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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND

NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOLUME XII.

JULY TO DECEMBER.

TORONTO:

HART AND RAWLINSON,

1878.

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THE

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

VOL. XII.] JULY, 1877. [No. 1.

GREEN PASTURES AND PICCADILLY.*

BY WILLIAM BLACK,

Author of 'A Princess of Thule,' 'Daughter of Heth,' 'Three Feathers,' 'Strange Adventures of a Phaeton,' etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE HOME-COMING.

OF course they did not quarrel. We live in the nineteenth century Tolerance of opinion exists in the domestic circle as well as elsewhere; and no reasonable man would like his wife to be that vague and colorless reproduction of her husband which Lady Sylvia, all unknown to Balfour, had striven to be. She ought to have her own convictions; she ought to know how to govern her own conduct; nay, more, he would allow her to do as she pleased. There was but one condition attached. 'You shall have your own way in every thing,' said the man in the story to his wife; 'but you can't expect to have my way too.' Lady Sylvia was welcome to act as she pleased; but then he reserved the same liberty for himself.

This decision he came to without any bitterness of feeling. He was quite anxious to make all possible excuses for her. Doubtless she preferred Surrey to Piccadilly. It is true, he had looked forward to her being a valuable helpmeet to him in his political life; but it was perhaps expecting too much of her that she should at once interest herself in the commonplace incidents of an election. He would be well content if this beautiful, tender-eyed creature, whose excessive sensitiveness of conscience was, after all, only the result of her ignorance of the world, were to wait for him in that sylvan retreat, ready to receive him and cheer him with the sweet solicitude of her loving ways. And in the meantime he would try to make their companionship as pleasant as possible; he would try to make this journey one to be remembered with pride and gratitude. If there were one or two subjects which they avoided in conversation, what of that?

And as soon as Lady Sylvia heard that the Chorleys and Mr. Bolitho had left Mainz, she became more tender and affectionate than ever toward her husband, and would do anything to meet his wishes. Learning that certain of his political friends were at the moment at Lucerne, she offered to go thither at once, so that he might have something to interest him apart from the monotony of a wedding trip; and although,

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of course, he did not accept the offer, he recognized her intention, and was grateful to her. Was it not enough occupation for him to watch the effect on this ingenuous mind of the new wonders that she saw, as they went on to Schaffhausen, and the Tyrol, and Verona, and Venice?

In their hotel at Venice, Balfour ran against a certain Captain Courtenay, with whom he had a slight acquaintance. They had a chat in the evening in the smoking-room.

'Seen Major Blythe lately?' said Balfour, among other things.

'No,' answered the other, somewhat coldly.

'You don't know, I suppose,' asked Balfour, quite unconcernedly, 'how that business at the C—— Club came off?'

The young man with the fair mustache eyed him narrowly. It is not a safe thing to tell a man evil things of his relatives, unless you know how they stand with regard to each other.

'Yes, I do know—eh—an unfortunate business —very. Fact is, Blythe wouldn't explain. I suppose there was some delay about the posting of that letter; and—and —I have no doubt that he would have paid the money next day if he had not been bullied about it. You see, a man does not like to be challenged in that way, supposing he has made a trifling mistake—'

'Yes,' said Balfour, nodding his head in acquiescence; 'but how was it settled?'

'Well,' said the other, with some embarrassment, 'the fact is—well, the committee, don't you know, had to enforce the rules—and he wouldn't explain—and, in fact, he got a hint to resign—'

'Which he took, of course.'

'I believe so.'

Balfour said nothing further; but in his mind he coupled a remark or two with the name of Major the Honorable Stephen Blythe which that gentleman would have been startled to hear.

Then he went up stairs to the sitting-room, and found Lady Sylvia at the open casement, looking out on the clear, blue-green, lambent twilight.

'Well, good wife,' said he, gayly, 'are you beginning to think of trudging home now? We ought to see a little of The Lilacs before all the leaves are gone. And there won't be much to keep me in London now, I fancy; they are getting more and more certain that the government won't bring on the dissolution before the new year.'

She rose, and put a hand on each of his shoulders, and looked up into his face with grateful and loving eyes.

'That is so kind of you, Hugh. It will be so pleasant for us to get to know what home really is—after all these hotels. And you will be in time for the pheasants: I know several people will be so glad to have you.'

Of course the merest stranger would be delighted to have so distinguished a person as Mr. Balfour come and shoot his pheasants for him; failing that, would she not herself, like a loyal and dutiful wife, go to her few acquaintances 'down there and represent to them the great honor they might have of entertaining her husband?

'I see there is to be a demonstration on the part of the agricultural laborers,' said he, 'down in Somersetshire. I should like to see that—I should like to have a talk with some of their leaders. But I am afraid we could not get back in time.'

'My darling,' she protested, seriously, 'I can start at five minutes' notice. We can go to-night, if you wish.'

'Oh no, it isn't worth while,' said he, absently. And then he continued: 'I'm afraid your friends the clergymen are making a mistake as regards that question. I don't know who these leaders are; I should like to know more precisely their character and aims; but it will do no good to call them agitators, and suggest that they should be ducked in horse-ponds—'

'It is infamous!' said Lady Sylvia. She knew nothing whatever about it. But she would have believed her husband if he had told her that St. Mark's was made of green cheese.

'I mean that it is unwise,' said he, without any enthusiasm. 'Christ meant His church to be the church of the poor. The rich man has a bad time of it in the Gospels. And you may depend on it that if you produce among the poorer classes the feeling that the Church of England is on the side of the rich—is the natural ally of the squires, landlords, and other employers —you are driving them into the hands of the Dissenters, and hastening on the disestablishment.'

'And serve them right too,' said she,

boldly, 'if they betray their trust. When the Church ceases to be of the nation, let it cease to be the national church.'

This was a pretty speech. How many weeks before was it that Lady Sylvia was vowing to uphold her beloved Church against all comers, but more especially against a certain malignant iconoclast of the name of Mrs. Chorley? And now she was not only ready to assume that one or two random and incautious speeches represented the opinion of the whole of the clergymen of England, but she was also ready to have the connection between Church and state severed in order to punish those recusants.

'I am not sure,' said Balfour, apparently taking no notice of this sudden recantation, 'that something of that feeling has not been produced already. The working-man of the towns jeers at the parson; the agricultural laborer distrusts him, and will grow to hate him if he takes the landlord's side in this matter. Now why does not the Archbishop of Canterbury seize the occasion? Why does he not come forward and say: 'Hold a bit, my friends. Your claims may be just, or they may be exorbitant—that is a matter for careful inquiry—and you must let your landlords be heard on the other side. But whatever happens, don't run away with the notion that the Church has no sympathy with you; that the Church is the ally of your landlord; that it is the interest of your parson to keep you poor, ill fed, ill lodged, and ignorant. On the contrary, who knows so much about your circumstances? Who more fitting to become the mediator between you and your landlord? You may prefer to have leaders from your own ranks to fight your battles for you; but don't imagine that the parson looks on unconcerned, and, above all, don't expect to find him in league with your opponents.' Some mischief could be avoided that way, I think.'

'Hugh,' said she, with a sudden burst of enthusiasm, 'I will go down to Somersetshire with you.'

'And get up on a chair and address a crowd,' said he, with a smile. 'I don't think they would understand your speech, many of them.'

'Well,' said she, 'perhaps I shall be better employed in making The Lilacs look very pretty for your return. And I shall have those slippers made up for you by that time. And, oh, Hugh—I wanted to ask you—don't you think we should have those cane rocking-chairs taken away from the smoking-room, now the colder evenings are coming in, and morocco easy-chairs put in their stead?'

'I am sure whatever you do will be right,' said he.

'And papa will be back from Scotland then,' said she. 'And he writes me that my uncle and his family are going down for a few days; and it will be so pleasant to have a little party to meet us at the station—'

The expression of his face changed suddenly.

'Did you say your uncle?' said he, with a cold stare.

'Yes,' said she, with innocent cheerfulness; 'it will be quite pleasant to have some friends to welcome us, after our long stay among strangers. And I know papa will want us to go straight to the Hall, and dine there; and it will be so nicé to see the dear old place—will it not?'

'No doubt,' said he. And then he added, 'Sylvia, if any invitation of that sort reaches you, you may accept for yourself, if you wish, but please leave me out of it.'

She looked up and perceived the singular alteration in his look; he had become cold, reserved, firm.

'What do you mean, Hugh?' she cried.

'Only this,' said he, speaking distinctly. 'I prefer not to dine at Willowby Hall if your uncle is there. I do not wish to meet him.'

'Why?' she said, in amazement.

'I am not a tale-bearer,' he answered. 'It is enough for me that he is not the sort of person with whom I wish to sit down at table. More than that—but I am only expressing an opinion, mind; I don't wish to control your conduct—I think it might be better if you were to allow your acquaintance with your uncle's family quietly to drop.'

'Do you mean,' said she, with the pale face becoming slightly flushed, 'that I am to resolve not to see those relatives of mine any more—without having a word of reason for it?'

'I wished to spare you needless pain,' said he, in quite a gentle way. 'If you want to know, I will tell you. To begin

with, I don't think your uncle's dealings in regard to money matters are characterized by that precision—that—that scrupulous accuracy—'

'I understand,' she said, quickly, and the color in her face deepened. 'But I did not expect you, of all men in the world, to reproach any one for his poverty. I did not expect that. My uncle is poor, I know—'

'Pardon me, Sylvia, I never made your uncle's lack of money a charge against him: I referred to a sort of carelessness—forgetfulness, let us say—as regards other people's money. However, let that pass. The next thing is more serious. As I understand, your uncle has been involved in some awkward business—arising from whist-playing—at the C—— Club; and I hear this evening that he has resigned in consequence.'

'Who told you that?'

'Captain Courtenay.'

'The gentleman who is staying at this hotel?'

'Yes.'

'Have you any thing else to say against my uncle?' she demanded.

'I think I have said enough; I would rather have said nothing at all.'

'And you ask me,' she said, with some indignation in her voice, 'to cut myself adrift from my relatives because you have listened to some story told by a stranger in a coffee-room. What do I know about Captain Courtenay? How can he tell what explanation my uncle may have of his having resigned that club? I must say, Hugh, your request is a most extraordinary one.'

'Now, now, Sylvia,' he said, good-naturedly. 'You know I made no request; I do not wish to interfere in the slightest way with your liberty of action. It is true that I don't think your uncle and his family are fit people for you to associate with; but you must act as you think best. I, for one, don't choose to be thrown into their society.'

Now Lady Sylvia never had any great affection for her aunt, and she was not likely to hold her cousin Honoria in dear remembrance; but, after all, her relatives were her relatives, and she became indignant that they should be spoken of in this way.

'Why did you make no objection before? Why did you go and dine at their house?'

He laughed.

'It suited my purpose to go,' said he, 'for I expected to spend a pleasant evening with you.'

'You saw nothing wrong in my visiting them then.'

'Then I had no right to offer you advice.'

'And now that you have,' said she, with a proud and hurt manner, 'what advice do I get? I am not to see my own relations. They are not proper persons. But I suppose the Chorleys are: is that the sort of society you wish me to cultivate? At all events,' she added, bitterly, 'my relatives happen to have an *h* or two in their possession.'

'Sylvia,' said he, going over and patting her on the shoulder, 'you are offended—without cause. You can see as much of your uncle's family as you please. I had no idea you were so passionately attached to them.'

That ended the affair for the moment; but during the next few days, as they travelled by easy stages homeward, an ominous silence prevailed as to their plans and movements subsequent to their reaching England. At Dover she found a telegram awaiting her at the hotel; without a word she put it before her husband. It was from Lord Willowby, asking his daughter by what train she and her husband would arrive, so that the carriage might be waiting for them.

'What shall I say?' she asked at length.

'Well,' said he, slowly, 'if you are anxious to see your relatives, and to spend some time with them, telegraph that you will be by the train that leaves Victoria at 5.15. I will take you down to the Lilacs; but I must leave you there. It will suit me better to spend a few days in town at present.'

Her face grew very pale.

'I don't think,' she said, 'I need trouble you to go down with me. I can get to Victoria by myself. 5.15, I think you said?'

She rang for a blank telegraph form,

'What are you going to do?' said Balfour, struck by something peculiar in her manner.

'I am going to telegraph to papa to meet me at the station, as I shall be alone.'

'You will do nothing of the kind,' said he, gently but firmly. 'You may associate with what people you please, and welcome;

only there must be no public scandal as regards the relations between you and me. Either you will go on with me to Piccadilly, and remain there, or I go down with you to The Lilacs, and leave you to go over to the Hall if you wish to do so.'

She telegraphed to her father that they had postponed their return to The Lilacs, and would remain in town for the present. She bought a shilling novel at the station, and silently and assiduously cried behind it the greater part of the journey up to town. Arrived in London, the poor martyr suffered herself to be dragged away to that lonely house in Piccadilly. It was a sorrowful home-coming.

Then the cup of her sorrows was not yet full. With an inhuman cruelty, her husband (having had his own ends served) sought to make light of the whole matter, All that evening he tried to tease her into a smile of reconciliation; but her wrongs lay too heavily upon her. He had even the brutality to ask her whether she could invite the Chorleys to dine with them on the following Friday; and whether they had not better get a new dessert service for the occasion. He did well, she thought, to mention the Chorleys. These were the people he considered it fit that she should meet: her own relatives he would debar.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SOLITUDES OF SURREY.

PARLIAMENT was not dissolved that autumn, and there was no need that Englebury and its twin electors, Mr. and Mrs. Chorley, should interfere with the happiness of Mr. and Lady Sylvia Balfour. Both the young people, indeed, would have scouted the notion that any fifteen dozen of Chorleys could have possessed that power. Surely it was possible for them to construct a sufficiently pleasant *modus vivendi*, even if they held somewhat different views about political matters.

But long before the crisis of a general election occurred, Hugh Balfour had managed to think out very seriously several questions regarding the relations between himself and his young wife. He was determined that he would be largely generous and considerate to her. When he saw how tenderly devoted to him she was, when he got to know more of those clear perceptions of duty and obedience and unhesitating unselfishness that governed her conduct, when he saw how that sweetness and strange sincerity of manner of hers charmed every one who was introduced to her, surely he had every reason to be generously considerate. It is true he had dreamed some sentimental dream of a helpmeet who would be constantly at his side in the rough work of the world; but was not that his own folly? It was a pretty notion, doubtless, but look at the actual facts. Was it desirable that this tenderly nurtured, sensitive girl should plunge into the animosities and anxieties of political life? Her first slight acquaintance, for example, with the ways of a borough election had only shocked and pained her; nay, more, it had very nearly produced a quarrel between him and her. This kind of risk was quite unnecessary. He laughed at the notion of her being an enthusiast for or against the Birmingham League. How could she be deeply interested in the removal of Shrewsbury School, or in Lord Kimberley's relations with the Pacific Railway, or in the expedition of the Dutch against Acheen? Would he gain any more knowledge of the working of the London vestries, supposing he dragged her dainty little feet through the hideous slums of the great city? At this moment he was going off for a riding excursion, after the manner of Cobbett, through Somersetshire. He wanted to find out for himself—for this man was no great enthusiast in politics, but had, on the other hand, a patient desire to satisfy himself as to facts—what were the actual conditions and aspirations of agricultural life there, and he wanted to find out, too, what would be the chances of a scheme of sanitary reform for the rural districts. Now of what possible good could Lady Sylvia be in inspecting piggeries? The thing was absurd. No, no. Her place was in the roomy phaeton he had brought down from town for her, behind the two beautiful black horses which she drove with admirable nerve and skill. She formed part of a pretty picture as we used to see her in these moist and blustering November days. Black clouds behind the yellow elms; the gusty south wind whirling the ruddy leaves from the branches; a wild

glare of light shining along the wet road until it gleamed like a canal of brilliant silver; and in the midst of this dazzling radiance the small figure perched high on the phaeton, clad all in furs, a scarlet feather in her hat, and the sweetest of smiles for known passers-by on the fresh young face. Was it any wonder that he left her to her familiar Surrey lanes, and to the amusement of ordering her small household of The Lilacs, and to the snugness of her father's library in the evening, he going off by himself to that humdrum business of prying about Somersetshire villages?

He was away for about ten days in Somersetshire. Then he wrote to her that he would return to London by way of Englebury; and she was not to expect him very soon, for he might be detained in London by a lot of business. It would not be worth her while to come up. His time would be fully occupied; and she was much better down in Surrey, enjoying the fresh air and exercise of the country.

He had not the slightest doubt that she was enjoying herself. Since her marriage she had not at all lived the secluded life she had led at the Hall. Many a night there were more carriages rolling along the dark and muddy lanes towards The Lilacs than had driven up to the Hall in the previous month. Balfour was the most hospitable of men, now that he had some one to take direction of his dinner parties; and as these parties were necessarily and delightfully small, there was nothing for it but to have plenty of them. The neighbours were convinced there never had been a more fortunate match. Happiness shone on the face of the young house-mistress as she sat at the top of the table which had been florally decorated with her own hands. Her husband was quite openly proud of her; he took not the slightest pains to conceal the fact, as most young husbands laboriously and ineffectually do. And then the wonderful way in which he professed to be interested about those local matters which form—alas!—the staple of talk at rural dinner parties! You would have thought he had no care for any thing beyond horses, dogs, and pheasants. He was grieved to hear that the parson's wife would not countenance the next charity concert; but he was quite sure that Lady Sylvia would win her over. He hoped that it was not true that old Somebody or other was to be sold out of Something farm, after having occupied it for forty years; but feared it was too true that he had taken to drink. And one night, when he heard that a neighbouring master of harriers had intimated that he would cease to hunt if he were not guaranteed a sum of £2000 a year, Balfour declared that he would make up whatever deficit the subscription might show. He became popular in our neighbourhood. He never talked about politics; but gave good dinners instead

Indeed, there were one or two of us who could not quite reconcile Mr. Balfour's previous history with his present conduct. You would have thought, to hear him speak, that his highest notion of human happiness was shooting rabbits on Willowby Heath, although, as every one knew, he was a very indifferent shot. Then the fashion in which he drove round with his wife, paying afternoon calls! Gentlemen who pay afternoon calls are ordinarily more amiable than busy; and how this man, with all his eager ambitions and activities, could dawdle away the afternoon in a few dull drawing-rooms in the country, was a strange thing to some of us. Was he so proud of this young wife of his that he was never tired of showing her off? Or was it—seeing that by-and-by he would be away in the hurry and worry of an election, and perhaps locked up for six months in the close atmosphere of the House of Commons—was it that he wished Lady Sylvia to have as many friends as possibie down in these rural solitudes, so as to lighten the time for her?

At all events, she seemed to enjoy her married life sufficiently well. This neighbourhood had always been her home. She was within easy driving or riding distance of the Hall, and could see that things were going straight there. She had many friends. When her husband left her for a week or two to her own devices, he had no doubt at all but that her time would be fully occupied, and that her life was passing as pleasantly as could be desired.

When Lady Sylvia got that letter, saying he would return from Somersetshire by way of Englebury, and would remain a few days in London, she was sitting at one of the French windows of The Lilacs, looking out on a dismal December afternoon, the rain slowly drizzling down on the laurels

and the wet gravel-paths. She took it from the servant, and opened it with much composure. She had been schooling herself for some time back.

She read the letter through with great calmness, and folded it again, and put it in her pocket. Then she thought she would go and get some needle-work, for it was a melancholy business this staring out at the rain. But as she rose to pass through the room, the sensitive lips began to tremble strangely; and suddenly, with a passionate abandonment of despair and grief, she threw herself on a couch, and hid her face in the cushion, and burst into a long and bitter fit of crying. The proud, hurt soul could no longer contain itself. It was in vain that she had been training herself to play the part which he had seemingly allotted her. She saw her husband being removed further and further from her; his interests and occupations and hopes were becoming more and more a matter personal to himself; their lives were divided, and the barrier was daily growing more hopelessly obvious and impassable. Was this, then, the end of those beautiful dreams of what marriage was to make their future life together? Was she already a widow, and forsaken?

Then this wild fit of despair and grief took another turn, and her heart grew hot with anger against those things that had come between her husband and herself. Once or twice, in her courtship days, she had entertained a passing feeling of resentment against the House of Commons, for that it took from her so much of her lover's thoughts; but now a more vehement jealousy possessed her, and she regarded the whole business of public life as a conspiracy against domestic happiness. The Chorleys? No, not the Chorleys. These people were too contemptible to come between her husband and herself. But they were a part of that vulgarising, distracting, hateful political life, which was nevertheless capable of drawing a man away from his wife and home, and filling his mind with gross cares and mean ambitions. The poor, spoiled, hurt child felt in her burning heart that the British Constitution had cruelly wronged her. She regarded with a bitter anger and jealousy the whole scheme of representative government. Was it not those electioneering people, and the stupid labourers of Somersetshire, and the wretched newspapers that were writing about dozens of subjects they did not understand, who had robbed her of her husband?

