts as a preacher to such good purpose that his fame extended far to the south of the Grampians; and, as Hugh Miller says, "it was not an unwelcome call, to some of the citizens of Cromarty, which took him from the parish Grammar School to a chapel of ease in Kilmarnock." Nevertheless, their interest in him was not wholly at an end. One of his pupils, when, at a later date, in the west of Scotland, walked to Mauchline on learning that his old school-master was to preach. The occasion was one of those sacramental gatherings commemorated in Burns's "Holy Fair." On such celebrations of the Holy Communion in rural Scottish parishes, the people gathered from far and near, as at a modern camp meeting; and although the communicants partook of the sacrament within the church, the preaching was carried on in the open air, where a succession of ministers occupied the "tent," or movable pulpit, and preached often to thousands gathered from the surrounding parishes, or attracted from greater distances by the fame of some popular preacher. But such assemblages, like those with which we are familiar in Canadian and American

camp meetings, naturally attracted many more than those who came devoutly bent on sharing in the religious services. It was common for servants to make a special provision for liberty to attend the fairs and sacraments of the district; and hence such assemblages were apt to partake of features little in harmony with the solemnity of the rite which gave rise to them.

The scene of Burns's "Holy Fair" is laid in the church-yard of Mauchline; and on the special occasion described by Russell's old Cromarty pupil, the proceedings appear to have fully realized the poet's satirical depictions of the rivalry between "The Holy Rostrum" and "The Change House." "There was" he says, "an excellent sermon to be heard from the tent, and excellent drink to be had in a neighbouring ale-house, and between the two the people seemed much divided. A young clergyman was preaching, and Russell was nigh him. At every fresh movement of the people, or ungodly burst of sound from the ale-house, the latter would raise himself on tiptoe, look sternly towards the Change House, and then at his younger brother in the pulpit. At last his own time to preach arrived: he sprang into the pulpit, closed the Bible, and without psalm, prayer, or other preliminary matter, burst out in a passionate and eloquent address upon the folly and sin which a portion of the people were committing. The sounds in the ale-house ceased; the inmates came out, and listened to the denunciation, which some of them remembered with a shudder in after-life."

For effective open-air preaching, under such circumstances, a powerful voice was indispensable, and all reports confirm the truth of the satirist's allusions to this special qualification. An Ayrshire correspondent of Dr. Robert Chambers says, "He was the most tremendous man I ever saw. Black Hugh Macpherson was a beauty in comparison. His voice was like thunder." In the satirical allegory of "The Holy Tulzie," where he figures as one of the "twa herds," "his voice was heard through muir and dale;" and in "The Holy Fair" it is represented as bursting forth like the warning blast of a trumpet, on just such a scene of dissipation as that which his old pupil witnessed:

"But now the Lord's ain trumpet touts
Till a' the hills are rairin',

And echoes back return the shouts—
 Black Russell is na sparri'!
 His piercing words, like Highland swords,
 Divide the joints and marrow;
 His talk o' hell, whare devils dwell,
 Our very souls does harrow.
 A vast, unbottom'd, boundless pit,
 Filled fou o' lowin' brunastane,
 Wha's ragin' flame, and scorching heat,
 Wad melt the hardest whunstane!"

Hugh Miller, when referring to the so-journ of Mr. Russell at Cromarty, speaks of him, in his earlier capacity, as "one of those who mistake severity for duty;" and Dr. Chambers has embodied the unfriendly portraiture of their old minister by Kilmarnock correspondents in curt description, as "a huge, dark-complexioned, stern-looking man, of tremendous energy in the pulpit, of harsh, unloving nature, and a powerful defender of the strongholds of Calvinism." By more friendly traditions, and the reminiscences of his own family, his manner of preaching is described as strong and energetic, and his style enlivened by homely but effective illustration. He was obviously no commonplace man: a rousing preacher of the genuine old Puritan type, well suited to his own day, whatever might be thought of him now. The dark times of persecution and devout self-sacrificing piety were being replaced by the new lights of Bolingbroke and Hume. The Moderate party was supreme in the Church, and the seeds were already sowing which ripened into secession and final disruption. Against the backslidings of such an age Russell protested with honest zeal, and dwelt upon the eternity of future punishment—so much cavilled at in our own day,—as a doctrine best fitted for the evil generation in which his lot was cast.

The stern old preacher was none the less acceptable to the austere and grave, God-fearing admirers of his doctrine, because of the satire to which its uncompromising proclamation subjected him. He was translated from Kilmarnock to the High Church of Stirling, where he lived to a great age, and was always the same dauntless and intrepid man. Some of his sermons have been printed; they are mostly of a controversial nature, written in a bold, rugged style of rough eloquence, which depended for its full effect on the speaker. Hugh Miller adds this reminiscence of his latter days: "When seventy years old he saw a Cromarty man beaten down in the streets of

Stirling. Russell elbowed the crowd aside, plucked the sufferer like a brand from the burning, saying: 'Wae's me that your father's son should behave like a blackguard in the town where I am a minister.'" It is added that he mellowed with time, grew temperate in his preaching as he advanced in years, and became a great favourite with the more grave and staid portion of his people. His name was long had in remembrance in Stirling as the venerable and eloquent preacher of an elder generation.

John Russell had a son, who was educated at the University of Glasgow, entered the Church, and obtained the presentation to the parish of Muthil, in Perthshire. There, in our own younger days—too young to retain much more than some general impression of the scene,—we have heard him preach in the old Norman parish church, long since superseded by a more convenient but less attractive edifice. He, too, was a tall, robust, dark-complexioned man, of grave, austere manners, and a preacher possessed of unwonted powers of oratory. He was accordingly selected to succeed Dr. Chalmers in St. John's parish, Glasgow; but before he could be inducted into his new charge, his death—followed soon after by that of his widow,—left three sons and a daughter as the orphan wards of an uncle and aunt. Of those, the second son, James M. Russell, manifested rare ability. As a student at the University of Edinburgh, he greatly distinguished himself, and was just finishing his course with the highest honours, when he fell a victim to consumption, within a few months after completing his twenty-first year. Among the remains which served to illustrate the promise of genius, and the facility of his versatile pen, was a collection of pieces in verse, copied for the most part into a MS. volume of his own and his cousins' productions, and adorned by one of them with grave and humorous crow-quill etchings. Subsequently, on the death of his cousin, a volume of poems was privately printed, with the title, "Memorials of Cousins," and a brief preface, in which it is stated: "Many years ago it was the desire of George Wilson that verses written by his cousin, James Russell, should be printed along with some by himself, and that the volume should bear the title given to this one. The long-cherished project has now been carried out." It might, perhaps, have

added an interest to the little memorial volume, printed only for a select circle of friends, if the fact had been recalled that the sweet and graceful verse of one of the cousins was the sole memorial of a youth of rare promise—gentle, kindly, and full of humour, the grandson of the stern old preacher of Mauchline “Holy Fair,” and of the High Kirk of Stirling,—who, had he survived, gave promise of adding to the vigorous eloquence of two generations of preachers, the tenderness and genial humour in which they were deficient.

One living representative of the younger generation still furnishes to such evolutionists as M. Ribot and Mr. Francis Galton a plea for their assumption of the hereditary transmission of mental as well as physical attributes. The youngest of the third generation in descent from Burns’s theological *bête noire*, the Very Rev. Alexander Russell, is now Dean of Adelaide, South Australia. It is to be feared that, could the venerable incumbent of the High Kirk of Stirling have looked down the vista of the future, and realized the evolutionary processes which, after the lapse of only one generation, were to bring forth from the loins of the stern old Calvinistic preacher, to whom Prelacy and Popery were alike abhorrent, a full-blown Dean of the Anglican Church, it would scarcely have diminished his wrath to know that his descendant was to reproduce, at the antipodes, not a little of the hereditary powers of an eloquent and popular preacher. In thus seeking to follow up such inherited relations between “the dead and the living,” the following piece, selected from the privately printed volume of “Poems : Memorials of Cousins,” may have an additional interest, apart from its own merits, as the product of the grandson of the famous old preacher against whom Burns directed his roughest satire ; and who, it is scarcely to be doubted, regarded verse-making as one of the many follies by which the profane are wont to abuse the precious gift of time :—

THE DEAD AND THE LIVING.

* * * * *

We make them a hidden quiet room
Far in the depth of our spirit’s gloom,
There, oh there, do the loved abide,
Shadowy, silent, sanctified !
Thither, oh thither, wrung with woe,
In yearning love we often go !
We see their face in its living grace,
And the dear old look of its kindness trace.
We hear the words of their tender breath,
(Are they in life or we in death ?)
But the beauty bright they were wont to have,
Is damp and dim as with the grave ;
And each form a funeral garment wears,
And our eye is blind with a mist of tears.
There is piteous wail amid our meeting,
We sigh and sob our words of greeting,
We feel their arms around our heart,
In a fond and heavy twining,
And clinging so they may ne’er depart
From the gaze of our tearful pining ;
And so by night and through the day
Wailing and death are ours away.—

And is it so ? is it God’s decree,
That we can have only misery ?
We thank Thee, O Lord ! for the mercy given,
In the hopes of the better life of heaven.
We praise and bless Thy holy grace,
Our dead are alive in a pleasant place ;
That while our hearts are sore with weeping
They are safe in Thy kindly keeping,
That Thou hast told us how blest they be
In the fold of Thy great felicity.

Do we weep for them ? Do our spirits mourn
They shall ne’er to our eye, to our arms return ?
It is they who live, those souls alone,
Holy and happy around the Throne ;
It is they should lament for us that are
From the Eternal Life so far ;
With souls of sin and a feeble breath,
It is we, it is we who pine in death.

Let us then no more muse sadly back,
To the ancient times of our earthly track,
As if death like a deep and dreary river
Had drowned the joy from our hearts for ever ;
Let our souls look on—and if eyes are wet,
Be it not the tear of a vain regret—
But started and lit by an earnest faith
In the blissful words which the Scripture saith
Of the excellent joys that crown the head
Of every one of the Faithful Dead !

CHARITY.

DRESSED in robes of purest white,
Round her head a silver zone ;
In her hand she bore a light,
Through the darkness of the night,
Seeking out the lost and lone.

Through the city's noisome lanes
Onward speed her gentle feet,
Till at length a spot she gains
Where in all its direness reigns,
Poverty in dark retreat.

Softly doth she ope the door
Of a chamber filled with grief ;
On the cold unmatted floor,
Lieth one who nevermore
May in this world find relief.

O'er the widow's corse she bends,
While her cheeks are wet with tears ;
And her prayer to heaven ascends,
Unto Him who ever lends
Strength to guard the young in years.

Fondly pressing to her heart
A little girl in deep distress,
She doth of her means impart
Aid to mitigate the smart
Of cold hunger's bitterness.

And, ere she departs, her voice
Is heard in sweet and soothing strain ;
She bids the weeping child rejoice,
Since God, of whom He loves, makes choice,
And lifts the burden of their pain.

Thus doth Charity pursue
Ever thoughtfully her way—
All her mercies hid from view,
Empty praise she doth eschew,
And vainglorious display.

THE LATEST GOSPEL OF PROTECTION.

BY ROSWELL FISHER, M.A., MONTREAL.

VERILY has the gospel of Protection found an apostle worthy of the creed. Mr. Phipps, in an article on the advantages of Protective Tariffs, in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for April, blows its trumpet with no uncertain sound. No incidental Protection; no policy of compromise; but good sound Protective Tariffs are what Canada needs.

After reading the speeches, in and out of Parliament, of the members of the Party who generally avow themselves Free-traders on principle, but think a *little* Protection is best under the circumstances, it is quite refreshing to come upon a downright old-fashioned Protectionist. With what enthusiasm, with what eloquence, are pictured the miracles which Protection is to work in Canada! Let us listen to the voice of the charmer: "Protection is a science built up by the observations, the discoveries of many philosophers. Its adoption has benefited many countries; but never any as it shall benefit Canada, and all who make Canada their home." "Are you a farmer?—it shall lighten your labour, double your sales, and quadruple the value of your land. Are you a lumberer?—by its aid Canadians shall pay you better for pine and oak than ever did foreigner. . . . Have you a family to settle in life?—it shall give your sons a choice of lucrative employment—your daughters [mark this, mothers of Canada], of eligible suitors. Are you a patriot?—thence shall come national power and honour, men and means, fleets and armies, and the public spirit without which they would be useless." Here is a list of benefits enough to take away the breath even of a Greeley. Is it possible that all these good things are enjoyed by the countrymen and women of that eminent economist, and we not know of it? What a bad joke those inveterate humourists, the American editors, must be palming off on the world, when they represent all kinds of business and manufactures at a standstill in

that much-protected country. But this is in the United States. Canada, our apostle assures us, will benefit more than any other country by Protection. It is well to know from inspired sources that if we will only adopt Protection, Providence will take particular charge of our economical progress. Does the magician tell a benighted public how Protection is to work these marvels? Yes, in eloquent paragraphs, alternated with figures—most potent spells—and quotations from authority, the whole mystery is made clear—at least we are told so. Alas! after reading the article many times over, I feel as I was wont to feel after listening to the explanations of the conjuror of how he did his tricks—just as wise as I was before. Perhaps, however, a short review of the arguments and assertions of the Protectionist conjuror may yield the writer, and possibly some other equally benighted readers, some light on the subject.

We are first reminded of the thrice told tale, how perfidious Albion, by centuries of Protection, gradually gained such a position that she could not sell the rest of mankind, then unclosed her gates and poured her goods on the world, simultaneously heralding the gospel of Free-trade—the whole to her own great advantage. But England is a small island full of people, and Canada is not. How surprised dear old John Bull must be to find that the nations of the earth, his own children in the colonies too, credit him with so far-sighted and Machiavelian a policy continued for centuries. He is, indeed, quite unconscious of having possessed any such uncanny cleverness. But Mr. Phipps seems to think better of the admission that Free-trade has benefited even Great Britain, and assures us that it has ever failed elsewhere, and has been tried only a short time there, and that many other causes have helped England during this short time. These other causes seem to be the expenditure of a great deal of money in

Great Britain. Had then Free-trade little or nothing to do with the creation and expenditure of this enormous mass of money, or rather of capital, in Great Britain? If the Corn Laws had not been repealed, could she have possibly supported her growing manufacturing population? By no means. If the price of food had continued to rise in England as it did before Free-trade, very different would be her position to-day in wealth and population. Mr. Phipps cites instances of Belgium and other countries selling manufactured goods in England, to show that Free-trade is breaking down even there. These, however, rather tell the other way, as the great cause of this successful foreign competition is the protective action of the English Trades' Unions.

A great authority is brought upon the scene, and the father of Political Economy is made to write down international trade. He is quoted to the following effect: "The capital which sends Scotch manufactures to London, and brings back English manufactures to Edinburgh, necessarily replaces by every such operation two British capitals which had both been employed in the industries of Great Britain." On the other hand, "the capital which sends British goods to Portugal and brings back Portuguese goods to Great Britain, replaces by every such operation" one British and one Portuguese capital. Therefore, in the latter case, the capital employed will only give half as much encouragement to the industries of Great Britain, as in the former case. But, further, capital employed in foreign trade makes much slower returns than that employed in the home trade; therefore, the encouragement to the industries of Great Britain by capital employed in the home trade, may be many times as great as by that employed in the foreign trade. Is it argued that Adam Smith would have asserted that, of equal capitals, the one employed in a foreign trade carried on between St. Catharines and Buffalo, would make much slower returns than would the other in home trade between Halifax and Vancouver's Island?

Let us, however, carry on the illustration, as quoted in favour of Protection, and see where we are landed. Starting on the assumption that exchanging London produce for Edinburgh produce gives more encouragement to the industries of Great Britain

than exchanging London produce for Portuguese produce, then, by a parity of reasoning, to exchange London produce for London produce will give more encouragement to London industries than to exchange London produce for Edinburgh produce. Nor does the argument stop here: to exchange west of London produce for west of London industries more than to exchange for east of London produce; to exchange produce of my street for produce of my street will encourage the industries of my street more than to exchange for the produce of the next street. Let us not stop short of the goal: to exchange the produce of my house for the produce of my house will encourage the industries of my house more than to exchange for the produce of my neighbour's house; lastly, to exchange produce of my right hand for produce of my left hand will encourage my industries more than to exchange produce of my right hand for produce of my neighbour's right hand; therefore, every man his own universal producer is the true principle; which indeed it logically is, according to the gospel of Protection. Adam Smith, however, could hardly have meant to enunciate such a doctrine, or, indeed, to condemn international trade; therefore, it is not clear what value the quotation possesses as a Protectionist argument. Perhaps, however, it was only brought in for the benefit of the next paragraph, where Mr. Phipps explains what is meant by replacing capitals. The replacing capitals by exchange is illustrated by a dollar which goes all round the country, leaving all its possessors in turn with a profit, till it leaves the country, when, it seems, its usefulness to us is finished. In answer to the natural question, whether we do not get its equivalent, Mr. Phipps says that goods come back, but there is loss by consumption and delay. Most of us probably suppose that the consumption and delay are taken into account in the price of the goods, which are, delay and all, the equivalent of the dollar. If not, we must have made a bad bargain. This export of cash seems to trouble Mr. Phipps, for he complains that the dollar does not come back, as our imports exceed our exports, and we have to pay the balance in cash, which is a drain on our labour. This is awful. On the other hand, if the balance were the other way we should rapidly

grow rich, for we should be paid a large balance in cash. Well, what are we to do with the cash when we have it? keep it, like the misers of old, in strong boxes and gloat over it? What other need can we have for it, on Mr. Phipps's own showing? for in the next paragraph he seemingly dispenses with gold as a reserve, informing us that a country can issue *money* on the security of its real and personal estate. This, he says, is the real security for Bank notes. So some French philosophers thought at the time of the great revolution, and tried the experiment—with somewhat unfortunate results, as the world knows. I would, however, modestly ask Mr. Phipps how the nation would issue money on its real and personal estate? Would the form of the issue run as follows?—"The Dominion of Canada promises to pay on demand 10 acres," or 5 barrels of flour; or some equally simple form of note.

Mr. Justice Byles is next cited as an authority, not on Bills of Exchange, but on exchange of national produce. This is the conclusion of the quotation from the learned Judge in his character of economist: "Suppose Canada can produce an article for \$100, and can import it for \$99. By importing it instead of producing it, she gains \$1; but though she pay for it with her own manufactures, she loses (not, indeed, by the exchange itself, but by the collapse of the superseded industry) \$100 of wealth which she might have had to spend by creating the value at home. That is to say, on the balance she loses \$99, which she might have had in addition, by producing both articles at home. Nor can it be said that what the producer loses, the consumer gains. The producer loses \$100; the consumer gains \$1. The nation, moreover, loses the markets which that *superseded* industry supported." This argument applies only to the case where the consumer buys abroad, for a little less, an article which is already produced in the country, thereby superseding an already existing industry, but has no bearing at all as to the advantages of creating a new industry by Protection. Let us illustrate the difference: If I wish to get a certain article, and I can do so in one of two ways, either by spending \$100 to make it in the country, or by spending \$99 by buying it abroad; then, if I buy it abroad, I and the country are both one dollar richer

than if I had it made in the country at the cost of \$100. If, on the other hand, the article is already made in the country at the cost of \$100, and I buy a similar article abroad for \$99, then I am richer by \$1; the country is poorer either by an unsaleable article to the good or \$100 to the bad. As Mr. Phipps has not gone into the question here considered by Justice Byles, as to how far it may be advisable to continue to protect exotic industries already in existence, I need not argue the point.

Having finished with Mr. Justice Byles for a time, Mr. Phipps gives rein to his imagination and paints for us a glowing picture of a Protectionist paradise. In this, one is first struck by the pleasure the eloquent writer seems to take in the idea that little or no money leaves the country, but circulates at home—if money can be said to have a home—making thereby a profit for everybody. The great feature, however, is the future promised to our agriculturists. Listen, O ye farmers! No longer are you to be worn out by raising unprofitable cereals, but all finding yourselves in the neighbourhood of towns or large manufacturing cities, your farms, if they are not wanted for building lots at fabulous prices, will be of immense value for growing roots, garden stuff, and fat cattle, with light work and much profit. Mr. Phipps clinches the argument running through his picture by the remark that every farmer knows the value of land close to a town. Doubtless, especially when he wants to buy. But Mr. Phipps has not drawn his picture bright enough; possibly thinking it might dazzle the farmers too much. Let me endeavour to complete the prophecy. Cultivating roots and market gardens, and raising fat cattle are, I am told—at least in Lower Canada—quite as great drudgery as raising cereals or lean cattle; therefore it will be well to leave all this to Californians, Texans, and others. Let us decree by Act of Parliament, that for the future the whole of Canada shall be laid out as a huge city, built, like Babylon of old, in open order; the hills shall be parks, and on the plains and in the valleys the factories and dwellings of the busy mechanics and their princely employers, the overflowing warehouses, the mansions of the merchants, the villas of professional men of all classes, shall alternate with fruit and flower gardens, vineries and conservatories, cultivated and

tended by our present ill-used and down-trodden cereal-growing farmers. If one sceptic asks why Protection has not produced this elysium in the States; if another asks how this great city is to be supported, how the cereals are to be bought and paid for; Mr. Phipps has not revealed the secret. Perhaps he is in the position of a young Protectionist friend of the writer's, who triumphantly demanded if the presence of a Montreal in Manitoba would not greatly enhance the value of farms and agricultural produce in that infant colony; but when he in turn was asked how Montreal was to get there, or its people be supported when there, the oracle was dumb. Mr. Phipps himself seems, after his eloquent flight, to be a little doubtful of the truth of the picture; for in his desire to show that Protection does not raise the price of commodities in consequence of competition, he acknowledges that manufactories are not flourishing in the States—nor are they in Canada. Then it seems the much-protected and the little-protected country are much in the same plight. Surely there is something wrong here. Passing over some statistical paragraphs, we again meet Mr. Justice Byles, who tells us that most countries of the world possess no special facilities for the production of any one commodity, and consequently can in every single article be surpassed and undersold by some other country. He supposes such a case. "It can grow wheat, but not so cheap as Poland; it can grow wine, but not so cheap as France; it can manufacture, but not so cheap as England. Imagine that country under a system of Protection. . . . It creates wealth at both ends of the exchange, . . . industry and plenty reigns," and all is sunshine. "Now, imagine that country under a universal system of Free-trade." "It cannot grow wheat, for Poland will be able to undersell it, not only in foreign markets, but in its own." The same thing will happen in regard to wine manufactures and all other products. It is then in this truly wretched plight that it can neither send its products abroad nor sell them at home. This is a black picture indeed. As it can sell its products neither abroad nor at home, it is not probable that it will go on raising them. Then it could hardly buy anything, and consequently, as people have not yet found the secret of living on nothing, it is probable the population would emigrate

or starve. As a fact, there is no inhabited country in the world that is, or could be, in the supposed condition; therefore the illustration is useless. Before leaving Mr. Justice Byles, let us suppose his idea of the existence of such a country carried out, and imagine 100,000 people conveyed to Greenland, which probably as nearly as possible satisfies the conditions. How high a tariff would it require to make it an Arctic Lancashire? It would be well for some of our enthusiastic Protectionists to set up a colony there, or perhaps the United States Government would sell them Alaska for the interesting experiment.

Having followed Mr. Phipps so far pretty closely, it will not be necessary to review the rest of his article, which is, more or less, a varied repetition of the foregoing arguments, with some fresh statistics in detail. I may, however, refer to two paragraphs. Mr. Phipps thinks that trade returns—exports and imports—are a most fallacious test of prosperity, and illustrates his contention as follows:—"Suppose you sell a million dollars worth of wheat to Europe for a million dollars of iron-work. Ah!—that sounds well. Imports and Exports, two millions." But "suppose you had Canadians who could make the iron stuff, and had sold it to Canadian farmers for the million of wheat," then we should have had both millions left in the country. Our author here seems to fall into a confusion. If we export a million's worth in exchange for a million's worth, though Exports and Imports show a trade of two millions, we have only created the one million's worth of something, which we exchange for the same value of some other commodity which we want more. To say that, if we did not exchange that million out of the country, we could have had both the millions worth, is as much as to say that if I have an orange which I want to exchange for an apple, I had better not, for then I shall have both the orange and the apple. This conjuring is more extraordinary even than making cities by Act of Parliament. The other paragraph sketches how inter-Provincial trade would be benefited by Protection, and closes with the suggestion that we might protect the carrying trade of the Maritime Provinces by bounties. This reminds me of a letter written to a Protectionist journal in Montreal, by a great phi-

losopher called Kuklos, who advocates the abolition of custom-houses altogether, and proposes to protect all our infant industries by direct bounties. Let me commend this scheme to Mr. Phipps's consideration.

And now we come to the conclusion of his lively and remarkably interesting article. Here the gift of prophecy becomes very evident. Not contented, as before, with general promises of the great cities and the teeming gardens which are to spring up by magic through the agency of Protection, our author gives us some definite information as to the immediate means to be employed, and even indulges in figures. It is to be feared that he will be betrayed by these latter, like many prophets before him. It is, indeed, cheering in these dull times to know from inspired authority that, if we only impose a permanent twenty-five per cent. Tariff, in one year we shall obtain from Great Britain and the United States one hundred million dollars, and one hundred thousand men! This is good

news; but why not have more? If twenty-five per cent. will secure us one hundred millions of money and one hundred thousand men, will not, by a parity of reasoning, a fifty per cent. Tariff secure us, in the same time, double as much money and double as many men? What Tariff, then, we are tempted to ask, will enable us to get the whole capital and population of—let us be modest—the British Isles transported here in one year? But, alas! if the whole capital and population of the British Isles were spread over Canada, our farmers would still be far from having each a large town in his neighbourhood, to say nothing of being ages away from the fruit, flower, and green-house state. Therefore I am regretfully forced to the conclusion that, in spite of Mr. Phipps's explanations, he has not yet shown us that Protection can work all the miracle which he so eloquently depicts in his entertaining and well-written article.

HIDDEN BLESSINGS.

BY J. A. ALLEN.

O H, are there not ties that God never would sever,
 If life were intended to last, dear, for ever,
 And we were meant only for happiness here?
 But He, the All-wise, checkers life with a tear,
 And, distilling from evil an essence of good,
 Converts e'en the poison of pain into food.
 For He, the best guardian of man, knows the need
 To harrow the nature, while sowing the seed,
 To deepen the feelings that else were too light,
 To strengthen the root in the damp and dark night
 Of fear, pain, or sorrow; enhancing the joy
 Of those from whose natures the slag of alloy
 Hath been purged in the furnace, which He who knows best
 Hath kindled for each, ere he enters his rest.

THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

BY GOLDWIN SMITH, M.A., TORONTO.

THE intellectual world is at present the scene of a great revolution, one of the most dangerous features of which is that the clergy, an order of men specially set apart as Ministers of Truth, are rendered incapable of performing the intellectual part of their functions properly by the pressure of creeds, which the authority of the several Churches continues to impose, but which, traced historically to their origin, will be seen at once to be without sufficient claim to our present allegiance. Among the consequences of a fettered clergy, perhaps, is a rather undue predominance of the men of science, whose minds are entirely untrammelled by the shackles of the past.

