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AUGUST, 1880.

BRITAIN'S FUTURE CORN SUPPLY.

BY ROBERT WILKES, TORONTO

(Late Member of the Dominion Parliament.)

GREAT BRITAIN'S adverse balance of trade has long been a special subject of discussion, some regarding it as of no serious importance, while others recognise in it symptoms of commercial decline. The steady increase of this unfavourable balance not only in volume, but in its proportion to exports and to the increase of population, is specially deserving of attention. Twenty years ago, the total exports of one hundred and fifty-six millions sterling were eighty-seven per cent. of the amount of the imports, while in 1877 the exports were but sixty-four per cent. of the amount of the imports. Taking two decaded periods, 1859-68, and 1868-77, the average of the first period was, imports, two hundred and fifty millions, exports, one hundred and ninety-six millions, or seventy-eight and one-third per cent.; and of the second period, imports, three hundred and forty-six millions, exports, two hundred and seventy millions, or seventy-eight and one-third per cent., being a slight gain, but comparing with 1876 or 1877, greatly to the disadvantage of the latter part of the period. When viewed in relation to population, the first period shows imports, *per capita*, of eight pounds, eight shillings, exports, five pounds, four shillings, or sixty-two per cent.; and in the latter period, imports, ten pounds, sixteen shillings and sixpence, exports, six pounds, fifteen shillings and eightpence, or sixty-three per cent.—a gain of one per cent. On the last two years of the period (1876-77) the exports only averaged fifty-three per cent. of the amount of the imports *per capita*.

These large and increasing imports consist chiefly of two classes, *Food Staples*, and the *Raw Materials of Manufactures*. During the second decadal period referred to, the former class of imports were as follows:—

Wheat, Corn and Flour—annual average	£46,000,000
Tea	11,000,000
Sugar	20,000,000
Annual average total	£77,000,000

or about twenty-two and one-quarter per cent. of the total importations. The latter class during the period was

Cotton, annual average..	£57,000,000
Wool, " " ..	20,000,000
Silk, " " ..	9,000,000
Total annual average....	£86,000,000

These three raw textile staples amount to twenty-five per cent. of the total average import. If to the above be added timber, averaging say twenty millions pounds per annum, the results in all amount to over fifty-three per cent. of the total imports. To the Food Imports has now to be added, meat from America, live and dead, which will bring the total for these classes to about sixty per cent. of the average imports.

I propose for the present to consider chiefly the item of Corn Supply and its principal sources, and whether there be no alternative for the United Kingdom but to continue to pay gold to strangers for her bread-stuffs, in excess of her immense exports of manufactured articles. Protectionist writers on the American side often attribute the unfavourable balance of British trade to the supposed decline of English supremacy in manufactures; whereas it actually results from the enormously increasing consumption of food and raw material of foreign growth.

During a period of years, the supply of corn has come chiefly from Russia and the United States. As far back as 1854, the latter country sent almost one fourth out of a total of eight millions of quarters. In 1859, Russia supplied about one-fourth of a total of ten millions of quarters. But since then the proportions have been remarkably reversed. During the five years, 1873-77, the total Corn imports averaged a value of fifty four millions sterling. Of this Russia sent a little over four millions, or 7¾ per cent., while the United States furnished nearly twenty-one millions sterling, or 33⅓ per cent., per annum. During the first nine months of 1879, the United States is reported to have sent the enormous proportion of about sixty per cent. of an unprecedentedly large importation.

In 1877, the total imports from the United States were seventy-eight millions, and the exports to the United States, sixteen millions, or about 20 per cent; showing a balance of trade against the United Kingdom with the United States of over three hundred millions of dollars. The total excess in the United States of exports over imports in 1878 is returned at two hundred and sixty-five millions of dollars—so that more than their total excess is with Great Britain.

Russia, in 1877, sold Great Britain to the value of twenty two millions sterling, while she bought of strictly British produce, only a little over four millions, or about 18 per cent. of the value of her exports to Great Britain. Few will dispute the maxim that, in so far as it can possibly be guarded against, no nation should be dependent for her vital supplies on either hostile or rival nations.

In ships and the material of war, Britain constantly supplies her rivals; she herself never depends for these upon foreign assistance. Indeed, she does not depend upon private domestic sources; the nation maintains vast establishments for the manufacture of her own armaments of war.

However numerous the enemies of Britain may be, her danger of armed invasion is not imminent. Her defences by sea and land are her security. Britain's danger rather consists in being compelled to buy her food and raw material from rival nations, and to pay for them in gold, while these nations not only exclude her manufactures from their markets, but compete with her in countries where they could not sell their raw materials.

While England thus pays vast sums to strangers for natural products, the wages to produce which in no way be-

nefit her own people, she has, on the one hand, an immense home population, insufficiently employed, and, on the other hand, accessible territories, won by the bravery and enterprise of her sons, and still held by the Crown, suitable for the production of all the food and raw materials that she can possibly consume. The problem for British statesmen to day is, how to utilise those resources, so as to benefit the nation and make the empire absolutely independent of foreign countries for its vital supplies, in peace no less than in war.

Hitherto, the great colonies have been peopled through the necessities of the individual emigrant. Badness of trade, failure of crops, or personal misfortune of various kinds, have induced persons in the mother country to emigrate. They brave the ocean passage, and the greater risk of obtaining employment or finding a settlement under new and often uncongenial circumstances. During a visit to Manitoba, last summer, when nearly a hundred miles west of Red River, I met a ribbon weaver from Coventry. He had toiled with his little effects in ox carts, for five days over the wet prairie from Winnipeg—and had yet several days further to travel before settling his family on a free 'homestead.' Emigrants, such as this, endure great privations, but they ultimately succeed; yet I could not but feel that as a representative of the class of voluntary immigrants by whom the great North-West is destined to be peopled, the Coventry weaver was suffering disadvantages, to a large extent, due to the *system*.

Mr. Froude, in the *Edinburgh Review*, some time since urged assisted Imperial emigration to the Colonies, instancing the result of the opposite policy in the case of the Irish exodus to America. But no Government has hitherto been found prepared to favour such a scheme; nor has it been influentially advocated by the press or in Parliament. Emigration hitherto has been individual, not National or Imperial. It is, therefore, very unlikely that the British taxpayer will consent to an outlay in which he has no direct advantage, merely to relieve the home labour market, to benefit the unsuccessful surplus population, or to people Colonies, that in return may exclude his manufactures by protective tariffs.

To gain the consent of the British people to an expenditure for emigration, it must be shown that the outlay will be beneficial to the home population; and that while the Colonies are being developed, increased trade and greater independence of foreign nations will result to Great Britain.

The imports of foreign and colonial cereals have now reached the enormous value of over sixty millions sterling, per annum. The growth of this vast product has furnished no employment to the British people, nor has the profit upon it, in any way, benefited the British taxpayer. It has, indeed, been landed at the ports, chiefly in British bottoms, and so has yielded employment to Great Britain's unrivalled commercial fleet, but there the commercial benefit has ended, for the price has to be paid in gold.

Instead of thus paying strangers and rivals for her breadstuffs, why should not Britain produce them herself from lands of the Crown? If the manufacture of their own ships and war materials by the British Government can be justified on sound principles of political economy, is it unreasonable to produce the food of the people? The alternative is no longer avoidable, Britain must continue to enrich rival nations from which she purchases her corn, or she must produce it for herself as a national enterprise. In the history of nations, the opportunity seldom arises to utilize vast tracts of fertile Crown Lands, within easy access to the mother country. Britain enjoys this rare opportunity to-day in the Dominion of Canada!

Within fifteen days of Liverpool there is an unlimited area of fertile

prairie land, as yet uncultivated, belonging nominally to 'The Crown.' In less than five years this territory could supply the whole British market with grain of a quality unsurpassed in the world. All reports by competent judges concur in the opinion that the great fertile belt of British North America—stretching westward a thousand miles from Red River—will in time become the wheat-field of the world. In a few years it will have railway communication with the seaboard, as well as unequalled water highways. It, therefore, only requires labour and capital for its development, and for placing the entire British people, who are its inheritors, in complete independence of all foreign food supply.

Individual colonization must naturally be slow, and as such settlers cannot be expected to have Imperial objects in view—no matter how great may be the tide which flows towards this 'illimitable wilderness'—it cannot result in such timely development as to overtake the demands of the British markets, and so to outstrip foreign competitors.

Instead of such fitful and tardy settlement, I propose that the Imperial Government re-acquire extensive tracts of land in Manitoba and the North-West territories, and that such lands be cultivated exclusively for the growth of corn and cattle directly by the Crown. By arrangement with the Canadian Parliament, the lands—some of which are held as railway reserves—could readily be acquired at a fair valuation. British labourers could be sent under labour contracts to cultivate them, and the entire surplus product could be profitably sold in Britain on Government account.

These lands are now held at prices varying from one dollar (4*s.*) per acre to five dollars (20*s.*) per acre, the latter being for the belts nearest to the Canada Pacific Railway, now under contract from Winnipeg westward; the reserved belts might be left to unassisted settlement, for there are thousands of square miles within reasonable reach of outlets that are fertile beyond conception, and that could be acquired for the maximum price of one dollar per acre.

The descriptions which have been published concerning the resources of this northern territory have naturally been received in Britain with considerable incredulity. Preconceptions of a country only known as the former domain of a vast fur-trading company, could not naturally be favourable, and actual observation, on any extensive scale, has been so recent that the British public may well be excused if they have thought of it not as a fertile, but as a frozen wilderness. I may, therefore, quote some remarks here concerning it, from sources exceptionally well informed, or not likely to be unduly prejudiced in its favour. The *Pioneer Press*, a paper published at St. Paul, Minnesota, makes the following statement:—

> 'Within the isothermal lines that inclose the wheat zone west and north-west of Minnesota, which is being, or is to be, opened to cultivation, lies a vast area of fertile lands, from which might easily be cut out a dozen States of the size of New York.'

The lands referred to are all within the British American North-West. Mr. Wheelock, the official statistician for the State of Minnesota, remarks, concerning the wheat area of the United States, that—

> 'The wheat-producing district of the United States is confined to about ten degrees of latitude and six degrees of longitude, terminating on the west at the 98th parallel. But the zone of its profitable culture occupies a comparatively narrow belt along the cool borders of the district defined for inland positions by the mean temperature of fifty-five degrees on the north, and seventy-one degrees on the south, for the two months of July and August. This definition excludes all the country south of latitude forty degrees, except Western Virginia, and north of that it excludes the southern districts of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, while it includes the northern parts of these States, Canada, New York, Western Virginia, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Red River and Saskatchewan Valleys. In general terms, it may be stated that the belt of maximum wheat production lies immed-

iately north of the district where the maximum of Indian corn is attained.'

And he remarks further :—

'1. That physical and economical causes restrict the limits of wheat culture to the seats of its maximum production, in less than one-third of the States of the Union, within a climatic belt having an estimated gross area of only 250,000 square miles, from which nine-tenths of the American supply of bread and a large and constantly increasing amount of foreign food must be drawn.

'2. That within this zone the same climatic and other causes tend to concentrate the growth of wheat in the upper belt of the North-Western States, always preferring the best wheat districts.

'3. That Minnesota *and the country north-west of it* is the best of these wheat districts, having the largest average yield, the most certain crops, and the best and healthiest grains.'

The whole wheat growing area of the United States is thus estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand (250,000) square miles, whereas the fertile belt of British America embraces an area of four hundred and fifty thousand (450,000) square miles, estimating nothing higher than 55 degrees north latitude. On the far western plains the isothermal line of wheat culture undoubtedly reaches considerably north of this limit. It can, therefore, readily be seen that the most extensive wheat fields of America are on the British Canadian side of the line.

Professor Macoun, during the past season, made an official inspection of a very extensive portion of the North-West. His opinions concerning the soil and climate are therefore not only the most recent, but they are undoubtedly the most reliable, yet published. He is reported to have spoken in a recent lecture as follows :—

'From the 102nd meridian, he had journeyed due west over 13½ degrees of longitude, the course embracing a little more than two degrees of latitude ; in other words, he had travelled 650 miles west from Fort Ellice, on a line extending 150 miles from north to south. Within those limits were included 100,000 square miles—a territory of vast extent.

'In the country lying to the south of the Assiniboine, south of the Qu'Appelle and east of the 103rd meridian, there are 800,000,000 acres of land, scarcely any of which is second-class, nearly all being of the highest excellence. Nevertheless, being destitute of wood, all this land would remain unsettled for years to come, were it not for the abundant supply of coal. There will, without doubt, very soon be a rapid immigration from Rock Lake.

'North of the Qu'Appelle River, and extending westward as far as the 105th meridian, lies a region containing not less than from 6,000,000 to 10,000,000 acres which can with certainty be pronounced of excellent quality. There is not a finer region in the North-West than that extending along the southern base of the File Hills and the Touchwood Hills.

'The facts concerning the rainfall are these :—As the heat in the spring increases, the rains increase ; then, shortly after the summer solstice, they decline, and by the last of August, or earlier, they cease altogether. After that a period of six months commences, during which there is very little fall of rain or snow ; and, with this period, the year ends. The operations of the season of vegetation are as follows :—As soon as the warm weather of the spring commences the snow melts. Then, when the frost is out of the ground to the depth of five or six inches, the farmer sows his seed. During this time there is scarcely any rain, but the frost underneath keeps melting by degrees. The roots of the young plants keep following down, after the frost, and increasing in size, till the latter part of May. In June and July, both the air and the earth are warm, and everything rushes to quick maturity. Next comes the dry fall, when the grain can be harvested without injury. These general characteristics apply to the climate of the whole of the North-West, and the same results are everywhere observable over tracts embracing 300,000 square miles. One important result is that hardness of the grain which comes largely from the dryness of the autumn. Another important result is the adaptation of our immense plains to the raising of cattle. The whole of the south-western plains, which formerly yielded food for the buffalo, will, in our day, become covered with cattle. Many persons have said that the vast plains to the south of Battleford are too exposed for the raising of stock ; but God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. The admirable adaptation of the climate renders the successful raising of cattle practicable where, under other circumstances, it would be impossible.'

The special adaptation of the soil and climate of this vast territory to supply the food requirements of Great Britain cannot be disputed. All that is necessary to attain this result are CAPITAL and LABOUR, and these Britain commands without limit.

I will assume, what is certainly within the mark, that, for an outlay of twenty millions sterling, a territory larger than England, Ireland and

Scotland could be secured. Out of one hundred millions of acres, tracts adapted for cultivation could be acquired equal to the full area of the whole United Kingdom, which contains about seventy seven millions (77,000,000) of acres—a large percentage of which, especially in Ireland and Scotland, is not under cultivation.

Important drainage works, and the building of rail and tramways, might cost two millions more. The conveyance, shelter and first maintenance of an army of contract labourers from Britain, and the necessary implements for their work, would probably bring the whole capital outlay to twenty-five millions sterling. This at three per cent. would entail a charge upon the Consolidated Fund of six hundred thousand pounds per annum.

For this outlay the Crown would hold in fee through a Royal Commission a veritable 'New Britain' in the heart of the continent. All the appliances for agriculture on the most extensive scale, entrusted to a male and female labouring population of over half a million, which with such soil and appliances would show results that would astonish the world.

In ten years, lands brought under such cultivation could be sold, if need were for, from two to five pounds per acre, to the very persons sent out to cultivate them, if to no others. The investment would, therefore, undoubtedly yield a profit on a large scale whenever it was considered prudent, on the part of the Crown, to relinquish the enterprise, and this profit would be a direct gain to the home taxpayer.

As the result of actual enquiry upon the spot during the past summer, I estimate the cost of wheat to the individual producer in Manitoba to be about thirty-five cents per bushel—equal to 1*s.* 5½*d.* To make full allowance for outlay on a large scale, I would estimate wheat grown as proposed to cost sixty cents per bushel—one dollar (4*s.* 2*d.*) per cental—or say one half-penny per pound. Such wheat is grown, and can be grown, yielding forty bushels to the acre. As soon as railways now under construction are completed, the average cost for carriage from any central point to Liverpool *via* Montreal and Quebec, would be about from sixty to seventy-five cents (2s. 6d. to 3s. 2d.) per cental, making the cost at Liverpool 6s. 8d. to 7s. 4d. per cental—equal to 28s. 9d. to 34s. 6d. per quarter. If to this calculation five per cent. for commissions and charges be added, it would still leave the cost of wheat in British ports from 30s. to 36s. 6d. per quarter. The enterprise would thus almost from the first be self-sustaining, yet if ten years' interest were added to the capital outlay the profit would still be large.

If it be said that the delivery of wheat so produced would be ruinous to the British farmer, it may be answered that it would be sold only at the market price, as now, but with this important difference between it and foreign wheat, that it was grown by British labour on British soil, and that the profits on its sale would accrue to the British taxpayer. There can be no question but that the immense imports of American wheat into British ports of recent years, coupled with deficient harvests, have greatly discouraged British agriculturalists. They feel that land, stimulated by artificial manures, and costing an annual rental of from 30 to 40 shillings per acre, cannot ultimately compete with virgin soil costing in fee simple but a nominal sum. It is true that the yield per acre of wheat lands in England is greater than in any other part of Europe, averaging about 26 bushels per acre, which is greatly in excess of the average yield of North American lands; still, in the face of increasing imports, the average wheat cultivation in England of three millions of acres is likely to decline. This does not necessarily imply a permanent reduction in the value of English lands, but merely a change of products. In the colonial

times, over a hundred years ago, wheat was extensively grown in the valley of the Connecticut River, in New England, and less than 50 years ago the Genesee Valley, in the State of New York, was celebrated for its wheat. Now its cultivation is almost abandoned in these districts, for they cannot compete with the western prairies. Still the lands are more valuable than ever; for tobacco, fruit, and other products are now profitably cultivated on the former wheat fields. In England similar changes must occur with the growth of population. She is likely to become a *gardening* rather than a farming or stock-raising country. Thus the decline of wheat culture is more likely to increase the value of British lands rather than to lessen it.

Some discussion has taken place concerning the adaptation of the North-West for stock raising; it is claimed by many that cattle may be wintered in the shelter of the wooded streams in the severest weather, and that, like the Indian pony, they will scrape the dry snow from the grass. I think that no reliance can be placed on such statements as applied to cattle-raising on any important scale. In all the northern and eastern sections of the territory, cattle would require winter housing; yet, as during the winter months farming operations proper are suspended, abundant labour would be available for profitable employment in attending to the stock. The true test is the cost of food. At present hay can be obtained from the natural meadows without limit. I have heard the value of the saving estimated at two dollars (8s.) per ton, but consider this too low. It can, however, be safely estimated at not more than four dollars (16s.) per ton, delivered at reasonable distances from where it is cut. Root crops are grown in great perfection, averaging, it is said, a thousand bushels to the acre. Coarse grain can also be grown, producing the highest yield. There is, therefore, no room for doubt that fat cattle could be raised at a low expenditure on the very territory chiefly devoted to wheat growing.

Beyond this, however, the plains of the South-West are specially adapted for grazing. Concerning a very large district, Professor Macoun is reported as saying:

> 'The suitability of the Bow River country for stock-raising is attributable, in a great measure, to the Chinook winds, which, coming from the south-west from Arizona, Wyoming, etc., greatly tend to modify the climate, sometimes raising the temperature 60 degrees in two hours. The dry atmosphere is regarded as a cause of the low temperature not interfering with vegetation.'

These western plains could be stocked with young cattle from the Texas herds, and a cross could soon be obtained which would yield cattle better adapted for the British markets than any now raised in the American territories.

Under competent overseers, no better herdsmen could be found than the native Plain Indians. The buffalo is fast disappearing before their indiscriminate slaughter by the white man and the Indian. The only salvation for the Indian is to employ him as a herdsman of cattle, and thus ensure him maintenance. The Indian tribes on British territories have generally been peaceable and always loyal. If kindly treated and wisely employed they will remain faithful. The attempt to convert these nomads of the Plains into farmers is an unreasonable one. After a long period some, no doubt, may be induced to cultivate the soil; but the true and profitable employment for the Prairie Indians is cattle raising. Concerning them the writer above quoted says:

> 'The Blackfeet and the Sioux were the finest men, physically, in the North-West. The Sioux at Prince Albert ask for work that they may earn something to purchase food. When men talk about danger from Indians, they do it for place or for plunder; for, wherever there is an Indian war or scare there is place, and, when supplies are scarce, there is plunder.'

Professor Macoun mentions in-

stances of actual starvation having happened among the Indians by the failure of the buffalo, while the crops of settlers in the neighbourhood were left undisturbed. The Indians on both sides of the line respect Englishmen and Canadians, both of whom in the west they call 'King George Man.' The British people owe it therefore to these faithful tribes, whose titles have been ceded as far as the Rocky Mountains, to furnish them with a means of livelihood, by the investment of capital in stock-raising, from which it is certain that the return will be tenfold.

Of the millions who have emigrated from Great Britain and Ireland, many have carried, rightly or wrongly, a memory of by-past wrongs; others a consciousness of neglect, and of disadvantages and privation, suffered in the struggle for existence. In the peopling of this, the last fertile region within reach of the Celtic and Anglo-Saxon races, it is of great importance to reverse the former feeling. Men conveyed by the nation to distant fields, assured of employment, and a bright future opened for themselves and their children, would certainly entertain for the mother country not only the feeling of loyalty, for which all colonists are distinguished, but a warm sense of gratitude which would bear practical fruit in later years.

The vast North-West offers a free area for all peoples—for the Icelanders, for the Russian Mennonites, for the Norwegian, the Swede, the Dane, and the German; but above all, it offers a home for the British people. For them it affords an unequalled opportunity of developing British Institutions on a grand scale, believing, as they do, that, under such institutions, there is enjoyed civil liberty and social order, unequalled by that of any other system on the face of the earth.

In the settlement of the older Provinces of the Dominion, from the Atlantic to the Great Lakes, the lands being chiefly wooded, an unnatural system was adopted. The townships were surveyed and laid out in farms of two hundred acres, on each of which, one or two solitary families settled, to hew a home for themselves out of the forest. The early settlers were absolutely isolated, and were thus partly deprived of social, educational and religious advantages which might have been otherwise enjoyed. To this day, even in the well settled districts, this isolation prevails, and has the injurious effect of tempting a large percentage of the youth to forsake the farms for the towns. The unparalleled town growth of America can largely be accounted for in this way. There is no excuse for the repetition of this error in the settlement of the prairie lands of the west. Nevertheless, such is still being attempted, both in the Western States of the Union, and in Canada. The traveller by rail or water may anywhere descry on the horizon the solitary dwelling of the pioneer settler, probably separated by miles from his nearest neighbour. The intervening tract may be held as a railway reserve at a fancy price, or by speculators for a rise in value.

The rational mode of settlement is the *Dorf* system of Europe, only on a grander scale. The sites of agricultural towns should be selected by competent engineers, located not only with reference to the tract to be cultivated, but also with reference to the facility for drainage, the adjacency of coal or wood, and the general adaptation for healthful occupation. In this way, many of the sites chosen would become populous cities during the present generation, and would, in contrast with the accidental locations of the great centres of population, be absolute sanatoriums. The construction of cheap sectional rail or tramways over the prairie would meet all the requirements of transit to labour and the removal of crops; but even without those there is no natural

road in the world to compare with the prairie in the harvest season.

It may be supposed by some that the Canadian Government and people would view with jealousy such a vast Imperial establishment carried on in direct competition with their home agricultural industry. At first, no doubt, such objections might arise, but they would be based neither on justice nor on expediency. All public lands in the Empire are called 'Crown Lands,' *i. e.*—held by the Crown in trust for the *people.* 'The People' surely means more than the residents of any particular colony—the emigrants of yesterday. It must be held to mean *the whole British people*, by whose enterprise and valour these lands across the seas were won.

> 'They, too, were created heirs of the earth
> and claim its division.'

The British emigrant of yesterday has, therefore, no exclusive rights as against the British immigrant of to-day, they have each claims upon the lands of the Crown, and the Crown has a claim on their services for the furtherance of Imperial interests. But the Canadian people have more than reasons based upon right and equity to cause them to acquiesce in a scheme of Imperial colonization. They are absolutely committed to the vast undertaking of a railway across the continent from the Great Lakes to the Pacific. The interest on this outlay must be paid by the colonial taxpayers, or else the land reserves must be sold. No system of individual settlement can occupy these railway lands in twenty-five years; the 'free grants' will attract actual settlers, even to places remote from railways, so that no large sales will be speedily made.

The advertising of the lands by a public company of contractors or otherwise would, no doubt, assist their settlement; but the continent has already had enough of 'company' monopoly to lead to such a system being regarded with favour, and to incline Canadians to prefer any well considered Imperial scheme to one of grasping manipulation of the fair lands now held in fee simple for the whole British people. The conveyance of large tracts to the Imperial Government would, therefore, be at once a solution of the railway problem, and would also ensure a development of the country in ten years such as could not otherwise be obtained in fifty. All this would be immensely advantageous to Canada, at the very time that it secured the highest interests of the Mother Country.

Population is the great need of the Dominion of Canada. The outflow of British emigration during the past fifty years has mainly benefited the Great Republic. The future tide of unassisted immigration will tend to follow in the wake of its predecessor. Nothing, therefore, can so rapidly people the Canadian North-West as an Imperial scheme, mainly based upon Imperial objects.

A large majority of the Canadian Parliamentary constituencies (although a small one of the Canadian people), has in 1878 declared in favour of a protective tariff. Such a policy to be successful, above all, requires consumers; these would be furnished by the proposed scheme. All the implements of husbandry would find an immensely increased demand, and in such the Canadian makers are not surpassed in the world. Domestic woollen and cotton clothing, blankets, boots and shoes, and numerous other staple supplies are almost exclusively produced in the Colony for local use, and the trade in these would necessarily be benefited. The Lake and Maritime Provinces would in this way become to the North-West what the New England States are to the Western States, and the stimulus would produce an unprecedented development in all the Provinces. The products of the Imperial colony would not be offered in the local markets, and could not

therefore depress them. The fruit of this new industry would of course meet the colonial exporter at all British ports; but he would then have only to compete with Imperial wheat, as he now does with American and Russian grain; while on every cental of the former his country would make an indirect profit, and the Empire to which it is his pride to belong, would become independent of the foreign wheat fields of the world.

The Canadian Liberal press and its leaders predict an early reversal of the protective policy. This is not likely to be realized. Following the precedent of the United States, the manufacturing interests will acquire increased political influence; and the agricultural majority are, for the most part, indifferent to questions of this nature while they themselves enjoy moderate prosperity. If the Imperial colonization scheme were carried out, the dominant province would soon be neither Ontario nor Quebec, but Manitoba, or provinces to the west of it. These would be largely peopled by men of British training, and of British trade ideas; colonial manufacturers would, therefore, soon have to compete with British goods without regard to tariff, for the wheat and cattle growers of the West would never consent to the artificial exclusion of the better value products of the mother-country by a protective tariff. This view might tend to prejudice the present dominant Canadian party against the scheme; but their necessities, and probably their patriotism, would assure their concurrence.

Beyond all mere questions of trade policy, I advocate the speedy settlement of British America with a people loyal to the British constitutional system, as a counterpoise to the Republicanism of the United States. One hundred years ago the population of the revolted American colonies numbered about four millions. North of the lakes and the St. Lawrence was almost unbroken forest; the population, including the French colonists, hardly numbered five per cent. of the successful revolutionists. To-day, after the lapse of a century, during which the peoples of the world have been thrown into the lap of the Republic, the then Canadian wilderness numbers a loyal people, about equal in number to those lost by George III., that is about ten per cent., instead of five, of the present population of the Great Republic. These have built cities, established factories, created canals and railways, raised cattle and developed agriculture, in a ratio which compares most favourably *per capita* with the Republic. They maintain a commercial navy not only beyond that of the States, but fourth in rank among the nations of the world. A country showing such results under many disadvantages, deserves to receive a trial on an ample scale. It may then demonstrate to the world that material prosperity can be obtained under the well-tried British system, equal to that which is witnessed under a Republic, if not even greater: the system of government often erroneously receiving praise which rightfully belongs to a virgin soil and unexampled variety of natural resources.

Great Britain possesses in Canada the chief element that she lacks at home—an unlimited fruitful soil. Its most southern boundary is the forty-second parallel, and more westwardly the forty-ninth. In Europe this latitude would place Niagara Falls and Toronto on the southern boundary of France, and Winnipeg in the position of Dieppe. Nor are these localities actually belied by the summer heat, or the perfection of their fruits and cereals. The peaches ripened on the Niagara River and on the south shore of Lake Ontario are not easily surpassed in France; and the wheat of the Red River district is certainly not excelled in Normandy. During the past summer I experienced heat in August on the Assiniboine River, a hundred miles west of Winnipeg, that

I never knew exceeded in Paris. The vastness of the American Continent, stretching far towards the North Pole, does indeed give a far colder average winter than that experienced in the same latitude of Northern Europe, but this severity, does not retard, but rather increases the fertility of the soil.

The immense territory from the Red River to the Rocky Mountains has a northern slope. The Nelson River, which empties into Hudson Bay from Lake Winnipeg, drains the valleys of the North and South Saskatchewan, rising in the Rocky Mountains; the Assiniboine rising in the Touchwood Hills, 52 degrees north and 7 west of Fort Garry; and the Red River, which rises to the south, in the American territories. This area is almost one-fourth the size of Europe. In the far west the Peace River flows east, through a canyon of the Rocky Mountains, watering an immense upland on which wheat is said to ripen admirably. The Peace River is a tributary to the Great Mackenzie River, through Lake Arthabasca and the Great Slave Lake, also draining the Great Bear Lake, and emptying into the Arctic Ocean, carrying the waters north of 55°, from a vast area of which but little is known, but admitting of immense possibilities in the hands of a hardy pioneer race. While the elevated regions to the south of the line are saline deserts these northern territories, owing to the lowness of level, are well watered, covered with deep vegetable mould, and abundantly fertile. There is, therefore, a British territory half as large as Europe, within the wheat-growing isothermal lines, that is capable of producing in abundance the products of the temperate zone. This country only awaits the occupation of it by a hardy population to be able to supply all the corn and cattle required by the mother country, and to develop British institutions on a scale beyond all previous possibilities.

> 'I hear the tread of pioneers of nations yet to be;
> The first low wash of waves, where yet shall roll a human sea.'

In the history of the world there is no parallel instance where a race and a system of Government have thus enjoyed a second opportunity such as is now within the reach of the British people. America, with its broad, free acres, is apparently the chosen field for the development of the Saxon and Celtic races, as the British Islands, clouded by the sea fogs, and washed by the northern ocean, were their cradle.

Through false conceptions of the rights of the colonists, and the lack of appreciation of their importance to the empire, the original thirteen colonies, with their flourishing western offspring, were lost to the Crown. Stretching from Massachusetts Bay to the Gulf of Florida, what fairer field could be desired for the growth of the tree of liberty; a plant which flourished in its island home during ages when it was lost to other nations?

The colonists of those days rather than struggle longer to right a temporary injustice, flung away the constitutional system which was their priceless birthright.

Thoughtful men alike of the North and of the South now admit that there are fearful risks to the ark of liberty tossed upon the stormy ocean of a Republic of manhood suffrage, and guided only by the helm of a parchment scroll.

On the northern, but larger half of the continent, there is yet a splendid field for the development of the British system, administered by a British people, who will be the yeomen proprietors of the soil. Municipal government is already established; Provincial and Federal organizations exist that admit of unlimited application, and a system of national education is founded, that will compare favourably with any in the world.

Here, then, is a great opportunity

for English statesmen. By a moderate investment they can inaugurate a system that will furnish desirable employment to a large section of their own people; and that, in a few years, will produce from British soil, breadstuffs, provisions, and cattle enough to support Britain's utmost necessities, and make her mistress of the food markets of the world.

Britain can thus relieve herself from dependence, either in time of war or peace, on hostile or rival nations. She can witness in one generation the unprecedented growth of a prosperous and loyal people sprung from her own loins, and enjoying the legitimate development of her own institutions. She can thus span the American Continent, and afterwards girdle the earth with a chain of British peoples, speaking her language, enjoying her literature, her institutions of civil and religious liberty, and, in spite of her faults and the calumnies of her detractors, become more than any other nation a blessing to her own race and to all the peoples of the world.

THE BATTLE OF LUNDY'S LANE.

BY MYLES O'REGAN, MONTREAL.

'TIS a sweet September evening and the sun is sinking low;
In a hundred gorgeous colours the Canadian forests show;
Streamlets murmur through the valley, song-birds warble in the trees,
There is glory in the sunset, and there's perfume in the breeze.

* * * * * * *

'Tell us, grandpa,' said young Charley, as his wooden sword he swung,
'Tell us of the famous battle that you fought when you were young;
How that scar came on your forehead; how it is you were not slain?
For the folks say you did bravely in the fight at Lundy's Lane.'

Gaily smiled the tall old farmer as he stroked the golden head
Of his fair and favoured grandchild, 'You're a tease, my boy,' he said,
'But if Angus cease his drumming, and if Will from noise refrain,
And if Alice sit beside me, I shall tell of Lundy's Lane.'

Silent, all, they crowded round him when the veteran thus began:—
'I belonged to the "Glengarrys," true and loyal every man;
At Niagara we joined Drummond, on the morning of the fight,
And with the Royal Scots were posted upon the British right.

'Ah! I never shall forget it, 'twas an evening in July,
Not a ripple stirred the river, not a cloud obscured the sky,
Swallows skimmed along the ridges, cattle browsed upon the plain,
Where, but thirty minutes after, lay the wounded and the slain.

'How the fight began I know not, but the sun had just gone down,
When the Yankees charged our centre with their leaders Scott and Brown ;
"Steady, boys," cried our Commander, "when you fire at all, aim low,"—
Which we did with dire disaster to the still advancing foe.

'We could see (so close they pressed us) their fierce eyes, and faces pale ;
We could hear their execrations when they found their efforts fail :
When they bay'netted our gunners other gunners took their place ;
Breast to breast we fought each other though we were of kindred race.

'Like the billows of the ocean they came on with mighty force ;
As the rocks receive the billows, so we checked them in their course ;
And our shot and shell ploughed through them, when defeated they fell back,
Making lanes in their battalions, leaving ruin in their track.

'Light departed, but the combat flashed and thundered all the same,
And the muskets sent forth volleys and the cannon sheets of flame :
As the hour wore on the fighting grew more desperate than before,
And the terrors of the battle hushed loud Niagara's roar.

'On came Scott, who threw his columns 'gainst our front and on our flanks,
But our Drummond, ever wary, met the shock with serried ranks ;
On came Brown with levell'd bay'net through the smoke, and through the night
We could see his steel-line gleaming like a streak of morning light).

'Scott and Brown and the valiant Miller, they were baffled one by one,
And their bravest fell in hundreds with the chiefs who led them on :
Still the odds were telling 'gainst us (we were fighting one to three),
Till the cheers of fresh re'nforcements gave us hope of victory.

'Now a lull came in the battle, and the armies drew their breath,
And the moon from out the low'ring clouds shone on the field of death.
Oh ! my children ! you could never, never wish for war again
Had you seen that field of carnage—heard the groans of wounded men.

'They were strewn along the valley, they were bleeding everywhere,
While the dying cried for water in the depths of their despair—
"Here am I," mocked near Niagara, with its deep resounding roar ;
"Here am I, a mighty volume, falling water evermore !"

'Havoc paused but for a moment—soon the foe he charged again,
Making one last desperate effort, but in vain, 'twas all in vain ;
For, though numbers sore oppressed us, still our hearts and steel were true,
And we kept our ground as firmly rooted as the sturdy maples grew.

'Threw we then his shattered columns down the thrice ensanguined slope,
"See, the moon uprise," said Drummond, "now my boys, no longer grope,
Charge !" oh how we cheered, and charged them till they broke and fled amain,
And they left us in possession of the field at Lundy's Lane.'

'But the scar grandpa,' said Angus, 'tell us how you got the scar?'
'From a Yankee's flashing sabre, 'twas an accident of war ;'
'But they say, Grandpa, you killed him,' little Alice breathless cried :
'It is getting late, my children, let us home,' the veteran sighed.

IN THE HIMALAYAS.

A STORY.

BY PROF. WILSON, KING'S COLLEGE, WINDSOR, N.S.

WHAT subaltern could keep his heart from leaping with pleasure when, after a long round of weary barrack duty, he mounts to the hill station of Bengal, in the month of May? I know well those white bungalow roofs, that soft, placid valley. Even the long walls of the hospital were refreshing.

Anticipations of jolly pic-nic life—of evening dances; of merry makings, with no guard duty to interrupt, and many a hand-shaking from those who had already left the plains, filled my mind. No school-boy at his summer 'breaking-up' ever felt in such spirits.

I entered the town with a few stragglers from the more imposing hosts of government officials, who had left Calcutta in April.

Bob Gardner, I knew, expected me. He would be on the look out at the well-known bungalow that stood on a declivity at the wayside, embowered in oleanders.

But my heart jumped as, at that tender age, it was apter to do than now, not at the thought of comrades; not at the thought of the moon-light dances, the pretty partners, who were never wanting, grass widows of many charms, and new European arrivals, formidable from their freshness, and devoted to make life sweet for us at Simla. I may as well say at once, I only thought of *one* face and *one* form.

It was absurd for a youth with my experience to be in love—seriously in love—yet, upon my faith, I am not ashamed to avow that the sweetest and best of little girls was all I cared for in Simla.

Ada Swan was the only child of a colonel in the Bengal army—a full colonel, let me say—for that was an important consideration in Calcutta. Her father was a good-natured fellow, somewhat a slave to short whist and well—brandy pawnee; and she—if ever there was an angel—bright as as day, fair as an English-born girl, good tempered, graceful—how can I describe her, excepting that half our men were crazy about her. Didn't every human being of the other sex flutter round Ada in a ball-room, or a promenade, as if she had some supernatural charm to captivate them! While the handsome, the tall, the dashing girls of Calcutta counted their one or more admirers, *she* was pet of the garrison. 'A perfect pocket Venus, sir, 'pon my honour, sir,' said old Major Brown. And to think that I was the lucky man. Of course all my friends saw how matters stood, and I was come to Simla to be envied. I had told her rather awkwardly what I thought about her.

'Don't be a goose, George,' she answered, 'I love you very much, but wait until we meet at Simla, in the spring, before we come to anything serious.'

Before I had dismounted and ordered my servants to carry up my

traps, my hand was grasped, and a bearded face was gazing into my eye. It was Gardner.

'Well, old fellow, glad to see you at the Hills,' he said, rather abruptly, 'come up, my orderly will take your pony.'

I followed him up the little steep, and as we reached the threshold of the bungalow, he paused and waved his hand towards the Sutlej valley.

'Lovely! by Jove,' he exclaimed, and lovely it was.

The vast range—peak, ice-field and glacier, shone beyond, over a mass of dark forest and black rock, and the grey current of the classic Hesydrus flowed in silence through the valley at our feet. The evening was calm. In the distance sounded soft strains from the row of buildings where the band was discoursing sweet music to military loungers. There was otherwise no sound of living creature. The demeanour of my old friend was less hilarious than I had noticed before. Gardner had been the genial friend of ten years, the life of our men, the cheerer of many weary hours to me; in fact, my chief friend in India.

I missed the news he generally gave me—gave with twinkling eye and kindly smile—news conveyed with playful tact.

Could anything have gone wrong? I started at the thought. His eyes, as I darted a glance at him, were fixed on me.