A servant tapped at the door. She jumped up, and stood there calm and dignified, her back to the window, so that her face was scarcely visible in the shadow. The man only wanted to put some coals on the fire. After he was gone, Lady Sylvia dried her eyes, sat down once more at the window, and began to consider, her lips a trifle more firmly put together than usual.

After all there was a good deal of womanly judgment and decision about this girl, in spite of all the fanciful notions and excess of sensitiveness that had sprung from her solitary musings. Was it seemly that she should fret like a child over her own unhappiness? Her first duty was her duty as a wife. If her husband believed it to be better that he should fight his public life alone, she would do her best in the sphere to which she had been relegated, and make his home as pleasant for him as she could. Crying, because her husband went off by himself to Englebury? She grew ashamed of herself. She began to accuse herself with some indignation. She was ready to say to herself that she was not fit to be anybody's wife.

Full of a new and eager virtue, she hastily rang the bell. The man did not fall down in a fit when she said she wanted the phaeton sent round as soon as possible, but he gently reminded her ladyship that it was raining, and perhaps the brougham—But no; her ladyship would have the phaeton, and at once. Then she went up stairs to get dressed, and her maid produced all sorts of waterproofs.

Why so much haste? Why the eager delight of her face? As she drove briskly along the wet lanes, the rain-drops were running down her cheeks, but she looked as happy and comfortable as if it had been a breezy day in June. The horses splashed the mud about; the wheels swished through the pools. In the noise, how could the man behind her hear his young mistress gayly humming to herself,

> 'Should he upbraid,
> I'll own that he'll prevail!'

He thought she had gone mad, to go out on a day like this, and no doubt made some

remarks to himself when he had to jump down into the mud to open a certain iron gate.

Now there was in this neighbourhood a lady who had for many a day been on more or less friendly terms with Lady Sylvia, but who seemed to become even more intimate with her after her marriage. The fact is, Mr. Balfour appeared to take a great liking to this person, and was continually having his wife and her brought together. Those who know her well are familiar with her tricks of manner and thinking—her worship of Bishops, her scorn of husbands in general, and her demeanor of awful dignity, which has gained for her the style and title of Our Most Sovereign Lady Five-foot-three; but there is no denying the fact that there is about her eyes a certain pathetic, affectionate look that has an odd power over those who do not know her well, and that invites these people to an instant friendliness and confidence. Well, this was the person whom Lady Sylvia now wished to see; and after she had taken off her wet waterproofs in the hall, and dried her face, she went straight into the drawing-room, and in a minute or two was joined by her friend.

'My dear Lady Sylvia,' cried her Most Gracious Majesty, kissing the young thing with maternal fondness, 'what could have brought you out on such a day—and in the phaeton, too?'

Lady Sylvia's cheeks were quite rosy after the rain. Her eyes were bright and glad. She said, blithely,

'I came out for the fun of it. And to beg you to give me a cup of tea. And to have a long chat with you.'

Surely these were sufficient reasons. At least they satisfied the elder woman, who rang for the tea, and got it, and then assumed a wise and confidential air, in order to hear the confessions of this gushing young creature. Had she formed some awful project of going up to London on a shopping excursion in the absence of her husband? or had the incorrigible Blake been grumbling as usual, and threatening to leave?

Nothing of the kind. It was the elder woman who was to be lectured and admonished—on the duty of wives, on the rights of husbands to great consideration, and so forth, and so forth. Of course the lecture was introduced by a few playful and preliminary bits of gossip, so as to remove from the mind of the listener the notion that it had been premeditated; nevertheless, Lady Sylvia seemed to be very earnest on this matter. After all, said she, it was the lot of women to suffer. Those who seemed to be most fortunately placed in the world had doubtless their secret cares; there was nothing for it but to bear them with a brave heart. A wife could not lessen the anxieties of her husband by sharing them; she would more probably increase them by her womanly fear and exaggeration. It was not to be expected that a woman should be constantly intermeddling in affairs of which she could not possibly be a fair judge. A great many wives thought they were neglected, when it was only their excessive vanity that was wounded: that was foolish on the part of those wives. *U. s. w.* Lady Sylvia talked bravely and gladly. She was preaching a new gospel; she had the eagerness of a convert.

Her listener, who, notwithstanding that sham dignity of hers, had a great deal of womanly tact and tenderness, merely listened and smilingly agreed. But when Lady Sylvia, after refusing repeated entreaties that she should stay to dinner, drove away in the dusk and the rain to her solitary home, it was observed that her friend was unusually thoughtful. She scarcely said any thing at all during dinner; although once, after an interval of profound silence, she startled us all by asking, abruptly,

'Why does not Mr. Balfour take Lady Sylvia up to his house in Piccadilly?'

CHAPTER XIX.

THE CANDIDATE.

ON that same afternoon Mr. Hugh Balfour was also out driving—in a dog-cart—and his companion was Mr. Bolitho, whom he had picked up at an out-of-the-way station, and was conducting to Englebury. It was a dismal drive. There was not the rain here that there was in Surrey, but in its place there was a raw, damp, gray mist that hung about the woods and fields, and dripped from the withered briars in the hedges, and covered the thick

top-coats of the two men with a fur of wet. Neither cigar nor pipe would keep alight in this cold drizzle. Balfour's left hand, the fingers closed on the spongy reins, was thoroughly benumbed, Even the bland and cheerful Billy Bolitho had no more jokes left.

'I suppose,' said Balfour at last, amid the clatter of the cob's hoofs on the muddy road—'I suppose we might as well go up and see the Chorleys this evening?'

'I would rather say the morning,' answered Mr. Bolitho, looking mournfully out from between the points of his coat collar at the black stump of his cigar. 'Chorley is one of those uncomfortable people who dine about five and have prayers about nine.'

It was wrong of Mr. Bolitho to make this random charge against the Englebury solicitor, for he knew absolutely nothing about the matter. He was thoroughly uncomfortable. He was cold, damp, and hungry. He had visions of the 'Green Man' at Englebury, of an ample dinner, a warm room, and a bottle of port-wine. Was he going to adventure out again into this wretched night, after he had got thoroughly dry and comfortable, all because of a young man who seemed to pay no heed to the requirements of digestion?

It was quite dark when they at last drove over the bridge and up into the main thoroughfare of Englebury, and right cheerful looked the blazing shops of the small town. They passed under the sign of the 'Green Man,' into the spacious archway; the great bell summoned the hostler from out of the gloom; they jumped down and stamped their feet; and then they found themselves face to face with a very comely damsel, tall and slender and dark of face, who, in the absence of her sister, the landlady, wanted to know if the gentlemen would order dinner before going up stairs to their rooms. As she made the suggestion, she glanced up at a goodly row of joints and fowls that were suspended from the roof of the central hall, outside the capacious, shining, and smiling bar.

'You order the dinner, Bolitho,' said Balfour, 'I'm going to see that the cob is looked to.'

'Confound the cob!' said the other; but Balfour had already disappeared in the darkness. So he turned with great contentment to the distinguished-looking and gracious young person, and entered into a serious consultation with her. Mr. Bolitho was not in the habit of letting either cobs or country solicitors stand in the way of his dinner.

And a very sound and substantial dinner it was that they had in the snug little room on the first floor, after they had got on some dry clothing and were growing warm again. There was a brisk fire blazing in the grate; there were no fewer than four candles in the room, two on the table and two on the mahogany sideboard. Balfour laughed at the business-like manner in which Mr. Bolitho ploughed his way through the homely feast; but he was sharply hungry himself, and he so far departed from his ordinary habits as to call for a tankard of foaming stout. The agreeable young lady herself waited on them, although she did not know as yet that one of the strangers wished to represent her native town in Parliament. She seemed a little surprised, however, when, at the end of dinner, the younger gentleman asked whether she could send him up a clay pipe, his own wooden one having gone wrong. She had heard the two friends talking about very great persons indeed as though they were pretty familiar with them, and a fourpenny cigar from the bar would, she considered, have been more appropriate. But the other gentleman redeemed himself in her eyes by ordering a bottle of the very best port-wine they had in the house.

'Gracious goodness!' cried Balfour with a loud laugh, 'what do you mean, Bolitho?'

'I mean to make myself comfortable,' said the other, doggedly.

'Oh, it's comfortable you call it,' remarked the younger man. 'Well, it is a good phrase.'

'Yes, I mean to make myself comfortable,' said Mr. Bolitho, when he had drawn in his chair to the fire, and lit a cigar, and put a glass of port on the mantelpiece 'and I also mean to give you some advice—some good and excellent advice—which is all the more appropriate since you may be said to be beginning to-day your canvass of the borough of Englebury. Well, I have had to do with a good many candidates in my time; but I will say this for you, that you are just about the last man in the world I would choose to run for a seat if I had any choice.'

'That is cheerful, at any rate,' said Balfour, who had lit his long clay, and was contentedly stretching out his legs to the fire. 'Go on.'

'I say it deliberately. If you get in at all, it won't be through any action on your own part. I would almost rather fight the election for you in your absence. Why, man, you have no more notion of conciliating any body than an arctic bear has. Don't you know you are asking a great favor when you ask people to return you to Parliament? You don't suppose you can cheek every constituency as you cheeked those poor wretches at Ballinascroon?'

'My dear philosopher and friend,' said the culprit, 'I am not aware of ever having addressed a word to any elector of Englebury, barring your Mr. Chorley.'

'I don't mean here or now,' said Bolitho, who thought he would read this young man a sound lesson when he was about it. 'I mean always and everywhere. A man can not get on in politics who blurts out his opinions as you do yours. You can't convince a man by calling him a fool. You have been spoiled. You got your first seat too easily, and you found yourself independent of the people who elected you. If you had had to conciliate your constituency as some men have, it would have been useful practice for you. I tell you a member of Parliament can not afford to be continually declaring his opinions, as if he had all the wisdom in the world—'

Here the culprit, far from being meek and attentive, burst out laughing.

'The fact is, Bolitho, all this harangue means that you want me to be civil to Chorley. Doesn't it, now?'

Mr. Bolitho, being in a pleasant humor, suffered a shrewd, bland smile to appear about the corners of his mouth.

'Well,' said Balfour, frankly, 'I mean to be enormously civil to old Chorley—so long as he doesn't show up with some humbug. But mind you, if that old thief, who wants to sell the borough in order to get a good price for his filched common, begins to do the high virtuous business, then the case becomes altered? Civil? Oh yes, I shall be civil enough. But you don't expect me to black his boots?'

'You see,' said Mr. Bolitho, slowly, 'you are in rather an awkward position with regard to these two people—I will tell you that honestly. You have had no communication with them since you first saw them in Germany?'

'No, none.'

'Well, you know, my gay young friend, you pretty nearly put your foot in it by your chaffing old Chorley about selling the piece of green. Then no sooner had they got over that than Lady Sylvia—You know what I mean.'

Balfour looked a bit annoyed.

'Leave Lady Sylvia out of it,' said he. 'She does not want to interfere in these things at all.'

'No,' said Mr. Bolitho, cautiously; 'but you see there is the effect of that—that remark of hers to be removed. The Chorleys may have forgotten; they will make allowances—'

'They can do as they like about that,' said Balfour, bluntly; 'but Lady Sylvia won't trouble them again. Now as to the bit of common?'

'Well, if I were you, I would say nothing about it at present.

'I don't mean to, nor in the future either.'

'You don't intend to make him an offer?'

'Of course not.'

Mr. Bolitho looked at the young man. Had he been merely joking when he seemed to entertain seriously the project of bribing Mr. Chorley by purchasing his land from him? Or had some new and alien influence thwarted his original purpose? Mr. Bolitho instantly thought of Lady Sylvia.

'Perhaps you are right,' said he, after a second or two. 'Chorley would be shy of taking an offer, after you had directly described the thing as bribing the town. But all the more you should be conciliatory to him and his wife. Why should they fight for you?'

'I don't know.'

'What have you to offer them?'

'Nothing.'

'Then you are asking a great favor, as I said before.'

'Well, you know, Bolitho, Englebury has its duty to perform. You shouldn't make it all a matter of private and personal interchange of interests. Englebury has its place in the empire; it has the proud privilege of singling out a faithful and efficient person to represent it in Parliament; it has its relations with the British Constitution;

and when it finds that it has the opportunity of returning so distinguished a person as myself, why shouldn't it jump at the chance? You have no faith in public virtue, Bolitho. You would buy land, and bribe. Now that is wrong.'

'It's all very well for you to joke about it,' said Mr. Bolitho rather gloomily, 'but you'll sing a different tune if you find yourself without a seat after the next general election.'

On the following morning they walked up through the town which Mr. Balfour aspired to represent, toward Mr. Chorley's house. It was a bright morning after the rain; the sun shining pleasantly on the quaint old town, with its huddled red-and-white houses, its gray church, its high-arched bridge that spanned a turbidly yellow river. Mr. Chorley's house stood near the top of the hill—a plain, square, red brick building, surrounded by plenty of laurels and other evergreens, and these again inclosed by a high brick wall. They were ushered into a small drawing-room, stuffed full of ornaments and smelling of musk. In a few moments Mr. and Mrs. Chorley entered together.

Surely nothing could be more friendly than the way in which they greeted the young man. The small, horsy-looking solicitor was prim and precise in his manner, it is true; but then he was always so. As for Mrs. Chorley, she regarded him with a pleasant look from over her silver spectacles, and begged him and Mr. Bolitho to be seated, and hoped they had an agreeable drive on that bright morning. And when Mr. Bolitho explained that they had arrived on the previous evening, and put up at the 'Green Man,' she was good enough to express her regret that they had not come right on and accepted the hospitality of herself and her husband for the night.

'But perhaps,' said she suddenly, and with an equally sudden change in her manner—'perhaps Lady Sylvia is with you?'

'Oh dear no!' said Balfour, and he instantly changed the subject by beginning to talk about his experience down in Somersetshire, and how he had heard by accident that Mr. Bolitho was in the neighborhood of Englebury, and how he had managed to pick him up. That alarming look of formality disappeared from Mrs. Chorley's face. Mr. Chorley suggested some sherry, which was politely declined. Then they had a talk about the weather.

But Balfour was not a timid man, and he disliked beating about the bush.

'Well, Mr. Chorley,' said he, 'how are your local politics? Government very unpopular? Or rather I should ask—as interesting me more nearly—is old Harnden still unpopular?'

'Mr. 'Arnden is not very popular at present,' said Mr. Chorley, with some caution. 'He does his duty well in Parliament, no doubt; but after all, there are—certain courtesies which—which are due to one's constituents—'

'Exactly,' said Balfour. 'I have discovered that in the case of the place I represent. The courtesies that pass between me and the people of Ballinascroon are almost too beautiful. Well, what about the chance of a vacancy at the next general election?'

In reply to this blunt question Mr. Chorley regarded the young man with his shrewd, watchful, small blue eyes, and said, slowly.

'I don't know, Sir, that Mr. 'Arnden has any intention at present of resigning his seat.'

This guardedness was all thrown away on Balfour.

'What would be my chances,' said he, curtly, 'if I came down and contested the seat?'

Here Mrs. Chorley broke in. From the moment they had begun to speak of the next election, the expression of her face had changed. The thin lips were drawn more firmly together. Instead of the beaming maternal glance over her spectacles, there was a proud and cold look, that was at once awful and ominous.

'If I may be allowed to speak, Mr. Balfour,' said she, in lofty accents, 'I would say that it is rather strange that you should mention any such proposal to us. When you last spoke of it, you will remember that some remarks were applied to us by Lady Sylvia, which were never apologized for—by her, at least. Have you any explanation to make?'

There was a sudden flash of fire in the deep-set gray eyes. Apologize for his wife to such people as these?

'Explanation?' said he; and the tone in which he spoke caused the heart of Mr. Bolitho to sink within him. 'If Lady Sylvia spoke hastily, that only convinced

me the more of the folly of allowing women to interfere in politics. I think the business of an election is a matter to be settled between men.'

There was a second or two of awful silence. A thunderbolt seemed to have fallen. Mrs. Chorley rose.

'I, at least,' said she, in majestic accents, and with an indescribable calm, 'will not interfere in this election. Gentlemen, good morning. Eugenius, the chaise is at the door.'

With that she walked in a stately manner out of the room, leaving the burden of the situation on her unfortunate husband. He looked rather bewildered; but nevertheless he felt bound to assert the dignity of the family.

'I must say, Mr. Balfour,' said he, rather nervously, 'that your language is—is unusual. Mrs. Chorley only asked for—for an expression of regret—an apology which was only our due after the remarks of—of Lady Sylvia.'

By this time, Balfour had got on his feet, and taken his hat in his hand. All the Celtic blood in his veins was on fire.

'An apology!' he said. 'Why, man, you must be mad! I tell you that every word my wife said was absolutely true; do you expect her to send you a humble letter, begging for your forgiveness? I apologized for her hastiness at the time; I am sorry I did. For what she said then, I say now—that it is quite monstrous you should suddenly propose to use your influence in the borough on behalf of a man who was an absolute stranger to you; and if you imagined that I was going to bribe you by buying that waste land, or going to bribe the borough by giving them a public green, then get that notion out of your head as soon as possible. Good-morning, Mr. Chorley. Pray tell Mrs. Chorley that I am very sorry if I have hurt her feelings; but pray tell her too that my wife is not conscious of having said anything that demands an apology.'

And so this mad young man and his companion went out, and walked down the main street of Englebury in the pleasant sunshine. And it was all in vain that Mr. Bolitho tried to put in his piteous prayers and remonstrances. The borough? He would see the borough sink into the bottomless pit before he would allow his wife to apologize for a speech that did her infinite honor! The election? He would fight the place if there were ten thousand Chorleys arrayed against him!

'I tell you you have gone stark staring mad,' said the despairing Mr. Bolitho. 'Chorley will immediately go over to Harnden—you will see. His wife will goad him to it. And how can you think of contesting the seat against Harnden and Chorley combined?'

Nature had not conferred a firm jaw on Mr. Hugh Balfour for nothing.

'I tell you in turn,' said the young man, who was neither to hold nor to bind, simply because something had been said about his wife—'I tell you in turn that I mean to contest the seat all the same; and, what is more, by the Lord Harry, I mean to win it!'

CHAPTER XX.

AT A CERTAIN CLUB.

'BOLITHO,' said Mr. Hugh Balfour, as the two companions were preparing to leave for the London train, 'when you see my wife, don't say any thing to her about this affair. She would only be annoyed to think that she was in any way connected with such a wretched wrangle. Women are better out of these things.'

Now Mr. Bolitho was somewhat vexed. The guiding principle in life of this bland, elderly, easy-going gentleman was to make friends every where, or at least acquaintances, so that you could scarcely have mentioned to him a borough in England in which he did not know, more or less slightly, some man of influence. And here he had been involved in a quarrel—all because of the impetuous temper of this foolish young man—with the ruling politician of Englebury!

'I don't think,' said he, with a wry smile, 'that I am likely to see Lady Sylvia.'

'What do you mean?' Balfour asked, as they set out to walk to the station.

'Oh, well, you know,' replied the astute Parliamentary agent, with this sorry laugh still on his face, 'I have a strong suspicion—you will correct me if I am wrong—that Lady Sylvia looks on me as a rather dan-

gerous and disreputable person, who is likely to lead you into bad ways—bribery and corruption, and all that. I am quite sure from her manner to me at Mainz that she considered me to be the author of an abominable conspiracy to betray the people of Englebury.'

'Yes, I think she did,' Balfour said, with a laugh, 'and I think she was right. You were the author of it, no doubt, Bolitho. But then it was all a joke; we were all in it, to the extent of talking about it. What I wish to impress on your young mind is that women don't understand jokes of that sort, and—and it would have been wiser to have said nothing about it before Lady Sylvia. In fact,' he added, with more firmness, 'I don't wish my wife to be mixed up in any electioneering squabble.'

'Quite right, quite right,' responded Mr. Bolitho, with grave suavity; but he knew very well why Mr. Hugh Balfour had never asked him to dine at The Lilacs.

'Now,' said Balfour, when they had reached the station and got their tickets, 'we shall be in London between six and seven. What do you say to dining with me? I shall be a bachelor for a few evenings, before going down to the country.'

Mr. Bolitho was nothing loath. A club dinner would be grateful after his recent experience of rural inns.

'At the Oxford and Cambridge, or the Reform? Which shall it be?' asked the young man, carelessly.

But Mr. Bolitho regarded it as a serious matter. He was intimately acquainted with the cooking at both houses—in fact, with the cooking at pretty nearly every club in the parish of St. James's. After some delay, he chose the Reform; and he was greatly relieved when he saw his companion go off to telegraph to the steward of the club to put down his guest's name in the books. That showed forethought. He rather dreaded Mr. Balfour's well-known indifference about such matters. But if he was telegraphing to the steward, surely there was nothing to fear.