Recent occurrences among ourselves, comparatively secluded though we are in Canada from the sway of the vast controversy, is sufficient to show that even so fundamental an article of belief as the Immortality of the Soul requires to be reconsidered and placed in some degree upon a fresh basis in view of the new revelations of science. We have hitherto been accustomed to think and speak of the soul as something distinct from the body—inserted into the body at birth, confined in it during life, and liberated from it at death. Our conception has in fact remained pretty much the same as that of Homer, who depicts the soul of the warrior slain in battle as mournfully departing from its lusty tenement and passing with a wail to the sad nether world. Such a notion would scarcely have been proof against very rigorous examination even in the days before Darwin. What was the "soul," and where was the line to be drawn between it and the intellect or the appetitive part of human nature? What was its condition during sleep, mental malady, or intoxication? Was one of these ethereal denizens consigned by Divine decree or universal law to everything that bore the human form—to the idiot, to the embryo? But however great before, the

difficulties of the popular view have been immensely increased by discoveries which, though perhaps not absolutely complete, are so far complete and supported by such a body of various and concurrent evidence as to be borne in upon all the most advanced and instructed minds with the force of irresistible conviction. Natural history and embryology have now stripped the human form of its mystic prerogative; they have shown that it is only the highest development of the common animal type, and at the same time that human nature as a whole is the offspring of evolution, which excludes the idea of a separate and inserted soul. Such at least is the present aspect of the case. If some links of the Darwinian evidence are still missing, few reflecting men would like to think that man's hope of a destiny higher than that of the brutes rested on the probability of their never being found.

Doubt is no longer locked in the bosom or only whispered in the ear. Men of the highest scientific attainments, and men whose intellectual honesty and purity of purpose are above suspicion, however we may recoil from their conclusions, openly and positively deny the existence of any proof or even presumption that any part of us survives physical death. But scepticism on this and other theological questions extends, as all men who have mixed in the intellectual world must know, far beyond the number of its open professors, and the effect begins to be visible in conduct, both intellectual and social. For no fanciful theories of a "subjective immortality," to be enjoyed merely by exerting an influence, as an historical antecedent, on the future progress of humanity, will much affect ordinary minds, or prevent them from eating or drinking, if to-morrow they are to die and there is nothing beyond the gate of death.

Nor will such arguments as those employed in the address of Principal Caven,

clear, able, and interesting as the address itself is, be of much avail in removing the general uneasiness. While science has been at work with the Mosaic cosmogony, criticism has been at work with the Bible generally, and, without destroying or really diminishing its religious or moral value, has constrained us to use it in a different way. Among other things, we have been made aware that the great and varied body of Hebrew literature, in the course of its composition by successive writers through a series of ages, was not exempted from the ordinary laws of the human intellect, any more than the general history of the Hebrew race in its progress from the family to the tribe, from the tribe to the nation, and onwards through the subsequent phases of national development, was exempted from the laws of history. To settle a modern problem by quoting a primeval writer, as our forefathers used to do, is no longer open to us, because however gifted the primeval writer may have been, however high an organ of religion and morality he may have been in his day, we know that the very elements of the problem were not present to his mind. It is important to observe, however, that the doctrine of the New Testament respecting the relations of the soul to the body is less at variance with modern science than both modern science itself and Christian antagonists of modern science are apt to assume. The New Testament does not divorce the soul from the body at death. It teaches us to expect a resurrection of the body transmuted and glorified under the influence of spiritual life.

The evidences of the Immortality of the Soul may perhaps be ranged under four heads: The Physical, the Metaphysical, the Theological, and the Moral.

I. *Physical.*—Under this are included the alleged apparitions of persons after death. It is difficult to speak of such fancies seriously in the present day, yet every observer of opinion must be aware that the belief in ghosts, like astrology, is still rooted not only in the minds of the uneducated, but in those of many educated people. Johnson's credulity as to ghost stories has been exaggerated by the antithetic rhetoric of Macaulay; but there is no doubt that he cherished a craving for evidence of this kind. The writer once had the curiosity to examine some of the more notable

ghost stories, and in all cases the evidence appeared to him utterly to break down. Among the most circumstantial and imposing of these stories are Clarendon's account of the warning apparition of Sir George Villiers before the murder of his son, the Duke of Buckingham; and Isaak Walton's story of the appearance of Donne's wife, at the moment of her death, to her husband, then in a distant country. Both Clarendon and Walton evidently believe the stories. But when you come to the evidence in Clarendon it amounts to no more than this, that Buckingham's mother was not so surprised as might have been expected at hearing of the murder of her son; while Walton admits that his informant was not Donne himself, but "a person of honour" unnamed, and who, for aught we know, may have been, in spite of his "honour," one of the most credulous and exaggerative of mankind. The story which held its ground the best, was that of the apparition which warned the profligate Lord Lyttelton of his approaching death; it was beyond doubt that Lord Lyttelton had recounted the apparition to his friends, and that he died at the appointed hour. But the hypothesis of a suicide, masked by a pretended warning, fully accounts, without supernatural agency, for the occurrence, and it fits the character of the man and all the circumstances of the case. Perhaps the best thing ever said about ghosts was the answer of Coleridge to a lady who asked him whether he believed in them—"Believe in ghosts! No, madam, I have seen too many of them." In the highly sensitive man ghosts are freaks of the overwrought imagination; in the savage they are one of the coarse shapes taken by the nascent consciousness of a destiny and a responsibility extending beyond the grave.

If it is difficult to speak seriously of ghosts, it is not less difficult, in one point of view, to speak seriously of Spiritualism; while, in another point of view, thoughts, serious indeed, are suggested by the existence, in this century, of so widespread and portentous a superstition. The exposure of Katie King will probably check the growth of this belief, though nothing can be expected at once to cure people who can be deluded by such hideous absurdities as table-turning, necromantic rapping, and planchet. Surely no savage can have a lower or

more degrading notion of the spiritual world and the Father of Spirits than those who believe that the spirits of the just commune with the living through the legs of prancing and gyrating tables. Mesmeric trances and clairvoyance, whether real phenomena or not, obviously belong to a totally different category, and have nothing to do with apparitions or spiritualism in the proper sense of the term. No first-rate man of science has professed himself convinced by the spiritualistic performances; such first-rate men of science as have given an opinion, treat the performances with scorn. The most important of them are carried on in darkened rooms, and under conditions which, if required by a professed conjuror, would be held to betoken inferiority in his art. But in the case of the mediums, the audience, for the most part, are unconscious confederates. Fascinated and daunted by the manner and pretensions of the performers, they shrink from the scrutiny on which in the case of a common conjuror they would insist. The writer was once assured by a party of very intelligent and trustworthy people, that in a sitting held the evening before, in that very room, they had seen a heavy arm-chair to which they pointed, at the bidding of the medium, advance from the corner where it stood into the centre of the room; and he was asked whether he would believe that fact, attested as it was by eye-witnesses. He replied that upon credible testimony, such as that offered in the present instance, he would believe this or any other fact, however novel and foreign to his own experience; but that, while accepting the fact, he was entitled to account for it, if possible, by a natural rather than by a supernatural explanation. He then asked, first, whether the chair had moved away from the medium as well as towards him; and secondly, whether there had been any one between the medium and the chair when it moved? Both questions were answered in the negative. It was obvious that a common conjuror, or even one who was no conjuror, if gifted with a little natural dexterity, might have performed the feat with a horse-hair line, especially in an imperfectly lighted room. But in the case of the common conjuror, the party, instead of standing with their faculties suspended by awe, would have told the performer to make the chair move the

other way, or have placed themselves so that there could be no physical communication between him and the chair when it was moving.

In the twilight caused by the temporary eclipse of Faith, physical or semi-physical superstitions are apt to abound. Astrology, as well as the mystic worship of Isis, and other thaumaturgies, abounded under the Roman Empire. Astrology, necromancy, the trade in charms and spells, abounded in the interval between the decline of medieval Catholicism and the development of the new religion. Freemasonry and Cagliostro flourished with Voltaire. All that these phenomena show is the existence of a craving which must in some way be satisfied—of a void which must in some way be filled.

Under the head of physical evidences should perhaps be ranged those of a negative character, such as are relied on by Butler in that chapter of his "Analogy," on a Future State, which, unsatisfactory as all must now feel it to be, has hardly been superseded as yet by anything more satisfactory. Butler argues that because the mind and the moral feelings sometimes remain unaffected by a disease, even a mortal disease, there can be no reason for believing that the body is essential to the existence of the intellectual and moral man. But assuming the fact, the reply is obvious, that the brain is the seat of the intellect, and that while a brain disease overturns the intellect at once, there are other diseases which leave it comparatively unimpaired up to the moment of general dissolution, without affording the slightest presumption that the immunity will continue beyond. Equally invalid are the inferences which Butler draws from the supposed "indiscernibility" of the soul. To his mind, powerful as it was, the conception of the human organization which results from modern developments of embryology and natural history was not present. He evidently, like the medieval philosophers, conceives of the soul as something inserted from without; a heavenly sojourner in the flesh, of the organs of which it makes use for the purposes of its present existence, in the same manner in which we employ wholly foreign matter, a tool or a telescope, as an auxiliary to the organs themselves. He fails, therefore, to grapple with the presumption that the functional activity will end when the organization is dissolved.

The existence of a disembodied spirit must be supersensual ; and of anything supersensual it is impossible to produce sensible evidence. This remark seems to affect the reasoning of such a work as the *Unseen Universe*, though otherwise most interesting, as well as the reasoning of Butler. It is, in fact, a sufficient confutation of ghost stories that the ghosts are not spirits, but films of matter, evading the touch perhaps, but visible to the material eye, and audible, when they utter their warnings, to the material ear.

2. The name *metaphysical* may be applied to the evidences supposed to be derived from the possession by the soul of certain immutable ideas or principles, such as the ideas or principles of Goodness, Truth, and Beauty, which are taken to be in their nature immortal as well as immutable. Perhaps *poetical* would be a fitter name than metaphysical for an argument which is little better than a philosophic reverie. To give it any substance we must be assured that Universal Ideas have an existence independent of the soul which participates in them, and by that participation is supposed to possess a gage of its own immutability and immortality. It is true that under the form of the metaphysical argument there lurks an argument really moral which is not destitute of validity, and which will appear in its proper place.

3. By the *Theological* proof is specially meant that deduced from the character of the Supreme Ruler of the Universe, who, it is said, must, in virtue of His perfect justice, redress in a future state the inequalities of this, and mete both to the good and the wicked hereafter the measure of justice which both often manifestly fail to receive here. We are now speaking, of course, only of the evidence afforded by reason, and such as will be accepted by those who take reason alone for their guide. Looking at the question from this point of view, it must be said, first, that there are many men in the present day, and men not wanting in mental capacity, in moral purity, or in apparent willingness to accept any truth, who, though they do not deny the existence of a Supreme Ruler of the Universe, do deny that sufficient evidence, or any evidence, of His existence has been produced. They say that beyond the Known, that is, the sensible, Universe, lies the Unknown, which can be at most an object to us of indefinite awe. They contend

that what we call design, and cite as proof of a creative intelligence, cannot be shown to be anything more than the adaptation without which things could not have existed at all ; that the hypothesis of Creation is excluded by the proof of Evolution ; and that Nature, when honestly interpreted, so far from revealing a reign of perfect beneficence, reveals something very much the reverse. Mr. Herbert Spencer is perhaps the most eminent exponent of this doctrine, which in him also assumes a milder form than in other writers of the same school. But even Mr. Fitzjames Stephen, one of the oracles of British Conservatism, in his "Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity," treats the existence of a Deity as an open question, while, if his picture of Deity were true, humanity in general would not have much reason for desiring that the question should be answered in the affirmative. Those who are not assured of the existence of a Supreme Being will, of course, not allow us to draw conclusions from His character. But suppose we were left to draw conclusions as to the character of the Ruler of the Universe, and the probable course of His government, simply from what we see by the light of reason here, should we have any very strong assurance of compensation and retribution hereafter ? Should we have such an assurance as would restrain appetite and passion, or even make it prudent to forego any enjoyment which may be permitted us by our condition in this life ? We have, no doubt, in the midst of all the confusion and evil around us, a general impression of progress, of improvement, of the gradual prevalence of good over evil ; but it is doubtful whether this impression has any other immediate source than human effort, of which we are conscious in ourselves, and its effects in ameliorating the character and lot of man. It is true that virtue brings with it temporal advantages, and probably in an ever-increasing degree, but these advantages are human, and the result of the human effort to which reference has just been made. As to Nature, she seems not to discriminate between virtue and vice ; her suns shine alike upon the just and upon the unjust ; her tower of Siloam falls, in the effects of pestilence, storm, and earthquake, alike upon the most valuable and the most worthless, the most beneficent and the most noxious life. That there is in all we see a purpose overruling everything for good, and guiding

creation towards ultimate happiness, is, so far as the evidence of Nature herself is concerned, a surmise welcome, but unproved, upon which therefore no further belief can be built.

The question will arise, too, if future compensation is the law, what constitutes the claim to compensation? Unmerited suffering? It is the portion not only of innocent men but of innocent animals; and not merely by way of accident, but as a necessary consequence of a system in which one order of creatures subsists by hunting and devouring another, so that Supreme Justice seems in their case specially bound to make amends. When Butler finds himself encountered by the objection that his arguments would prove animals to be immortal as well as men, he calls it "invidious as well as weak." But invidious or not, such an objection will be felt to be practically grave; and its gravity is not diminished since scientific discovery has effaced the impassable boundary line of creative fiat between the physical origin of man and that of the other animals, on which Butler probably in fact relied, when he treated almost with indifference any misgiving arising out of the possible identification of the destiny of man with that of the lowest types of life.

To the same unconsciousness of facts disclosed by modern science may perhaps be attributed Butler's freedom from misgiving in his employment of analogies drawn from animal and vegetable life. Had he known the probable relations of all the germs of life, not only animal but even vegetable, to each other, he would have seen that instead of merely suggesting an illustration he was mooting a question of terrible significance and perplexity. Is it to be taken for granted that a future state will redeem and perfect all the failures caused by infant mortality in this state, as well as compensate all the unmerited suffering? And why is this to be assumed in the case of the germs of human life any more than in the case of the germs of other life, animal or even vegetable? We are speaking, we repeat, simply of the inferences which reason can draw from the phenomena before us as to the government of the world. In that point of view there seems to be great difficulty in proving the immortality of the human soul by the sort of argument which we call specially theological.

4. The evidence upon which the belief in the Immortality of the Soul, or, to use a much more correct expression, the belief in a Future State, has practically rested, and to which the influence, stimulating or restraining, of the belief is due, is probably that which we call moral. It is the universal and ineradicable conviction that our moral account is not closed by death. Stronger than all Butler's philosophical arguments for a Future State is the single sentence in his sermon *Upon the Character of Balaam*—"How much soever men differ in the course of life they prefer, and in their ways of palliating and excusing their vices to themselves, yet all agree in the one thing, desiring to die the death of the RIGHTEOUS."

We call this conviction universal. It does not exist in infants; nor does it exist in savages or degraded races, except in a form corresponding to the general lowness of their conceptions. But in the higher grades of humanity, those which we take as in every sense the best specimens of the race, would it be possible to find a man who at the approach of death thought it would make no difference to him whether his life had been virtuous and beneficent or the reverse? To put the same thing in another way, would it be possible to find a man who, upon the death of any one with whom he had been in intimate relations, thought that those relations were at an end when the grave closed upon the corpse, and that it was of no consequence thenceforth whether he had done good to the dead man or evil? May we not also ask whether any one has ever been tempted like Hamlet to fly from the ills of existence by suicide without being like Hamlet plucked back, whether effectually or not, by fear of the "dreams" that may disturb the sleep of death.

Ineradicable the conviction seems to be, since even the Comtists are unable to get rid of it, though they most positively repudiate the belief in a God and everything commonly denoted by religion. They have invented an immortality which consists in the posthumous influence exercised by the dead on the course of human events and the infeasible interest which they conceive everyone to have in Humanity; though an interest without consciousness seems as little real or intelligible as a religion without a God.

But supposing the conviction of a future state to be universal and ineradicable, on

what ground are we to pronounce it an illusion? What, after all, is Truth? Can it be otherwise defined than as that which, when put before us, we are by the constitution of our nature under the necessity of believing, whether it be a fact of sense, the conclusion of a practical syllogism, or a proposition in geometry? Of course, the evidence of our conscience is of a different kind from the evidence of our senses or the evidence of our reason; but why is it less trustworthy? Do not all our beliefs equally rest upon our faith in the veracity, so to speak, of our nature, and of the Power which we suppose to uphold it?

Mr. Mill seems to think that the belief in a future state might be accounted for by the agreeableness of life and the tendency of men to cling to it, combined with tradition. But the mere agreeableness of life and the tendency to cling to it could not suggest a retributive state of future existence. They could not produce the anticipations of conscience; and as to tradition, whence did the tradition arise?

Mr. Mill in his "Logic" is inclined to Necessarianism, though under a verbal disguise; and Necessarianism would, of course, strike at the root of the proof here tendered; because to him who holds man's actions and character to be the mere result of antecedent circumstances, moral responsibility and conscience are illusions. But the Necessarian theory will have a stronger claim on our attention when a single adherent of it is found for a single hour acting on his principles and treating those with whom he deals as automatons destitute of independent volition, and therefore not rational objects of gratitude or resentment, of praise or blame. To say that the whole scheme of things is necessary, is no more than to say that the scheme of things exists in the order and sequence in which it does exist; in fact, to say nothing, since nobody can pretend that the term necessity, of itself, affords any account of existence. To say that an adult man has no more independent volition than a stone, is to say what no one can by any effort of mind force himself for a moment to believe.

But supposing that the anticipations of conscience as to a future state are in themselves deserving of attention, there seems to be nothing in science which can put a bar to their fulfilment. How our existence can

continue beyond death is a mystery, no doubt; but a mystery is not an impossibility, as science herself at every step of her progress has reason to acknowledge. Mill has put this part of the case with his usual candour and clearness. "The relation of thought to a material brain is no metaphysical necessity; but simply a constant co-existence within the limits of observation. And when analysed to the bottom on the principles of the Associative Psychology, the brain, just as much as the mental functions, is, like matter itself, merely a set of human sensations either actual or inferred as possible, namely those which the anatomist has when he opens the skull, and the impressions which we suppose we should receive of molecular or some other movements when the cerebral action was going on if there were no bony envelope, and our senses or our instruments were sufficiently delicate. Experience furnishes us with no example of any series of states of consciousness, without this group of contingent sensations attached to it; but it is as easy to imagine such a series of states without as with this accompaniment, and we know of no reason in the nature of things against the possibility of its being thus disjoined. We may suppose that the same thoughts, emotions, volitions, and even sensations which we have here, may persist or recommence somewhere else under other conditions, just as we may suppose that other thoughts and sensations may exist under other conditions in other parts of the universe. And on entertaining this supposition, we need not be embarrassed by any metaphysical difficulties about a thinking substance. Substance is but a general name for the perdurability of attributes. Wherever there is a series of thoughts connected together by memories, that constitutes a thinking substance. This absolute distinction in thought and separability in representation of our states of consciousness from the set of conditions with which they are united only by constancy of concomitance, is equivalent in a practical point of view to the old distinction of the two substances Matter and Mind. There is therefore in science no evidence against the immortality of the soul but that negative evidence which consists in the absence of evidence in its favour."

Science is nothing but the perceptions of

our senses collected and methodized. And what reason have we for believing that the perceptions of our senses—our sight, hearing, touch, taste, and smell—even with the aid of the telescope, the microscope, and all other possible inventions, give us anything like a full account of the Universe? An account they give us, which is real so far as it goes, and the guide of our life under our present conditions; but what reason is there for believing that they give us anything like a full account? Is it not reasonable, on the contrary, to surmise that what they tell us bears no appreciable proportion to the whole sum of truth. Around us we see animals, some of them probably representing our immediate physical progenitors, passing their lives within the narrow circle of their own impressions, which is the universe to them, in total unconsciousness of that larger universe which a more developed reason and the appliances of science have opened to us. Is it not probable that we ourselves should present the same spectacle to beings of a higher order? Is it not probable that by an enlargement of our faculties perfectly conceivable, and even involving no total departure from the course of mental development by which we have been brought from the level of the ape or the savage to the highest present level of intellectual and moral man, the difficulty which we now have in understanding the continuance of existence after death might be completely removed, and the anticipations of conscience at once seen to be real? At all events, before a man commits himself practically to the belief that they are illusions, he will do well to find some stronger assurance than the mere inability, with the present limits of our faculties, to understand how a thing can be brought about, against the occurrence of which in itself there is no rational presumption whatever.

To refer absolutely to the authority of the senses, and reject as necessarily baseless anything which they do not confirm, has become more unreasonable than ever since science herself has proved that the nervous organizations on which the senses depend are, like everything else, in a state of flux and development. If they are in a state of flux and development, how can their present decisions be final.

We have inklings of a universe beyond the present range of our perceptions, which the physicists deride as not supported by

experience, as though each successive phase of evolution had not been beyond the experience of the preceding phases. We have the ideas of eternity and infinity; we have them as strongly and ineradicably as we have any ideas whatever; and until we can get rid of them, we shall never be able to believe that physical science, which presents to us everything under the conditions of time and space, is any considerable approach to a complete knowledge of the universe.

It will be observed that the evidence here offered is not liable to the *reductio ad absurdum* to which evidence of the kind offered by Butler is liable, as tending to prove not only the immortality of the human soul, but the immortality of animals. If animals could be shewn to have the same inherent conviction of responsibility extending beyond this life that men have, the same presumption would no doubt arise in their case. But there is no symptom of anything of the kind, or even of their having the powers of reflection necessary to frame such an idea. Their lot, and the amount of unmerited and apparently needless suffering often inflicted on them, are mysteries, as to a great extent are our own being and the whole universe. One day, perhaps, light may be cast on all. At present we can only hold fast to that which is certain, and wait in patience for the explanation of the rest.

Nor have we here anything to do with ghosts or apparitions of any kind, which the anthropologists seem to regard as inseparably connected with the belief in a future state; though in fact, they are merely the primeval modes of presentation, traces of which linger long among the uneducated or the superstitious, but of which the belief itself runs clear as men ascend intellectually and morally to a higher level.

Nor again do we commit ourselves to any special view as to the relations between the soul and the body, the existence of a soul apart from the body, or the effect of that visible dissolution of the human organization which we call death. Nothing is maintained but that we have an assurance of continued existence, an existence the character of which will be determined by our moral state; and that this assurance may be fulfilled, notwithstanding that to the eye of sense nothing survives our corporeal dissolution.

Spiritual life need not be represented as

the life of a disembodied spirit or of a spirit distinct from the body and struggling for emancipation in the fashion imagined by the monks; nor as anything the reality of which can be affected by proofs of the soul's sympathy with the body and the effects of disease or sleep on the whole human organization. It is a life the aims and motives of which are beyond the world of sense; of which the mainspring is a faith in things unseen; which consists in a constant effort to realize an ideal of character fitted to a higher state of being than this, and looks for the reward of present self-denial and self-sacrifice in the state of things to which that ideal is fitted. It is perfectly conceivable that such a life, in its progress through periods of time at all proportioned to those which elapsed before the appearance of a being capable of spiritual life upon this planet, might completely transmute humanity, and this without reversing any known law of science, or causing any breach in the continuity of evolution.

It seems certain as a historical fact, apart from any question as to revelation or miracle, that a great movement or development did commence upon this globe at the period marked by the first preaching of Christianity. Not that it commenced abruptly: there had been a dawning, and one of increasing brightness as the daybreak approached, in Hebrew history and literature; there had been dawns in the life of Socrates, in the teaching of Plato, in the lives and the teaching perhaps of other precursors, Greek, Roman, and Oriental: but the commencement was distinct. From the appearance of Christ, humanity dates a new era and a new order of things. Since that time the distinguishing feature of history has been the constant effort of all that portion of humanity which has fallen under the influence of Christianity to realize an ideal of character, both individual and collective, much in advance of any existing type, though conformable to the pattern embodied in the Gospels. This effort pervades every production and manifestation of humanity. It pervades not only Christian temples, liturgies, and books of devotion, but Christian art in contrast with heathen: Phidias is a greater artist than Michael Angelo, but the Christian possesses, while the Greek lacks, the interest of a spiritual ideal. It pervades Christian fiction, in which, if it be any way worthy of

the name Christian, the interest consists, in some degree at least, in the development of character, while in the Arabian Nights there is no interest but that of adventure. In the social and political sphere, Christendom constantly struggles to produce a community on the basis of human brotherhood, identical with the Church of the Gospel; and it finds itself constrained to persist in this struggle, notwithstanding all the disappointments consequent on the collapse of Utopias and the failure of social revolutions. Christendom cherishes an undying hope for the future of humanity. We shall look for the expression of such a hope in vain—as vainly as for any expression of Faith or Charity—in any Greek or Roman writer; in its place we shall find a despondent regret for the lost happiness of the Golden Age. But Christianity at its birth pours forth in the Apocalypse a rapturous prediction of the final triumph of good over evil and the glorious transformation of humanity. It seems to be partly in virtue of this hope, and of the self-devotion which it excites, that Christian communities show a peculiar vitality, and a power of recovering themselves from the lowest state of depression, while the histories of nations outside the pale of Christendom have more resembled the lives of animals developing into a sort of physical perfection, and then sinking into irretrievable decay.

The writer is fully prepared to accept Evolution, nor does he shrink from the new view of Moral Philosophy which it seems likely to bring with it. Suppose it proved that our vicious propensities are the traces of our animal origin, not yet worked out of us, and that virtue, individual and social, is the effort by which the grosser element is gradually eliminated. This would no doubt render it necessary to rewrite our manuals of Moral Philosophy; but it would not alter our notions of what is higher and lower in morality, or confuse our perceptions of right and wrong, while it would render Ethics more practical and relieve us of much superstition. But the Evolutionists must be called on to accept the fair consequences of their own theory; or rather we, in accepting the theory of Evolution, must accept it as a whole. There can be no reason for believing that the law ceased to operate, and that the series of ascending phases of existence was closed, just at the point at which man emerged from the animal, however natural it may be that

the views of a pure physiologist should be limited to the physiological development. It is conceivable that as from the inorganic was evolved the organic, and from the organic, humanity, so humanity itself may pass into a higher phase, such as we denominate spiritual life. In tracing the descent, we must not overlook the ascent of man.