'And Ada,' I almost gasped as if I had read his thoughts.

'Come in,' Gordon, he said, taking my arm kindly, almost tenderly. 'Come in; why do you ask? I have hardly the heart to tell you.'

'What is it; let me know the worst. Dead?'

'No, married! married to-day at noon—old Goldie—the rich cotton man, of Bombay.'

I was utterly stunned for two days. 'Another of those cursed invitations,' I muttered, as some one entered.

The orderly made a salute, and laid the long, thin envelope on the table one evening. I took it up, was about to throw it into the fire. Gardner entered at that moment, and fearing to provoke remark, or betray to him my irritation and anxiety, I thrust it almost mechanically into my pocket.

I had only been in Simla three days, and had made up my mind to leave it at next day-break.

'I shall be dreadfully disappointed to be without you this summer, old boy,' said Gardner, 'my fun will be pretty well spoiled; but I don't blame you. There'll be inquiries for you this evening at half dozen places,' he continued, after a pause, 'but I suppose if you're packing up we must make excuse for you. Who are you taking with you?'

'I'll take Price and a few coolies, but only these latter as far as Kotgarh. I trust to find a fresh relay there.'

'But what a funny idea to tramp through the Himalayas? why not stay at some other station?'

He saw that I had made up my mind; and, like a good fellow, didn't persist. I was too wretched to stay where I was, and had planned by a sudden impulse to start on a tour that I had long promised myself to the Hindoo Kailas, high and scarcely accessible peaks, where the full splendours of 'The Roof of the World,' not without accompanying dangers, would be seen. In the perils and toils of the ascent, I thought my mind would be distracted. At any rate, I felt inclined to rush off some whither. I could not bear to look in the face of any one who was conscious of my disappointment, and I had not fortitude enough to brave out life in Simla. Youth and soft-heartedness are the only excuses I can give for this.

Gardner had offered to accompany me. This I would not hear of, knowing what attraction the place had for him, and moreover preferring in very truth to be alone.

I had spent a day or two in preparation, and the last night in seeing my little mountain tent put in good order; in packing up a plentiful canteen; in stowing away in canvas bags a quantity of *soupe à l'ognon gras*, a French arrangement for traveller's fare.

'Tho' you aren't in the Terai, George,' said Gardner, as he dropped in upon me at one in the morning, 'take plenty of cartridges and your rifle. Would you like to have Bounce? I warrant you he'll be the boy for tigers and panthers.'

Bounce was a thorough bred English bulldog, who had been the terror of my Maratha body-servant, since our arrival at Simla. Never had the fierce look of my ivory attendant so thoroughly disappeared, as when the white monster, as he called him, clanked his chain and made violent but futile bolts towards Price from the side of the compound.

'As to the dog,' I said, smiling, 'I'd rather be excused, but, of course, I'll take arms.'

After a couple of hours' sleep, I woke to hear Price ordering the attendants about in a most peremptory manner. He appeared at last with my cup of coffee. I was struck with his ferocious air as he swaggered off, his moustache tied up, and his chin in the air, evidently he was proud of his authority over the coolies he had enrolled in my service.

Getting up early in the morning is not a cheerful thing, but on this occasion, I confess, my spirits fell to zero. The jokes of Gardner, and his kind and hearty words did nothing to relieve my dulness. Then I felt it was almost absurd of me to run away as I was doing. Irresolution, however, did not induce me to give up the journey.

I would not change my mind in spite of pain and almost disgust at the recollection of that *petite* form—those dark eyes—lips that rivalled coral in freshness of tint, and then the soft tender tones of her voice, and the playful words with which she often concealed what I had once thought were deep and true feelings of love.

'Your equipment is complete,' said Gardner, as I mounted my pony, and the coolies took up their loads,—bottles, bedding, tent and provisions, and after them my fat Kunaite cook—last of all then strutted the Maratha, the butler and shikari of the expedition.

'Whatever you do,' shouted Gardner with a laugh, as we started along the bridle path which has been quarried out of the mountain side with a labour that almost justifies its pompous name, 'The Great Hindusthan Tibet Road.' 'Whatever you do, keep shy of the Thibetans, who have a fashion after breakfast of employing the heads of their guests to decorate the central pole of their tent roof.'

Sick as I was of Indian travelling, it was a relief to me even to get away from the jokes and forced cheerfulness of my friend. The brightness and fair prospects of Simla scenery were painful to me. There is nothing so exhilarating to the bright and hopeful, as the perpetual smile of a subtropical region; but to one in sickness of body or mind, the sunshine is a bitter and cruel irony.

The road from Simla to the valley of the Sutlej was merely a shelf some seven or eight feet wide,—sheer precipice on the one hand, and a wall of hill on the other. Along this, I ventured to ride, trusting to the well-known disposition of my old and steady horse, although many travellers dismount and lead their horses through the hills. Accidents have so frequently happened, as to render such a course prudent; but I was reckless.

The day came out bright and glorious overhead as we advanced toward our mid-day resting place.

Gardner had given me plenty to think about.

He had described the wedding. The lovely, frail-looking bride, supported by her red-nosed father, and the yellow bloated groom, the old chaplain stuttering through the ser-

vice :—Ada had fainted when the ceremony was over.

He had given me these particulars without my asking, but in a kind, unobtrusive manner, that made me love the old fellow more than ever.

Mr. and Mrs. Goldie were to go to Europe in the spring—Paris and London. Goldie would buy a place in England. There he would dress her out like a doll, said rumour, and drive her about to show her off, and feel himself glorified by the admiration she would excite.

I don't think I took much heed of the scenery as I chewed these bitter thoughts. I cursed my ill luck, and had some difficulty in refraining from the usual reflections on the sex—'Frailty, thy name is woman,' and so on; but I did not blame Ada, though her conduct was a mystery, and then her last letters had been so tender.

Spurring my horse, at last I mounted to a hillock on the right of the road, and gazed around me. I must have been in an impressionable mood, or I should never to this day remember as I do that marvellous scene.

Glimpses of snowy peaks across the Sutlej; peaks rising 26,000 feet, and in contrast to these, gorges, narrow, black, precipitous—thousands of feet below us. Here were hamlets, flat-roofed and scattered, set on rocky ridges or in green sloping meadows; and, in wild variety, there alternated jumbled fragments of the mountain side, and steeps of shingle. Close above were the verdant heights with magnificent trees, whose outline and foliage traced itself against the unutterable blue of the sky, setting off the darkness of the over-shadowing precipices.

In the midst of this lovely scene I pitched my tent under a splendid deodar.

The Kunaite grilled me a chop from the stores I had brought from Simla—ah! delicacies too short-lived among the Himalayas! Price opened the pale ale, and after my luncheon I lay in the shade, smoking my cheroot and lost in reverie. The coolies meanwhile amused themselves with trundling boulders to the edge of the hillock on which we were encamped. Then they laughed and clapped their hands as the large stones bumped on the road below, and thence with a rebound over the precipice with clattering thunder, which was re-echoed a thousand times by the neighbouring rocks and cliffs.

'Better a stone than you or me, Sahib,' said the Maratha, pursing up his lips with a comic expression as he busied himself in taking to pieces the tent for our onward march.

I indolently nodded. I don't think then that I should have cared very much if some one had flung me down to death amid the tropical shade and quivering leafy verdure of the ravine below, with its cool and rippling waters. I was restless, and my mind was in a fever.

Our journey was continued in short stages. I was beginning to grow tired of sublime scenery. One can get used even to sky-pointing snowy peaks, and dark precipices. The gigantic deodars which cluster at intervals upon the mountain's side almost failed to strike me, as they had done at first, with the idea of grandeur and perfect beauty in union. I was becoming *blazé*.

One morning, however, an incident occurred. I was seated still and quiet in the narrow nook where we were encamped, not twenty yards from the edge of the precipitous road. I had been reading by a lamp. On trying to light my pipe I thrust my hand into my breast pocket and pulled out a letter: where had it come from? It was unopened; but directed in Ada's hand. It flashed across me that it was the note I had put out of sight of Gardner, at Simla, thinking it an invitation.

I eagerly opened it and read its contents:

'DEAR, DEAR GEORGE,—Forgive me; can you? I have acted as I thought best—not for myself, but for others. Ought not a daughter to do all she can for a ruined father? I dare not write more.

'Your wretched

'ADA.'

My heart beat violently, and the scene seemed to swim before my eyes.

At the same moment some one touched my shoulder. I turned suddenly, dropping the letter.

It was a strange figure that confronted me; a man of about forty. His features keen, bronzed, smiling; a Hindoo; but his costume a caricature of the British gentleman.

The insinuating smile with which he bowed and took off his battered white hat was irresistible. At the same time he handed me a card, on which I read 'Rajah of Bettihur, M.A., Oxon.' I shook hands with him; of course I had often heard of him. Although the pest, he was also the amusement, of travellers. He had spent ten years in England, had been classically educated, and piqued himself on having the remains of an English wardrobe. He would quote Horace, and boasted of having kept hunters at Christ Church. I believe that the most prominent feature in his character at present was his love of brandy. The purchase of this latter commodity, together with the expenses of dancing girls, devotees and beggars, had exhausted his ready-money pretty thoroughly, although the nominal revenues of his estate were reckoned at some 40,000 rupees, Government, of course, having a good pull at these before they passed through his hands.

I took his card and begged him to be seated.

He did not seem at all stiff, Rajah as he was, but lit his pipe and talked politics, speaking with a rather good English accent and swearing most correctly. I was glad of any companion, and encouraged him to tell of his practical jokes, his examinations, his horses, and his wine parties at the great University.

'Bring in a little fresh water, Price,' I said to the Maratha, who had stood in half-amused, half-indignant silence at a distance of about five yards from us.

I don't know how it was, but as night wore on the Rajah became uproarious. I forget how many bottles I opened. I recollect that when we thought him asleep, he suddenly startde up and sang some very strange songs. Heaven only knows what part of England he picked them up in. I was relieved when he settled down into 'Black Eyed Susan' and the *Te Deum.*

'By-the-by, I want to show you how good a shot I am,' he said at length.

The dawn was breaking as he spoke, and I was longing for a nap. 'You have a rifle I see, and he took from behind me the breech loader.

'Allow me; now Price set up that *marine*—empty bottle—put the cork half way in—fifty yards.'

I made a sign to Price to obey. In an instant the Rajah had shot away the upper half of the cork without injuring the glass.

After various other displays of his skill, which was certainly admirable, though he could only steady the rifle by leaning against a tree, so drunk was his highness—he asked for more cartridges.

My coolies were trembling with fear already, and the sun was up, and I—well, I was pretty well tired out.

'I have no more,' I replied.

'What would we have called that at Oxford, do you think,' he said, sneeringly, 'A man who tells lies is sent into Coventry-cut.'

He may have spoken half jestingly. I knew he piqued himself on his use of English phrases and his knowledge of English social slang. I pretended not to notice his remark.

Without saying another word he shouldered my rifle, and with rapid though unsteady steps, went down towards the road that led to Simla.

'He'll not come back again,' said Price, decidedly.

My first impulse was to let him go, and perhaps in his blind drunkenness be dashed to pieces. The next thought was for my rifle.

There were no other arms in our cavalcade, excepting an old flint-lock belonging to the Kunaite, and a horse pistol of ancient workmanship which Price sometimes flourished, but had never ventured in the memory of man to discharge.

The Oxford graduate glanced over his shoulder, and cast at me a look of mingled triumph and malice.

What should we do in case panthers and wild elephants paid a visit to our halting grounds in the small hours of the morning? This was a serious consideration.

I hurriedly roused myself and rushed down to the road.

Now I was reckoned one of the best runners in days gone by. Perhaps residence in the hot plains had impaired wind and limb, or it may be the watching and talking of the past night had wearied me. Even the encouraging yells of the coolies, the cook, and the Maratha, who had rushed to the crest that overlooked the road to witness the race, did not seem to lend speed to me. I was distanced.

On coming round the first turn in the road, I beheld the Rajah, some hundred yards ahead, moving in a long shambling swing, with the glittering barrel of the rifle sloping over his shoulder, and the white hat stuck on the back of his head.

The absurdity of this race never struck me. Thanks to my stars, there were no brother officers or special correspondents to report it.

I slackened my pace after a mile of it, and the Oxford man very knowingly slackened his.

Suddenly the road crept round a steep and perilous part of the mountain's breast. Above the 'Great Hindusthan and Thibet Road,' and parallel to it, ran another narrower shelf, once the only path. An easy declivity connected the old and the new thoroughfare.

The Rajah disappeared round a projecting spur of the mountain at an easy pace.

I was getting out of temper as well as out of wind, and immediately doubled my speed, thinking thus to gain upon and catch him unnoticed.

On arriving breathless at the turn, and casting my eyes down the long sweep of the rocky path, the Rajah was nowhere to be seen.

Here for many a mile towards Simla extended a range of the most frightful precipices. Had he slipped over the verge and been dashed to pieces?

The road was narrow, and of hard slippery rock. Nothing but a low parapet separated it from the sheer descent, whose depths could only be conjectured from the faintness of the grey tree-tops and shapeless crags which lay below, bathed in morning vapours. There was the hum of awakening insect life in the air, and the sky was breaking into blue spaces as the clouds parted into dappling fragments and birds cried and swung themselves from crag to crag, and from tree to tree.

Perhaps the Rajah has turned to the right, and mounted on to the upper pathway.

I sauntered down the road. My attention was the next moment attracted by a moving mass coming up the path; patches of white and brown. At last I could discern horses.

It occurred to me that some English officers were on their way to Kotgarh, a favourite resort of those seeking a change from the gaieties of Simla.

My first impulse was to go back; or to conceal myself by retiring to the walnut trees above the road. These might be people I knew, and I never felt less inclined to meet people I knew at Simla.

I was walking towards the strangers down the road, and the distance between us rapidly grew less.

Suddenly I heard a hoarse voice from the heights on my right hand, and evidently not far from the cavalcade of travellers. I could detect the words and air of the 'Te Deum;' a loud drunken rendering of the double chant so dear to the choir-masters of Christ Church.

As the strangers came on, I thought I could discern a girl on a pony, and an elderly gentleman, evidently her father. A troop of coolies, with a palanquin, followed.

The girl—she appeared almost a child—rode close to the rock-wall. The gentleman seemed to follow more to the outside of the road. He rode a large and powerful chestnut. He seemed to press on a little, with his horse's head overlapping the flank of the girl's pony, as if wishing to protect her on the side of the precipice, but too much afraid of the narrowness of the road to ride abreast.

My practised eye saw this much. I was also near enough to see that the Oxonian was sending down pebbles into the road before them.

What followed took place in a moment of time.

I set off full stretch, shouting at him and shaking my fist. I don't know that my words reached him.

Another shower of stones fell within a few yards of the horses' feet. I saw the man on the chestnut forge forward, placing his horse between the lady and the brink of the precipice.

They came excitedly for a few paces neck to neck, as if anxious to make a run for it.

'Yes, ride hard past,' I shouted, almost losing my head with excitement and horror.

I had scarcely spoken, when down fell a heavy boulder which broke into splinters against the horses' legs.

The horses stopped for an instant. Then, wild with terror, the chestnut began to back, and, in doing so, the rider tightened one rein, turning his head towards the rock. This drove back the white pony, and for an instant both horses stood pawing and tossing their heads side by side, with their heels almost on the deadly brink.

The chestnut reared and plunged as as if he had felt the spur. His rider, spurring and jerking the rein, only backed him towards the parapet. Nearer and nearer he drew; one hind foot, then another went over.

I was almost up to them as the horse, with starting eye and snorting nostrils, hung for an instant on the slippery edge. His rider's face grew white; he seemed paralysed with fear. There was quite time enough for him to have extricated himself, even then, from the doomed horse, whose forequarters were strong. While, with lashing tail and foaming mouth, the animal struggled, his rider was motionless with clenched teeth and tightened rein.

Down they went, with a thud, to the crags below.

I was just in time to seize the girl, drag her from the saddle of her plunging pony as, wild with fright and temper, he also backed over the cliff.

It all happened, as I said before, in an instant.

I laid the girl in the palanquin, and loosened her veil. I started with a strange pang.

Great heavens! it was Ada. She was insensible, and, perhaps, as yet unconscious that she was a widow.

. . . . .

Ten years have passed away.

Since I left Kotgarh, Fortune has sent me all—wealth and affection. I have sold out of the army, and we live in England, on our own place. Col. Swan died soon after sacrificing his daughter to pay his gambling debts.

I am sitting by a window that overlooks the Thames as it flows, placid and clear, by neat copse and smooth meadows. The scene is bathed in summer sunlight.

'I think that Switzerland would be nice.'

The person who answers me is a lady, beautiful above all others to me. She arranges flowers in a vase on the breakfast table. I never look at her without feeling that the least of the blessings she brought me was that big Bombay cotton fortune.

'No, not Switzerland,' she replies, 'I cannot travel again among mountains after that day in the Himalaya. No, let us go to Rome or to Florence.'

'Rome in July, Ada?'

'Well, anywhere you like, darling.'

I did not answer her. Perhaps it was that the arrival of the post interrupted us. Perhaps it was that her words had sent me back to the Himalaya, and I had recollected how triumphantly Price had pointed to the horse-pistol with which he had shot through the heart the drunken Rajah, as the latter was on the point of pushing down upon the palanquin a hanging rock that would have added many more to the victims of Himalaya travelling.

THE NUN'S PRAYER.

BY FRANCES E. SMITH, LUCAN.

KIND Father, take Thy child again,
For penitential tear-drops flow ;
My heart is breaking with its pain,
And weary with its weight of woe.

I cannot chain the wandering thought,
Nor bid my spirit cease to yearn ;
To break earth's ties I vainly sought—
For *all* my thoughts to earth return.

Loved voices come to me in sleep,
Dear faces make the midnight fair,
And when I wake—the silence deep
Is more than even Faith can bear.

So far away, Thy countless stars
Look down with brightly beaming ray,
I, gazing out from prison bars,
See earth a star as fair as they.

If it be sin to seek in dreams
The sparkling rill, the flowery wood,
Or crave from Memory lingering gleams
Of all that e'en to *Thee* seemed good—

Then take away this longing heart,
And let it be no more distressed;
If darkness be life's better part—
Then let me love the darkness best.

If I have missed Thee by the streams,
Nor knew Thee in the flowery dell,
Nor felt Thy presence in the gleams
Where Evening bids the Day farewell,

And sought Thee in the narrow room,
The unadorned and cheerless cell,
Oh, visit me amidst the gloom,
And with me in the silence dwell:

If from the path by others trod,
I turned aside secure to rest,
Forgetful that the feet of God
That thorny way unmurmuring pressed.

Thou knowest all—I only meant
To fly from vain and dazzling art,
To where its light Thy spirit lent—
To still communion with the heart.

If I in ignorance have spurned
The dearest gifts Thy hand bestowed,
And from life's joyous banquet turned
Unmindful whence its beauty flowed,

To all things sweet, and bright, and fair,
For Thy sake—have I said Farewell?
Then make my lonely heart Thy care,
And in its vacant temple dwell,

Like some dark lake, that far away,
Shut in by rugged mountains, lies,
Reflecting all the summer day
No image but the azure sky's;

And if a sky-lark in its flight,
A moment cast a shadow there,
It may not on the wave alight,
But, singing, soars afar in air;

So let this spirit bowed to Thee
A rest so far from earth be given,
That in its depths Thou shalt not see
A single thought unmixed with Heaven;

And if earth's wishes, weak and vain,
Like shadows o'er my pathway stray,
Oh hold my heart above the pain,
Until they melt in Heaven away.

METHOD IN READING.*

BY MRS. FRANCIS RYE, BARRIE.

IN a time like the present when verily and indeed there seems to be no end to the making of books, and when serials and 'dailies' meet us at every turn, so that 'literature becomes more a source of torment than of pleasure,' it is a serious and almost awful question, *what* and *how* shall we read.

At first sight one fancies that a nice discrimination which will enable us to pick out the veritable jewels, amongst many imitations, is all that is necessary, and the perfect acquirement of which seems an easy task. But as we proceed in our investigation we soon discover that clouds and darkness envelope us, and that we stumble at every step.

One of our first difficulties we find to be owing to the doctrine of the relativity of things; for what is a good book for us may be distasteful to our brother, daughter or friend; for which reason it is with fear and trembling that we venture to recommend what has delighted and charmed us.

The receptivity of the mind is another obstacle to rapid decision in the choice of books, for opinions that we may imbibe freely at one time and amalgamate into our system at another period, fall upon a barren and unfruitful soil.

Then again, the question opens before us—ought we to choose such books that only please us? Is it not more needful that we should consider the advisability of building and adorning with propriety the structure of the mind?

* A paper read before the Toronto Women's Literary Club.

Mental dieting is surely as important as physical, and we should certainly be as careful not to over-feed, to avoid indigestion, to take the most nourishing, most supporting food in the one case as in the other. Stimulants to excess in lieu of wholesome diet are as much to be excepted against mentally as physically. The brain suffers as greatly from drams of railway novels containing poisonings, secret marriages, and horrible discoveries, *ad infinitum*, as it does from the too frequent glass. Newspaper reading, especially such papers as contain long accounts of fashions, and tedious descriptions of weddings and 'at homes,' might be compared to the effect of a too large meal of suet pudding, or of any other fatty compound, for it is followed by the same state of lethargy and the same unwillingness to be 'up and doing.'

We know to a nicety how many grains of nitrogen and how many of carbon our systems require to repair the daily waste; but, unfortunately, we have no conception how many new ideas and thoughts the healthy individual is capable of receiving each day without prejudice to his retention of them. No Liebig has yet arisen in the literary world to say—here is the essence of all thought and imagination, past and present—here is the expression of Greek Art and Oriental Parable—here is the summary of Italian Poetry and German Metaphysics—here is the cream of French Philosophy and English Dramatic writing—here it is—all in this small spoon; take it down; read, mark, learn and inwardly digest it, and you will rise

up a new creature—an artist, a poet, a philosopher.

True, we have a weak imitation of this at the present, a kind of beef-tea; a concoction of which the principal ingredient is water—in magazine articles which try to save one the trouble of studying an author by giving a list of all he has written, a criticism of his style, and a few extracts from each book, long enough to enable any one with sufficient tact to appear as if deeply read in the master's works.

But this solution must not be confounded with the genuine Liebig, as it by no means assumes to possess all the properties of the original. And if it did, still it could only be the concentration of one individual, whereas we want the essential spirit of all human thought since the pre-historic period. We want it, we say, but we know we shall not obtain it, so the question still remains—how shall we pursue a course of literature—how keep up with the times, and yet not neglect the great departed?

I met with a small volume some years ago, but little known now, which professed to deal with this troublesome subject. Amongst other ideas, I remember it suggested that to avoid scattering the attention over an unlimited range of subjects, it would be a good plan for each person to choose for himself a certain period in history, and to confine himself solely to the literature of that time.

It struck me that very likely it might be beneficial in some ways to the individual, as it would prevent loss of time from desultory reading; but putting aside the fact that such a system would tend to narrow the imagination and to render the ideas exclusive, I cannot think the general result would be good.

Imagine a person deeply read up in Elizabeth's period, meeting a friend equally imbued with the ideas prevalent in Queen Anne's reign! The moment one started the subject to bring in some lately investigated fact, the other so far from attending, would instantly try to turn the conversation so as to give himself some chance of displaying his own knowledge, each one deeming it utterly unnecessary to have the facts of each other's reign brought under his notice.

In general society, too, this plan would not work; for any one would tire of the most instructive companion if he could speak intelligently of only one series of events. The idea of concentrating the attention is most certainly a good one, but it must be carried out some other way to be universally useful. It is indeed almost as important an acquirement to learn what to miss, as what to read, and it is a great art to know how to 'skip' judiciously—to take the cream of a subject and to leave the rest.

'Skipping,' however, is a dangerous license, and should only be done by those who are certain of their motives, and who have learnt how to read. It should never be recommended or even allowed to the young, as it leads to a careless, mindless way of reading, and is exceedingly hurtful. The old-fashioned idea prevalent amongst young readers, that whatever is in a book *must* be true, is, I am persuaded, a very healthy one. They should be taught that the words of great thinkers are almost sacred, and should be received as such.

The tendency among the growing generation is certainly and unfortunately towards irreverence. The foolish want of belief expressed now-a-days by our young people does not arise from careful thought, but from sheer ignorance, and an innate want of respect for the opinions of those wiser than themselves, and is best treated by a severe snubbing. It is a totally different thing from the painfully awakened doubts and laboured opinions of thinking men and women.

To miss out, when reading, what is mere 'padding' requires some knowledge of the author and of the subject, and of course should never be attemp-

ted when we are studying the works of master-minds, every atom of whose thought and expression is priceless.

When, however, it can be done, without doubt, it renders the book more enjoyable, and is a great conservation of our energy. A living writer on devotional subjects tells us in one of his works, that we all of us have only a certain amount of zeal, and that it is a great pity to waste our excitement on the cut of a chasuble or the colour of a vestment, when we need all our poor little store for graver matters. In regard to reading, the same thing may be said; we must not squander our modicum of attention on trashy books, fit only for the waste-paper basket. Most of us have only a small portion of each day that we can devote to reading, and it is therefore of the greatest necessity that we should learn to use that time well.

Our hindrances are many; in some cases, lack of books or difficulty in getting the right sort; in others, a want of solitude, and there are many duties which often prevent us from studying when we wish.

But taking it for granted that our studies are made tolerably easy to us, and that a requisite number of books are at our disposal, we must then turn our attention to some plan of reading in order to prevent us from wasting our time and brain power in what will never be of any real benefit to us in our daily life.

After much consideration, I have come to the conclusion, that with regard to our literary studies, we should ask ourselves most earnestly—what is my *aim* in acquiring fresh knowledge? —*why* do I read? On the answer to these questions, I believe, will depend our whole system of study. Once be sure of your reasons for learning, and all you learn will be conducive to the wished for end and everything will tend gradually to build up the desired structure.

Thus, say your aim in reading is to help you in educating your sons and daughters; to form their tastes and influence their lives; with this desire strongly in view, your mind will gravitate naturally to what would be useful to you in that way. Or suppose you foresee a future of travelling—you will then make your course of reading take such a direction, that when you visit the great continental cities, you will not be an unappreciative spectator. Persons whose nearest relatives or closest companions have already chosen out their favourite pursuit, will naturally (unless their intellect is of a higher order) prefer to render themselves companionable, rather than to branch out for themselves in a new path. The most intimate friend of a painter, or a poet, will delight in rendering himself in some small way capable of understanding their dreams and aspirations, so that they may hold 'sweet council together,' and may 'gladly learne and gladly teche'—for

> 'what delights can equal those
> That stir the spirit's inner deeps,
> When one that loves, but knows not, reaps
> A truth from one that loves and knows?'

DeQuincy gives us a test by which we may find out whether we are studying usefully or not.

'A good scheme of study will soon show itself to be such by this one test —that it will exclude as powerfully as it will appropriate; it will be a system of repulsion no less than of attraction; once thoroughly possessed and occupied by the deep and genial pleasures of one truly intellectual pursuit, you will be easy and indifferent to all others that had previously teased you with transient excitement.'

One word as to the spirit in which to read; we should read in earnest; we should 'do it with all our might,' and with a true desire to learn; we should, in fact, all take for our motto ere we begin a book, Bacon's grand ever-to-be-remembered words: 'Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find Talk and Discourse, but to *weigh* and *consider*.'

AN IDYL OF SWAMPVILLE.

(A SONG WITH ACTION.)

BY F. R.

'Is there not room enough in the world for you and me?'—*Uncle Toby.*

THOU little graceful thing,
Whirring thy gauzy wing
And pluméd horn,
Where wast thou born?
What feelings of fine scorn
Hast thou for man and all his fleshly ways?
Compassionate dispraise
Thou metest out to him, and hummest by,
Fragilest, fairest thing that flits beneath the sky!

What dost thou here?
What whisperest at mine ear?
Still is the eve,
And yet I fain must grieve
(While sinks the sun, mist-hidden in the west)
At thy departing. Vain were any quest!
How could I single *thee* again, thou dearest, from the rest?

For round the marsh
With drummings weird and harsh,
Scores of thy kind hover 'twixt pool and brake:
E'en, if I knew
How could I overtake
You,—only you!
Angelic visitant, fair being of an hour,
Thou who alone hast power
To rouse my deepest self, my inmost I!
Thou delicatest insect, flitting flower!
Sweet, tender, wandering blossom of the night!
Soft sprite!

—(*Squashes the mosquito on his left temple.*)

Ah! so you thought you'd come again and bite me on the eye!

BARRIE.

CANADA AND HER INDIAN TRIBES.*

BY WM. LEGGO, TORONTO.

IT was fitting that the young barrister of Montreal, who in 1855 was the winner of the second prize awarded, upon a reference from the Paris Exhibition Committee of Canada, by Sir Edmund Head, then Governor-General of British North America, for an Essay on 'Canada and her Resources,' who in 1858 delivered before the Mercantile Library Association of Montreal a lecture on 'Nova Britannia, or the British North American Provinces,' which was considered so able that it was published under the auspices of that body, and who, in 1859, delivered another one before the same institution on 'The Hudson's Bay and Pacific Territories,' should in 1872 occupy the high position of Chief Justice of Manitoba, a portion of the country in which he had exhibited so deep and intelligent an interest; that he should, subsequently, have been raised to the higher position of Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, the North-West Territories and Keewatin; and that in 1880 he should publish the valuable work with which we are about to deal.

Much, nay most, of the romance of Canadian history centres in its Indian life, and we are apt, in reading the highly-coloured pictures of savage character, found in Campbell's 'Gertrude of Wyoming,' in Longfellow's 'Hiawatha,' in Cooper's Indian stories, and in Richardson's brilliant tale 'Wacousta,' to be led away from the deep social and high political interest surrounding the Indian population of British North America. Until Mr. Parkman had pulled aside the veil which poets and novelists had woven, and with which they had hidden the real character of the Indian, he *posed* before us as a noble creature, an Apollo in beauty of form, a Hercules in strength, a Mercury in swiftness. We were taught to admire his bravery in battle, his gentleness in peace, and his tenderness to the captive. His eloquence in debate was a favourite theme, and the pathos of Logan's appeal was supposed to be exhibited by all Indians whenever occasion rendered it fitting to be shewn. Cleanliness in person, truth in speech, and honesty in dealing, were, of course, universal virtues, and until Parkman appeared, the Indians of the North-Western portions of North America were popularly supposed to be the happy possessors of all these qualities. But many years passed in their midst, and a close study of the Indian in his native forests, where he roamed, uncontaminated by what is sometimes improperly termed 'civilization,' enabled Mr. Parkman to paint us a true picture of poor 'Lo,' and the account of the dealings of Mr. Morris with the chief tribes of our North-West savages, incidentally supports some of the views of the brilliant American writer. From Mr. Parkman's books we gather that the North American Indian is cowardly, treacherous, cruel and vindictive, a liar and a cheat, filthy—physically and morally—weaker than the Englishman, slower than the

* *The Treaties of Canada, with the Indians of Manitoba and the North-West Territory.* By the HON. ALEXANDER MORRIS, P. C., late Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, the North-West Territory, and Keewatin. Toronto: Belfords, Clarke & Co., Publishers, 1880.

Irishman, and less persevering than the Scotchman—an idler, and vain-glorious—too proud to work, but not too proud to beg, or, if need be, to steal. When, therefore, the British emigrant found himself face to face with this owner of the rich soil which the one desired to preserve forever as a hunting ground, and the other wished to convert into a garden, he found that the Indian of the Actual was a creature very different indeed from the Indian of the Imaginary. The question to be solved was momentuous. As a rule, the French, who were the precursors of the British in these regions, had treated the Indians with kindness, and the chief complaint laid to their charge was that the Jesuit missionaries were too fond of burning their converts immediately after baptism, to prevent them from falling from grace. The French power, however, was destroyed by the British before it had become necessary to take possession of any considerable portion of the Indian territory for the purpose of civilization, and, therefore, it had not been compelled to consider the policy by which it should obtain control of the immense landed possessions of the Aborigines without incurring their ill-will, or invoking their armed resistance. When the fall of Quebec destroyed the French dominion on this continent, and gave to Great Britain possession of almost a continent, the kindliest relations were kept up with the Indians, and when England needed aid in the struggle with her Colonies, her Indian allies were never found wanting. After the independence of her rebellious subjects had been acknowledged by Britain, many Indians were transferred from their hunting grounds, now the property of the Americans, to the British possessions north of the St. Lawrence and the great Lakes; and the lineal descendants of many who had roamed through the wilds of what now constitutes the States of New York, Pennsylvania, and Ohio may at this moment be found quiet and happy on the rich reserves of the Bay of Quinté, the Grand River, or the Thames.

The policy of the British and Canadian Governments in the treatment of the Indians has always been kind and paternal. Its object has been to civilize, and Christianize. They have always been treated justly and generously—in striking contrast with the conduct of the Americans, whose policy has always been, and still is, one of extermination. Of course, no American will admit the fact, but there can be no doubt that the policy of their Government, supported by the quiet, though unexpressed concurrence of popular opinion, is that the sooner the Indian population disappears, the better, and whether it disappears through the ravages of war, or small-pox, fire-water, or starvation, is to the American a matter of little consequence.

The Indians of the country now forming the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island have never been very numerous since the conquest, and the British and colonial authorities have had but little difficulty, and have been put to but little expense, in dealing with, or caring for, them. The plan of setting off for them certain portions of good farming land, called 'reserves,' and inducing them to settle on and cultivate these allotments, was adopted, and has proved eminently successful. As the Government holds the title to these lands, the Indian can neither sell nor mortgage them ; and as each band receives an annual sum of money, and yearly gifts of clothing, farming implements, and materials for hunting and fishing, the Indian of these Provinces never suffers from cold or hunger, and if he be prudent and industrious, he may become relatively rich. By the kindness of Col. Dennis, the indefatigable and most able Deputy-Minister of the Interior, I have before me the reports of his department for the years 1875, '6, '7, '8

and '9, from which I find that the Indians of Ontario now number 16,000. Of these the Oneidas, are on the Thames Reserve—the Chippewas, Moravians, and Munsees are also there —the Wyandotts are at Anderdon, the Chippewas, the Ottawas, and Pottawattamies at Walpole Island, Snake Island, Rama, Saugeen, Nawash, the Christian Islands, and on Lakes Superior and Huron, on the north-east shore of Georgian Bay, Garden River, and on Manitoulin Island; the Mississuagas are at Scugog River and Mud Lakes, the Credit and Alnwick; Mohawks in the Bay of Quinté; the Six Nations on Grand River; the Algonquins at Golden Lake, Carlton, Renfrew and Nipissing. In the Province of Quebec there are 12,000, consisting of Iroquois at Caughnawaga and St. Regis; Algonquins at the Lake of Two Mountains and in the country north of Ottawa; Abenakis at St. Francis and Becancour; Montaignais at Lake St. John and Betsiamits; Amalicites at Viger; Micmacs at Maria, Restigouche, and Gaspé Basin; and Naskapees on the Lower St. Lawrence.

The Province of Nova Scotia has 2,000, all being Micmacs. New Brunswick has 1,400, being Micmacs and Amalicites; and Prince Edward Island has 266 Micmacs. It may here be added that Manitoba and the North-West Territories contain 30,000 Chippewas, Crees, Saulteaux, Blackfeet and Sioux. The Athabasca District has 2,000 Crees, Assiniboines, Chipwagans, and Beavers. British Columbia has 35,000, and Rupert's Land 4,000, making a total of the Indians of the Dominion to be about 104,000, of whom about 72,000 are found west of the boundaries of Ontario.

Mr. Morris, after a successful career as a barrister in Montreal, obtained a seat in Parliament in 1861, where he represented his native county of Lanark until Confederation, and thence to 1872, when he accepted the position of Chief-Justice of Manitoba. He took an active and leading part in the negotiations which ended in the Confederacy of 1867. In 1869 he took office under Sir John A. Macdonald as Minister of Inland Revenue until 2nd July, 1872, when, his health failing, he was induced to try the climate of the North-West, and, taking the office of Chief-Justice of Manitoba, he discharged its duties with credit to himself and to the entire satisfaction of the people, until the 2nd December, when, on the retirement of Mr. Archibald from the rule of the Province, he accepted the Lieutenant-Governorship of that Province, and having been appointed commissioner for Indian affairs for Manitoba and the North-West Territories, he took the leading part in negotiating the treaties with the Indians, the history of which he now gives us in the interesting book just published.

Until the Dominion obtained control of the enormous region known as the North-West Territories, the Indians of the country had been under the mild and satisfactory rule of the Hudson's Bay Company. But when this rule terminated, and the Riel troubles of 1869-'70 arose, the Indian mind was much disturbed, and when in 1871 and subsequent years, efforts were made by the Dominion Government, through Mr. Morris and his associate commissioners, to obtain the Indian title for the purpose of enabling the emigrant to secure peaceable possession of the rich lands of the country, he found the Indians difficult to deal with. Time pressed. The erection of a new Province in the newly acquired tract; and the rush of emigrants anxious to settle in the North-West compelled the Government to use the utmost expedition in securing the title to the lands which the incomers would require—for it would have been to the last degree dangerous to give the Indians occasion to say that their lands had been seized upon, and their rights invaded. The Indian has always had a nervous dread of white immigration,

and a sharp intellect in bargaining for the sale of his title—for he claimed the whole continent as his by preoccupation and the decree of the Great Spirit—jealous, grasping and apprehensive he required the most delicate handling, for the appearance even of a surveyor with his theodolite and his chain was sufficient to set on fire a whole tribe. The whites of Manitoba were involved in the wretched troubles connected with the Riel affair; party spirit ran high between those who looked upon Riel as a rebel and a murderer, and those who considered him, though rash, still the exponent of sound political views, since he was resisting what we may as well now confess was the ill-advised policy of the Government in sending up Mr. Macdougall as Lieut.-Governor, with a fully equipped staff of officers, without consultation with the people he was sent to govern. The Indians saw that their invaders were at war with each other, and the arrival of the armed force under Colonel, now Sir Garnet Wolseley, intensified their alarm; they were preparing to take sides in the approaching conflict for they knew that soon their hunting grounds would be occupied by the resistless European. No step had been taken by the Government to purchase their title, and the result of all these circumstances was that they were in an agitated state, and it soon became obvious that the Commissioners at last sent by the Dominion authorities to make the necessary treaties, would find their task extremely difficult and fatiguing.

Before proceeding to describe the work so skilfully performed by Mr. Morris and his associate commissioners, it will be interesting to notice the sketch given by him of the treaties by which the rights of the Indians had been secured in the western portions of Upper Canada.

It will be remembered that, in 1811, the Earl of Selkirk purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company a large tract of the territory, then known as Rupert's Land. This tract was very much larger than the territory forming the present Province of Manitoba, which it included, but the settlers brought from Scotland by the Earl planted themselves chiefly on the banks of Red River, the centre of their operations being the present city of Winnipeg. In 1817 Lord Selkirk visited his immense domain and bought the Indian title to a strip on either side of Red River of two miles in width and extending from the mouth of the river to Great Forks. The Indians were made to comprehend 'the depth of the land they were surrendering by being told that it was the greatest distance, at which a horse on the level prairie could be seen, or daylight seen under his belly between his legs.' For this tract, now worth many millions of dollars, the Earl agreed to pay to the owners, the Chippawas and Crees, each one hundred pounds of tobacco annually. In 1836 the company bought back the whole tract from the heirs of Lord Selkirk for £84,000, and were then able to give the Canadian, or rather the Imperial Government, a clear title in 1870.