And when at length they reached London, and had driven straight on to the club, the poor man had amply earned his dinner. He had been cross-examined about this person and that person, had been driven into declaring his opinion on this question and that, had been alternately laughed at and lectured, until he thought the railway journey was never going to end. And now as they sat down at the small white table Mr. Balfour was in a more serious mood, and was talking about the agricultural labourer. A paper had just been read at the Farmers' Club which would doubtless be very valuable as giving the employers' side of the question; did Mr. Bolitho know where a full report of that address could be got?

Mr. Bolitho was mutely staring at the framed bill of fare that the waiter had brought to the table. Was it possible, then, that Balfour had ordered no dinner at all? Was he merely going to ask—in flagrant violation of the rules of the club—for some haphazard thing to take the place of a properly prepared dinner?

'Will you have some soup? Do you ever take soup?' asked his host, absently; and his heart sank within him.

'Yes, I will take some soup,' said he, gloomily.

They had the soup; Mr. Balfour was again plunged in the question of agricultural labour. He did not notice that the waiter was calmly standing over them.

'Oh,' said he, suddenly recalling himself —'fish? Do you ever take fish, Bolitho?'

'Well, yes, I will take some fish,' said Mr. Bolitho, somewhat petulantly: at this rate of waiting they would finish their dinner about two in the morning.

'Bring some fish, waiter — any fish — salmon,' said he, at a venture; for he was searching in a handful of papers for a letter he wished to show his guest. When he was informed that there was no salmon, he asked for any fish that was ready, or any joint that was ready; and then he succeeded in finding the letter.

They had some fish too. He was talking now about the recently formed association of the employers of labor. He absently poured out a glass of water and drank some of it. Mr. Bolitho's temper was rising.

'My dear fellow,' Balfour said, suddenly observing that his guest's plate was empty, 'I beg your pardon. You'll have some joint now, won't you? They always have capital joints here; and it saves so much time to be able to come in at a moment's notice and have a cut. I generally make that my dinner, Waiter, bring some beef, or mutton, or whatever there is. And you

were saying, Bolitho, that this association might turn out a big thing?'

Mr. Bolitho was now in a pretty thoroughgoing rage. He had not had a drop of any thing now—not even water. He would sooner parch with thirst. But if ever, he vowed to himself—if ever again he was so far left to himself as to accept an invitation to dine with this thick-headed and glowering-eyed Scotchman, then he would allow them to put strychnine in every dish.

If Mr Bolitho had not got angry over the wretched dinner he was asked to eat, he would frankly have reminded his host that he wanted something to drink. But his temper once being up, he had grown exceedingly bitter about the absence of wine. He had become proud. He longed for a glass of the water before him, but he would not take it. He would wait for the satisfaction of seeing his enemy overcome with shame when his monstrous neglect was revealed to him. Temper, however is a bad substitute for wine when a man is thirsty. Moreover, to all appearance, this crass idiot was likely to finish his dinner and go away without any suspicion that he had grievously broken the laws of common decency and hospitality. He took a little sip of water now and again as innocently as a dipping swallow. And at length Mr. Bolitho could bear it no longer. Thirst and rage combined were choking him.

'Don't you think, Balfour,' said he, with an outward calm that revealed nothing of the wild volcano within—'don't you think one might have a glass of wine of some sort?'

Balfour, with a stare of surprise, glanced round the table. There certainly was no wine there.

'My dear fellow,' said he, with the most obvious and heartfelt compunction, 'I really beg your pardon. What wine do you drink? Will you have a glass of sherry?'

Bolitho was on the point of returning to his determination of drinking nothing at all; but the consuming thirst within was too strong for him. He was about to accept this offer sulkily, when the member for Ballinascroon seemed to recollect that he was entertaining a guest.

'Oh no,' he said, anxiously; 'of course you will have some Champagne. Waiter, bring the wine list. There you are, Bolitho; pick out what you want, like a good fellow. It was really very forgetful of me.'

By this time they had got to the celery and cheese. Mr. Bolitho had scarcely had any dinner; his thirst had prevented his eating, and his anger had driven him into a most earnest and polite attention to his companion's conversation. But when the Champagne arrived, and he had drunk the first glass at a draught, nature revived within him. The strained and glassy look left his eyes; his natural bland expression began to appear. He attacked the cheese and celery with vigor. The wine was sound and dry, and Mr. Bolitho had some good leeway to make up. He began to look on Balfour as not so bad a sort of fellow, after all; it was only his tremendous earnestness that made him forgetful of the smaller things around him.

'And so,' said he, with a dawning smile breaking over his face, 'you mean to go, unaided and alone, and fight the whole faction of your enemies in Englebury—the Chorleys, old Harnden, Reginald Key, and the hunting parson—all together?'

'Well,' said Mr. Balfour, cheerfully, 'I sha'n't try it if I can see an easier chance elsewhere. But I am not afraid. Don't you see how I should appeal to the native dignity of the electors to rise and assert itself against the political slavery that has been imposed on the borough? Bolitho, Englebury shall be free. Englebury shall suffer no longer the dictation of an interested solicitor.'

'That's all very well,' said Mr. Bolitho; 'but Chorley owns half the *Englebury Mercury*.'

'I will start the *Englebury Banner*.'

'And suppose Harnden should resign in favor of Key?'

'My dear friend, I have heard on very good authority that there is not the least chance of Key being in England at that time. The government are sure to try the effect of some other malarious place. I have heard several consulships and island governorships suggested; but you are quite right—he is a hard man to kill; and I believe their only hesitation so far has been owing to the fact that there was no sufficiently deadly place open. But they will be even with him sooner or later. Then as for your hunting parson—I could make friends with him in ten minutes. I never saw a hunting parson; but I have a sneaking liking for him. I can imagine him—a

rosy-cheeked fellow, broad-shouldered, good-humored, a famous judge of horseflesh aud of port-wine, generous in his way, but exacting a stern discipline in exchange for his blankets and joints at Christmas. He shall be my ally—not my enemy.'

'Ah,' said Mr. Bolitho, with a sentimental sigh, 'it is a great pity you could not persuade Lady Sylvia to go down with you. When a candidate has a wife—young, pretty, pleasant-mannered—it is wonderful what help she can give him.'

'Yes, I dare say,' said Balfour, with a slight change in his manner. 'But it is not Lady Sylvia's wish—and it certainly isn't mine—that she should meddle in any election. There are some women fitted for that kind of thing (doubtless excellent women in their way), but she is not one of them, and I don't particularly care that she should be.'

Mr. Bolitho felt that he had made a mistake, and he resolved in future not to mention Lady Sylvia at all. This wild adoration on the part of the young man might even pass away before the general election came on, in which case Balfour might not be averse from having her pretty face and serious eyes, to win him over a few friends. In the meantime Mr. Bolitho hinted something about a cigar, and the two companions went up stairs.

Now when Balfour drove up that night to his house in Piccadilly, he was surprised to see an unnecessary number of rooms dimly lighted. He had telegraphed to the housekeeper, whom they always left there, to have a bedroom ready for him, as he intended to have his meals at his club during his short stay in town. When he rang, it was Jackson who opened the door.

'Hallo, Jackson,' said he, 'are you here?'

'Yes, Sir. Her ladyship sent us up here two days ago to get the house ready. There is a letter for you, Sir, up stairs.'

He went up stairs to his small study, and got the letter. It was a pretty little message, somewhat formal in style, to be sure, but affectionate and dutiful. Lady Sylvia had considered it probable he might wish to have some gentlemen friends to dine with him while in town, and she had sent the servants up to have everything ready, so that he should not have to depend entirely on his club. She could get on very well with Anne, and she had got old Blake over from the Hall to sleep in the house. She added that as he might have important business to transact in connection with his visit to Englebury, he was on no account to cut short his stay in London prematurely. She was amusing herself very well. She had called on So-and-so and So-and-so. Her papa had just sent her two brace of pheasants and any number of rabbits. The harriers had met at Willowby Clump on the previous Saturday. The School Board school was to be finished on the following week—and so forth.

He put the letter on the table, his eyes still dwelling on it thoughtfully; and he lit his pipe, and sank into a big easy-chair.

'Poor old Syllabus," he was thinking—for he caught up this nickname from Johnny Blythe—'this is her notion of duty, that she should shut herself up in an empty house!'

And indeed, as he lay and pondered there, the house in which he was at this moment seemed very empty too; and his wife, he felt, was far away from him, separated from him by something more than miles. It was all very well for him to grow proud and reserved when it was suggested to him that Lady Sylvia should help him in his next canvass; it was all very well for him to build up theories to the effect that her pure, noble, sensitive mind were better kept aloof from the vulgar traffic of politics. But even now he began to recall some of the dreams he had dreamed in his bachelor days — in his solitary walks home from the House, in his friendly confidences with his old chum at Exeter, and most of all when he was wandering with Lady Sylvia herself on those still summer evenings under the great elms of Willowby Park. He had looked forward to a close and eager companionship, an absolute identity of interests and feelings, a mutual and constant help-giving which had never been realized. Suddenly he jumped to his feet, and began to walk up and down the room.

He would not give himself up to idle dreams and vain regrets. It was doubtless better as it was. Was he a child, to long for sympathy when something unpleasant had to be gone through? She herself had shown him how her quick, proud spirit had revolted from a proposal that was no uncommon thing in public life; better that

she should preserve this purity of conscience than that she should be able to aid him by dabbling in doubtful schemes. The rough work of the world was not for that gentle and beautiful bride of his; but rather the sweet content and quiet of country ways. He began to fret about the engagements of the next few days to which he had pledged himself. He would rather have gone down at once to The Lilacs, to forget the babble and turmoil and vexations of politics in the tender society of that most loving of all friends and companions. However, that was impossible. Instead, he sat down and wrote her an affectionate and merry letter, in which he said not one word of what had happened at Englebury, beyond recording the fact of his having been there. Why should he annoy her by letting her suppose that she had been mixed up in a squabble with such a person as Eugenius Chorley?

CHAPTER XXI.

HIS RETURN.

IT was with a buoyant sense of work well done that Balfour, on a certain Saturday morning, got into a hansom and left Piccadilly for Victoria Station. He had telegraphed to Lady Sylvia to drive over from The Lilacs to meet him, and he proposed that now he and she should have a glad holiday time. Would she run down to Brighton for the week preceding Christmas? Would she go over to Paris for the New-Year? Or would she prefer to spend both Christmas and New-Year among the evergreens of her English home, with visits to neighbouring friends, and much excitement about the decoration of the church, and a pleased satisfaction in giving away port-wine and flannels to the properly pious poor? Anyhow, he would share in her holiday. He would ride with her, walk with her; he would shoot Lord Willowby's rabbits, and have luncheon at the Hall; in the evening, in the warm, hushed room, she would play for him while he smoked, or they would have confidental chatting over the appearance and circumstances and dispositions of their friends. What had this tender and beautiful child to do with politics? She herself had shown him what was her true sphere; he would not have that shy and sensitive conscience, that proud, pure spirit, hardened by rude associations. It is true, Balfour had a goodly bundle of papers, reports, and blue-books in his bag. But that was merely for form's sake—a precaution, perhaps, against his having to spend a solitary half hour after she had gone to bed at nights. There could be no harm, for example, in his putting into shape, for future use, the notes he had made down in Somersetshire, just as occasion offered. But he would not seek the occasion.

And all things combined to make this reunion with his wife a happy one. It was a pleasant omen that, whereas he had left London in a cold gray fog, no sooner had he got away from the great town than he found the country shining in clear sunlight. Snow had fallen over night; but while the snow in Buckingham Palace Road was trampled into brown mud, here it lay with a soft white lustre on the fields and the hedges and the woods. Surely it was only a bridal robe that Nature wore on this beautiful morning—a half-transparent robe of pearly white that caught here and there a pale tint of blue from the clear skies overhead. He had a whole bundle of weekly newspapers, illustrated and otherwise, in the carriage with him, but he never thought of reading. And though the wind was cold, he let it blow freely through the open windows. This was better than hunting through the rookeries of London.

He caught sight of her just as the train was slowing into the station. She was seated high in the phaeton that stood in the roadway, and she was eagerly looking out for him. Her face was flushed a rose-red with the brisk driving through the keen wind; the sunlight touched the firmly braided masses of her hair and the delicate oval of her cheek; and as he went out of the station-house into the road, the beautiful, tender, gray-blue eyes were lit up by such a smile of gladness as ought to have been sufficient welcome to him.

'Well old Syllabus,' said he, 'how have you been? Crying your eyes out?'

'Oh no, not at all,' she said, seriously. 'I have been very busy. You will see what I have been doing. And what did you mean by sending the servants down again?'

'I did not want to have you starve, while I had the club to fall back on. Where the—'

But at this moment the groom appeared with the packages he had been sent for. Balfour got up beside his wife, and she was about to drive off, when they were accosted by a gentlemanly-looking man who had come out of the station.

'I beg your pardon—Mr. Balfour, I believe?'

'That is my name.'

'I beg your pardon, I am sure; but I have an appointment with Lord Willowby —and—and I can't get a fly here—'

'Oh, I'll drive you over,' said Balfour, for he happened to be in an excellent humor: had he not been, he would probably have told the stranger where to get a fly at the village. The stranger got in behind. Perhaps Lady Sylvia would, in other circumstances, have entered into conversation with a gentleman who was a friend of her father's; but there was a primness about his whiskers and a certain something about his dress and manner that spoke of the City, and of course she could not tell whether his visit was one of courtesy or of commerce. She continued to talk to her husband so that neither of the two people behind could overhear.

And Balfour had not the slightest consciousness of caution or restraint in talking to this bright and beautiful young wife of his. It seemed to him quite natural now that he should cease to bother this loving and sensitive companion of his about his anxieties and commonplace labours. He chatted to her about their favorite horses and dogs; he heard what pheasants had been shot in Uphill Wood the day before; he was told what invitations to dinner awaited his assent; and all the while they were cheerfully whirling through the keen, exhilarating air, crossing the broad bars of sunlight on the glittering road, and startling the blackbirds in the hedges, that shook down the powdery snow as they darted into the dense holly-trees.

'You have not told me,' said Lady Sylvia, in a somewhat measured tone, though he did not notice that, 'wheth your visit to Englebury was successful.'

'Oh,' said he, carelessly, 'that was of no importance. Nothing was to be done then. It will be time enough to think of Englebury when the general election comes near.'

Instead of Englebury, he began to talk to her about Brighton. He thought they might drop down there for a week before Christmas. He began to tell her of all the people whom he knew who happened to be at Brighton at the moment. It would be a pleasant variety for her; she would meet some charming people.

'No, thank you, Hugh,' she said, somewhat coldly; 'I don't think I will go down to Brighton at present. But I think you ought to go.'

'I? said he, with a stare of astonishment.

'Yes; these people might be of use to you. If a general election is coming on, you cannot tell what influence they might be able to give you.'

'My dear child,' said he, fairly astonished that she should speak in this hard tone about certain quite innocent people in Brighton, 'I don't want to see those people because they might be of use to me. I wanted you to go down to Brighton merely to please you.'

'Thank you, I don't think I can go down to Brighton.'

'Why.'

'Because I can not leave papa at present,' she said.

'What's the matter with him?' said Balfour, getting from mystery to mystery.

'I can not tell you now,' she said, in a low voice. 'But I don't wish to leave The Lilacs, so long as he is at the Hall; and he has been going very little up to London of late.'

'Very well; all right,' said Balfour, cheerfully. 'If you prefer The Lilacs to Brighton, so do I. I thought it might be a change for you—that was all.'

But why should she seem annoyed because he had proposed to take her down to Brighton? And why should she speak despitefully of a number of friends who would have given her a most hearty welcome? Surely all these people could not be in league with the British House of Commons to rob her of her husband.

In any case, Balfour took no heed of these passing fancies of hers. He had registered a mental vow to the effect that, whenever he could not quite understand her, or whenever her wishes clashed with his, he would show an unfailing consideration and kindness toward this tender soul who had placed her whole life in his hands.

But that consideration was about to be put to the test of a sharp strain. With some hesitation she informed him, as they drove up to the Hall, that her uncle and aunt were staying there for a day or two. Very well; there was no objection to that. If he had to shake hands with Major the Honourable Stephen Blythe, was there not soap and water at The Lilacs? But Lady Sylvia proceeded to say, with still greater diffidence, that probably they would be down again in about ten days. They had been in the habit of spending Christmas at the Hall; and Johnny and Honoria had come too; so that it was a sort of annual family party. Very well; he had no objection to that either. It was no concern of his where Major Blythe ate his Christmas dinner. But when Lady Sylvia went on to explain, with increasing hesitation, that herself and her husband would be expected to be of this Christmas gathering, Mr. Balfour mentally made use of a phrase which was highly improper. She did not hear it, of course. They drove up to the Hall in silence; and when they got into the house, Balfour shook hands with Major Blythe with all apparent good-nature.

Lord Willowby had wished the stranger to follow him into the library. In a few moments he returned to the drawing-room. He was obviously greatly disturbed.

'You must excuse me, Sylvia; I can not possibly go over with you to lunch. I have some business which will detain me half an hour at least—perhaps more. But your uncle and aunt can go with you.'

That was the first Balfour had heard of Major Blythe and his wife having been invited to lunch at his house; but had he not sworn to be grandly considerate? He said nothing. Lady Sylvia turned to her two relatives. Now had Lord Willowby been going over to The Lilacs, his brother might have ventrued to accompany him; but Major Blythe scarcely liked the notion of thrusting his head into that lion's den all by himself.

'My dear,' said the doughty warrior to his wife, 'I think we will leave the young folks to themselves for to-day—if they will kindly excuse us. You know I promised to walk over and see that mare at the farm.'

Balfour said nothing at all. He was quite content when he got into the phaeton, his wife once more taking the reins. He bade good-by to Willowby Hall without any pathetic tremor in his voice.

'Hugh,' said Lady Sylvia, somewhat timidly, 'I think you are prejudiced against my uncle; I am very sorry—'

'I don't look on your uncle,' said Balfour, with much coolness, 'as being at all necessary to my existence, and I am sure I am not necessary to his. We each of us can get on pretty well without the other.'

'But it is dreadful to have members of one family in—in a position of antagonism or dislike to each other,' she ventured to say, with her heart beating a trifle more rapidly.

'Well, yes,' he said, cheerfully. 'I suppose Major Blythe and I are members of the same family, as we are all descended from Adam. If that is what you mean, I admit the relationship; but not otherwise. Come, Sylvia, let's talk about something else. Have you seen the Von Rosens lately?'

For an instant she hesitated, eager, disappointed, and wistful; but she pulled her courage together, and answered with seeming good-will.

'Oh yes,' she said. 'Mr. Von Rosen called yesterday. And the strangest thing has happened. An uncle of his wife has just died in some distant place in America, and has left a large amount of property to Mrs. Von Rosen, on condition she goes out there some time next year and remains for a year at the house that has been left her. And she is not to take her children with her. Mrs. Von Rosen declares she won't go. She won't leave her children for a whole year. They want her to go and live in some desert place just below the Rocky Mountains.'

'A desert!' he cried. 'Why, don't you know that the neighborhood of the Rocky Mountains has been my ideal harbor of refuge whenever I thought of the two worst chances that can befall one? If I were suddenly made a pauper, I should go out there and get a homestead free from the government, and try my hand at building up my own fortunes. Or if I were suddenly to break down in health, I should make immediately for the high plains of Colorado, where the air is like champagne; and I would become a stock-raiser and a mighty hunter in spite of all the bronchitis or consumption that could attack one.

Why, I know a lot of fellows out there now; they live the rudest life all day long—riding about the plains to look after their herds, making hunting excursions up into the mountains, and so forth; and in the evening they put on dress-coats to dinner, and have music, and try to make themselves believe they are in Piccadilly or Pall Mall. Who told her it was a desert?'

'I suppose it would be a desert to her without her children,' said Lady Sylvia, simply.

'Then we will go over after lunch and reason with that mad creature,' said he. 'The notion of throwing away a fortune because she won't go out and live in that splendid climate for a single year!'

What the result of this mission of theirs was, need not be stated at present. Enough that Balfour and his wife, having spent the best part of the afternoon with these neighbouring friends of theirs, went home to dine by themselves in the evening. And Balfour had been looking forward during this past fortnight to the delight of having his wife all to himself again; and he had pictured the still little room, her seated at the piano, perhaps, or perhaps both seated at the fire, and all troubles and annoyances hunted out into the cold winter night. This was the new plan. When he looked at her—at the true, sweet, serious, trusting eyes, and at the calm, pensive, guileless forehead—he began to wonder how he could ever, in his selfish imaginations, have thought of having her become a sort of appanage of himself in his public life. Would he wish her to become a shifting and dextrous wire-puller, paying court to this man, flattering another, patronizing a third, all to further her husband's interests? That, at all events, was not what he wished her to be now. He admired her for her courageous protest against that suggested scheme for the bribing of Englebury. Not for a hundred seats in Parliament would he have his wife make interested professions of friendship for such people as the Chorleys. The proper place for the high-souled young matron was the head of her own table, or a seat by the fire in her own drawing-room; and it was there that he hoped to gain rest, and sweet encouragement, and a happy forgetfulness of all the vulgar strife of the outside world.