The lifting of the veil which shrouded the physical origin of man has inevitably given thought a strong bias in the direction of primæval research; and evolutionists are apt to speak as though the genesis of a being were finally decisive of its nature and destiny. Yet the similarity of the embryo Newton to the embryo Diamond seems to preach the opposite lesson. Conscience is treated by this school as merely the principle of tribal self-preservation subtilized into etiquette. That the principle of tribal self-preservation subtilized may be the rudiment of conscience is possible; but that conscience, as now developed, is something more than the principle of tribal self-preservation is surely a fact which everyone may verify. Any one may now satisfy himself by reflection that the mere approbation or disapprobation of his tribe, his nation, or men in general, is not sufficient to assure him of the righteousness or unrighteousness of his conduct, but that he is also judged by an Unseen Power, under whose government it will be well with the righteous and ill with the unrighteous in the sum of things. Conscience is the great and hitherto unshaken proof at once of the immortality of the soul and of the existence of God.

As conscience is identified with the principle of tribal self-preservation by writers of the class of which we have been speaking, so religion is treated as nothing more than mythology. But mythology is merely the coarse primæval matrix of religion. Of mythologies there are as many as there are primitive tribes; the religious principle is one. We can observe the religious principle gradually disengaging itself from mythology, as

when Hector, in the Iliad, defies the power of omens and casts himself upon the Power which upholds those who are fighting in a good cause; and far more clearly and signally in Plato's Ideas, which are in fact, under a metaphysical garb, the Supreme Power, independent of ourselves, which upholds righteousness. Since the coming of Christianity, as we have said, the history of all the nations under its influence has been marked by a continual effort to realize an ideal of character distinctly religious and fitted for a higher state of being: that this tendency of all the more advanced portion of humanity is mere illusion, may possibly be proved, but cannot lightly be assumed. That the traces of the mythical era, and of the era of political religion, when all the gods were national, and each nation had its own god, long hung and still hang about Christianity is perfectly true; but Christianity is entirely distinct from ecclesiastical miracles, hagiologies, and state churches; and if the Christian spirit disengages itself from these remnants of the preceding phase of history, not at once, but slowly and gradually, there is nothing in this repugnant to the theory of evolution.

Why the destiny of man should be wrought out by evolution and effort, not decided by fiat, is an inscrutable mystery; as are the relation of the individual to the race, and the manner in which justice is to be done, as we divine that it will be done, to such as fail only through want of gifts and opportunities. But in spite of these and other doubts, which, it is vain to deny, at present rest in heavy clouds upon human speculation, there seems to be enough, apart from Revelation, to make a man reflect seriously before he finally determines to act on the belief that there is no hereafter, and that if he can only prosper and secure the good opinion of men, which very often waits on mere prosperity in this life, he need not fear any consequences in the life to come.

HORACE, BOOK I, ODE IX.

TO THALIARCHUS.

BY W. P. DOLE, ST. JOHN, N. B.

YOU see that now Soracte steep
 Resplendent stands, enveloped deep
 In shining snow ;
 Nor struggling woods the load can bear,
 And sharp frost stays the rivers where
 They used to flow.

O, Thaliarchus ! kindle mirth ;
 Heap high the logs upon the hearth ;
 Dispel the cold ;
 From Sabine jar more freely draw,
 The rigorous season's chill to thaw,
 Wine four years old.

To the Gods leave the rest ; when they
 Once will the warring winds to lay
 And boiling seas,
 Tall cypresses no longer quake,
 Nor, bending their strong branches, shake
 The aged ash trees.

Ask not—What may to-morrow give ?
 Each day that Fortune grants to live,
 Count it as gain ;
 Nor spurn the sweet delights of love,
 Nor through the merry dance to move
 In youth disdain.

While sour, hoar age your bloom yet spares,
 Let now Mars' Field and public squares
 Be your delight ;
 And at appointed evening hour
 Let whispers soft have gentle power
 Still to invite.

Now, too, enjoy in romping plays
 The pleasant laughter that betrays
 The maiden hid
 In closest nook, and the pledge caught
 From arm or finger that scarce sought
 Theft to forbid.

CHURCH AND STATE IN QUEBEC :

A REVIEW OF SIR ALEXANDER GALT'S PAMPHLET.

BY QUEBECENSIS.

WHEN, in the year 1851, the Legislature of Canada embodied in a Statute* the principle of the legal equality of all religious denominations, and declared that to be a fundamental principle of our civil polity, it was supposed that all questions concerning the relations of Church and State were permanently settled; and the country, relieved from the discussion of so difficult a subject, turned with satisfaction its undivided attention to those measures of practical utility which preceded and accompanied a long career of material progress and peace. The pamphlet recently published by Sir Alex. Galt† warns us that these pleasing anticipations have not been realized; but that there is now existing in the Province of Quebec an organized determination to assert, on behalf of the hierarchy of the Church of Rome, a pre-eminence and an authority unsanctioned by the law of the land, and contrary to the genius of the people of both races who dwell therein.

That such questions should again come up for discussion will no doubt be distasteful to the mere politician. They embarrass all his party alliances and disturb all his deep-laid plans. But the fault is not with such men as Sir Alex. Galt. If, as he attempts to show, it be true that gradual and insidious encroachments are being made by the hierarchy upon the civil power in Quebec, then, upon the principle of the motto, *Qui tacet consentire videtur*, which he has chosen from Pope Boniface's Maxims of Canon Law, he is bound, as a citizen who has acted no humble part in the politics of his country, to utter the words of warning which are contained in the pamphlet before us. There are certain principles of

civil liberty which long ages of struggle have engrained so deeply in the very nature of Anglo-Saxon peoples, and certain principles of the independence of the civil power, which centuries of contest have instilled into the minds of Frenchmen, that they cannot be tampered with to any great extent without causing great convulsions of society. It is better to recognise such encroachments in their beginnings, in the hope that timely remonstrance may prevent those disturbances which would inevitably result from a tacit acquiescence at the first.

The task which Sir Alex. Galt has taken up for this Province is in some respects similar to that of Mr. Gladstone for Great Britain: it is to show that new claims have of late been put forward on behalf of the Roman Catholic hierarchy. Mr. Gladstone treats these chiefly as bearing upon civil allegiance; Sir Alex. Galt as bearing specially upon the peculiar circumstances of his own Province, and as weakening certain rights of the Protestant minority which were guaranteed at Confederation. The writers do not cover the same ground. If, however, Mr. Gladstone apprehends danger to civil liberty from these recently put forward claims of the Roman Church, how much more anxiously should we scan them, living in a Roman Catholic Province like Quebec?

Mr. Gladstone traces in clear outlines the progress of Roman Catholic emancipation in Great Britain. He shows that it was in a great measure obtained by means of the testimony given by all the prelates and representatives of the Roman Church in England and Ireland. Protestant prejudice gradually gave way before the earnest and sincere assurances of good and learned Roman theologians that Protestant notions of Papal claims were utterly false, that Papal infallibility was a Protestant fiction,

* 14-15 Vic., cap. 175.

† Church and State. Montreal, 1876.

and that the claims of the Pope to coercive power, or to any authority over the State, were obsolete.

In Quebec the case was different. By the liberality of the British Government, the Roman Catholic religion was, from the very first, established in the fullest freedom. By virtue alone of the Imperial Act, 14 Geo. III. cap. 83, the Catholics of Canada obtained privileges not enjoyed by their English co-religionists. We are aware that upon this point a wide-spread misapprehension exists now in Quebec, even in the highest quarters, and we regret to read the following in a pastoral of the Roman Catholic Bishop of Montreal :

“ Le Canada était donc vaincu, mais le patriotisme Canadien ne l'était pas. Car nos pères, avant de mettre bas les armes, se souvinrent qu'ils n'étaient venus peupler le pays, que pour en faire un pays religieux. Ils capitulèrent donc avec les vainqueurs ; et, forts de leur patriotisme, ils demandèrent hardiment, pour tous les habitants de la colonie 'le droit d'être conservés dans la possession de leurs biens ;' pour tous les Catholiques 'le libre exercice de la religion' ; pour leur clergé et leurs communautés, des sauve-gardes, les dîmes, et tous les droits accoutumés ; et pour les Evêques, le libre exercice de leurs fonctions épiscopales. Voilà comme nos religieux ancêtres pensèrent et agirent, dans les circonstances si critiques pour eux, puisqu'ils étaient sur le point de passer sous une domination étrangère, et de toucher au pouvoir d'un gouvernement qui, à cette époque, faisait mourir ses propres sujets pour cause de religion.”*

* Fioretti Vescovili, p. 105, Pastoral, dated May 31, 1858, and reprinted in this collection in 1872 :—“Canada was then conquered, but Canadian patriotism was not. For our fathers, before laying down their arms, bethought themselves that they had come to settle in this country only that they might make it a religious country. They made terms then with the conquerors ; and, strong in their patriotism, they boldly demanded for all the inhabitants of the colony the right of being established in the possession of their property ; for all Catholics, the free exercise of religion ; for their clergy and their religious communities, safeguards, tithes, and all accustomed dues ; and for the bishops the free exercise of their episcopal functions. This is how our religious ancestors thought and acted in circumstances so critical for them, since they were then on the point of passing under a foreign domination, and were touching the power of a Government which at that time was putting its own subjects to death for the sake of religion.”

A reference to the Articles of Capitulation, Nos. 28 to 35, will show that the right to tithes and accustomed dues to the Clergy was distinctly refused ; and that the right of the Bishops to exercise episcopal functions, in Article 31, was also refused by implication, for it was classed by General Amherst with Article 30, which was expressly refused. Lest, however, there should be any doubt as to this misapprehension of the exact facts, we quote from another pastoral dated the same day : “ En passant sous la domination Anglaise, nos pères demandèrent et obtinrent à la capitulation du pays pour leur clergé le droit de percevoir les dîmes et autres obligations accoutumées.”†

It will be evident to any one reading the documents, that the free exercise of their religion was alone granted, and that is defined by the treaty of cession, which expressly states that the inhabitants of Canada shall have the free exercise of their religion *so far as the laws of Great Britain permit*. We purposely abstain from any comment upon the statement that at that time (1760) the British Government was putting its own subjects to death for the sake of their religion. It remains to be observed that, at that time in Canada, the Church of Rome was Gallican. This Sir Alex. Galt shows was decided by the Privy Council in the Guibord case ; consequently, even if there had been no further enactment, the King of England became possessed of all the rights of sovereignty held by the French monarch.

Returning, however, to the subject of Roman Catholic Emancipation in Great Britain, it is important to remember that during the whole agitation Rome kept silent. Still the rule *qui tacet consentire videtur* did not bind her. We find, from the replies of Cardinal Manning, Monseigneur Capel and others, that all the Roman Catholics at that time were mistaken, and did not really know the principles of their own Church. Even Dr. Newman thinks that Bishop Doyle's evidence needs a little “ pious interpretation,” and adds that these representations of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in Great Britain had no real value, because Rome was not a

† Fioretti Vescovili : Pastoral on Tithes, p. 106, May 31, 1858 :—“ In passing under the English domination, our fathers demanded and obtained at the capitulation of the country for their clergy the right of collection of tithes and other customary obligations.”

formally consenting party. Protestants are often, with justice, reproached for misrepresenting Roman doctrine; but in this case, at least, they would seem to have been nearer the truth than those learned men who had made a life study of Roman theology. If Barré and Maseres, who resisted the Quebec Act of 1774, or those statesmen who so long resisted Catholic Emancipation in Ireland, were now alive and could read Cardinal Manning's assurances that Rome had never withdrawn one jot or one tittle of her extremest claims, how would they exult over the easy credulity of their opponents!

Among the many replies to Mr. Gladstone, Cardinal Manning's is distinguished by its uncompromising tone, reminding us, in its boldness, of those men who in Lower Canada are pithily said to be "more Catholic than the Pope." He declares that the civil power is in no way affected by the Vatican decrees more than it ever was, and yet admits that the whole mass of Papal decrees, from the earliest times, must now be held as of binding force. It now for the first time clearly appears that this really was the state of the matter all the while, only it was not generally known; certainly the good Bishop of Kildare did not know it, or he would not have described as "odious" such dogmatic utterances as the *Unam Sanctam*. Pity it is that we could not have had a few centuries more of happy ignorance. To revive upon us the whole mass of the Canon Law, and yet maintain that civil liberty is not touched, seems a contradiction. The claims of the Roman Pontiff to exercise coercive power over kings and kingdoms are too much slurred over, however, even by the Cardinal. In explaining away this claim, he quotes the bull "*Novit*" of Innocent III., and purports to give the text in full in his Appendix. But Mr. Gladstone, in his second pamphlet, supplies an omitted portion of that Bull, which asserts that the Pontiff is able and bound to coerce, and is appointed over the nations and the kings that he may tear up and pull down, and scatter every mortal sin. Still the Cardinal indicates, by the words "*et infra*," the omitted passage, the fact being that passages supposed to be of no special importance are relegated to the end, in smaller type, their place being indicated by the words "*et infra*." Now, however, that these documents are of increased importance we presume such liberties will no longer be

taken, and no such device will be permitted. As for the question of coercive power, the present Pope, in the Encyclical *Quantà Curâ*, condemns all those who declare that the Church has no right of restraining by temporal punishments those who violate her laws. Upon these and other changes of Roman Catholic teaching in England Mr. Gladstone dwells, in both his pamphlets, at great length; and Sir Alexander Galt shows that a similar change has taken place in Quebec. To establish this he quotes largely from pastorals and other official utterances of the Bishops. But what is especially of importance to us is the danger, under these new doctrines, of collision between the Church and the Civil power. We have recently seen over one thousand men under arms to enforce a decision of the Privy Council. How slight an error on the part of the magistrates, or of the officers commanding troops in such an emergency, might cause the streets of a city to run with blood, and destroy for a generation the peace and harmony of this Province!

With regard to the precise *locus* of infallibility, it is not a subject with which Protestants have any business to deal. It is no concern of theirs whether infallibility resides in a Council or in the Pope. If Catholics choose to hold the latter doctrine, they have a right to do so. Protestants do not believe in infallibility residing in any person or persons. The question for Protestants is, that absolute and entire obedience is now demanded where it was not before. It is, that indirectly, by the Vatican decrees, the whole body of the past jurisprudence of the Roman Church rises into startling importance, and becomes matter of faith binding on the conscience. Hence, living in a Province where the majority are Roman Catholic, they must ask what is this Canon Law—what is this which Popes have decreed, and which now binds, and did not bind before (that is, which was not generally thought to bind before), and they find there everything which their forefathers resisted, asserted; and that liberty of conscience which is the breath of their life, denied. True, Dr. Newman and Bishop Fessler minimise these decrees to an almost harmless degree; but when may they not be maximised, as they were in the olden times of strife, and be again brought to bear upon civil liberty, by a majority acting through constitutional forms?

It is here that the extracts which Sir Alexander Galt has given from Bishop Fessler are specially to be borne in mind; for they show the dangerous bearing of the principle of minimising. During the Emancipation agitation Rome kept quiet. At the present time Bishop Fessler and Dr. Newman are minimising, but those in Quebec who are "more Catholic than the Pope" are probably right after all, and may at any time be justified in their interpretations. It is hard for Protestants to sit silent when the whole foundation of their civil rights is being sapped by dogmatic decrees which at one time are explained one way and at another time are explained another way by scientific Roman theologians. These ultra Romans are the *avant courriers* of public opinion. Let such doctrines go unchallenged—let the public mind get familiar with this once foreign language—let the youthful mind be imbued with it in the schools, and it will soon reach the Bar, the Bench, and the Senate, and we shall wake up one day to find that we need all our safeguards, and that we too have been overcredulous in listening while *scientific* theology placed a meaning upon words which their ordinary sense would not justify.

This restlessness on the part of the Roman hierarchy is the more inexcusable, because the Bishops admit, in the decree quoted by Sir Alexander Galt, that their Church is freer here than in any other part of the world. Yet they are not satisfied; they hope to attain still further (*deinceps*) to an ideally full and perfect freedom, by means of the favour of our civil rulers. Now this full freedom of the Roman Church is the complete subordination of every other Church, or sect as they would say. Not only is the Roman Church now free, but it has this advantage over the State Churches even of the Empire, that the sword of the civil power collects its tithes. O, Reverend Prelates of the Council, why seek to bind upon this country burdens which neither we nor our fathers were ever able to bear?

During the superficial discussion lately elicited in the House of Commons and in the press, it seemed to appear that all Roman Catholics are Ultramontanés. We venture to think that a fallacy underlies the use of this word. They are doubtless Ultramontane in the sense that they accept the recent definition of the infallibility of the Pope.

The word is used evidently in opposition to the word Gallican, which has now become almost a term of opprobrium. But it does not follow that in giving up the most salient of the Gallican doctrines, that they give them all up. They may cease to be Gallicans, and yet may not—and we believe most of the laymen do not—hold to the power of the Pope in temporals, or even in mixed matters. It is true that the position is logically difficult. Cardinal Manning shows that an infallible authority must define its own limits. In any conflict between Church and State, the fallible State must yield to the infallible Church, from the very nature of the terms employed. The latent premiss once admitted, the logic is irresistible; and for all who value civil liberty the outlook is gloomy. When we see, as Sir Alexander Galt has shown us, that infallible authority has made its first appearance on our Statute Book, we can only hope that our civil rulers will carefully remember in the future that the rights of conscience are superior to the rigid deductions of scholastic logic; for it is in the wielding of the temporal sword, under the dictation of the spiritual sword, that the conflict is likely to arise. If Sir Alexander Galt's pamphlet does no other service, it will compel the politicians to turn their attention to this question, and to form definite ideas as to the true relations between Church and State in Quebec.

The liberties of the Gallican Church, concerning which so much has of late been said, are summed up by Fleury under two maxims: 1st. That the power given by Jesus Christ to His Church is purely spiritual, and extends neither directly nor indirectly over temporal matters; 2nd. That the fulness of the power which the Pope has, as Chief of the Church, should be exercised conformably to the canons received by the whole Church; and that the Pope himself is subject to the judgment of a General Council in the case pointed out by the Council of Constance. These propositions, with the addition that the laws, manners, and customs of the Gallican Church should be preserved inviolate, were proclaimed as "maxims received from their forefathers," and embodied in four Articles drawn up by the hand of the celebrated Bossuet. These Articles were unanimously adopted by the Bishops in 1682, homologated by the Parliament, and sanctioned by

the King. They were included in a Royal edict, commanding that they should be everywhere taught, and declaring them to be general law in all the dominions of France. They were in force in Canada, as is clearly shown in the Guibord judgment. Under the French law before the Revolution, "appels comme d'abus" to the King's Courts extended to all the relations between the civil and the spiritual powers.

That these liberties are not now upheld generally by the clergy of France is one of the results of the Revolution of 1789. That stupendous political convulsion broke up every institution of the country, civil and religious. The churches were closed, and the clergy either put to death or driven into exile. Finding it difficult, however, to get along without religion, Napoleon, at that time First Consul of the Republic, made, in 1801, a Concordat with Pope Pius VII. The Pope then issued the Bull *Qui Christi*, in which he "annuls, suppresses, and extinguishes in perpetuity, the status of the ancient Churches, Archiepiscopal and Episcopal, with all their chapters, rights, privileges, and prerogatives of whatsoever sort they may be, and notwithstanding the statutes, customs (even though immemorial), privileges and indulgences of these same Churches." By the same Bull, all the legitimate Bishops and Chapters were deposed, and even the boundaries of the old dioceses changed. The First Consul named, and the Pope instituted, the new Prelates. There was, consequently, an absolute historic break in the continuity of the Church of France, and the foundation of the present Church dates only from the year 1801. To do the Pope justice, he was driven to this act of *outré* Ultramontanism (we quote the words of the Archbishop of Paris, in 1845) by Napoleon, who threatened to make France Protestant unless it were done. The Pope signed the Concordat and issued the Bull, but in order to save the rights of the State, and such of the Gallican customs as did not conflict with his government, the First Consul took care that neither Bull nor Concordat was promulgated until what were styled "the Organic Articles" were attached. These were not signed by the Pope, but rest on the authority of the State alone, and were purposely made to go over much of the subject-matter of the Bull in another form. He then published all these together

as one legislative act. It would be difficult to say whether the Pope or the Consul more exceeded their powers—and indeed that question has been disputed ever since in France; but, together, they succeeded in dealing such a blow at the ancient privileges of the Church of France, that these have maintained but a sickly existence ever since. Radicalism is potent to destroy but powerless to create, and the Revolution, in destroying the continuity of the institutions of France, entailed upon her Cæsarism in the State, and Absolutism in the Church.

We come now to the consideration of the Bull of Boniface VIII., *Unam Sanctam*, issued in 1302, which Sir Alexander Galt shows us is re-affirmed in a decree of the fifth Provincial Council of Quebec, held in 1873, confirmed by the Pope the following year, and consequently in force in this ecclesiastical Province as far as such decrees can have any force. Cardinal Manning holds this to be an infallible *ex cathedra* Bull. Newman has considerable doubt upon that point, and Bishop Fessler maintains that the last sentence alone is an infallible utterance. That sentence is hard reading—it runs: "And this we declare, we say, we define, and we pronounce, that it is necessary to the salvation of every human creature that he should be subject to the Roman Pontiff." If the Pope had added "in spiritual matters," Protestants would have no right to complain, because, as far as their salvation is concerned, they are content to go wherever their fathers have gone; but when the doctrine of the two swords is re-affirmed, that at once clearly trenches upon the declaration of the Canadian Act of 1851, which, as we have seen, affirms that the equality of all religions is a fundamental part of our constitution. The text of a portion of the Quebec decree is given at page 21 of Sir Alexander Galt's pamphlet. In substance it is: that the Church is a perfect society, independent of and superior to the civil power; and that the political power of the Christian ruler is, not only negatively but even positively, subordinate to the religious authority of the superior society which resides in the Sovereign Pontiff. Not only, then, must the civil power abstain from hindering the superior society in attaining its supernatural end, but, when called upon, it must aid it; for the temporal sword is under the spiritual sword (*gladium*

sub gladio), and is to be wielded by the civil ruler for the Church, not against the Church—that is, of course, the Roman Church. The decree then goes on to urge that this doctrine should be taught in all colleges and schools, and impressed upon judges, advocates, members of Parliament, and newspaper writers, at every opportunity.

Now, in this doctrine of the indirect temporal power lies the kernel of the controversy. It has been fought over age after age, and whenever asserted by Popes promptly repudiated by Governments. For a long time it had lain dormant, and now it comes up again, necessarily to fail once more. A similar doctrine had been put out by Innocent III., who, in a rescript still forming part of the Canon Law, says that God made two lights in the firmament, the greater to rule the day and the lesser the night; and as the light of the day—the Pontifical power—is greater than the light of the night—the temporal power,—so is the power of the Pontiffs superior to that of kings. From Innocent III. to Boniface VIII. the power of the Papacy remained at its flood. The issuing of this Bull (*Unam Sanctam*) marks the commencement of its ebb. Philip the Fair was then King of France, and was engaged in a violent quarrel with the Pope, which was exasperated by the arrogant bearing of one of the French bishops, acting for the Pope, to Philip in person. Him the king sent to prison. Boniface shortly after wrote in the following strain:—"Boniface, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, to Philip, King of France: Fear God and keep His commandments. We would have you to know that you are subject to us in spiritual and in temporal matters," &c., &c. The King publicly burned the Bull and replied: "Philip, by the grace of God, King of France, to Boniface, calling himself Sovereign Pontiff: little or no greeting. Let your great extravagance be informed that we are subject to no one whomsoever in temporal matters," &c., &c. In November of the same year the dogmatic Bull *Unam Sanctam* was issued, followed by the excommunication of the King. The point worthy of special note is that the Pope utterly failed; for, in 1303, he was seized by an agent of the King, and died of chagrin shortly after his release. The following Pope revoked the excommunication, and

the next, Clement V., issued the Bull *Meruit*, which Cardinal Manning says explained, but which Bishop Bossuet and Bishop Doyle said recalled the offensive Bull. This latter effect it was at the time supposed to have had, and it is not easy to read it in any other sense. This is in few words the history of the famous Bull, around which so much of the Gladstone discussion revolves. Many attempts are now made to explain it away; but Boniface and Philip must be supposed to have had an advantage in ascertaining its real meaning, even over the scientific theologians of 573 years later.

In France, as we have seen, the doctrine of the indirect temporal power met with no success. In England, coming up under various forms, it caused incessant collisions with the civil authority. Kings and Parliaments kept a jealous watch upon it. No more devout Catholic ever sat on the throne than William the Conqueror; but he, when even Hildebrand was Pontiff, compelled all the Pope's letters coming into England to be brought first to him, in order that he might see before publication that they contained nothing derogatory to the rights of the Crown. The perfidious John alone bowed the neck, when his tyranny had alienated the nation; and, in recompense, Pope Innocent anathematized and annulled Magna Charta utterly to no purpose. The struggle was renewed under Edward I., and resulted in the first Statute of Provisors, 25 Edward III., caps. 5 and 6. Then followed the first Statute of Præmunire, 27 Edward III., cap. 1; then 38 Edward III.; 12 Rich. II., cap. 15; 13 Rich. II., caps. 2 and 3; and the Statute, still in force, of Provisors and Præmunire, 16 Rich. II., cap. 5. Many others followed, but this last declared "that the Crown of England hath been so free at all times, that it hath been in no earthly subjection, but immediately subject to God in all things touching the regality of the same crown." So the quarrel went on until the time of Henry VIII. Now, if all these Catholic princes and kings violently repudiated the doctrine of the indirect power of the Roman Pontiff in ages supposed to be dark and enslaved, how can it be possible to revive it with success in times such as these we live in?

But why go over such ground as this, which is patent to every reader of history?

Because, if these old Bulls and Constitutions of the Roman Church are to be revived—if, as Cardinal Manning says, such Bulls as *Novit* and *Unam Sanctam* are infallible—if, as Cardinal Cullen testified on the O'Keefe trial, every Bull is of binding force when published at Rome—if, as Bishop Moran testified on the same trial, the whole Canon Law is in force in Ireland—if one of our own younger Judges can sit in a Royal Court and receive the "Corpus Juris Canonici" as of superior authority to the statutes of the realm—if Suarez, and Scavini, and Schmalzgroeber, and the Syllabus can be quoted in a judgment of one of the Queen's Judges, instead of Blackstone and Stephen and Coke—and, especially, if in a Statute passed at the last Session of the Quebec Parliament, the Canon law is recognised as regulating Roman Catholic cemeteries in Canada—it is time to go back and look into this new body of law and see what is in it. Over these dead bones of history the Vatican decrees have breathed the breath of an ephemeral life. Once more, all these haughty forms of proud and imperious churchmen threaten us with menacing gesture. Shall we not then be allowed to invoke to our aid those kings, warriors, and statesmen who resisted them *a l'outrance*, and conquered them along the whole line of combat? But why, after all, speak of kings, when we can read the burning words of the eloquent Bishop of Kildare, in his letters to Lord Liverpool? "If," says he, "we declare in all the forms which language can assume, that the Church has not defined anything upon the subject about which I treat—if, in opposition to the doctrine imputed to her, we adduce the concurrent testimony of the Lord Himself, of His Apostles, and of the Holy Fathers—if we even show that the conduct and doctrine of the most eminent of the Popes themselves are opposed to it, with what colour of justice can it still be imputed to us? If we do not stop here—if we point out the source from which this hateful doctrine has originally flowed—if we show its origin, its progress, its decline and fall, is it not, my Lord, uncanonically, ungenerous, and unjust to overlook our statements, to reject our proofs, to condemn us for that conduct in others which we ourselves abhor? If the Bull *Unam Sanctam*, in which Boniface declares that every creature is subject to the Roman Pope, without at all specifying whether it be in spiritual or

temporal matters—if this Bull be objected to us, is it not reasonable to attend to us whilst we say that no Bull of any Pope can decide our judgment, if it be not received and assented to by the pastors of the Church—an assent which this Bull *Unam Sanctam* never has received? Should we not be allowed to add, that so far from being received by the Church, it was violently opposed, and by an opposition so successful that it was recalled by Clement V., between whom and the author of that Bull only one Pope, Benedict XI., intervened? If the one, which was rejected by the world, be of such mighty moment, is not the other, which was admitted by all, entitled to some respect?"