Valuable minerals having been discovered on the northern shores of Lakes Superior and Huron, the Government of the Province of Canada commissioned the late Hon. W. B. Robinson to negotiate with the Indians holding these lands, and that gentleman, in 1850, made two treaties, which formed the models on which all the subsequent treaties with the Indians of the North-West were framed; their main features being annuities, reserves, and liberty to hunt and fish on the lands until sold by the Crown.

In 1862, the Government of the old Province of Canada obtained the surrender of the Indian title to the Great Manitoulin Island. In 1871, the Dominion Government, being pressed in the manner already mentioned, set seriously to work to quiet the Indians by arranging with them solemn treaties. It was considered desirable to

begin with the Ojibbewas or Chippewas found between Thunder Bay and the north-west angle of Lake of the Woods. Mr. Wemyss McKenzie Simpson was appointed Indian Commissioner for the purpose. Having issued a proclamation inviting the Indians to meet him at Lower Fort Garry, or the Stone Fort, on 25th July, 1871, and at Manitoba Post, a Hudson's Bay Fort at the north end of Lake Manitoba, on the 17th August following, Mr. Simpson, accompanied by His Excellency the Hon. A. G. Archibald, then Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba and the North-West Territories; the Hon. James McKay, and Mr. Molyneux St. John, attended at these points, and, after much negotiation, succeeded in completing two treaties—known as Nos. One and Two. The principal features of these treaties, for they were identical, were the absolute relinquishment to Her Majesty of the Indian title to the tracts described; the reservation of tracts sufficient to furnish 160 acres to each Indian family of five; provisions for the maintenance of schools; the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors on the reserves; a present of three dollars to each Indian, and the payment of three dollars per head yearly for ever. Roughly, these treaties secured the title to a tract of country extending from the present easterly boundary of Manitoba, westerly along the boundary line between Canada and the United States—the 49th parallel—about 300 miles, and running north about 250 miles, including the present Province of Manitoba and forming an area of about 60,000 square miles of admirable land.

In the same year (1871), it was found necessary to obtain the title to the area from the watershed of Lake Superior to the north-west angle of the Lake of the Woods, and from the American boundary to the height of land from which the streams flow towards Hudson's Bay. This step had become necessary in order to render the route known as the "Dawson route" secure for the passage of emigrants, and to enable the Government to throw the land open for settlement. Messrs. W. M. Simpson, S. J. Dawson and W. J. Pether were appointed Commissioners, and, in July, 1871, they met the Indians at Fort Francis. Difficulties arose, and no treaty was effected. The matter was adjourned, and the Indians were asked to consider the proposals and meet again during the following summer. But they were not ready then, and the negotiations were indefinitely postponed. In 1873, it was determined to make another effort, and a commission was issued to Mr. Morris, then Lieutenant-Governor; Lieutenant Colonel Provencher, who had in the meantime been appointed Commissioner of Indian affairs in the place of Mr. Simpson, who had resigned; and Mr. Lindsay Russell, but the latter gentleman being unable to act, Mr. Dawson, now M.P. for Algoma, was appointed in his stead. The Commission, as now organized, met the Indians at the North-West angle late in September, 1873, and after protracted and difficult negotiations succeeded in completing the treaty No. Three.

The treaty was of great importance. It released that portion of the North-West between the westerly boundary of Ontario and the Province of Manitoba, and extending north about 250 miles. Its width is about the same, and a territory of about 55,000 square miles was released from the Indian title. It was of the utmost consequence that those lands should be speedily secured because the Dawson Road runs over them; the Canada Pacific Railway in its progress from Fort William to Selkirk on the Red River passes through them, and they are believed to be rich in minerals. The cupidity of the Indian, and his acuteness in bargaining, were conspicuously exhibited. Mr.

Morris conducted the palaver. The demands of the Indians were so unreasonable, and their obstinacy so dogged that the negotiations were several times on the point of being broken off, and nothing but the fortunate combination of skill, patience, firmness and good temper on the part of the Lieutenant-Governor enabled him to achieve the diplomatic triumph which was of the greater value since it struck the key-note of all the subsequent treaties, and taught the savage that though the Government would be generous, it would firmly resist imposition. Several days were consumed in fruitless talk; the Indians demanded a payment down of $15 for every head then present; $15 for each child thereafter to be born forever; $50 each year for every chief, and other payments amounting to an additional $125,000 yearly, and that in addition to their reserves of land, and the right to hunt and fish. They had a very high estimate of the value of the territory. They evidently supposed it contained the precious metals, as during the council a speaker in the poetic style, peculiar to the Indian, exclaimed: '*The sound of the rustling of the gold is under my foot where I stand;* we have a rich country; it is the Great Spirit who gave us this; where we stand upon is the Indians' property, and belongs to them.'

The following are the chief articles of agreement: In consideration that the Indians surrendered to the Dominion, for Her Majesty, all their rights, titles and privileges to the lands described; Her Majesty agreed: 1. To set aside reserves for farming and other purposes not exceeding one square mile for each family of five; 2. To make a present of $12 for each man, woman and child in cash on the spot; 3. To maintain schools on the reserves whenever desired; 4. To interdict the introduction of all intoxicating liquors into the reserves; 5. To permit the Indians to hunt and fish over such parts of the surrendered tract as may not be sold by the Government; 6. To take a census of the Indian population, and pay yearly, at points to be selected and notified to the bands, the sum of $5 for each man, woman and child; 7. To expend $1,500 annually in the purchase of ammunition and net twine for distribution among them; 8. To supply to each band then actually cultivating the soil, or who should thereafter commence to cultivate it 'once for all, for the encouragement of the practice of agriculture among the Indians,' the following articles, viz., 'two hoes for for every family actually cultivating; also one spade per family as aforesaid; one plough for every ten families as aforesaid; five harrows for every twenty families as aforesaid; one scythe for every family as aforesaid; and also one axe, and one cross cut saw, one hand-saw, one pit saw; the necessary files, one grindstone, one auger for each band, and also for each chief for the use of his band, one chest of ordinary carpenter's tools; also for each band enough of wheat, barley, potatoes and oats to plant the land actually broken up for cultivation by such band; also for each band one yoke oxen, one bull and four cows; 9. To pay each chief $25 per year, and each subordinate officer, not exceeding three for each band, $15 per annum, and to give to these, once in every three years, a suitable suit of clothing; and to each chief, 'in recognition of the closing of the treaty; a suitable flag and medal.' The treaty was executed by Mr. Morris, Lieutenant-Governor, J. A. N. Provencher, and S. J. Dawson, Indian Commissioners, and by twenty-four chiefs representing the Salteaux tribe of the Ojibbeway Indians inhabiting the tract transferred, and it is attested by seventeen witnesses of whom one is a young lady, a daughter of Mr. Morris, who after proving her ability, gracefully and effectively, to discharge the elegant, social duties of Government House until the arrival, in Winnipeg, of her mother, was courageous

enough to accompany her father on his rough journey to the North-West angle, and challenge, in their own camps, the admiration of the handsome young 'warriors' of the Ojibbeways.

The next treaty is known as the Qu'Appelle (Who calls!) treaty, or No. Four, and is named from the Qu'Appelle Lakes where it was made. The Indians treated with were the Cree and Saulteaux tribes, and by it 75,000 square miles of most valuable territory were secured. It includes a portion of the far-famed 'fertile belt,' and was the first step taken to bring the Indians of that splendid territory into close relations with the Government. It extends from the westerly limits of No. Two, westerly along the American boundary about 350 miles, and runs in a north-east direction to the head of Lake Winnipegosis, about 300 miles north of the international boundary. In his report for 1875, the Hon. Mr. Laird, then Minister of the Interior, pays a high compliment to Mr. Morris, for he states, 'that it is due to the council to record the fact, that the legislation and valuable suggestions submitted to your Excellency from time to time, through their official head, Governor Morris, aided the Government not a little in the good work of laying the foundations of law and order in the North-West, in securing the good will of the Indian tribes, and in establishing the *prestige* of the Dominion Government throughout that vast country. A commission was issued to Mr. Morris, Mr. Laird and Mr. Christie, a retired factor of the Hudson's Bay Company, and a gentleman of large experience among the Indian tribes. These gentlemen met the Indians in September, 1874, at Lake Qu'Appelle, three hundred and fifty miles nearly due west from Winnipeg, accompanied by an escort of militia under Col. Osborne Smith, C. M. G. The Commissioners were met again by the excessive greed of the savage, and their difficulties were intensified by the jealousies existing between the Crees and the Chippewas but by firmness, gentleness and tact they eventually succeeded in securing a treaty similar in terms to No. Three. The conference opened on the 8th September, and the first three days were entirely fruitless; the Indians seemed unwilling to begin serious work, for they were undecided among themselves and could not make up their minds to put forward their speakers. On the fourth day, Mr. Morris addressed them for the fourth time, and his speech, given in full in the volume, shows the style of thought and language which was found so effectual with these children of the forest.

The account of the conference is exceedingly interesting. The pow-wow extended over six days, and the subtlety of the Indian mind is strikingly exhibited in the speeches of the orators who strove in every possible way to dip their hands deeper and deeper into the Dominion treasury. No epitome can do justice to the minute accounts of them and the other conferences in which Mr. Morris was engaged while securing these valuable treaties, and the reader must be referred to the highly entertaining and instructive book itself.

Mr. Morris subsequently made a similar treaty at Fort Ellice with a few Indians who could not attend at Qu'Appelle, and he also in July, 1876, settled troublesome difficulties which had arisen out of Treaties One and Two.

In September, 1875, the Winnipeg or No. Five treaty was concluded. This covers an area of about 100,000 square miles. The territory lies north of that covered by Nos. Two and Three. Its extreme northerly point is at Split Lake, about 450 miles north of Winnipeg, and its width is about 350 miles. The region is inhabited by Chippewas and Swampy Crees. A treaty had become urgently necessary. It includes a great part of Lake Winnipeg, a sheet of water three hundred miles in length, having a width of

seventy miles. Red River empties into it, and Nelson River flows from it to Hudson's Bay. Steam navigation had been established on it before the treaty. A tramway of five miles was in course of construction to avoid the Grand Rapids, and connect that navigation with steamers on the River Saskatchewan. The Icelandic settlement, visited by Lord Dufferin, where he made one of his best speeches, was on the west side of the lake; and until the Pacific Railway supplies the want, this lake must, with the Saskatchewan, become the thoroughfare between Manitoba and the fertile prairies of the West. For these and other reasons the Minister of the Interior reported that 'it was essential that the Indian title to all the territory in the vicinity of the lake should be extinguished so that settlers and traders might have undisturbed access to its waters, shores, islands, inlets, and tributary streams,' Mr. Morris and the Hon. James McKay were thereupon appointed commissioners to treat with the Indians. They performed the work partly in 1875, and it was concluded in 1876 by the Hon. Thos. Howard, and Mr. J. L. Reid under instructions from Mr. Morris. The treaty was made at Norway House at the foot of the lake, and its terms are identical with those of Nos. Three and Four, except that the quantity of land given to the families is smaller, and the gratuity was reduced from twelve to five dollars per head.

The treaties Nos. One, Two, Three, Four and Five comprised an area of about 290,000 miles; but there was still an immense unsurrendered tract lying east of the Rocky Mountains, between the American boundary and the 55th parallel, containing about 170,000 square miles, which, it was essential, should be immediately freed from the Indian title. This was effected by treaties Nos. Six and Seven. No. Six was made at Forts Carlton and Pitt. The great region covered by it—or rather by the two, forming together what is officially known as No. Six—embraces an area of about 120,000 square miles, and contains a vast extent of the most fertile lands of the North-West. The Crees were the owners of this magnificent territory. They had ever since 1871 been uneasy about their lands, and had frequently expressed their desire to treat with the Government. The Hon. Mr. Mills, Minister of the Interior, in his report for 1876, thus alludes to the matter: 'Official reports received last year from His Honour Governor Morris and Col. French, the officer then in command of the Mounted Police Force, and from other parties, showed that a feeling of discontent and uneasiness prevailed very generally amongst the Assiniboines and Crees lying in the unceded territory between Saskatchewan and the Rocky Mountains. This state of feeling, which had prevailed amongst these Indians for some time past, had been increased by the presence, last summer, in their territories, of the parties engaged in the construction of the telegraph line, and also of a party belonging to the Geological Survey. To allay this state of feeling, and to prevent the threatened hostility of the Indian tribes to the parties then employed by the Government, His Honour Governor Morris requested and obtained authority to despatch a messenger to convey to these Indians the assurance that Commissioners would be sent this summer to negotiate a treaty with them, as had already been done with their brethren further east.'

A commission was accordingly issued to Mr. Morris, the Hon. Mr. McKay, and Mr. Christie. These gentlemen first met the Indians near Fort Carlton, on the Saskatchewan, in August, 1876, and succeeded in effecting a treaty with the Plain and Wood Crees on the 23rd of that month, and with the Willow Crees on the 27th. The negotiations were exceedingly difficult and protracted, and

the temper, discretion and firmness of the Commissioners were put to the severest test. On the conclusion of the treaty at Fort Carlton, the Commissioners proceeded to Fort Pitt, where they met with no difficulty, and the treaty was soon concluded. The Commissioners discovered among these Indians a strong desire for instruction in farming, and for missionary and educational aid. The detailed account of these transactions is one of the most interesting portions of Mr. Morris' attractive book, but the want of space prevents full quotations, and meagre ones would spoil the subject. Treaty No. Six extends from the westerly boundary of No. Five to the Rocky Mountains, a distance of about 600 miles, and from the northern boundaries of Nos. Seven and Four to the 55th parallel, the greatest width being about 300 miles. The projected route of the Pacific Railway passes through nearly its entire length. This was the last treaty in which Mr. Morris took a part. His term of office expiring in 1878, he left Manitoba and returned to Ontario. A comparatively small territory, however, lying between the Rocky Mountains and Nos. Four and Six was still unceded, and as it was important to obtain the Indian title as soon as possible, a commission was issued in 1877 for the purpose to the Hon. David Laird, then Lieutenant-Governor of the North-West Territories, and Lieut.-Col. McLeod of the Mounted Police Force. This region was occupied by the Blackfeet. They met the Commissioners at the Blackfoot crossing, on the Bow River, on the 17th September, 1877, and after five days of tedious pow-wowing, the treaty No. Seven was concluded. The terms were substantially the same as those of Nos. Three and Four, except that, as some of the bands desired to engage in pastoral instead of agricultural pursuits, they were given cattle instead of farming implements. The Minister of the Interior well observes in his report that 'the conclusion of this treaty with these warlike and intractable tribes, at a time when the Indians, immediately across the border, were engaged in open hostilities with the United States troops, is certainly a conclusive proof of the just policy of the Government of Canada towards the aboriginal population'—to which Mr. Morris adds these significant words: 'And of the confidence of the Indians in the promises and just dealing of the servants of the British Crown in Canada—a confidence that can only be kept up by the strictest observance of the stipulations of the treaties.' The area covered by the treaty is about 35,000 square miles.

This imposing series of treaties secured to the Dominion the rights of the following Indians: Chippewas and Crees, of Treaty No. One 3815; do of No. Two 971; Chippewas and Saulteaux of No. Three 2657; Chippewas, Saulteaux and Crees, of No. Four 5713; of No. Five 2968; Plain and Wood Crees, of No. Six, 6744, and Blackfeet, of No. Seven, 6519; a total of 29,027 They covered an area of 460,000 square miles of land whose richness is unsurpassed by any tract in the world, and were effected without a blow or a bitter word. They have been faithfully observed by all parties, though very recent events have placed a great strain on the prudence and good faith of several tribes affected by them, and they stand monuments of British justice and mercy, the sources of untold blessings as well to the original owners of the magnificent territories they convey, as to the teeming thousands of emigrants who may now till their lands in security, while their brethren across the border sleep with their rifles at their sides, prepared at any moment to hear the fearful war-whoop of the Indian, whose lands he knows have been stolen, and whose most sacred rights have been trampled on by a government whose policy to them is injustice, and whose object is their utter extermination. Besides the mutual advantages secured by these treaties a very import-

ant one must not be overlooked. They have caused a complete cessation of tribal warfare. An intelligent Ojibbeway Indian trader said to Mr. Morris, that the change in this respect was wonderful. 'Before,' he said, 'the Queen's Government came, we were never safe, but now I can sleep in my tent anywhere and have no fear. I can go to the Blackfeet and Cree camps and they treat me as a friend.'

Mr. Morris's chapter on the 'Sioux in the North-West Territories' is especially interesting, and just now that Sitting Bull's stay in Canada threatens to involve us in complications with the American Government, it is extremely valuable. Thus far they have given us no cause of complaint, for they have not made Canada a base of warlike operations against the Americans, as it was feared they would. This observance of international law is due to the great influence obtained over the Indian mind by all British officers—for the Indian has so profound a respect, and so warm a love for their Great Mother over the sea, that he will at any time restrain his strongest passions to please her.

Mr. Morris closes his work with a chapter on the 'Administration of the treaties, the Half-breeds, and the future of the Indian tribes.' The advice and opinions of a gentleman so well acquainted with the Indian character as the late Lieutenant-Governor of Manitoba, cannot be otherwise than highly valuable. It appears that the policy of the Government is meeting with great success. Band after band, and tribe after tribe, seeing that the buffalo must soon fail them, are at this moment anxiously and industriously turning their attention, some to a pastoral, others to an agricultural life, and there is every reason to believe that before many years the large Indian population of the North-West will have buried the hatchet, and settled down to the calm of civilized life. This notice of Mr. Morris' admirable and most opportune book cannot be better closed than by a reproduction of his own final words on the

'FUTURE OF THE INDIANS.

'And now I come to a very important question, What is to be the future of the Indian population of the North-West? I believe it to be a hopeful one. I have every confidence in the desire and ability of the present administration, as of any succeeding one, to carry out the provisions of the treaties, and to extend a helping hand to this helpless population. That conceded, with the machinery at their disposal, with a judicious selection of agents and farm instructors, and the additional aid of well-selected carpenters and efficient school teachers, I look forward to seeing the Indians faithful allies of the Crown, while they can gradually be made an increasing and self-supporting population.

'They are wards of Canada. Let us do our duty by them, and repeat in the North-West the success which has attended our dealings with them in old Canada for the last hundred years.

'But the Churches, too, have their duties to fulfil. There is a common ground between the Christian Churches and the Indians, as they all believe, as we do, in a Great Spirit. The transition thence to the Christian's God is an easy one.

'Many of them appeal for missionaries, and utter the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us." The Churches have already done and are doing much. The Church of Rome has its bishops and clergy, who have long been labouring assiduously and actively. The Church of England has its bishops and clergy on the shores of the Hudson's Bay, in the cold region of the Mackenzie and the dioceses of Rupert's Land and Saskatchewan. The Methodist Church has its missions on Lake Winnipeg, in the Saskatchewan Valley, and on the slopes of the Rocky Mountains. The Presbyterians have lately commenced a work among the Chippewas and Sioux. There is room enough and to spare for all, and the Churches should expand and maintain their work. Already many of the missionaries have made records which will live in history. Among those of recent times, Archbishop Taché, Bishop Grandin, Père Lacombe, and many others of the Catholic Church; Bishops Machray, Bompas, Archdeacons Cochran and Cowley of the Church of England; Rev. Messrs. Macdougall, of the Wesleyan, and Nisbet, of the Presbyterian Churches, have lived and laboured; and though some of them have gone to their rest, they have left and will leave behind them a record of self-denial, untiring zeal, and many good results. Let the Churches persevere and prosper.

'And now I close. Let us have Christianity and civilization to leaven the mass of heathenism and paganism among the Indian tribes; let us have a wise and paternal Government faithfully carrying out the provisions of our treaties, and doing its utmost to help and elevate the Indian population, who have been cast upon our care, and we

will have peace, progress, and concord among them in the North-West; and instead of the Indian melting away, as one of them in older Canada tersely put it, "as snow before the sun," we will see our Indian population loyal subjects of the Crown—happy, prosperous, and self-sustaining—and Canada will be enabled to feel that in a truly patriotic spirit our country has done its duty by the red men of the North-West, and thereby to herself. So may it be.'

A SPRING CRY.

OH come, Spirit, come,
While the day-star is sinking
Behind the red curtains, low down in the west;
While warm mists are lying
In the vales, and are flying
The doves to their copses, and night-homes of rest.

Oh come, from the stars,
To thy Earth-home, my darling,
And sleep, calmly sleep, in thy soft couch once more:
And, as in thy childhood,
By the brook, near the wildwood,
To-morrow pick violets with me, as of yore.

Oh come, Dora darling!
And cheer this heart aching,
What love is reveal'd in those dark eyes divine—
I see golden tresses—
I feel sweet caresses—
I know thou art near me—these hands they are thine.

Oh rest for a day, dear,
While Spring-flowers are blowing:
I'll not keep thee longer away from the skies:
The Cherubs may miss thee,
Yet, greeting, shall kiss thee
Returning—wipe all the Earth-tears from thine eyes.

How blest were the moments
Her spirit-hands gathered
The arbutus, daisies, and violets rare:
Transparent, and shining—
Though shade-like-entwining
Her silver-bright wings, with her golden tress'd hair.

When parting, she whisper'd
'Dear Father, Immortal
These blooms are we, yester, pluck'd down by the stream:
Wreath'd round us, forever,
Like souls link'd together:'
In the great blue she vanish'd—Alas! but, a dream.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF BUCKLE.*

BY FRANCIS RYE, BARRIE.

'I have a spark of liberty in my mind, that will glow and burn brighter and blaze more fiercely as my mortal remains are passing to decay.'—HONE.

HENRY THOMAS BUCKLE was born at Lee, in Kent, on the 24th November, 1821, and died at Damascus on the 29th May, 1862, after passing a singularly uneventful life of literary endeavour and attainment. A recently published biography reveals to us for the first time some few details which light up for us the long years of concentrated study and repressed ambition that resulted in the publication of what we possess of his great work. Even those readers who do not feel personally interested in Buckle may learn something by investigating the peculiar manner of his education.

For this man of monumental learning was, strange to say, innocent of regular schoolmasters and of college tutors. He bent not his back to scholastic discipline, nor subjected his mind to the imposition of any method of study. His teachers were not clad in flesh and blood, but were the spiritual, moving thoughts of the great departed, that came down to him

'Ranging and ringing through the minds of men,'

and embodied and embalmed in all the precious heritage of books.

Buckle was a delicate boy, and so much did his parents dread the effect of overstudy on his constitution that on the only occasion of his being sent to school—at Dr. Holloway's, Kentish Town—express stipulation was made that he should learn nothing unless he chose. He appears to have exercised this prerogative by learning nothing but mathematics, for which he obtained a prize. His parents, surprised and pleased, told him to name his own reward, when he astonished them still more by asking to be removed from school! As they were 'probably as much frightened as pleased at what he had done,' they granted his request, and he left, never to return, being then of the mature age of fourteen. One other attempt was made, at a private tutor's this time, but again his health gave way and he had to return home. When he was nineteen years old, his father died, commending his mother, to whom indeed he was passionately attached, to his care. From that time forth his self-education was uninterrupted.

He was now in the enjoyment of an income of some £1,500 a year, and his health steadily improved. 'To this moment,' he writes, 'I had read little except Shakespeare, the Arabian Nights, and the Pilgrim's Progress, three books on which I literally feasted. . . . From the age of nineteen, I have worked, on an average, nine to ten hours daily. My

* *The Life and Writings of Henry Thomas Buckle*, by ALFRED HENRY HUTH. New York: D. Appleton and Co. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson, 1880.

The History of Civilization in England, by H. T. BUCKLE. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co., 1878.

Essays, by HENRY T. BUCKLE. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1863.

An Attempted Philosophy of History. LESLIE STEPHEN, *Fortnightly Review*, May, 1880.

method was this: In the morning I usually studied physical science; in the forenoon, languages (of which, till the age of nineteen, I was deplorably ignorant), and the rest of the day, history and jurisprudence; in the evening, general literature.' †

At another page (p. 24, quoting from his diary of October, 1842), we learn that his first plan was to write a work on the history and literature of the Middle Ages. His idea was to run over the history of each country as related in the best standard works, 'in a hasty and superficial way,' and then, attacking the more elaborate books and unpublished material, to make himself 'as much a master of the subject as possible.' This projected history, as his biographer truly says, 'included germs which must inevitably grow,' and, as his knowledge widened, the 'History of the Middle Ages' became too cramped a field for 'his bold views and sweep of generalization.' Then it was that he commenced the seventeen years of incessant work which bore fruit, in 1857, in the first volume of his 'History of Civilization in England.'

These were years of unbroken quiet, varied only by journeys for the benefit of his mother's health and his own. The mutual love of this mother and child was beautiful to behold. She it was whose tender care had protected his childhood from all the risks attendant on such a frail constitution. Having preserved his bodily health, she had seen with delight his mind, too, grow up robust and active. There can be no doubt that he attributed much of his love of learning and many of his noblest thoughts to her sympathetic leading. We cannot read the passage in his lecture on the 'Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge,' ‡ in which he describes the principal phase in which that influence is manifested, without feeling that he is stirred by the memory of his own youth. After referring to the question of hereditary influence, he remarks, 'I believe, in regard to the relation between men of genius and their mothers, that the really important events occur after birth, when the habits of thought peculiar to one sex act upon and improve the habits of thought peculiar to the other sex. . . The understanding of the boy, softened and yet elevated by the imagination of his mother, is saved from that degeneracy towards which the mere understanding always inclines; it is saved from being too cold, too matter-of-fact, too prosaic, and the different properties and functions of the mind are more harmoniously developed than would otherwise be practicable. Thus it is that by the mere play of the affections the finished man is ripened and completed. Thus it is that the most touching and the most sacred form of human love . . . becomes an engine for the advancement of knowledge and the discovery of truth.'

Mrs. Buckle lived to see her son's fame established beyond question by the reception which his volume met; but her life was ebbing fast. She had followed the thread of his work as chapter by chapter it was finished, and her heart had almost failed her, lest she should die before it was completed. The only words in it which she was unprepared to read, writes an intimate friend, were the few that served to dedicate the volume to herself, and these she could hardly behold for tears of joy. 'The second volume was dedicated to her memory alone.'

On the 1st of April, 1859, Mrs. Buckle died, and, save for a few friends, her son was alone in the world. What he felt, it would be impossible to tell; for, strange to say, this man, so generally regarded as a machine for the grinding out of arguments, as a superficial generalizer, as a hardened atheist, had a spirit very

'human at the red-ripe of the heart.'

† 'Life,' p. 137.

‡ Delivered at the Royal Institution, March, 1850, 'Essays' (*ubi sup.*) p. 230.

Perhaps the most impassioned piece among his writings is the noble passage,* written at this time, in which he vindicates his belief in the immortality of the soul. He pictures there the happiness of being with those we love. Our affections heed not fears nor risks. But sickness comes on, and 'other and yet essential parts of our affection come into play. . . . To note the slow but inevitable march of disease, to watch the enemy stealing in at the gate, the strength gradually waning, the noble faculties dwindling by degrees,—to see this, is hard indeed to bear. But when even this is gone; when the very signs of life are mute; when the last faint tie is severed, and there lies before us naught save the shell and husk of what we loved too well; then truly, if we believed the separation were final, how could we stand up and live?'

It was in the essay from which our last quotation is taken that Mr. Buckle made the attack upon Mr. Justice Coleridge which led him into the only personal controversy of his life. It may be interesting in these present days, when an English House of Commons is attempting to re-impose a religious test upon its members, to see what views were held by Buckle in 1859 on such subjects. Two years before, Thomas Pooley, a poor half-witted Cornish labourer, of honest and industrious habits, had scrawled upon a gate a few words expressive of his dislike for Christianity. A clergyman laid an information against him, a clerical magistrate committed him for trial, and Mr. Justice Coleridge sentenced him to no less than twenty-one months' imprisoment—a punishment 'which he soon exchanged for the mad-house.'

This arbitrary act of bigotry, as indefensible on principle as the worst cruelties of the inquisition, called forth Buckle's sternest indignation. These men will die and be forgotten, he said, but the principles they represent are enduring. 'The powerful and intolerant judge, seeking to stop the mouth of the poor and friendless well-sinker, is but the type of a far older and wider struggle. In every part of the civilized world the same contest is raging; and the question is still undecided whether or not men shall say what they like; in other words, whether language is to be refuted by language, or whether it is to bè refuted by force. . . . In this great warfare between liberty and repression, Sir John Coleridge has chosen his side and I have chosen mine.' Again, in answer to the argument that men of this stamp shock and offend the majority of people, Buckle reminds us that we can never be sure the opinion of the majority is true. 'Nearly every opinion held by the majority was once confined to the minority. Every established religion was once a heresy. If the opinions of the majority had always prevailed, Christianity would have been extirpated as soon as Christ was murdered.' Pushing his argument for liberty of speech to the utmost, he urges that, even if the heretic be admittedly in the wrong, it is well to hear him. He points to the life and energy displayed by Christianity, while it was yet struggling amidst a thousand enemies. Look at it now, established, protected, guarded on all sides, the recipient of a cold and lifeless assent. 'All hail, therefore, to those who, by attacking a truth, prevent that truth from slumbering. All hail to those bold and fearless natures, the heretics and innovators of the day, who, rousing men out of their lazy sleep, sound in their ears the tocsin and the clarion, and force them to come forth that they may do battle for their creed. Of all evil, torpor is the most deadly. . . . It is the cold spirit of routine which is the night shade of our nature. It sits upon men like a blight, blunting their faculties, withering their powers, and making them both unable and unwilling

* Essay on 'Mill on Liberty.'—*Fraser's Magazine*, May, 1859. 'Essays' (*ubi sup.*), p. 153.

either to struggle for the truth or to figure to themselves what it is that they really believe*.'

On the publication of his second volume Buckle's health entirely broke down, and after an enforced idleness, which must have been peculiarly distasteful to him, he decided to try foreign travel. Even then his unselfishness induced him to take with him two boys, the sons of a friend, one eleven and the other fourteen years of age, with the view of expanding their minds. They started in October, 1861, visited Egypt, went up the Nile to the second Cataract, saw Sinai and Petra, and were at Jerusalem by Easter. Here Buckle is supposed to have caught the typhoid fever of which he died. He would not however give way, but struggled on to Nazareth and Akka, getting worse all the time. Instead of resting there, he pushed on for Damascus, where he finally broke down. A fellow traveller, who afterwards tried to make a little literary capital out of their accidental companionship, was heartless enough to leave Buckle there to die alone while he rode on to Baalbec. The only familiar faces round the dying man's bed were those of the two boys, one of whom now writes this biography in affectionate homage to his memory.†

Few writers have been more criticised, attacked, and answered than Mr. Buckle. If the magazines did not hesitate to fall, pell-mell, upon his views whilst he yet lived, we need not be surprised to find that his opponents are even more ready for the onslaught since his pen was laid down for ever. So opposite indeed are the different charges brought against him that one can, to no inconsiderable extent, allow the adversaries to cancel and answer one another. Thus it was that Buckle, after being exhaustively refuted and strenuously condemned by one set of magazines for his assertion that we must look to intellectual laws rather than moral laws for an explanation of the progress of civilization and for the main propelling power that has forced mankind onwards, was ardently supported in this same theory by the *Saturday Review*, and abused by yet another organ for dwelling on so self-evident a truism.

Thus again it is that we find the terms 'hasty generalizer,' and 'superficial theorizer' are hurled at his head, while on the next page we find him labelled as a man bowed down under the crude weight of undigested facts and caught in the meshes of his own manifold references and authorities. Let us shortly examine this last charge.

One of the earliest things which strike a reader who takes up the history for the first time, is the vast amount of labour expended in the notes and the almost encyclopædic knowledge which must have been employed to amass so much detail of illustration. To a superficial student these notes may appear out of proportion to the subject treated of in the text, and such an one will hasten to agree with the general charge that Buckle was nothing but an indefatigable collector and expert stringer together of stray out-of-the-way facts. But, so far from this being the case, the historian would gladly have dispensed with these arrays of long drawn authorities had he been able to count upon generous candour from his adversaries. Too well he knew that, owing to the startling nature of the views he was about to propound, he could not be too precise and methodical in giving chapter and verse for every historical incident upon which he relied, and in vouching for his assertions by the evidence of credible witnesses. It was in

* 'Essays' (*ubi sup.*), p. 112.

† Messrs. Appleton's reprint of this book is carefully executed, as far as it is possible, without the aid of an editor. The mere printer of course blindly copies (p. 356) the reference to a non-existent frontispiece, and commits some blunders, as on p. 310, where a fine passage from Corneille is spoiled by a misprint. It is rather amusing, too, to find the publishers innocently making the world aware (without the slightest excuse) of Mr. Buckle's views upon their appropriation of his first volume.

no spirit of display that he piled up, collected, compared, and re-compared his references. His views on the value of facts are too clear and well-defined to be mistaken. The man of facts, and nothing but facts, he despised. 'Such men there are who will tell you that all knowledge consists of facts, that everything else is mere talk and theory, and that nothing has any value except facts. Those who talk so much of the value of facts may understand the meaning of fact, but they evidently do not understand the meaning of value.' Taking the example of a coin, he shows that its value does not reside in the piece of stamped metal but in the relation that the piece bears to other things. 'Just so in regard to facts. Facts, as facts, have no sort of value, but are simply a mass of idle lumber. The value of a fact is not an element of that fact, but is its relation to the total stock of our knowledge. . . . . Facts therefore have merely a potential value, and the only advantage of possessing them is the possibility of drawing conclusions from them. . . . Real knowledge consists not in an acquaintance with facts, which only makes a pedant, but in the *use* of facts, which makes a philosopher.'*

So much for the charge that Mr. Buckle was a man who prided himself unduly on the number of facts at his beck and call, while unable to control and master the genii his magic had raised up.

Let us now pass to the other charge, and ask whether the author and his critics should plead guilty to the charge of superficiality. Mr. Leslie Stephen, a writer of some note in these days, is the latest in the field,† and his review is full of such expressions as serve to show a pitying contempt for 'Buckle's softness of mental fibre,' and 'the superficiality and arrogance, trying to one's soul, that often marks Buckle's writings.' It does not need any gladiatorial skill to point out, as I will now point out, that this doughty assailant is himself so superficial that he has either never read or cannot understand the views which he so hastily and flippantly condemns.

When a writer is more than usually overbearing on men of far higher calibre than his own, it is peculiarly pleasant if the impartial observer can detect him, in that very moment, falling into a pleasant pickle of his own devising. To approach the present case more clearly—when we see Mr. Leslie Stephen trying to sit down at once upon Lord Macaulay and Mr. Buckle, we feel more apprehension for the safety of the would-be annihilator than for the men he means to grind to powder. The matter is brought about in this way :—

Mr. Leslie Stephen is anxious to show that Mr. Buckle (dreadfully overrated man, I assure you!) is really ignorant (fancy his conceit!) of at least one large branch of what he wrote about. He is 'a half-hearted philosopher.' 'His references to metaphysical problems betray the amateur.' Our critic finds in him 'plenty of short-comings,' and by way of wind-up (finding himself scarcely breathed by a round with such a feeble antagonist) 'he is a kind of philosophical Macaulay.' And Mr. Leslie Stephen evidently considers that this is very cutting abuse, tantamount to calling him a crabbed old hypothenuse, and having, as he imagines, got Macaulay's and Buckle's heads both in chancery, proceeds to ram one against the other in the most accommodating spirit. The 'little mill' goes on pleasantly enough; we are told with complacency that 'both represent that sort of one-sided common sense which is alternately irritating and satisfactory.' But at this stage the gods interpose. Some evilly disposed power of the air suggests to Mr. Leslie Stephen to 'give an in-

* 'Essay on Influence of Women' (*ubi sup*), p. 173.

† *Fortnightly*, May, 1880.

stance,' and to that temptation he succumbs. Intent upon his parallel he proceeds as follows: 'Buckle would have taken Macaulay's view of Bacon and the inductive philosophy, and Macaulay,' . . . but here we must stop the triumphant champion, and come to a clear understanding with him.

There can be no mistake as to Mr. Stephen's meaning. He is trying to prove Buckle's ignorance of logic and metaphysics and the general 'half-heartedness' of his philosophy. Before he finishes his paper, he demonstrates, to his own satisfaction, that Buckle really did not know a deductive from an inductive chain of reasoning. It is with this aim that the present assertion is made.

Our first question to Mr. Stephen will be this: why does he say Buckle '*would have* taken' such views? Is the critic unaware of Buckle's real views on the subject? Before speculating from the premises afforded by Stephen's ideal Buckle, as to what that shadowy being's view of Bacon's philosophy might or might not be, would it not been have as well to have searched in the works of the Buckle of flesh and blood and seen what they really were? It is possible that this condemner of superficiality has not taken the trouble to do this? He needed not to have searched long before he found it.

Macaulay's views are well known, and are generally admitted to be couched in far too strong a language. He crystallizes them in the following sentence: 'Bacon stimulated men to employ the inductive method, . . . the *only* one by which new truth can be discovered.'* If you can succeed in saddling Buckle with that opinion, your task, Mr. Stephen, will be well accomplished. But, alas! we have nothing but assertion for it, and bushels of proof to the contrary.

For, unfortunately for our critic, one of the finest passages in Buckle's miscellaneous works is entirely devoted to an exaltation of the deductive method of reasoning! Three or four great instances he gives of noble discoveries made by this despised instrument since the days when (according to Lord Macaulay) Bacon taught the world to throw it by for useless. Although the digression may threaten to be a little lengthy, I cannot refrain from extracting part at least of the passages I refer to.

The first instance is the discovery of the law of gravitation by Sir Isaac Newton. 'Observe how he went to work. He sat still where he was, and he thought. He did not get up to make experiments concerning gravitation, nor did he go home to consult observations which others had made, or to collate tables of observations; . . . but he sat like a man entranced and enraptured, feeding on his own mind, colouring idea after idea. He thought that if the apple had been on a higher tree, if it had been on the highest known tree it would have equally fallen. Thus far, there was no reason to think that the power which made the apple fall was susceptible of diminution; and if it were not susceptible of diminution, why should it be susceptible of limit? If it were unlimited and undiminished, it would extend above the earth; it would reach the moon and keep her in her orbit. If the power which made the apple fall, was actually able to control the moon, why should it stop there? . . . . His mind, thus advancing from idea to idea, . . neither experimenting nor observing, but heedless of the operations of nature, he completed the most sublime and majestic speculation that it ever entered into the heart of man to conceive.*

Haüys discovery, by the *à priori* method, of the regularity that governs the growth of crystals, Goethe's twin discoveries, revelations we may almost

* 'Essay on Bacon'—Longman's Edition of the Essays. 1869, p. 410.

*Lecture on the Influence of Women, &c., 'Essays' (*ubi sup.*) p. 185.

call them, of a flower being a modified leaf, and the human skull a modified vertebra, these are next related. Speaking of the law of the metamorphosis of plants, Buckle asks: 'Was it discovered by some inductive investigator, who had spent years in experiments and minute observations of plants, and who, with indefatigable industry, had collected them, classified them, given them hard names, dried them and laid them up on his herbarium? Not so. The discovery was made by the greatest poet Germany has produced. And he made it, not it spite of being a poet, but because he was a poet.'