'Sylvia,' he said, suddenly, at dinner, 'why do you look so depressed? What is the matter with you?'

'Oh, nothing,' she said, rousing herself, and making an effort—not very successful—to talk about this American trip. Then she relapsed into silence again, and the dinner was not a cheerful feast.

'Are you tired?' he asked again. 'Perhaps you had better go and lie down for a while.'

No, she was not tired. Nor did she go, as was her wont after dinner, into the next room and begin to play a few of the airs and pieces that he liked. She sat down by the fire opposite him. Her face was troubled, and her eyes distant and sad.

'Come, Sylvia,' he said as he lit his pipe, 'you are vexed about something. What is it? What is the trouble?'

'I am not vexed, really. It is no matter,' she again answered.

Well, as his motto was 'Live and let live,' he was not bound to goad her into confidences she was unwilling to make; and as the enforced silence of the room was a rather painful and lugubrious business, he thought he might as well have a look at one or two of the papers he had brought down. He went and fetched his bag. He sat down with his back to the light, and was soon deep in some report as to the water supply of London.

Happening to look up, however, he found that his wife was silently crying. Then he impatiently threw the book on the table, and demanded to know the cause. Perhaps there was some roughness in his voice; but, at all events she suddenly flung herself down before him, and buried her face on his knees, and burst into a fit of wild sobbing, in which she made her stammering confession. It was all about her father. She could not bear to see him suffering this terrible anxiety. It was killing him. She was sure the man who had come down in the train had something to do with these pecuniary troubles, and it was dreadful to her to think that she and her husband had all they could desire, while her father was driven to despair. All this and more she sobbed out like a penitent child.

Balfour put his hand gently on her soft brown hair.

'Is that all, Sylvia?' he said. 'If it is only money your father wants, he can have that. I will ask him.'

She rose—her eyes still streaming with

tears—and kissed him twice. And then she grew gayer in spirit, and went and played some music for him while he smoked his pipe. But as he smoked he thought, and his thoughts were rather bitter about a man who, wanting money, had not the courage to ask for it, but had degraded his daughter into the position of being a beggar for it. And as Mr. Balfour was a business-like person, though he had not been trained up to commerce, he determined to ascertain exactly how Lord Willowby's affairs stood before proffering him this promised help.

CHAPTER XXII.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS.

THERE was a brisk fire in the breakfast-room at The Lilacs, and the frosty December sunlight, streaming through the window, touched the white table-cloth with a ruddy and cheerful glow. A man of about thirty, tall, stalwart-looking, with a huge brown moustache and a partially cropped beard, light blue eyes, and a healthy complexion, stood on the hearth-rug with his hands fixed complacently in his fixed in his pocket. This was Count—or rather as he had dropped his courtesy title since settling down in England, Mr.—Von Rosen, who had served as lieutenant in the Franco-German war, and had subsequently fallen in love with and married a young English lady, who had persuaded him to make England his home. He was a young man of superflous energy, of great good humor and good spirits, who made himself a nuisance to the neighborhood in which he lived by the fashion in which he insisted on other people joining him in his industrial idleness. For example, he had on this very morning, at seven o'clock, sent a letter to Mr. Hugh Balfour, of whose arrival at The Lilacs he had only heard on the previous night, urging him to join a certain shooting party. Lady Sylvia was to drive over with them, and spend the day with two ladies whom she knew. He himself would call at nine. And so he stood here with his hands in his pocket, apparently quite contented, but nevertheless wondering why English people should be so late with their breakfast.

'Ah,' said he, with his face brightening, as Balfour entered the room. 'You are ready to go? But I have to beg your pardon very much. My man says you were not awake when he brought the letter; it was stupid of him to send it to your room.'

'On the contrary,' said Balfour, as he mechanically took up a handful of letters that were lying on the table, 'I have to beg your pardon for keeping you waiting. I thought I would put on my shooting boots before coming down. Lady Sylvia will be here presently. Come, what do you say to having some breakfast with us?'

He was scanning the outside of the various envelopes with something of an absent air. There was nothing meditative about the German ex-lieutenant. He had once or twice allowed his highly practical gaze to fall on a certain game pie.

'A second breakfast?' said he. 'Yes, perhaps it is better. My first breakfast was at six. And in these short days it is foolishness to waste time at the luncheon. Oh yes, I will have some breakfast. And in the meantime why do you not read your letters?'

'Well, the fact is,' said Balfour, 'my wife thinks I should have a clear holiday down here, and I have been wondering whether it is any use—'

But quite mechanically, while he was speaking, he had opened one of the letters, and he paused in his speech as he read its contents.

'By Jove,' said he, partly to himself and partly to his companion, 'they must be pretty certain that I shall be in the next Parliament, or they would not offer to put this in my hands. Perhaps they don't know that I am sure to be kicked out of Ballinascroon.'

At this moment Lady Sylvia entered the room, and that young lady went up to the German lieutenant in the most winning and gracious way—for he was a great friend of hers—and thanked him very prettily for the trouble he had taken about this invitation.

'Trouble?' he said, with a laugh. 'No, no. It is a good drive over to Mr. Lefevre's, and I shall have nice company. And you will find him such a fine fellow—such a good, fine fellow—if you will meet him some night at our house, Lady Sylvia; and your husband will see, when we begin the shooting, that there is no selfishness in him at all—he will prefer that his friends have more shooting than himself, and his

keepers they know that too—and my wife she says if you will be so good as to stay with her all the day, we will come back that way in the afternoon—and it is better still, a great deal better, if you and Mr. Balfour will stay to dine with us.'

Lady Sylvia was very pleased and grateful. Apart from her personal liking for these friends of hers, she was glad to find her husband taking to the amusements and interests of this country life. She said that Mr. Van Rosen's plan would be very agreeable to her if it suited her husband; and then she turned to him. He was still regarding that letter.

'What do you say, Hugh?' she asked.

'Oh yes,' he answered as if startled out of some reverie. 'That is very kind of you, Von Rosen. It would be a delightful day. The fact is, however, I am not quite sure that I ought to go, though nothing would give me greater pleasure, as I have just got an offer here that is rather flattering to a young member who has not done much work in the House. It is rather an important measure they propose to put into my hands. Well, I suppose I shall only be a sort of junior counsel to Lord ——; but at least I could get up his case for him. Well, now, I must see these two men at once. Sylvia,' he continued, turning to his wife, 'if I ask these two friends of mine to run down here to-morrow to dinner, I suppose you could put them up for the night?'

All the glad light had gone from her face. They had sat down at the table by this time; and before answering him, she asked Mr. Von Rosen whether he would not help himself to something or other that was near him. Then she said, in a somewhat precise fashion,

'I think it would look rather singular to ask two strangers down here for a single night at the present time.'

'Why singular?' said he, with a stare.

'So near Christmas,' she continued in the same proud and cold way, 'people are supposed to have made up their family parties. It is scarcely a time to invite strangers.'

'Oh, well,' said he, with a good-natured laugh, 'I did not mean to offend you. I dare say you are right; an evening devoted to talking about this bill would not have been lively for you. However, I must see my two patrons, and that at once. Von Rosen, would you mind saying to Mr. Lefevre how much I thank him for his friendly offer. I fear I must let you have your drive over by yourself.'

It was by the merest accident that he happened to notice his wife's face. When he saw the look of pain and disappointment that passed over it, he did not quite know what he had done to produce that feeling, but he altered his determination in a second.

'By-the-way,' said he, 'I might as well go up to London to-morrow. Yes, that will be better. I will telegraph for them to dine with me at the club; and to-day I can give up to your first-rate little arrangement. Come, Von Rosen, you have not finished already?'

'I do not wish to waste time,' said that inveterate idler. 'The daylight is very short now. You have finished too.'

And so they set out, Lady Sylvia having promised to go over to Mrs. Von Rosen during the day and remain until the evening. As they drove off in the dog-cart, Balfour seemed rather preoccupied. When he remarked, 'Things have come to a bonny cripus!' what was his companion to make of that absurd phrase? Von Rosen did not know the story of the small boy in northern parts who was found bitterly sobbing, and digging his knuckles into his eyes; and who, on being asked what was the matter, replied, in language which has to be softened for southern ears, 'Things have come to a bonny cripus; I only called my father an old fool, and he went out and kicked me behind.' It was the introductory phrase of this insulted boy that Balfour used. 'Things have come to a bonny cripus,' said he.

They drove along the crisp and crackling road. The hoar-frost on the hedges was beginning to melt; the sunlight had draped the bare twigs in a million of rainbow jewels; the copper-colored sun shone over the black woods and the dank green fields.

'Women are strange creatures,' said Balfour again; and this was a more intelligible remark.

'Why do you say that?' asked the simple lieutenant, who had noticed nothing at breakfast beyond the coffee and the game pie.

'I do believe,' said Balfour, with a smile which was not altogether a glad one, 'that my wife is beginning positively to hate

every body and every thing connected with Parliament and politics; and that is a lively look-out for me. You know I can't go on staying down here. And yet I shouldn't wonder if, when Parliament meets, she refused to go up to London.'

'No, no, no,' said the lieutenant; 'there you are very wrong. It is not reasonable—not at all reasonable. She may like the country better, but it is not reasonable. That is what I tell my wife now. She declares she will not go to live in America for a year, and leave her children; and I say to her, "You will think again about that. It is a great trouble that you will leave your children; it will be a great sorrow for a time; but what will you think of yourself after, if you do not do what is right for them? When they grow up, when they want money, what will you think if you have thrust away all that property—and only for a single year's absence?"'

'And has your wife proved reasonable? has she consented to go?' asked Balfour.

Von Rosen shrugged his shoulders.

'No—not yet. But I will not argue with her. I will leave her to think. Oh, you do not know what a woman will do, if she thinks it is for the good of her children. At present it is all "Oh, never, never! Leave my darling little girl, so that she won't know me when I come back? Not for all the money in America!" Well, that is natural too, though it is foolishness. You would not like to have your wife with too hard a heart. And I say to her, "Yes, I will not ask you. We are not so very poor that you must suffer great pain. If you will give up the American property, give it up, and no more to be said." But I know. She is reasoning with herself now. She will go.'

'Do you think she will?' said Balfour, thoughtfully. 'Do you think she will give up so much of her own feeling if she thinks it right?'

'Know?' said the tall young German, with one of his hearty laughs. 'Yes, I know that very well. Oh, there is no one so sensible as my wife—not any one that I know any where—if you can show her what is right. But if you ask me what I think of her uncle, that will cause so much trouble all for his nonsense, then I think he was a most wretched fellow—a most wretched and pitiable fellow.'

Here occurred a most unintelligible growl, whether in German or English phraseology his companion could not say; but doubtless the muttered words were not polite. Another man would probably have given additional force to this expression of feeling by twitching at the reins; but Von Rosen never vented his rage on a horse.

They had a capital day's sport, although Balfour, who was evidently thinking of any thing in the world rather than pheasants, rabbits, and hares, shot very badly indeed. Their luncheon was brought to them at a farm-house, the mistress of the farm giving them the use of her sacred parlour, in which all the curiosities of ornament and natural history contributed by three generations were religiously stored. They got back to Von Rosen's house about six; just in time for a cup of tea and a chat before dressing for an early country dinner.

Surely, one or two of us who were sitting round the table that evening must have thought—surely these two young people ought to have been happy enough, if outward circumstances have any thing to do with content of mind. There was he, in the prime of youthful manhood, with strength written in every outline of the bony frame and in every lineament of the firm, resolute, and sufficiently handsome head, rich beyond the possibilities of care, and having before him all the hopefulness and stimulus of a distinguished public career; she, young, high-born, and beautiful, with those serious and shy eyes that went straight to the heart of the person she addressed and secured her friends everywhere, also beyond the reach of sordid cares, and most evidently regarded by her husband with all affection and admiration. What trouble, other than mere imaginary nonsense, could enter into these linked lives? Well, there was present at this dinner that Cassandra of married life who was mentioned in the first chapter of this highly moral and instructive tale, and she would have answered these questions quickly enough. She would have assumed—for she knew nothing positive about the matter—that these two were now beginning to encounter the bitter disillusionizing experience of post-nuptial life. The husband was beginning to recognise the fact that his wife was not quite the glorious creature he had imagined her to be; he was looking back

with a wistful regret to the perfectly false ideal of her he had formed before marriage; while she, having dreamed that she was marrying a lover, and having woke up to find she had only married a husband, was suffering untold and secret misery because she found her husband's heart transferred from her real self to that old ideal picture of herself which he had drawn in the dreamlike past. This was what she would have said. This was what she was always preaching to us. And we generally found it best in our neighborhood to give her Most Gracious Majesty her own way; so that this theory, as regarded the conjugal relations of nearly every body we knew, was supposed to be strictly accurate. At least nobody had the temerity to question it.

'Lady Sylvia,' said this very person, 'why don't you ever go up to London? Mr. Balfour must think he is a bachelor again when he is all by himself in Piccadilly.'

'I don't like London much,' said Lady Sylvia, with great composure. 'Besides, my husband is chiefly there on business matters, and I should only be in the way.'

'But you take a great interest in politics,' observed this monitress, who doubtless considered that she was administering some wholesome discipline.

'My wife may take some interest in politics,' said Balfour, 'but she has no great love for politicians. I confess they are not picturesque or interesting persons, as a rule. I am afraid their worldly wisdom, their callousness, is a trifle shocking.'

'Well, at all events,' said our Most Gracious Lady—for she was determined to put in a little bit of remonstrance, though she would gravely have rebuked any body else for daring to do so—'you have not much political work to distract your attention at present, Parliament not sitting, and all that excitement about a dissolution having passed away.'

'My dear Mrs. ——,' said he, with a laugh, 'now is the worst time of all; for a good many of us don't know whether we shall be in the next Parliament, and we are trying what we can do to make our calling and election sure. It is a disagreeable business, but necessary. To-morrow, for example, I am going to town to see two gentlemen about a bill they propose I should introduce; but I shall have to ask them first what is the betting about my being able to get into Parliament at all. My present constituents have proved very ungrateful, after the unfailing attention and courtesy I have lavished upon them.'

Here the German ex-soldier burst into a great roar of laughter, as if there was anything amusing in a young man's throwing contumely on a number of persons who had done him the honor of returning him to the House of Commons.

But, after all, it was not our business at this little dinner party to speculate on the hidden griefs that might accompany the outward good fortune of these two young people. We had more palpable trouble near at hand, as was revealed by an odd little accident that evening. Our hostess had a great affection for two boisterous young lads, who were the sons of the august little woman just referred to, and she had invited them to come into the dining-room after dessert. Surely a mother ought to teach these young brats not to make remarks on what does not concern them? Now, as we were talking in an aimless fashion about the Ashantee war, the recent elections, and what not, a sudden sound outside stilled us into silence. It was the children of the church choir who had come up to sing us a Christmas carol; and the sound of their voices outside in the still night recalled many a vivid recollection, and awoke some strange fancies about the coming year. What were most of us thinking of then? This young ass of a boy all at once says, 'Oh, Auntie Bell, where will you be next Christmas? And do they sing Christmas carols far away in America?' And Auntie Bell, being taken rather aback, said she did not know, and smiled; but the smile was not a glad one, for we knew that sudden tears had started to the soft and kindly eyes. We were not quite so happy as we went home that night. And when some one remarked to the mother of those boys— But there, it is no use remonstrating with women.

(To be Continued).

THE TEMPERANCE QUESTION.

A REPLY TO FIDELIS.

IT would be well if we could recognize the truth, that there are evils incident to humanity, which can only be remedied or much modified by those changes in the conditions of our life and improvements of our constitution, moral, emotional, and structural, which the long, slow process of Time can alone effect, but which the remedies proposed, like the nostrums of our quack doctors, often tend only to aggravate.

The way in which any measure will affect a being so complex as man in his individual and social capacity, ca· .ot be worked out like a problem in me· ·anics, nor can its consequences be predicted with certainty by any method of à priori reasoning. Such a measure can only properly be regarded as simply tentative.

Still it is only natural that, when a great, hideous monster, like intemperance, forces itself on our view, our first rough-and-ready thought is to strike it down ruthlessly with the nearest weapon to hand. But there is, we fear, no short-cut to morality and wide social improvement. It was once thought (and acted on) that the shortest way to preserve religion was to destroy the misbeliever and thus silence his heretic tongue; but the idea, though breaking out occasionally, like an epidemic, at unhealthy times and in unhealthy minds, is being generally abandoned as the remedy of an ignorant and barbarous age. And I fear that the rough-and-ready way of partial or total prohibition, by substituting physical force for moral suasion, and constraining the best portion of society to forego their gratifications—and life has not too many of them—may not, in the long run, prove the best. It proceeds upon the principle of benefiting the individual and society, by substituting a world without temptations for the kind of world in which we live and in which temptations abound. But if it be true that temptations overcome, strengthen the moral economy and the power of resistance, the conflict and the victory may be but the means to fortify and elevate us; and though the wheels of this Juggernaut may be crushing human hearts, and though I deeply sympathize with the noble men and women who would fain stamp out the human misery which intemperance has strewn broadcast through the land, yet I do not feel that the end would justify the means, or that the liberty of the subject to exercise properly any legitimate calling ought to be denied him; for I hold that it is of the essence of liberty that every one may do as he pleases, so long as his doing so does not collide with the equal right of every other man to do as he pleases; and I doubt if there are many persons so sure of their position as to affirm that the calling of a hotel-keeper who supplies a dinner and, when requested, a glass of beer or wine, is in itself absolutely wrong, but only in the abuse of it; and I think that no one not absolutely fanatical and despotic, would in such a case, even if he had the power, feel at liberty to step in between the man and his conscience and say to him, 'You must do as my conscience dictates and not as yours.' And if I, as an individual, have no right to say to a man, you must not engage in such and such a calling, a Government has no right to do so; for a Government has no rights except such as have been delegated to it by the individual members of society; and if it had the right and exercised it, I hope to show in the sequel, that it would prove anything but advantageous: for I believe, as I said, in no short-cuts to morality, but that humanity has to travel the old, long and weary way, through besetments from within and from without, and can only attain its scant measure of happiness, or escape the whole burden of the misery of our common lot, not by legal prohibition or keeping temptation out of their reach, but by a higher and a nobler training than they have ever yet received, by the better example of home

and an improved society abroad, and by appeals to their emotions and consciences and reason from high-souled and high-hearted men and women whose approbation they covet and whose disgust they shrink from.

But the eager philanthropist, nobly impatient of human misery, cannot await all this; he would stamp it out by prohibition, or at least curtail it by the statute as it stands. And yet he ought to remember that he has not been constituted the admeasurer or controller of other men's pleasures or the judge of their conduct, of what they should deem desirable either for their health or their gratification.

It is an old saying, that the longest way round is often the shortest way home, and I fear that our short-cuts may only land us in thickets and morasses and quicksands, in which they have so often landed the most eager and noblest spirits of the past. And I think we are justified in regarding it as a principle, that that legislation is always open to suspicion, which, to provide for the good, real or seeming, of a few, becomes tyranny to the many. Nor is this fact weakened by the consideration, that such legislation tends to defeat, by artificial obstruction, the great winnowing processes of nature to sift out the weak.

It is a doctrine fraught with enormous dangers, and belongs to the now generally exploded or dying-out dogma of the paternality of governments. In short the whole present movement—of the mode of licensing, of Dunkin Bills, and of Prohibitions, appears to me to be retrograde rather than progressive.

But I believe the time is coming when it will be recognized, that the main duty of a Government, if not its only duty, is to see that A does not injure B, and *vice versâ*, and that it has nothing to do (save this) with interfering with human liberty, or with suppressing or patronizing or cherishing anything. I believe that public spirit and individual effort and social organization for good are damped and even paralysed by governmental substitution, and that we had better revert to the principle underlying a saying attributed to Cromwell, when called upon to interfere in a case deemed meet for suppression, 'Why, gentlemen, I am a constable to keep the peace.'