We have no desire to underrate the many benefits which civil society owes to the Canon Law, and to the influence of Rome in the ages when society was slowly reorganizing after the barbaric invasions. In relation to this, Monseigneur Capel, in his reply to Mr. Gladstone, gives an extract from Arnold's "Lectures on Modern History," which must meet with the concurrence of every reasonable man. But upon taking up the passage at the very word where Mgr. Capel left off, we find the very qualification which renders so large a part of the Canon Law repugnant to the present age. Dr. Arnold continues: "But conceive, on the other hand, the Papacy to become the representative of superstition and of spiritual tyranny, while the Imperial power was the expression and voice of law; that the Emperor stood in the place of the Church, and the Pope was the mere priest, the Church's worst enemy;—and this was actually the form which the contest between the sacerdotal and regal powers assumed at a later period;—then our sympathies are changed, and we become no less zealously Ghibelin than we before were Guelf." It would have been fairer for Mgr. Capel to have given the whole passage. Be that, however, as it may, it is extremely dangerous to a free people to allow such a mass of jurisprudence to acquire by degrees any authority whatsoever; and lest our readers may not be familiar with it, we shall quote from the evidence of Dr. Slevin, Professor of Canon Law in 1826 at Maynooth, the following account of it: "The Canon Law, or common law of our Church, is contained in a work known by the title of 'Corpus Juris Canonici.' It was published by Pope Gregory XIII., and is composed of several parts or

collections of Canon Law made at different times. The body of Canon Law is composed of texts of Scripture, decrees of Councils, decretals of Popes, extracts from the holy fathers, and even some from the Civil Law. The different collections making up the body of the Canon Law are : the *Decretum Gratiani*; secondly, the *Decretalia Gregorii IX.*; thirdly, the *Sextus Decretalium*; fourthly, the *Clementinæ Constitutiones*; fifthly, the *Extravagantes Johannis*; and sixthly, the *Extravagantes Communes*; and the sources from which the different laws contained in these collections are taken are those that I mentioned. To have a complete body of Canon Law, we must add the decrees of the Council of Trent, and the different Bulls that have been issued by Popes since the time of Pope Sixtus IV., as none of a more recent date are included in the collection of Gregory XIII., which was published towards the end of the 16th century. The Bulls that were issued after Sixtus IV. down to Clement XII. have been included in the '*Bullarium Romanum.*'" When we say that this law, so far only as the *Extravagantes Communes*, extends over a huge folio volume of 1,000 pages of small type in double columns (we refer to the edition of Pithoeus, 1779), and when we reflect that the "*Bullarium Romanum,*" down to 1757, includes 19 vols. folio, and, moreover, that the continuation, publishing at Rome, comprised a few years ago 15 folio volumes more, down only to 1821; when we remember also the immense literary activity of the present Pope, the mind sinks in despair before the mass of reading matter which has of late received so great an additional authority. Surely, for a while, the world might have a respite from Encyclicals and Syllabuses, until it could have time to digest one thousand years of back reading.

It seems to us that the parting line of opinion cannot be drawn by creeds and races. It ill becomes Protestants, bearing in mind the supreme law of conscience and personal responsibility upon which they fundamentally rely, to attempt to interfere with any doctrines of the spiritual order which Catholics may choose to hold; but, upon the principle of the indirect power of the Roman Pontiff in temporals, a line may be drawn which, we believe, would include, at present, not only Protestants, but the large majority of lay Roman Catholics over 30

years of age—men who could say, with Bishop Doyle in 1826: "We consider the constituted authority in every State, whatever form it may assume, as derived from God, and totally independent of the Pope or any other authority whatsoever, except only such authority as the constitution itself of any State may recognize as the immediate basis or source of its own power. We are warranted in this opinion by the Word of God Himself;" and who could say with Dr. Crolley, of Maynooth, before the Royal Commission in 1854—"I teach that it is our duty, as Catholics, to be as loyal subjects of the Queen in temporal as of the Pope in spiritual matters. I firmly believe that nothing could be more pernicious to the Church herself than any attempt to revive the obsolete, the false, and, as I had fondly imagined, the universally abandoned pretensions that the Pope, as her 'of the Church, possessed any direct or indirect temporal power."

Upon such principles no quarrel can arise; but it is the doctrines of the Neo-Catholics which we dread. Such, for instance, as those which Cardinal Cullen put out on oath as a witness on the O'Keefe trial in 1873: "The laws of the Catholic Church, when they are published at Rome, bind all over the earth, just as the laws published in London bind in every part of Ireland, England, and Scotland, as I am informed;" and again: "The Canon Law was made for the whole world, and of its own force it extends all over the world;" or such as are embodied in a series of propositions, put forth originally in Belgium, copied in the *Osservatore Romano*, and published in the *Dublin Freeman's Journal* in 1874, under the heading of "Our Catholic Creed:" "We firmly believe and profess that it in no degree belongs to the State to define what are the rights of the Church or the limits within which it may exercise them." "It belongs to the spiritual power to establish the temporal power, and to judge it if it be not good;" and again: "We firmly believe and profess that liberty of conscience and of worship, understood in the sense of theological equality, and indifference in matters of religion, is in itself a principle contrary to the good of souls and to the rights of the Church. And if the Church supports it in certain countries, it is through necessity and through fear of greater evils."

Such principles as these Sir Alex. Galt

shows are spreading in Quebec, and he reminds us that Protestants are in a minority, and that the safeguards devised at Confederation are not so strong as they were supposed to be. To this it is no answer to say that Sir Alex. Galt did, or did not, devise those safeguards—that he did, or did not, think them sufficient a year ago. Such statements may, or may not, be important to Sir Alex. Galt; but to the Protestants of Quebec they are unimportant. Nor is it an answer to say that the Roman Catholics are in a minority in Ontario; because no one in Ontario is proposing to revive the obsolete intolerant statutes of England there. Nor is it conclusive to ask, with that triumphant air of utilitarian politics which is not to be confounded with political wisdom, "What are you going to do about it? You cannot help yourselves." To this we reply: 1st, That the calm and thorough discussion alone of these new and radical doctrines is their sure defeat; and 2nd, That it is not the custom of free people to sit quietly down and await any fate, no matter how inevitable it may seem to be.

While the attacks of the Neo-Catholic school in Quebec are incessant, and their productions, in pamphlets, editorials, letters, &c., are innumerable, the old tolerant school of clergy with whom Protestants have lived so quietly are fast passing away. And what is worse, those who survive do not reply to their more active and vigorous assailants, for the epithets "Liberal" or "Gallican" are not now lightly to be incurred. As specimens of this new Quebec style, we give extracts from a pamphlet published in 1872, violently attacking the Grand Vicar Raymond for liberalism. "Proof, if you please? Proof? It is that there is in Canada liberty of conscience, liberty of worship, liberty of speech, and liberty of the press—all liberties inscribed in our laws as rights, and applied every day in our society as facts; all liberties forming the balance of our social state, the protocol of our political existence; all liberties condemned and reproved by infallible Popes." And again: "We answer still that the Catholic Church has alone the right to liberty, because she alone possesses the truth." The writer indignantly asks, "Does prudence then demand that we should wait until the good dispositions of our politicians are changed with regard to the Church, before

demanding the reform of those of our laws which are not in harmony with the Syllabus? It seems to us quite the contrary." And again: "Ought we, we Christians, to exercise more circumspection in regard to the impious and to the Protestants of the 19th century than our brothers of the Primitive Church did to the impious and the pagans of their day?" This is rampant Neo-Catholicism, and there is abundance of it in the recent issues of the Roman Catholic press of the Province. In Laval University, which has been so much attacked for its liberal opinions, the lectures of the Professor of Theology, the Abbé Paquet, have been published under the sanction of the Archbishop. Upon the subject of toleration we read: "A Government cannot proclaim the civil liberty of worship without usurping a right which it has not got. It is not judge in the matter of religion, and in declaring the civil liberty of worship it arrogates to itself a right which belongs only to the spiritual power—it substitutes itself for the infallible tribunal of the Church." Ag. in: "Absolute liberty of worship, set up as a principle, is then a chimera, an error, and an impiety. Always and everywhere the principle of religious or dogmatic intolerance will remain master of the position, because it is the truth, and truth is indestructible, because it is eternal." The Abbé explains the principle of toleration thus: "The rulers of nations, although they may grant civil liberty to false religions for the purpose of avoiding great evils, yet with regard to God and society are always under the obligation of promoting the true religion within the limits of their powers." He quotes Monseigneur Audisio ("Droit Public de l'Eglise") as stating that the civil liberty of worship may be tolerated, and as even citing Rome itself under the Popes as a crucial instance of that toleration on a pretty large scale. Now, such toleration as that would never suit the Protestants of Quebec, although they may kindly thank the good-hearted Abbé for straining his authorities to make it out. Here is the danger of the doctrine of the two swords when it comes firmly to be believed in by the majority.

Sir Alex. Galt has been reproached with endeavouring to stir up religious strife. On the contrary, we believe that open discussion at this period, will tend to prevent it. His style is quiet, though forcible. There

is nothing, for instance, in his pamphlet like the following extract from a pamphlet—"Letters to a Member of Parliament, by Monseigneur the Bishop of Birtha"—published at Montreal in 1874. The Bishop writes to a member at Ottawa in this strain: "This is a battle *a l'outrance*, and without quarter. This battle cannot be fought with white gloves and with snowballs; there must be iron and fire; for it is the salvation of society as well as the salvation of souls which is at hazard, according as the victory shall rest with truth or with error—two irreconcilable enemies. Moreover, upon whomsoever teaches error, says the Church, let there be anathema. She makes no distinction of persons; she strikes without distinction, according to the rules of Justice; like God Himself, she never pardons without repentance. If the guilty man remains obstinate and dies in his revolt against the Church, anathema follows him even to the grave, where they throw his corpse deprived of the honours of Christian burial." Truly here is a Bishop militant of the good old stuff. Pity that he does not reside in his diocese, *in partibus infidelium* though it be, so that the Birthites might be speedily brought to a knowledge of the truth. Bismarck used to say that "blood and iron" were the essential requisites; but "fire and iron" are more canonical. Oh, that Birtha were in Germany, that the Bishop and Bismarck might compare their views! But in Quebec we are not going to fight even with snowballs. The Queen's writs will answer for bullets, and, failing the Federal Parliament, the Crown and Parliament of Great Britain, with the appeal to the Queen in Council, are our all-sufficient safeguards.

The Protestants of Quebec are not a helpless minority, if they will only master this question of civil rights, and cling to it, without confusing it with the religious doctrines of the Roman Catholics. They are only dividing themselves if they attack doctrines of the spiritual order which Catholics have a right to hold, and which, under true Protestant principles, should remain unassailed. They are undermining the basis on which they themselves stand. The Abbé Paquet, who has read Rousseau (we have not—is he on the Index?), cites him with disapproval as saying that "it is impossible to live in peace with people whom one believes to be eternally lost." We concur in his disapproval. It is

possible for people to live in peace so long as all religions are equal before the law, no matter what gloomy anticipations we may cherish as to each other's future welfare. When we shall all escape into a happier region, far from the interminable folios of the Canon Law, we believe that many agreeable surprises will be in store for those, Protestant and Catholic, who in the necessary relations of this sublunary life have learned to know and respect each other.

In the third division of his pamphlet, Sir Alex. Galt treats of the special guarantees of Protestants in Quebec. He shows—1st, That the education of Roman Catholics has now fallen entirely into the hands of the clergy; this cannot be changed until the Roman Catholic majority so will it. 2nd, That the English and Protestant constituencies are fast being settled by French Roman Catholics, and that the present English minority representation will be very greatly weakened; this also cannot be helped, for it is contrary to true notions of freedom to dream (even if the power existed) of disfranchising any one on account of his religion, who chooses to settle anywhere in Canada. Our author sees and admits this, and therefore turns to the Federal veto as the sole palladium of the civil rights of the minority.

But the Protestant position is stronger than that. Its strength consists in the fact that Quebec forms part of the Protestant empire of Great Britain, and that the supremacy of the Crown is a fundamental part of the constitution of that empire. The very privileges of the Roman Church, by which its tithes and dues are still collected by law, rest upon a clause of an Imperial statute (the 14th Geo. III. cap. 83, Quebec Act) embodying a recognition of the royal supremacy. The clause thus reads:—"His Majesty's subjects professing the religion of the Church of Rome, of and in the said Province of Quebec, may have, hold and enjoy the free exercise of the religion of the Church of Rome, subject to the King's supremacy declared and established by an Act made in the first year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth over all the dominions and countries which then did or thereafter should belong to the Imperial Crown of this realm; and the clergy of the said church may hold, receive and enjoy their accustomed dues and rights with respect to such persons only as shall

profess the said religion." Now, the 16th section of the 1st Eliz. cap. 1, which has never been repealed, reads thus:—"And to the intent that all the usurped and foreign power and authority, spiritual and temporal, may for ever be clearly extinguished, and never be used and obeyed within this realm, or any other of your Majesty's dominions or countries, may it please your Highness that it be further enacted, by the authority aforesaid, that no foreign prince, person, prelate, state, or potentate, spiritual or temporal, shall at any time after the last day of this Session of Parliament, use, enjoy or exercise any manner of power, jurisdiction, superiority, authority, pre-eminence or privilege, spiritual or ecclesiastical, within this realm or within any other of your Majesty's dominions or countries that now be or hereafter shall be; but from thenceforth the same shall be clearly abolished out of this realm and all other your Highness's dominions for ever; any statute, ordinance, custom, constitution, or any other matter or cause whatsoever to the contrary in anywise notwithstanding."

Here, then, is the real stronghold of Protestants. Before these statutes the Quebec Government is powerless; and at any moment the Imperial Government might strike out of its own Act the clause under which the Roman Church collects its dues. If, on the other hand, the Quebec Government should pass any Act which trenches on the civil rights of Protestants, or infringes the royal supremacy—if, in short, the doctrine of Boniface VIII. should in any way attain legislative recognition in Quebec,—and if ever the Federal Government chose to concur in it, the Governor-General, with his instructions before him, could not let it pass without incurring certain disgrace from the Imperial authorities. The strength of the empire then is behind the Protestants in a just cause, but they should remember that this strength will never be exercised upon matters in the spiritual order; and also, that those who seek to do away with the appeal to the Queen in Council seek unwittingly to destroy their most important safeguard.

In going over this wide and important discussion within the limited space of a magazine article, we are painfully conscious that much has necessarily to be passed over which might have been considered with advantage. A great deal bearing upon the

subject has appeared in the English newspapers, but, so far, the discussion has been carried on rather as a party question than on its own merits. From this remark we should, however, except a series of articles on the Routhier judgment which appeared in August, 1874, in the *Toronto Nation*. These showed a very complete and exceptional knowledge of the subject, evidently the fruit of careful study. It remains now briefly to consider whether there is any common ground in this matter upon which Protestants and Catholics can stand together. Again we turn to the Maynooth professors, and again we find principles of peace and charity laid down upon which all can unite. We cannot do better than quote the words of Dr. O'Hanlon before Lord Harrowby's Commission in 1853. He distinguishes between the spiritual and temporal in this wise:—"Those matters are spiritual which have been instituted, commanded or recommended by Christ. All those matters must be deemed spiritual which were regulated by the Apostles and their successors in the ministry, from the death of Christ to the conversion of the Emperor Constantine. During the first three centuries of the Christian era, the Church possessed no temporal power. She did not possess it in virtue of any concession from Christ; for we are agreed that Christ communicated no temporal authority to His Church. She did not derive it from the concession of secular princes; for during this period they were all enemies of the Christian religion and persecutors of the Christian people." In like manner Dr. Crolly, before the same Commission, propounds the following principles:—"1st. The State possesses supreme independent power in all civil affairs—as supreme and independent as when the Gospel was first promulgated. 2nd. The Church, by virtue of her Divine institution, has neither more nor less power now than she had during the first three centuries. 3rd. The sanction by which the Church enforces her commands is purely spiritual, whilst the penalties inflicted by the State are of a purely temporal nature."

Let such principles as these obtain in Quebec, and there never can be quarrels between Protestant and Catholic. The doctrine of Boniface VIII. never led to anything but trouble and disaster to the Roman Church; and its resuscitation, after six cen-

turies of burial, will be as mischievous in the 19th century as it was in the 13th, when both princes and people were Roman Catholic. In the days when the Papacy was at its zenith, in the troublous times of Henry III., the assembled Barons at Merton had the courage to declare to the Bishops,

who were pressing on them a canon of Pope Alexander III., their determination not to alter the laws of England, and they used a phrase, celebrated in after years, with which we may fitly conclude this paper—*Notumus leges Angliæ mutari.*

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE Session of the Dominion Parliament for 1876 was brought to a close on the 12th ult., having lasted two months and two days. During the Tariff discussions there was some liveliness apparent, but, on the whole, the proceedings were insufferably dull. It has pleased the party organs to give *ex parte* summaries of the events of the Session, and we suppose there are some people who read them, or they would not have been written. Be that as it may, there is no special reason for following their example. To judge from the general expression of opinion outside the walls of Parliament, people were wearied out long before Black Rod appeared to summon the House to attend His Excellency in the Senate Chamber. In looking over the dreary list of bills which received the Royal assent, one fails to perceive anything of even passing interest. Every legislative thoroughfare of the Session seemed to be a *cul de sac* leading nowhere. The trade debates excited considerable attention, and many groundless hopes; the distinguished Committee on the Depression of Trade—the bantling of Bothwell, as we may call it—wound up its labours by presenting the House with a treatise on political economy, as some philanthropists give a tract to him who is begging for bread; and as for the Pacific Railway, all we know is that it is to be built sometime, in some direction, and with steel rails. The genius of dulness seemed to pervade the legislative atmosphere, and all paths seemed to converge upon the dark mountains. Without guide or compass, our rulers stumbled on—*ibant obscuri solâ sub nocte per umbram.*

Of the legislative work actually placed upon the statute-book, Mr. Blake must be credited with the lion's share, which, after all, is not an excessively large one. He is not a demonstrative Minister, and takes no delight in giving form and shape to "burning questions" while in place, however he may dally with them when out of it. The gyves of office seem to gall him somewhat; for he is not the same Edward Blake as he who went scampering joyously about the country from Aurora to Walkerton, and flying constitutional kites during the summer recess. He appears rather as a subterranean worker, a sort of tentative human mole, boring in all directions, but shunning the light of public attention for the most part, and only emerging now and then from the soil, to cast up his little mound of legislative earth. Although he has not yet accomplished anything worthy of his great abilities and solid acquirements, much may be anticipated, for the material is there and well under control, and it is apt to appear in the surface at strange and unexpected places. Not that Mr. Blake's political views are capricious or changeful; on the contrary, they are always, we believe, the results of careful examination and solitary reflection, thought out by himself and for himself. Even those enlightened opinions which, in a happy moment, he revealed to the public, were no scholarly vagaries, but, on the contrary, sound constitutional principles which were all the more valuable because they had no savour of that political cant which is the small change of hustings declamation. The alarm which conventionalism always feels at any practical

suggestion out of the ordinary rut is natural, and perhaps excusable; time must elapse before novel ideas can percolate the crass and compact mass beneath; but they always persist, until at length they become the commonplace maxims of trading politicians. Mr. Blake's originality is further observable in his relationship to public opinion. Attached nominally to a party, whose prime weapon is popular flattery, he really belongs to none—standing apart and disdainful to court the favour of the crowd. Not that, like the poet, he hates and repels it; but because his instincts are those of the statesman, and not of the demagogue. In entering or retiring from the Government, he has never done so at the bidding of the House or of the country— *nec sumit, nec ponit secures arbitrio popularis auræ*. On the contrary, his maxim appears always to have been to assume or resign office when the essential good of the community or the chances of his personal usefulness seemed to dictate the step. On these grounds we believe the country has substantial reason to expect greater things from the Minister of Justice hereafter.

Mr. Mackenzie is the working-bee of the hive, and has been compelled to suffer for his improvident use of energy. A day of labour extending from half-past nine in the morning until midnight, and sometimes to one or two o'clock on the following morning, cannot be repeated long with impunity. The Premier, as we had occasion to remark before, is essentially an administrator, and the work he performs in his Department would of itself task the physical powers of any average man. These duties are not discharged under the public eye, and are to a large extent self-imposed, with little hope of appreciative acknowledgment from those who reap the benefit. This should be borne in mind when the nervous tension proves too severe, and shows itself outwardly in brusqueness and irritability of manner. Mr. Mackenzie's Pacific Railway explanations were, perhaps, as satisfactory as could be expected, although they do not make it plain that we are much nearer the goal than we were a year ago. It is true that the works from Fort William and from Pembina are under way, but, on the other hand, the Georgian Bay Branch has been thrown back, and British Columbia remains unsatisfied. Although essentially a party man, the Premier has done service

to the national cause by boldly avowing that the Tariff and the Pacific Railway are not, and ought not to be, party questions. With this view the leaders of the Opposition concur, and what remains then, we should like to know, about which parties, as such, can be at variance? These are the two great questions before the people—the only ones in which they feel an absorbing interest; and if party machinery is incapable of dealing with them, what is it good for? When people speak of party as something essential to effective government, they mean, at least in this country, the grouping of politicians about leaders who adopt a common name and pronounce the same unmeaning shibboleth. They are cliques and not parties, except in the same lax sense as the word is applied to hostile Highland clans or Irish factions. And now, having abandoned the only subjects of serious importance to the Dominion, why do they continue to exist at all? When these are eliminated from the party struggle and openly cast *in medio*, how may the political combatant ascertain whether to aid or assail his neighbour, but by the buff or blue rag which hangs from the lappel of his coat?

The Charlevoix Committee, as we expected, found M. Langevin's charges not proven. The whitewashing of that particularly black sheep, the President of the Council, was a foregone conclusion from the moment of its appointment. Now the evidence distinctly established several ugly facts. M. Cauchon had applied to the Department of Marine and Fisheries for the services of the Quebec Water Police, and had met with a rebuff. Nothing daunted, his election agent got a number of the men together and sent them down to Charlevoix under the charge of one Trudel. Senator Price, about whose evidence the Committee preserves a discreet silence, was present when they arrived. They bore a note, signed "J. C. per J. Archer," recommending them to a tavern-keeper, and stating that they were, not conservators of the peace, but "our friends," that is, men ready to do "our" dirty work. Boniface, nothing loth, primed them so well with liquor that some of them got drunk, flourished revolvers, and threatened to shoot somebody on the morrow. M. Frechette stated, in the House, that the local authorities could not supply the police force necessary to preserve peace at the polls. The

evidence proved that this was incorrect; the police protection was quite adequate to the purpose, and there was no breach of the peace at all. The water-police did not affect to afford any assistance whatever, and did not go near the polls, contenting themselves with roaming about the country on special service for M. Cauchon. On their return to Quebec, they received four dollars each "per J. Archer;" although as he certainly did not pay the money, it must have been ultimately drawn either from "J. C." or much more probably from the public treasury. The whole proceeding may be understood at a glance, and we contend that it is entirely without excuse. These men were not at the time on public duty; but they were trained and disciplined at the public expense and for the public service. They did not go down officially and by order of the Department, but in defiance of its instructions; yet those who sent them knew well enough that they would enjoy the prestige and authority of the force in the country. They could overawe opponents in the name of law and order, although they were in fact nothing but a gang of hired bullies sailing under false colours—pirates, with the black flag concealed in the cabin. Yet the partisan committee had no word of censure for M. Cauchon or the other government officials concerned in the affair. We do not care to ask Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Blake what they think now of their new President. It is at least presumable that they knew M. Cauchon's *penchant* for devious and miry ways, and received him into the fold with the greatest reluctance. This is not the last trouble into which they will find themselves involved by their unfortunate choice of this representative Lower Canadian. The best intentioned Government in the world will have to swallow its peck of dirt before its official term is spent; but there seems no object in gulping it down at a mouthful. Sooner or later the Privy Council will discover the truth of the old French proverb:—" *Il ne faut qu'une brebis galeuse pour gâter tout un troupeau,*"—it needs but one scabby sheep to taint a whole flock.

The Report of the Select Committee on the depression of trade fills about three closely printed columns of the *Globe*, and, we presume, is looked upon by its author with all the pride of paternity. Having every

respect for Mr. Mills's industry and intelligence we cannot understand why he penned this rambling dissertation *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*. It is in fact not so much a summary, and that by no means a fair one, of the evidence collected, as an argument elaborated to establish a foregone conclusion. Like some dogmatists in another sphere, Mr. Mills starts with a pre-conceived opinion and then proceeds to find authority for it, a species of ratiocination which is always successful, both in theology and economics. But do not even the ultra-protectionists the same, and what then, after all, is the value of this *ex parte* method of demonstration? In the first clause of the Report, the objects for which the committee was appointed are distinctly stated, but it seems quite evident that the writer had not gone far before he forgot all about the point from which he had set out, or the goal he was expected to reach. That object was "to enquire into the causes of the present depression"—nothing more. They were not commissioned to draft a treatise made up of digressions, compared with which those in Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* are strictly relevant. Occasionally there are faint glimpses of the purpose for which the Committee was appointed, but they are speedily hidden from view by mists of economic disputation. No one asked for the opinion of Mr. Mills and his colleagues on the abstract controversy between free-trade and protection; for every man of average intelligence who cares to have an opinion on the subject, may form one for himself. No advocate of incidental protection is at all affected by Mr. Mills's laboured argument against the American system because no one proposes it for adoption except Mr. Elijah Ward, of New York. If there were any supporters of an American Zollverein in Canada, this reasoning might be of use; as it is, Mr. Mills is merely setting up a man of straw, for the pleasure of demolishing it.

Mention is made in the report of "a national policy"—so termed, we suppose on the *lucus a non lucido* principle—which utterly ignores the wants, the capabilities, and peculiar environment of the nation. The true "national policy" for Canada has been enunciated by Sir Alexander Galt, in words that cannot too often be quoted:—"Free Trade and Protection, as abstract principles, are both alike inapplic-

able to Canada, from its situation and circumstances. * * Though a Free Trader theoretically myself, I have always recognised the necessity and advantage of adapting the application of principles, in themselves sound, to the circumstances of our country, the habits of our people, the condition of our climate, and our relations to Great Britain and other countries. My views on this subject have ripened, but have in no respect changed since, in 1859, I then arranged the Tariff and subsequently modified it in 1866. The policy adopted then, and which to a large extent remains in force still, was popularly known as Incidental Protection, though it might more appropriately have been termed Modified Free Trade. Under this system of revenue, it is well known that our manufacturing interest has grown to its present considerable proportions; and it is in the same direction I consider a re-adjustment of the Tariff should now be made."