One more illustration he gives, and it is too beautiful to omit. 'You remember that wonderful scene in the churchyard, when Hamlet walks in among the graves, where the brutal and ignorant clowns are singing, and jeering, and jesting over the remains of the dead. . . . His speculative faculties begin to work. Images of decay crowd on his mind as he thinks how the mighty have fallen and have passed away. In a moment, his imagination carries him back two thousand years, and he almost believes that the skull he holds in his hand is indeed the skull of Alexander. . . . Then it is, that suddenly he passes into an ideal physical world, and seizing the great doctrine of the indestructibility of matter, that doctrine which in his age it was so difficult to grasp, he begins to show how, by a long series of successive changes, the head of Alexander might have been made to subserve the most ignoble purposes, the substance being always metamorphosed, never destroyed. "Why," asked Hamlet, 'why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander?" when, just as he is about to pursue this train of ideas, he is stopped by one of those men of facts, one of those practical and prosaic natures, who are always ready to impede the flight of genius. Horatio. . . objects that "'twere to consider too curiously to consider so." What a contrast between the idea and the sense, between the imagination and the understanding! Even thus was Goethe troubled, and thus, too often, speculation is stopped, genius chilled, and the play and swell of the human mind repressed, because ideas are made subordinate to facts, because the external is preferred to the internal, and because the Horatios of action discourage the Hamlets of thought'†

It is tolerably clear, from these quotations, that Mr. Leslie Stephen, in imputing to Buckle exaggerated views of the advantages of the inductive method, either spoke in utter ignorance of his real opinions or sought to score a point by presuming upon the prejudices of many of his readers. This is far from being the only instance of such carelessness (to give the critic the benefit of the doubt) to be found in his pages. No parodist, wilfully bent on distorting the meaning of an author, could have produced a more ludicrous mis-statement than one which Mr. Stephen stumbles upon, no doubt innocently, at the very commencement of his paper. 'The general reader of Buckle's history,' he states, 'was agreeably thrilled by the statement that a mysterious fate might at any moment force him to commit a murder in order to make up the tale required by the laws of statistics.' The reader of Buckle, if he be indeed a reader, will seek in vain through his pages for the verification of the 'tale' thus made up by Mr. Stephen. Passing by the crude and unscientific expression 'laws of statistics,' we would merely note that all Buckle taught was that 'in a given state of society a certain number of persons must put an end to their lives,'‡ or commit murder. He very carefully guards himself from the misapprehension into which Mr. Stephen falls, by stating that this is the general law, 'and the

†Ibid. p. 196.

‡ 'History of Civilization,' vol. 1, p. 28.

special question as to *who* shall commit the crime, depends, of course, upon special laws.' In effect, our critic entirely fails to see that throughout his 'History' Mr. Buckle is dealing with the primary laws that govern men's actions, that in all cases he rejects the derivative and proximate springs of actions, and postpones their consideration until he has laid down the highest generalizations possible, and has exhaustively enquired into the fundamental governing and controlling principles. These wider laws affect mankind as a whole; the narrower and more exceptional rules are more liable to be varied in their operation by circumstances and, as we descend the scale, have a more and yet more limited sphere of operation, until we come to the petty influences that merely affect the actions of individuals. If Mr. Stephen could not have discovered this for himself, by a perusal of the history, he would have had no difficulty in finding it laid down in Buckle's correspondence, as quoted by Mr. Huth in his biography. §

I must regret that the exigencies of space prevent my exposing at length another instance of Mr. Stephen's favourite game of killing two birds with one stone, the victims on this occasion being Mill and Buckle. It might be an interesting puzzle to hunt up an authority for the statement that a negro differs from a European, 'only as a man in a black coat differs from one in a white.' But in spite of our critic, I would not advise any one who was in a hurry to find these views, to look in either Mill or Buckle for them.

Buckle's views on the effect of physical conditions upon man's civilization always were, and appear to be still, a hard mouthful for the Horatios of action to swallow. Possibly less dust would have been raised about it, had Buckle completed more of his history. As the fragment now stands, it may be thought that too great stress is laid upon the power of nature, and there is considerable force in this argument, —with those who will persist in looking upon a torso as a finished statue. Another point that is much overlooked, and which, had it been appreciated, would have saved the necessity for much needless sarcasm, is that the force of the external aspects of nature is felt most by the savage, and next to him by the savage who emerges into civilization. It is easy to point a sneer at the 'storms and mists, the darkened sky flashed by "frequent lightning" that combine to make Scotland a most demoralizing place of residence.' But it is not with the Scot of to-day that Buckle is dealing, except in so far as the canny man inherits the instincts, the manners, and the tone of thought that were implanted in his remote ancestor by such wild scenes of desolation as these. That sky and wind and sea did influence men's minds of old, all must admit who compare the sunny gods of Greece with the wild forms of Thor and Odin, or the rosy clouds around Olympus, with the vast stern Valhalla of Scandinavian mythology.

Under the same head Mr. Stephen attacks the position laid down by Mr. Buckle that in Europe 'man is more powerful than nature,' and elsewhere the reverse. Now this is an extremely wide generalization, as it may well be when one deals with quarters of the world for one's units. It is absurd, therefore for Mr. Stephen to treat it as though it professed to be a definite test of civilization, and it is no less absurd to try to explain it away as altogether nugatory. The critic points to America as an exception. It is, at least, doubtful at present how far he is correct in saying that the 'Yankee conquers the natural forces, which were too much for the Ojibbeway.' The old race of mound-builders and Aztecs were highly civilized but they have succumbed; and if it were not for the incessant pulse of immigration it might be doubtful how long Ameri-

§ See 'Life,' pp. 127-8, &c.

ca would present flourishing civilization to our eyes. Certainly in the face of the torrents and tornadoes, the drought, the frost, and the storms, the grasshoppers and swarms of insect pests that assail mankind on this side of the Atlantic it would be hardly wise to contend that the human race is not more severely handicapped here than in the more temperate countries of Europe.

It is time for me to draw to a close, and among a dozen other instances I will only select one. The concluding words of Mr. Stephen's paper are to the effect that Buckle did far less solid work than many a less gifted man 'who has brought all his abilities to bear upon some narrow, definite and managable problem, and therefore really enlarged the circle of our knowledge.' Luckily we can let Mr. Buckle answer for himself, and so close our paper in his own well-chosen words. He is speaking of the rapid widening of the field of thought, and how impracticable it will soon become for any one person to 'cover the whole of that enormous and outlying domain. Already the division of labour has been pushed so far that we are in imminent danger of losing in comprehensiveness more than we gain in accuracy. In our pursuit after special truths, we run no small risk of dwarfing our own minds. . . . Look at the language of those who profess to guide public opinion in the scientific world. According to their verdict if a man does something specific and immediate, if, for instance, he discovers a new acid or a new salt, great admiration is excited and his praise is loudly celebrated. But when a man like Goethe puts forth some vast and pregnant idea, which is to revolutionize a whole department of enquiry, ... a storm is raised about his head, he is denounced as a dreamer, an idle visionary, an interloper into matters which he has not studied with proper sobriety. Thus is it that great minds are depressed that little minds may be raised.' *

* 'Essays' (*ubi sup.*) p. 200.

A MADRIGAL.

(*From the French of François Coppée.*)

BY ALICE HORTON.

I BADE the dove: Go, fly, and bring in thy beak
From the Ganges river, where such wonders are,
The love-compelling herb that lovers seek ;—
The dove replied : It is too far !

I said to the eagle : Thy wing doth not tire,—
For the cold heart wherein love's flame doth die,
Bring me one kindling spark of Heaven's own fire ;—
The eagle said : It is too high !

Then cried I to the vulture : From my heart
Tear out the name thereon engraven by Fate,
That so forgetting, I may lose my smart ;—
The vulture said : It is too late !

THE TORONTO GIRLS' COTERIE.

II.

PROCEEDINGS OF SECOND MEETING, REPORTED BY THE JUDGE.

We met this time at the house of Lily Cologne. The house and Lily resemble each other so much that one description ought to serve for both of them. They are alike small, light-coloured, and set off by a superabundance of ornament. When you enter the house you are shown into a charming little room, with light-tinted walls and carpet, over which are scattered numberless little pictures and trinkets and objects of vertu; when you meet the daughter of the house you see a charming little person, with very light complexion, eyes and hair, over whom are scattered numberless small puffs and ruffles and frills. She has curls on her forehead, rings on her fingers, and bows on her toes—that is when her toes are encased in her slippers. I have a great regard for Lily. She does not pretend to be anything but ornamental, and she is always that, and often more. I don't pretend to be anything but useful, and I am not always that, and never more. Grum and I were talking about her the other day, as we were walking down Yonge street. 'I don't know what to make of young Cologne,' said Grum, putting up her shoulders in that aggravating way she has when anything does not suit her. 'She seems to me to be half angel and half simpleton.'

'My dear Grumbler,' I replied, 'you are flattering the sex. Do you really think that most girls have *more* of the angel than the simpleton in their composition?'

She looked at me a moment, and then said: 'You can't corner me in that way!'

I thought myself it would be odd if I could get Grum to acknowledge that there was any particular good in anything.

Lily came to meet me last night with extended hands. 'Last but not least,' said she.

'I was first,' remarked the Duchess.

'First, but not greatest?' said Doc, with a little conciliatory laugh.

'It's no new thing for the Duchess to consider herself first,' said Smarty. 'She always did that.'

'It *would* be a new thing for Smarty to consider herself impertinent,' was the calmly uttered retort. 'Everyone does that for her.'

Smarty, for a wonder, made no reply. She was lounging, as usual, in a very unladylike position, her cheeks full of colour, and her eyes bright with fun. Her face looks small for her head, or perhaps it seems so because her hair grows thick and low over the forehead. The girls were all talking together, except the Poet, who stood a little apart at an open window, looking toward the street.

'What is the matter with our literary friend?' asked Grum. 'She appears to be under a cloud. Do you think she is heart-broken?'

'Oh, no; just a little pensive,' said Doc.

'She doesn't look jocund,' asserted Smarty.

'What is the trouble, Poesy?' she called out. 'Has the Lady Godiva been acting up?' This was in reference to the heroine of the novel which the Poet is supposed to be writing. But the Lady Godiva's originator seemed not to hear the question.

I said that some one ought to plead with her against the folly of trying to illuminate the whole street with the light of her countenance, but my heart was not so unconcerned as my words. There was something pathetic in the lonely figure, in its slender black draperies, with the soft, black waves of hair pressing against the pane. There was no bright hue about her, unless the pale blue ribbon around her throat could be considered as such.

'It's a bad sign for the Poet to put on a dress the same colour as her hair, and a necktie the same colour as her eyes; it shows that she feels as gloomy as black, and as blue as blue.'

This profound observation was the utterance of Lily Cologne.

Without intending any harm, the girls began to make a target for their wit of the solitary figure at the window. I slipped over to the Poet's side and asked her if she were sick.

'No,' she said, slowly. And then, turning around and facing us all: 'The fact is, I'm *hurt!*'

Doc thought she had cut herself with the penknife she had been toying with, and sprang instantly to her side.

'Oh, it isn't my fingers,' she said, with a melancholy smile. 'It's merely my feelings.'

The tense expression of her face made me think she was going to cry. I hoped she wouldn't, for if there is anything to be shunned and dreaded it is a burst of emotion from the emotional sex. The awkward pause that followed was broken by the Duchess. Generous soul! She was going to apologise for us all.

'I am so sorry,' she said. 'We had no idea that you would——'

'Why, Poet!' cried Smarty, interrupting, 'what can you be dreaming of? You know well enough that we don't mean one per cent. of what we say.'

'Of course, I don't mean you at all,' exclaimed the Poet, drawing the Duchess down to a place beside her. 'I mean the person who wrote an article in this week's paper, severely criticising a sketch in last week's issue, which sketch,' she added sarcastically, and with uplifted chin, 'was written by her majesty myself.'

'If I were you,' said the Duchess, in her soft superior way, 'I would not allow such insignificant things to trouble me.'

'That is just what you couldn't help allowing if you were me. Be thankful, my dear Duchess, that you are yourself. The more I say I don't care, the more I do care. I feel a little rasped, and irritable, and nervous, and disagreeable. Don't you think, Grum, that these facts are sufficiently apparent?'

'I think,' answered Grum, 'that it would be well for you to cultivate a little hardness of heart and a good deal of indifference. Learn not to care about things.'

'Oh, I don't think I could do that,' said the Poet gently. 'By the time I had learned to be insensible to pain I might find myself insensible to pleasure also. You see it would not pay. Tell me what to do about it, Judge.'

I was glad she appealed to me; I like people to have faith in my willingness to help them, though my ability to do so is a doubtful matter.

'Doc tells me,' I said, 'that when a person is, as we say of animals, in good condition, that is when he is thoroughly healthy, a scratch or bruise is a matter of small moment, and quickly heals over; but when he is debilitated, and his blood impure and weak, a slight flesh wound is apt to lead to serious and most unpleasant results. Now I believe if you were spiritually strong and sound, and in the best condition, a hurt like this would heal over easily. You are in a morbid state, my dear.'

'I know it,' she said simply, raising her wistful eyes to my face, at the end of this little tirade. 'But it is necessary and right that I should suffer a little under this attack. Some of the things my critic says are nearly

true. He denies me even the poor satisfaction of calling him an owl. I know I have faults,' she added in a melancholy tone.

'It must be a great shock to you to discover that you have faults,' said Smarty, sympathetically, 'but don't let that trouble you. A great many people are like you in that respect. Few, very few, in this world of ours, are the fortunate souls who are entirely perfect, and they, it is also unnecessary to add, are so only in their own estimation.

'Oh! this is balm to my wounded spirit,' said the Poet.

Smarty eyed her with the look of a discerning and benevolent physician inspecting his patient. 'I didn't know what to make of your case at first,' said she. 'You showed some symptoms of inflammatory egotism—very inflammatory—but I'm happy to see it was a mistake. You are much better than I took you to be.'

'Oh, don't credit me with too much,' said the sufferer. 'When I was younger than I am now I used to soften unripe apples by pounding them against a post. It made them soft, but it did not make them good. I feel as if I had passed through a similar process; I'm softened but not improved.'

There was a moment's pause and then she continued:

'I don't want to think about it, or let it trouble me, but when you are cut by a knife, or burnt by the fire, or wounded by a word, it is not a question of whether you will allow yourself to be hurt or not. You simply *are* hurt and that is an end of it.'

'No,' said Doc, 'that is the beginning of it. The end of it is to be perfectly cured, and feel well and happy ever after.'

A faint smile crossed the Poet's face, like a wan outbreak of sunshine on a cloudy day. She mused a moment with her cheeks in her hands, and then suddenly blushed and rose to her feet. 'I am prodigiously selfish!' she cried. 'I have been spoiling all our meeting with my paltry tale of woe.'

'Do you remember that Scripture text,' asked Grum, 'We that are strong should laugh at the infirmities of those who are weak, and always please ourselves?'

'No; I don't remember it, and I don't believe there is such a text.'

'Well, then,' was the carping rejoinder, 'if you don't believe there is such a text, what makes you think we would act in accordance with it?'

'She does not think so,' broke in Lily Cologne, 'she's merely afraid you will.'

'And upon my word, Grum,' said Smarty, 'you're enough to make anyone afraid; you are the most outrageous member of the Coterie; I've a good mind to shake you for it!'

'That,' replied Grum, looking down upon her comparatively short and slender adversary, 'requires good muscles rather than a good mind.'

In the momentary struggle that ensued, Smarty was carried across the room and deposited among the sofa pillows at the further end. Here she lay for a short time in peace, and then exclaimed: 'This is what you might call a triumph of matter over mind.' Conversation now became general, but was suddenly terminated by the unconscious Miss Cologne, who, seated at the piano, began to chant that new and lovely song beginning:

'Do not trust him, gentle lady,'

the very first notes of which forced us to stand, not upon the order of our going, but to go at once.

THE RECTOR'S FLIRTATION,

A TALE OF THE CANADA CENTRAL RAILWAY.

BY FLORENCE FAIRFAX, TORONTO.

THE Rev. Jack Lindsay was the rector of a large but poor parish in the Diocese of Oratorio; the poverty of his barn-like old church, ruinous parsonage and scanty income being in sharp contrast with the palace houses, splendid churches and large incomes of the Bishop and clergy of the flourishing city of Bye-and-Bye-Town, fifteen miles from Jack Lindsay's residence at Skitsville; not that these favoured ecclesiastics were Lindsay's superiors in birth, education or industry. There were few of them whose preaching was not a subject of chronic weariness to their congregations; whereas Lindsay's extempore sermons, at all events, never failed to rivet the attention of his audiences. But the habit of reading all sides of a question, instead of one only, had produced a breadth and outspokenness in Jack Lindsay's teaching which, though it was very popular with the laity on the few occasions when Lindsay was invited to occupy the pulpit of one of the great churches of Bye-and-Bye-Town, made him the most unpopular of clerics with the clergy. He was accused of all manner of heterodox enormities; he was guilty of eating sausages on Friday, pork and beans in Lent—the orthodox red herring was in his profane estimation literally a *bête noire*—he was on dangerously friendly terms with the Methodist minister, with whose congregation his own fraternized only too well; his pretty wife, Lizzie, was a welcome visitor to the wife of the Rev. John Knox, D.D., at the Manse, and these heretical associations were not redeemed by what otherwise might have raised Lindsay in the opinion of his brother clergy, his being also on terms of cheerful acquaintance with Father Tom O'Flannigan, of the Church of the Blessed Bridget at Bye-and-Bye-Town.

Jack worked hard at his parish, though he did not pull a long face over it, or puff himself up in the columns of the church party papers. But, though interested in his duties, there were seasons when a change was needed, and a visit to town gave relief to nerves sated with the drone of harmoniums, the monotonous cadences of chants, the perpetual drive into farmers' yards, the sameness of the conversation of those agriculturists, and the ever-recurring pork chops that were as beef steaks, and pies that were as circular saws. The time would come, ever and anon, when Jack would feel that, like Gallio, he cared for none of these things. Then he would propose a visit to town, generally quite suddenly, at the breakfast table. To this Mrs. Lizzie had always a hundred valid objections, which were, however, over-ruled for the most part: the children, Mary and Maggie, were consoled for Mamma's departure by a promise of good things to come on her return by the evening train; they were confided to the able-bodied damsel who acted as maid-of-all-work in the humble establishment, and a short walk brought the Rector and his wife to the Skitsville Railway Station, when the noon train car-

ried them in half-an-hour's time to Bye-and-Bye-Town. Then came dinner at a hotel. Ladies who have much domestic cookery to superintend and take part in, find it a pleasant change to sit down at an hotel table with the furnishing of which they have had no part. Then a little shopping, a few economical purchases at the dry-goods stores, a visit by Mr. Lindsay to the public library or the book-store. This done, it was their custom to return home in time for tea, which Jane was wont to set ready on the table as soon as ever she heard the whistle of the evening train.

One winter's day, just as they arrived at the Prince's Hotel, on Bank Street, Bye-and-Bye-Town, a violent snow-storm came on unexpectedly—for in those days Vennor was not, neither did weather bulletins scare people into misery by predicting for the day after to-morrow the storm of the day before yesterday; but no shopping could be done, for the snow was already a foot deep on the side-walk, and the sky dark with the incessant fall of huge snow flakes. John June, however, had met Jack at the book-store, and his adventurous wife, Mary Anne, had donned her seal-skin jacket and driven away in her cutter to fetch Lizzie Lindsay to dinner at their house.

June was curate at one of the city churches; his great abilities had also procured him the position of Inspector of Schools, so that he was independent of clerical dictation, and was able to live in that state of comfort which is symbolised by the sacred herb clover; he was honest, friendly, hospitable; like Lindsay, a Broad Churchman, he shared with him the hatred of the orthodox. The ladies sat by the parlour stove and talked mysterious things of 'bias' and 'trimmings,' of the silk that was sold at a sacrifice by Fleecher and Shoddy; of the Valenciennes lace which little Mrs. Flossy continued to procure out of Flossy's six hundred dollars yearly in the civil service. The gentlemen talked politics and literature over their pipes in the study: clerical topics of dogma or ritual, it must be confessed, they dwelt not on, though of some clerics they told anecdotes or expressed opinions which those ecclesiastics would hardly have wished to see printed in the 'columns of the "High Church Rhinoceros and Steeplebang Advertiser.'"

Dinner passed over, and the afternoon was spent in the luxurious enjoyment of a pleasant drawing-room's warmth and fragrance, Mary Anne and Lizzie singing and accompanying each other at the piano, with voices not yet spoiled by the weary process of dragging a country choir into something like time. Their husbands were both passionately fond of music; they listened while enjoying the Lucretian happiness of watching the umbrella-less passer-by struggling with the storm. As evening came on, Mary Anne and her husband begged the Lindsays to be sensible beings, and stay with them till the next day.

'Do persuade that husband of your's that the salvation of Skitsville is a matter that does not require him to go out into the snow-storm like a St. Bernard dog,' said June to Mrs. Lindsay.

'Rest you with me, snow fills the side-walks wide,
You couldn't catch the "six" train if you tried;
Your children all quite safe, your girl will see,
Indeed, indeed, you'd better stay to tea'

sang Mary Anne June, as she sat at the piano, with a pleading glance at Jack, from eyes which it was very difficult to resist, the sort of eyes which Swinburne calls—

'The greyest of things blue,
The bluest of things grey.'

But Mrs. Lindsay was not to be persuaded; whenever absent for two hours from her children, she was in a state of perpetual commotion about theso

most remarkable of little girls. Her husband would have been only too happy to accept their friend's invitation, but Lizzie carried her point with a rush, hurried on her things, and, going through with Mary Anne that unconscionably irritating, and inconsecutively purposeless process of kissing, in which women are given to indulge, the Lindsays were hurried off to the railway station, and were soon seated in a car; Lizzie flushed out into a lovely colour with the cold and excitement; Jack over his newspaper rather sulky at having lost a pleasant evening with his friends.

The snow-storm had bated none of its fury. Great drifts of snow were reported on the line. Indeed, Jack heard, with a feeling of grim satisfaction, a remark made by the brakesman to the conductor, that the chances were that the train would be snowbound on the way.

'If only we should have the luck to be stopped where the train could be backed to town, and Lizzie would have to stay here, what a lovely time we should have,' thought Jack, 'but it would not be at all lovely to be snowed up further on, with no pleasanter companions than those horrid-looking old maids opposite,' he continued to soliloquise, as two elderly damsels of the prehistoric period entered the car, of which, except the Lindsays, they were the only occupants. They sat on the seat opposite the Lindsays, of whom they were seemingly anxious to take observations. Each sister—for sisters they evidently were—was the counterpart of the other. Their maiden figures, off whose bony framework Shylock himself could not have cut a pound of flesh, were encased in grey cloth dresses, with rich feather trimming. Their grizzled, scanty tresses, were gathered under black velvet hats, from which nodded, hearse-like, a black feather, funereal, gorgeous to behold. Such were the Misses Griffins, dealers in Berlin wool and fancy work, who, as Jack did not know, although he might have had the sense to guess it, were the two boss gossips, and the most energetic and conscientious circulators of scandal in all Bye-and-Bye-Town.

There were some minutes—*a mauvaise quart-d'heure*—before the train was to start. One grey sister made advances by some harmless imbecilities about the cold, to which Lizzie replied civilly in the same strain. Jack went on with his newspaper.

Jack's *vis-à-vis* was evidently disposed to make his acquaintance. 'I see you are a clergyman by your dress,' said Miss Griffins the elder, which was rather creditable to her penetration, as Jack, though he sometimes wore the regulation white tie which the proprieties ordain for clergymen and hotel waiters, disliked the constraint of clerical uniform. 'Are you one of the clergy of our city churches?'

Jack explained in the briefest manner consistent with civility, that he was only a country parson.

'And of what parish?' said his fair interviewer.

'Skitsville,' again replied Mr. Lindsay with all conciseness.

'*Oh, indeed*,' was the response—the words were not much, but the intonation conveyed a good deal, accompanied with a pious snuffle and a side glance at the other Miss Griffins.

'And pray, Mr.—I do not know your name, but I suppose you are the Mr. Lindsay I have heard of—which church party do you favour, are you High or Low?'

'I have no sympathy with party spirit in religion,' said the hard-pressed parson, 'and I really must decline to discuss such matters with a total stranger.'

This reply, for the moment, abashed her. Just at that time the train began to move very slowly through a snow-drift about a mile from the town. The conductor passing through informed them that this was to avoid the danger of upsetting the car, and said that if they could not get through,

he thought that they would return to the station for a snow-plough. The ladies were much alarmed, but Jack assured them that, with a snow-plough, there could be no difficulty in making their way. At the same time an idea occurred to him. He would endeavour to mystify somewhat the two inquisitive old maiden ladies. He resolved to address Lizzie in that tone of affectionate deference which men too seldom address to wives—at least to their own wives.

'I don't offer you this stupid paper,' he said, 'because I know there is nothing you would care to see in it.'

'No, indeed,' sighed Lizzie, who was thinking of her Mary and her Maggie.

'And now that I see the train is backing to the station, do let me persuade you to stay with me till to-morrow; believe me it is not safe for you to go on to-night.'

'Impossible! Oh, how I wish I was at home!' murmured Lizzie, a vision of Mary eating too much orange jelly, and Maggie running riot among indigestable pie crust, crossing her thoughts.

'Your ideas of home duty do you honour, Lizzie dearest, but really you should allow your life some few gleams of pleasure. You can get this chance of enjoyment quite safely—no one at home will blame you. I will give you a lively time—there are two concerts and a theatre,' the tempter added, pointing to the notices in the advertising columns of the paper.

Lizzie, who was still deep in tragic meditation of the mishaps of her infants and the neglect of the hired girl, only shook her head.

Jack then whispered, 'I have got ten dollars in my pocket that you don't know of, and if you will stay to-night I will give you them to-morrow to buy dresses for the girls.'

This turned the scale. Lizzie smiled her consent. The two old maids took in the situation, and moved away in horror from the clerical Lovelace and his victim. Just then the train arrived. Jack and Lizzie jumped into a sleigh and drove to their friend's house, where they were warmly received, and Mary Anne and her husband rejoiced to hear the story of their encounter with their fellow-travellers. A pleasant evening was spent by the friends, and next day, after a little shopping with the promised ten dollars, Jack and his wife returned home to find the children all right and Jane a model to that part of her sex who condescend, for a pecuniary consideration, to preside in the kitchen.

A week passed and the visit to Bye-and-Bye-Town was forgotten. But one Sunday evening when Jack drove home from his latest service at an out-station ten miles away, his wife gave him a letter. It was from an old college acquaintance who was incumbent of a church in town.

'I did not like to give you this, Jack,' she said, 'till the Sunday work was done, fearing it would worry you. Read it—it is all some mistake or some mere trifle.'

The letter was as follows:—

'Rectory of Saint Sepulchre's, Bye-an-Bye-Town. Feast of Saint Symphorosa, 1875.

'Dear Lindsay,—There is a most dreadful scandal current in this town about your having been seen a week ago in the cars persuading a young lady to stay away from home and go with you to theatres and other haunts of vice. Your own conscience must judge you. Perhaps you are innocent, but, as one of the primitive Fathers has so acutely said, *experientia docet*. It may calm your troubled spirit to know that we have got up a brass lectern and two more candles in the chancel at Saint Sepulchre's.

'I am, yours truly,
'Blank Asterisk.'

Lindsay did not know what to make of this till he visited the town next day, and heard the names and descrip-

tion of the authors of the story, when he at once perceived its origin. Both the Bishop of Oratorio and the Rev. Blank Asterisk, D.C.L., were much amazed at the innocent basis for so large a superstructure of scandal, and agreed that a clergyman's love of flirtation might be innocent enough if exercised only with his own wife.

LOVE'S DREAM.

BY M. A. MAITLAND.

I HAD a dream of thee at early dawn,
  Yet not a dream—as some might understand,—
For from my couch the 'drowsy god' had flown,
  And lifted from my eyes his fairy wand;
But just a vision that shut out the world,
  And every presence saving thine alone,
Which, like a phantom bark with sails unfurled,
  Bore down upon me from a port unknown.

So near thou wert that I could feel thy breath;—
  Not like the flutter of the unseen wing
That comes—they say—upon the cheek of death,
  But like the lifeful breath that later spring
Breathes on the folded petals of the flower,
  Till leaf by leaf it opens, to expand
Its waxen calyx to the genial shower,
  And to the sun-born glory of the land.

And thy near presence at the flush of morn,
  So filled my life, so flooded all my heart
With ecstacy of love, that I seemed borne
  From earth away, and from the flesh apart.
And now I know what means that mystery,—
  The life that has no portion with the clay,
For what at morning may be 'thee' and 'me,'
  Can be beyond the stars ere shuts the day.

STRATFORD.

A TRAGEDY OF ERRORS.

BY D. B. READ, Q.C., TORONTO.

A NOTE of timely warning may be of service to those who are really desirous of preserving the liberty of the subject against grinding oppression or autocratic power. In a former contribution to the CANADIAN MONTHLY the writer pointed out the dangerous power confided to Police Magistrates and County Court Judges in Interim Sessions. In the article referred to, I did not go far enough in describing the extent of the power. I then limited the power of sending those convicted to the penitentiary *for years*, I should have said *for life*. Before the law was made giving such extensive powers, an accused party had some protection; previous to being subjected to the ignominy of an arraignment in the dock for trial, a grand jury had to carefully investigate the charge, and on their oath say whether or not the accused should be put on his trial. It is true the law requires the consent of the accused to be summarily tried by the Police Magistrate or Judge of Interim Sessions. But what value can be placed upon a consent given by a timorous woman, for the first time brought before an austere judge? How much may she be supposed to know of the importance of having the facts of the case first inquired into by an independent tribunal, such as a Grand Jury, with the view of ascertaining whether she should or should not be placed on her trial. On her trial for what? On a charge made, it may be, by a constable or by an enemy, the poor unfortunate is dragged into the prisoners' dock as if she were a convicted felon, instead of a human being, placed there on a charge of which she may be wholly innocent, without investigation had by any one but the constable and her accuser? A half idiotic man is placed in the dock and subjected to the same ordeal. Neither the man nor the woman have counsel to explain their rights; they may be too poor or too ignorant to be able to avail themselves of the advice of counsel; hence witnesses against them give a colouring to facts, which, if sifted by counsel, might bear a wholly different complexsion; the prisoner is dazed, bewildered before the majesty of the law; his trial goes on undefended; he is doomed not because he is guilty, but because he is suddenly accused, suddenly arraigned, suddenly tried, and suddenly convicted, when, if a responsible tribunal, acting on evidence given before the accused was placed on trial, had examined the merits of the case, the accused would have been spared the disgrace of being placed in the dock, and the judge or magistrate would have been saved the unpleasant duty of trying a man, with, as it were, his hands tied behind his back. This kind of trial is not safe; by it the liberty of the subject is jeopardized every day. A Police Magistrate of a certain provincial town in Ontario not long since convicted two persons of an offence of which they were accused. The convicted ones, branded as felons, were in charge of a constable several miles on their way to the penitentiary, when it was discovered they had been improperly convicted! Here was a dilemma! A higher power was appealed to and an

order obtained for their liberation! Great injustice was done to these parties by their trial and conviction; how much greater would have been the injustice had they actually been imprisoned in the penitentiary, even for an hour. It was only by the merest chance that they were saved from this disgrace! May there not be at this present moment, languishing in our jails and penitentiaries, persons convicted of crimes of which they are innocent, and for which they never would have been tried if twelve impartial men, called a Grand Jury, had but had an opportunity of examining into the case? An excuse or apology is made for this kind of summary *injustice*, viz.: that it saves expense; but what is expense compared with the liberty of the subject? Taking into account the frequency of Interim Sessions, and the expenses connected therewith, the difference of outlay between the two modes of trial, that by jury and that by summary proceeding, is not so great as fairly to warrant a departure from the time-honoured practice of allowing a man to be tried by his peers. Eminent Judges in their charges to Grand Jurors, in late years, have been invoking an expression of opinion as to the propriety of abolishing themselves (*i.e.*, the Grand Juries) altogether, or modifying them so that their numbers shall be reduced. The press has discussed the subject, and on the whole, fully and fairly, so that there remains not much to be said. As my purpose, however, in writing this article, is to draw the attention of readers to the rude manner in which the liberty of the subject is dealt with, I may be permitted to ask one simple question, namely: Why not let well alone? The Grand Jury for centuries has been a bulwark of British liberty! It is a tribunal which protects the weak against the strong. It is a tribunal which in times of danger to the State, in times of revolution, has stood as the guardian of the innocent against the minions of oppression! While the Grand Jury system lasts, every accused man knows that his life or liberty is safe till twelve sworn jurors have pronounced he shall appear before the bar of justice. He knows also that he cannot be convicted until twelve other men have, on their oaths, pronounced him guilty. This is old time law, a law made as well for the protection of the innocent as for the punishment of the guilty. Let us hope it may be retained intact, and saved from the hand of the spoiler. The tendency of our Legislature in Ontario has of late years been altogether judgeward; in civil matters this may be well enough: in the administration of criminal law a full, perfect and impartial trial, not by a judge alone, but by a judge with the aid of jurors drawn from different parts of a county is the safeguard for the liberty of the people. A man condemned by the verdict of his fellow-men will be content; a man condemned by the voice of a single man is apt to feel that the wheels of justice do not run even. A Judicature Bill, which for the most part sweeps away the trial by jury, in most cases, may have its virtue; a Criminal Judicature Bill, with a similar effect, would have no virtue in it at all.

I have ventured to head this article a 'Tragedy of Errors.' I have done this because of the errors committed, if not foreseen. In 'The Comedy of Errors,' the situation of the brothers Antipholus is at times painfully but ludicrously absurd. Antipholus of Ephesus, imprisoned under mistake, was no doubt the cause of much anxiety and trouble to his Antipholusship.

The imprisonment of an innocent man as a convict is at all times a mistake; it becomes doubly onerous if the convicted one feels that his imprisonment is caused by injustice and wrong. He may be content if accused by a dozen men and found guilty by another dozen; he will not be so content if only one man even though a judge, much less a police magistrate, has pronounced his doom. The convicted one

in such a case might be disposed to answer enquiry in much the same manner as Ægeon, the father of the twin Syracusans answered the Duke of Ephesus:

> DUKE—'Well, Syracusan, say in brief the cause
> Why thou departed'st from thy native home,
> And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.'
> ÆGEON—'A heavier task could not have been imposed—
> Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable;
> Yet, that the world may witness that my end
> Was wrought by nature, *not by vile offence*,
> I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.'

How many may be imprisoned in Canadian jails whose end has been wrought by nature, 'not by vile offence.'

NONDUM EST.

A PSALM.

BY CHARLES RITCHIE.

THROUGH the force and the fury of weariness
As the swift years onward roll,
In the hours accursed with dreariness
Sobbing o'er my own sad soul,
I dwelt, and 'wildered by the sunless sky,
Cried out, as unto Eternity,
How long, O Father, to the final day,
And He with answer thundered: ''tis not yet; delay.'

But wherefore? Thou art lovely as the light,
Deeper than ocean caves, and as the wind,
The master of the strength that bringeth night
Most awful, yet most kind;—
Lo! all we toil and smitten by our grief
Lapse out of time, and fall as every leaf
In the autumn sere, when parched breezes
Wither and the laughing water freezes,

For all our worth is as the grass that fades
Sudden and soon,
Our honour and our power fate overshades
And blasts our noon.
Thou choosest each from out the smoke of toil,
Lest each man faint encumbered by turmoil,
And givest to a hero love's most choicest boon.

Thou art a mover over land and sea,
Controller of the fountains
That flow from rugged mountains,
And like as they grow grand in mighty rivers,
Thy hand an humble slave for aye delivers
And blesses with the peace of found felicity.

Now murmurs and new voices call aloud,
Because Earth thou hast bowed
And humbled, for Thou humblest all the proud.
One saith, and speaketh as a comely seer :
'The Lord is great ; He is a man of war ;
Bow down before Him and do ye revere,
From near His glory cometh, and from far
The astounded world hears of His mighty name ;
Forever is He, and shall be, the same.'

'For God, being perfect, cannot change, and ye
Striplings of Time doomed to eternity,
Ye cavil at the mournful moving Death
That smothers you in anger with his breath,
And many mindless ancients call the time
A paltry age o'ergrown with spiritual slime.'

As a precious and priceless gift
The souls of men Thou dost hold,
Evil and good dost Thou sift,
And we think that the age grows old,
And we sigh as a woman who loses
Her darling in the hour of glory,
And thunder at him who chooses
The simplest, most stainless story.

Weakness hath borne us from out her tears,
Changing yet hating what changeless appears,
Toys of to-day and to-morrow we leave,
But God flatters never and cannot deceive,
Nor doth He smite, when we cannot believe.

Forever, yet never ! and the sleep of a slave
Is sweeter and better than rest in the grave.
Blest are they who to virtue restored,
Seek not for wisdom but look to the Lord,
He giveth Life by the power of His Word,
Wings to the wingless, and a crown to the brave.

MONTREAL.

THE EDUCATION OF THE BLIND.*

BY PRINCIPAL HUNTER, M.A., BRANTFORD.

IN the instruction of the blind, the problem to be solved is, how far we can replace the lost sense of sight by the special cultivation of the hand, the ear, and the memory. It is popularly supposed that a child, when blinded, becomes thereby endowed with a more sensitive touch, with a finer ear, and a stronger memory. Unhappily this opinion is quite erroneous, and it often causes most unreasonable expectations to be formed of the blind. The attainments of blind persons are the result of close application on the part of the student, and of great skill and inexhaustible patience in the teacher. We too often find the constitutional weakness that has quenched the sight, to have also impaired the hearing, or the vocal organs, or even the mental powers. The sense of touch in neglected blind children is strikingly deficient!

In an educational view, there are two entirely distinct classes of blind persons: 1st, those blind from earliest recollection; 2ndly, those who have become blind after some years' distinct remembrance of the visible world. The latter are very much in the position of seeing persons blindfolded. In such cases the loss of sight is an affliction, whose magnitude those born blind cannot even distantly realize. But at the same time, after the distractions of the visible world are gone, the quality of the brain-work may actually improve. Most musicians prefer Beethoven's Ninth Symphony to any of the preceding, though the great master's absolute deafness precluded the possibility of his having ever heard a single note in the whole of that sublime composition. When he attempted to play it himself, his fingering of the softest passages left the music *more* inaudible to his listeners than to himself. To them the keys were often absolutely silent, but his mind was doubtless filled with 'touches of sweet harmony.' So Milton, during several years of his blindness, appeared to gain constantly, not only in majesty of expression, but what is very remarkable, in descriptive power. 'Paradise Lost' appeared after thirteen years of total blindness; and what was Milton's loss was probably the gain of English literature. In our own day, Heinrich Heine's influence on German politics, or on French or German literature, did not certainly decline as his sight receded. The mental exaltation which is seen highly magnified in minds of such exceptional power, is also perceptible in cultivated blind persons of humbler gifts; and it is doubtless due to forced employment of the reflective faculties.

When we approach the class who have been blind from early remembrance, we enter a sunless world where there is no colour, no form, no space. Yet the dwellers evidently enjoy life more than those who have seen, and are now blind. The first insight into the true blind man's world was afforded by the observations of Cheselden, an eminent English surgeon of the last century. Through the operation of couching, he was, in 1728, so fortunate as to give distinct vision to an intelligent boy who had been born blind, and who was then fourteen years old.