This whole article by FIDELIS is a most eloquent appeal, impassioned, compact, ornate, orderly, and, if we admit the author's premises, most convincing. These premises are:—1st. That a Government is entitled to curtail the rights of A, if it conceives that thereby it will benefit B, though A may be the better member of society. 2nd. That it is likewise entitled, if it deems proper, to take of the goods or earnings of A in order to carry out its system of benefiting B—B disclaiming all the time against being so benefited, and A opposing the plan as essentially unjust. 3rd. That a system of things characterised by the absence of temptations leading the weak to transgress, would be a far better system of things than that under which we live. 4th. That the principles of Prohibitionists harmonise with those of Christianity, though not with the actual practice of Christ. 5th. That restrictive measures—Gothenburg systems and such—as actually tried, have effected the good so sanguinely anticipated by their authors. 6th. That they have effected this without greater or equal countervailing disadvantages in any other direction. 7th. That we can predict with certainty the future effects of a measure on a being so complexly organised and conditioned as man. 8th. That the Mohammedan system which puts at once a strait-waistcoat on the will, far transcends the Christian, which leaves the will free to use but not to abuse. 9th. That the tendency of advancing civilization towards greater and greater freedom of the individual is a tendency in the wrong direction, and ought to be substituted by the doctrine of the paternality of Governments. 10th. That it is the duty of a Government to punish, not only for actual crime, but for vices and failings and that, in addition, it is incumbent on it to relieve society, as far as possible, of the temptations to go wrong. 11th. That natural selection—the survival of the fittest—ought to be cheated in its operation by a universal artificial system of preserving the constitutionally weak, to propagate their weaknesses and uncontrol; instead of endeavoring—by appeals to reason, to the sense of right, to the affections, to self-interest—to rouse the sluggish will and invigorate self-control, and, thus, constituting this the test of their improvability and of their title to survive. 12th. That a Government possesses rights of a kind quite distinct from those possessed by individuals.

These, I conceive, all or most of them, must be postulated to make the argument of 'Fidelis' other than a passionate, but condensed and powerful, appeal.

I can imagine the effect of the article of FIDELIS on partial and impassioned readers by its effect upon myself. When reading it I am swept along by the torrent and vehemence of her eloquence—the symbols of the impatient, burning, humanity-loving soul, that by sheer energy of will would fain force us to her conclusion in spite of and over all the barriers of logic and reason and sense. But in the cool afterthought, I ask myself, what does it all amount to? To little or nothing! That in a society of a hundred persons, because three of them, in using, are liable to abuse something, the remaining ninety-seven shall be forced to forego its use. This looks monstrous! But to the eye of reason, the argument is not weakened if you reverse the numbers. We may waive our rights if we choose. If good men, in the interest of humanity, we often have to do so. But neither majorities nor minorities have any right—and the true thinker always confines himself to rights—to prevent me, a free human being, from doing what I like, so long as my doing so does not interfere with the equal right of every other man to do what he likes. And we are travelling towards this in spite of all obstructions and retrogressions. A majority have no right to act against right, though they may have the power.

Though drunkenness is denounced in the Bible as a debasing and enormous crime, and though men were wont in the days of Christ to indulge in drunken debauches, yet, in the full view of all this, Christ drank wine himself, made it for others to drink, and never in any case forbad its use, but only its use in excess. And if Christ left the will free, then what grounds have we for thinking that he would hedge it round now with cast-iron impossibility. I say this because on former occasions, much more than in the present, the Scriptures had been pressed by FIDELIS into the service of her argument.

Mohammed, indeed, made what he conceived to be an improvement on Christianity by enacting a Maine liquor law. And if a teetotaler wants something stringently prohibitive, he will find his beau ideal of a legislator there. There he will enjoy a religion that not only prohibits the abuse, but the use, of wine. But in exchanging Christ for Mohammed, he will exchange the far-sighted legislator who touches the springs of human action, for the dogmatic prohibitionist who substitutes for pregnant principles a code of unbending rules, and who, though lopping off the branches, touches not the root.

But what an array of figures! Surely they must convince! And yet they do not. But 'facts are stubborn things.' No: they are, on the contrary, the most soluble things in the world—melt away faster often than sugar in water. What are named facts may be only the appearances of facts, as, in a mirage we see trees and ships in the sky. Every day I hear sensible people speak of facts which are no facts at all. I have a great respect for facts and statistics when collected with the scrupulous care of truth-loving and impartial minds, but when pitchforked at us in slovenly round numbers of millions, with no basis for the calculations supplied us—statistics I know not how compiled, possibly in the interest of the theory to be established, by some zealot, who, having received a mental bent through religious or social influence, has, like the leaning tower of Pisa, never been able to grow straight again—for such statistics—and they are most general—I have the smallest possible respect.

But, statistics or no statistics, liberty of speech and of action has been purchased at too high a price—by the blood and mortal agonies of whole armies of the martyrs of humanity—to be bartered for pelf or balanced against a money consideration. Still I hope to be able to show that the argument on the ground of expenditure lies quite the other way. But it is the old question belonging to the tribe-times of the world, and which ought to be relegated to the Sioux and the Blackfeet, or to Sparta and early Rome, whether the individual exists for the State or the State for the individual; whether we are Spartans or men; whether, in short, we belong to ourselves or to other people. It is at bottom a very funny idea, indeed.

But let it come once to be established as a principle that a government or a majority (of one or one million, matters not) may, for the sake of a supposed present or pros-

pective good, curtail our rights or restrict our liberties, and we make a breach in the embankment through which the waters may rush in and destroy us. For instance, it might be argued that, inasmuch as scrofula and consumption and hereditary insanity are filling our hospitals and poor-houses and asylums, and since the orphans of such become a burden on society, increasing our taxes and emptying our pockets; and since women's love of dress and show and trinkets has, physicians tell us, taxed their husbands' brains to their utmost tension and beyond it, rendered their lives a miserable struggle and cut them short in mid-career, plunging many of them into drinking and gambling, brain-softening and insanity; and since imprudent and silly marriages are a pregnant source of misery, and throw so many miserable, draggled wives and orphans unprovided for, on charity and the public purse;—I think the motto of each of us ought to be '*excussus propriis aliena curo*,' and that a government of force ought to shut up the scrofulous, consumptive, and insanity-tainted, lest, in propagating their kind and spreading disease broadcast throughout the land, and filling our hospitals and asylums, ever necessarily enlarged, and in leaving their more and more numerous offspring a charge on the public, we become by-and-by pauperised and bankrupt. The vicious, too, ought to be confined; for there is nothing more certain than that vice runs in certain families. The women likewise will have to be looked after, and the sumptuary laws re-enacted. In such a state of things, the magistrates and parliaments will have to regulate the marriages and say who shall marry whom. I think their hands will be pretty full, and that with our beautiful new system of universal intermeddling—of every one interfering with every one; and with a head-censor, and his censors and sub-censors and sub-sub-censors, and a whole army of spies and runners—I think, I say, that FIDELIS, no less than the rest of us, will wish herself well rid of our beautiful system, especially when the tax-collector hands us in from time to time, 'his little bill' for the maintenance of the hobby-horse.

I once heard a preacher say, 'things go on slowly in God's world.' Of the whole sermon this only remains with me. But when pained with wrong-doing, and impatient of the injustice, and sick of the intrigues and littleness of our poor small life, I recall the words, and they act as a tonic on my mind.

And let our good, earnest 'Fidelis' remember '*festina lente*'—the '*lente*' being as necessary to progress as the haste. But Prohibition, or the Mohammedan thou-shalt-not-use, ought never to be substituted for the Christian thou-shalt-not-abuse.

FIDELIS argues that we are bound to obey 'the divine morality which teaches, "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself."' But if by this FIDELIS means that it is our duty neither to drink a glass of wine nor give it to another to drink, then she is quoting what she conceives to be the principles of Christianity against the practice of Christ, and which therefore are not his principles at all, but an entire misapprehension of them.

Again, says FIDELIS, 'glancing at the present extent of the agitation, we find that distant Sweden seems to have taken the lead, and having tried her "Gothenburg system" for more than ten years in some parts of her dominion, is now, encouraged by the success which seems to have attended it there, endeavouring to extend its operation throughout the kingdom.' FIDELIS is, of course, honest in her statement here. But

'Audi et alteram partem.'

In the English House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain, the advocate of the Gothenburg system, made a speech in its favor which was pronounced a 'decided success, and resumed his seat amid general cheering.' His motion was seconded by Sir John Kennaway . . . but was opposed by a formidable array of unfavorable statistics by Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson. 'The latter saw great difficulty in the way of adopting the Gothenburg system in this country. All parties in that House desired the reduction of crime and drunkenness. But what were the facts of the case at the model town cited by the hon. member? In Gothenburg convictions for drunkenness were certainly reduced from 2161 in 1865 to 1320 in 1868; but from 1869 to 1872 these convictions had increased to 1581, and in 1874 to 2234—a number larger than before the introduction of the system. Were this system to be tried in England, the great expense of compensating existing publicans

would soon extinguish any enthusiasm the public might display for the Gothenburg plan, his objections to which had been strengthened by a letter he had received from Consul Duff, at Gothenburg. Mr. Duff wrote :—

> The Gothenburg Licensing Company had a good object in view when established, but the system, it appears, has proved a failure owing to the way in which it has been carried out, and is at present only a money-making concern, realising a large amount annually, which forms a considerable income to the town. The drunkenness in Gothenburg is great even among the better classes, and the lower orders consider the company's retail shops as their privil-edged resort. These shops are situated in the most frequented thoroughfares, right in the face of laborers and seamen, and I consider are a great temptation to drinking.

Finally, Sir H. Selwin-Ibbetson said that the consumption of spirits in Gothenburg had risen in ten years from 66,169 gallons to 329,982 gallons. These figures did not favor the belief that the Gothenburg system would diminish drinking in this country.' Need I add comment?

With regard to the Dunkin Bill and the new license laws, proceeds FIDELIS, 'there is little doubt that the more thorough-going measure of Prohibition would be at once a more effectual and, taking all things into consideration, a fairer measure than the one that seems to press unequally on the poor and the rich, or than one which privileges a certain class to sell liquor and declares that others may not;' and adds, 'the unsatisfactoriness of all license laws has been shown by the almost incredible number which have been successively tried in Britain without solving the difficult problem.' FIDELIS also admits that 'the report of Mr. Totten as to the working of the Dunkin Act is unfavorable;' but this is, as always in similar cases, sought to be accounted for in 'the lack of sufficient machinery,' for

> 'Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
> Man never is, but always to be, blest.'

If we fail, there is always some screw loose; and there always is, always must be. For the jars of the human system will shake loose the screws of any machinery you can devise, when that machinery is not in accord with the fundamental principles which govern the nature of the being with whom you deal; and no law that is founded on injustice and ignorance of man and society can eventually succeed. We must commence lower down, do what good we can, organized or alone, and wait. 'Either make the tree good and its fruit good, or the tree corrupt and its fruit corrupt.' 'New wine must be put in new bottles.' Man himself must be reformed by the slow process of evolution, his higher powers developed, his tastes improved, his feelings refined, his self-control strengthened, his conscience sensitised, before a state of society can exist for which the best and the strongest are scarcely fitted yet. And there *is* hope for humanity. In his native condition, the savage is roused only by the strongest excitements, as of war, the chase, etc., and is incapable generally of resisting the appetite for strong drinks, yielding himself almost always and without control to their influence. But this is true of only the exceptions amongst civilized men. Agriculture, mechanics, the arts, gentle games, reading, social intercourse, music, science, philosophy, etc., afford in general adequate excitements to the modified and improved brains of those who have advanced so far on the road of progress out of the primitive state of savagery. Among such the persons who *cannot* resist the inordinate appetite for alcoholic excitements or the thirst for strong drinks are relatively few, and are destined, we think, to be fewer still, now that the drinking habits of the upper and middle classes of society have so much improved and are improving, and since it is more a disgrace than in past times to be seen drunk. Hence it becomes the duty of every one of us—but without the assumption of any airs of superiority which so ill becomes us—to try, by the exhibition of a good example, by gentle appeals to the conscience and emotional nature, by arguments addressed to the reason, by kindly words of warning and Christian treatment, to elevate those with whom we are brought in contact, and to seek to strengthen them in habits of self-control, and all this in a kindly, natural, and genial way.

But though 'the unsatisfactoriness of all license laws has been shown;' though, so so far, the Dunkin law has proved a failure; 'Prohibition, at least, cuts the Gordian knot.' So says FIDELIS; and I wholly agree with her. But have we not had too many knots, which refused to be untied, cut by impatient violence—from Alexander's famous feat to the present proposed Prohibition Bill? Thus: He is a heretic.

Waste not words in reasoning with him. Kill him and so stop for ever his pestilent tongue. That will prove effectual. She is a witch. No sorcery here, please! burn or hang her. What more easy? The world, this fellow says, goes round; let him stop his nonsense or take the consequences. *He* opposes the Gods. Hand him the cup of hemlock. This will settle the matter with him. So, again and again, has the knot been cut by those who were quite sure that they knew all about it; but has the modern world's 'Amen' ratified these strange goings on—this knot-cutting of the past.

But that the reader may be enabled to judge for himself, I shall now introduce him to a few passages from the writings of one, who, with the profoundest capacity for the great work he has undertaken, has given more thought to the subject of man, considered socially, than any one dead or living, and deserves the thanks of mankind for the enormous industry displayed by him as well as for the intellectual force put forth in the elucidation of his subject. Need I name Mr. Herbert Spencer?

Not to dwell upon 'the rigorous' but unavailing measures in Scotland in 1617 'for the restraint of the vile and detestable vice of drunkenness daily increasing,' he restricts himself to the Act, 9 Geo. II. chap. 23, 'for arresting the sale of spirituous liquors (chiefly gin) by prohibitory licenses.'

'Within a few months after it passed . . . the commissioners of excise themselves became sensible of the impossibility or unadvisableness of carrying it rigorously into execution. . . . . Smollett, who has drawn so dark a picture of the state of things the Act was designed to put down, has painted in colors equally strong the mischiefs which it produced:—"The populace," he writes, "soon broke through all restraint. Though no licence was obtained and no duty paid, the liquor continued to be sold in all corners of the streets; informers were intimidated by the threats of the people; and the justices of the peace, either from indolence or corruption, neglected to put the laws in execution." In fact, in course of time, "it appeared," he adds, "that the consumption of gin had considerably increased every year since those heavy duties were imposed."'

When in 1743, this Act was repealed, it was shown during the debates that 'the quantity of gin distilled in England, which in 1684, when the business was introduced into the country, had been 527,000 gallons, had risen to 948,000 in 1694, to 1,375,000 in 1704, to 2,000,000 in 1714, to 3,520,000 in 1724, to 4,947,000 in 1734, and to not less than 7,160,000 in 1742. . . . Retailers were deterred from vending them [spirituous liquors] by the utmost encouragement that could be given to informers. . . . . The prospect of raising money by detecting their [unlicensed retailers'] practices, incited many to turn information into a trade; and the facility with which the crime was to be proved encouraged some to gratify their malice by perjury, and others their avarice; so that the multitude of informations became a public grievance, and the magistrates themselves complained that the law was not to be executed. The perjuries of informers were now so flagrant and common, that the people thought all informations malicious; or, at least, thinking themselves oppressed by the law, they looked upon every man that promoted its execution as their enemy; and therefore now began to declare war against informers, many of whom they treated with great cruelty, and some they murdered in the streets.' (The reference is to Craik's Pict. Hist., vol. iv., p. 853). 'Here, then,' says Mr. Spencer, 'with absence of the looked-for benefit there went production of unlooked-for evils, vast in amount . . . . the original warp, instead of being made less by these direct blows, was made greater; while other distortions, serious in kind and degree, were created. And beyond the encouragement of fraud, lying, malice, cruelty, murder, contempt of law, and the other conspicuous crookednesses named, multitudinous minor twists of sentiment and thought were caused or augmented. An indirect demoralization was added to a direct increase of the vice aimed at.'

By the advocates of Prohibition it seems generally to be assumed that intemperance in its magnitude or extent is a peculiarity of the present, and our warm-hearted FIDELIS speaks of it as 'an enemy whose deadly work has attained proportions so menacing to the public weal,' that the Government ought to step in to save society. This is natural and, to some extent, excusable. Things of the present which we are constantly seeing and hearing are realised by

us with a vividness and force with which the occasionally-read history of the dim, uncertain past never affects us. Near objects are seen in their full magnitude, while the distant moon looks no bigger than a dinner plate. But here again, we must refer to Mr. Spencer. 'As witnesses of social phenomena, men thus impressed by facts which did not before impress them, become perverters of evidence . . . . and so are led to regard as a growing evil or good, that which is very likely a diminishing evil or good. Take an example or two.

'In generations not long passed away, sobriety was the exception rather than the rule: a man who had never been drunk was a rarity. Condiments were used to create thirst, glasses were so shaped that they would not stand, but must be held till emptied; and a man's worth was in part measured by the number of bottles he could take in. After a reaction had already diminished the evil among the upper and middle classes, there came an open recognition of the evil, resulting in temperance societies, which did their share towards further diminishing it. Then came the teetotal societies, more thorough-going in their views and more energetic in their acts, which have been making the evil still less. Such has been the effect of these causes, that for a long time past among the upper classes, the drinking which was once creditable has been thought a disgrace; while among the lower classes it has greatly decreased, and come to be generally reprobated. Those, however, who, carrying on the agitations against it, have had their eyes more and more widely opened to the vice, assert or imply in their speeches and petitions, that the vice is not only great but growing. Having in the course of a generation much mitigated it by their voluntary efforts, they now make themselves believe, and make others believe, that it is too gigantic to be dealt with otherwise than by repressive enactments—Maine laws and Permissive Prohibitory Bills.'

I have heard or read so many contradictory statements regarding the operation of the Maine liquor law, that I hardly know what conclusion to come to, whether it be productive of the apparent benefits or real evils equally and as vehemently maintained by its advocates or enemies. It is so hard to get unbiassed testimony to the simplest fact where the interests or passions of the parties testifying are enlisted on either side. But though aware, as I am, of the warping influence of such feelings, I can scarce refuse to accept the report of such a man as Dr. Bacon for so much as his statement covers. Yet when he wrote, the question had been but a brief period on trial and was still surrounded by a halo of novelty and expectation. The experience of a few years may be productive of results as unsatisfactory as those now realised in Gothenburg, though at first ushered in by such a flourish of trumpets. It may yet be found, that, so long as character remains unaffected, we only exchange one form of vice or crime for some other; or that alcoholic drinks which had once been taken openly, will now be privately indulged in; and if I know anything of human nature, there is nothing which deteriorates a man, which withers up all nobleness, which eats like dry-rot into the soul, like the stealthy indulgence in a secret vice—the solitary sot sneaking off slily into some private corner to indulge unseen. He either looks upon the law as tyranny, and frets and vexes his soul with an indignant sense of its usurpation; or he acquiesces in its general propriety, but, being led by temptation to violate it (though not to any personally-injurious extent) secretly, its very stringency in matters confessedly immaterial induces a spirit and habit of illegality, which follows him into other departments of life.

But, thinks FIDELIS, 'if a majority desire' it . . . . 'the minority . . . . must just submit.' This is, I believe, a very general way of looking at things—divinest wisdom by a count of heads. Of course, I know all about majorities. I know, too, that majorities crucified Christ and murdered Socrates and did many other not overwise things; but they never made justice to be more or less than justice yet. Justice is what it is, whether a majority or a minority decides it to be such. Indeed, majorities, after all, are only a clumsy, roundabout way (albeit, as things go, indispensable) of reaching a conclusion as to what ought to be done or not done. By-and-by, things may be decided wholly on their merits as just or unjust. And what a world of toil and trouble it will save our Parliamentarians and argumentarians, if forced to confine their reasonings to this simple considera-

tion, instead of wandering at large and trying to grope their way through the long, tortuous by-paths of expediency.

But to very many—and FIDELIS is not quite excluded—Government is a kind of abstract entity with inherent rights and extra-human knowledge, which is bound to be always doing something, and may impose its sense of fitness on you and me, as apart and distinct from it—an entity outside an entity—and may take our money to do its will. In short, it is the old idea of which so many who ought to know better cannot divest themselves, but which, like so much else, is gradually becoming obsolete and dying out. Whereas Government is but the creature and representative of you and of me and of the rest of us, and possesses only such powers as we possess in our individual capacity and delegate to it. But as we possess no power to 'meddle and muddle,' neither does it.

But this, it will be said, is radicalism pure and simple. So it is, for all reasoning must go to the root of things. But it is conservatism, too: for right is the only true conservator; and he who builds on anything else may find, sooner or later, that he has not been building on a rock.

In fine, I stand by myself, and you stand by yourself. I take care of my individuality and you take care of yours. But if you interfere with me or I with you, then Government, of right, steps in and says: 'Gentlemen, you must not tread on one another's toes. The world is wide enough for you both; keep apart, please. I must see fair play done; for "I am a constable to keep the peace."'

Nor does this at all exclude the idea of sympathy or pity or help to others, or of any gentle or generous or noble human feeling. On the contrary it strengthens it. But it puts every virtue into its proper place, with justice, the foundation, chief and first of all.

But how could such a system be carried out? It is perfect Utopia!

Gentlemen, let us make ourselves familiar with the idea first.