As against a comprehensive and statesmanlike policy like this, the pellets from Mr. Mills's doctrinaire pop-gun are perfectly innocuous. His clamour about "a highly restrictive tariff" is nothing to the purpose; nor have his apprehensions about the carrying trade any greater relevance. Throughout the Report the fallacy is apparent of confounding a "national policy" with the crude and indefensible creed of ultra protection. We have used the word fallacy," but it is not altogether clear that Mr. Mills and those who adopt similar tactics are not consciously and of set purpose resorting to a very paltry rhetorical artifice. It is in fact only the old chimera of the "Chinese Wall" tricked out in a more deceptive garb; but it is not the less a mere figment of the imagination. The member for Bothwell knows this very well, for he must have read Sir A. T. Galt's letter and had ample opportunities of ascertaining the actual position of his opponents, and yet this is the windmill at which he tilts:—"They (the Committee) do not consider the results which have flowed from the trial of a restrictive policy in the United States of such a character as to justify its adoption here." Pray, who advocates its adoption? Is it Sir John Macdonald, Mr. Workman, Mr. Irving, or Mr. John Macdonald? Certainly not, and Mr. Mills must have been fully aware of it when he concocted the string of irrelevant paragraphs of

which his report is mainly made up. The imposing array of statistics, with which the latter part of the document bristles, is nothing to the purpose; they would be powerless against the national policy, even if they were trustworthy. A great English statesman, whose son was about to relieve the tedium of the sick chamber by reading, laid upon him this injunction:—"Do not read me history, for that I know to be false;" and the same may be said of figures, which, if not in themselves false, are too easily made deceptive, under the manipulation of theorists and doctrinaires. The member for Bothwell has improved upon the general practice by first propounding a policy which no considerable number of Canadians has ever adopted—and then hurling statistics at it compiled out of his own imagination. The system, against which the Report contends, is that of protection amounting in fact to prohibition, so far as imports are concerned, and it states, with refreshing assurance, the net results. It sets down exactly the number of millions which would be lost in customs' revenue, the precise cost which would be entailed upon the consumer, and the number of inhabitants which might be attracted by the protected manufactures. This is the merest trifling, and worse than trifling, with a subject of vast and increasing importance; and its only practical effect upon the people must be an abiding suspicion of all *quasi* appeals to facts and figures. A legislator who could deliberately pen that fanciful balance sheet with twelve millions and a half on the debtor side and a quarter of a million on the other, is equal to any demand that may be made upon his inventive powers.

Another strange feature in the Report is its method of dealing with economical phenomena in the United States. The argument tersely stated would run in this way:—The United States enjoy a highly protective tariff; now the failures in the Eastern States amount to \$11 *per capita* whilst those in the agricultural regions of the West amount only to \$2 70; therefore a protective tariff is injurious. It will be observed that no account is taken here of any of the other considerations which must be weighed in accounting for the phenomenon. Like most men of one idea, Mr. Mills takes hold of one of many complex agencies to the exclusion of all others, and rears his

tottering edifice upon that narrow and insufficient foundation. Certainly if there were any validity in it, we should have found sufficient reason not merely for neglecting manufactures and commerce—for both are involved in financial disasters—but for improving them off the face of the earth. If Mr. Mills will compare the cities and towns with the agricultural portions of Canada, at any time and under any tariff, a similar difference will be apparent in the matter of insolvency. Trade may be as free as you like or it may groan under a burden of sixty per cent., and yet the advantage will in all cases remain with the rural districts.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, in speaking of the obstacles impeding the progress of sociology, mentions the extremely complex nature of the phenomena, and the difficulty of finally "establishing relations of cause and effect among social phenomena." Let us quote one or two sentences:—"In a society living, growing, changing, every new factor becomes a permanent force; modifying more or less the direction of movement determined by the aggregate of forces; never simple and direct, but, by the co-operation of so many causes, made irregular, involved, yet always rhythmical, the course of social change cannot be judged of by inspecting any small portion of it." Of any such impediments, Mr. Mills is blissfully unconscious. He is quite content to get hold of some single factor in the calculation and term it the cause of any number of effects, and hey, presto! all difficulties vanish at a flourish of the economical wand. Provided one phenomenon is antecedent to, or even synchronous with another, the relation of cause and effect is thoughtlessly assumed. The maxim is, *post hoc ergo propter hoc*, or else, to put it in another way, of two parallel lines, one must be the efficient cause of the other. The fallacy of this assumption becomes evident, when one's opponents take advantage of it. If Mr. Mills's rationale of insolvency be sound, why may not Mr. Carey point to the ease with which the United States have been paying off their debt, or M. Thiers to the astonishing power of recuperation displayed by France, as fruits of protection?

Most of us have some notion that the westward movement both of the Semitic and Aryan races indicates some general law of human progress, manifesting itself under many diverse conditions, overcoming the

most serious obstacles and yet always proceeding with sure, though intermittent flow, through all the ages. Mr. Mills has a short, though not a royal, road to knowledge. Give him the law of supply and demand and the maxim which bids us buy in the cheapest market and sell in the dearest, and he has found the fulcrum upon which the social forces operate. The true secret of migratory movement is found in commercial policy; so that to be once informed of the rate *ad valorem* imposed at the Custom House is to possess the key to that and every other social problem. The emigration from New England to the Western States is gravely accounted for, by this easy method. No doubt also the dispersion of the race on the plains of Shinar, and the successive irruptions, so distasteful to Mr. Lowe, of those barbarians who swept down like an avalanche upon the effete Roman Empire, were caused by a "highly restrictive tariff." Indeed it seems to be a question whether the Deluge may not have been designed as a providential enforcement of the law of supply and demand and of the Rev. Mr. Malthus's theory of population.

Thus even when occupying the strongest position he can assume, Mr. Mills is vulnerable, because of the untenable lines of circumvallation within which he entrenches himself. If the stronghold of American protectionism had no weaker points than those indicated by him, it would be practically impregnable. It is in vain that he marches, as the hierophant of economic orthodoxy, about the Chinese walls of this modern Jericho; they still stand, so far as he is concerned, not by reason of their strength, but because the blast of his penny trumpet has no destructive efficacy in it. Instead of overthrowing even the ultra-protectionism of the United States by his impotent assaults, he only exposes the weakness of his pretentious dogmatism in economics, and affords the common enemy an easy and unexpected victory. Not being the champions of the American system in any sense, we can afford to take our stand upon the serener heights, and view, with calm complacency, the futile conflict in which Mr. Mills has thought fit to engage. The arguments, sound or fallacious, which he chooses to employ against the policy of our neighbours, do not concern or affect us; as against the United States, they may or may not be valid and effective, but

certainly they are pitifully impotent as against the only system we care to advocate or defend. Mr. Lewes speaks of "a common tendency of disputants to caricature the opinions they oppose, and thus appear to gain an easy triumph over an adversary shown in an absurd light." Mr. Mills goes further; he not only betrays this tendency, but deliberately substitutes for the policy he is ostensibly combating another which is widely different, and has no one, within sight or hearing, to defend it. In short, to travesty a *bon mot* of Sheridan's, he manufactures an enemy and then relies upon his imagination for facts and figures to refute him. Sooner or later, he will discover that he is bombarding the wrong fortress, and that, even as against it, his antiquated artillery is woefully out of range.

As we have already remarked, the Report dignifies the *laissez faire* system, by the name of "national"—a mistake which surely must have struck even the Committee with a sense of incongruity. "Liberal" and "enlightened" are attributes which may be applied to anything, for they are the small change of political rhetoric; but to style a policy patriotic, which ostentatiously neglects the interests of the nation, is the height of absurdity. Perhaps the member for Bothwell would have preferred the word "cosmopolitan," if it had not fallen into disrepute of late. The only policy worthy the name of national is one which takes into account all the factors, and adopts only with the necessary qualifications and modifications the rigid maxims of the economist. The reasons why "the hard science" has made so little way in the world are: first, because it is founded upon a contracted and inadequate view of human nature; and secondly, because it proclaims its doctrines to be universally applicable at all times, and to every conceivable state of society. As Mr. Bagehot has shown, by numerous examples, there is not an axiom of political economy which may not, under some circumstances, be overturned by the inexorable logic of facts. Even so ardent a Free-trader as Professor Cairnes makes the following admission: "They (the American Protectionists) ask how can we, with our high-priced labour, compete with the pauper labour of Europe? I must frankly own that, accepting the point of view of the current theory of cost, I can find no satisfactory reply to the question." Mr. Mill might

have found an answer, but even he would never have advocated absolute free-trade in Canada, after a careful survey of its position. Whilst, therefore, free trade may be theoretically sound, it must, like all other human agencies, submit to adaptation as the conditions vary, upon which alone it can be applied. Many years ago it was the fashion, not only in England, but also on the Continent, to worship the British Constitution, and prescribe it as the panacea of all political ills; and perhaps some Americans even now regard republicanism in a somewhat similar light. It is not otherwise with economical principles, when they are blindly adopted and crystallized into so-called truths for universal use. The attempt to apply, without adapting them, to all communities, is as vain as the effort to trim the forest to the dull, geometrical regularity of a Dutch garden. As Mr. Blain remarked in the Commons, no nation on the face of the earth has committed itself unreservedly to a free-trade policy, and there can be little doubt that if ever England loses her commercial and manufacturing supremacy, if the German or American workers in steel or iron, and their cotton or woollen manufacturers succeed in underselling her in the home market, the standard of protection will be raised, and be victorious beyond question. The patent defect, therefore, in Mr. Mills's fiscal theory lies in its inability to shape itself to national needs; and this defect is fatal to it.

Abstract principles have their value, as starting points, both for the economist and philosophical statesman; but their concrete application to particular communities demands unlimited elasticity. To frame a constitution or a tariff for a nation, without taking into consideration all the peculiar circumstances of the case, is like planning a house without regard to the dimensions of the lot upon which it is to be erected. So far as Canada is concerned, these circumstances are of the utmost importance and cannot be overlooked with impunity. As a colony, attached by sentiment and interest to the mother country, we do not desire to initiate a policy avowedly, or even constructively, hostile to her; but we cannot ignore the fact that we are much nearer to another nation, powerful in population and resources and not too friendly to the Dominion or the Empire. The United States, partly from necessity, partly, perhaps

mainly, from choice, has maintained a hostile commercial attitude for ten or twelve years past. Those who talk idly of a "Chinese wall" seem to forget that it has been already erected by our neighbours, and it even appears necessary to remind them that a wall has two sides—the inside and the outside. Canada occupies territory without the sacred enclosure, and her rivals not only guard the sally-ports so as to prevent her going in and out and finding pasture, but also make unceasing sorties and raids upon her domain, destroying in their first growth the fruits of her manufacturing and commercial enterprise. We have a suitable climate, abundance of water-power, and no lack of native energy for manufacturing industry. But labour is scarce and high, capital scanty and fastidious, the one to be reinforced by immigration, the other to be attracted by security of investment and the assurance of an adequate return. If Canada were placed on equal terms with her old-established rival, there is no reason why she should not come up with him in the race. As Mr. Mill observes, the advantage remains with one country, solely because it entered the field before another. Those who advocate a national policy desire to secure something like fair play in the struggle between the older and greater nation and the less. They are unwilling to consent to the perpetuation of a fiscal system which would virtually prohibit the rise and growth of native industries. So far from desiring to injure the consumer, they propose to give him an enlarged market and higher prices for the commodities he himself can produce for sale. The prosperity of the manufacturing interest is not incompatible with the prosperity of all the interests in the country; on the contrary, it will be at once a cause and an effect of the general progress. Temporary burdens, even if they were appreciable, may be cheerfully borne in consideration of the secure and preponderating advantages which would follow in the future. Ricardo noticed long ago "that a commodity may be systematically imported into a country which has greater natural facilities for producing it than are possessed by the country from which it is obtained." Mr. Mill sanctioned this dictum and laid it down, by way of application, that in any such case, protection became not only defensible, but an obvious

duty. The member for Bothwell, on the contrary, being the slave of a crotchet, desires Canada to cast away her opportunities, neglect her resources, leave unimproved her vast capabilities, and remain a nation without manufacturing industries for all time to come.

It will soon be apparent to every intelligent Canadian, if not to every intelligent Englishman, that a time is fast approaching when the colonial relationship must be placed on a stable and more satisfactory footing. Not to speak of the ignorance displayed at home about colonial affairs, or of the impatience of Parliament whenever they are made the subject of discussion, there still remains the perceptible want of any cordial understanding between the Imperial and Colonial Governments. That the bulk even of the governing class should know little of the wants, resources, or inner life of the colonies, is almost inevitable; and that the House of Commons, already overtasked with work, should grow restive under fresh burdens, is at least pardonable. Canadians, for that matter, know little or nothing of their brother-colonists beyond the seas and perhaps care less, and therefore as we are theoretically, and, for the most part, practically our own rulers, there seems no reason why we should complain of ignorance or heedlessness at home, concerning ourselves. The real "rock ahead" is of another description altogether. It first became apparent when Lord Carnarvon began his energetic policy at the Colonial Office. There is always a danger that an administration which begins by talking vaguely of drawing closer the ties which bind together the various members of the Empire, should ultimately descend from the stilts and end by endeavouring to effect its object in an arbitrary and unconstitutional way. Mr. Disraeli's dream of an Imperial Confederation remains, where it had its origin, *in nubibus*, and although Lord Carnarvon is entitled to the highest praise for his efforts to group federally the various clusters of isolated Provinces, the net result of the whole appears to be a settled determination to interfere with the internal affairs of self-governing dependencies. Hence, notwithstanding their boasted intention of drawing the colonies into more intimate connection with England, the Conservatives have only succeeded in

straining the tie already existing by persistently and vexatiously meddling in colonial questions. Practically their notion of a consolidated Empire appears to resolve itself into ordering all things by a peremptory fiat from head quarters. Mr. Gladstone's Government was censured for its disintegrating policy, which tended, it was alleged, to estrange the colonies and to culminate in a disruption of the Empire. But there are worse faults than mere carelessness as to the relationship between Britain and her outlying possessions, and of these the worst is an uninstructed and officious disturbance of established constitutional maxims.

Through mere heedlessness, no doubt, Lord Carnarvon, in one short paragraph, smote a deadly blow at the Canadian system of responsible government. If he had acquired even a superficial knowledge of our political past, he would have been aware that he was touching the Dominion, from Halifax to Toronto, in its most sensitive part. The despatches, it may be remembered, had reference to the disallowance of the New Brunswick School Act. The House had passed a resolution praying for the exercise of the veto power, and the Home Government, rightly we believe, declined to interfere with the constitutional privileges of the Local Legislature. Then followed a sentence penned in all lightness of heart, perhaps merely to round off the despatch: "That this is a matter in which you (His Excellency) must act on your own individual discretion, and on which you cannot be guided by the advice of your responsible Ministers of the Dominion." That this position is at variance with the plain wording of the British North America Act of 1867 is obvious to the commonest understanding. The statute provided for two kinds of veto—the first, of Dominion Acts by "the Queen in Council;" the second, of Provincial Acts by "the Governor-General;" and as if to close every opening for Lord Carnarvon's arbitrary construction of the clause, sec. 13 states that wherever the words "Governor-General" are used in the Act, they shall be construed to mean "the Governor-General acting by and with the advice of the Queen's Privy Council of Canada."

Mr. Blake, in a very able and convincing state paper, examines the subject in all its bearings; but the points we have noticed sufficiently demonstrate the untenable char-

acter of Lord Carnarvon's interpretation. It is perhaps undignified in a Colonial Secretary to retract his *ex cathedra* utterances, even when he is convinced that they are wrong; therefore they remain, ostensibly because "there is no necessity for an authoritative or conclusive determination of the question." Perhaps, should such a necessity arise, the popular mind in Canada may not be found quite so indifferent about this novel and wanton assault upon the constitutional right of self-government under responsible ministers as it now is.

This discussion, being one of national concern, has, like everything else of importance, been excluded from party politics, and therefore Messrs. Mackenzie and Blake are supported by Sir John A. Macdonald in resisting the pretensions of the Colonial Office, and both parties are reinforced by a minute of the Privy Council of Great Britain. It is not improbable that we have heard the last of this absurd dictum; still the officious meddlesomeness which prompted it may easily find or make opportunities for its future employment. The danger to the self-governing power is infinitesimal, but the frequent recurrence of this ministerial "zeal without knowledge" may exhaust the patience of Canadians, and seriously impair the cordial relations between Crown and Colony. If the Governor-General can, *proprio motu*, without or contrary to the advice of his responsible Ministers, sanction or veto an Act of the Legislature of Ontario or Quebec, the axe has been laid at the root of our whole constitutional system. His Excellency, as an Imperial adviser, has a perfect right to tender his personal counsel on any matter coming before "the Queen in Council;" indeed it is exceedingly proper that, being on the spot, he should communicate all the information in his possession to those who are generally so ill-informed; but public acts in Canada can only be performed through the medium and on the advice of a Government possessing the confidence of Parliament. As Mr. Blake forcibly puts it: "That His Excellency's Ministers (whose recommendation is essential to action) are responsible not merely for the advice given, but also for the action taken; that the Canadian Parliament has the right to call them to account, not merely for what is proposed, but for what is done; in a word, that what is done is practically

their doing." Any other theory of self-government would "deprive the people of their constitutional security for the administration of their own affairs;" it would be "to yield up the substance, retaining only the shadow of responsible government."

A trouble of another kind has arisen at the antipodes from the perverse action of the Home Government. All the Australian colonies, except Queensland, have enacted laws sanctioning and legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister. Whether they were right or wrong in so doing is beside the present question. Mr. Gladstone's Colonial Secretary vetoed these Acts, as he had a perfect right to do, because he foresaw the inconvenience of giving the royal assent to marriages in Australia, which are illegal in England. But no sooner had Lord Carnarvon begun his work of drawing the colonies closer to the Crown than this policy was reversed. The Acts were confirmed in London, and then the difficulty began. As matters now stand a couple who are by law man and wife in Victoria are, when they come to England, living in concubinage. Some of our papers make the mistake of supposing that the same marriage may not, at present, be legal in Australia and void in England. This is a mistake; because the grievance of which the colonists complain is stated to be that "they do not consider it just that their children should be considered as legitimate in one part of the Empire, and as illegitimate in another." If there were anything morally wrong in these marriages, there was a valid reason for vetoing these Acts; but this cannot be contended, because they have received the Royal assent on Lord Carnarvon's advice. Surely the general rule that every marriage should be held valid which has been legally celebrated in the country of domicile ought to prevail here, and nothing could be easier than to pass an Imperial Act recognising the validity of the Australian marriages for purposes of inheritance and otherwise in England. This is another instance of muddling on the part of the Imperial Government, and a very annoying one. When Mr. Disraeli was objecting to the introduction of the colonies into the Royal title, he said that colonists were Englishmen and were constantly returning to England to end their days. The conceit

was scarcely worthy of the Premier, because it is nonsense; but were it otherwise, with what sort of satisfaction could an Australian retire to the mother-land after a life of toil, to find himself unmarried and his children *fili nullius*?

Let us now turn back to a grievance purely Canadian, and we shall find matter for complaint more serious than an eccentric construction of the British North America Act. To state it tersely, the Home Government deliberately sacrifices Canadian interests to Imperial interests in the negotiation of treaties and in their subsequent enforcement, and a deaf ear is turned to every request for protest or remonstrance against the systematic violation of treaties by the United States. The entire blame here does not rest upon Mr. Disraeli's Cabinet alone, but must be shared about equally between them and their predecessors. The Washington Treaty and its results have been a series of wrongs against the rights of the Dominion. It was bad in its inception, bad in its negotiation, bad in itself, and bad in its effect on Canadian interests—in every way bad. There is no pleasure in recounting the history of that disgraceful business, and fortunately there is no occasion for it. Nominally we had a representative in the Commission appointed with too ostentatious a pretence of deferring to Canadian wishes; in reality we had only an Imperial delegate there, fettered by instructions, ruled by cable from the Colonial Office, and bound, as an American journal gleefully remarked, "to do as he was bid." The Fenian claims were ruled out, and properly so, because they were not covered by the terms of reference; but they should have been pressed independently and on their own merits by the Imperial Government. Instead of that, Canada was obliged to suffer the injuries inflicted upon her through the connivance of a *soi-disant* friendly power in silence, receiving instead a guarantee or endorsement of her Pacific Railway loan, which it was the duty of England to give at all events. During the negotiations the British Commissioners surrendered every Canadian right or interest the American Government coveted. In exchange for the navigation of our magnificent canals, we were fain to content ourselves with a promise that the President would use his influence with the State governments to secure

us the navigation of theirs—for a term of years. The free use of our great water highway was made a set-off to the streams of Alaska. The fisheries were given up on a promise that they should be paid for when it suited Brother Jonathan's convenience, and we were to be graciously permitted to enter our fishery products at United States ports free of duty. Yet bad as all this was, worse remains behind. The use of the American canals has been practically denied us, not by the State governments, but by the Washington Customs Department. The Alaska rivers are not freely opened to us, if we may trust the representations of British Columbian members of Parliament. The fisheries remain unpaid for, because the Washington Government does not care to ascertain the amount of money it owes. And finally, even the free importation of canned fish is evaded by an Act of Congress which merely transfers the tax from the lobsters to the can.

Thus the Washington Treaty which was woefully one-sided in itself, has been practically torn into shreds by the United States, so far as it imposes obligations upon them. They enjoy our fisheries, make use of our canals, navigate our "magnificent water stretches," and give absolutely nothing in return. The Dominion was cheated by the Treaty, and is being systematically cheated out of the paltry advantages it secured her.

To what particular subterfuge Secretary Fish has had recourse in the matter of the fisheries, we are not informed; it seems that it is irregular to enquire into the subject, "while negotiations are pending." But we are completely in possession of the controversy about the free use of the canals, and we venture to say that any one who has waded through the voluminous correspondence, must be satisfied that it is a settled maxim with the American Government to evade, in every possible way, the fulfilment of treaty obligations. A more contemptible record of diplomatic quibbling and tergiversation has never before been submitted to the world. The result of it is that Canada, in exchange for the free navigation of the St. Lawrence and the use of the St. Clair, Welland, St. Lawrence, and Ottawa Canals, is to enjoy the Sault St. Marie Canal—so long as the State of Michigan chooses to permit her to enjoy it. The Erie Canal, actually, and the Champlain canal, so far as any servicea-

ble purpose is concerned, are closed against us, on the strength of an old Statute of 1799, passed three-quarters of a century before the Treaty was signed. Moreover, as our Government has shown, the faithful observance of the Treaty rests with the Washington Government, because the Secretary-Treasurer is specially authorized by Statute "to permit vessels of the British North American Provinces to load and unload at such places in any collection district of the United States, as he may designate."

It may be asked, what steps is the Imperial Government taking to enforce our rights under the Washington Treaty? The reply is that they are negotiating, higgling with the United States over the insignificant results of a bad bargain. It is just five years since the treaty was executed, and the Fishery Commission has not yet been constituted; four years have elapsed and over, since the Canal correspondence opened, and our just claims are as far from being acknowledged as ever. The Foreign Office is negotiating, and will be kept negotiating till the crack of doom, if the Washington authorities can keep them at it, and meanwhile it is content to sit still under a grave injustice—*sedet, æternumque sedebit infelix Theseus*. The firm and incisive words in which Mr. Mackenzie indignantly protested that it was useless to expect from the Americans an enlightened fulfilment of treaty obligations, reached England by cable; but they failed to arouse the Imperial Government to a sense of duty. On the contrary, the Under Secretary administered a rude snub to Mr. Jenkins, and, through him, to the Government of Canada. The member for Dundee enquired whether the hon. gentleman had noticed the report of Mr. Mackenzie's speech, and whether it was true that the Washington Government were "interposing difficulties" in the way of the execution of the Treaty? Mr. Bourke had read the speech, and all the reply he condescended to give to the second question was, that the very mild expression we have quoted was "not fitting language to be applied to a friendly Government with whom negotiations were pending." In other words, the Government which set out with a plan of Imperial consolidation has already landed in gross neglect of colonial interests. Canada is told in effect that she must be ready to accept whatever the American Government may concede to her; and that Treaty stipu-

lations are not so important as cordiality towards the wrong-doer. The Dominion must submit, without protest, because England does not desire to have any controversy with the United States; having humiliated herself, she is predisposed to any further sacrifice, especially when it is made at the expense of others. Livy has said that that State alone can be called free, which relies upon its own strength, and depends not upon the arbitrary will of another—*non ex alieno arbitrio pendet*; and the same remark holds good of international claims solemnly guaranteed by compact. Canada is, in this respect, doubly unfortunate; she is helpless in the hands of a grasping and unscrupulous neighbour, and boasts of an Imperial protector who withholds all protection, and is too timorous or too self-absorbed to care whether she is wronged or not.

To those who, like ourselves, desire the maintenance of British connection, this disdainful and supercilious disregard of Canadian interests is exceedingly painful. The only remedy seems to lie in the direction of something like a Colonial Council. It is not necessary that representatives of all the colonies should meet in London at fixed periods; for that would be of little use except for mere talking purposes. It might suffice that when any important step is being taken, which affects a colony, or when its claims are in danger of being ignored or trifled with, authorized exponents of colonial opinion and colonial interests should find their way to the Imperial capital. Minutes of Council are well enough in their way; but they may be thrown heedlessly aside, glanced over cursorily, or perhaps misconstrued and ill understood. We cannot believe that Lord Carnarvon carefully weighed Mr. Blake's argument on the disallowance question, and we are quite sure that it would have had greater effect, had it been stated, explained, and defended by word of mouth. The Washington Treaty, if even the wretched scraps which were promised are to be secured for us, must be the subject of personal contact and conference between our rulers and the crass and indifferent authorities at home. To perpetuate the present state of heedless *non balance* on one side, and growing discontent on the other, is to strike a mortal blow at the integrity of the Empire.