* In the following article I have drawn freely on my published Official Reports. J. H. H.

The surgeon minutely observed from day to day the growth of visual *interpretation*, and recorded the results in the Transactions of the Royal Society. The boy failed at first to identify even the objects that were most familiar to his touch. For some months a cube or any other solid, seen in perspective, gave him the impression of a set of separate and differently-coloured planes. His ideas of form, space and colour were all wild and fantastic. Among those who have in recent years studied this most interesting, and, for our purposes, most important subject, are Dr. Appia, of Geneva, and Dr. Louis Fialla, of Bucharest—both ophthalmic surgeons. Their researches confirm and extend Cheselden's observations. Dr. Appia had operated for congenital cataract upon a young girl with the effect of giving vision. A knife, a spoon, a pair of scissors and other objects perfectly familiar to the girl's hands were held up before her now unveiled eyes, and, though the objects were distinctly *seen*, she completely failed to identify any one of them or to conjecture its use. Dr. Fialla's monograph (published in 1878), embraces observations made on no less than six similar cases—the ages ranging from 10 to 25 years. One patient could not recognise intimate friends until he had heard their voices. Formerly, as a blind man, he could find his way alone through his native city; but on the restoration of his sight he was for a time utterly bewildered, and was compelled to ask his way. Another patient completely failed, on seeing the surgeon's hand, to conjecture what it was, and only after an evident struggle against unbelief, did she recognise her own hand. A pathetic scene was witnessed when a peasant girl of seventeen was for the first time brought within view of the parents that had so tenderly cared for her all her life. The poor girl could recognise her own mother only by passing the hand over her features! In all these cases, it is very important to observe that, when persons or objects were once interpreted by the hand or the ear, the sight was on every subsequent occasion sufficient for identification. This clearly shews how vastly important the memory is in the effective use of the senses.

By no means yet discovered can we substitute one special sense for another, so as to furnish *the same conception*. It is not known that light, heat, electricity, &c., are molecular movements, merely differing in velocity, and that they are interchangeable. But as yet, we have not succeeded in exhibiting those coloured rays that are visible to even the unaided eye, as heat rays distinguishable to the touch. Something approaching this is seen when a blind person applies his tongue to the surfaces variously coloured, and can, perhaps, distinguish white from black, or even blue from red. This is really due to the different capacities for absorption possessed by different colours, and the blind man is really contrasting different shades of temperature without obtaining any idea of different shades of colour. The reputed distinction of colours by the once-famous blind poet, Blacklock, could have amounted to no more than this: his life-like descriptions of the tints of flowers and land-scapes were certainly, as Dr. Johnson insisted, derived at second hand. Blacklock, when but six months old, had been blinded by small-pox, and no remembrance of visual impression could have survived. Yet, vivid pictures of landscapes and natural objects abound in his poems, which furnished to his friends, Hume, Burns, and other *litterateurs* of Edinburgh, new problems of the greatest interest. Take the following study in flowers:—

'Let long-lived pansies here their scents bestow,
The violet languish, and the roses glow;
In yellow glory let the crocus shine,
Narcissus here his love-sick head recline;
Here hyacinths in purple sweetness rise,
And tulips tinged with beauty's fairest dyes.'

From the earliest years the sight-

less child had listened to the choicest morsels in English literature; and, even if we did not know that Spenser and Milton and Thomson had been habitually read to him we might safely have inferred it from such passages as these :—

'For, oh! while others gaze on Nature's face,
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods and streams,
Or, with delight ineffable, survey
The sun, bright image of his parent, God;
The seasons, in majestic order, round
This varied globe revolving; young-eyed Spring,
Profuse of life and joy; Summer, adorn'd
With keen effulgence, brightening heaven and earth,
Autumn, replete with Nature's various boon,
To bless the toiling hind; and Winter grand
With rapid storms, convulsing Nature's frame;
Whilst others view heaven's all-involving arch,
Bright with unnumbered worlds; and lost in joy,
Fair Order and Utility behold;
Or, unfatigued, the amazing chain pursue,
Which is one vast, all-comprehending whole,
Unites the immense stupendous works of God,
Conjoining past with past, and through the frame
Diffusing sacred harmony and joy :—
To me those fair vicissitudes are lost,
And grace and beauty blotted from my view.
The verdant vale, the mountains, woods and streams
One horrid blank appear; the young-eyed Spring,
Effulgent Summer, Autumn decked in wealth
To bless the toiling hind, and Winter grand
With rapid storms, revolve in vain for me:
Nor the bright sun, nor all-embracing arch
Of heaven, shall e'er these wretched orbs behold.'

Blind persons generally allege that they possess a peculiarly sensitive tract in the face immediately beneath the orbits of the eyes. Persons destitute not alone of sight but of eyeballs can assuredly distinguish obstacles in their path when these obstructions rise to the level of the face; and in some cases they will even define closely the dimensions of objects held up before them. To this singular sensibility the name of *facial perception* has been given. Some writers refer this faculty to the recognition of varying sounds reflected from the surface of the object. But very deaf blind appear to possess it equally with those that hear. I am disposed to consider this perception of objects, like the distinction of colours, as the recognition of various degrees of radiant heat. We know how even a thin stratum of fog intercepts heat rays, and it is not then surprising to learn that a blind man can become befogged, as well as a seeing man. This "unrecognised sense" can be *trained* to an extreme degree of sensibility: on credible evidence, we are assured, that the great mathematician, Saunderson, had so educated his facial perception that he could distinguish clouds on the horizon. We must, however, remember that, even if we could make the faces or the fingers of the blind as sensitive as Melloni's pile, or Edison's tasimeter, no visual conception of colour, or form, or space can arise from these sources of information. With the aid of this cultivated sensibility, various departments of natural philosophy are found to be quite accessible to blind students; and, under favourable conditions, there is scarcely one in which they may not attain excellence. As an extreme illustration, may be named Sir Isaac Newton's friend, Saunderson, above-mentioned, blind from eight years, unusually well versed in classics, but especially eminent in mathematics. To him Newton committed the exposition of the Newtonian Philosophy, and by Newton's personal influence he was appointed Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, Newton's own former chair. Saunderson's inaugural address was delivered in Ciceronian Latin. His lectures successfully expounded not merely the *Principia* and the *Arithmetica Universalis*, but even the *Optics*. Surely a strange subject for a blind lecturer; but never were lectures on optics so numerously attended or more profitably. Sir Isaac Newton will be admitted to be a supremely good judge of the exposition demanded by his own discoveries, and his opinion of Saunderson ought to make us very cautious

in debarring blind youth from any branches of instruction.

Persons born blind are related to objects affected by light much as we seeing persons are related to bodies affected by electricity and other invisible forces. Our present conceptions of the visible world are probably only one degree less erroneous than a blind man's! Are we surprised that a blind man, when first admitted to sight, cannot recognise his own hand? Well, if one of us that see were suddenly endowed with a sixth sense, revealing those now invisible forces, is it probable that he at first could even guess at the identity of his own hand? Would the simplest body, say a cube, be recognisable when vibrating under the swing of its restless molecules! Now, if we were placed under the instruction of a being endowed with this sixth sense, we should enjoy evident advantages, though accompanied by certain disadvantages. On the one hand, he would teach from a personal knowledge of the ultimate laws of matter, and would certainly reveal a world of wonders. On the other hand, with but our five senses it would be impossible to quite realize the significance of many of his illustrations. He would occasionally be talking above our heads. His *definitions* would probably perplex us most of all; and we should certainly have to accept many of his terms in a *mitigated*, or in a conventional, sense. Such an instructor would, in all likelihood, unduly neglect colour and appearance in his incessant pursuit after more essential properties; and it is quite conceivable that *we* may thus come to surpass him in fineness of vision, precisely as blind persons come to surpass seeing persons in fineness of hearing.

The practical application of all this is close at hand. Where a seeing teacher is instructing the blind, it is obvious that the perception of the blind must be accepted as the basis of the teaching. We must never go outside the mental process of our pupil. If we want to teach a definition, we must first place a representative object in the blind child's hand; and, from the impression made upon the child's touch, gather up the proper terms in which to frame a definition. Seeing instructors are naturally disposed to teach blind children their letters by commencing with the characters in very large outline. This is very natural and plausible, but very fallacious. Blind children cannot, in embossed characters as these are usually printed [3-16 inch square] distinguish angular from rounded outlines; and it is on the *collective* impression that they depend for identifying a letter. They never obtain the same impressions from the small letters occurring in books as they do from large anatomical alphabets; and, if they associate the two things, it is simply because you *tell them* that the characters are of the same form. In other words, the resemblance is to them entirely conventional, precisely as though we had before our eyes two photographs, one being a microscopical reduction of the other. We may accept the statement that the invisible picture is identical with the visible, but here we are evidently walking by faith, not by sight. Now, if we are to instruct blind folk by conventions and arbitrary letters—which we are forced to do,—why not begin just where we ended, and, setting the pupil's finger on the *a* that he will meet in his books, tell him from the outset, whenever you get that impression, call it *a*? And, as we are now in the way of using what to the learner are arbitrary characters, why not give him at once the arbitrary letters that best suit his touch, either the Roman type, or the point print characters, as the case may be?

With blind persons, as with seeing, the three great initial forces in education are reading, writing and calculation; and, in educational institutions a large share of our time and ingenuity must always be devoted to the difficult

task of bringing these prime movers under the effective control of the blind. At the first glance, nothing appears much easier than to make educational or industrial appliances that *must* help the blind; but somehow the result is generally found at an enormous distance from success, and the experimenter is apt to become sadly discouraged. I believe that the fallacy underlying nearly all fruitless experiments in this field, is the assumption that a blind child is simply a sighted child in the dark, and that forms of instruction adapted to the latter will also answer the requirements of the former. Nothing could well be more erroneous or fertile of educational failures. Though he be in the dark, the sighted child's experience of the visible world *corrects his impressions;* he *thinks* as though he were in the light, and his mental horizon is unaffected. The uneducated blind child *thinks* as well as feels *blindly;* the horizon of his world is the circle described by his out-stretched arm. His instinctive apprehension of danger restricts his movements, and rooted to a particular spot like a tree, he is apt to take only such exercise as trees enjoy—a swaying of the trunk, or grotesque and weird movements of the limbs. When he does venture to change from place to place, that all-pervading apprehension betrays itself in his sliding, *feeling,* gait. His nervous organization appears in the sense above indicated, to have so re-arranged itself that certain duties of the optic nerve are vicariously performed by the facial nerve, and as Spallanzani found in sightless birds, the sightless child, when at length induced to venture abroad, soon recognises, without actual contact, obstacles that would injure him, and he swerves in his path. This mysterious sense exists in children who are at the same *deaf and blind,* and, as already urged, it cannot therefore be a mere interpretation of varying sounds. Blumenbach and Spallanzani both record similar observations made on birds. The blind child's mental constitution exhibits peculiarities answering to those in his physique. He is rooted in his opinion with a pertinacity that it requires the utmost firmness to overcome; he is under an abiding apprehension that there exists some desire to mislead him, and he is therefore suspicious and distrustful. Even when asleep, the expression of his features shows that the mind is still on the alert. He rarely avows his real object, he advances to his design with a shuffling gait; while too often alleging some design entirely remote, even though there exists not the slightest cause for concealment. His impressions of the external world are bizarre and deformed—being nearly all of them second-hand and coloured by the peculiarities of the actual observer. Even his direct impressions are not correctly translated. His touch enables him, it is true, to say that A is like B and unlike C; but he has no correct, *i.e. visual* conception of A, or B, or C. It has been already shewn that blind persons, when restored to sight by surgical skill, have to completely revise their knowledge of even of the most familiar objects, though their *comparisons* of these objects remain quite correct. The intellectual process of a *neglected* blind child is so peculiar, that, by persons inexperienced in such matters, he is not unfrequently taken for an imbecile—especially when he happens to exhibit, in connection with his incoherent talk, rhythmical motions of the body. His acquired memory is usually prodigious. Assisted by a hearing of great depth and acuteness, he gains an inexhaustible fund of the most trivial recollections, which he pours forth with great volubility, but with slight application to the matter in hand. His knowledge is an ill-assorted fagot of quotations; his reasons are mere sounds,—mere echoes of some partially understood remark his acute ear has caught. His temper is apt to be unfavourably affected by his low degree of vitality, which is computed to be on the average fully *one-fifth* less than that of sighted

children. Such is the blind child as he is constantly brought to educational institutions. With such habits of mind and body, it can now be understood that his instruction must widely diverge, not alone from the instruction of seeing children, but even from the instruction of persons once sighted but now blind. This latter class is also represented and furnishes, as may fairly be expected, many pupils of great promise. The difficulties of teaching those, who at their birth, or at their earliest recollections, were blind, and who have since remained uneducated, are incomparably greater than where the eye and other educating influences have at any time been at work. Those neglected blind, though, in age, men and women, are frequently as helpless as infants; they are unable to wash, dress and sometimes to feed themselves; to ascend or descend a staircase. Their muscular system is so relaxed that they cannot lift even light weights; or, if they do succeed in lifting them, they cannot retain them in their feeble grasp. For a considerable time after their arrival they cannot guide or *hold* a lead-pencil, or even pass a wire through as wide an aperture as an ordinary key-ring. So deplorable a state of helplessness is not elsewhere to be witnessed among beings whom subsequent events prove to be capable of high culture and much useful labour. The training of the blind is thus a most extensive and a most difficult field of educational work; much of the soil being still unbroken or beset with weeds that are not *all* indigenous. To understand the present state of the soil we must learn something of the previous husbandry.

The systematic instruction of the blind—not alone literary, but also musical, and technical—is, by general consent, held to have begun in 1784 with the labours of Valentine Haüy, brother of the distinguished mineralogist. A poor waif, Francis Lesueur, blind since he was six weeks old, had strayed from Lyons to Paris, and one October day in 1784 while begging and shivering at a church gate, caught the tender-hearted Haüy's notice. Haüy *bribed* this unsavoury lad to abandon a beggar's life on trial, devoted himself for six months to his culture and produced educational results so novel and marvellous, that by the aid of the 'Societé Philanthropique,' he was enabled within two years to extend the instruction to twenty-four pupils. On the 26th December, 1786, he exhibited before the Court at Versailles the attainments of the pupils in general literary subjects as well as in music. The tender heart of Louis XVI. was fairly won when Haüy laid at the foot of the throne, as a souvenir of this memorable occasion, his now famous '*Essai sur l'Education des Aveugles*,' set up, printed and bound by these blind children, describing the process of their instruction, and ending with a most pathetic appeal to the monarch as their father and protector. Henceforward the youthful blind of France became the wards of the State; and the Royal Institution at Paris became the prototype of all other schools for the blind. Haüy's brilliant success set France, England, and presently all Christian Europe aflame with benevolent ardour towards this hitherto neglected class. English and Scottish institutions sprang up having their roots in private charity —at Liverpool in 1791; at Edinburgh and Bristol in 1793; at London in 1799. Within the next thirty years six additional institutions arose. On the continent as early as 1804, Dr. Klein became the director of a famous blind school in Vienna; and two years later Haüy, by special invitation, founded state institutions at St. Petersburgh and Berlin. This example was speedily followed by Dresden (1809), Copenhagen (1811)—at first a private charity—and other European capitals.

The cause of the English-speaking blind has, to this hour, been most seriously retarded by the erroneous departure taken in the early British institutions. These (except at York and

one or two other places), unlike the Continental Schools, took no higher view of the emergency than to provide some kind of manual employment for the indigent adult blind. They wholly missed the real pith of Haüy's experiments, which conclusively showed—what we are now finding to be universally true of all labour—that successful blind industry must rest on a basis of general culture; and further, that, after skilful training, the youthful blind ought not to require continued residence in any special institution. But, from the very outset, the British institutions were in most cases avowedly asylums, or even alms-houses, whereas the continental foundations were schools. This erroneous departure in Great Britain has confused the entire question, even in minds that understand the difference between the education of the young and the care of the infirm, and understand that the requirements of recruits at Aldershot differ materially from the requirements of pensioners at Chelsea.

Haüy's basis for his entire scheme was the creation of an embossed literature. Continuously since 1784, the blind youth of France have had a supply of relief-books representing a liberal course of culture. A printing press, worked by the blind themselves, has nearly always been busy within the institution walls. The choice of type was, of course, the very first difficulty. Haüy adopted an italic character, which was subsequently modified by both himself and the succeeding director, Dr. Guillié, superseded by Roman type in the hands of the director, M. Dufau; and this in turn was supplanted by the arbitrary point character arranged by M. Braille, which in France still maintains its ground.

For fifty years after these advantages had been enjoyed in France, the English-speaking blind throughout the world remained illiterate. The Asylum at Edinburgh was one of the best, if not quite the best in Great Britain. Yet, in 1826, Mr. James Gall found—and he might have found for years afterwards—the blind inmates there using cords and knots as a substitute for an alphabet. These string alphabets bore the same relation to literary training as wampum belts bear to historical narrative, and both belong to the same stage of intellectual culture. Mr. Gall undertook, at his own private charge, to lead the way to something better. On the 28th September, 1827, he published the earliest embossed book in the English language—*A First Book for Teaching the Art of Reading to the Blind.* Mr. Gall used small Roman letters with angular outlines, but unfortunately, in his earlier imprints, excluded capitals. He succeeded in forming influential committees in Edinburgh and Glasgow, in 1828, and in 1829 and in 1831, publicly exhibited in London the results obtained by blind children who had used his books. These exhibitions kindled a very remarkable outburst of energy throughout the entire English-speaking world. While the previous thirty years had established six Institutions in Great Britain, the next thirty added a score; and, in America, broke ground with the pioneer Institutions at Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Columbus, Staunton, and Louisville. This intense activity sometimes wandered away into mischievous channels, and created many of the pitfalls that still lie in the pathway of the blind. The conflict of alphabets was a special disaster in both its near and remote results. Gall's angular alphabet, which excluded capitals, took deep root in Boston, where Dr. Howe, after reducing its size and pruning off its useless lines, adopted it as the vehicle of his splendid series of publications. Under Dr. Howe's influence, the printing presses of the Staunton Institution and the American Bible Society, also, adopted this 'lower-case' angular character. On Mr. Gall's Glasgow Committee was a Mr. Alston, who at first coincided in Mr. Gall's views, but afterwards became the foster father of a type that in

1837 had obtained for Dr. Fry the special gold medal of the Edinburgh Society of Arts. This alphabet proceeded in precisely the opposite direction from Gall's, excluding lower case (*i.e.*, small) letters and using nothing but Roman capitals. Mr. Alston's publications comprised the Scriptures, devotional works, and a few school books. Towards the printing of these, a subsidy of £400 was contributed by Her Majesty's Treasury. This Alston or Glasgow type found favour at the Philadelphia Institution, and became, through its printing press, the vehicle of a very valuable series of publications including a large *English Dictionary*, in three volumes. The further issue of books at Philadelphia was arrested by a mysterious theft of the entire fount of type. Roman capitals are still exclusively employed in the publications of the Printing Society for the Blind (St. George's Fields, London), which number many thousands of volumes, and commend themselves by their low price.

By the year 1838, Mr. Gall had learned that in the excessively angular outlines of his letters, and in the absence of capitals, he had wandered unnecessarily from the ordinary alphabet used by the seeing, and had placed positive impediments in a blind reader's path. In his subsequent publications, therefore, he retraced his steps, but the false lead he had given seems until lately to have exercised a controlling influence over the Boston press. The divorce of the capital and the small letters came, about this time, to be generally condemned by the blind themselves. We find them reunited in the private publications of Mr. Littledale, a blind gentleman of Yorkshire, and in other similar cases. The Rev. W. Taylor, who was at first one of the most strenuous supporters of Alston's characters, resorted to the combined type in the publications of the Worcester (England) Society for Providing Cheap Literature for the Blind, which was founded in 1866, and which is doing valuable work. The Paris Institution, under the Directorate of M. Dufau, restored the capitals and thus used a combined angular Roman type. In America, precisely the same conclusion has been reached, after trial of the two systems known on the continent as the Philadelphia (capital) and Boston (lower-case) letters.

The combined tppe is thus admitted to be the best of the line alphabets; but just here a serious obstacle comes into view. This alphabet though easily legible to blind persons of delicate touch, is, like all other line alphabets, quite illegible to the hard-handed blind who, unfortunately, are rather numerous, including nearly all who follow basket-making or other mechanical work. Thus at a very early stage, arbitrary alphabets in strong relief began to be devised. Of these the only important are the systems advocated by Lucas, Frere, Moon, Braille and Wait. The conflict of these alphabets with the Roman alphabet and among themselves, has materially retarded the educational prospects of English-speaking blind throughout the world.

Much of the energy that has been wasted in reproducing the same books in rival alphabets, might have been fruitfully applied to the extension of the blind man's library. After nearly a century of philanthropic effort, the embossed books now procurable in England, are sorrowfully scarce—consisting chiefly of the Bible, the Book of Common Prayer, the Psalms in Metre, and a few school manuals and story-books. The Worcester Society has recently extended the literature of the English blind by publishing select works of Goldsmith, Gray, Shelley, Herbert, and Macaulay. The Society has also done excellent service by embossing the texts of Greek and of Latin authors. A princely bequest of £300,000 sterling was lately made to the blind youth of England by Mr. Henry Gardner, who left the particular intent of his benevolence undefined.

The question has come before the Lord Chancellor, and it is to be earnestly hoped that an important part of the bequest will be devoted to embossing in Roman type the masterpieces of our English literature. On this Continent, blind youth are more fortunately conditioned than in Great Britain, for here Institutions are regarded as educational rather than charitable. The range of excellent school-books is much wider, and the typographical execution is all but perfect. English Literature is represented by Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Merchant of Venice*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*; by Milton's entire Poetical Works; by Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*; by Pope's *Essay on Man*; by Byron's *Prisoner of Chillon*, *Hebrew Melodies*, and *Childe Harold*; by Scott's *Marmion*, and *The Lady of the Lake*; by Tennyson's *Enoch Arden*, and *Dora*; by Dicken's *Cricket on the Hearth*, *Child's History of England*, and *The Old Curiosity Shop*; and by tales from Whittier and Hawthorne. In the first years of embossed publications, the work in America fell upon the Institutions themselves, and to this hour the Boston Institution continues to be a centre of publishing activity. The mechanical difficulties that beset this unremunerative book-work are so great that the American Congress last year invested $250,000 for the special assistance of the Louisville Printing House for the Blind, which has now for many years been issuing educational works of the greatest value and importance.

Music often affords to the afflicted an easement of their pain; but to the blind it also frequently offers a means of livelihood. For this latter purpose, the three important branches are tuning, teaching, and organ-playing.

Tuning is pre-eminently a blind man's art. Claude Montal, a student of the Paris Institution, first clearly stated the scientific principles on which the art is based. His public lectures, delivered in Paris, were collected in a treatise, the first edition of which appeared in 1830; and a subsequent edition was awarded a special gold medal in 1862 by the Jurors at the London Exhibition. Siou, the present professor of tuning at the Paris Institute, is blind. At the Boston Institution, Mr. J. W. Smith, who is entirely sightless, conducts this subject with conspicuous ability and success. Mr. Smith's pupils have recently received a practical recognition in Boston, that might well be accepted as a suggestion by many other cities. The Boston School Board employs in its Public Schools, 137 magnificent pianos—45 of them being grand, large sized, and of the very finest construction. On the 1st May, 1877, the Board took the decisive step of entrusting the care of these costly instruments to the blind tuners of the Boston Institution, the contract being placed at $1,200 for the year. And so much satisfaction has been afforded to the School Committee and to the musical instructors, that the contract has been since thrice renewed.

Many of the ordinary piano repairs are also quite within the compass of blind persons; indeed, at Boston and Upper Norwood the construction and repair of pianos are made subjects of systematic training. Montal, the famous piano-tuner, became still more famous as a manufacturer. Indeed, some of the most valuable improvements in modern pianos are due to the training given to this poor, blind boy, at the Paris Institute. In 1842 he patented in France his first efforts for the improvement of the piano-forte. At the Great Exhibition of 1851, he attracted much attention by three cottage pianos of his own construction. He carried off a first-class medal at the Paris Exhibition of 1855. At the London Exhibition of 1862, he exhibited a grand piano and an oblique upright, for which he received distinguished commendation and a gold medal. In these two instruments were for the first time seen some of the most distinctive improvements in modern pi-

anos. His soft pedal (*pédale d'expression*) acted on an entirely new principle by diminishing the range of the key and the hammer. By pressing this pedal, the keys descend, and, simultaneously, the hammers rise, so that in two ways the range of the blow is decreased. The jury, which included such well-known musicians as Sterndale Bennett, Geo. Clerk, F. Gore Ouseley, used these terms in their verdict: 'The action of the mechanism is perfect, and the effect extraordinarily beautiful, as the tone may be diminished to the faintest audible sound, while the facilities of execution are perfectly well preserved. It is by far the most perfect means of producing piano and graduated effects that has yet been devised for the instrument.' Another decisive improvement was his *sustaining pedal (pédale de prolongement)* by which he succeeded in prolonging the sound of any desired notes or chords amid the *perfect stillness* of all the rest. This, up to Montal's time, had not been accomplished by any manufacturer. His instruments exhibited numberless other ingenious contrivances which have now become public property. All this surely vindicates the wisdom of the French Government in their ever-generous support of the Paris Institution. Montal's example has not only shown to Governments the wide world over, how public expenditure for blind men's instruction may be repaid to the public with enormous usury, but it has also nerved poor, despondent, blind youth everywhere to be up and doing. At this moment, in Paris, Krebs, another Institution pupil, is fast following Montal's lead. His piano, exhibited in 1878, received very high commendation. As teachers and organists, blind persons have frequently attained brilliant success. In the early part of the last century, Dr. Stanley, the blind organist of the Temple Church, was considered one of the celebrities of London. Händel himself constantly attended his playing. Within the first quarter of the present century, a dozen distinguished, but sightless organists, could have been counted in the Metropolis itself. Herr Pablasek, in a recent address, cited in a single breath, a group of eminent continental musicians—all blind from childhood—between the earliest and latest of whom scarcely fifty years intervened—Theresa von Paradis, Mdlle. de Salignac, Sophie Osmont, Dubon, Gauthier, Moncouteau, Labor, Lachner. We must not forget, too, that Händel himself was blind towards the end of his life, and that he had to be led to the organ to render his wonderful music. The great master's life had been embittered by the Philistinism of London critics, and, with seeming presentiment of the dread shadow that was swiftly approaching him, he made *Samson* the theme of an Oratorio; just as Milton, when blind and baited by political foes, poured forth his soul in *Samson Agonistes*. In our own day, Professor McFarren has had an experience not dissimilar to Händel's, but with him the darkness came in the morning. All honour to the minds that, when their sun is quenched, bloom in the dark; and like the night-blooming cereus, yield both fragrant and wholesome blossoms!

The industrial training of the blind is too extensive a topic to be discussed at the end of a brief paper. The mechanical skill and the artistic taste of which blind operatives prove capable, are constant matters for fresh surprise. It is quite remarkable how few occupations are really beyond the reach of educated blind persons. Even in art industry the blind have achieved distinct success! Kleinhaus, the famous sculptor of Austria, blind from five years old, was selected by the Emperor, Francis Joseph, to execute his bust. The blind artist's work is much visited at Vienna, and it forms the last of his long series of high-class art products. Kleinhaus died in 1853. In Paris, at the beginning of the century, a blind sculptor Buret obtained

much commendation from the French Academy. And to-day, in the *rue d'Enfer*, may be seen Vidal, a sculptor blind from early childhood, who has won celebrity for his groups in bronze. He particularly excels in scenes of the chase!

In every civilized country, education is now regarded as the birthright of the blind, and not as a charitable donation. The whole course of recent legislation has been in this direction. England has, by four different Acts of Parliament, provided for the literary and industrial training of indigent blind. If they are still neglected, it is due to the Poor Law Guardians who, unfortunately, are by these statutes allowed an option in the matter. The universal movement is now towards compulsory education and compulsory appropriations. In the Belgian Legislature, the blind had the good fortune to be represented by the distinguished orator and statesman Rodenbach, who shared their affliction; and now in both the governmental and municipal budgets of Belgium the education of the blind is an essential feature. The width and depth of the current was shown by the Congress at Paris in 1878. France summoned the nations to discuss the condition of the blind. The response was immediate and cordial. Nearly all the eminent educationists of the blind throughout the world attended. Scarcely a country, though far distant, remained unrepresented. Egypt was there; so was Japan. Even the 'heart of Africa' seems to have been touched by the appeal, for Abyssinia was there. Paris has well earned the right of leading this mighty movement. Away back in the 13th century, she founded, in conjunction with St. Louis, an asylum for fifteen score blind — the now venerable *Quinze-Vingts* which she still maintains and cherishes as a tender page in her long records. In the 14th century, Paris invented a new word, 'philanthropy,' a practical illustration of its meaning having already gone before. After nearly five centuries of reflection, Paris found that an asylum was not the best form of kindness for the blind, and she established the first school for their instruction. With all her levity, Paris has shewn herself a kind mother to the children of sorrow and affliction. By her charitable administration she now imposes on herself a burden of $5,000,000 annually. To the afflicted children gathered within her famous Institution for the Blind, she has offered great advantages. The results of this and of similar benevolence are everywhere visible. The public recognition of blind persons is emphatic. One of the most extensive and best managed railways in France, is administered by a blind man. The late Congress of Educationists at Paris, was presided over by M. Buffon, a namesake and a blind nephew (three generations removed) of the illustrious naturalist, who also in his later life wrote in darkness. In his *Popular Astronomy*, François Arago, after his sight had been eclipsed, conserved for French Science the ripe fruit of the renowned lectures by which he had charmed at the Observatory vast audiences for more than thirty successive years. His more afflicted brother, Jacques Arago, became blind before middle age; but exchanging his artistic pencil for an equally graceful pen, he pursued his explorations, and he has left us some delightful souvenirs of a blind man's wanderings round the world. I have already cited names eminent in music and in art. French literature has been enriched by the sacred orator, J. le Jeune, to whom Massillon owed great obligations; by the brother historians, Thierry; by the poets, Delille, Autran, Deschamps, Heine, and by many other brilliant writers whose misfortune it doubtless was to be blind at all, but whose good fortune it was to be blind in France.

In Ontario our seeing children are by law declared entitled to receive a liberal education. If, by a pitiless law

of statistics, a certain number of these seeing children are blinded in their earliest years, how does that change the obligation? Their minds are now more receptive than before; and now that the dominant sight is dethroned, the subdued senses of hearing and touch become exalted. These unfortunate youths are therefore a highly educable class, and so far from forfeiting that education which our School Law makes their birthright, they ought now to be drawn nearer to the public heart; they ought to become in an especial manner the children of the Province. A large number of youthful blind still lie without the Institution walls, neglected, and year by year sinking into lower mental and physical condition. Many of these ruined bodies and minds that we are now struggling to rebuild were once children of the fairest promise. They are now helpless and almost hopeless. What chance for such unfortunates in the stern conflict of life; and why, by delaying help to the young, furnish more recruits for the same forlorn-hope? Most of these sightless youths are *not blind of intellect*, but merely await timely light to unfold their powers.

'Deliver not the tasks of might
To weakness, neither hide the ray
From those not blind, who wait for day,
Though sitting girt with doubtful light.'

In this favoured Province it ought to be our ambition to lead the world in all educational matters! But let us not delude ourselves. Without more generous expenditure we cannot even keep abreast of the time. *In a fair race*, Ontario thinks her children at least a match for any. Has Ontario the courage of her opinions?

A TEMPERANCE EPIC.

(An Appeal for the Drunkard.)

BY G. G. PURSEY, TORONTO.

"Lead us not into temptation."—*Jesus.*

'TWAS centuries ago—Paradise lost!
Hope of regaining Eden, there was none.
Full many a harvest had been gathered in
Of bitter woe, remorse, disease and death—
Fruit of a broken law, both just and good.

Still leaning on a fragile, broken reed,
Still seeking aid from whence no succour [comes,
Man straitened, cast his longing eyes around,
If haply he might find a remedy,
That would in some degree alleviate
Those dire results, and lull the pangs within.

A cruel Demon, on destruction bent,
Was stalking weirdly up and down the earth,
Watching his opportunity to work
A deadly and infernal scheme, well plann'd,
Which would detroy the last desire for good,
And seal man's destiny for endless woe.

This end in view, a cordial he'd prepared—
potent extract of inverted life,
Whose principle had been distill'd from death,
Which he alleged those properties contained,
That man in his extremity required,
To lubricate the earthclogg'd wheels of life,
Invigorate his spirit, heal disease—
At once the panacea for all life's ills.

With goblet running o'er with sparkling juice
Uplifted high—with fascinating smile,
Persuasive words, affecting sympathy
For man, beneath his burden groaning, sick at heart,
He readily secured an audience
And broached his deep-laid plan to willing ears.
And thus he spake:—'What means that furrowed brow,
That languid eye, that careworn countenance?
What mean those deep drawn sighs, that seem to reach
The inmost chambers of thy tortured soul,
Straining the tissue-fibres of thy throbbing heart?
Hast thou no friend to whom thou canst appeal,

Willing and able to repair thy loss?
Art thou content thus hopelessly to live,
A drudging beast of burden all thy days,
Perpetual toil, no respite, no redress?
Why e'en the elements are chartered to oppose,
And frustrate thy designs and enterprise:
When grisly want impels to delve the soil
And plant the wholesome seed, forthwith spring up
The noxious thistle and the bristly thorn,
Are these with timely thrift plucked by the root,
Straight is withheld the fructifying Sun;
Or else the fountains of the sky are closed;
And should thy husbandry, in spite of this,
Attain at length to full corn in the ear,
Comes then the cyclone or the thunder-bolt,
Crushing at one fell swoop thy cherish'd hopes.
Thy little ones are blighted at the breast,
The partner of thy bosom droops and dies,
And thou art left alone despised, forgot!
No comfort here, no hope of future bliss.

'Would'st, if thou couldst, avert thy dismal doom,
And taste of joys thou hast a right to feel?
List now to my suggestion; I have power,
By virtue of a secret I possess,
To change this gloomy aspect of thy fate,
And turn the tide of sorrow from thy gates,
Show thee bright rays of sunshine through the clouds,
The present light with joy, the future hope;
See! I have here prepared, a simple drink,
Pleasant to taste, delightful in effects;
'Twill nerve supply, and sinew for thy work,
Thy spirit cheer, remove thy load of care,
Bury in deep oblivion all the past.
Open thine eyes to all that's beautiful—
Cause thee to feel the measure of a man,
Come, drink, and prove me, if my words are vain."

Man was beguiled, and took the proffer'd cup,
And certainly the Demon's words were true;
For all the virtues that he claim'd were there,
And more, the long sought remedy was found;
Life, health, and pleasure, this Elixir gave,
Gloomy forebodings turn'd to joyous mirth,
Distracting fears gave place to brightest hope,
All anxious thoughts and pressing cares retired,
'Here's to our friend, who gave us wine,' he said,
'Henceforth our tutelary god is he.'

All this it did, and did it all too well;
When care was banished, banish'd too was love,
Except the love for that which wrought the change;
With love, all disposition to provide
For hearth and home; duty was push'd aside;
Under its influence, men could sit unmoved
And hear their helpless children cry for bread;
Mothers, erstwhile of tender heart, and fond,
Now, strange to tell, forgot their sucking babes;
Man would ignore his sacred nuptial vows,
Woman, incontinent, degrade her sex,
Sons, spurn their aged parents' rightful claims,
Daughters, to virtue lost, desert their homes.

Full well that wily Demon knew the power
Of that fell drug, t' enchain the appetite,
The passions rouse, excite to hellish deeds,
The conscience sear, retain its direful grasp,
And stir up baseness never dreamed before.

The weaker natures no resistance made,
The stronger dallied, and were overcome,
The pure and chaste gave up to wantonness,
Honour and innocence were undermined,
Each added draught from that insidious cup
Welded another link into the chain,
Wreck, spoliation, total ruin, Hell,
Follow'd the wake of that destroying fiend!

Was it not strange, that man with reason blest,
When such results as these had been produced,
Should not at once renounce the fatal cup
And brand the Demon as his chiefest foe;
Turn back again to God's pure gift and free,
The health-imparting, royal, sparkling brook,
In pristine innocence, enough for all?

But strong the manacle, the purpose weak,
And man a slave to sensuality;
Reason and judgment, moral power dethron'd,
His downward course an impetus received,
The wisdom of the ages cannot stay.
Look back through all the generations past,
And trace the record of this crying sin.
Were this the only evil rampant here,
It would alone the book of life deface
With many a blacken'd page of horrid deeds,
And throng the downward road to dusky death.

All down the ages has this curse prevailed,
Leaving an awful train of woe behind;
Thousands of giant minds has it despoiled,
Sparing nor mitred brow, nor crowned head;
Ermine and chasuble together fall,
The priest and people, both alike have erred,
The stalwart yeoman and the brawny serf,
Resign their manhood to this treacherous fiend.
What Empire, Kingdom, Principality,
Or State, this dread usurper overtakes
Will have to face a formidable foe;
A mighty conqueror, whose ruthless hand
Has left its millions reeking in their blood,
And dragged proud kings beneath his chariot wheels,
Emptied the coffers of the merchant prince,
Reduced the affluent to beggary;
And on th' escutcheon of our fair domain,
There is a spot most foul, a fearful blur—
It saps the revenue of any state,
To care for those who care not for themselves,
And yet we put a premium on crime,
To fatten the excise—and fill our jails—
Disease, Death's hydra-headed harbinger,
From this infatuation gathers strength,
Finding recruits in every walk of life,
Stamping out real enjoyment of that boon
So rare, yet so desirable, sound health.

Must this unhappy state of things remain?
Will man who subjugates the elements,

To this vile passion yield obedience?
Soar to the sky upon aerial wings,
Then wallow in the mire among the swine?
Can the vicegerent of this beauteous earth,
Barter his crown for a pernicious drug?
With powers well-nigh divine measure the [stars.
Then in the gutter lie a drivelling sot?

Christians, awake, friends of the fallen, rise
Lovers of right and freedom to the fore !
Advance and with a well directed blow,
Strike at this ruling evil once for all.
The Demon's fancied safe retreat alarm,
Where for long ages he has been enconsced,
Behind the social customs of the state,
Protected by the mighty arm of law,
At every vulnerable point lay siege ;
Until this cruel enemy is crushed.

His votaries on 'liberty' declaim,—
Of 'Tampering with the rights of freeborn men.'
Of freedom, unadvisedly they prate,
And talk of what no real existence has.
Is he in freedom, born with appetites
In the ascendant o'er his moral powers,
Subjected, at life's start, to influences
Which drag him down below humanity?
Is such a one in equilibrium,
Free to choose righteousness, and shun the [wrong?
Once man was free, ere venom coursed his veins,
Before he yielded to the tempter's voice.
In balance then, 'twixt good and evil free ;
But having made sad choice the poise was [lost,
Nor ever will that equipoise be gained,
'Till nature is redeemed, and sin subdued.

What thoughtful parent would obstructions place,
Before his child, essaying to be free
From leading strings? Or who would wilfully
Direct his brother, blind, too near a pitfall,
Saying, 'He's of age, and will his own steps guard?'
Man is but a blind child, his mind befogged.
And step uncertain, not quite safe alone ;
E'en in his highest earthly state, much less
That poor unfortunate, that wreck of man,
Whose human is quiescent, and whose form
Is so distorted, as to seem but as
A soulless vehicle of morbid lust.