J. A. ALLEN.

ACROSS AFRICA.*

TO have accomplished that which others desire to have done but which no one has done is a just passport to fame. That the only two white men who have, as far as is known, traversed Africa from the Indian to the Atlantic coast are both Englishmen, is a fact of which we are all proud; proud, not only because of the endurance and daring to which such a feat bears testimony, but also because it seems to us but another proof how strangely the destinies of England and that great continent are being bound up together. How it has come about, why it has come about, we do not know, but no one who has paid even a superficial attention to African history and African discovery can fail to be struck with the prominence which English enterprise, English trade, English habits, and English religion are assuming in all quarters of Africa. From Alexandria to the Cape, from Zanzibar to Benguela, and thence up again to Gibraltar, England is the one spot of the outside world of which the natives have some cognizance. It is true, of course, that the French hold Algiers and certain settlements on the Gold Coast; but France never has been and never will be a successful coloniser, and to-day, outside the range of the rifles of the Chasseurs d'Afrique, the position of the Algerian colonists is not so very different from the sketches with which *Punch* ridiculed Louis Philippe's African enterprise thirty years ago, when the cows all carried small howitzers on their backs. In the Northern and North-Western deserts German *savans* have sacrificed their lives nobly in the cause of geographical and physical science, and the king of the Belgians is now prominently taking up the cause of African discovery,

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but it is only on the lines already laid down by the English. Were it not for the trouble in the Transvaal Republic we should almost forget that the Dutch ever held a footing in Africa, while it would be well for the credit of Portugal if we could altogether put out of sight her great opportunities and the manner in which she has misused them. With a clear start in the race, with a clear opening under the noble ambition of Prince Henry, Portugal might have, and for a time did, distance all Europe in competition for the position of being the first African power. To what she has sunk, to what a miserable, debased system of slave-trading her policy has degenerated, a very small acquaintance with her possessions, either on the E. or W. coast will amply testify. As far as present indications go, England seems destined to make the greater part of Africa her own. Leaving out of consideration the aggregation of colonies at the southern extremity, look only at the effect which such journeys as those of Livingstone, Burton, Speke, Baker, and Cameron must have on the natives; look at 'Chinese' Gordon's position and exploits on the Upper Nile; look at the persistent efforts at evangelization made up the Zambesi, at the Presbyterian station on Lake Nyassa, in the attempt to reach and win king Mtesa, and by the Universities' Mission that is working westward from Zanzibar. It is not merely a strange fascination that the mysterious continent exercises over Englishmen. There is an underlying deep conviction that, as we believe, for some good Providential purpose, the destinies of the two countries are bound up together; and it is this which creates so deep an interest in achievements such as that of Commander Cameron, and in such a book as the one now before us.

The actual detail of daily journeying in Africa is singularly dull and wearisome. It was, if we remember right, Richard Burton who among the illustrations of one of his books inserted a sketch entitled 'African Travel.' A monotonous undulating landscape, a long straggling line of porters, followed by a listless traveller on a bare-backed donkey—the whole caravan plodding along under a pitiless sun at the rate of 1½ miles an hour—such was the uninviting, and yet very faithful, picture. The narration, however, of a journey, if details are not wearisomely repeated, need not be dull, as this book testifies; for the author's plain but graphic account of his exploits is deeply interesting. And so we will try to give to those to whom the book itself is not accessible, some idea of what Cameron did and how he did it.

Disappointed in his application for employment on the first Livingstone Search Expedition, Cameron, intent on African travel somehow or other, devoted his spare time to the study of the Suahili language; but six months later, in November, 1872, a new expedition was planned and he was offered the command. Passing over the details of the preliminary arrangements, we will take up the story at the time, March, 1873, when the trouble of hiring guides, soldiers, and porters, of arranging terms, of laying in stores, and of getting everybody and everything under weigh, having been finally surmounted, the expedition, consisting of Cameron, Dr. Dillon, R.N., and Lieut. Murphy, R. A., finally left Bagamoyo, the mainland port of Zanzibar, and started for the West. The route from the coast to Lake Tanganyika, thanks to Burton, Speke, Stanley, &c., is now comparatively well known, and need not be dwelt upon in detail. It possesses at the best very few features of interest, very little scenery that is striking, and very little land that is suitable for settlement. Thanks to the slave-traders, along a great portion of it chronic warfare is the order of the day; in fact, throughout every route along which Arab caravans have travelled, every man's hand is against every man. In the track of the traders, peace is replaced by war, security by rapine and anarchy, and unsuspecting confidence by well-grounded suspicion. Travelling consequently is no easy or holiday task, but requires tact, courage, patience, and energy. To know when to yield, when to resist the demands for black mail, when to conciliate, when to carry things with a high hand, is a gift which few possess, but which Cameron evidently has to perfection. It is not only exceedingly difficult to make the natives understand the possibility of any one travelling without the obvious inducements of trade or plunder, but at times it is necessary for the traveller to ally himself to caravans even of slave-traders, when to stand aloof from your companions, still more to avoid being compromised by their misdeeds, is well nigh impossible. It cannot be too often remembered

that in Livingstone's last tramp, extending over many years and thousands of miles, he never drew trigger himself nor allowed a shot to be fired in his defence; while throughout Cameron's march from sea to sea, from March 1873, to November 1875, twice only were his guns used; and then not with fatal effect. On one occasion a very sudden and unprovoked attack was made on the party, and an arrow glanced off Cameron's shoulder, who, catching sight of the fellow who had shot at him lurking behind a tree —shot him? no: 'I dropped my rifle and started in chase. Fortune favoured me, for my enemy tripped and fell, and before he could regain his feet I was down on him, and, after giving him as sound a thrashing as he ever had in his life, smashed his bow and arrows. This finished, I pointed to some of his friends who were now in view, and considerably assisted him to join them by means of stern propulsion, the kick being a hearty one.' One cannot help contrasting the vigorous but humorous way in which the English sailor protects his life, with the blood-and-thunder progress of Mr. Stanley, who, if his own statements are to be believed, thinks nothing of shelling a village and picking off the inhabitants to rehabilitate his own offended dignity, and to make sensational paragraphs for the glorification of his employers. Delays are, however, a more conspicuous feature of African travel than even dangers. No man, unpossessed of unlimited patience, should set foot in Africa. Livingstone's journals are full of the wretched delays imposed on him by his own followers, by wars, by illness, or by too hospitable entertainers. At his most westerly point he was laid by through sickness for months. And on one occasion Cameron seems to have been detained in honourable *quasi* captivity by a dusky potentate named Kasongo, from October 1874 to June 1875, having eventually to build a house for that personage before he could proceed westwards. Even the daily start of a caravan is an affair of hours; the donkeys, if any remain alive, have strayed; or five or six porters have run off; or a few *askari* or soldiers have indulged in too much *pombé* and are consequently incapacitated for active labour. And if one of the caravan has a friend in a village, that is quite sufficient excuse for a debauch for two or three days, while the luckless traveller is absolutely unable to do anything but wait.

The route to Ujiji was marked by painful incidents. A grandson of Dr. Moffatt, a nephew to Livingstone, was sent by his mother from Natal to join the expedition. On one occasion the caravan was divided and Moffatt and Murphy were left behind. A few days afterwards, when the rear party came in sight, only one white man was visible. '"Where is the other?" was the simultaneous ejaculation of Dillon and myself, "and who is the missing one?" At last, unable to bear the suspense, I limped down the hill. I then recognized Murphy, and to my question, "Where is Moffatt?" the answer was, "Dead!"' Worse, however, was in store. Few understand the terrible power of African fever. In September, six months after starting, Cameron says, 'out of forty-five days I have had one fever of eight days, one of seven, one of five, one of four, and am now just getting well from a violent headache which lasted for five days.' 'None but those who have experienced this fever can realize the extraordinary fancies that take possession of the mind. At times I have imagined, altho' not entirely losing my consciousness, that I had a second head, and that I could not live in this state.' Again, on lake Tanganyika, he writes: 'I experienced a complete sense of of duality. I imagined that another person, a second self, was lying on the opposite side of the boat. I thought, too, that the tea-pot of cold tea, which had been placed on that side of the boat, was for his sole benefit, and when, in my tossing about, I rolled over to that side, I seized the tea-pot and drank like a whale, and chuckled at the idea of the other thirsty mortal being done out of some of his "tipple."' While in Unyanyembe, the chief seat of this fever, and when all were down with it, Jacob Wainwright's letter telling of Dr. Livingstone's death arrived, but neither Cameron nor Dillon could command their brains enough to understand what they read. However, in a day or two, the faithful servants came with the dead traveller's body. Suddenly, therefore, the reason for continuing the Expedition, had been taken away; and what was to be done? Cameron decided to go on, at least to Ujiji and recover Livingstone's papers. Dillon agreed to accompany him, Murphy elected to go back to the coast in

charge of the body. Dillon, however, became so ill that a return to the sea was the only chance of saving his life, and then Cameron was left alone. They separated; the one party for Zanzibar, the other for the unknown West. For a few days their routes lay nearly parallel, and one day a messenger came across country from Murphy with the painful news that in an agony of fever poor Dillon had shot himself. What must have been the loneliness of the man who, receiving this dreadful news, was then a third of the way across Africa and had set himself to accomplish the other two-thirds, without the possibility of meeting one white face till he accomplished his task or, as was most probable, perished himself in the attempt?

After leaving the unhealthy Unyanyembe, however, his health much improved, though he frequently suffered from sprains and bruises. At Ujiji he found and despatched to the coast Dr. Livingstone's papers, and then, chartering and rigging two small boats which he named 'Betsey' and 'Pickle,' he started on an exploratory survey of Lake Tanganyika. Livingstone went on foot along the lower half of the eastern shore of the lake, and he coasted along a small part of the western side, as well as along the east coast, between Ujiji and its northern head; but Cameron sailed and mapped as he went, the whole length of both shores, from Ujiji to the south end and back again. We are told that Mr. Stanley has since circumnavigated the whole lake, but the details of his journey are not before us. The mystery of the outlet, if there be any, of Tanganyika is not yet wholly cleared up. Several large rivers enter it, and down its rocky sides countless torrents pour in the rainy season, and the question arises, is the evaporation from its long but narrow surface sufficient to account for all the water it receives. Livingstone was confident that he detected a northerly flow in the lake, and he placed the possible outlet at a point on the western shore nearly opposite Ujiji. This conjecture seems to be disproved. Cameron found, about 80 miles further south, a large river called Lukuga, flowing out of the lake through the only gap in the surrounding mountains. He sailed three or four miles down this stream until his course was arrested by the floating vegetation which completely choked the passage, very much as Sir Samuel Baker was thwarted in his ascent of the Nile above Khartoum. The first block was said to continue four or five miles, and then alternate portions of clear water and choking weed occurred for a great distance. The local chief said that his people had travelled for more than a month along its banks, and that it eventually fell into a great river, the Lualaba. Stanley, however, affirms that he followed the Lukuga for several miles, when it gradually thinned out and ended in a small stream running *into* the lake. Cameron on the other hand distinctly saw driftwood and vegetation carried by the stream *out* of the lake into the mouth of the Lukuga, and growing weeds were all turned in the same direction. Were it not for Baker's experiences on the Nile we should attach more weight to Stanley's investigation, but we know from those how impossible it is to trace the course or the very existence of such a vast river as the Nile itself, under the matted conglomeration of tropical vegetation; so it is still *possible* that the Lukuga may yet flow to the westward, though Stanley could not detect its course. Or, again, it is possible that it is an intermittent outlet, necessary only when the lake has received in the rainy and cloudy season more water than its surface can evaporate. If it is a little disappointing to find that the Tanganyika problem is still unsolved, we must remember that it is only eighteen years since Burton first set eyes upon that unknown lovely strip of water, lying embosomed in steep mountains and bordered by some of the grandest cliff scenery in the world.

Having returned to Ujiji and despatched Livingstone's papers and his own journals and maps to the coast, Cameron, after the usual delays and difficulties, ferried his party across the lake, and thence began his real tramp to the Atlantic coast. To reach his first objective point, Nyangwe, which was also Livingstone's furthest point west, he followed nearly in his predecessor's steps, 'whose peaceful and unoffending progress through this land has tended to make an Englishman respected by the natives.' Manyuema, as we learnt from Livingstone's last journals, is one of the most promising districts in Central Africa. Its people, naturally, are orderly and, by comparison with their neighbors civilized,

albeit in parts cannibalism is practised. Cameron on one occasion was 'entertained by a song setting forth the delights of cannibalism, in which the flesh of men was said to be good, but that of women was bad, and only to be eaten in time of scarcity; nevertheless, it was not to be despised when man-meat was unattainable.' In this country there is a good deal of iron ore near the surface, and foundries of an exceedingly simple plan are numerous. At Urua copper is melted and cast into pieces like a St. Andrew's cross, weighing from two to three pounds, which practically represent certain standards of value; and evidently, from the sketches given of arms and ornaments, the artizans of Manyuema are not to be lightly esteemed as workers in metal. Other manufactures cannot be said to exist here or elsewhere in Central Africa, for beyond a very coarse sort of grass-cloth, the natives are entirely dependent on outside production for the very scant amount of clothing with which they cumber their persons. In that latitude, however, fashion wisely conforms itself to the exigencies of the situation on the one hand, and avails itself of the advantages of a genial climate on the other. Bodies absolutely nude our traveller did not come across, though he heard on one occasion that at a point a little further west, the people are perfectly nude, but that they managed, by constant manipulation when the children were very young, to cause the fatty covering of the lower part of their bellies to hang down like an apron almost to the middle of the thigh; and this is allowed to answer the purpose of dress. The average amount of garment seems to have been a very minute apron, sometimes of grass, or cloth, or leather, hung round the waist by a leather string. 'The front one was about the size of a half sheet of ordinary note paper, and that behind only a trifle larger. Notwithstanding their small dimensions, these aprons were often elaborately stitched and ornamented with beads and cowries; and when the women went working in the fields or fishing in the streams, they took off these gay clothes for fear of spoiling them, and replaced them with a small bunch of leaves.' On another occasion he says a piece of red tape would have made clothing for all the women in the village. But, lest it should be imagined that woman in the wilds is careless of her personal appearance, let us quote the description of the dress of a wife of a chief called Pakwanywa in Manyuema. 'She is a very dressy body, double row of cowries round her head, besides copper, iron, and ivory ornaments stuck in her hair, and just above and in front of each ear, a little tassel of red and white beads. A large necklace of shells round her neck, and round her wrist a string of opal-coloured singo-mazzi, and a roll made of strings of a dull red-coloured bead. Her front apron was a leopard skin, and the rear one of a coloured grass-cloth, with its fringe strung with beads and cowries strung on it in a pattern; bright iron rings round her ankles, and copper and iron bracelets on her arms. Her hair was shaved a little back from her forehead, and three lines, each about a quarter of an inch wide, painted below it. The one nearest the hair is red, the next black, and the next white, and, to crown all, she was freshly anointed with mpafu oil, and looked sleek and shiny.' But, if garments were scanty, an immense amount of time and labour was bestowed on hair-dressing, which was considered in many districts the most important part of the toilet. 'It was arranged most elaborately, and, when finished, was plastered with grease and clay, and made smooth and shiny. Some formed it into a number of small lumps like berries, others into twisted loops, or into a mass of stout strings, projecting an inch or two beyond the poll, the ends being made into a kind of raised pattern. Women often plaited in small bark fibres with their natural hair [a practice not altogether alien to some with which we are ourselves acquainted]; and some, on Lake Tanganyika, draw it over pads, making the ends into four plaits, with the assistance of false hair when necessary. The plaits are plastered and smoothed with red earth and oil, and altho' the effect is striking, the fashion is dirty.' In another place, the women's hair was 'worked into the shape of an old-fashioned bonnet, deeply shading the face, while ringlets flowed down the back.' At another it was 'plaited into a kind of pattern, and plastered with mud and oil, and looked almost as if carved out of wood.' Evidently there are depths in the art of hair-dressing which our modern fashion-leaders have not sounded, and which we

may also hope they never will sound. Cameron's sketches and descriptions, however, give ample confirmation of the truth of the old representations of Assyrian and Egyptian head-dresses, which often have struck us as being erections impossible of execution.

Having made this digression upon the dress of the natives of equatorial Africa, let us consider what can be said about their morals and religion. The testimony which Cameron bears on these points is not very full, his references being rather incidental than direct. In several districts idols were noticed, generally having more or less resemblance to human beings. In Warua country, the religion is a mixture of fetichism and idolatry. All villages have devil-huts and idols before which offerings of pombé, grain, and meat are placed, and nearly every man wears a small figure round his neck or arm. But the great centre of their religion is an idol named Kungwhè è. Banza, which is supposed to represent the founder of Kasongo's family, and to be all-powerful for good and evil. This idol is kept in a hut situated in the midst of a dense jungle, and always has the sister of the reigning chief as its wife. In most districts, 'medicine men' were the recognized interpreters of the will of the Supreme Being, and a good trade they seem to drive by the sale of charms and by telling fortunes; their tricks, as well as their medicines being of the most ludicrous, and obviously simple kind, sufficient, however, to impose upon the credulity of a simple people. That the belief in a real devil or evil spirit is entertained, may be argued from the employment in some districts of 'sham devils,' fetich-men dressed up in quaint costume, who claim to have the power to expel the real devils from their haunts, and are accordingly paid for their trouble. It does not appear that, with a few exceptions, the influence of the Portuguese in the country adjacent to the Atlantic coast, has been at all beneficial in its effects either on religion or morals. The latter must, throughout the continent, be set down decidedly as lax. But yet wherever the slave-traders have not penetrated—and there are unfortunately few such districts—there would seem to exist feelings of kindness, trust, and honour which, under favourable influences and conditions, might be developed into true nobility of character. But how terrible is the curse of the slave trade! The more we know of it, the more heartily must it be condemned. In former times little came before the public but the horrors of the middle passage and the cruelty of American slave owners. Now, however, we are able to go further behind the scenes. We have some idea of the extent of the inland slavery, where the victims never come to the sea-coast, cannot be reached by any national interference, and have not the remotest chance of being brought by their misery nearer to civilization or to Christianity. 'The greater part of those captured [to the west of Manyuema] are not taken to the coast but to Kaffir countries, where they are exchanged for ivory. I should not be at all surprised to hear that much of the "labour" taken to the diamond fields by the Kaffirs is obtained from this source.' We know to the full the terribly debasing influence which slave hunting has upon all who follow it as a profession; and we have ample evidence of the effect upon the agricultural, commercial, and moral prosperity of Central Africa, which the ravages of those desolating marauders and men-stealers inevitably produce.

Readers of Dr. Livingstone's journals do not require more information on this subject; but as there are some who regard Livingstone as an enthusiast, and even a monomaniac on the subject of slavery, let us give Cameron's own evidence on this point. The frank English sailor is singularly free from sentiment, and there is not a word of maudlin goodiness in his pages; so his testimony is quite unimpeachable. 'Passing through the ruins of so many deserted villages, once the homes of happy and contented people, was indescribably saddening. Where now were those who built them, and who cultivated the surrounding fields? Where? Driven off as slaves, massacred by villains engaged in a war in which those poor wretches had no interest, or dead of starvation and disease in the jungle. Africa is bleeding out her life-blood at every pore. A rich country, requiring only labour to render it one of the greatest producers of the world, is having its population—already far too scanty for its needs—daily depleted by the slave-trade and internecine war. Should the

present state of affairs be allowed to continue, the country will gradually relapse into wilds and jungles, and will become more and more impenetrable to the merchant and traveller. That this should be a possibility is a blot on the boasted civilization of the 19th century; and should England, with her mills working half-time, and with distress in the manufacturing districts, neglect the opportunity of opening a market which would give employment to thousands of the working class, it will ever remain an inexplicable enigma. Let us hope that the Anglo-Saxon race will allow no other nation to outstrip it in the efforts to rescue thousands—nay, millions—of fellow creatures from the misery and degradation that must otherwise inevitably fall to their lot.'