It seems scarcely necessary to refer here

to the proposed malappropriation of the monies paid by Great Britain on account of the Alabama claims. Mr. Bourke has stated in the House of Commons, that Her Majesty's Government "have no intention of taking any action in regard to the appropriation of the award among the American claimants" and, therefore, there is no reason why Canadians should concern themselves with the matter. Still it is instructive in two ways. It serves, first, to demonstrate the completeness of the surrender at Washington and the depths of humiliation and self-abasement to which a great Empire may descend. And secondly, to prove beyond dispute the lubricity and want of good faith manifested by the Republic. Taken in connection with all the other circumstances of the negotiations and their results, it is clearly evident that the American rulers are destitute of even a rudimentary moral sense, and hopelessly afflicted with a sort of ethical Daltonism—*fas atque nefas exiguo sine libidinum discernunt avidi*. The Geneva arbitrators awarded compensation to the owners or insurers of all property destroyed or captured by three confederate cruisers, the *Alabama*, *Florida*, and *Shenandoah*, and to them only. All other claims, real or constructive, were deliberately excluded, and when England paid her millions to the United States Government, the latter became a trustee for the recognised claimants. All the legitimate demands upon the fund are not yet satisfied; but it is certain that there will ultimately remain a considerable surplus, which, by the laws of common honesty, belongs to Great Britain. What the Americans propose to do with it, appears from a Bill now before Congress. It seems hardly credible, but it is nevertheless true, that this Bill provides for a division of the spoil amongst three classes of claimants to whom the Geneva Board refused to award a dollar—those who lost uninsured property by exculpated cruisers, those who insured property lost in the same way, and even those who paid a war risk and did not lose their property at all. In the case of Japan, our neighbours intend to return the balance remaining after the payment of damages; but they are so confident Britain may be gulled and cheated with impunity, that they do not hesitate to commit an indefensible breach of trust in the face of the whole world.

The disputes about the Extradition Treaty touch Canada more nearly. Many attempts have been made by successive Governments to induce the United States to enlarge the scope of the Ashburton Treaty, by increasing the number of crimes coming within its purview. The Washington authorities have always discovered some objection, clinging to the sacred number seven as tenaciously as our Roman Catholic brethren cling to the seven sacraments. Originally the reason they assigned was a fear lest they should be called upon to surrender political offenders, who might, when once in English hands, be tried for treason or desertion from the army or navy. Indeed, there can be no doubt that if an Irish refugee, or a Fenian murderer at Manchester or Clerkenwell, had been demanded of the United States they would have refused to surrender him on precisely the same grounds as those now maintained by Great Britain in the cases of Winslow, Gray, and Brent. Their sensitiveness on this point, however, like their treaties, is partial and one-sided, and they have lately fallen into the bad habit of demanding the extradition of alleged criminals on colourable charges which are only intended to secure a hold upon them and bring them within the jurisdiction of American courts. There being no difficulty in procuring evidence, of a vague and inconclusive kind, "sufficient to warrant a magistrate in committing the prisoner for trial," the extradition naturally followed. On arriving in the United States, the accused, confident perhaps in his innocence of the felony, sometimes found to his surprise that he was not to be tried on that charge at all, but for some breach of the revenue laws or other misdemeanor. So the British Government had in effect surrendered him to take his trial for an unextraditable offence, and the spirit, if not the letter, of the Treaty was consciously and deliberately violated. In 1871, one Richard B. Caldwell was surrendered by the Canadian Government on a charge of forgery; but no sooner was he within the grasp of American justice, than that charge was quietly dropped as untenable, and he was tried for the serious, but not over-difficult, achievement of bribing a United States officer. This year, another man, Lawrence by name, was given up to the United States accused of the same offence. In order to make the trumped-up charge plausible, an indictment for forgery

was drawn up in the United States and it would be curious to know who swore to the information, for when he arrived at New York, the forgery was metamorphosed into silk-smuggling.

Now it would be monstrous to demand that any Government, having the slightest shred of self-respect, should submit to these repeated jugglings with its legal machinery and with the dignity of its chief magistrate. There is a difference of opinion amongst writers on international law as to whether one state is or is not bound to surrender criminals independently of treaty stipulations. Wheaton tells us that Grotius, Vattel, and Burlamaqui maintain the affirmative, whilst Puffendorff, Voët and others contend that it is a duty of "imperfect obligation." Be that as it may, it is obvious that extradition treaties define and limit that obligation. When the United States restricted the number of offences to the magic seven, they, in effect, proclaimed their unwillingness to surrender for trial a prisoner accused of any other. Therefore, to obtain the extradition of a man upon one charge, made *pro hac vice*, and then try him upon another, not within the scope of the Treaty, is to trifle with the compact and to violate it in spirit.

Judge Benedict, who gave the ruling now contended for by Secretary Fish, urged that any inquiry into the "circumstances under which the offender came within the jurisdiction . . . would seriously embarrass the administration of the criminal law." Why so? Certainly if there were an express stipulation to the effect that he could not be tried for any offence other than that for which he was surrendered, the Court must take cognizance of it, and would do so without any embarrassment. Legal sophistry could hardly go further than it does in this decision, and it has been well remarked that the Treaty cannot, without straining, be restricted to the extradition, irrespective of the subsequent proceedings against a prisoner. The only case cited by the learned judge was Scott's, but it lacks relevance, for, in the first place, Scott was arrested in Brussels and taken over to England, but not upon requisition to the Belgian Government; and, in the next place, there was no Treaty of Extradition existing at that time between Great Britain and Belgium.

In 1870, the Imperial Parliament passed an Act, providing that, in future, no prisoner

claimed under an extradition treaty should be surrendered, unless an assurance were given that he should be tried for the offence alleged and for no other. All similar treaties concluded since have contained a special clause guaranteeing that provision. The law officers of the Crown have advised the Government that they are expressly forbidden to surrender any criminal unless that assurance be given. Therefore, as the *Times* remarks, any Secretary of State who should surrender a prisoner without it "would commit a grave breach of the law." On the part of the United States it is urged that this Act imposes a condition not stated in the Treaty, and therefore cannot be construed as a qualification of the compact of 1842. In order to see how far Secretary Fish is entitled to press this objection, let us revert to the canal controversy, and it will be seen that the Americans have an entirely different opinion about municipal law when it makes for themselves. Secretary Bristow alleged the Customs Regulation Act of the United States as limiting and restricting the operation of the Washington Treaty. Sir Edward Thornton replied that "as the Treaty is posterior to the law, the provisions of the former ought to overrule the enactments of the law." Nothing daunted, the Secretary cast about him for some legislation posterior to the Treaty, and he found it in section 4,347 of the revised statutes, under which "Congress defined the limits within which British vessels could, under the Treaty of Washington of May 8th, 1871, carry merchandize from port to port." In other words, Congress, by a municipal law, withdrew privileges solemnly guaranteed by the Treaty. If then the United States may virtually abrogate an important stipulation after the ratification of a treaty, with what face can they object to England when she requires, by statute, some assurance that another treaty shall not be perverted from its original purpose? If one power may limit the provisions of an international compact by *ex post facto* legislation for sinister purposes, why may not another power take precautions against the abuse of a treaty in a similar way?

The case of the Rev. Mr. Macdonnell was again before the Presbytery of Toronto on the 18th ultimo, but we do not propose to review the proceedings at any length, for

two reasons. In the first place, nothing new in the way of argument was adduced; and in the second place, the decision of the Presbytery will not be final, and the matter has yet to be passed under review by the Synod, and ultimately by the General Assembly. It is true that a committee has been appointed to renew the conference with Mr. Macdonnell, and also that his explanation has been formally declared unsatisfactory. Still the former is not likely to answer any purpose but that of delay; and the latter seems to have been a foregone conclusion. The division list shows that a number of members abstained from voting, but if they have not "the courage of their opinions," those opinions are not likely to be of much service. The explanation of Mr. Macdonnell comprised a concession and a pledge. He was prepared to admit that the words "eternal torments," in the Confession, although not scriptural, may be taken as equivalent to the expression "everlasting punishment" in the New Testament, and he promised not to hold out any assurance of a hope he still believed himself entitled to cherish. The concession, in fact, removes the battle-ground from the Standards to the Scripture, and thither Mr. Macdonnell's opponents do not propose to follow him. It is, of course, open to the Rev. gentleman to take the broad ground that, as no one affects to receive the Confession in its entirety, or without material qualifications, the appeal must eventually lie "to the law and to the testimony." That he should even assign his doubt on this and other points dogmatically asserted in the Confession, as a reason for the thorough revision and abridgement of that work, is at least supposable; and if he did so, the argument would ultimately rest, not upon the Standards but upon the Scripture. The advocates of dogmatism are not prepared to enter upon so wide a field. Having a system of theology as rigidly logical and coherent as they of the seventeenth century could make it by the prevalent method of eclecticism, they are loth to part with that middle wall of partition between themselves and Biblical controversy. It is certainly more convenient to quote from a book upon which you may rely for incisive definitions, rather than upon another, however high its claims, which furnishes missiles for your opponent as well as yourself.

So far as the pending struggle is a mere battle of the Standards, it is no concern of ours. If any Church chooses to deck herself in the faded frippery of the past, she is, of course, at liberty to do so, and to beat the drum ecclesiastic whenever doubts arise or hopes tremble upon the lips. Theology would not be theology if it were not repressive. From the earliest times, it has shunned examination, reprobated intellectual activity, and constrained the individual conscience. And it will no doubt continue to do all these until it sinks gibbering back among the ghosts of obsolete devices, before the brightness of pure and undefiled religion. Our only object in commenting upon this controversy has been, not to follow its vapid course, but to point out the obvious moral. If "private judgment," "Christian charity," and "religious freedom" are anything more than senseless claptrap, as the high-priests of platitude tell us in defending dogmatism, they are worth more than all the creeds and confessions that were ever penned by the perverted ingenuity of man. If every man should be fully persuaded in his own mind, he must have liberty to doubt, liberty to differ, liberty to think for himself. By no process of sacerdotal devising can this individual liberty be successfully and permanently restrained. It is indestructible, because it is commensurate with individual responsibility and inseparable from it.

It is said that every Church must have a defined scheme of doctrine. If by that is meant that faith must have a creed, it is a truism; but if, as is sufficiently evident, the words stand for a wire-drawn, dogmatic scheme, congealing truth into frigid crystals and professing to know all mysteries and define the precise character of everything in heaven above, in the earth beneath, or in the waters under the earth, there are insuperable objections. If the Churches had been content to rest upon the foundation of the Apostles, Standards would never have been invented. What did the primitive Christians know about schemes? Nothing, for they had never heard the word from Apostolic lips. A simple profession of faith in Christ and a pure and devout behaviour made the sum total of their Christianity. It was, in short, a religion and not a theology. Such symbols of the faith as have come down to us from early times, before its simplicity was overlaid with human inventions, are singu-

larly free from dogmatism. The so-called Apostles' Creed still exists and is acknowledged by all Churches—the only remaining bond of union which connects them together. The Nicene Creed is more elaborate, but no Christian is even there compelled to profess a faith in eternal punishment; he is at liberty to "doubt" then, and to "hope" also. But from the fourth century the descent is rapid. In the sixth we come upon the pseudo-Athanasian Creed, dealing damnation upon intellectual errors or incomprehensible propositions. And so on to the articles and confessions of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The history, from first to last, of that descent, is the history of systematic theology. Not content with the light of truth as it is, men set themselves to work to analyze it, selected their favourite rays from the spectrum and bottled them away in elaborate formularies. So long as a clear and consistent "scheme" could be secured, the dogmatists were satisfied. They had improved upon Christianity, they supposed, by making a science of it. As the Rev. John Hunt remarks:—"God's method of dealing with us in regard to revelation is not the method which we would have chosen had the choice been given us. Our plan would have been to make the whole so clear that no one could raise a difficulty or suggest a doubt. * * It (Christianity) takes possession of the heart, speaks to the conscience and gives the sense of a supernatural life—that is a life above mere nature. It comes to men as a religion, and not as a philosophy. The heart perceives, knows, and rests, even when the intellect but partially understands, or it may be misapprehends. Dogma is concerned with the intellect, and takes different forms in different ages. To stereotype the forms of one age as absolute truth is to do despite to the spirit of Christianity, and bring it into collision with itself as well as with the Divine progress of the world."

It is the inevitable tendency of dogmatism to construe the word "belief" in an intellectual, rather than in a moral and spiritual sense. Orthodox opinion is the great virtue in theology, intellectual error and doubt the most heinous of sins. Hence precision or rigidity in definition has always been the parent of persecution and intolerance. Of the three abiding Christian characteristics, dogmatism claims absolute authority over

two, constituting itself the arbiter of faith and the jailer of hope. With charity it has no concern happily, save to condemn it; and that grace remains behind untainted—the greatest of them all. The Westminster Confession does not stand alone, and it has only assumed prominence in this controversy from the circumstances of the case. Those who desire to ascertain what a broad-minded and large-hearted Presbyterian thought of it and its authors should peruse the interesting and instructive “Life of Dr. Norman MacLeod.” We venture to make room for one paragraph, purposely selecting it from the earlier part of the work. He is speaking of a collection of the Lanark Presbytery records from 1632 to 1701:—“The Church then wished to make the Church the State and the State the Church. The men in those days had no idea of true liberty. Toleration is a modern idea. Their maxims were:—You have liberty to think what is right, but none to think what is wrong. *We* (the Church) are to judge what is right; *ergo* you can think only what we permit you (see also ‘Confession of Faith,’ chap. xx., last clause). They were a grossly superstitious set. The above Presbytery frequently incarcerated witches, and sent for a great ally of theirs, a certain ‘George Catley, Pricker,’ to riddle old women with pins to find out the mark of Satan. And yet to those men we must go for wisdom to guide us in 1841!” (*Canadian Edition*, p. 103.)

The Centennial Exhibition opens at Philadelphia during the present month and we earnestly hope that it will prove as successful as its projectors desire. Canadians have many faults to find with the American Government; but they have none but the kindest feelings towards the American people. The motive which has prompted the people of the Dominion to appear at their best, is not entirely the fruit of selfishness or love of display. The Canadian court will be a tangible evicence of Canadian sympathy and good will. Our people understand their neighbours better than foreigners generally can possibly understand them. They appreciate their many estimable traits of national character, smile goodnatureedly at their foibles, and make allowances for their shortcomings. Sometimes, and notably at present, we are shocked at revelations of fraud and corruption, and seriously angry at

the duplicity and unfairness of their dealings with England and with us; but we know where to touch the tainted spots, and our sorrow and indignation vanish when we come in contact with the honest heart of the nation. In Canada, therefore, there are no gleeful anticipations of failure; on the contrary, we have the deepest and sincerest interest in the complete success of the Philadelphia Centennial.

The *Fortnightly Review*, in its monthly survey of public affairs, remarks that “people have mocked the old idea that only an austere life and Spartan habits are suited to the republican system, because the example of the United States may be cited in disproof of it. Circumstances are showing that the ancient philosophers were right and the modern economists wrong. We shall see it more and more clearly established that a democratic system cannot last without great equality of material conditions.” This appears to be a strange admission coming from a champion of republicanism; for if there be no method of securing this essential equality, and none is suggested by the writer, the doom of democracy is sealed. The moral of extravagance and corruption in the American Union, if it be complete and legitimate, as drawn in the passage we have quoted, is fatal to the system of government prevailing there. The validity of the reviewer’s conclusion, however, is open to serious question. It is, at best, an inadequate explanation of social phenomena which are grieving all who admire free institutions. If the great mass of the people were tainted with dishonesty, if the restraints of morals and religion had indeed ceased to exert their normal influence upon the nation as a whole, then the case would certainly be hopeless, whether the government were monarchical or republican. Even those who are by no means enamoured of the American system, will deny that this last stage of national decay has been reached. The great Republic is in a transition state, enjoying, or rather suffering from the legacy bequeathed it by the war, and not yet fixed again in the healthy ways of peace. The unrest, the feverish struggle for wealth, impatient of delay, the vulgar love of ostentatious display—are all fruits of the war. History teaches that sometimes the canker first takes root in the governed and ascends to the rulers. In the

United States, the parvenu and the politician, the government official and contractor, are at once the dupes and the knaves of the nation, whilst the toilers who are making the country great, remain industrious and comparatively pure. The peccadilloes of men in station attract attention from the world, and are naturally made the subjects of moralizing homily, whilst the virtues of the unobtrusive classes below them are passed unheeded by. Fortunes gained by shoddy contracts, gold speculations, or any of the other numerous short-cuts to wealth have, no doubt, excited envy and emulation. The unscrupulous classes, when suddenly possessed of means are vain and fond of meretricious show, and those who are climbing the social ladder behind them are not slow to imitate, being unscrupulous as themselves. But he must be a superficial critic of the nation as a whole, who sees nothing there "from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores." It is even now, in the midst of the scandals and partly by their agency, undergoing salutary discipline. The great body of the American people have the desire to lead back their country into the old paths, and they will not fail to manifest that desire so soon as they are conscious of their power and resolute in exerting it.

Moreover, the sins of politicians and their allies are not the legitimate results of the governmental theory, but merely of the excrescences which have been allowed to encumber it. Of these the party system, with its intricate machinery, is by far the worst. From the ward committee up to the national convention, the whole system is a putrid mass of intrigue and corruption, and so long as it endures, the vast majority of the people will lie perfectly helpless at the feet of huckstering politicians. If it were required to devise a scheme by which the people might be beguiled into the belief that they were self-governed, whilst they were really the slaves of a party oligarchy, a better could not be found than that which obtains in the United States. Both parties, hostile to each other in every other particular, agree in enslaving and robbing the people. From time to time, efforts have been made to break the yoke, and in 1872 they had some promise of success, and might have succeeded but for the unfortunate nomination made at Cincinnati. At the present time there are far

stronger reasons for party recalcitrance. The second term of General Grant has been worse than the first, and although he has cleared his own skirts, the awkward fact remains, that he has been a bosom friend and often a relative of the worst enemies of their country. Mr. Clymar, and the Democrats generally, enjoy the advantage, and are profiting by it. They have had no power since 1861 at Washington until now, save during the shady Presidency of Andrew Johnston; but their proclivities may be easily measured without going further than the city of New York. Both parties, that is those who direct and manipulate the parties, are hopelessly discredited, and nothing remains but a determined and uncompromising war upon both of them. An effort is now being made in New York, and we wish we could hope that it may prove successful, to break loose from the fetters which weigh so heavily upon the nation. The names of William Cullen Bryant, Carl Schurz, Horace White, and Governor Bullock, are a guarantee for the honesty and earnestness of the movement. The "platform" is a simple one, for it consist of only three planks, of which the first two have reference to "the wide-spread corruption" and "the grave economical questions" which affect the credit of the country. The third recognises the danger, of which even Canadians have, as yet, only a faint impression, "that an inordinate party spirit may, through the organized action of a comparatively small number of men who live by politics, succeed in overruling the most patriotic impulses of the people, and in monopolizing political power for selfish ends." This is the real danger in all free countries—in Canada as well as the United States—and the sooner a people rends the bonds of cliqueism, with its machinery of caucus, convention, and cabal, the better for itself. The Centennial year may have memories in store for the American Republic, more glorious than the glittering pageant of Philadelphia; and if the honesty and probity of the nation succeeds in making itself permanently dominant at Washington, the year 1876 will be a landmark in its history.

There appear to have been only two matters of the first interest to Englishmen during the month, the Royal Titles Bill and the imposition of an additional penny in the pound to the Income tax. It is unnecessary

to enter upon the former subject here at any length; for it has been discussed *ad nauseam*. As affording material for declamation, burlesque, quip, and epigram, it has been a god-send to the scribbling race. After all that has been urged in favour of the new title, the fact remains that there is only one substantial reason for it, and that is, Her Majesty's wish or, perhaps we should say, command. Mr. Disraeli's course during the discussions has been a wayward combination, exceedingly offensive to the country, of mystery and *badinage*. At first, he professed to be unauthorized or unwilling to reveal the precise title the Queen proposed to assume. Upon being hard pressed, he let the Imperial cat out of the bag, and then, so soon as the storm out of doors began to menace the Government, he came down with the futile assurance, that, under no circumstances, would Ministers advise the Queen to use the title of Empress in England or sanction the adoption of Imperial Highness by the other members of the Royal family. In the former case, the guarantee, besides being in itself worthless, is merely of temporary value; and, if it be true that the dominant motive which determined Her Majesty was a desire to settle disputed points of precedence in her family circle, the latter assurance rests on a still more precarious footing. The Premier's reasons were as changeful as his tactics. The first basis on which he grounded his Bill was public opinion in India. It was asserted, though never proved, that the rulers and people of India desired to have the title of Empress, as a new badge of servitude; but when the *savants* began to examine the subject, it was discovered that there was no appropriate word in the native tongues to express it, and that the very same term must be employed, whether Victoria be called Queen or Empress. As an English writer puts it, England is to "stimulate the loyalty and confidence of our Indian fellow-subjects, by conferring a title on the Sovereign which will be translated by the same word as that which translates her present title."

Some of Mr. Disraeli's points were sufficiently puerile to suggest the suspicion that he is rapidly passing to dotage. Otherwise, it was the bitterest of mockeries to quote the opinion of a school girl's parent, or the ascription of the title of Empress in

Whittaker's Almanac. The reason he finally assigned was a gratuitous insult to Russia and to common sense besides. The bare suggestion that the Imperial title will serve as a hint to Russia, that she must not continue her Central Asian policy, was at once an impotent menace and a mischievous piece of folly. During the progress of the Bill, Messrs. Gladstone and Lowe asserted that the colonies would consider themselves slighted in the new Royal style. Mr. Disraeli's rejoinder, which will be fresh in the reader's memory, was of a piece with the rest of his Brummagem rhetoric on the subject. Both Mr. Lowe and he, however, might have saved themselves the trouble of concerning themselves with "the English beyond seas." The colonies, especially Canada, regard the matter with the supremest indifference. The only aversion they feel to the new title is a reflex of the repugnance of their brethren in England. The only apprehension likely to arise in their minds at present is not that they may be neglected in the Royal title, but that they may be unnecessarily meddled with by the Colonial office. If Secretaries of State and English public men would take the trouble to learn more about the feelings and interests of Canadians and display less of the arrogance of self-conceit and ignorance, they may ignore us by name as much as they please, and heap upon the Sovereign every conceivable title of authority, if they choose to do so. Jealousy of India would be about the last feeling likely to rankle in the Colonial breast; but want of appreciation, negligence in enforcing treaty obligations, and a supercilious indifference to Colonial interests will, if persisted in, have bitter fruit in the not remote future.

The "Egyptian Plague," as newspaper men in England have not inaptly called the *furor* in favour of the Khedive, appears to have spent its force. Mr. Cave's report is not reassuring, because it merely amounts to this, that if the Egyptian Government were a wise and economical one, it might weather all its financial difficulties. But as we know that nothing can implant a grain of prudence or the first glimmering notion of economy into the Mahomedan brain, the report is practically useless. Retrenchment must begin with the Khedive's personal expenditure, and if he persists in neglecting

the noble structures of the older and better days and substituting palace after palace of hideous unsightliness, and if he clings to his quixotic military expeditions and unremunerative public works, there can be no hope for him or his dynasty. What can be done to relieve the financial embarrassments of a ruler, who has nine hundred wives, concubines, female slaves, and attendants? He is about to put himself into the hands of a set of Levantine sharpers and they will finish his career, if they have full swing.

Nothing on the Continent of Europe demands special attention this month, if we except the black cloud which is rising threateningly above the Eastern horizon. The Turkish Empire, people may disguise it as they may, is falling to pieces, and must collapse finally at no distant date. Andrassy notes and Rodich interviewings cannot arrest the inevitable doom of a wretched empire, tottering upon the verge of the grave. The three Emperors may agree, fall out and make it up again, but whether their relations are cordial or the reverse, they cannot effect the rejuvenescence of the Porte. The revolted provinces will not consent to temporary

compromises, and they remain now masters of the situation. Neither Austria nor Russia can persuade them to lay down their arms, and they dare not attempt to coerce them. Every delay is not only dangerous, but pregnant with a mass of possible troubles, problematical perhaps, but not the less terrible to the view. Turkey cannot conquer the Slavonic Provinces, and whenever the crisis comes, the *entente cordiale* between Austria and Russia will vanish away like the morning dew. The prominent position to be occupied in future by the Czarewitch is ominous; and the death of the Kaiser William would set in motion the rooted hatred and antagonism between Germany and Russia. Amidst the deceptive and contradictory telegrams that reach us from day to day, we may discern, reading between the lines, most serious fears of a terrible wide-spread conflagration, and we may be sure that the torch will be applied when Nemesis has inscribed upon the palace walls of Constantinople the tardy sentence—"Mene, mene, tekel, upharsin—God hath numbered thy kingdom and finished it; thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

BOOK REVIEWS.

HISTORY OF CANADA. For the use of Schools. By J. Frith Jeffers, B. A. Toronto: James Campbell & Son.

A HISTORY OF CANADA. For the use of Schools. By Andrew Archer. Prescribed by the Board of Education for New Brunswick. London: T. Nelson & Sons; St. John: J. & A. McMillan.

It is not so easy a task to compile a history of Canada as might at first sight appear; and that for several reasons. Two of these lie on the surface, and arise from the nature of the material to be handled. In the first place, unless the Dominion is to be always without an historical record, the annals of the various Provinces must in some way or other be welded together, or at least so far presented side by side, with their occasional points of contact carefully noted, as to present something like a homogeneous whole. Then, again, there are

large tracts of the domain which are perfectly barren, from the historian's point of view. The French period is full of matter of the deepest dramatic, often tragic, interest, and this holds good both of Canada proper and Acadia. No pages in the world's history afford richer openings for one or even two great prose epics. After 1760, however, there only remains the American Revolution and the war of 1812; all the rest is of importance to the constitutional historian or to the student of sociology alone. Three works at most—The history of Canada proper, from Jacques Cartier to Montcalm; the history of Acadia, from 1600 to 1763; and what may roughly be styled Canada under George III., *i. e.* from 1760 to the peace of 1815—would exhaust all the material we can muster for public history. After that, with the exception of the "scrimmage" of 1837-8, if we may so term it, there is nothing to record except political struggles and material progress. There are

still two further obstacles besides the scattered character of the material, and its scantiness. We have to deal with three races, each a study in itself—the French, the English, and the Indian; and then there is also that crucial test of impartiality—the subject of clerical influence from Laval downwards. French Canadian historians err here in one direction, and Mr. Parkman quite as egregiously in another. The former will see nothing amiss in the political meddlesomeness of Laval and the clergy; whilst the latter, although he fairly narrates the history of the Missionary Fathers, seems rather to grudge their due meed of praise to those intrepid soldiers of the Cross.

All these difficulties beset the path of those who undertake similar work, "for the use of schools," with others peculiar to itself. There is need of compression and yet of comprehensiveness, and this is apt to lead on the one hand to dryness, and on the other to diffuseness of style. If the writer tries to be terse and compact, he is almost sure to be dull and jejune; if he strives to be graphic and interesting, he usually indulges in a sprawling verbosity and degenerates into the story-telling groove. Perhaps the political and statistical stumbling-blocks are the most serious in his way. With a laudable desire to bring down history—where there is any to bring down of interest to school children—he is prone to lug in by the head and shoulders a mass of utterly useless information. Of what advantage is it to the pupil to be informed that Lord Elgin recommended the abolition of differential duties in his speech from the Throne; that Mr. Hincks improved the quotations of Canadian Securities on the London Stock Exchange; that the Province guaranteed £3,000 sterling per mile to the Grand Trunk, and that the Company's indebtedness to the Government amounted in 1866, principal and interest, to twenty-three millions of dollars; or that the Welland Canal was enlarged so as to admit the passage of vessels of 400 tons burthen? Yet to such shifts are even the authors of the two able little volumes before us obliged to resort in order to fill up the adequate number of pages.