—But man is there, though hidden from the sight—
Away in the interiors of the soul,
Guarded by Heaven—sacred to holy things.
There is a secret chamber, closed to sense,
Upon whose plastic walls there are inscribed,
In characters time never can erase,
The innocence of childhood's simple loves,
Each pure affection, every tender thought
Cherished throughout the life, though now forgot,
The impress of a mother's matchless love,
The record of a father's guardian care,
All holy aspirations, good resolves,
However faint or transient they might be,
'Een though, but as the gentle breeze, scarce felt,
Fanning the soul's half wakened consciousness,
Or as the flickering taper on the sight,

All written there, treasured and guarded [there,
Nothing of good too trivial for His care,
For had not He whose will and purpose is
The world's salvation this provision made,
Man would have lost his humanness,
And ceased to be a man. Of mercy this,
For howsoe'er degraded he may be,
He still possesses, though to him unknown,
In charge of Heaven, the basis of a man ;
Although the life apparent be as black
As Erebus, and no redeeming trait appears,
Yet in the stillness of deep solitude,
Or pressed by weight of woe, or trials sore,
That inner door will sometimes be unbarred,
A healthy recollection issue thence,
A gentle whisper from the buried past,
Another call from the now forgotten Heaven,
To turn aside and reason on his state,
And seek deliverance from the galling yoke.

He loudly calls for help ; brothers respond,
Let all who love their neighbour and their God,
And seek our Father's kingdom to advance,
Whose daily prayer ascends before His throne,
That they from evil be released, and led
Not into such temptations as may press
Too heavily upon a weak unguarded spot,
Respond, and help to snap asunder bands
Which, from our apathy, enclose his soul,
And set him free, as love, and truth make [free.

THE HISTORY OF CONFEDERATION.

BY A. V. M'C., WOODSTOCK.

NOW that the last sad rites have been lately paid to one of Canada's statesman, and the lifeless form of one whose memory will long remain fresh in the thoughts of after generations has been restored to the inanimate dust of earth, it may not be uninteresting to take a retrospect of the past history of this country in regard to one of its essential features. It will be well to scan, with an unbiassed mind, the history of the past regarding the great question of Canadian Confederation. Nothing can be fairer than for the impartial observer to give to the statesmen, past and present, who have been instrumental in this great work their due measure of the praise belonging thereto.

It will be remembered that in 1840, a union of the two provinces, then Upper and Lower Canada, was made, with but one Parliament, and with an even representation for both provinces. Then there was no Home Rule, no Local Legislatures, but the entire machinery was worked from the capital. As we have just said, the union involved an equality of representation for each Province. This might originally have been fair, but it soon became a great cause of complaint with Ontario, as that Province pushed forward and excelled in material progress the sister Province. It was soon felt that Constitutional Reform was necessary, and that Representation by Population must be an essential element in that reform. As Ontario increased in material wealth, this was more and more forced upon the public mind and attracted the attention of the public men and the press—'the mainspring of public opinion and thought.' As Sir John Macdonald plainly put it in 1865, the political circumstances of the country had become such, that some remedy must be applied. The existing state of affairs was very unsatisfactory to Upper Canada. Its population had increased far beyond that of Lower Canada, to such an extent, that the system then in force of equal representation by the two provinces, presented somewhat of an anomaly. The late Hon. George Brown led the party from this Province who were clamouring for Reform, and the rugged eloquence and vigorous enthusiasm of that gentleman had awakened us to a sense of the existing defects. The cry of 'Representation by Population' was heard and proclaimed from every hustings in Upper Canada, and was just as vigorously answered by Lower Canada. The Lower Canadians felt that such a reform would entirely reform them out of existence. They felt that the outcome would be constant political warfare between the Canadas—and that one territory—and that their own dear Province—would be governed by another Province of entirely opposite instincts, and that the bitterest struggle that had ever taken place between the two provinces would ensue. There were suggested three modes by which the deadlock then existing, the anarchy then dreaded, and the ends which thus retarded our prosperity, could be averted. These modes, in the words of a Canadian statesmen, were—

First: A dissolution of the existing union, thus leaving the two Provinces as they were before 1841. In regard

to this, it may be said that no large party countenanced such a 'backward' reform, whereby the two Provinces would be put back into the very unsatisfactory and undesirable position they were in before the union in 1841, that our credit would be materially impaired, and that instead of one powerful and vigorous nation, it would create two weak and practically insignificant governments.

Second : Representation by Population, woven in with the existing state of Constitutional Government. The defects, as I have said, in such a system were many. It would have given Upper Canada a governing power over its sister Province; that, under such a state of affairs, it would, if it were to remain intact, slowly but eventually end in the complete overthrow of the peculiar French institutions which were the pride of Quebec, and the gradual assimilation of the laws, customs, rights and privileges of that Province to those of the dominant power, Upper Canada. The two races had thus, and still have, traditions and rights widely diverse in their nature, and it would have been harsh, if not cruel, to have thus bound down our sister Province. Nor could it fairly be expected that Lower Canada, with all her national pride—that pride which is the glory of the French race the world over—would have listened to such a scheme. Her public statesmen, such men as Cartier, Dorion, Holton, and others, who were revered by the French Canadian people, and who were relied upon to protect their interests, would not listen to it. It was felt on all hands, that to have effected such a reform, would have been the worst of tyranny, and would have been but a precursor of violent, nay bloody, conflict between the Two Races.

Third : The last mode, that of a Federal Union, presented the only practicable solution for the impending difficulties. The details, however, of such a union were not likely to be easily settled. Some were in favour of a Legislative Union without local Parliament whatever, while others strongly urged as a panacea for our troubles the existing form of government.

This brings me to the main question of this article. I have shown the great and impending perils that were threatening ruin and dissolution to our fair Canada. I have explained the several remedies proposed, and that the last one presented to the mind of our public statesmen the only full and complete solution for the troubles. I wish now to lead the reader to the consideration of the question, 'to whom is mostly due the credit of bringing to fulfilment this great national scheme.' In order to do this question proper justice, bear with me while I quickly pass in review the many steps taken by our statesmen and others, in which this great reform was ingrained.

The first public suggestion which contained the germ of our new constitutional relations was made by the Hon. Mr. Imlache, a leading politician of Nova Scotia, who submitted to the Imperial authorities a scheme of Colonial Union. But this was so far in advance of public opinion, and I may say, of public requirements, that it can only be looked at as an historical landmark in the study of this great question, and not by any means as having any influence on its growth.

In 1815, Chief-Justice Sewell, a leading lawyer, and public-spirited citizen of Quebec, also moved in the same direction. The year 1822 is the next historical date to which we have to refer, when Sir John Beverley Robinson, acting on a Commission from England, reported in favour of Federal Union.

I come next to a resolution passed in the Imperial Parliament in 1837, which had for its *motif* the remedying of the existing difficulties. Commissioned thereupon by the Government to formulate some scheme for the alleviation of the Canadian difficul-

ties, Lord Durham, in 1839, reported as follows :—

'I am averse to every plan that has been proposed for giving an equal number of members to the two Provinces (Upper and Lower Canada) in order to obtain the temporary end of outnumbering the French, because I think the same object will be attained without any violation of the principle of representation, and without any such appearance of injustice in the scheme as would set public opinion, both in England and America, strongly against it ; and because when emigration shall have increased the English population in Upper Canada, the adoption of such a principle would operate to defeat the very purpose it is intended to serve. It appears to me that any such elective arrangement founded on the present provincial divisions would tend to defeat the purpose of union and perpetuate the idea of disunion.

. . . . .

'How inseparably connected I found the interests of Your Majesty's Provinces in North America, to what degree I met with common disorders, requiring common remedies, is an important topic which it will be my duty to discuss very fully before closing this Report. Again, on my arrival in Canada, I was strongly inclined to the project of a Federal Union, and it was with such a plan in view that I discussed a general measure for the government of the Colonies with the deputation from the Lower Provinces, and with various leading individuals and bodies in both the Canadas.

'But I had still more strongly impressed on me the great advantage of a mutual government, and I was gratified by finding the leading minds of the various Provinces strongly and generally inclined to a scheme that would elevate their countries into something like a national existence.'

After referring to the position of the United States along the whole length of our boundary on the south, and its consequent influence on this country, he proceeds :—

'If we wish to prevent the extension of this influence, it can only be done by raising up for our North American Colonist some nationality of his own, by elevating these small and unimportant communities into a society having some objects of a national importance, and by thus giving the inhabitants a country which they will be unwilling to see absorbed into one even more powerful.

'A union for common defence against foreign enemies is the natural bond of connection that holds together the great communities of the world, and between no parts of any kingdom or state is the necessity for such a union more obvious than between the whole of these Colonies.'

How wonderfully wise are these remarks, and how prophetically has he marked out the feelings of the present Canadian people in regard to our national status. He goes on :—

'The bill (which he recommends) should contain provisions, by which any or all of the other North American Colonies may, on the application of the Legislature, be, with the consent of the two Canadas, or their united legislature, admitted into the Union, on such terms as may be agreed upon between them. As the mere amalgamation of the Houses of Assembly of the two Provinces would not be advisable or give to all a due representation to each, a parliamentary commission should be appointed for the purpose of forming the electoral divisions, and determining the number of members to be returned on the principle of giving representation as near as may be in proportion to population. The same commission should form a plan of local government by elective bodies, subordinate to the general legislature, and exerting a complete control over such local affairs as do not come within the province of general legislation. The plan

so formed should be made an Act of the Imperial Parliament, so as to prevent the general legislature from encroaching on the powers of the local bodies. A general Executive on an improved principle should be established, together with a Supreme Court of Appeal for all the North American Colonies.'

How justly the disputed title of 'Father of our Confederation' should be given to Lord Durham, I will leave to the judgment of the reader of these sentences, written in 1839—twenty-five years before Confederation was actually completed by this wise union of the two contending parties in 1865. This remarkable Report certainly contains all the essential elements of our present system, and besides first suggests to our politicians the scheme of Representation by Population, as applicable to our position.

In 1838, the lamented Bishop of Toronto, John Strachan, writing to the Secretary of Lord Durham, who was seeking expression on the subject from Canada's public men, wrote as follows:—

'I have only to add, that it will be a great pleasure to me to contribute everything in my power, to the prosperous issue of Lord Durham's administration; and if Mr. Pitt considered the constitution which he conferred on the Canadas one of the glories of his life, *what glory must redound to the statesmen who gives a free constitution to the British North American Colonies*, and by consolidating them into one Territory or Kingdom, exalts them into a Nation, acting in unity and under the protection of the British Government; and thus not only ensuring them happiness, but preventing for ever the sad consequences that might arise from a rival power getting possession of their shores.'

Shortly after this, public attention was further called to the importance of the question of Federal Union, by a society which embraced many of our fervent and enthusiastic public men. The leading members of this society—The British Canadian League—were Hon. George Moffat, Thomas Wilson, Hon. George Crawford, Hon. Asa H. Burnham, Mr. (now Sir) John Macdonald, John W. Gamble, Ogle R. Gowan, John Duggan, Hon. Col. Fraser, George Benjamin, Hon. P. M. Vankoughnet, and Mr. Aikman. In November 3rd, 1849, at a meeting of the League, the following resolution was passed:—

'That whether protection or reciprocity shall be conceded or withheld, it is essential to the welfare of this colony, and its further good government, that a constitution should be framed in unison with the wishes of the people, and suited to the growing importance and intelligence of this country, and that such constitution should embrace a Union of the British North American Provinces, on mutually advantageous and fairly arranged terms, with the concession from the mother country of enlarged powers of self government.'

Symptoms of the growth of public opinion on this question now became more frequent, and amongst other expressions of the time I may instance the vigorous and able writings of Mr. P. S. Hamilton, of Nova Scotia, in his letters to the Duke of Newcastle, in 1855. In these letters the subject was very carefully and fully handled, and a good deal of information was brought to light.

We pass on to the year 1856, when the subject was first brought before the Canadian Assembly, by Sir Alexander Galt. This able statesman urged the Federal scheme upon the consideration of the House, in forcible and well chosen language, and by his able advocacy gave an impetus to the realization of the national idea which was generously acknowledged by all at the Quebec Conference. It had not, however, been made an issue by either party, but public thought had been unaltered, and it was being felt that it was the only legitimate remedy for

the inter-provincial difficulties which cropped up day by day. Hon. George Brown was, through the press and on the public platform, pressing upon the people the principle of Representation by Population, and Quebec looked upon that scheme as fatal to its national existence. Shortly after, a little book, 'The New Britannia,' was published by the Hon. Alexander Morris, then M.P., for South Lanark, now M.P.P. for East Toronto. The following quotation will shew the spirit which animates the whole pamphlet :—

'The dealings with the destinies of a future Britannic empire, the shaping its course, the laying its foundations broad and deep, and the erecting thereon a noble and enduring superstructure, are indeed duties that may well evoke the energies of our people, and nerve the arms and give power and enthusiasm to the aspirations of all true patriots. The very magnitude of the interests involved will, I doubt not, elevate many amongst us above the demands of mere sectionalism, and enable them to evince sufficient comprehensiveness of mind to deal in the spirit of real statesmen with issues so momentous, and to originate and develop a national line of commercial and general policy, such as will prove adapted to the wants and exigencies of our position.'

This little book called forth abundant expressions of sympathy and acceptance from the general public, and also received a very eulogistic recognition from the late Hon. T. D. McGee, who used the following eloquent language in noticing the work :—

'Whatever the private writer in his closet may have conceived, whatever even the individual statesman may have designed, so long as the public mind was uninterested in the adoption, even in the discussion, of a change in our position so momentous as this, the union of these separate provinces, the individual laboured in vain—perhaps, sir, not wholly in vain, for although his work may not have borne fruit then, it was kindling a fire that would ultimately light up the whole political horizon and herald the dawn of a better day for our country and our people. Events stronger than advocacy, events stronger than men have come in at last like the fire behind the invisible writing to bring out the truth of these writings, and to impress them on the mind of every thoughtful man who has considered the position and probable future of these scattered provinces.'

We now pass to the year 1858, when we see that great progress in the Constitutional Reform was made. In that year the short-lived Government of the late Hon. Geo. Brown was formed, and one of the planks and endeavours of that statesman and his colleagues was to remedy the existing evils and bring about a Federal union. But the Government's existence was so short that its plans were not fully matured and did not result in any measure or proposition. In the same year a famous despatch was sent to the Colonial Office signed by Sir Alex. Galt, the late Sir G. E. Cartier and Hon. John Ross, members of the succeeding government. This document stated that very grave difficulties now presented themselves in conducting the Government of Canada ; that the progress of population had been more rapid in the western section, and claims were there made in behalf of its inhabitants for giving them representation in the Legislature in proportion to their numbers, that the result is shown in an agitation fraught with great danger to the peaceful and harmonious working of our constitutional system, and consequently detrimental to the progress of the Province ; that this state of things was yearly becoming worse, and that the Canadian Government was impressed with the necessity of seeking for such a mode of dealing with these difficulties as may for ever remove them.

In 1859, the Lower Canada Liberals of the Canadian Legislature is-

sued a very important manifesto from which we cull the following extract :

'Your committee are impressed with the conviction that whether we consider the present needs or the probable future condition of the country, the true, the statesman-like solution is to be sought in the substitution of a purely federative for the so-called legislative union ; the former, it is believed, would enable us to escape all the evils, and to retain all the advantages appertaining to the present union.

* * * *

'The proposition to federalize the Canadian Union is not new ; on the contrary, it has been frequently mooted in Parliament and in the press during the last few years. It was, no doubt, suggested by the example of the neighbouring States where the admirable adaptation of the federal system to the Government of an extensive territory, inhabited by people of diverse origins, creeds, laws and customs, has been amply demonstrated ; but shape and consistency were first imparted to it in 1856 when it was formally submitted to parliament by the Lower Canadian Opposition as offering, in their judgment, the true corrective of the abuses generated under the present system.'

* * * *

'By this division of power the General Government would be relieved from those questions of a purely local and sectional character, which, under our present system, have led to much strife and ill-will.

* * * *

'The Committee believe that it is clearly demonstrable that the direct cost of maintaining both the federal and local governments need not exceed that of our present system, while its enormous indirect cost would, in consequence of the additional checks on expenditure involved in the new system, and the more direct responsibility of the public servants in the Province to the people immediately affected by such expenditure, be entirely obviated.

* * * *

'The proposed system could in no way diminish the importance of the colony, or impair its credit, while it presents the advantage of being susceptible, without any disturbance of the federal economy, of such territorial extension as circumstances may hereafter render desirable.'

This manifesto was signed by Hons. A. A. Dorion, T. D. McGee, L. T. Drummond, and L. A. Dessaulles.

I come now to the great meeting of Reformers of Upper Canada, known as the 'Toronto Convention of '59,' comprising 570 delegates from all parts of the Province. Several resolutions were passed, many of them of not more than party interest or party purpose. Here are the two chief resolutions :

'5. Resolved,—That, in the opinion of this assembly, the best practicable remedy for the evils now encountered by the Government of Canada is to be found in the formation of two or more local governments, to which shall be committed the control of all matters of a local or sectional character, and some joint authority charged with such matters as are necessarily common to both sections of the Province.

'6. Resolved,—That while the details of these changes proposed in the last arrangement are necessarily subject for future arrangement, yet this assembly deems it imperative to declare that no government would be satisfactory to the people of Upper Canada which is not based on the principle of representation by population.'

From this, henceforth, the question came more prominently day by day before the Canadian mind, and more and more generally was this scheme receiving intellectual hospitality from all classes.

The provincial mind, in the words of the eloquent Mr .McGee, had under

the inspiration of this great question, leaped at a single bound out of the slough of mere mercenary struggles for office and was taking part on the high and honourable ground, from which alone this great question could be considered in all its dimensions—had risen at once to the true dignity of this discussion with an elasticity that did honour to the communities which had exhibited it, and which at once gave assurance that we had the metal, the material out of which to form a new and vigorous nationality. The people had been given some sound mental food, and thoughtful and intelligent men had been given a topic on which they could fitly exercise their powers, 'no longer gnawing at a file' and doing battle for mere party factions.

One motive in the expediency of this federated scheme, present to the mind of every Canadian statesman, was the fact that the policy of our American neighbours was always aggressive, and that the acquisition of territory seemed to be a feature of their ambitious existence. It was remembered that the acquisition of our country had been the first aim of the American Confederacy, and that though unsuccessful for the time, no one would venture to declare the continued emancipation of the British American Provinces distinct and disunited. In this connection let me quote the eloquent and statesmanlike words of one of Canada's patriots, Dr. Connolly, Archbishop of Halifax :—

'Instead of cursing, like the boy in the upturned boat, and holding on until we are fairly on the brink of the cataract, we must at once begin to pray and strike out for the shore by all means, before we get too far down in the current. We must at this most critical moment invoke the Arbiter of nations for wisdom, and, abandoning in time our perilous position, we must strike out boldly, and at some risk, for some rock on the nearest shore —some resting place of greater security. A cavalry raid or a visit from our Fenian friends on horseback, through the plains of Canada and the fertile valleys of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, may cost more in a single week than Confederation for the next fifty years; and if we are to believe you, where is the security even at the present moment against such a disaster? Without the whole power of the Mother Country by land and sea, and the concentration in a single hand of all the strength of British America, our condition is seen at a glance. Whenever the present difficulties will terminate—and who can tell the moment?—we will be at the mercy of our neighbours; and victorious or otherwise, they will be eminently a military people, and with all their apparent indifference about annexing this country, and all the friendly feelings that may be talked, they will have the power to strike when they please, and this is precisely the kernel and the only touchpoint of the whole question. No nation ever had the power of conquest that did not use it, or abuse it, at the very first favourable opportunity. All that is said of the magnanimity and forbearance of mighty nations can be explained on the principle of sheer inexpediency, as the world knows. The whole face of Europe has been changed, and the dynasties of many hundred years have been swept away within our own time, on the principle of might alone — the oldest, the strongest, and as some would have it, the most sacred of all titles. The thirteen original States of America, with all their professions of self-denial, have been all the time, by money, by power and by war, and by negotiation, extending their frontier until they more than quadrupled their territory within sixty years; and believe it who may, are they now of their own accord to come to a full stop? No; as long as they have the power, they must go onward: for it is the very nature of power to grip whatever is within its reach. It is not their hostile feelings, therefore, but it is their power, and only their power, I dread; and I now state it, as my solemn conviction, that it becomes the duty of every British subject in these Provinces, to control that power, not by the insane policy of attacking or weakening them, but by strengthening ourselves—rising, with the whole power of Britain at our back, to their level; and so be prepared for any emergency. There is no sensible or unprejudiced man in the community who does not see that vigorous and timely preparation is the only possible means of saving us from the horrors of a war such as the world has never seen. To be fully prepared is the only practical argument that can have weight with a powerful enemy, and make him pause beforehand and count the cost. And as the sort of preparation I speak of is utterly hopeless without the union of the Provinces, so at a moment when public opinion is being formed on this vital point, as one deeply concerned, I feel it a duty to declare myself unequivocally in favour of Confederation as cheaply and as honourably as possible—but Confederation at all hazards and at all reasonable sacrifices.

'After the most mature consideration, and all the arguments I have heard on both sides, for the last month, these are my inmost convictions on the necessity and merits of a measure which alone, under Providence, can secure to us social order and peace, and rational

liberty, and all the blessings we now enjoy under the mildest Government and the hallowed institutions of the freest and happiest country in the world.'

The question now was ripening; the people had begun to look the matter fairly in the face, and were recognising in this scheme the only possible remedy for the troubles. Government after Government took the question in hand. Some were bolder than others, but all recognised in the federal idea the prominent issue before the Canadian people. In 1862 the Imperial authorities sent a despatch to the Governor of Nova Scotia, distinctly giving the British American Colonies direct authority to consider the question of a union, and desiring that the result should be communicated to England.

The Canadians acted on this despatch. The Reformers of Upper Canada authorised the Hons. George Brown, Wm. McDougall, and Oliver Mowat to join hands with their opponents, and coalesce for the common good and for the development of a fair and statesmanlike scheme for the union of the Provinces. The following is the resolution on which these gentlemen acted when they entered the Tache-Macdonald Government:

'Moved by Mr. Hope McKenzie, seconded by Mr. McGiverin:—That we approve of the course which has been pursued by the Hon. Geo. Brown in the negotiations with the Government, and that we approve of the project of a federal union of the Canadas, with provision of its extension to the Maritime Provinces and the North-Western Territories, as one based on which the constitutional troubles now existing should be settled.'

In 1858, Messrs. Galt, Cartier and Ross were sent to England to confer with the Imperial authorities on this question, and to press upon them the spirit of the Governor's (Sir E. Head) speech at the closing of the House that year, which contained the following paragraph: 'I propose, in the course of the recess, to communicate with Her Majesty's Government and the Governments of the sister Provinces on another matter of great importance. I am desirous of inviting them to discuss with us the principles on which a bond of a federal character, uniting the Provinces of British North America, may perhaps hereafter be practicable.'

This was the first time the question had appeared in the Governor's speech. The scheme was ably represented to the Imperial authorities by these gentlemen, and the result of this visit was duly reported to the Canadian Parliament.

When Canada proposed to move in 1859, Newfoundland alone responded; in 1860 Nova Scotia moved in the matter, but New Brunswick alone co-operated. The British Government was leaving the matter entirely in the hands of the Canadians for agreement. By a happy coincidence of circumstances, just when an administration had been formed in Canada to solve the existing difficulties, steps had been taken by the Lower Provinces for a conference on the question of a Maritime Union. Now was the glorious opportunity, and gladly was it seized. The public statesmen of British North America joined hands, forgot their old and bitter opposition, and by united action and generous compromise, the Confederation was practically made a reality. The members went back to their Provinces, and agitated and warmed up the people to a true sense of the great and noble work that had engaged their attention, and the treaty—for it can be called by no other title—was laid before the respective Legislatures.

At the Canadian Session of 1865, the Coalition Government, which had been formed to effect the great end, laid the result of their labours before the representatives for their approval. The Legislature was composed of the very cream of the Canadian intellect and statesmanship, and able and

vigorous were the addresses which marked parliamentary deliberation of the project. The scheme was persistently fought by Messrs. Dorion, Holton, J. Sandfield Macdonald, Dunkin, M. C. Cameron, not so much against the principles of Confederation, but on the question of expediency, of details, &c. I should here give the names of the Coalition Government which effected Confederation, as follows :

Hons. E. P. Tache, Premier ; John A. Macdonald, Atty.-General, West ; Geo. E. Cartier, Atty.-General, East ; Alex. T. Galt, Minister of Finance ; Alexander Campbell, Commissioner of Crown Lands ; Thos. D. McGee, Minister of Agriculture ; J. C. Chapais, Commissioner of Public Works ; Geo. Brown, President of the Council ; Wm. McDougall, Provincial Secretary ; W. P. Howland, Postmaster-General ; H. L. Langevin, Solicitor-General, East ; James Cockburn, Solicitor-General, West.

The debate lasted from February 3rd, 1865, until March 10th, of the same year, when the resolutions were agreed to by the Assembly by a vote of 91 to 33. A committee composed of Hons. Macdonald, Cartier, Galt, Brown, Robitaille, and Haultain, was appointed to draft an address in accordance with the resolutions, and on July 1st, 1867, the Provinces of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick were linked together by the silken thread of mutual love and interest.

'No pent up Utica contracts our powers,
But the whole boundless continent is ours,'

words which we have as fair a right to use as our American cousins. The Confederation enables us to bear up shoulder to shoulder ; it gives us unity, strength and mutual interest ; it nationalises the inhabitant of our hospitable country, be he French, German, Scotch, Irish, English or of what nation soever he may belong ; it gives us a status in the world of nations and binds us closer and in more endearing relations to the Mother Country.

The words of the Hon. Thos. D'Arcy McGee, at the final debate, express so fully the position Canadians occupy that they are deserving of a place here.

'We have no traditions and ancient venerable institutions ; here there are no aristocratic elements hallowed by time or bright deeds ; here every man is the first settler of the land, or removed from the first settler one or two generations at the furthest ; here we have no architectural monuments, calnone of those popular old legends which ling up old associations ; here, we have in other countries have exercised a powerful influence over the Government ; here, every man is the son of his own works. This is a new land—a land of pretensions, because it is new, because classes and systems have not had that time to grow here naturally. We have no aristocracy but of virtue and talent, which is the only true aristocracy, and is the old and true meaning of the term.'

I have now traced the history of this question from the utterances of a Nova Scotian down to its final issue in 1865. I have shewn that to no one man is due the credit of this great work. The result had been brought about by a number of circumstances and the impending conflicts between the two sister Provinces, Upper and Lower Canada ; it was the work of mutual concession and compromise. But noble must have been the motive of our public leaders when old strifes were hushed in the urgent call for reform and when the Hon. George Brown and his colleagues joined hands momentarily with their old opponents for the common good. No mercenary thought stirred that manly action, and for many ages to come the names of the first men in the Confederation Government who brought about this result in a spirit of compromise will be indissolubly linked with Canadian history. But they are gradually passing away from this earth ; still a green spot will be kept in Canadian hearts for these patriots. Taché, McGee, Cartier, Brown—all

have gone to their last resting place and but few of the other leaders remain. These illustrious persons have passed away, some quietly wrapt in naature's soothing sleep; but two have fallen by the cruel hand of the assassin, without seeing the fruition of the great measure to which they had lent such a helping and generous hand.

'I vowed that I would dedicate my powers to thee and thine; have I not kept my word?' seemed to have been inscribed on the tablets of their minds and it is left to posterity to waft back the answer in kindness and fulness of heart.

Sir John Macdonald, Sir Alexander Galt, Sir Charles Tupper, Hon. A. Mackenzie, Sir S. L. Tilley—these men remain to weld more firmly together the great superstructure of Confederation, and to rear upon it an edifice stately and enduring. May they live long to enjoy its shelter and its shade!

VOICES OF THE LOVED ONES.

BY ESPERANCE.

'On the shores of the Adriatic this custom prevails. There the wives of the fishermen come down about sunset, and sing a melody. After singing the first stanza they listen awhile for the answering strain from off the water, and continue to sing and listen till the well-known voices come borne on the tide, telling that the loved ones are almost home.'

BROTHERS, the sunset waneth,
And fadeth the Autumn day,
And soon from the purple hill-tops
The glory will pass away:
E'en now do the crimson streamers
Grow paler, and yet more pale,
And thus it is, also, brothers,
Far off in the dear home vale—
There, out of the humble homesteads
That hide in the valley's shade,
From each of the well-known dwellings
That throng in the hill-girt glade;
E'en down from the hill-side cabins,
In clusters of three and four,
Our loved-ones are flocking onward,
To join on the sanded shore;
There, whilst from the dark'ning hill-tops
The shadows steal athwart the plain,
They'll sing in the deep'ning twilight
To welcome us home again.
Haste, brothers, our nets are laden,
And over the water's breast,
A breeze from the Alpine summits
Is hushing the waves to rest;

Whilst, even as I am speaking,
The heavens grow dull and gray,
The crimson and gold that lit them
Have past from the world away!
For, up through the eastern portals,
Swift stealeth the Autumn night,
Whilst the day, on its downward passage,
Takes with it the crimson light.
Haste, brothers! for they will wait us,
And wonder we do not come;
I know there are two awaiting
To give *me* a welcome home!
The one is a blue-eyed woman,
Her hair in a shining braid,
And—type of its dark-skinned mother—
She holds in her arms a babe.
My cabin is on the hill side,
Inland from the wave-worn shore,
Yet never a night but, landing,
I find she is there before;
My baby will spring to greet me,
And I, in his cunning play,
Will deem that my earth is Heaven,
Forgetting the toilsome day!
But, hearken! across the water,
I fancied I heard the strain
Borne out on the wand'ring breezes,
But now it is still again!......
Yet even again it riseth,
And now it is clear and strong,—
And O, to the weary fisher—
How sweet is that welcome-song!
It tells of the true hearts waiting
With love that can never die—
But, sing! for they cannot see us,
And wait for our glad reply!
Soon, soon we shall land amongst them,
Our children and faithful wives—
God bless them! that thus they lighten
The fishermen's weary lives.

CANADA'S PRESENT POSITION AND OUTLOOK.*

BY PRINCIPAL GEO. M. GRANT, D.D., QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

I HAVE tried to sketch Canada's development, down to the time when she emerged from the status of the ancient French Province, or the British colony hermetically sealed from the sea for six months of the year, into the present Dominion, with a territory about the size of Europe, her frontiers on three oceans, and in possession, for all practical purposes, of political and commercial independence. We have now—as a friend from Maine remarked —'quite a big farm, but it wants fencing badly.' What about the fencing, or the organization, for purposes of government, of our numberless arpents of snow and ice?

We have imitated both the United States and Great Britain in framing our constitution. It is on the federal principle, with the central authority strong, and tending to become stronger. The various Provinces preserve their autonomy for local and private matters, for property and civil rights, and for education. All other important matters are handed over to the General Parliament that meets in the City of Ottawa, and acts through a Cabinet, which, after the British model, may be considered a Committee of Parliament. The limits of the local and of the Dominion authorities, respectively, and the superiority of the latter as regards all questions on the boundary line between the two, are so clearly defined that questions of State rights, or rather Province rights, can hardly emerge, or at any rate become serious. The appointment of the Provincial Governors, and of the inferior and supreme Provincial Judges, as well as of the Judges of the Court of Appeal for the Dominion, is in the hands of the Central Government. All our lawyers look to Ottawa. Our Judges are independent, and are almost our only aristocracy. Though appointed by a Government representing one party in the State, they hold office during good behaviour, and have no temptation to carry their previous political bias to the Bench. The Central Government regulates trade and commerce, navigation and shipping, banking, and everything thereto pertaining. It has also entire control of the war power. If, as Carlyle puts it, 'the ultimate question between every two human beings is "Can I kill thee, or canst thou kill me,"' such ultimate question is not likely to be agitated at any time between a Province and the Central Government. There is no military or naval force of any kind to do the bidding of the Provincial authorities. The sword is indubitably in the hands of the Dominion as a whole. The powers of the General Parliament being so large, the necessity for local parliaments is sometimes questioned. Young men, ardent for a speedy unification of the country, and old men who would model all creation on the British Constitution, as if it had originally been let down from heaven, advocate a legislative union of the Provinces similar to that which binds together England, Scotland and Ireland; with one Parliament to take cognizance of everything not strictly municipal. Practi-

* The fourth of a series of articles on 'The Dominion of Canada,' from the graceful pen of the author of 'Ocean to Ocean,' appearing in *Scribner's Monthly*, with illustrations by Mr. Hy. Sandham, of Montreal. The series, we believe, is shortly to appear in book-form, with the *Scribner* embellishments.

cally, that would be as difficult in our case as the United States would have found it a century ago, or would find it now. The British Parliament, legislating for two small islands, finds itself overworked, though its members work—and without pay—like galley-slaves for more than half the year. It is easy to run up to London from John O'Groat's or the Land's End, but the expense of getting small local Bills through Parliament, is enormous. What would it be in our case! Provincial Legislatures are necessary, but certainly not such as those we have — which, like a well-known class of horses, are 'all action and no go.' Their work, except where it touches on education, is municipal rather than political, but they ape the paraphernalia of the Central Parliament all the same as when they had real power, and fight out trumpery matters as if political issues were involved. What with our Central Parliament and these seven local parliaments revolving round it like satellites round a sun, we Canadians have a governmental machinery as extensive and expensive as the heart of politician could desire. There are signs that even our patient people are getting tired of the burden, and a new party will probably arise on this issue. Very simple machinery would be sufficient for all that our local legislatures have to do. Their revenue comes chiefly from the Dominion treasury, and flows into them without effort. The chief items of expenditure are fixed. More business, and business requiring more thought, is done by many a mercantile house with two or three clerks than is done by several of them; but they maintain party lines with ridiculous tenacity, make political speeches for the electorate, vote themselves large indemnities, and cling to Windsor uniforms, black rods, ushers with swords and all the trappings that may be excused as the gilding of power, but are offensive as the symbols of nothing. A paddle in a birch-bark canoe is better than a steam-engine, and cheaper. The expense at present is incredible. Thus, the three Atlantic Provinces, with a population between them about that of Maine, have three Governors, five or six local houses of parliament, and I shall not venture to say how many heads of departments. Let us stick to the three Governors. Their salaries and the cost of keeping up their residences amount to about forty thousand dollars a year! Maine, I believe, gets a very good Governor—occasionally a duplicate—for one thousand dollars. When the Province of Manitoba was carved out of the unploughed prairie, the Central Government sent a Governor to rule over it with a salary equal to nearly a dollar per head of the population. Think of the poor little Province, not yet out of moccasins, with such finery! This was the doing of one Government. The next bettered the example by sending another Governor, with the usual salary, Windsor uniform, and so forth, to the adjacent territory before it had got even the moccasins on. The Dominion Legislature itself is on the same extensive and expensive scale. Few grudge the fifty thousand dollars that our Governor General receives. He is the personal link between the mother country and Canada. We could not get the right kind of man for less. He is the crown and apex not only of our political edifice—which is on the King, Lords and Commons model—but of our social life as well. His indirect influence and functions are more valuable than those that are expressed in statutes. Having never belonged to either of our political parties, he exercises a powerful influence on both. He can bring the leaders of Government and Opposition together under his roof in circumstances where political differences have to be ignored, and where the asperities of conflict are softened. You see the good features of your adversary through the flowers of the dinner-table, or at bonspiel on the ice, far better than through the thundery

atmosphere of debate, and it is hard to play the irreconcilable with opponents when you ask their wives and daughters to toboggin or dance. Our Governors-General are expected to encourage art, education, and all that tends to develop the higher life of the country; and to diffuse charity as well as hospitality liberally. This they do at a cost that leaves very little of the fifty thousand dollars by the time the year is half over. So that few object to the salary, who consider the circumstances. But in everything else about our Legislature there is room for the axe or pruning-knife. When Dr. Chalmers surveyed the Cowgate of Edinburgh and saw the thousands of dirty, unkempt men and women streaming out of the whiskey shops, his eye glowed with enthusiasm, and turning to one of his city missionaries, he remarked, 'A fine field, sir; a fine field for us!' Certainly, were I a politician, I could wish for no finer field than that which Ottawa presents. The United States think a Cabinet of eight sufficient. We, with one twelfth of the population, surround our Governor-General with thirteen, giving to each of the baker's dozen seven thousand dollars a year, and his indemnity of another thousand. Eight thousand a year in a country where most clergymen have to be content with eight hundred or less, adjutants-general of militia with seventeen hundred, and where bishops, principals of universities, and such like celestial mortals live comfortably on two or three thousand! ' "*Mori*," the more you get, "*pro patria*," out of your country, "*dulce est*," the sweeter it is,' says Mr. Samuel Slick. The thirteen Colonies began with twenty-six senators; we, with seventy-two. Our House of Commons starts with nearly as many members as your House of Representatives now has. At our rate of representation, your House should have some three thousand members. Every man of our three hundred and odd Senators and Commoners gets a thousand dollars for the two or three winter months he spends in Ottawa, besides mileage and franking perquisites. Some of them live the whole year on half the money. But I must not go on, or every politician in the United States will migrate to Canada.

Partly because the Queen has given titles to sundry individuals who are or were politicians, a suspicion seems to be arising in some quarters of the United States that a deep scheme exists for establishing an aristocracy in Canada. No one acquainted with our conditions of living, and with the temper of our people, would entertain such an idea. We are devoted to the monarchical principle, but any aristocracy, save that of genius, worth or wealth, is as utterly out of the question with us, as with you. We think it a good thing that the Queen, as the fountain of honour, should recognise merit in any of her subjects; but such recognitions have to stand the test of public opinion, and except in as far as the titles are upborne by desert, they give no more real weight than 'Honourable' or 'Colonel' gives in the United States. If men will work harder in the public service, inspired by the hope of getting a ribbon, it would be Puritanical to grudge them the reward. Knighthood bestowed on judges or nineteenth-century politicians does seem somewhat of an anachronism. But men are queer creatures and even when they care little for the title, their wives may care much. Educated as she is, the thought of being one day addressed as 'your Ladyship' thrills the pericardial tissues of the average woman. This is about all the title does for her or her husband. It gives neither money, place nor privilege. The idea of a privileged aristocracy, or a court, between the representative of the throne in Canada and our homespun farmers, no sane man would entertain. The fact is, that while we have strong monarchical predilections and traditions, and would fight to the death for our own institutions that recognise monarchical su-

premacy, we are, perhaps, more democratic than you. Our institutions reflect the national will, and our Executive can be unmade in a day by the breath of the popular branch of Parliament. The Executive is composed of men who must be members either of the popular or the senatorial House. There they are during the session. face to face with their opponents, obliged to defend every measure and to withdraw it if they cannot command a majority in its favour. If beaten they must resign, and the Governor-General at once sends for some one who reflects the views of the House more faithfully, and intrusts the seals of office to him. If no one can form a stable government, His Excellency dissolves the popular House, and the people have the opportunity of returning new men, or the old members back again, re-invigorated by their descent among their constituents. The Governor-General, the centre of our government, is fixed and above us. His responsible advisers may remain in office during a lifetime, or may be turned out after having tasted its sweets for twenty-four hours. We have no idea of throwing the central point of government periodically into dispute, and just as little of putting a yoke on our necks that by no possibility can be got rid of till after a term of years. We think that our present system combines the opposite advantages of being stable and elastic, and that there is nothing like it in the world.