Our author is not writing a book on slavery, but such passages as the foregoing and the following seem necessarily to form part of his narrative. 'These poor creatures [on the shores of Tanganyika] were doomed to a miserable existence, owing to the few strong villages hunting down their weaker neighbours, to exchange them with traders from Ujiji for food which they are too lazy to produce for themselves.' 'The inhabitants constantly come into camp with slaves and ivory for sale. Slaves were usually gagged by having a piece of wood, like a snaffle, tied into their mouths. Heavy slave irons were placed on their necks, and their hands were fastened behind their backs. They were then tied to their vendor's waist.' 'Graves and numerous skeletons testified to the numbers whose lives had been sacrificed on this trying march, while slave-clogs and forks, still attached to some bleached bones or lying by their sides, gave only too convincing proof that the demon of the slave-trade still exerted his influence in this part of Africa.' And it must be confessed and recorded that the Portuguese throw all their influence on the side of the slave-dealers. The first persons whom Cameron met with who had visited the Atlantic coast were the agents of Portuguese subjects, all engaged in slavery. True, the first white man, Senhor Goncalves, was a good type of a European, and Cameron firmly believes that, 'if more men such as Senhor Goncalves were to take advantage of the Portuguese dominions on the coast, and settle in the healthy uplands of Bihé, much might be done towards opening up and civilizing Africa.' But of his host the next day, one Joao Baptista Ferreira, he is 'constrained to declare that he is anything but the right kind of man to create a good impression in Africa. He was openly engaged in the slave-trade, notwithstanding his holding a commission from the Portuguese Government as a district judge, and slaves in chains were seen in his settlement.' 'The Portuguese hold the keys of the land route from Loanda and Benguela and keep out foreign capital and enterprise and are morally accomplices of slave-traders and kidnappers. A blind system of protection, carried on by underpaid officials, stifles trade, and renders these places hot-beds of corruption.'

Let us now briefly consider what, geographically considered, Cameron went to do, and what he did accomplish. His object in pushing on to Nyangwe was to descend the mighty and mysterious Lualaba from that point to the sea. The Lualaba, it will be remembered, has its S. E. source in the vast marshes of Lake Bangweolo, in investigating which poor Livingstone died. Its S. W. source is still unknown. At Nyangwe it is a grand stream about a mile wide. Livingstone at one time had a suspicion that the Lualaba, into which he was certain that the outflow of Tanganyika made its way, swept round to the north of that lake, and, entering the Albert Nyanza, delivered its water into the Nile; and it was on the supposition that this might be the real southern source of that river, that he turned his steps southwards to complete the investigation of the extreme limits of the imagined Nile basin and in the investigation lost his life. We know now by elevations taken carefully on Tanganyika and at Nyangwe, that both are below the level of the Albert Nyanza and consequently cannot possibly belong to the Nile system. Besides, 'the volume of water passing Nyangwe is 123,000 cubic feet per second in the dry season, or more than five times greater than that of the Nile at Gondokoro, which is 21,500 feet per second. This great stream must be one of the head waters of the Kongo, for where else could that giant among rivers, second only to the Amazon in its volume, obtain the two million cubic feet of water which it unceasingly pours each second into the Atlantic?'

For the present we must be content with this inference, for the difficulties which foiled Livingstone, foiled Cameron also, and both had the mortification of having to turn away from the Lualaba without practically solving the problem of its destiny. Waiting at Nyangwe, Cameron obtained much information as to the countries through which some of the traders had travelled, hearing, for instance, from some of a district to the north-east to which came travellers wearing long white clothes and using beasts of burden, no doubt Egyptian traders from the Soudan, and of a large lake to the N. W. into which the Lualaba fell, and to which came people selling cloth and cowries in ships capable of holding two hundred persons, statements very tantalizing to a traveller who was prevented from proving their accuracy.

It being absolutely impossible to obtain either canoes or guides down the Lualaba, Cameron had to follow the course of trade towards the W. coast. Hitherto his route from Bagamoyo to Nyangwe had been W. N. W., the former lying in lat. 6′ 30″ and the latter in about 4′ 10″ S., with a difference of 12½° of longitude. Now, however, he had to descend again 4° due South, and then to follow a line S. W. which led him to the sea at Benguela, which lies in 12′ 40″ S. and 13′ 20″ W. longitude, or 6° S. of the mouth of the Kongo. This route, however, was exceedingly interesting, lying as it did along the watershed of several rivers, and enabling our traveller accurately to map out the several systems of the southern affluents of the Kongo, the Kwanza, and the Zambesi. It seems odd to read that in August in equatorial Africa, 'in my tent the minimum thermometer stood at 33° Fahrenheit, and on descending into the dip the ground was frozen and the pools covered with ice.' In these upland plains the line of demarcation between the waters flowing to the Atlantic in latitude 6° S. and longitude 12° W., and those reaching the far off Mozambique Channel in 18° S. and 36° W., is hardly perceptible. 'Indeed the systems of the Kongo and the Zambesi lock into each other in such a manner that, by some improvement in the existing condition of the rivers and by cutting a canal of about 20 miles through level country, they might be connected, and internal navigation be established from the east to the west coast. Some of the plains are flooded in the rainy season to the depth of two or three feet, when the water extends completely across the watershed between the Zambesi and Congo.' It is by utilizing these magnificent rivers and by constructing a cheap railway between Tanganyika and the coast that southern equatorial Africa is to be opened up to civilization.

Near Lake Dilolo, at an altitude of 4,700 ft., Cameron crossed the line of Dr. Livingstone's celebrated march up the Zambesi to St. Paul de Loanda; but the old chief Katende could remember no more of the great traveller, than the fact that he rode on a bullock. Thenceforward Cameron had to press on to the coast with all possible despatch, for his supplies failed. A two months' tramp was still before him and he had nothing wherewith to buy food for his followers, but two *viongwa*, or shell ornaments, and half a dozen baskets of dried fish. And indeed the passage of the mountain range that intervenes between the valley of the Kwanza and the sea, was one, under the circumstances, of extreme difficulty and danger. The country seems to be very much of the character of the Cascade range in British Columbia, hills in extraordinary plenty and in admired confusion. So worn out did the caravan become from difficult travelling—on one occasion their camp was 5,800 ft. above the sea—and short rations, that Cameron came to the determination that, to save the lives of his followers, it was necessary to make a run for the coast, then 125 miles distant in a straight line, with the few men who were still able to march, and thus, if possible, obtain assistance for the others; and this five days march—literally a march for life—was the most extraordinary feat of the whole journey. Nothing but the consciousness of having just accomplished his purpose, could have kept up Cameron's strength and spirits; and without his vigour to urge them on, his men would undoubtedly have succumbed. What must have been his feelings when on the afternoon of the fourth day he reached the summit of the range; and 'what was that distant line upon the sky? We all gazed at it with a strange mingling of hope and fear, scarcely daring to believe it was the sea. But looking more intently at that streak, left no room for doubt. It was the

sea; and Xenophon and his ten thousand could not have welcomed its view more heartily than did I and my handful of way-worn followers.' But having seen the sea, it almost seemed that none of them would reach its shore. Fortunately two of the party had strength enough to push on to the settlement with an earnest appeal for food and help. The help was sent, and by its aid the small party reached the coast. Before arriving at Katombela, a village 12 miles from Benguela, there were seen 'a couple of hammocks covered with awnings, followed by three men carrying baskets, and on meeting this party, a jolly-looking little Frenchman jumped out, seized the baskets, and instantly opened a bottle to drink "to the honour of the first European who had ever succeeded in crossing tropical Africa, from East to West."' But, having accomplished that unexampled feat, Cameron's life was well-nigh forfeited. The illness with which he had been suffering for several days proved to be a most violent attack of scurvy, and if the crisis had come two days earlier nothing could have saved him. As it was, for forty-eight hours he was in extreme danger, but a strong constitution, the kindness of his new friends, and the skill of the Portuguese doctor, pulled him through, and preserved a life which we may feel confident will be devoted like those of so many other noble Englishmen, to the cause of Africa.

A VOICE.

I HEARD a voice, 'twas low and sweet,
Had I no heard that voice before?
Softly its tones my sense did greet
Like half-remembered songs of yore.

Why rose the tears within mine eyes?
Why did I see my mother's smile?
Why did life's fair forgotten flowers
Breathe fragrance for a little while?

I cannot tell—soul speaks to soul
When stranger eyes perceive it not;
A single glance, a tone, a smile,
Oft bears the burden of a thought.

* * * * * *

As one who from the blatant street
Turns wearied to the sacred aisle,
Where silence dwells alone with God,
To feed on angel's food awhile;

I now can turn from care and strife
To that sweet voice—tis *mine* alone;
It sings a wee one's lullaby
Within the shadow of my home.

S. K.

SCHOOLS OF ITALIAN ART.

III. THE VENETIAN SCHOOL.

'Believe me, I could show you, in all time, that every nation's vice, or virtue, was written in its art; the soldiership of early Greece; the sensuality of late Italy; the visionary religion of Tuscany; the splendid human energy and beauty of Venice.'—J. RUSKIN.

THIS school contains many well-known names, perhaps more so than any other. It flourished through five centuries, beginning in the 13th, and was marked by its attention to colour. Sir Joshua Reynolds was of opinion that the style of the Venetians was not fitted for heroic subjects, the colouring being too brilliant and harmonious. He himself inclines to the simplicity and grandeur of the Roman School, though he admires the Venetians for their 'fascinating perfection.' Ruskin, on the other hand, himself the expounder of the Venetian painters, apparently cannot speak too highly of their style, praising their honesty of work and accurate rendering of detail. This delicacy of detail was true of the Venetian School only when it was at its height, for after the time of Tintoretto and Veronese the grand fullness of the Venetians was exchanged for carelessness and hastiness of manner, and all deep study was neglected in order to give attention to the free handling of the brush.

Of the long list of painters of this school, we will mention only Giovanni Bellini, Giorgione, Titian, Sebastiano del Piombo, Tintoretto, and Paolo Veronese.

GIOVANNI BELLINI was born at Venice, about 1426. Both his father and brother were painters of some note, but Giovanni soon eclipsed them. His works have been much admired, and he is considered to be the most celebrated artist of the *quattrocentisti*, or painters of the 15th century, at Venice. It has been said that his style was an aggregate of all that was beautiful in painting at that time; but he certainly is best remembered by his discovery of the mode of mixing colours with oil. The use of oil with paint, or rather the improved use of it, is attributed to a Flemish painter, Jan Van Eyck, and was taught by him to Antonello da Messina. When quite young Giovanni worked, like his father before him, in *tempera*, but he happened to see some paintings of Antonello's executed in oil-colours, and was desirous of finding out the secret. This was no easy thing to do, for any knowledge of mixing colours or using different vehicles was kept as jealously as the Doge and the Council of Ten would have kept a state secret. However, he accomplished his design by dressing himself up as a *cavaliere* and desiring Antonello to paint his portrait, and while this was being done, he carefully watched all the proceedings and went away highly delighted at having learned all he wanted. All Bellini's best works are in oil, and are paintings of the Madonna and portraits. Not many are now in existence, a great number which were much extolled by Vasari having been destroyed by fire. Venice contains the best collection of his works. In the Academy of Fine Arts there are five Madonnas, all being represented in a state of glory. One of his best known paintings is a Bacchanalian piece executed for Alfonso I. of Ferrara, and which he never completed, but which was afterwards finished by Titian. In the National Gallery, England, are two paintings by Bellini, a portrait of the Doge Leonardo Loredano in his state robes, most carefully executed, and a Madonna and Child. He lived to an advanced age, and died in 1516. He enjoyed a high reputation, and one of his contemporaries, no less a person than Albrecht Dürer, wrote of him, that he was the best of all the Venetian painters.

GIORGIO BARBARELLI, called GIORGIONE

from his height and handsome appearance, was the pupil of Bellini and the fellow student of Titian. It has been said he was to colour what Michel Angelo was to design, and it is impossible to conceive what he might have achieved had he lived long enough. He died when only thirty-four from grief caused by the fickleness of the woman he loved, and therefore left but few works behind him. He truly taught the Venetians their worship for colour, their bright lights and deep shadows, and all the luxury and magnificence displayed in their paintings. Titian was jealous of him, and with good reason, but Titian would never have attained the reputation he has, but for Giorgione.

His life was a romantic one in many ways. He seems not to have been understood and appreciated in Italy and especially in Venice, where there is not a single picture of his in any church or palace, and his glorious colouring and chiaroscuro may better be studied in Madrid than anywhere else. Giorgione took a peculiar method of making himself known, and what to our modern ideas seems like an advertising puff: he painted the front of his house in Venice with subjects in fresco, which caused him to be employed on works of the same kind.

All his frescoes have unfortunately perished, and he is now best known by his portraits. The Louvre contains two specimens of this master,—'A Rural Concert' and 'A Holy Family.' He was very musical himself and loved to depict concert scenes. He was much favoured by the Venetians on account of his fine voice and his talent for playing on the lute. In England there are also two pictures by Giorgione—the 'Death of Peter the Martyr' and 'A Knight in armour.' Giorgione died in 1511; he left behind him many scholars and imitators, the greatest being Sebastiano del Piombo and Giovanni da Udini, but next to him in point of time came Titian.

TITIAN was born in 1477, at Capo del Cadore in the territory of Venice. His first masters were Zuccati and Gentile Bellini, but he subsequently studied under Giovanni Bellini, having Giorgione for a fellow pupil. Titian first distinguished himself at the court of Alfonso I., Duke of Ferrara, where he painted amongst other pictures his 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' now in the National Gallery. Bacchus is represented as just leaping from his chariot to approach Ariadne; he is followed by a boisterous train. Ruskin admires this picture very much, and in one of his notes calls attention to the leaves which crown the Bacchus and the little dancing faun 'in which every turn of the most subtle prespective, and every gradation of colour, is given with the ease and power of the consummate master.'

The Venetians were particularly noted for the carefulness of their painting, seeking to accept nature as their teacher in the minutest part as well as in the most important, and to quote Ruskin again, their great secret was their simplicity; they were great colourists, not because they had peculiar secrets about oil and colour, but because 'when they saw a thing blue, they painted it blue; and when they saw it red, they painted it red; and when they saw it distinctly, they painted it distinctly.' While at the court of Alfonso, Titian also painted the portrait of Ariosto. He executed a great many portraits, and is considered the greatest portrait painter that ever lived.

It is a mistake to suppose no great art is necessary to enable a person to paint a portrait well. Invention and imagination are both required, where the likeness is to be a true one. It is no doubt easy to paint a portrait like enough to be taken for the sitter and for no one else, but something higher than this ought to be aimed at by the artist. 'In a true portrait,' says F. T. Palgrave, 'not only should we have severity of design and beauty of colours, but the likeness, in common with those which are drawn in words by the greatest masters of the craft, must be one that in some mysterious way, gives not only the man as he may look in common life, when he comes into a room or stands by his hunter, but the whole substance of his character, the "form and pressure" of his mind, so far as these inner features are stamped on the outward man.' The best known of Titian's portraits are those of Andreas Vesalius, the great physician and anatomist, Pietro Aretino, the poet, Luigi Cornaro, and the Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici. These portraits, for effects of light and shade, for expression of life and

for grace, have never been surpassed, and rank first among the whole of Titian's works.

Titian enjoyed the favour of emperors and popes and had many high honours bestowed upon him. The Emperor Charles V. of Spain, made him a Count Palatine of of the Empire and a Knight of the order of St. Jago. Some say he accompanied the Emperor into Spain, but this is denied by Italian writers. At all events Madrid contains a number of his works, and he painted three portraits of the Emperor, one of which was so much like him that it is pretended that, it having been placed on a table, the son of the Emperor approached it in order, as he supposed, to converse with his father. Many of Titian's pictures at Madrid have perished; one—a 'Last Supper'—was mutilated and torn to pieces by impious hands. Titian was seven years at this painting and he considered it the best of his works.

There are also in the same city, an 'Ecce Homo,' a 'Mater Dolorosa,' two 'St. Margarets,' the 'Daughter of Herodias,' and many others. The last named is a most wonderful picture, the flesh painting being extremely fine, recalling Tintoretto's remark on Titian that he painted with pounded flesh. Herodias is in the act of receiving the head of St. John the Baptist on a silver charger, from her daughter. Titian made only one visit to Rome, and stayed but a short while; here he met Michel Angelo, who, though he admired the rich colouring of the Venetian, severely criticised his drawing, saying, 'It is a pity that at Venice they do not make it a rule to draw well; this man would have no equal if he had strengthened his natural genius by the knowledge of drawing.' Sir Joshua Reynolds, however, himself a great colourist, doubts whether the different styles of the Venetian and Roman schools could ever be blended together.

Only a few of the masterpieces of Titian are to be found at Rome. He may best be studied at Venice and Madrid. At Venice there are thirty-three of his works, and there may be seen the earliest existing painting by his hand, a 'Visitation of Saint Elizabeth,' and the last picture he ever worked upon—a 'Descent from the Cross,' and which being incomplete on his death was finished by the elder Palma. There, also, are two large pictures representing the commencement and close of the History of the Virgin—her 'Presentation in the Temple,' and her 'Assumption to Heaven.' The 'Assumption' is a magnificent picture. For some time it was lost, but at last was fortunately discovered on a high wall in the church of the Frari, much smoked; it was taken down and placed in the Academy of the Fine Arts, where it now is. A chef-d'œuvre of Titian's—'The murder of Saint Peter the Martyr'—was also at Venice, but quite recently, in company with a Madonna by Bellini, was destroyed by fire. It was much thought of at the time it was painted, and the Senate of Venice, having heard that some one was about to purchase and carry it away, forbade the Dominican monks to whom it belonged to allow it to leave the republic on pain of death. But when Venice was conquered it was brought to Paris, and being in need of restoration, it was taken off the worm-eaten wood, and placed upon canvas. Many of the Venetian nobles have examples of this great master in their collections.

In the Barbarigo palace are the 'Magdalen,' a 'Venus,' and a 'St. Sebastian.' The 'Magdalen' was a special favorite of the painter, who during his life would never part with it, using it as a model. The 'Venus' has, unfortunately, been utterly spoilt by some over-virtuous idiot, who insisted upon clothing it. The two most celebrated Venuses of Titian are at Florence. Both are perfectly nude, and are striking examples of Titian's mastery in flesh-colouring. One especially has been considered worthy of ranking with the Venus de Medici, so delicate and beautiful is it. In England, we have the 'Bacchus and Ariadne' already mentioned, a 'Venus and Adonis,' a 'Holy Family,' 'The Rape of Ganymede,' 'A Concert,' 'The Tribute Money,' and 'Noli me tangere,' or Christ appearing to Mary Magdalen after His resurrection. Titian died at Venice, of the plague, in the year 1576, at the extreme age of ninety-nine years. His pictures are very numerous, and are widely known by photographs and engravings. His aim was high and he achieved much, so that he is considered the chief of the Venetian School. Ruskin says—'a picture of Titian's, or a Greek statue, or a Greek coin, or a Turner landscape, expresses

delight in the perpetual contemplation of a good and perfect thing. That is an entirely moral quality—it is the taste of the angels.'

SEBASTIANO DEL PIOMBO was born at Venice, in 1485. He received the name of Piombo from the office he held, being keeper of the Leaden Seal. He studied under Giovanni Bellini and Giorgione, and had the advantage of a close friendship with Michel Angelo. He united in some degree the Florentine and Venetian styles, the colouring and chiaroscuro of Giorgione and the severity of design belonging to Michel Angelo. His works are very rare, as he was not an industrious man; he loved his pleasures and his ease, and he had so good an income from his office, which entailed little or no work, that he was not inclined to devote his life to his art. His two most famous pictures are the 'Raising of Lazarus,' and the 'Descent into Hades.'

The 'Raising of Lazarus' is now in the National Gallery, England. It was originally painted for Giulio de' Medici as an altar-piece for the Cathedral at Narbonne, to take the place of Raffaello's 'Transfiguration' which was to have been placed there. But Giulio, not wishing to deprive Rome of this masterpiece, employed Sebastiano to execute one. Michel Angelo was so much pleased to see any one else chosen as a rival in any way to Raffaello that he himself gave great aid in the work, and Sir Thomas Lawrence possessed several sketches of parts of the picture by the great Florentine, including two studies of the figure of Lazarus. Various have been the criticisms upon the picture. English critics, possibly because they possess the painting, extol it to the skies, and call it Sebastiano's masterpiece. On the other hand it has been said that the chiaroscuro is so violent, that the personages look like mulattoes, and the entire scene might be supposed to have taken place in Ethiopia, and that it is a collection of noble parts, rather than one fine composition. It was purchased by the Duke of Orleans, from whom it passed into the hands of the English at the time of the sale of the Orleans' gallery. The other important picture, 'The descent into Hades,' is at Madrid. It has fewer figures than the 'Raising of Lazarus,' but it is a nobler picture, being less cramped in perspective and less exaggerated in its effects of light and shade, having more of the colouring and animation of his master, Giorgione. Sebastiano del Piombo also painted several portraits and he is much praised by Vasari for his great skill in painting a head and hands. In the National Gallery is a portrait of the lovely and holy Giula Gonzaga of Mantua. She is painted with a nimbus round her head as if she were a saint. In Rome is his picture of Andrea Doria, which is the most celebrated of his portraits. Sebastiano died at Rome in 1547, in the sixty-second year of his age.