It must be admitted that, for some reason or other, school-books have been regarded by critics much as frogs are by school-boys—as fair marks for sportful, perhaps we should say spiteful, attack. Perhaps this literary vivisection has been sometimes carried to unjustifiable lengths. The works before us are certainly superior to any of their predecessors; and if we venture to indicate their errors and weak points, it is because we believe that, after careful revision, they will be found to possess sterling merit. They are both written in an easy style, although Mr. Jeffers is the least trifle dry; and Mr. Archer, although his narrative is graphic enough, seems to treat the muse of his-

tory as cautiously as if she were mounted on stilts. "Malodorous" eggs, for example, is worthy of the London *Telegraph*.

Mr. Jeffers's volume is a careful and well-digested record of Canadian history, and its accuracy is for the most part unimpeachable. He confines himself to the old Province, if we except some brief notices of the Maritime Provinces printed in small type at the ends of some of the chapters. The chronological table of contemporaneous history appended to each of these is exceedingly useful; but we cannot imagine why Smith O'Brien and the Young Ireland party of 1848 should find a place in the text of a Canadian history (p. 271). Moreover there is no index to his work—a defect which would have brought down upon him the wrath of Archbishop Whately. He begins, of course, with traditions concerning the early discovery of America, much as the old English chroniclers set out from Brut, the son of Æneas. In tracing the path of modern discovery, Mr. Jeffers tells us (p. 15) that Columbus was cheated of his honours by Vespucci; and in another place (p. 17), he admits that neither of them deserved the credit of prior discovery, because John Cabot visited the continent a year before either. The errors into which Mr. Jeffers falls relate chiefly, it is strange to say, to very recent times. It is not true that Mr. Galt retired from office in 1867 on account of the "blame thrown upon" his financial policy (p. 306). On page 283 we read that, in 1858, Mr. J. A. Macdonald's Ministry was "forced to abandon the double majority principle," which "it had never conceded"—an Hibernicism which reminds one of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Attorney-General who retracted the words he was about to utter. On the same page we are told that the Reform party at once "began" to advocate Representation by Population (in 1858), which is an entire mistake. There are other errors of a somewhat similar character which should be obvious to a reviser. On the whole, however, the book is a valuable and trustworthy text-book for school purposes. It is also well printed, and generally unexceptionable in its material get up.

Mr. Archer's book is more comprehensive in its design. As we might have expected, the history of the Maritime Provinces is fully given, and its connection with Canadian history proper is so carefully indicated that an air of compactness and homogeneity is imparted to the whole. The work was, no doubt, compiled specially as a New Brunswick text-book, and therefore we are not surprised to find that Province exhibited to patriotic blue-noses as the Paradise of the Dominion—a sort of *mul-tum in parvo* of all material resources. The typography is admirable, and the introduction of heavy lettering to attract the eye exceedingly useful. There are eighteen useful little maps illustrative of the text, questions at the end of

each chapter, a comprehensive index, and a good chronological table. The appendices also contain a considerable amount of valuable information, social, constitutional, and statistical. The work as a whole is admirably conceived and executed. Indeed, we have so high an opinion of this history that it seems worth while to lay some stress upon the mistakes we find in it. It is written with an easy and flowing pen; but, as we have already hinted, it is slightly grandiloquent at times, and the effort to be picturesque occasionally causes trouble. For example, it is stated (p. 212) that at the attack on Fort Niagara, at the mouth of the river, "amid the boom of cannonade, the rattle of musketry," &c., "was heard the muffled roar of the mighty Falls"—which we take leave to doubt. This passage, taken in connection with another (p. 304), would seem to indicate that proximity to the cataract does not add to the roar, for we read that, even at Lundy's Lane, it was only heard "distinctly." Nothing need be said of the "fitful gleams" shed "through the rifts" by the moon on the latter occasion, because our readers will not fail to understand, from the passages given, the perils of fine writing.

The omissions in Mr. Archer's work are noteworthy. No mention is made of the heroic resistance of Daulac des Ormeaux; and although Mr. Jeffers mentions it, he does not inform the reader that the Long Sault referred to is on the Ottawa, and not the more celebrated rapid of the St. Lawrence. Mr. Archer gives an account of Beauré and the expulsion of the Acadians thence, without referring to Evangeline. He omits all mention of Col. Moodie's death, which had great weight at the subsequent trials, although he mentions the murder of Lieut. Weir, between Sorel and St. Charles, also during the time of the Rebellion. He knows nothing of the Orange Demonstrations during the Prince of Wales's visit, or the Fenian Raid at Fort Erie. These are not all the omissions, but we pass on to errors of fact, giving a few examples. There were fifty-seven rectories, not fifty-six (p. 344); the Governor is not appointed "by the King and Parliament" (p. 359); the *Caroline* did not go "in a flaming mass" over the Falls (p. 371); the League was held at Kingston, not Montreal, and although Mr. Archer does not intend to represent it as originating the idea of Confederation, since he had previously assigned that honour to Chief Justice Sewell, in 1814, yet his words convey that impression (p. 395); finally, Abraham Lincoln was not an abolitionist (p. 426). Mr. Archer gives a strange version of public matters in 1858. In the first place, the assertion is made (p. 421) that "the Reform party gained a small majority at the general election," which was not the case, and the "double shuffle" is explained in the following singular way: "Its members (*i. e.* of the Cartier-Macdonald

Administration) did not go back to the people, according to the established practice, but resumed their duties as if the few days of Brown and Dorion were not worth reckoning."

The mis-spelling of proper names is something wonderful, and nearly all the "Macs" are wrong. We have M'Donald, M'Kenzie, M'Dougall, M'Pherson instead of Macdonald, &c.; Taché, without an accent; Sliddel, Rolphe, Rideout, Bolton, Sanfield, Langeoui (Langevin) and Renny (Kenny); a comma is inserted so as to make two persons of Dominic Daly, and Louis Victor Sicotte appears as A. Sicotte. Then again we have the *Hon.* Mr. Cardwell and the *Hon.* E. Bulwer Lytton, as if they were the younger sons of peers. Most of these blunders, if not all, were doubtless caused by want of knowledge on the part of the English proof-reader.

But we must pause. There are some general defects in both these works which we should like to have noticed, such as the want of skill in fixing definite pictures of historical characters upon the mind, the absence of any broad general conclusions upon events, and the tendency to degenerate into mere chronicling. Still, each of them is worthy of high commendation as a step in advance, and possesses peculiar and distinctive merits of its own.

SPEECHES OF THE HON. ALEXANDER MACKENZIE, during his recent visit to Scotland, with his principal Speeches since the Session of 1875. Toronto: James Campbell and Son.

This is a timely addition to our permanent political literature, which is at present scanty enough. There are many who do not preserve files of the papers or keep scrap-books, like the late Mr. W. L. Mackenzie, or the living Messrs. Bowell and Rykert, and who yet have occasion, at times, to refer back to the *ipsissima verba* of a party leader. It has often surprised us that collections, like the one before us, are so seldom published. The authorized Debates are, of course, exceedingly valuable for reference, but they necessarily exclude out-of-door utterances, which are often of equal or even greater importance. Mr. Mackenzie's Sarnia speech, for example, contains a better comprehensive exposition of the policy and aims of his Administration than any delivered in Parliament. *En passant*, we may express the hope that the Government will assume the responsibility of continuing the "Hansard," as it is absurdly, but conveniently, termed. Individual complaints about the style and length of the reports ought not to outweigh the general convenience, especially where the only alternative is a resort to partisan versions of the Parliamentary debates.

It is unnecessary to enter into any detailed examination of these speeches, because they

have appeared in the papers and have formed the subject of much criticism, favourable and adverse. Mr. Mackenzie, though not a finished orator, is an effective and forcible public speaker, and his remarks are always practical and incisive. His personal and, we may add in no invidious sense, his national characteristics are stamped upon every utterance. He is notably an earnest worker of the most conscientious type—honest and industrious by instinct, and above all things open and "above board." We do not see him at his best on the floor of the House, because the impatience, born of strong convictions, as well as the harassing duties of his department, sometimes makes him appear tetchy and irritable. It is on this account that the Scottish speeches are so well worth reading. The Premier was making holiday in his birth-land, amid the scenes and friends of his youth, and he unbends himself and displays his native humour there to great advantage. It is needless to remind the reader that although Mr. Mackenzie is ardently attached to his native Scotland, he proved himself a staunch champion of the Dominion and one of the most capable expositors of its progress and resources. The Canadian speeches include those delivered at Ottawa, Sarnia, Montreal, and in the Maritime Provinces, and, of course, are almost exclusively political. The volume contains an excellent photograph of the Premier by Messrs. Notman & Fraser, and a brief memoir which originally appeared in the *Weekly Globe*.

THE RELIGION OF LIFE; or Christ and Nicodemus. By John G. Manly, Toronto: Methodist Book Room.

Mr. Manly, as appears from the heavy dedication, with which this little work is somewhat over-weighted, was originally a Methodist, and after being some years a Congregationalist, returned again to his first love. He is well-known in Toronto, as he was, for some years, pastor of Zion (Congregational) Church. We cannot, of course, undertake to examine critically a work of this character, but we may safely recommend it as a comprehensive survey of the fundamental principles of religion, particularly on the practical side. As the second title inti-

mates, it is founded upon the earlier part of John's Gospel, and, of this, Mr. Manly prefers to give Dean Alford's revised translation. The writer's views are, of course, Arminian, and his views regarding the extent of the Atonement may be judged by one remark: "In all this world of ours, there is neither spot nor moment, neither a man nor a fragment of his earthly life, beyond the scope of redeeming grace. In this world, no man is, or was, or ever will be, outside the range of restorative rule" (p. 70). Although these words may be construed in that way, Mr. Manly does not appear to be a "Restorationist" in the polemical sense, for elsewhere he lapses into a limitation—"Christ died to save every believer" (p. 143). The work is ably written, and displays no small amount of originality, in a field where originality is rarely found.

THE CANADIAN PARLIAMENTARY COMPANION, for 1875. Edited by Henry J. Morgan, Barrister-at-Law: Ottawa.

Mr. Morgan's handy book of reference, which has now reached its eleventh year, needs no recommendation from us; it is simply indispensable to the politician and the journalist. The present issue shows the same steady advance in comprehensiveness and accuracy which has characterized it from year to year. The editor reminds us that two general elections have recently taken place—those of Quebec and Manitoba—involving a large amount of extra labour and inquiry, in addition to the changes which are required from ordinary causes. The section devoted to Political Addresses and Party "Platforms" contains election addresses by Mr. John Macdonald, M.P. (Centre Toronto), Mr. Irving, M.P. (Hamilton), Mr. E. Blake, M.P. (South Bruce), Mr. Workman, M.P., and Mr. Thos. White, jr. (Montreal West), and Mr. P. White, M.P. (North Renfrew). In addition to these, we have Sir Alex. Galt's letter on the Tariff, Mr. Cartwright's speech at Napanee, Mr. Huntington's Argenteuil speech, with his letter to Mr. Power, and the correspondence between Archbishop Lynch and Mr. Mackenzie. This feature of the *Companion* adds greatly to its value, and might well be extended in future years, so far as it can be done without making the work unwieldy.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE *Contemporary Review* opens with an article entitled "The Latest Theory about Bacon," by his most competent biographer and editor, Mr. Spedding. The theory of which the writer speaks is a singularly incon-

gruous one, advanced by Dr. Abbott in his edition of the *Essays*. Bacon's character, as portrayed by the historians, and notably by Macaulay, is a medley of contradictions. The poet, in that view, would have been right when

he characterized Bacon as at once the noblest and wisest, and the meanest and basest of mankind. Dr. Abbott's effort to reconcile this *duo juncta in uno*, has resulted in some ethical confusion. According to him, Bacon had but one single aim, "the advancement of truth," and he snatched at worldly influence merely as an instrument to that end. His nature being "unique," his mind "unworldly," his purposes so "divine," the proposed benefit to mankind so "stupendous," and his confidence so "sublime," the ordinary rules of "commonplace morality" were too "petty" to engage his attention. Hence his fall was caused by a sort of duality within him, not so much in conflict as working together to attain light by the aid of darkness; in short, it is a crucial exemplification of the end justifying the means. That the actions of Bacon the Attorney-General were criminal, Dr. Abbott strongly affirms on Macaulay's authority; his "pursuits were low" also; but, on the other hand, those of Bacon the philosopher were "pure and lofty." Mr. Spedding, after dealing somewhat unmercifully with Macaulay, proceeds to examine the charges against Bacon, the present instalment of the essay taking us as far as his appointment as Lord Keeper. We can only indicate the charges here—his conduct towards Essex, his "prosecution of St. John," his "torturing Peacham," and lastly, his "courtly servility," as contrasted with Coke's "manly independence." The essay is at once instructive and useful, because it enables the ordinary reader to form something like a fair judgment of a great character which has hitherto seemed to be a hopeless historical enigma. Mr. Sedgwick's paper on the "Idle Fellowships," although primarily of home interest, is suggestive; and there is much which Canadians might glean from it of immediate advantage. His remarks on competitive examinations and the prize system are well worth considering. Mr. Grant Duff contributes one of his discursive rambles over a great field. "1847-76," as a title, is eminently suggestive. The contrast between the two years is well marked, and a sketchy description of the political condition of each European State at the beginning and end of the period will be useful to any one who can strip off the effects of a writer's bias. The moral is for the rising generation:—"Let it be English first of all, and last of all; but be European—not to say cosmopolitan—into the bargain." Last year the President of the Philological Society—Dr. Morris, we believe—remarked that "now that the *bow-wow* and *pooh-pooh* and *ding-dong* theories of the origin of language had lost their attractions of novelty, it was reserved for the Rev. Mr. Sayce to start what might be termed the *jelly-fish* theory of speech." Mr. Sayce, therefore, proceeds to vindicate this theory in an able, though we

cannot say conclusive, essay. It is, in fact, Darwinism applied to language after a somewhat speculative and baseless fashion. The attempted demonstration is exceedingly ingenious, and must be studied as it appears, and not through a summary. The theory itself may be stated almost in the writer's words—that as all the animal creation is evolved out of a primæval mass of gelatinous matter of infinite potentialities, so too the jelly-fish theory of language evolves the manifold creations of speech out of the unformed and primitive sentence; and hence sentences were chronologically antecedent to words.

Mr. Oxenham completes his essay on "Eternal Punishment and Universalism" in the current number, and we must confess that we are disappointed. When reproving Protestants for abandoning the doctrine of Purgatory, and distorting the doctrine of Justification by Faith, Mr. Oxenham stood on the sure Roman Catholic position of Church infallibility. But when he abandons that and casts himself adrift upon the sea of Biblical exegesis, he is weaker than any Protestant scholar. He makes the most of the word *αιωνιος*, and that is very little; and when he is confronted with the cognate word in Hebrew, which confessedly applied to indefinite but terminable duration, and which the LXX. translate by the same Greek word, he has nothing to say but that the meaning was not then so "definitely fixed," nor "the idea of the eternal world" so prominently put forward. If any lingual change took place between the fourth century B. C. and the first A. D., where is the evidence of it? The writer mentions the passages from St. Paul making against his thesis, but does not even quote the words. Even if he had demonstrated that the adjective which is usually, but not necessarily, made the bone of contention, indubitably and invariably signifies endless, it would not help him unless he believes that eternities can be heaped upon eternities. If the adjective means "eternal," the substantive *αιων* must mean eternity; but it does not, being merely an intensive form of the simple substantive, and yet we read of *æons of æons*, translated "for ever and ever" in the English version. The reader must not look to Mr. Oxenham for the resolution of "doubts;" but in the matter of "hope," he is there with purgatory, and such help as that may afford the perplexities of the student.

Long centuries of oppression have stamped their effect upon the Slavonic literature. "Russian Idylls" are, as Mr. Ralston observes, "a great many of them, most melancholy." Many of the songs are serious, because they are ritual; and even in celebrating marriages the epithalamium is gloomy and dirge-like—a reminiscence, the writer thinks, of the rude times when wives were gained by capture. At the same time, it may be observed that in its hi gh-

est civilization Rome respected such a reminiscence in the departure of the bride, without venting traditional sorrows in song. The extracts from Nekrasof, a living poet, are rudely impressive, sometimes Ossianic in tone, but they are not of the highest style, and if the national muse moves at its ordinary pace, many centuries must elapse before Russia produces a Chaucer, not to speak of a Shakespeare or a Milton.

Mr. Hunt's monograph on "Dr. John Henry Newman" is notable for the same characteristics as have made his contributions to English ecclesiastical history so valuable. His tone is throughout judicial, and if he ventures to stigmatize the "non-natural interpretation of the Articles as the purest piece of jugglery ever practised in ecclesiastical polemics," it is his only sin in that direction. As "a psychological study" this paper deserves attentive perusal; as a corrective to reactionary dogmatism, Catholic or Protestant, it is invaluable. "The Bases of Morals," by the late James Hinton, is an ingenious effort at eclecticism in the department of ethics. The writer saw, distinctly enough, the futility of the materialistic and Benthamite theories, not to speak of Prof. Clifford's tribal hypothesis of ethics, which he easily refutes. But, on the other hand, he strives to erect a bridge across the gulf between physical science and its method and the science of ethics. He contends that as the one is governed by the law that "intellectual consciousness should correspond truly" to external facts, so our emotional consciousness should correspond with the facts which have a relation to it. He denies that right or wrong pertains, or can pertain, to "things" or external deeds. This is substantially identical with Square's "eternal fitness of things," except, perhaps, that it regards the correspondence as within rather than partly within and partly without the man. "The stress of right," he says, "lies upon the emotions, and not upon the deeds," which is only the old truth that it is the motive—the heart—which is to be judged rather than the act. On the whole, it seems that a system which resolves vice into a mere want of correspondence, punished by nature or conscience, much as intellectual error is in its way, tends to weaken the moral sanctions. Mr. Brassey's paper on "Our Naval Strength and Policy" is a practical survey of England's power at sea, and contains some valuable hints for securing and extending it at the least possible expense. Mr. Gladstone continues his "Homerology," treating in this number of chariots and horses.

Those who have read any of Mr. G. H. Lewes's writings, and especially the "Problems of Life and Mind," will be prepared for the views expressed in a paper on "Spiritualism and Materialism," in the *Fortnightly Review*. He believes that both sides in the controversy have a partial glimpse of the truth, and at-

taches himself to a third, "which rejects the theories of both, or rather disengages what seems valid in each, and, by a new interpretation, reconciles their differences." According to this view, "the broadest of all distinctions—that of Object and Subject, or of Matter and Mind—does not demand a corresponding opposition in their substrata, but simply the logical distinction of aspects; so that one and the same group of phenomena is objectively expressible in terms of Matter and Motion, and subjectively in terms of Feeling." In short, the old theory of the dualism of Matter and Mind is resolved into a dual aspect of objective and subjective. The Spiritualist theory, he complains, separates an abstraction from its concretes and calls it a soul; just as Berkeley's predecessors supposed that there was another abstraction apart from the concrete qualities which they called matter. His theory, therefore, regards the soul as an imaginary substratum for a congeries of emotional qualities, and he denies that consciousness testifies to the contrary, or, indeed, tells us anything at all about itself. Mr. Morley contributes a brilliant essay on Lord Macaulay. It is not a review of Mr. Trevelyan's biography, but an estimate of the historian's character written in anticipation of it. He fully concedes Macaulay's great power and prodigious memory, as well as his immense influence upon the tone and literature of the time. His style, which was perfectly natural and appropriate to him, has, Mr. Morley believes, had a mischievous effect upon our literature. Comparing him with Mr. Mill, he remarks that "our public writers owe most of their vices to the one and most of their virtues to the other." The latter taught people to reason, the former tempted them to declaim; the one set an example of patience and tolerance, the other encouraged "oracular arrogance, and a rather thrasonical complacency," and so on. He objects to Macaulay's tone as lifeless and cold even when he might be expected to glow with ardent feeling. His wide influence is attributed to several causes—his delight in magnificent commonplace, which, however, dazzles rather than warms; his freedom from obscurity of style; his unanalytic cast of mind; and the fact that "he was in exact accord with the common average sentiment of his day on every subject on which he spoke." Mr. Morley compares his style disparagingly with Carlyle's, Clarendon's, Bolingbroke's, and Southey's, and points to his want of depth and fineness of intonation, his "gross excess of colour" frequently descending to "vulgar gaudiness," and, above all, to "the grave faults in the region of the intellectual conscience." As a specimen of Mr. Morley's trenchant style, we may quote a passage (p. 506)—"We have spoken of Macaulay's interests and intuitions wearing a certain air of superficiality; there is a feeling

of the same kind about his attempts to be genial. It is not truly festive. There is no abandonment in it. It has no deep root in moral humour, and is merely a literary form, resembling nothing so much as the hard geniality of some clever college tutor of stiff manners entertaining undergraduates at an official breakfast-party. This is not because his tone is bookish; on the contrary, his tone and level are distinctly those of the man of the world. But one always seems to find that neither a wide range of cultivation nor familiar access to the best Whig circles had quite removed the stiffness and self-conscious precision of the Clapham Sect." Mr. Palgrave's "Dutch Guiana" is concluded in this number; it winds up with a very favourable estimate of the full-blooded negroes of the colony. Prof. Max Müller's paper on "Spelling" is a laboured

plea for Pitman's phonetic system; and Mr. Greville Chester's forcible revelation of "Some Truths about Egypt" comes just in time to check English exuberance about the Khedive. The writer recommends Great Britain to annex at least the Delta, as the only hope for the ancient seat of empire in Africa. Mr. Marshall vindicates "Mill's Theory of Value" against Prof. Cairnes and other economists, and he appears to do so successfully. The *Fortnightly* concludes with the first instalment of a vigorous monograph on "Madame de Maintenon," by Mr. J. C. Morison. It closes with her marriage to Louis XIV., and its aim is to show that Scarron's widow was neither a model of pure and lofty piety nor a scheming and far-seeing *intriguante*. The paper deserves an attentive reading, for it is lucid and entertaining, as well as accurately instructive.

FINE ART.

MR. J. C. FORBES, of Toronto, has painted a large marine picture for the Centennial Exhibition, and as a work of art, original in design and bold in execution, it cannot fail to add largely to his already well-earned reputation as an artist, and to take high rank among the noted marine pictures of the day. The picture, the subject of which is *The Foundering of the Steamship Hibernia*, is eleven feet by six, and it represents a disabled steamship lying at the mercy of the waves in mid-ocean, while the passengers and crew are being transferred to the life-boats—five in number.

Mr. Forbes was a passenger on board the ill-fated steamer "Hibernia," of the Anchor Line, which sailed from New York early in November, 1868. On the 22nd of the month, during a violent storm, her screw propeller worked loose, and knocked a hole in her stern, in such a position that the damage could not be repaired. After many hours of heroic endeavour on the part of the officers and crew to save the ship, over which the seas were making a clean sweep aft, orders were given to take to the life boats. The accident occurred some seven hundred miles from the coast of Ireland, and as the storm, which had lasted for three days, had lashed the ocean into fury, the situation of those on board the doomed ship was indeed appalling.

The scene was indelibly stamped upon the artist's memory, and he has reproduced it with surprising realism and power. The difficulties which beset an artist who attempts to paint a marine piece are great, even when a shore

can be introduced to relieve and give variety to it; but when the ocean alone surrounds the central idea, nothing short of a gift approaching genius can make the attempt a success. To represent happily life and motion, depth and strength, form and colour, in the sea during a storm, is a task few undertake, and fewer succeed in mastering. The sea is always interesting, always a subject for study—in calm or storm, in sunlight or shadow—and to catch the turn of a wave-crest, and represent it on canvas in all the varied beauty of its living motion has been the ambition of many, the realization of few.

Mr. Forbes has chosen an ambitious subject, a most difficult one; and yet he has succeeded in producing a picture of undoubted merit. He has surrounded the foundering of an ocean steamship with all the terrible vividness with which the scene must have been stamped upon his memory as he gazed upon the noble ship, as helpless as a toy in the remorseless fury of the waves.

The time of the scene is the early morning, just as the lurid disk of the sun appears above the horizon. The steamer is lying, with the wind over her quarter, held in her course by the fore and main-topsails; the latter "aback," so as to prevent her swinging into the trough of the sea. The white signal light from the main-topmast, and the pale hue of the green starboard light from the deck, pierce the surrounding gloom with strangely weird effect. The ship, both in outline and in minute detail, is admirably drawn. A great billow has just swept over her partially-submerged stern, car-

rying away pilot-house, companion-way, bulwarks, hatches, skylights, and every movable thing on deck. The huge wave rolls into the foreground, bearing on its crest an overturned life-boat, which it has torn from the davits in its resistless sweep; while the on-coming breaker in the background, meeting the broken "backlash" from the former swell as it tore over the steamer, towers like a quivering mountain of water above the deck, in an instant to fall with crushing force upon it. This wave is in itself a study—it almost moves, so masterly has it been rendered. The effect of the water dashing over the rail of the ship forward is also very striking; while the smoke from the funnel, driven downwards by the wind spilling out of the main-topsail, is well represented. The engines of the ship continued to work to the last, as the engineers were driven from their posts by the waves, and the lights in her cabins and engine room, gave her the appearance of a staunch steamer being abandoned by her crew. This phase of the wreck has been portrayed with great success, and will deeply impress every intelligent critic.

In the right foreground, on the incline of a sweeping wave, is a life-boat partially swamped, containing several seamen, who are straining every nerve to head her to, so that the next breaker, just upon them, may not capsize her. A passenger clasps in his arms a little child whom he has just rescued, and her dripping auburn hair falls over his shoulders. A couple of men are struggling in the water to reach the boat almost within their grasp. This part of the scene has been carefully elaborated, and is very touching. Nearer the ship

are a couple of life boats crowded with people; while still another is receiving the last of the passengers, close alongside the wreck. The motion of the water, the form and colour of the sea, and the general character of the scene, are remarkably natural; and the general impression is one of sublimity and awe. Among other prominent features of the work are the angry glow produced by the sun just appearing through films of haze far over the bosom of the ocean; and the great distance in the background over a shoreless sea. The soft light falling on the water and across the wreck, illuminating the terrible scene, has been treated with great poetic beauty. Over all there hangs an unfathomable mystery. As the cold mists of the November morning are gathering in clouds, veiling the chilling waves as they dash over the doomed ship, one can imagine ere many moments pass the abandoned vessel, in her last struggle, heaving in the air, quivering for a while, and then plunging out of sight, leaving the frail boats alone on the broad ocean. No description, however minute, can convey any adequate idea of the effect produced by this painting. The scene stands out in awful reality, illustrating the oft-told tale of the perils of the deep, and teaching how helpless human expedients are when man is left to the mercy of the sea.