When the Queen selected Ottawa as the capital of Canada, loud mutterings rose from cities like Toronto, Kingston, Montreal and Quebec, each of which had previously been the capital for a longer or shorter time, and each of which considered its claim superior to those of a city just being built of slabs away up in the backwoods. But time is vindicating the wisdom of the selection and at any rate Ottawa is certain to be the capital for a century or two, when it may give place to Winnipeg. Without comparing it with Quebec—the historical capital—the site of which is the finest in America, Ottawa can hold its own with most of our cities as regards beauty, accessibility, possibilities of defence, and central position. Two rivers winding through and around it, and tumbling over the picturesque falls of the Chaudière and Rideau, the broken wooded cliffs rising abruptly from the Ottawa, crowned with the magnificent Parliament buildings, the Laurentian range giving a well-defined back-ground of mountain forms, are the features that at once arrest a stranger's attention and that never pall. From the cliffs and from the windows of the Government offices above, a glorious picture is hung up that makes one anxious to be a Government clerk or deputy or employee of some kind or other—the Chaudière Falls, pouring a volume of water almost equal to Niagara into the broad basin below. This, and the view from the Sapper's bridge, redeem Ottawa in my eyes and reconcile me to its being the capital. Of course, I am bound to believe that Kingston should have been chosen, but that 'the king can do no wrong' is an axiom in British law and opinion. Canals, railways and the river give all parts of the country easy access to Ottawa; and though, ten or twelve years ago, it looked more like the back-yard of the Government buildings than anything else, it is becoming more and more a fit centre for the Dominion. In the winter months it is crowded with strangers, lobbyists preponderating, though Rideau Hall, first under the sway of the Dufferins and now with Lord Lorne and H. R. H. the Princess Louise, is a formidable competitor of the lobby, and attracts a different class of visitors. Lord Dufferin, as a wonderful advertising agent, was worth more to Canada than all her emigration agencies. A fair speaker in the House of Lords, the air of this continent, where every man naturally orates, made him blossom out into oratory that surprised those who had

known him best. Having begun, there seemed no end to him. He was ready for a speech, and always a good one, on every occasion. Unless his Irish heart and fancy deceived himself as well as us, he took a genuine pride and interest in Canada, and 'cracked us up' after a style that Mr. Chollop would have envied. Lord Lorne is not equally florid or exhaustless and we like him all the better. The mass of our people are very plain, matter-of-fact farmers, and it is questionable if they ever fully appreciated Lord Dufferin. They read his wonderful speeches and did not feel quite sure whether he was in fun or in earnest, whether he spoke as a business man, or post-prandially and as an Irishman. They only half-believed that they were the great, good and generous people he declared them to be, or that they had such a paradisaical country as he constantly averred. Never could man make a summer more readily out of one swallow, than Lord Dufferin. Under his magic wand long winters fled away, or forty degrees below zero seemed the appropriate environment for humanity; snow-clad mountains appeared covered with vineyards, and rocky wildernesses blossomed as the rose. Our terribly prosaic people were just beginning to get slightly tired of the illimitable sweetmeats and soap-bubbles, and even to fancy that the magician was partly advertising himself. Lord Lorne is commending himself to them as one determined to know facts, anxious to do his duty, and not unnecessarily toadying to the press. He and his wife are already exercising a salutary influence on Canadian society. I do not know if the citizens of a republic quite understand the feeling of loyalty that binds us to a House that represents the history and unity of our Empire, and how the feeling becomes a passion when the members of that House are personally worthy. A thrill of subdued enthusiasm runs through the crowd in whatever part of Canada the Princess appears, simply because she is a daughter of the Queen; and when it is known that her life and manners are simple and her own household well managed, that she is a diligent student, an artist and a friend of artists, and that her heart is in every attempt to mitigate the pains and miseries of suffering humanity, she leaps into the inmost heart of the people, and they rejoice to enthrone her there. The spirit of chivalry, far from being dead, has gone beyond the old charmed circle of noblesse and knights, and found its home among the common people. The influence of such a Princess, especially over our girls, before whom a worthy ideal is set by the acknowledged leader of fashion, is one that no true philosopher will despise. Many of us are grateful for such an influence in a new country where the great prize sought is material wealth, its coarse enjoyment the chief happiness dreamed of by the winners, and opportunities of selfish idleness and dissipation popularly considered the boons enjoyed by their sons and daughters; where the claims of culture are apt to be overlooked in the struggle against nature, and the laws of honour disregarded in the contest for place. What Shakespeare says of Queen Elizabeth we apply to our own Princess:

> 'She shall be * * *
> A pattern to all princes living with her,
> And all that shall succeed * * * Those about her
> From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
> And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.'

Whatever influences society in Ottawa, will reach over the country, for the capital is becoming more than the political centre of the Dominion. Our legislators come from the people, and we need not be ashamed of the *personnel* of either House. In Canada as in Great Britain, the best men are willing to serve the state, and a stranger who judges us by our legislatures will not go far astray. They are di-

vided into two great parties, and each party includes representatives of the various denominations and races that compose our people. The dividing line between them is neither race, nor religion, nor geography. It is some times difficult to know what the dividing line is, yet the necessities of party so completely prevent them from splitting up into the various sections and cross-sections to be found in the legislatures of France and Germany, that, as in great Britain and the States, independent members are few in number. With us, too, the 'independents' have the rather shady reputation of being waiters on Providence or sitters on the fence.

After confederation, the main question between the two great political parties turned on the best method of constructing the Canada Pacific Railway. During the discussion, the Liberal Conservative leaders fatally compromised themselves with a would-be contractor, and a general election in 1873, sent the Reformers into power with an enormous majority. In 1878, a fiscal question predominated over all others. The Reformers contended that Canada's industry and commercial policy should be determined generally by the principles of free trade. The Liberal Conservatives urged 'a national policy.' At the general election, all the Provinces—New Brunswick excepted—voted heavily in favour of the national policy. Several facts indicate that this decision reflected more than a passing sentiment on the part of the people; and that, though details may be changed from year to year, the two principles will be kept in view of 'measure for measure' with all neighbours, and the adjustment of the tariff so as to foster industries suited to Canada. For instance, the great Province of Ontario, which always gave a majority to the Reformers, deserted its leaders on this question, and returned Liberal Conservatives in the proportion of three to one. Again, the Province of Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island are historically and naturally free-traders, but they, too, gave large majorities in favour of the national policy. To understand the full significance of the position taken, it must be remembered that almost all our public men had previously been free-traders. We have few independent thinkers, and are accustomed to take our opinions on most subjects from England. Probably nineteen out of twenty writers there are not only free-traders, but consider belief in protection, more absurd than belief in witchcraft. It is no longer

> 'Jew, Turk or Atheist
> May enter here, but not a Papist.'

Any one may enter good society in Great Britain but a protectionist. For all purposes of trade, it is held that nations do not or should not exist. Various causes predisposed us to hold the same views on the subject. Being in favour of maintaining our connection with Britain, there was no desire to adopt a radically different commercial policy. The desire was all the other way. Besides, the arguments in favour of free trade as the right system for all nations are demonstrable. Every one must admit that confining ourselves to the region of abstract principles, the protectionist has little to say for himself; that the truths of free trade are truths of common sense; that it would be well to have trade as free and unfettered as labour; that when trade is free the buyer and the seller are benefited, and that when it is shackled both are injured. Most persons also admit that protection is not a good thing in itself; that it is, at the best, only a weapon of defence or retaliation, and that it is intended to be temporary; that its general effect is to enrich the few at the expense of the many, and that its tendency is to form rings to control legislation in the interests of the few. All this was understood thoroughly, yet the Canadians voted protection with an enthusiasm quite perplexing when we consider what evoked the enthusiasm.

Bishop Berkeley once started the question of whether it was possible for a whole nation to go mad. In the judgment of an orthodox free-trader or an ordinary Englishman, the Dominion must have gone mad in 1878. The great aim of politicians and people in England is to get taxes reduced. A Ministry trembles for its existence if it imposes an additional tax. But here the general cry was 'Increase the taxes!' The great dread of the people was that the men they had returned to Parliament would prove false to them by not taxing them enough. And when new duties were imposed and old duties doubled, enthusiastic votes of thanks were sent from popular associations to the Cabinet Ministers for so nobly redeeming their pledges. It was altogether a very curious phase of national sentiment.

How did the thing come about? Temporary and permanent causes cooperated. Financial depression made many people willing to try a new policy. Some believed that it was possible to get rich, not only by the old-fashioned ways of working and saving, but by a new patent according to which everybody would take from everybody, and yet nobody be any the poorer. Then, with the debt and expenditure of the Dominion increasing and the revenue decreasing, we had the unpleasant fact of annual deficits to face. Since the formation of the Dominion, its debt has nearly doubled, and at the present rate of increase it will soon be equal per head of population to yours, with the important difference that in the United States the debt is becoming smaller, while the revenue shows remarkable elasticity, whereas in the Dominion prospective liabilities are indefinite, and revenue can be increased only by fresh taxes. Neither of the two political parties proposed to diminish expenditure, and as additional revenue had to be raised, a cry for re-adjustment of taxation, with the object of fostering native industries, could plead a solid basis of necessity as a justification. Two other causes co-operated. In this, as in all other important steps taken by them in political development, Canadians have been greatly influenced by the example of the United States. Half a century ago, the spectacle of a people on the other side of what is only a 'line,' self-reliant, self-governing and prosperous, had much to do with determining us to have a government responsible to ourselves. Again, the national spirit evoked in the United States during the civil war influenced us toward confederation. We saw on a grand scale that, where the dollar had been called almighty, national sentiment was mightier. Canadians, with such an example before them, could hardly help feeling that they must rise above petty provincialism, and aim at being a nation. In the same way, they felt that if a protectionist policy was good for you, it must be good for them. They are quite sure that, whether you can do other things or not, you can do business, and that you seldom get the worst of a bargain. Certainly, if imitation be the sincerest flattery, they ought to get the credit of being your greatest admirers. Along with the feeling that it would be wise to imitate, was a soreness begotten of the fact that they had tried to charm you into free trade or reciprocity, and had failed. You would not reciprocate their semi-free-trade attitude. The Canadian manufacturer waxed angry, and even the farmer became irritated. The manufacturer saw that if he established himself on one side of the line, he had forty-four millions of customers, and if on the other side he had only four millions; and, still worse, that his rival, who had forty millions as a special market, could afford to 'slaughter' him who had no special market at all. And the farmer felt that his neighbours would not likely tax his grain unless it was their interest to do so, and argued accordingly that it must be for his interest to tax their grain as much as

they taxed his. As a matter of fact, such notions influenced the average bucolic mind. Besides, there is a certain satisfaction to human nature to hit back, even though it may injure rather than benefit. Nations have not got yet beyond the spirit of the Jewish code of an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth. Perhaps few have got so far. Another cause that made the proposal of a national policy popular was the distinctively Canadian spirit that is growing stronger every year. Men in whom this spirit is strong believe that each country must legislate entirely with a view to its own interests; and that if Great Britain found free trade beneficial, and the United States found protection necessary, Canada might find a mixture of the two best adapted to its special position. These men were irritated at the patronizing language too often used by British newspapers, and at the inconsistent language of politicians of the Manchester school, who with one breath declare the colonies useless to the Empire, and with the next express amazement that they should presume to understand their own business, and to act independently in fiscal matters. The changes recently made in the tariff will have, at least, the one effect of teaching all concerned that Canada, like the mother-country itself, studies what it considers its own interests, and does so in the faith that what benefits it most will in the long run benefit the Empire most. Any other relationship in fiscal matters between Canada and the rest of the Empire, must be matter of special agreement. Until such is come to, the present relationship of commercial independence must continue.

It is interesting to note how the countries most concerned have taken this change of fiscal policy on our part. You, on the whole, have recognised our right to cut our coat according to our cloth and according to our fancy. You have been accustomed to do so yourselves, and must have wondered at our entertaining the question, 'Will other countries be offended if we act as if we were no longer in a state of commercial pupilage?' But Manchester has scolded as it never scolded before. Mr. John Bright declares that our present trade policy is not only injurious to the inhabitants of the Dominion,—poor children, who cannot take care of themselves,—but that, 'if persisted in, it will be fatal to its connection with the mother-conntry.' There is the shop-keeper's last word to his pastor—'If you don't deal at my shop, I will leave the church.' If the life of a man could be summed up in the one duty of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market, a change in the Canadian tariff might break up that wonderful thing called the British Empire. But only Manchester thinks so and Manchester is not the Empire. You are far more guilty of the deadly heresy of protection than we. But of you, Mr. Bright writes more in sorrow than in anger. Of us, always more in anger than in sorrow.

Whether the change in our trade policy will prove beneficial to the Canadian people, or the reverse, I will not predict; but it is safe to say that in spirit it will be continued henceforth, except in so far as it may be modified by treaties. There is now on our statute-book a resolution to the effect that, as you lower duties on our products, we will lower duties on yours. We thus hold out the flag of peace. But the tendency of the present state of things is not only to hamper free intercourse between two peoples who should be one for all purposes of internal communication, but to build up new walls between them. The longer men build at these the higher they make them, until, at length important interests in Canada will be opposed to every form of reciprocity.

Besides, the Treaty of Washington did not settle the fishery question. And surely the time for a satisfactory settlement has come. All the points

in dispute, the question of headlands and bays especially, are as much in dispute as ever. After 1883, when the present term of occupation for which you have paid us terminates, they will crop up again. The responsibility rests upon you as it is your turn to take the initiative.

The commercial relations of Canada are simple and easily understood. Our trade is pretty much confined to three countries,—the United States, Great Britain, and the West Indies. The commercial capital is Montreal. A walk in spring or autumn along the massive stone wharfage that lines the glorious river, flowing oceanward with the tribute of half a continent, is sufficient to show its unrivalled facilities for trade. A dozen lines of ocean-going steamships are taking in cargo, and improvements are projected to afford indefinite expansion for others. But Montreal has the great disadvantage of a long winter to contend against. The contrast between October and January is the contrast between life and death. Quays, docks, sheds, and everything else up to the revetment wall have been wiped out. The ice-covered river has risen to the level of the lowest streets, and an unbroken expanse of ice and snow stretches up and down and across to the opposite side. Business has fled, except that which keen curlers delight in, with the thermometer at 20° below zero. In April, the ice begins to groan, melt and shove. Everything that resists has to yield to the irresistible pressure, and, therefore, everything had been removed in time. Huge cakes pile above each other, and, as the river rises, the lower parts of the city are often completely inundated. Scarcely has the ice commenced to move, when the labourers are at work fitting the sections of sheds, clearing the railway track, and putting the wharves in order for the spring work. The channels of trade open, and life throbs again in all the arteries of the city.

Montreal abounds in contrasts. Nowhere else in America are past and present to be seen so close to each other. Landing near the Bonsecours Market, from the steamer in which you have run the Lachine Rapids, everything speaks of nineteenth-century life and rush. You have just passed under Victoria Bridge, one of the greatest monuments of modern engineering skill, and steamers are ranged along the extensive wharfage as far as the eye reaches. But go up the lane leading to the quaint, rusty looking Bonsecours Church, hard by, and at once you find yourself in the seventeenth century. A small image of the Virgin, standing on the gable nearest the river, points out the church, which otherwise would be scarcely distinguishable from the ruck of old buildings built all around and on it. Pass the queer little eating-houses and shops, thrown out like buttresses from the walls of the church, and turn in from the busy market to say a prayer. The peasants who have come to market deposit their baskets of fish, fruit, or poultry at the door, and enter without fear of anything being stolen while they are at their devotions; or sailors, returned from a voyage, are bringing with them an offering to her who they believe succoured them when they prayed, in time of peril, on the sea. Inside, you can scarce believe you are in America—you are in some ancient town in Brittany or South Germany, where the parish church has not yet been desecrated by upholstery or modern improvements. The building, and everything in and about it, the relievos on the walls, the altar, the simple but exquisite antique pulpit, are a thousand times more interesting than the huge, stiff towers of Nôtre Dame and the profusion of tawdry gilt and colour inside, which everybody goes to see, while not one in a hundred has heard of the Bonsecours Church. The cathedral and the Jesuits' church are loudly modern; but the Bonsecours—though

the old church was burnt in 1754—takes us back to the past, and reminds us of Marguerite Bourgeoys, who laid the foundation-stone more than two centuries ago. The Baron de Fancamp gave her a small image of the Virgin, endowed with miraculous virtue, on condition that a chapel should be built for its reception in Montreal. Gladly she received the precious gift, and carried it out to Canada. As enthusiastically, the people of Montreal seconded an undertaking which would bring such a blessing to the city. From that day, many a wonderful deliverance has been attributed to our Lady of Gracious Help. No wonder that the devout French sailor, as he goes up and down the river, looks out for the loved image and utters a prayer to Mary as it comes in sight.

From the Bonsecours (the first stone church built on the island), a short walk along St. Paul Street (the street that constituted the city at first) leads to Jacques Cartier Square, where Nelson stands with his back to the water—the first time he ever stood in such a position, as an old salt grumbled when he saw the monument. Passing around the corner to the magnificent new City Hall and the old Government House opposite, where Benjamin Franklin set up a newspaper with the remark that, if Canada was to be Americanized, it would be only through the printing press, a semi-subterranean smithy suddenly arrests your attention. The sight and the sounds are so unexpected in such a centre that you look down. Through the horses, carters, and rows of horse-shoes hanging from the low roof, you see that the modern blacksmith has taken possession of one of the old, strongly-built, arched vaults where the Government long ago kept its archives and other valuables. Here, too, the past and the present are clasping hands, for the current of life, running more strongly, has the same colour and direction as in Franklin's day. The French tongue is universally spoken, and the Ultramontane, conversing with his compatriots, still speaks of Englishmen in Canada as foreigners.

The west end is altogether another city. Formerly some of the best French families lived here, but gradually they moved away to the east end, drawn by the influences of race, religion, traditions and sympathies. The splendid mansions on Sherbrooke Street are occupied by English and Scotch merchants; and the Windsor is an American hotel after the best model. But, go where you will in Montreal, it is not possible to forget that you are in a Roman Catholic city. A group from the Seminary; a procession of Christian Brothers; a girls' school out for a walk, with softly-treading nuns quietly guiding them; a church near the Windsor silently taking form in imitation of St. Peter's; the Hôtel Dieu; the enormous and ever-growing establishment of the 'Sœurs Grises,' who care for every form and class of suffering humanity, from helpless foundlings to helpless second childhood;—thus by matchless organized bands, in mediæval garb, shaping the lives of the boys and girls, and by stone and lime on a scale that Protestantism never attempts, Rome everywhere declares herself, and claims Montreal as her own.

Toronto considers itself the intellectual capital of Canada, grudgingly acknowledging Ottawa and Montreal as, in the meantime, the political and commercial centres. University College is a noble building, and respectably endowed. The Act of Confederation left education in the hands of the respective Provinces, and as there is no uniformity in laws or practice, a separate article would be needed to do justice to the subject. The general principles of the educational system of Ontario and the Maritime Provinces are those that prevail in the United States. All public schools are free, are supported chiefly by local rates, and the rate-payers elect trustees to manage the schools. The main differ-

ence between the Provinces which I have specified, is that in Ontario education is not only free but—if the bull be permitted—compulsory, and that Roman Catholics who desire to establish separate schools with their rates may do so where they are strong enough to support them. In such localities, the school-rates of those who desire a separate school are collected for that purpose, and those schools share in the legislative grant in proportion to their attendance. In the Province of Quebec, the religious principle divides the public schools into two classes still more markedly. A council of public instruction appointed by the Provincial Government is divided into two committees—the one with certain powers as far as schools for Roman Catholics are concerned, the other with similar powers over the Protestant schools. Local boards are constituted on the same principle of division according to religion, but as in most parishes there is only the one church, and the masses are devout and submissive, the schools are practically in the hands of the hierarchy. Their condition is far from being satisfactory, except in the principal cities, where co-ordinate boards exist side by side, and where enough of wholesome rivalry exists to insure a measure of excellence.

In Montreal, the system, so far as the Protestant community is concerned, is as perfect as in the best cities in Ontario, the course from the common schools to the University being open to all, and free the whole way up to every promising scholar. While elementary schools have always been defective in quality and quantity in Quebec Province, it is otherwise as regards provision for the higher kinds of elementary and collegiate education. Classical, industrial, commercial and theological colleges are to be found in every centre, connected with one or other of the various educational communities that the Church encourages, and with every Bishop's See. In these institutions the children of the best families and promising boys obtain an education which, though neither comprehensive in range, nor scientific in method and spirit, equips them fairly for their proposed work in life, and enables them to appear to advantage in the world and in Parliament. The French members of the legislature are a better average in point of education than the English. They are certainly their superiors in precision and elegance of language. In founding institutions for higher education, the Protestants of Quebec have not shown as much liberality in proportion to their wealth as the Roman Catholics. The rich Montreal merchants, who have built palatial residences for themselves by the hundred at the foot of the mountain, have done comparatively little even for McGill College. The Scotchman who founded it more than half a century ago built for himself a monument more lasting than brass; but few of his fellow-citizens have been animated by his spirit. But with scanty means McGill has done first-rate work; and when Dr. Dawson became Principal it got something better than money.

Education in Canada is left to the respective Provinces. Religion, except in Quebec Province, where the Church of Rome reigns over homogeneous masses of submissive children and enjoys a semblance of State Churchism, is left to the individual. With us, as with you, the fruits of individualism are seen in the multiplication of sects, and in the keen rivalry existing between them that leads to the erection of half a dozen churches, and the genteel starvation of half a dozen ministers, in almost every village. It is instructive to note the different outcome of the principles of Protestantism in Germany, in Great Britain, and on this side of the Atlantic. We see how the same fundamental principles are modified by the character of peoples and by their historical developments. In Germany an almost boundless liberty of thought

in theology is allowed within the Church. The results of scholarship, and theories on the results, are published without fear of consequences, while in outward things the Church is bound hand and foot, and works simply as the Government's moral police. There is no dissent to speak of. The Church represents whatever spiritual force there has been, or is, in each kingdom or duchy; and the churches to-day are geographically and in all outward things, about as the Peace of Westphalia left them, though the state of theological opinion varies with every generation.

In Great Britain the established churches enjoy more outward liberty, and allow less liberty of thought than in Germany; they include great varieties of theological opinion, but this is made ground of serious reproach against them by vigorous dissenting organizations that constitute an important element in the spiritual life of the nation. There are religious circles in England and in Scotland that assume that the Church ought to be based on peculiarities of dogma, ritual and discipline, and not on the broad principles of Christianity, and that anything like breadth is inconsistent with moral and spiritual earnestness. In Canada, as in the United States, no Protestant church has any official recognition or advantage above another, and our boundless liberty of organization has led to the formation of sects representing every variety of opinion. Astonishing outward religious zeal and clattering activity has been generated by our 'fair field and no favour' plan. Each sect feels that, if it is active enough, the whole country may be won over to its side. Half a dozen zealous men, or half the number of zealous women, will build a church, with a mortgage on it, probably, and engage a minister who well knows that, whether he quickens spiritual life or not, 'them pews must be filled.' A competition among ministers is insured, in which the sensitive and honourable often come off second best. People who have made large money sacrifices for the sect are not inclined to belittle its peculiarities. The sect is 'the cause,' and the cause is the Lord's. The old idea of the Church as the visible body of Christ, including all who are professedly His, and all who are animated by His spirit, is lost. A church is merely a club, with its well-defined constitution and by-laws. If you think outside of these, you must leave the club, and form or join another, or live without connection with any club ecclesiastical. That our condition of things is favourable to the development of sects is undoubted. Whether, notwitstanding the advantage of free church government, it is more favourable to the growth of true religion than even the condition of things in Germany, may be doubted. The German army marched in the last war to the tunes of popular hymns as often as of patriotic songs. Their serried ranks swung into Metz singing a grand old hymn dear to the heart of every true son of fatherland. Would or could a British or American army do likewise? But the church of the future has not taken shape yet, in the old nor in the new world.

In Canada, there is little theological scholarship and less speculation. I am not acquainted with a Canadian author or volume known in Europe, so far as these departments of literature are concerned. It may be that the churches have too much rough missionary work on their hands to give their strength to scholarship; or that the conditions of things in the churches do not encourage independent thinking; or that nineteenth-century mental and spiritual inquietude has not yet influenced the Canadian mind. The people generally are attached to Puritan and evangelical theology, and possess much of the old robust faith. They contribute with extraordinary liberality to build churches, and, according to their means, to support the minis-

try. The trouble is that in many places they have too varied a ministry to support. Many of our ecclesiastical edifices, notably the Anglican cathedrals of Fredericton and Montreal, and the Scottish (St. Andrew's) churches of Montreal and Toronto, are as perfect specimens of architecture, after their kind, as could be desired.

Robust health characterizes the Canadians, not only religiously, but from whatever point of view you look at them. The world has no finer oarsmen than those of Halifax, St. John, and Lake Ontario. A look at the crowds who throng the fairs held every autumn near the chief centres, or at the army of the Ottawa-river lumbermen, or at our volunteer reviews, is enough to show that they 'bulk largely in the fore-front of humanity.' That they preserve the military spirit of their ancestors, recent instances evidence. On the occasion of the last Fenian raid, companies of militia, supposed from their muster-rolls to represent ten thousand men, were called out. Making allowances for absentees, cases of sickness and other causes, a total of eight thousand were expected to appear at the rendezvous. Instead of eight or ten, fourteen thousand actually presented themselves. The explanation is that clothing is issued to the companies every third year. As new men take the place of those who from year to year drop out, the company is maintained at the regular rate; but, in every district, members whose names are not retained on the rolls keep their uniforms. When there was a prospect of service, these oldsters flocked to the standard, and companies appeared with double their normal strength. Two Irishmen were looking out for a good point from which to see a steeple-chase. 'Mike,' exclaimed one, as they came to the worst-looking ditch, 'here's the spot for us; there's likely to be a kill here, if anywhere.' Our volunteers are as eager to be in at the death as if they were all Irish. Four years ago, the Government established a military college at Kingston, on the model of Woolwich and West Point, for training officers. As we had no standing army, it looked like a case of putting the cart before the horse, and 'they' said that young men would not attend when no prospects of future employment were held out. But young men of the best class are eager to attend. The institution is well officered and has about a hundred cadets. I do not know what examination is required before entering West Point, but the standard at Kingston is lower than at Woolwich. The duty of self-defence has been imposed by the Imperial Government on Canada, as part of a predetermined policy, and the duty has been cheerfully assumed. This is simply another step taken in the course of our development from political nonage to the full responsibilities of maturity, and, like all the previous steps, each of which was thought dangerous at the time, it has had the effect of binding Canada more firmly to the Empire. The opponents of responsible government declared that it meant the creation of several little provincial republics. The opponents of confederation argued that it involved separation from the Empire. When Great Britain withdrew her regiments from the inland Provinces, and sold or shipped off even the sentry-boxes, people on both sides of the water asserted that this, at any rate, meant the dissolution of the Empire. And when a change is made in our tariff, or when an official has his salary diminished, Cassandras all round prophesy that this must lead to separation. Yet Canada is more in love with the old flag to-day than ever, and though the general commanding bitterly complains that the militia vote is always the one most easily reduced, the real reason is not indifference, but a sense of security. Some companies of mounted police to protect and watch the Indians in the North-West, two batteries of artillery stationed re-

spectively at Kingston and Quebec, and an effective militia of 40,000—the whole costing about one million dollars a year—constitute the present war power of the Dominion. In case of need the militia could be increased indefinitely. The warlike spirit of the people and their sympathy with the mother-country were shown two years ago, when the Eastern question seemed likely to culminate in war with Russia. Though it's a far cry from Canada to Constantinople, ten thousand of the militia volunteered for service, and had war broken out, their offer would have been accepted.

And what as to the probable future of this 'Canada of ours?' The preceding articles indicate the point of view from which I am likely to regard such a question. Attempts have been made to enlist popular sympathy in favour of schemes of independence, annexation, Britannic confederation and the like, but in vain. None of these schemes has ever risen to the dignity of the hustings or the ballot-box. They have all been still-born. No interest has been taken in them by the people. Canadians, like all liberty-loving people, are keen politicians. In this respect we err by excess rather than defect. We have too much politics. Our press takes up nothing else heartily. Give a practical question, and the country will ring with it to the exclusion of almost everything else. Let a statesman propose to the people a remedy for one of the evils of their present constitution or condition, such as sectionalism or over-government and they will deal with it intelligently. But they calmly ignore fancy politics. And just as a healthy man does not know that he has a stomach, so the best sign of their robust political health is that eloquent writers cannot persuade them that their present condition involves serious dangers, and that something dreadful will happen unless they tack, or back, or do something heroic.

Some years ago the Canada First party was supposed to favour independence, but they rid themselves of the imputation, and the common sense of the people rejected the scheme before it was formulated. To break our national continuity! Did any people ever do that in cold blood? To face the future with a population of four millions scattered over half a continent, whereas we now belong to an Empire of two or three hundred millions! Would we be stronger in case of war, or more respected in time of peace? Would we govern ourselves more purely or economically, or would there be more avenues of distinction open to our young men?

Mr. Goldwin Smith, who formerly advocated independence, believes that annexation is inevitable. Mr. Smith's literary ability is so marked that everything he writes is widely read; but in his estimate of the forces at work he has never taken full account of the depth and power of popular sentiment. One of his phrases indicates that he could understand if he would. Referring to extravagant English eulogies on Lord Dufferin, he remarked that Lord Dufferin had as much to do with creating Canadian loyalty, as with creating the current of the St. Lawrence. The illustration is a happy one. The force of the most deeply seated sentiment, like that of a mighty river, is seen only where something opposes itself to the current. Cotton is king, it used to be said. Every one thought so, but when action was taken accordingly, a kinglier power made light of cotton. Sentiment is the strongest thing in human nature. It binds the family and nation together, and rules the world. Where true and deep sentiment exists everything is possible. 'But see how—as in your trade policy—sentiment gives way to business considerations,' it has been said. It does not give way. A more vulgar fallacy was never put in words. Because a bank manager refuses to give special accommodation to his father, is he necessarily unfilial? Canadians are wil-

ling to entertain any proposals that the Mother Country may make with regard to closer political and commercial relations. These must be, not on the old basis of dependence, but on the present basis of equality. And such proposals may be made before long. If not, why then a century or two hence we may set up house for ourselves. In the meantime, we give affection for affection, and share the fortunes of the Mother Country and the dangers of our connection with her.

Toward the United States there is no feeling in Canada but friendship, and a desire for increased intercourse of every kind. It is not our fault that there are so many custom houses on the frontier lines. But, were there no other reasons, the one consideration that puts annexation totally out of the question with us is that it involves the *possibility* of our having to fight some day against Great Britain. I dislike to suggest such an unnatural possibility. The suggestion would be criminal in any other connection. But my object now is to go down to the ultimate basis on which our present relations rest. It is easy to declare that such a contingency is impossible. Improbable! yes. But impossible! no; as long as Great Britain and the United States remain separate, and human nature is human nature. Therefore, annexation is an impossibility to us until the grander scheme outlined by our Joseph Howe can be carried into effect—namely, some kind of alliance or league of all the English-speaking peoples. That would be a consummation worth hoping for, worth praying for, as men used to pray. It would be the first step to the 'federation of the world.'

> 'Then let us pray that come it may
> As come it will, for a' that—
> That men to men the world o'er
> Shall brothers be, and a' that.'

FORGOTTEN SONGS.

BY KATE SEYMOUR MACLEAN.

THERE is a splendid tropic flower, which flings
  Its fiery disc wide open to the core—
  One pulse of subtlest fragrance—once a life
That rounds a century of blossoming things,—
  And dies,—a flower's apotheosis: nevermore
  To send up in the sunshine, in sweet strife
With all the winds, a fountain of live flame,—
  A wingéd censer, in the starlight swung
  Once only,—flinging all its wealth abroad
To the wide deserts without shore or name—
  And dying,—like a lovely song, once sung
By some dead poet,—music's wandering ghost—
Æons ago blown out of life and lost,
  Remembered only in the heart of God.

KINGSTON.

ROUND THE TABLE.

SOME TALK ABOUT A RECENT BOOK.

LAST month P. E. B. gave us a continuous and connected review of Dr. Bucke's work on 'Man's Moral Nature.' I want to touch in a desultory way on a few other points.

The learned doctor apparently desires to test the metaphysical hard-headedness of would-be readers of his book, for the first of his chapters is decidedly 'tough reading.' Its title is 'Lines of Cleavage.' Lines of Cleavage? Yes, that is suggestive. I see a fair garden, into which many readers desire to enter, therein to pluck the fruits of knowiedge. At the entrance stands a grisly armed figure, bearing on his shield the device 'CHAPTER ONE.' With him fight those who essay to enter the garden. Swinging a shining battle-axe, he inflicts 'lines of cleavage' on the unfortunate brains of those whose intellectual head-pieces are not of the strongest. Once past this formidable obstacle, however, the way is comparatively smooth.

In its simple earnestness, its breadth of view, its high moral tone, this book strongly recalls the old Swedish seer, Swedenborg. There is the same earnest love of mankind, the same substitution of wide-reaching, deep-rooted principles for narrow, arbitrary dogma. But Dr. Bucke builds his conclusions on solid premises of material fact, whilst the really great conceptions of Swedenborg are obscured by his mysticism and the strong demands he makes on his readers' credulity. Bucke's basis is fact: Swedenborg's basis is fancy. You adopt Bucke's conclusions because of his premises. You adopt Swedenborg's conclusions in spite of his premises. Amid much which an ordinary reader of Swedenborg is obliged to reject, here and there a great luminous principle shines out, and one feels, 'This is True.' Whilst the hardest of facts form the basis of Dr. Bucke's arguments, he is free from mere materialism.

The third chapter of the doctor's essay (headed "The Moral Nature and its Limits), is a great help to clearness of thought, and will well repay careful study. He analyzes our mental operations, and helps us to discriminate between the scope of our intellect and the scope of our moral faculties—two separate things which are too much mixed up in popular conceptions. Though closely related, they are distinct, and should not be confounded one with the other. Our churches insist on a certain *intellectual* attitude as being essential to salvation. Surely this is a mistake, and see how it narrows the ground of acceptance! Surely it must be the *moral* attitude that is all important. Take for instance a Roman Catholic, a Protestant, a Unitarian, a Jew, a Mahommedan. Each has a widely different intellectual attitude towards the Creator and the future life; but they meet on a common moral plane when each tries to fulfil the will of God, so far as he knows it. The intellectual basis must be the basis of the minority, for all cannot be intellectually correct in their views of the Infinite. The moral basis is wide enough to include faith and love wherever they are found. Surely the religious beliefs and convictions of the intellect are only of value as channels for our moral impulses to flow through, as giving them a concrete shape, as outward manifestations of the spirit within. A belief or opinion can have no real intrinsic value from a religious standpoint: its value comes solely from the moral quality of faith or love or conscience on which it is based and of which it is but the expression or manifestation. Hence the revolt against the idea of anyone 'being damned for his opinions.'

What will determine a man's lot in the next world? Not his opinions here: not even his actions here: but what he *is*, deep down in his inmost self, when stripped of all disguises in the next world; matured, no doubt, by the hard experiences of this world, but divested of merely fortuitous earthly accretions. So thought Swedenborg, and so think

many who never read him. Of the moral and intellectual elements which make up the inner self of a soul, the moral must be by far the more important one. Anything which enables us to realize more clearly the proper scope and province of these two parts of our nature, and the distinction between them, is of great value.

Dr. Bucke's definition of Faith as a moral quality is very interesting, though a little hard to grasp at first. He holds that Faith is not mere intellectual Belief, though the two are often so closely entwined that it is hard to separate them. Faith is to some extent synonymous with Trust, Courage, Confidence. A recent conversation with a heterodox friend of mine will illustrate this point. He said, 'Like Abou Ben Adhem, I had hoped to be writ as "one who loves his fellow man"; but as I do not believe in several things which orthodoxy says are essential, I have hitherto thought myself deficient in Faith. Even in regard to a future state, I can only cherish a hope that we shall live after death: I am not sure of it. Yet I have no fear at the prospect of my unclothed spirit meeting its Eternal Father. The possibility of a future state affords me only joy. Now it seems to me that if Dr. Bucke's definition of faith be correct, this trustful feeling of mine about the next world means that I have a respectable modicum of faith. What do you think?' I thought he was right. 'Your position,' said I, 'is very different from that of a man who hugs sceptical ideas in order that he may indulge in vice unchecked by the fear of future consequences, and who does not want to believe in a future life,—hopes there is none: in whom the wish is father to the thought.' 'This book,' said he, 'reminds me of a recent remark of Goldwin Smith's,—'Apparently, if the new faith is going to be a religion in a proper sense of the term, there must be in it an element which no learning or science can supply, but which must be the outcome of a moral and spiritual effort such as gave birth to Christianity.'

To anyone interested in scientific matters, chapter 3, 'On the Physical Basis of the Moral Nature,' will prove delightful reading. The doctor marshals fact after fact and argument after argument, with an easy flow of good, vigorous, expressive English, in support of the theory he holds: namely, that the great sympathetic nervous system, which clusters thickly around the heart, is the physical seat and organ of the moral nature; in the same way that the cerebro-spinal nervous system is the acknowledged seat of the intellect. If your physiology is a little rusty, get some elementary work on anatomy and read the chapter "On the Nerves"; that is all one needs to enable him to follow the writer's argument. When I am interested in a theory, I like to hear the other side of it, and I hope that some learned professional brother of Dr. Bucke will charge fiercely down upon this idea, if he will only do so in language that ordinary mortals can understand. Perhaps this has already been done: if so, I would like to hear of it. Referred to in this bald way, the subject may appear to be a dry one, but chapter 3 is not dry. Alas for poor Phrenology, already sorely discredited by the cold shoulder of the scientific world, here is another blow for it. Phrenology locates the moral organs of Benevolence, Conscientiousness, Veneration, Hope, and Spirituality in the upper portion of the brain, the great ganglion of the cerebro-spinal nervous system. If Dr. Bucke be correct, they are not there—not even in that system of nerves at all.

The peculiar charm of this book is the union of faith with practicability, of lofty aspirations with common sense, of enthusiasm with close reasoning. It is only rarely that the author becomes a little fanciful or impractical. It is perhaps hard to get into a sufficiently optimist mood to follow him to the full extent of the conclusions he arrives at in his later chapters. But we can follow him a long way, and it is pleasant to have our faces turned in the direction to which he points forward.

R. T.

LITERATURE AND POLITICS.

A DISTASTE for Literature and a dislike of men of letters, characterized one of the most despicable of English Kings, that Second George whose vices were unredeemed by the wit of the Second Charles; the courage and administrative power of the Second William, or the Second Henry. 'I hate Boets and Bainters,' was the character-

istic saying of the most un-English and un-kingly of English kings; and the policy of discountenancing literature was that of the most corrupt of English ministers, that Walpole whose name is a synonym for bribery, who with all his personal abilities as a mere party leader is only remembered for the utter baseness of his political morality. The cynical filth of his conversation one specimen of which—a thoroughly fitting one for the purpose of embalming such a character—survives the carrion of his memory, the maxim that 'every man has his price.' Alas! a similar attitude towards literature and literary men in a still more marked degree characterizes the leaders of both the great political parties in Canada. Sir John possesses all Walpole's faculty of personal influence, but like Walpole he is incapable of appreciating literary art in any form. The same indifference to literature and literary men is quite as cynically espoused by the leader of the opposition, the Moses who is to guide Gritism in its slow journey to the Promised Land of Office. Neither of these men,—the leaders of the two great parties,—care much about Canadian literature beyond what they hire for political use from party hacks. Fancy Sir John Macdonald, like Mr. Gladstone, or even his own prototype Disraeli, writing essays upon art, or society novels! Fancy Mr. Blake like John Bright, pausing in the midst of his denunciations of political foes, to quote a new book of poetry, a long passage from memory, and congratulating the nation and the language on possessing such a writer as the author of the 'Epic of Hades.' It would need an exceptionally vivid imagination to picture Mr. Blake showing a similar appreciation of any Canadian poet, however that poet's works might be commented on by English statesmen of the calibre of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Bright. Unlike England where every leading man on both sides of politics has made a name in Literature, political men in Canada are conspicuous for the absence of literary talent and literary sympathy. This is perhaps most strongly marked in the members of our local Government. For in the bestowal of such positions, connected with Education for instance, as in other countries would be the reward of literary merit, nothing is thought of but the effect on the vote market. Political hacks without any literary claims are put into such places as School Inspectorships, some of whom, as in late notorious instances, publicly disgrace the country by the display of ludicrous ignorance.

Signs of literary revival are not wanting in Canada. A new growth of younger and more vigorous writers is coming to the front. Would it not be worth while to conciliate the literary spirit? It is a somewhat bitter thought for a Liberal and a Republican, that the Government of this essentially Republican country fails to give to literature or art that amount of recognition which, in accordance with all the traditions of English political life, members of the English royal family have so frankly and generously bestowed. The influence for good on Canadian art of the Princess Louise has already produced a marked effect. One of the first visits paid by Prince Leopold on his arrival in Toronto was to the most distinguished man of letters resident in this country.

It is unwise in those in power to provoke the contempt and the hostility of a class of men whose support of any independent party may help to turn the scale against the Pharisees and Sadducees, who at present sit in high places. The elements of new political combinations are in the air; the younger men throughout the country are beginning to think for themselves, and to think on new lines. Nationalism in one form or other of its expression is likely to supersede the obsolete Tory or Grit Tweedledum or Tweedledee of Colonial politics. In any fight against Philistines in Office, the snubbed and neglected literary men may not prove the least formidable foes.

M.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Reminiscences of the Early History of Galt and the Settlement of Dumfries. By JAMES YOUNG, M.P.P. Toronto: Hunter, Rose & Co.

In this little volume Mr. Young has gathered with great diligence all the interesting *memorabilia* of the first settlement of his native town and of the enclosing Township of Dumfries. The original block of land, containing about 94,305 acres, was purchased in 1798 by one Philip Stedman (of the Niagara District) who, without paying a penny of the principal, sold it in 1811 for precisely the same sum to the Hon. Thomas Clarke, of Stamford, in the County of Lincoln; and he, after five years, sold it again to the Hon. William Dickson, but at an advance of £15,000—thus raising the purchase money for the entire block to about a dollar per acre. Mr. Dickson was a native of Dumfries in Scotland; and, arriving in Canada in 1792, he settled in Niagara, where he practised law. The new township he called after his Scottish home. For the development of his projected colony, Mr. Dickson induced Absalom Shade, an energetic young carpenter, to emigrate from Buffalo and attach himself to his fortunes. Shade soon became his employer's factotum,—his pioneer, millwright, architect, attorney, store-keeper. In its embryo stage the village was known as *Shade's Mills*, though its post-office had been called by Mr. Dickson after his early friend and schoolmate, the novelist Galt. The author of '*Laurie Todd*' and 'The Annals of Our Parish,' visited the settlement in 1827, as Commissioner of the Canada Company, and left so favourable an impression that the inhabitants concurred in Mr. Dickson's choice of name, and the village was christened in commemoration of the genial novelist's presence. Among the startling episodes in the youth of the settlement was a visitation of the cholera which, accompanying a travelling menagerie, decimated the village in a few days. The narrative of this dread visitation reads like a chapter in Defoe's 'History of the Plague.' The early history and subsequent development of the town are described by the author with a minuteness—a loving minuteness,—that shows the spirit of the Antiquary. Indeed, to Mr. Young's own energy, as a journalist and a citizen, Galt is not a little indebted for its prosperity; and his pleasant volume of reminiscences is at once of much local interest and of permanent value as material for our Provincial history.

Bunyan, by JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE; Morley's English Men of Letters Series. New York: Harper Brothers; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

We naturally expect a good deal from so promising a subject as the life of Bunyan, treated by a writer like Mr. Froude. Nor does the result altogether disappoint us. We have here a carefully planned and clearly written record of the outward events of the life of probably the most dramatic and imaginative soul that ever graced the Non-conformist ranks. We have a fair account of Bunyan's inward struggles, and of course the biographer steers clear of that mistake into which most men fell before Southey's life appeared, the error, that is, of construing too literally the self accusatory expressions which the converted tinker made use of in his fragment of autobiography. But it is impossible to refrain from comparing the present work with the two little essays on the same subject from the pen of another modern historian. Macaulay has gone over the same ground, though with much less detail, and the contrast between the two results is very striking.

Macaulay and Froude may almost be looked on as men of the same generation, and yet what a change is to be remarked since the greater of the two was taken from us! Macaulay's views were clear and decided; an antagonist might persuade himself that they were even oppressively dogmatic; certainly no one, friend or foe, will allow that Macaulay

had any doubt upon questions which seem unfathomably dubious to Mr. Froude. To the historian of the Revolution it was no moot point whether Bunyan or his 'persecutors' were in the right.

There was no questioning about the horrors of Bedford Jail, the 'Den' in which Bunyan passed so many years. We feel that Macaulay sympathises alike with the man and with his cause, and our hearts, too, go out towards his in sympathy and compassion.

How few are the years that have passed since Macaulay wrote thus! and how has the spirit of the times changed in that short space, so as to cause Mr. Froude to look at Bunyan's sufferings from such an entirely different standpoint! In speaking of that cause and that religion which elicited Macaulay's admiration, why does the later historian adopt a semi-apologetic tone, why regard it critically as from a ground of vantage? In the first place the relative positions of religious parties have shifted with unprecedented rapidity in these last few years. Men of advanced thought see what Macaulay neither saw nor felt, that a great gulf lies betwixt them and the theology that formed the very atmosphere which Bunyan breathed. Macaulay would not have written these words, 'The conventional phrases of Evangelical Christianity ring untrue on a modern ear, like a cracked bell . . . we can hardly believe they ever stood for sincere convictions, yet these forms were once alive with the profoundest of moral truths.'

To Mr. Froude the cast of thought for which the Puritan fought and was imprisoned is become a dead husk, the truth it once contained and cramped is flitting freely round seeking a new embodiment. It is not our wish, nor would this be the place, to discuss these views except in their bearing upon the particular piece of literary work before us.

We have already said that Macaulay's sympathies are undoubted, and we would add that it is to this we must attribute much of the beauty which marks his appreciation of Bunyan's character and works. The shifting cloud-battlements of a modern Doubting Castle can hardly be expected to afford Mr. Froude so favourable a point of view, nor should we look into his sketch to see the colours laid on as brilliantly or with so firm a hand. The present obtrudes itself upon the vision of the past. Whilst we are abandoning ourselves to the wonderful introspection of Bunyan's conscience a reference to 'modern doubts about revelation and the truth of Scripture' (p 40) creeps in and goes far to break the spell. Nor is this all. Even in matters of history we find the absence of sympathy leading to unexpected conclusions.

Most men of liberal views are of opinion that no greater breach of common faith and honesty was ever committed than was involved in the revival at the Restoration of the penal laws against Dissenters. Without the aid of the modern Presbyterians, that Restoration (which has kept company with every adjective from 'glorious' downwards), would have been impossible. With an enormous Parliamentary majority of the Cavalier party, and with the vast preponderation of power thrown into the scales of the Monarchy by the forces of reaction, it would have been safe for the government to have fulfilled the promises to which it owed its existence. All the world knows on what specious excuses those pledges were broken, what feeble resistance was opposed at first to the church and parliament, and, when that was overborne, with what ill concealed alacrity Charles II, passed Act after Act for the persecution of his non-conforming subjects. All the world knows it, and Mr. Froude excuses it.

'It was pardonable, even necessary,' (p 67) in his view. Bunyan, who declined obedience to these laws, was mistaken; Mr. Froude evidently thinks he concedes a good deal in not altogether condemning him as 'too precise' (p. 71). But his exertions are devoted to prove that the so-called persecutors were harmless men. 'He was not treated with any roughness,' 'he compelled the court to punish him,' 'they were going already to the utmost limit of indulgence,' 'the most real kindness was to leave him where he was,—that is in the common jail at Bedford;—these are the expressions that rise to Mr. Froude's lips. Nor is he the man to shrink from riding his paradox to the death, as may be seen by his remarks on the trial of Faithful at Vanity Fair, as given at p. 162. The parallelism between the two trials was too close to be ignored, and as Mr. Froude has justified the judges who imprisoned the author, so My Lord Hategood, his congenial Jury, and Envy, Superstition and Pickthank, the witnesses for the

Crown, must need have his good word as well. 'It is difficult,' Mr. Froude says, 'to see how they could have acted otherwise than they did . . .

'Faithful might be quite right . .

'The revolution he desired might be extremely desirable . . . but the prisoner cannot "complain if he is accused of preaching rebellion."'

Most readers will agree with us that if originality of view is only to be obtained by means of such special pleading as this, it would be better to dispense with the charm of novelty and even to put up with the slur of humdrum dullness. It certainly shows some courage to accept a literary brief from Prince Beelzebub in support of the jurisdiction of his High Court of Injustice at Vanity Fair.

The History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, by EDWARD GIBBON, with notes by Dean Milman, M. Guizot, and Dr. William Smith. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: James Campbell & Son, and Willing & Williamson.

This is a worthy edition of one of the greatest of the great books of philosophical history, one of those masterpieces of style and thought to read which is in itself an education; the work above all others, which has stimulated and informed the liberal ideas dominating the literature of to-day. It is quite true, as Mr. Morison has said in his admirable life of Gibbon, lately published in Morley's Series of English Men of Letters, that the 'Decline and Fall' can never be superseded; yet, since Gibbon wrote, many new sources of information have opened. Much has been said both on questions of scholarship and on matters of theological and historical criticism which made a new edition of this History desirable. This has been achieved in the beautifully printed volumes before us. And not a little of the facility, with which we read a great work such as Gibbon's, is due to the charm of pleasant type, paper and binding which does not degrade the subject matter of the writing. A work like the 'Decline and Fall' deserves all the honours and embellishments of typography and binding, and such honours it has received in the present edition. We suggest, however, to the future editors of Gibbon's Great History, that a series of maps, illustrating the territorial changes of the empire, would be a most valuable addition. The adoption of this plan has greatly increased the value of such books as Mr. Green's 'Short History of the English People.' The notes which are given from such writers as Messrs. Milman, Guizot and Smith, are of the greatest importance as a supplement to the text. In fact no edition of Gibbon's History is complete without these comments of modern thought and research.

Gibbon, more than any other great writer of the last century, has suffered from inadequate criticism. As Mr. Morison has shewn, the few weak passages in a life of rare unselfishness and virtue have been made the theme of the personal gossip which degrades and stultifies literature. His relations with his first love, Mdle. Curchod, honourable as they were to his self-denying sense of duty, have been twisted into an accusation of inconstancy. Yet few men's lives present such a noble picture of sustained intellectual effort, of love of truth for truth's sake, of personal amiability which retains the regard of a married sweetheart and the affection of a stepmother. Gibbon's style has been dealt with after the same manner. Even in Mr. Morison's book there is much that might have been omitted, as to the influences which contemporary writers exerted over Gibbon's methods of expression. Such speculation we believe to be valueless. No doubt the peculiar tone of irony in Pascal's 'Letters,' and still more in Voltaire's, may have stimulated a tendency to satire which we believe to have been a part of Gibbon's nature. His style is all his own, perspicuous as Livy, concise and epigrammatic as Tacitus, it is free from the ponderous Latinisms of Johnson, and escapes the tendency to historical paradox, the partisanship, the weight of rhetorical antitheses, which disfigure the burnished gold of Macaulay. As an example of this, we invite the attention of the student to the clear and lucid narrative of the Cæsars, from Commodus to Diocletian, in the first volume; to the irruption of the Goths, the cold grey dawn of Christianity, and the battle for existence of its sects, to the standing forth of such figures as Constantine, Julian, Athanasius. Many of the episodes are of marvellous beauty, told in language instinct with a sense of the poetry and the pathos of human life: for instance,

the story of the romantic vicissitudes of the Empress Valeria, in the first volume. Gibbon possesses one requisite for a just appreciation of History—a keen sense of humour. Hence he has been a subject of special hatred to ecclesiastical Philistines, to whom a sense of humour is of all things most dreadful. We have heard from this source a great deal about Gibbon's 'sneers.' His sneers, like those of Voltaire, are simply the expression of his thoroughly human sympathy in dealing with the otherwise inexplicable facts of life.

The least valuable portion of the new notes we find to be those of Dean Milman, in the two celebrated chapters in which Gibbon accounts, by purely natural causes, for the growth and success of early Christianity. As far as the religious question is concerned, we believe that Christianity has nothing to fear from the fullest criticism of the secondary causes which made it the success in its vigorous youth, for which we look in vain from its decrepitude to-day. If the faith of the Book and the Church is of Divine origin, the secondary causes of its success were divinely ordained; and Gibbon's estimate of these, no doubt far from exhaustive, is, as far as it goes, unanswerable. Dean Milman's first literary success was as the advocate of orthodoxy, his reputation was pinned on to that of the great writer to whom he constituted himself a literary parasite. But he learned from Gibbon broader and more honest views—and the 'Latin Christianity,' is no unworthy sequel to the 'Decline and Fall.'

We especially direct the attention of literary students to this illustrious writer as a model of style; and this in two respects. In the first place, as Mr. Morison has well said, Gibbon shews a master's command of his subject, co-ordinating, arranging, grouping together the complex multiplicity of his material. In this control of a vast subject, he is remarkable, when we compare his work with that of Mr. Buckle in the 'History of English Civilization.' But, in the second place, Gibbon's History is noteworthy for the purity, the fire, the force of his style. Whatever is to be seen he has eyes to see. Even in the superstitions which it is his duty to detest and his nature to despise, he can see 'the soul of good in things evil.' For instance, when he contrasts the good effected by the Bishop of Carthage, Deogratias, with the triumphs of Belisarius—Deogratias had turned the churches of Carthage to a good purpose little contemplated by their founders, by utilizing them as hospitals. Gibbon remarks, 'Can we compare the successor of Hannibal with the successor of St. Cyprian?' M. Guizot's notes are most valuable. This *edition de luxe* of one of the greatest books we possess brings Gibbon's History fully up to the stand-point of modern thought, and supplies, in the best form of type and paper, an intellectual enjoyment to which as yet modern literature presents no parallel.

The Virginia Bohemians; a Novel, by JOHN ESTEN COOKE; Harper's Library of American Fiction, No. 14. New York: Harper & Brothers. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

We really *had* thought they were dead. We thought so, because, you know, they really ought to be. Those virtuous wandering acrobats, in crumpled fleshings and tawdry tinsels,—how far have they marched along dusty pages! (roads, we should have said)—what untimely graces of character they have exhibited, what contrasts they have afforded to the viciously respectable spectators that look down upon them! Is it any wonder that we should have fondly imagined that the moral strain and physical wear and tear they have undergone, in even our limited experience, must have done for them? We had not seen them lately, and we did hope their circus performance was 'played out.'

But it was not to be. Here they are again,—the clown of better days, slightly idiotic and given to tears in his secluded moments, but a gentleman by birth and feeling, and perfectly game to turn up trumps in the line of recovered relations within ten pages of the end of the tale. Here is his son, a talented turner of somersaults, who saves a lovely lady twice, first from a carriage accident and then from a most accommodating and savage panther. We need not mention that he risks his life on each occasion or that he catches brain fever and deliriously murmurs out the secret of his love, which the young lady in question overhears just in the nick of time, or that he suffers pangs of remorse in hearing that she heard him; we do not mention these circumstances because

would be an insult to the perception of our readers to tell them anything so self-evident.

Then there is the heavy man, giant, lifter of weights, catcher of cannon-balls, who holds detectives (in the pay of the gentlemanly villain) over perpendicular cliffs at arm's length, until they disclose their employer's base designs. Surely it is unnecessary to say that this man, who begins the tale in a lively manner by smashing the circus manager, is at heart the most delicately gentle being, a compound of motherly gentleness and fatherly care, and that he is devotedly attached to a small tightrope dancer of tender years, named Mouse, whom he carries in his arms and generally adores. These qualities, as we well know, always hang together, and the appearance of a particularly vicious, beetle-browed man, given to drink and frowning, always makes us look out for the little girl who is going to twine her fingers round his brawny fist, and we have never yet been disappointed.

Then there is the nice old grey-haired pastor, needed to throw the unexpected virtues of the Bohemians into bold relief by the contrast of his more regular goodness. But we do not care for the little scene which the Rev. Mr. Grantham, the Lefthander and Mouse got up at p. 60. They must all have been reading *Les Miserables*, or the Lefthander would never have demanded shelter so brusquely or so much in the vein of Jean Valjean at M. Myriel's door.

'I am in distress, my child is sick.'

'Come in, friend.'

'I am a common man, a circus-actor, will you lodge us ?'

'Yes.'

'You know nothing about me. I may be a tramp or a thief. You are not afraid ?'

'Mr. Grantham took Mouse in his arms : "No, I am not afraid," he said.

'"I have money," said the Lefthander, "I will pay."

'As he spoke he took gold from his pocket, Mr. Grantham put it aside gently. "Are you hungry ?" he said.

'"If you should require anything during the night, friend, you will find me in the room underneath, there is no bolt on the door."

'"You are not afraid of my robbing you ?" repeated the Lefthander. Mr. Grantham shook his head.'

It is true that the acrobat does not steal the candlesticks, when he departs before dawn, which is the only stroke of originality about the scene. It is impossible, however, to say how things might have turned out if the candlesticks had been silver. But it will be readily admitted that it was too bad of these characters to go through this little farce and get good, innocent Mr. Esten Cooke (who never read Fantine—oh, no !) to take it all down as original !

The rest of the tale is on a par with this. The rich villain turns out to be Mouse's father, and after needlessly spending much money and planning several futile burglaries in order to get at the evidence of his marriage to Mouse's mother, suddenly and quite as needlessly goes round on the other tack, owns his crimes, acknowledges his child, and dexterously gets himself shot at the right moment in a fight between United States cavalry and illicit whiskey distillers. Mr. Cooke's style is very chaste. In an amorous description, such as this : 'The R. R. lips grew mournful, and the L. B. eyes were half closed, weighed down apparently by half-suppressed tears,' he is probably unequalled. A smaller minded man would have preferred to repeat the adjectives 'red, ripe' and 'large, brilliant,' rather than indicate them by their initials, but what a nameless charm would have been lost in the slavish process !

The Life of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. By Theodore Martin, Vol. V. New York : D. Appleton & Co. Toronto : Hart & Rawlinson, 1880.

ALTHOUGH we must readily admit that Kings, Princes, and Serene Highnesses can, even now-a-days, find much to do in the way of work, and can also succeed in doing it honestly and well, yet we see nothing in this elaborate memoir to lead us to believe that the lives of such illustrious personages will ever afford any instructive reading. The present volume, for instance, divides itself sharply into two different sections, one treating of the general Home and Continental politics of the day, and the other relating to the domestic life of the Royal Family. Now the first division is attached by the slenderest thread to the biography of which it forms so conspicu-

ous a part. We have a page or two of Napoleon's designs, of Cavour's intrigues, of Lord Cowley's despatches, or Lord Palmerston's speeches. At the end of all an extract from a letter to Baron Stockmar gives the Prince Consort's views on the subject, and forms the sole link by virtue of which a chapter of European history has been palmed off upon us as part of the life of Prince Albert!

This part of the book, however, is at least of some use, but the domesticities of the Royal family, which make up the other half it, are neither amusing nor instructive. Even the Court-news-man must prefer the less detailed, but more recent, news of Royalty to be found in his favourite corner of the papers.

It is no doubt highly satisfactory to be told on the unimpeachable authority of their parents that "Vicky" and "Bertie" were always very good, pious and affectionate children. It did not need this book to assure the public that Her Majesty and the Prince practised all the homely and domestic virtues. King George III. did the like, yet never had *his* private life embalmed in five volumes, with such perfection of detail as this,—"Time flies . . . to-morrow we leave "beautiful Balmoral. . . We shall "stay two days at Edinburgh, that we "may see a little of mamma, and travel "over night to Osborne, where, if we "leave Edinburgh about seven in the "evening, we shall be next morning at breakfast about nine" (p. 162).

On one of two grounds only (neither of which exists in this case) can a royal biography be excused; either the royal personage must be so great a character that, like Napoleon I. we should have wished to see his life written, although he had never put on the purple,—or overwhelming misfortune must supply the place of true greatness of soul. The latter exception covers the case of the unfortunate Louis XVI. But what can we do but laugh at the pathos that finds the ceremony of the coronation of the present King of Prussia "very touching," and thinks "there was hardly a dry eye in the Church!"

Much is said in these pages with the view of exalting the Prince Consort's reputation as a European statesman. No one will deny that his continental training had opened for him many sources of intelligence and information which would lie outside the range of the ordinary Insular Minister of Foreign Affairs. He made good use of these advantages and placed his special knowledge freely at the disposal of the Cabinet. But we look in vain through this volume for any proof of that unerring sagacity with which his admirers are too ready to endow his memory. The charge of entertaining German feelings was, no doubt, pushed against him in his lifetime to an unfair extent, and it has been quite as foolishly entirely ignored by his flatterers ever since that time. The Prince himself never denied the existence of these German principles, which were, of course, part of his nature. On the vital subjects of the policies of Italy and Prussia, they clearly swayed his mind to a semi-unconscious state of opposition towards the prevalent English sentiment.

When Count Cavour was compelled, by the success of Garibaldi's rising in Sicily and Naples, to assume the control of that vast popular movement and to accept the fealty of Italy for his master, all England sympathised with him. But Prussia did not like this awkward recognition of popular rights and refused to recognise the government which had inherited the affection of the estranged subjects of King Bomba. Too clearly we see which side the prince was upon. All the difficult circumstances that had pushed Cavour on were, in his eyes, cunning devices of Cavour's own planning. Venetia was to be snatched next. The out-spoken dispatch in which Lord John Russell justified the course adopted by Victor Emmanuel's government was disapproved alike by Prince Albert and the Crown Prince of Prussia.

The same spring of action is seen in the readiness with which he believed that Italy, now consolidated, would become a vassal of France, and march under its banners to the destruction of Germany. This improbable forecast was enough to make him oppose the unification of Italy and to pen the complaint to Lord Clarendon, which we find at p. 326. 'Every *anti* German movement is received with enthusiasm here, viz., that of the Italians against Austria; of the Hungarians against the same; of the Danes against Schleswig-Holstein; of the Poles against Russia and Austria.' Of course, it was much to be regretted that in all these cases it happened to be the German Government and none other that was oppressing subjected and weaker nations,—but that could hardly be imputed as a fault to English public opinion, which

simply sided with the weaker party wherever it was to be found.

The excessively Prussian tone observable in all this has caught the biographer also, and we find him gravely stating that the King of Prussia was indisposed 'on moral no less than on political grounds, to establish an empire upon the spoliation of his brother Sovereigns' (p. 248). The political balance of convenience no doubt shifted, after the date referred to; and as for the *moral* grounds,—well, they do not appear to have troubled Prussia very much! It is strange that with all his sympathy for Prussia, the prince seems to have held the fixed opinion that that country was powerless for any great effort, although she was at that time upon the threshold of her greatest modern achievements.

Illustrated Biographies of the Great Artists. Sir Peter Paul Rubens, by CHARLES W. KETT, M. A. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle and Rivington. Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

The fact that immediately strikes one in reading the life of Rubens, is the independent freedom of his position. We cannot help turning to our own country and remembering that Hogarth was forced to paint tavern signs for a living, that Wilson could only obtain purchasers among Jew brokers, and nearly died of starvation, and that even Turner was unable to sell one of his finest pictures at the absurdly low price of one hundred and fifty guineas.

How this want of appreciation contrasts with the honours, titles and friendships lavished on Rubens and his free and bold way in dealing even with royalty—witness his letter to the Duke of Mantua's secretary, intended to be reported to his patron the Duke. His Highness wished Rubens to go to France to paint the court beauties there. Rubens answers 'seeing the kind of commission I cannot imagine the Duke will give their Majesties a full idea of *what I am*,' and a little further on he suggests that some one else should do the paintings and that he need not lose his time 'in works to my notion low, vulgar and open to all.' We cannot imagine Sir Joshua appealing thus to one of our own Royal Georges even through the filtering medium afforded by any number of secretaries. This, however, is the tone and magnificence of manner which Rubens adopted throughout his life, not that he was independent of his art; on the contrary, he had a keen eye to its business aspects, and complained bitterly when money was owing to him for the works of his brush.

Mr. Kett evidently does not thoroughly admire Rubens' works, and ever and again alludes to his want of the highest feelings in art. Colour and style are this master's characteristics,—of the latter quality Fuseli says 'he levelled his subject to his style, but seldom, if ever, his style with his subject.' Rubens can be understood and appreciated only on the continent and best at Munich.

This little volume has numerous illustrations of the artist's more celebrated pictures, but little can be said in favour of the woodcuts. Some in fact are wretchedly executed, noticeably 'The Triumph of Silenus,' 'The Lion Hunt,' and the 'Repose in Egypt.' The reproductions of portraits are decidedly the most carefully done.

Mr. Kett gets a little confused at times, as at page 7, where he speaks of a statue sitting in two provinces. The reader is compelled to stop and try to imagine what idea was really meant to be conveyed by this phrase. Even when told that the imaginary statue is by Michel Angelo and that the provinces are small ones, he feels it can't be done and simply has to 'give it up.'

The book is well indexed and carefully printed, and is on the whole a handy and interesting little work.

Clara Vaughan; a Novel by R. D. BLACKMORE. No. 120 Franklin Square Library. Harper Bros.: New York, 1880.

Mr. Blackmore informs us in his preface that this is his maiden attempt at novel writing; that it has been carefully revised and that it has been ranked (as he seems to think wrongly) by the 'indolent reviewers' in the class of sensation novels. We do not wish to boast a too extensive acquaintance with this class; but we should not hesitate to call a story which contains two murders (one real and one attempted), a kidnapping, a heroine who removes bricks with her taper fingers and a penknife in order to escape from an underground dissecting-

room in which she is immured, sundry other minor yet hair-breadth escapes, to say nothing of a full complement of broken hearts, assorted vows of revenge and various mysterious daggers,—we should not hesitate to call such a story, we say, a fair specimen of the tribe and quite up to the average.

Clara Vaughan is a heroine of the right sort. Though exquisitely beautiful she roams London alone, visits an underground cellar (by no means to be confounded with the before mentioned dissecting-room) in company with a detective to watch certain Italian conspirators; forces her way into the private room of her father's murderer and confronts him face to face. She is of course clever and knows everything, so we are not at all surprised at her elegant remark to her uncle: 'Child do you call me? *Me who am* seventeen and have lived seven such years as I have *and no one else!*'

The story turns upon the revenge she seeks for her father who was stabbed in bed when she was ten years old. Naturally everything comes right in the end, though she endures enough in the process to kill two or three young women of unheroic mettle.

Chaucer, by ADOLPHUS W. WARD. English Men of Letters Series; edited by JOHN MORLEY. New York, Harper Bros.; Toronto: James Campbell & Son, 1880.

We may take it for granted that Chaucer's will be the earliest life, in order of date, that is to be embraced in this series. Before his time there is no one man of letters whose life and works could furnish out material for a small volume. Even in the case of Chaucer, Professor Ward has experienced some difficulty in collecting enough matter to fill his pages, and has to fall back to a considerable extent upon the delineation of the age the poet lived in; a process which has the effect of a somewhat sketchy portrait surrounded by an inordinate amount of gilt framing.

The knowledge we possess of this our earliest English poet, apart from the internal evidence presented to us in his works, is curiously scanty and it scarcely touches at all on the literary side of his character.

It is hardly too much to say that if Chaucer had not happened to have been a courtier, soldier, ambassador, controller of Customs and clerk of the works, we should barely possess a single record of his external life. Luckily the State Papers in connection with these offices still exist, in order to fix for us the salient dates and to supply the skeleton framework upon which his biographers hang (with more or less success) their delineations of the breathing and moving substance of his true, inner existence. No wonder that with such scanty data it is found somewhat difficult to adjust the ideal Chaucer with the ex-controller of Customs who had to forestall his annuities and even to obtain letters of protection from the king forbidding any one to sue or arrest him for the space of two years.

His relations with his wife, too, appear wrapped in some little mystery, and we can only conjecture how it was that he contrived to enjoy the favour of Richard II. without forfeiting that of his successor.

In dealing with the very slight material at his disposal, Prof. Ward does not seem to us to have been over successful. One short chapter would have held all the undoubted facts of Chaucer's life, which we now have to hunt for up and down the volume amid seas of conjectures and critical remarks upon his works. The general effect produced on us by this mode of mis-arrangement has been unsatisfactory.

It is pleasant to picture to ourselves the world that Chaucer lived in. Up and down the broad Thames, spanned by no bridge between the city and Kingston, go the barges of king and noble, whilst swan and cygnet plume themselves by osier beds and eyots. The fishermen spread their nets beneath the shadow of the Hall at Westminster, already grey with age, and quickly, sharply, ring the masons' trowels hardby, where the clerk of the works, with his abstracted looks and down-cast eye, inspects the newly rising piles of fair, white Caën stone. London is in the country The wide river, unimprisoned by banks, spreads its fenny meadows, rare places for wild fowl, right up to the ancient walls. The houses of great men, embosomed in trees, stretch in a long line down the windings of the river between the king's palace at Westminster and the city proper, their gardens running back to the clear pebbly strand. You may see King Edward start for

France, may hear high debate in Parliament, may ever and anon see a peasant revolution break upon those pleasant palaces and shiver them and itself into a thousand atoms, or you may watch Bolingbroke go by on Richard's favourite steed,—and yet, a hundred paces off, there is quiet, and a cool, green sward studded with the eyes of a thousand daisies and the voice of a nightingale ringing through the copses.

There lay the secret. England was fair, her men were brave, the tide of life ran through every channel of the State, but this was not enough. The young springtide woods, they, too, are fair, but, lacking the song of the bird, you cannot draw its full fragrance from the primrose bank or the sloping field where the cowslips nod and cluster. England lay mute, the beauty of its youth passing away unrecorded, when the voice of Chaucer broke the spell. Through him we see the splendour of a noon-tide chivalry, by his help we recognise the lowly worth of the poor Parson and his brother which would have passed unnoticed by any chronicle, and each movement of national life, for good or for evil, comes to him as it were with an appealing look to

"make its meaning good."

This he did, not didactically but dramatically, portraying in narrow space the different types he saw so plentifully around him, and never losing that air of freshness and that love of nature which are among his greatest charms. On turning to Chaucer after reading other poets, we feel as he felt at the return of the joyful spring season :

'Ful is myn hert of revel and solas.'

LITERARY NOTES.

A TIMFLY and well-conceived Essay on the present 'Revision of the New Testament and its Probable Results,' has reached us from the pen of the Rev. James Wallworth Davis, B.D., bearing the imprint of Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto.

Messrs. Appleton & Co., of New York, have, we learn, nearly completed arrangements for the publication of a series of 'American Men of Letters,' to match Mr. John Morley's English series, and of which the first issues will be Hawthorne, Washington Irving, and Poe. The series, we understand, is to be sufficiently comprehensive to admit statesmen, as well as political writers and literary men generally. Mr. Goldwin Smith has been asked to prepare the volume on Washington.

The Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A., the cultured editor of the *Canadian Methodist Magazine*, has just brought out, in book form, a serial story, entitled 'Neville Trueman, the Pioneer Preacher,' which has been appearing in the Magazine under his charge during the past year. The story deals with certain phases of Canadian life during the War of 1812, and portrays incidents connected with Evangelical Methodism and the heroic character of its early pioneer preachers, which give considerable historic value to the work.

We are in receipt of a pamphlet, bearing the date Toronto, 1928, purporting to be 'The Memoirs of a Canadian Secretary,' posthumously published, and relating the history of political events, particularly with regard to the National Policy, and other incidents in connection with Canadian affairs, happening previous to the year above mentioned. The *brochure* will be interesting to those who exercise their imaginative faculties in divining what is in store for us in the years to come.

The Calendar of Queen's University and College, Kingston, for the years 1880-81, has just been sent us by Messrs. Hart & Rawlinson, and is tangible evidence of the strides made by 'Queen's,' under its enthusiastic and hard-working Principal, Dr. Grant, since he assumed

the Presidency. The appearance of the Calendar is also indicative of the position the authorities of the College desire to assume for it in the race for first rank among the higher Educational Institutions of Canada. Appended to the Calendar are the Examination Papers in Arts, Theology, and Medicine for the past session.

Messrs. Dawson Bros., Montreal, have just brought out an interesting record of a journey undertaken by the Rev. D. M. Gordon, of Ottawa, from Victoria, B. C., by way of the Skeena River, the Peace River Pass, and the Lesser Slave Lake, to Fort Edmonton and Winnipeg, Manitoba. The itinerary makes a good-sized duodecimo volume, bearing the title of "Mountain and Prairie," and is embellished with a number of drawings from photographs taken by some members of the party—of the C. P. R. Engineering staff—with whom the author travelled. We hope to review the book at some length in our next.

Messrs. J. R. Osgood, of Boston, have with commendable promptness translated and published in book form, under the title of 'English Conferences,' the lectures recently delivered at the Royal Institution, London, by M. Ernest Renan, on Rome and Christianity. The volume comprises, in addition to the dissertation on Marcus Aurelius, four lectures on the following topics: The sense in which Christianity is a Roman work; The legend of the Roman Church—Peter and Paul; Rome, the Centre of the Formation of Ecclesiastical Authority; and Rome, the Capital of Catholicism. The work abounds with fine passages descriptive of the condition of Rome in the early Christian era, with graphic sketches of incident and character which can scarcely fail to enthral the reader.

The clever and genial cartoonist of *Grip*, we are glad to learn, is about to project a Portrait Gallery of Canadian journalists, *littérateurs*, and artists, to be produced in a wash of colour, somewhat after the style of the *Vanity Fair* cartoons, photographing the idiosyncracies of manner and bearing of each subject, without the exaggeration which, in the case of the English serial, frequently descends to caricature. The series is to be accompanied by well-written letterpress sketches of whatever is of moment in the biographical history of each of the characters treated of, with a critical study of their productions. This new enterprise of Mr. Bengough's will, no doubt, receive such favour as is the meed of one who has done so much to happily illustrate, in his peculiar department, native contemporary political and social history.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

A sea-horse is a sea-horse,
When you see him in the sea;
When you see him in the *bay*,
A bay-horse then is he.

'I am afraid that I am going to have a stiff neck.' 'Not at all improbable, my dear: I have seen strong symptoms of it ever since we were married.'

'What pretty children, and how much they look alike!' says C., during a first visit to a friend's house. 'They are twins,' his friend explains. 'What, both of 'em?' exclaims C., greatly interested.

The teacher had been telling the story of David, and said in ending 'All this happened more than three thousand years ago.' Whereupon one little witch looked up and said, 'O dear ma'am what a memory you have got!'

A young lady surprised the gentlemanly clerk by offering him fifty cents in payment for a dollar purchase. 'It amounts to a dollar, if you please,' said the gentlemanly clerk. 'I know it does,' was the answer, 'but papa is only paying fifty cents on the dollar now.'

'What is the worst thing about riches?' asked the superintendent. And the new boy in the back class under the gallery, who only came in last Sunday, stood up and said, 'Their scarcity.' And in his confusion the superintendent told the school to rise and sing 'Don't be weary, children.'

In his current expositions of Scripture, an old Scotch minister had his own way --which may not have been a peculiar way—of dealing with passages hard to be understood. He would say :—'No doubt, my Christian brethren, there is a great difficulty here, as the commentators are agreed upon that ; so let us look the difficulty boldly in the face and —pass on !'

A story is told of a sexton of Biggar, who, on one occasion, was staring and glowering at Sandy M'Latchie as the latter was zig-zagging his way homewards. This was evidently too much for Sandy's patience, for, turning round— 'Ye auld gravedigger clodhopper,' exclaimed Sandy, on catching the sexton's eye, 'ye needna stare and tak' stock o' me ; I gang to *Carluke* when I'm buried ?'

A San Francisco man went into the country to avoid a predicted earthquake, and on his journey was run away with in a stage-coach, and, being thrown out, fell into the creek and barely escaped drowning. On getting ashore, he was tackled by a bear, and, when he finally escaped the animal and got to a ranche, the proprietor came out with his dog and gun and almost killed him, thinking he was a robber. He avoided the earthquake.

Dumas, the elder, had a weakness for placing himself and his friends at the service of every new acquaintance he made. Once upon a time he sent to a friend an ornament of the swell mob, as it afterwards appeared, with one of the most gushing of letters of introduction. 'Throw wide open to him the doors of your house and your heart ; treat him as you would me,' and so on. Shortly afterwards Dumas encountered his friend who was decidedly frigid, and on his demanding an explanation of this coolness, his friend said, 'Don't you remember sending me a gentleman with a very enthusiastic letter of introduction ?' 'Yes, yes ; fine fellow—real heart of gold—full of wit—charming companion.' 'Yes, I dessay, but he stole my watch from off the mantelpiece.' 'What ? Your watch too ?'

THE SUMMER PARADISES OF TORONTO.

No. I.—The Island.

We have gone through 'I love' in all moods and all tenses,
Yet the false, foolish phrase, it still charms us to hear ;
We're not tired of the pleasures that Hanlan dispenses
At 'The Point' with its programme—boats, bathing, and beer.

From the wharf, as we move, how the steamer is dashing
Through the calm of the lustrous, clear, mirroring lake !
See the diamond spray from the paddle-wheel splashing ;
See what glory of emeralds gleams in her wake.

How they crowd, how they crush, as the pier we move on to,
Sure, the city's 'gilt youth' looks its gayest to-day,
The light, brown-haired, laughing girl-face of Toronto,
The lithe manly forms of the boys of the Bay.

And the light canoe sweeps around lakelet and inlet,
Each boy-captain king of his watery realm !
As he goes glad at heart with his girl for a pilot,
And Youth at the prow is, and Pleasure at helm !

And the children ! each type of imp, sea-nymph, and fairy,
Bare legs in fresh water, bare heads in fresh air –
Give them pop corn in handfuls, of buns be not chary,
Make each little face bright with all joy it can share.

Do we meet in the crowd—poet, publisher, printer,
Fellow-workmen who toil for the bookselling tribe ?
Ho ! bartender ! quick ! of the beer be no stinter,
To each other's good health which in turn we imbibe.

But the city, far west in the sun-setting glory,
The signal for homeward returning presents,
Of our trip to the Island this tells you the story,
Where to go and return only costs one ten cents.

M.