The picture is worthy of a place in the Parliament Buildings at Ottawa, and as it is the work of a Canadian artist—one as modest and unassuming as he is enthusiastic and devoted to his art—we hope that steps will be taken to secure it for this purpose.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

IN the past month lovers of the drama were indebted to the enterprise of Mrs. Morrison in procuring the engagement of two admirable exponents of the legitimate drama. We refer to Miss Agnes Booth and Mr. Barry Sullivan, whose successful performances here were gratifying evidence that the best traditions of the stage have not lost their influence upon our playgoers, but that the public taste really discriminates between dramatic art and mere amusement. Miss Booth's reappearance was hailed with lively satisfaction by those who had recognised her talent, and appreciated her acting, on a previous visit this season. Mr. Sullivan's engagement was one of long expected promise, and its fulfilment

elicited a genuine enthusiasm which marked it for enduring remembrance. Of Miss Booth's merits as an actress we spoke in our February issue; and the high opinion we then expressed of her ability has been amply confirmed by further opportunities of forming a judgment. Endowed with qualities necessary for effective histrionic display, Miss Booth possesses many of the characteristics which the ambitious artiste is too apt to overlook in the effort to make a powerful impression. She has grasp and expressiveness, intensity and verve, and in passages requiring declamatory force and tragic passion, the resources of her art are always at her command. She has also the gift of naturalness and moderation, a quiet, impressive dig-

nity of demeanour, and a subduing influence of manner which lend an added charm to every personation. Other features of attractiveness are to be found in the graces of face and form, a voice adequate to the expression of nearly every shade of emotion or passion, and an elocution that gives suitable effect to every meaning to be conveyed.

Miss Booth's extensive *repertoire* bespeaks the range of her ability; and in none of her impersonations did she fail to satisfy by her thoroughly careful, intelligent, and thoughtful performances. The first three evenings of her engagement were devoted to Shakespearian representation:—"Romeo and Juliet," "As you Like it," and "King John." We have previously noticed her impersonation of *Constance*, in "King John," and it was repeated with gratifying result to the large audience which witnessed it. In the other two plays we had all the movement and animation that belong to them—the mingled sentiment and tragedy of *Juliet*, first in the tender scenes of the ballroom and balcony, and afterwards in the tragic ones of the bedchamber and at the Capulets' tomb. In the delightful comedy of love and dissimulation, in the forest glades of Arden, as the fair *Rosalind*, the actress presented to view the arts and *naïveté* which feminine sweetness can throw into the part, and gave colour and bloom to one of the most delicious creations that Shakespeare has bequeathed to us. Of the two characters, Miss Booth does herself more justice in *Juliet*, which part she personates with charming effect, being most happy in her conception and rendering of it. In *Rosalind* the true conception sometimes eludes her, and one or two of the finest scenes lose the soft richness of colour which Miss Neilson imparts to them. Much of the effect of the representation of "As you Like it," was also lost by Miss Booth's indisposition on the evening of the performance—the result, no doubt, of the undue ventilation of the Opera House, of which we have heard many complaints. Of the support given to Miss Booth, we are sorry that we cannot speak with unqualified commendation. With a good deal that was painstaking and effective, there was much that was slipshod and indifferent—to be explained, perhaps, by the near approach of the end of the season. A very noticeable cause for complaint was the unhappy assignment of parts in the cast. Among instances of this may be mentioned Mr. Sambrook's *Orlando*, in "As you Like it," and *Mercutio*, in "Romeo and Juliet;" and Mr. Davis's *Friar Lawrence*. We must except Miss Carr, as the *Nurse*, and to a certain extent also, Mr. Grismer, as *Romeo*, from these strictures. The rendering of their respective parts was exceedingly creditable and very satisfactory to the audience, except that Mr. Grismer's performance was marred by a very imperfect acquaintance with his lines, a

piece of carelessness the more inexcusable as he had played the part previously during the season. Moreover, it must be admitted that he was, perhaps, a little mawkish in the tender parts of the play, and that his unfortunate mannerisms detracted in this, as in other appearances, from the enjoyment we might otherwise experience from his acting. In several other members of the company defects in gesture and manner are obvious which a little pains would easily remove. Mr. Curtis's impotence of speech, and a habit of infusing the spirit of low comedy into parts in which it is out of place, may be cited as an instance of what we mean. Miss Davenport's frigidity of manner, and the incessant blinking of her eyes; and Mrs. Vernon's rapid and mincing gait, and her affected utterance may also be referred to. Miss Booth concluded her engagement with "Camille," "La Femme de Feu," and "Oliver Twist" and "Katharine and Petruchio." In "La Femme de Feu," Miss Booth personated *Diane Berard*, the heroine of a story which, though much modified in its translation and adaptation, is, with "Camille," a delicate one to interpret to an English-speaking audience, so as so keep within the confines desirable to be observed nowadays. The tragic earnestness of the character of *Diane Berard* was effectively brought out, though we found it difficult to sympathize with her hopeless passion for so insipid and indifferent a husband as *Lucien D'Aubier*. But in more respects than this the play was a puzzle to us; and so sadly did it lack in coherence, that we gave up the riddle long before the curtain fell upon its closing scene. It often happens in plays adapted from the French, that the details necessary to the explanation of certain situations are, for obvious reasons, omitted; and probably this was the case in the present instance. But in "La Femme de Feu," as in "Camille," we have a type of plays which, however much scope they afford for strongly-marked acting, and however much opportunity they present for scourging vice, it were better and more wholesome to refrain from representing on the stage. It is to be wished also that repulsive dramas such as "Oliver Twist," should be consigned to the limbo of contraband plays, never to reappear on the boards of any theatre. As *Katharine*, in the "Taming of the Shrew," Miss Booth bade a second farewell to Toronto, and left us with a high opinion of her manifold resources as an actress, and a pleasing memory of one of the most accomplished and attractive artistes to whom we have had the pleasure of bidding welcome at Mrs. Morrison's theatre.

The engagement of Mr. Barry Sullivan, which followed, was a dramatic treat which drew the most thronged houses we have seen, with but one or two exceptions, at the Grand Opera House. Rarely have Toronto playgoers indulged in such

enthusiastic applause as that with which they greeted Mr. Sullivan, not only at the fall of the curtain at the close of each evening's performance, but as each act-drop fell upon an exhibition of histrionic and dramatic talent rarely given us in Toronto to witness. Mr. Sullivan's genius may fairly rank with that of any of the tragedians of the day; and though he fails to satisfy us in all his personations, he is possessor of those gifts that place him among the most eminent of his profession.

The characteristics of his acting are those of the old school of tragedians, and his plays are those with which a previous generation are most familiar. A veteran actor is at some disadvantage in appearing before a generation younger than his own, as the characteristics of the old plays in which he finds himself most at home are not such as modern audiences appreciate. In such dramas as "The Gamester" and "The Stranger," for instance, it is hard to find material to attract the playgoer of to-day; and it appears to be equally difficult to obtain the kind of support necessary to give flavour and acceptability to their presentation. It is otherwise, of course, with the perennial works of Shakespeare and with those of modern dramatists; and an intellectual pleasure of no ordinary kind was anticipated in witnessing Mr. Sullivan in "Richard III.," "Hamlet," and "Richelieu." The first-mentioned play was presented in the well-known version of Colley Cibber, which is now universally substituted on the stage for the original drama by Shakespeare. Some of the most telling points in the acting play are Cibber's, and so considerable a proportion of the dialogue belongs to him that it would be only just to connect his name with that of Shakespeare on the playbill. As *Richard III.* Mr. Sullivan achieved a conspicuous and enviable triumph. His personation of the wily and hateful Plantagenet is a living embodiment of the character created by the dramatist—for a creation it is, quite unlike the historical Richard—and we have him before us in all the lineaments, physical and mental, with which the author has endowed him. The impersonation was one of extraordinary fidelity and vigour: the deformity of the man, his cruelty, his cunning, his impetuosity and resolution. and his moods of momentary compunction and swift recovery of himself, were all vividly and powerfully realised. Every phase of thought and every impulse were exhibited to view. And as each mental feature was perfectly given, so every action was swift and immediate, every word stirring and emphatic, and every look stern, relentless, or hypocritical. There was no possibility of trifling with the man; no impeding him in his purpose, no softening his heart, no cajoling him or making him less implacable. His repulse of Buckingham:—

"Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein,"

is the key to his character as interpreted by Mr. Sullivan. In the courtship with Lady Anne his bluntness and determination are made plainly apparent beneath his hypocritical mask. As the drama unfolded itself and grew in interest the realization naturally became more striking; and the ascendancy of the actor over his audience increased until the death scene, which came at a fitting climax, and brought the enthusiasm of the house to a culmination. Altogether there can hardly be a doubt that Mr. Sullivan's *Richard III.* is the finest now on the stage.

In his conception of *Hamlet*, Mr. Sullivan has also been influenced by old stage traditions, and the successive phases of mental perplexity and vagary which the melancholy Dane exhibits found expression in the grave tones and sombre colours of a school of acting rapidly passing away. The performance, though a fine one, was not so completely satisfactory as that of *Richard III.* The principal defect was a superabundance of "stage business." It is a grievous fault to impart even the slightest air of artificiality to so natural and truthful a character as *Hamlet*. Mr. Sullivan's *Richelieu* was another fine performance, and may be fairly placed on a level with his *Hamlet*. It was, however, altogether lacking in that element of grandeur which was so conspicuous in Mr. T. C. King's wonderful impersonation of the great Cardinal, to which it was also inferior in other respects. The contrast between the two is suggested by a passage in the play itself. *Richelieu* appropriates to himself a *mot* of *Lysander's*, that "where the lion's skin fell short he *eked it out with the fox's*." In Mr. King's personation the lion predominates; in Mr. Sullivan's the fox. The words which we have italicised show that the former conception is the true one. Mr. Sullivan's *Beurley*, in "The Gamester," was, we are constrained to say, a failure, being false in both conception and execution. The play is a terribly lugubrious one, without a spark of wit or humour to light up, even for a moment, the pervading gloom. To make it acceptable to a modern audience, the performance must above all things be realistic. Mr. Sullivan, however, is melodramatic throughout, a fault which, in the death scene, culminates in the merest rant. The cause of Mr. Sullivan's failure here is probably not far to seek. He has been acting for so many years in *heroic* tragedy, that he imports, no doubt unconsciously, the tone and manner appropriate only to that branch of the drama into *domestic* tragedy, where they are quite out of place. As *The Stranger*, Mr. Sullivan was more natural, but the part is a poor one at best, and calls for little acting of any kind.

We are unable to speak favourably of the general support given to Mr. Sullivan by the Opera House Company; but as it would over-

task the powers of any Company to get up four new plays in one week, we shall refrain from unfavourable comment. Among the parts deserving note may be mentioned *The Duchess of York*, acted by Miss Carr with dignity and feeling; *The Prince of Wales*, a part for which Miss Delmar's graceful figure fitted her, and which she looked admirably; and the small but pleasant part of *Francois* in "Richelieu," played with much spirit by Mr. Roberts. Miss Davenport also deserves commendation for industry, in getting up the three important parts of *Lady Anne*, *Julie*, and *Mrs. Beverley*. Mr. Farwell's wardrobe is apparently of the scantiest. His costume as the *Ghost* in "Hamlet," was surely the most remarkable with which any unearthly visitant ever astonished the gaze of a denizen of the upper world. It possessed one merit, however—serviceableness—as was proved by its being made to do duty on the succeeding night outside the anything but ghostlike form of *Huguet* in "Richelieu." Nor can we congratulate Mr. Sullivan on the assistance he received from his *fidus Achates*, Mr. Cathcart. The style of acting which this gentleman affects was doubtless familiar to "old, old men," in their youth, but we thought there was not left upon the modern stage any such archaic embodiment of stilted elocution, stage strut,

and attitudinising. The constant necessity Mr. Cathcart finds for the pressure and warmth of his hands over the region of his pericardium creates more amusement than sympathy, and the spectator is relieved when they are turned to much better account, as they are in the fine fencing scenes with Mr. Sullivan.

The summer season at this theatre commences on the 1st May, when we understand some changes will be made in the stock company. On May 22nd, Mr. Edwin Booth, the great American tragedian, will appear.

Among coming musical and dramatic events may be noted the following:—The Mendelssohn Quintette Club will give two concerts on the 5th and 6th May, the first in the evening and the other as a *matinée*; Mr. Sothorn and Company will give three evening performances and a *matinée* at the Royal Opera House, on the 18th, 19th and 20th May, appearing in "Our American Cousin" and "David Garrick"; and Mdlle. de Belocca, the youthful Russian contralto, who recently created so great an impression in Paris, is expected to give a concert in Toronto at an early day. Herr Bulow, who was to have appeared in Toronto on the 24th and 25th April, has postponed his visit indefinitely.

LITERARY NOTES.

Few men of the present day have more successfully laboured on the side of virtue, manliness, independence of thought, and charity towards their fellow-men, than the Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, whose biography has just been given to the world. The record of his life and labours, and the transcripts from his journals and correspondence, give us glimpses of a character too rarely to be met with among the clergy of our day. For a time, standing almost alone among his brethren in the Scotch Church—misconceived, misunderstood, misinterpreted—he long maintained his ground, fighting for toleration, catholicity, brotherhood, and that freedom of thought and opinion that his large soul ardently desired should characterize the National Church of his fathers. Meeting opposition and discouragement on all sides, the alienation of friends, the jibings of enemies; regarded with suspicion, branded as heretical, latitudinarian, and apostate, he struggled on, "lived down" the detraction, won back his friends, commended himself to the Church and his brethren, was honoured of his Sovereign, and became the idol of the people. Such was the life history of Norman Macleod; and of such is the material for the memoir now before us. Not to his countrymen alone is the story of such a life attractive. Its lessons are

for all; and its examples are never unworthy of imitation. Here in Canada there is need of just such men—devout minded, large hearted, free from fanaticism, bitterness, illiberality, and cant, zealous but for the essentials of Christian faith, and loyal only to Catholic truth. Much of the controversy to which the memoir introduces us, belongs to history; but history is ever repeating itself, and we have here similar contests to go through, and much the same battles to fight—the same emancipation from unreasoning prejudice, from tyranny of tradition, the fetters of dogma and creed, and the yoke of hyper-orthodoxy. The stimulus which a perusal of Dr. Macleod's memoir will produce must be great, and, to all fair minds, in the direction we have indicated. Purposing to notice the work at greater length in our next issue, we meantime call attention to its publication. Messrs. Belford, the publishers of the authorized native edition, have given us a worthy sample of their enterprise in producing the work for Canadian readers in so handsome yet inexpensive a style, and they deserve hearty thanks for the service rendered, which, doubtless, the large sale the book will meet with will satisfactorily express to them.

date, amounted to £2,082 16s. 7d. This session terminated on the 11th April. On 22nd July, 500 Maroons* arrived at Halifax from Jamaica. They were quartered about two miles from Halifax, and subsequently settled on about 3000 acres of land, purchased for that purpose in Preston, about five miles from Halifax. On 5th September a French squadron of five or six sail of the line, with three frigates and a corvette, made a descent at Bay of Bulls, Newfoundland, where they landed 2000 men in three hours. They destroyed the settlement, captured some vessels and plundered the place. An expedition was sent against Sydney, Cape Breton, but having encountered a storm, failed to reach its destination. James Michael Freke Bulkeley, secretary of the Province of Nova Scotia died at Halifax on 12th November, Mr. Bulkeley was succeeded by Benjamin Wentworth, brother-in-law to the Lieutenant-Governor, who was sworn into office on 14th November.

1797. The first session of the second

*The Maroons were descendents of African slaves, who had left the plantations in Jamaica, and taken refuge in the mountains. These Maroons had for a long time been in a state of open rebellion, and neither the energy and activity of Lord Balcarras, nor the bravery and skill of General Walpole, had been sufficient to overcome the determined resistance of men thoroughly familiar with every foot of the country they occupied, and who were no sooner driven from one point than they reappeared in another. The introduction by Colonel Quarrel of some bloodhounds from Cuba, and the threat to use them against the Maroons, led to a suspension of hostilities, and on 21st December, 1795, a treaty of peace was finally agreed upon. It is claimed that by an additional and secret clause in the treaty agreed to by General Walpole, it was stipulated that the Maroons should not be removed from the Island of Jamaica; but if this stipulation was really made, the Assembly of Jamaica violated it, as a sum of £41,000 was voted to defray the cost of settling the Maroons in Nova Scotia. The experiment of settling so large a body of men of negro origin in a cold country like Nova Scotia does not seem to have been attended with much success, as they were all shipped to Sierra Leone in 1800.

Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened at Quebec, on Tuesday, 24th January, by His Excellency General Prescott, Lieutenant-Governor. Jean Antoine Panet, Esquire, was elected Speaker of the Legislative Assembly. Lieutenant-Governor Prescott, by proclamation dated the 27th April, announced his appointment (bearing date 15th December, 1796), as Governor-General, whereupon addresses of congratulation were presented to His Excellency by the Legislative Council and Legislative Assembly on 1st May. The session closed on the following day. Six Acts were passed during this session of which the most important were the Act, (Cap. 2, 37 Geo. III.) to continue the *Alien Act* to the end of the war then existing between Great Britain and France; and the "Act for the better preservation of His Majesty's Government, as by law happily established in this Province." By this Act, which was renewed from year to year until the year 1812, the provincial law of *Habeas Corpus* could be suspended at the discretion of the Executive; and, saving the privileges of the Provincial Parliament, all persons imprisoned by warrants, signed by three Executive Councillors, for treason, treasonable practices, or suspicion of the same, might be detained during the period before mentioned, without bail or mainprize.—From a notice in the *Quebec Gazette* of 4th May, it would appear that the rate then paid to labourers by the day in the city of Quebec was 1s. 6d. currency.—On Friday July 7th, David McLane* was tried before a special

*David McLane had been in business in Providence, Rhode Island, and was an American citizen. The indictment found against him by the Grand Jury consisted of two counts, one "for compassing the death of the King," and the other "for adhering to the King's enemies." On each count fourteen overt acts were laid, which were the same on both counts. As the statement of these overt acts are somewhat lengthy, it may suffice to give the sub-

Court of Oyer and Terminer at Quebec, for the crime of High Treason. The prosecution was conducted by the Attorney-General in person, and after a trial which lasted the whole day, the prisoner was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged, drawn, and quartered. McLane was executed on the Glacis outside the walls near St. John's Gate on the 21st July.—James Ker, Esq., was, on 26th August, appointed Judge of the Court of Vice - Admiralty for Lower Canada.—The Right Reverend Jean Francois Hubert, Bishop of Quebec, died at Quebec on Tuesday, 17th October.—The Rev. S. Jehosaphat Mountain, was appointed Rector of the Protestant church at Quebec.—The Hon. Joseph Gaspard Chaussegros de Lery, Knight of the Order of St. Louis, member of the Legislative Council of Quebec, died at Quebec on the 11th December, in the 77th year of his age. Mr. de Lery was one of the first of the Canadian noblesse to do homage to their new Sovereign, he having been presented to King George III. in March, 1763.—The second session of the Second Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada, was held at York, the buildings erected there under the personal supervision of Lieutenant - Governor Simcoe being ready for the accomodation of the members of the Legislature. This was the first session of Parliament held at York. The session was opened on the 1st June, by the Hon. Peter Russell, who, as senior Member of the Executive Council,

stance of them, which was that McLane had conspired to introduce arms and ammunition and to procure an invasion of the Province; and that he had conspired to excite rebellion within the Province, and had procured information to be communicated to the King's enemies and used against the Government. There appears to be no doubt that McLane was legally guilty of high treason; but his plans, if he can be said to have had any, were so impracticable, and indeed so utterly preposterous, that a lunatic asylum would probably have been the fittest place for him.

had assumed the administration of affairs on the departure of Major-General Simcoe,* who had been ordered to the West Indies, in the autumn of 1796. During this session, which closed on the 3rd July, seventeen Acts were passed. The most important were "An Act for the better securing the Province against the King's enemies;" "An Act for the more easy barring of dower." "An Act for the regulation of Ferries." Of the remainder ten were for the consolidation and improvement of laws relating to the administration of justice and conveyance of real estate, one for the better regulation of the Militia; one provided for the establishment of the Law Society of Upper Canada, one for Trade with the United States, and one for the collection of the Revenue.—The General-Assembly of Nova Scotia met on 6th June. Mr. Barclay was Speaker. The session closed on the 10th July. Governor Wentworth in his opening speech congratulated the members on the prosperous state of the province, and on the exemption the people enjoyed from the miseries of war so severely felt in other parts of the Empire.—On 9th September Chief Justice Strange resigned, having accepted an appointment at Bombay. Attorney - General

*Lieutenant-General John Graves Simcoe, the first Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, was the son of Captain John Simcoe, R.N., a gentleman of the County of Northampton. General (then Colonel) Simcoe was, on his promotion to the rank of a general officer, removed to the West Indies, and was appointed Governor of San Domingo. He had before coming to Canada been M. P. for St. Mawes, a Cornish borough, and shortly after his return from the West Indies was selected to succeed Lord Lake as Commander-in-Chief in India, but died on the eve of his departure to assume his command. He was buried in his private chapel at Wolford Lodge, County Devon. A monument was erected to his memory by the County of Devon in the Cathedral at Exeter. General Simcoe married the daughter and heiress of Colonel Thomas Gwillim, an officer of an old and distinguished family, who had at one time been Aide-de-Camp to General Wolfe.

Blowers was appointed Chief Justice, Solicitor-General Uniacke became Attorney-General, and Jonathan Sterns succeeded to the Solicitor-Generalship.—On 23rd November, H. M. S. *La Tribune* was lost in entering Halifax Harbour; only 12 of the ship's company were rescued.—October 3rd, Benning Wentworth resigned the office of Treasurer of Nova Scotia, and Mr. Michael Wallace was appointed in his stead.—The House of Assembly of the Island of St. John (Prince Edward Island) directed an investigation to be made to ascertain the quantity of settled and unsettled lands in the colony. It was found that 23 lots, embracing 458,580 acres had *not one settler*; that 12 other lots, containing 243,000 acres had only 36 families, or about 200 souls; and that 6 other lots, containing 120,000 acres had only 48 families, or about 250 souls. The whole population of the Island at that time, was about 4,500. On these and similar grounds, a petition was addressed to the Home Government, praying that the proprietors who had failed in their duty, might be compelled to fulfil their engagements, or that their lands should be forfeited.

1798. The second session of the second Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada was opened at York, on the 5th June, by the Hon. Peter Russell, President. The session, which was a short one, closed on the fifth of July. Seven Acts were passed during this session, the most important of which was the "Act for the better division of this Province." By this Act the geographical division of the Province was re-arranged and a number of important changes were made. Another Act provided for the ascertaining and establishing on a permanent footing the boundary lines of townships. Certain amendments were made to the

Marriage Act of 1793. The other four Acts relate to local matters of no great moment. A notice issued from the Post Office at Fort Niagara, dated 1st October, 1798, giving a "list of letters remaining with Joseph Edwards Esq., in Newark, U. C., for the conveniency of the persons to whom they are directed" contains letters addressed to Cleveland (Ohio), Bay of Quinty; and Cataractway (Cataract.) A Proclamation, dated 15th December, was issued by Mr. President Russell, announcing that His Majesty had been pleased to order that all United Empire Loyalists and their children who were actually settled in the Province of Upper Canada, on or before 28th July, 1798, should continue to receive His Majesty's bounty of 200 acres of land each, free from any expense whatever.—The second session of the second Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened by General Prescott, Governor-General, at Quebec, on the 20th February.—Charles Frechette was tried on 27th March, in the Court of King's Bench, Quebec, for misprision of High Treason, in having a knowledge of the designs of the late David McLane (who was executed on 21st July, 1797, for High Treason) against the province of Quebec, and concealing them; he was convicted and sentenced to imprisonment for life, all his moveable property to be forfeited to the King, together with all the profits of his immoveable estate.—The Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada, was prorogued on the 11th May. Of the five Acts passed during this session, three were to continue in force the Acts for making a temporary provision for the regulation of trade between Lower Canada and the United States of America; for the better preservation of His Majesty's Government, as by law happily established in this province; and for providing Returning

Officers for Knights, Citizens and Burgesses to serve in the Assembly. Of the two remaining Acts one was "an Act to allow to the province of Upper Canada, a proportion of the duties imposed by the Legislature of this province (Lower Canada) on such articles as have been transported from this province into the province of Upper Canada, between the first day of March, and the thirty-first day of December, 1797." The other Act was to repeal the Act appointing commissioners to treat with commissioners appointed by Upper Canada to settle the proportion which should belong to each province of the duties collected on articles imported into one province and passing thence into the other, and for appointing other commissioners for a like purpose.—A fire broke out in St. Francis Street, Quebec, on Sunday, 17th June, and rapidly assumed alarming proportions. By the strenuous exertions of the troops, encouraged by the Governor-General, who had turned out at the first alarm, the Seminary was saved, but fifteen houses were entirely destroyed.—The tempestuous weather on the Atlantic coast in the latter part of 1797 and beginning of 1798, cast a gloom throughout Nova Scotia. Wrecks were frequent, and the loss of life heavy. The people of Halifax, as on many previous occasions, were, however, quite equal to the emergency. Boats were manned, provisioned and despatched to the relief of the sufferers, and every thing which willing hearts and strong arms could effect was done to mitigate the severity of the season. Upwards of thirty persons were wrecked on Sable Island at one time.—The officers and men of the Royal Nova Scotia Regiment subscribed a week's pay towards the fund raised to assist His Majesty in meeting the heavy expenses of the war; the people of Halifax contributed £4000

to the same fund.—The General Assembly of Nova Scotia met at Halifax on 8th June. Sir John Wentworth in his opening speech expressed his great satisfaction at the loyalty displayed by the people of Nova Scotia as evidenced by their liberal subscriptions in aid of the expenses of the war.—On the 30th June the Nova Scotia Assembly voted five hundred guineas to purchase a star to be presented to Prince Edward.—On Saturday, the 7th July, the Lieutenant-Governor, the Council and the Assembly proceeded from the Council Chamber to Government House and there presented an address to the Prince, offering this star,* which he very graciously accepted. During the session, which terminated on 7th July, six Acts were passed, one of which was an Act to prevent aliens from remaining in the province, unless by special permission from the Government. On the 8th August, Prince Edward met with a serious accident whilst riding in the vicinity of Halifax. His horse stumbled and fell upon him, severely bruising his leg and thigh. After a short time the symptoms became so serious that the medical staff recommended His Royal Highness to go to England, advice which he was reluctantly compelled to follow. The Prince sailed from Halifax on 23rd October, in H. M. S. *Topaz*. Addresses were presented to him by the Lieutenant-Governor and Council, and also by the citizens of Halifax, deeply lamenting his accident and his departure, and expressing the earnest wish that he might soon return to them.—An Act was passed this year by the Legislature of the Island of St. John, changing the name of the Island to

*The star itself (a diamond star of the Order of the Garter) was not presented to the Prince until the 9th of January, 1799, when it was conveyed to Kensington Palace by Mr. Charles Wentworth, son of the Lieutenant-Governor, and Mr. Hartshorne, who presented it to His Royal Highness.