JACOPO ROBUSTI, commonly called TINTORETTO from the fact of his father being a dyer (Tintore), was born at Venice in 1512. Ruskin considers him not only the greatest of the Venetians, but also the greatest painter that ever lived. He may be said to have been self-taught, for all the teaching he ever had was ten days pupilage under Titian. At the end of these ten days Titian, seeing some clever drawings of his lying about, asked who had done them, and upon being informed it was the new scholar, gave orders that the boy should be immediately taken home. This strange jealousy, which Titian made amends for in after life, worked no harm to the energetic Tintoretto, for instead of being merely an imitator, he struck out a new path for himself, determining to acquire the drawing of Michel Angelo and the colouring of Titian. For this purpose he bought casts from the antique and from the works of Michel Angelo, and devoted the day to painting and the night to drawings from the casts. He was so indefatigable that he gladly painted pictures merely for the cost of the material. His perseverance was crowned with success, for before he was forty he was considered the rival of Titian. He worked so rapidly and executed so much that he was nick-named *il Furioso*, and Sebastiano del Piombo said that Tintoretto could paint as much in two days as would occupy him two years. His style was full of animation and life, and Italians consider that movement must be studied by close examination of his works. Unfortunately he was very unequal, and his fellow-countrymen also say of him, that he had three pencils to work with—one of gold, one of silver, and a third of iron. Tintoretto seems to have lived and died at Venice, where all his best pictures are, very few of his works being dispersed about the continent.

The finest picture of his is the 'Miracle of St. Mark,' which is so beautiful a conception that it has been called the Miracle of Tintoretto, and it certainly must have been painted with his golden pencil. The scene is in the open air, and represents the deliverance of a slave, condemned to death, by the miraculous intervention of Venice's patron Saint. The slave is lying in the midst of a group of persons, and his figure stands out white against the dark robes around him. In this picture we have wonderful power of touch, harmony, and delicacy of colour and the dispositions of light and shade are all carried to their highest extreme. Others of his best pictures are the 'Exhumation of the body of St. Mark at Alexandria,' the 'Transport of the body to the ship,' and the 'Miraculous Preservation of the Saracenic sailor at sea, by the Saint.' Some of Tintoretto's finest works suffered very much from the Austrian shells during the last war for the freedom of the Republic. There is a portrait of this master in the Louvre, taken when he was an old man, and after the death of his much loved daughter, Marietta, who herself was an excellent portrait painter. Tintoretto died at Venice in 1594, aged eighty-two, passing his long life in active work, and leaving behind him an immense number of works.

PAOLO VERONESE was born at Verona in 1528, and acquired there the first principles of his art under his father and uncle, the one being a sculptor and the other a painter. After painting several pictures at Verona and Mantua, he settled in Venice, and became the rival of Titian and Tintoretto. His pictures are numerous, the best and the largest number of them being at Paris. Here are two of his famous 'Feasts,' one of which, the 'Feast in the House of the Pharisee,' was presented to Louis XIV. by the Senate of the Republic of Venice, the other and most celebrated, the 'Marriage at Cana,' was exchanged by the Austrian commissioners for a picture of a similar subject by Charles Lebrun. The other two 'Feasts,' the 'Supper in the house of Simon the Leper' and the 'Feast given by Levi,' are at Venice. All the figures in these paintings are dressed in the Venetian costume of the 16th century, and the architecture and all the details, such as pages, children, dogs, cats, fruits, and flowers, are all purely Venetian. The personages represented (120 in number) are portraits of the then living celebrities, which, though doubtless adding to the historical interest, is injurious to the solemnity and grandeur required in the treatment of sacred subjects. In the 'Marriage at Cana,' which is the largest easel picture ever painted, may be recognized Veronese himself, his brother, Titian, and Tintoretto, disguised as musicians. In many other works Veronese has clothed his figures in the modern dress, and handled the subject in a modern manner. Yet in spite of this extravagance, which was common enough in those days, he was undoubtedly a great painter, having fertility of invention, noble fancy, and a deep practical knowledge of the true principles of art. England has four pictures by Veronese in the National Gallery, the most famous of which is the 'Family of Darius at the feet of Alexander.' This picture was executed while the painter was detained at the house of a friend, and on his leaving the family he told them he had left behind him that which would defray the expenses they had incurred for him. Indeed, it must have more than satisfied them if they sold it for one quarter of what it was purchased for by the British Nation. The English obtained it for the enormous sum of £14,000. The principal figures are portraits of the Pisani family. The captive family are kneeling, superbly dressed in Venetian costume. Rumohr says of it that 'the treatment of colour, especially in the flesh, and the excellence of the execution, are such as to render us almost unjust to other great colourists.' Paolo Veronese died in 1588, at Venice, and was buried in the church of San Sebastiano, in which he had painted some of his finest pictures. With him ended the true glory of the Venetian School; after his time it became degraded by carelessness, and lost its 'human energy' and all the high characteristics of true art. The names of the grand old Venetian masters will always be venerated by every student and admirer of painting for—

> 'These also fill their places
> As the pioneers to faith,
> Clearing paths for higher Powers,
> When they give the fleshly clod
> An upward gaze, through beauty
> Unto Goodness, unto God.'

AMY RYE.

LITTLE RAINDROP.

WHEN it rains in London, which is not seldom, it *does* rain—there is no mistake about it; in the true city spirit it means business. Your genuine Londoner will defend the great city's smoke and its fogs as being the natural accompaniments of its exceptional greatness, and pride himself on their prodigious nastiness as evidence of a prodigious prosperity: but as for its partiality for waters by the bucket, by the spout, by the deluge, no voice is raised in defence.

Out of the way of the mud, and the roof sheddings, and cab splashings, and umbrella drippings of the streets, the leafy trees of St. James's Park, beneficent Nature's own shelter for the umbrellaless, offer a kindly refuge; at least so, apparently, thought Hugh Vivian, ex-captain of Her Majesty's —nth regiment of foot, and present very empty private, still in a regiment of foot, but one without number, and without anything else to speak of save the unsatisfactory impedimenta of 'poverty, hunger, and dirt.'

So big is the giant city, that few feel the pulsations which stir the puny atoms far down the depths of its vast mass; the throbs which feebly vitalize the 'great unwashed,' the great unfed, the homeless, the hopeless of London. To this ignoble army of atoms belonged Hugh Vivian, 'gentleman,' ex-captain, ex-pride of his regiment, ex-pet of the drawing room, 'Handsome Hugh'; now penniless, homeless, hungry Hugh. What matters it much how he came down in the world? Expensive education, expensive tastes, a crack regiment, and high life on a younger son's inheritance have but one issue; and the day came when to meet the pressing call of a very 'ugly' book on the Goodwood, he had to sell out, at the shortest notice, to clear his honour and maintain that of the regiment. Gentle by birth and breeding, and a soldier by instinct, he determined to obey where he could no longer command, and enlisted at once in a regiment ordered on foreign service. Here he found oblivion, and lost hope as the years went on; and by way of accelerating his progress to the dogs, he must needs take to himself in Madras, a wife, an actress at the theatre, a pretty delicate girl, who died, leaving him with the incubus of a son. How the youngster got dragged up anyhow, in the rude atmosphere of barrack and camp, and how ultimately the poor father, horror-stricken at the prospect such a life offered for the boy, sent him, with infinite self-denial, to school in England, he having long passed the age when school discipline would sit kindly upon him, and how, finally, the lad, smarting under the infliction of well-deserved punishment, and pining for lost freedom with the natural yearning of a wild bird, vanished from the eyes of his guardians, may all be more easily imagined than briefly described. For fifteen years, up to the time when the wounded discharged soldier, careworn, heart-broken gentleman, and penniless, homeless 'vagabond,' sat on the bench beneath the trees of the 'Mall,' he had had no tidings of his boy. How had he lived? Well, as the sparrows live, seeking his daily bread, and not knowing where he should find it. While health and strength lasted he had found no great difficulty in this, wandering from land to land, till at last, with the old home instinct which takes the lion to its own cave to die, he had drifted back to the old shore, and the lonely companionship of the busy London world. Here, at first, he had slunk through the streets, by night chiefly, carefully avoiding the neighbourhood of old haunts, dreading the possibility of some friendly greeting from hand or voice of bygone associates. The dread was idle. A man who has sunk as low as he, need have no fear of recognition from past intimates, however warm, of the days of his prosperity. A shabby coat and a hungry look are as effectual as a brick wall—he was never recognized.

As a worker in the world now, he was a failure. In unloading ships at the docks, the occupation to which he had taken as being most surely removed from the chances of discovery, he was too old and too broken

in health to contest with the young broad-shouldered natives of that rough and ready locality, and a severe attack of illness which kept him helpless to his bed for a while, stretched the point of indebtedness so far that his lodging-house keeper, who 'didn't want no pottering old men about her place,' turned him out into the streets, to play—as with a delicate sense of humour she phrased it—'old soldier' somewhere else. What was Hecuba to her, or she to Hecuba! She had to pay rent and taxes, and to make both ends of a very limited income meet; and Achilles, Ajax, and Agamemnon, and a whole Iliad of heroes would have been to her nothing but lodgers who were either good or bad pay. Such is the prose versus the poetry of life.

And so he joined the army of the 'homeless;' and this brought him into some queer company, introducing him to gatherings of the *ex*tinguished, where *costume de rigueur* has a meaning more literal than fashionable, and manners are as easy as life is difficult. The various hotels which provide gratis lodging, without favor and without disgrace, in London, are numerous enough. To say nothing of the thousand and one odd corners which are the reward of patient careful search, there are the benches under the trees in the public parks, the stone seats on the bridges, the empty baskets in Covent Garden market, and the Adelphi Arches. Such is the necessity for grades in society, that even amongst this lower million or so there is an upper ten, and the sordid, huddled misery and dirt of the 'Arches' was a bottomless pit into which Hugh Vivian would never fall. He used to patronise the benches of the Park, where, at least, the air was pure, where his apartment, if not luxurious, was spacious and clean, *and* he was left to his own company. In the warm summer nights the great 'homeless' have no bad time of it in the matter of this said hotel accommodation, with its cool air and soft rustle of leaves, with the moon and the stars for candles, Nature for chambermaid, and God over all for host—few of those who have had this practical experience, however, have much faith in the latter clause. It is scarcely to be wondered at perhaps, all things considered. When day was sufficiently advanced to justify such a proceeding, he would make his way, cold, hungry, and footsore, to some such home of rest as the British Museum, and there, under the kindly shelter of Assyrian bulls, watched grimly by the stony glare of Amon's eye, and surrounded by the fantastic contortions of Babylonian inscriptions, he would fall into a sleep far too heavy for even dreams, the one God-sent blessing left to his poor shadow of a life. Yet despite all, he did not thieve, he did not beg, he shed no self-pitying tears; he could as soon have dropped a pearl as a tear; he only—starved—quietly, unobtrusively, starved. Cold, hunger, and exposure, and the ceaseless gnawing of a mind which has but its own misery ever before it, were all telling on him; he was dying by inches.

Looking at him now as he sits aslant his bench, supported by its friendly wooden arms, his much worn hat well over his eyes, and a shabby brown overcoat (he has no under, *that* has been eaten long ago, after undergoing the necessary chemic change at the pawnbroker's) covering his tall gaunt form, the curious passer-by would see a seamed and wrinkled face with grizzled beard, hollow cheeks, and deep-sunk eyes; the face of a man of some sixty years.

But the passer-by on this wet, cold November night, with the boom of 'Big Ben' overhead in the darkness announcing midnight, would not be curious. If he were kind—which is not too probable,—or if he gave the figure a thought—which is not at all likely,—he might mutter, as he hurried home to his comfortable fire and bonny wife, 'Poor devil!' a term which expresses a warm degree of interest and sympathy without costing a farthing.

Yes, that was just it—'poor devil.' He was munching a penny roll, conjoined with that Teutonic and mysterious article of food known as a 'saveloy,' popularly supposed to be of equine origin, but filling at the price; an extravagance, this, justified only by the pressing calls of hunger, and obtained by the sale of a waistcoat. The captain was very low indeed in the world now. He was not alone. At the further end of the bench sat, or rather half reclined, a female, wrapped up in an old shawl which evidently also covered a child. Neither had stirred whilst he had been sitting there. The spectacle was too common a one to attract more than a passing glance, and, as time went on, he only

envied them the deep sleep which they were enjoying. At last there came a movement in the bundle, and the voice of a child, querulous but not unmusical, called out with half a sob, 'Muzzer! muzzer! wate up, do! I'se so hundery.'

Then came a pause, during which the little one was evidently considering the situation. Presently, a curly-headed figure struggled free of the wraps, and putting its arms round the woman, repeated its pathetic little formula, but without effect. Even the added assurance that 'Ada's so told,' failed to move her mother. Ex-captain Vivian was interested and touched. He held out the remains of his roll and savoury saveloy.

'Here, little one,' he said, 'eat this; mother's asleep; don't wake her. She's tired.'

The baby looked round at him for a moment, and then turned shyly away, with a burst of tears, and hid her face in her mother's breast. There was clearly something wrong, the woman made no response to the appeal of her child. Helplessness at one end of the bench got up to aid helplessness at the other. At this moment, there flashed upon the group the bull's-eye of a policeman, and a big waterproof-caped figure emerged from the gloom and rain. This was all quite in the way of business, and he sharply shook the woman's shoulder; not unkindly, but with the well known decision of the force. 'Now, then! come!' he said, 'wake up!' Then, as the light fell on a pale face, with disordered hair, lying supinely on her breast, he muttered, 'drunk!'

'Not drunk, I think,' said quietly Captain Vivian, who had read the look on the face with well trained eyes. 'Not drunk; poor soul!'

The policeman bent over her a moment.

'You're right, sir. Dead it is!'

And dead it was.

By what instinct was it that the little one, with the light flashing on its dead mother's white face, felt some share of the awe and repugnance which Nature has implanted in humanity towards the mere bodily substance divested of vitality? It made no objection now when Captain Vivian raised it, and opening the folds of his great-coat shared the warmth of his own weak vital spark with something weaker and colder. The indigent cherished the helpless. The little girl now, with a grateful sense of warmth, ceased crying; hope had come back to her.

'Mother's gone fast asleep,' said her new nurse, with the consciousness that he uttered no fiction. 'We must'nt wake her, you know.'

'No, must-tent wate her,' echoed the little voice, evidently relieved by the assurance that her mother's peculiar stillness arose from no unnatural cause.

'Will you stay here while I go and get some help?' said the policeman.

'Yes, we'll stay. You wont be long?'

'Ten minutes. I'll bring a stretcher back with me;' and into the darkness and gloom splashed the heavy steps. The Captain moved to the other side of the tree with his charge, leaning against the friendly trunk.

'Tant we do on soon?' she began, after a pause. 'Is'nt it nearzy breffast time? I'se so hundery.'

He bethought him of the rejected roll; this time she accepted the beneficence, and was soon contentedly munching it with an eagerness which showed she had long been without food.

'What's your name, pretty?' he queried presently.

'Ada. I'se four years old. Muzzer's doin to div me a dolly some day.' She spoke with a delicacy of intonation which showed her to be the child of gentle parents. He stepped round and took another glance at the silent figure. It was too dark to distinguish the features of the dead.

'Muzzer's still aseep?'

'Still asleep, my pretty,' he said, resuming his place at the other side of the tree. 'So your name is Ada; and where does Ada live?'

The child pointed with a finger so strictly impartial that it embraced all points of the compass, and thus went on with growing confidence to tell a rambling child's tale, which left the hearer no wiser than before, save that they had clearly lately crossed the ocean in a 'big, big ship,' but 'whither away' it was impossible to discover. In the midst of her tale back came the friendly bull's-eye and its bearer, accompanied by two other caped and helmeted figures carrying a stretcher and a tarpaulin. As the men were placing the body upon this, and covering it from the rain with the tarpaulin, the one who had first appeared said:

'You'd better come along with us, sir, we'll want your evidence. I've brought a spare cape to cover the little one.' And the kindly, rough fellow fastened the waterproof so as to serve a double duty. To a man without a home on a wet cold night, there are worse places than a warm fireside, and so the curious procession went its way into the slush and the cold.

'I've seen you here before, sir,' said the policeman as they trudged steadily on.

'I—I dare say. I don't sleep very well. I like to come and take the air here sometimes.'

'Yes, sir, a good many gents does. It's cool and fresh like in the mornings early.'

Kind-hearted but illogical policeman! the seductive charms of early summer mornings are not those of raw November nights! But the situation was no novelty to him; he had seen the same story too often repeated on those very benches. He took it in at a glance.

'Let me carry the little un,' he said presently, as after several laboured breathings, caused by the unwonted burden and his own weakness, the Captain stumbled and would have fallen but for the strong arm of his companion.

'Thank you, if you will. I am so weak. I did'nt know how weak I was till now.'

The transfer was effected, and the child, lulled by the steady motion, was soon fast asleep.

'A pretty child she is too,' said her bearer, stopping under a gas light. And she was, with her curly golden hair, long eye-lashes, and delicate baby mouth, a very pretty child.

Captain Vivian looked.

'Strange!' he muttered. 'How like!—What are you going to do with her?' he said presently.

'Oh she'll go to the workhouse; though perhaps some one 'll adopt her. A pretty little thing like that 'll be picked up in a jiffy, depend on it. I'd like to have her for one, I know. But perhaps you'll adopt her yourself, sir. She's your's by right of finding, anyhow. She's dropt down here from heaven just for all the world like a raindrop.'

A queer godsend for a man without bread to put into his own mouth! But the thought had already occurred to the penniless vagrant; and the desire of all true men for something weaker than themselves to love and live for and work for, came to him as strongly now as if he had not been the lonely, homeless wanderer he was. Before he could reply, they had arrived, and their sad burden, after being duly examined and entered in the night book as a case of 'Found Dead' (having the distinction of pre-eminent interest in the list of 'drunks and disorderlies' which filled that grim sheet), was taken to an inner room to await the arrival of female assistance, and the coroner's verdict.

Sitting by the warm fire, and looking at the graceful figure of the child,—who, with the instinct of dogs and children, had found out the kindly hearts of the rough, bearded men around her, and was on terms of immense friendliness with the biggest of them all,—Hugh Vivian felt a strange yearning sympathy for the lonely little one: as the policeman had said, why should *he* not adopt her. He had never claimed certain long arrears of pension due him as a discharged wounded soldier, partly from want of absolute occasion for it at first, and latterly because to have done so would have brought him into conjunction with one of his own relatives, a very important filler of an arm-chair at the Horse Guards. For his own needs he would never have stirred a finger in such a matter; but now he reflected on the sudden sunshine which might come to his lonely life, and reflecting, determined he would adopt the little waif; she could not be worse off than now. As he sat, back came the policeman.

'They've found nothing on the body,' he said, 'but a bit of bread and a few half-pence and this letter.' He held in his hand a torn, much worn letter, written on thin paper. It told little save that it was clearly from a husband to a wife. It spoke in loving terms, and referred to a speedy union as soon as certain business affairs should be completed. It was simply signed, 'your loving husband.'

'Linen marked?' questioned the Inspector at his desk.

'No mark.'

'Any clue to name?'

'No clue whatever.'

'Found dead. Name unknown'—wrote the officer in his neat business way. Hugh Vivian retired to his corner.

'You'll forgive me, sir,' said the police-

man, approaching him, but I know you, Captain, and—'

'You know me!'

'You are Captain Vivian.' Recognition had come at last!

'I was Captain Vivian once. I don't deny it. Well?'

'Sir, you wont be annoyed; but you did me a good turn once, years ago.'

'I!'

'You saved me from disgrace, sir. It was soon after you joined the regiment. I was a careless, drunken chap, and you saved me from a flogging. You remember Roberts, sir? You bought my discharge for me afterwards, and gave me a chance in life again.'

Recollection of a certain merry, good-natured young fellow, given to frolics, and over-susceptible to the charms of the glass, rose to the mind of the man he addressed.

'I remember you, Roberts. Things have changed since then.'

'Just what I was a-going to say, sir. Now me and my missus has a snug little place over the bridge here; it isn't much, I know; but if you would'nt object—I know it isn't a place for a gentleman bred and born like you, but anyhow it's better than nothn: r and in fact, sir, if you'd come home to ou place I'd take it kindly, and the wife and I'll make you comfortable, hang me if we wont, then!' And the good-hearted fellow stood as abashed in his six feet two of grateful humanity, as if gratitude were one of the most common and to-be-deprecated of virtues. His former officer held out his hand to him.

'Roberts, you're a good fellow. I always knew you were, at bottom. I'll tell you what. If you'll have me, I will come to you as your lodger'—Roberts made a movement of dissent—'as your lodger mind, for a day or two, with this pretty child. I'll adopt her—she'll take the place of my lost boy,' he added to himself.

'Agreed, sir. We'll come, then; I'm off duty now;' and the worthy sergeant, making himself responsible for its production, if necessary, took up the little one. She was loath to leave the agreeable company which had supplied her with such alluring playthings as a pair of handcuffs, a dark lantern, a policeman's baton, and, delightful mystery, a rattle; but was reconciled by the thoughts of 'breffast,' a meal at which her mother was so necessary an adjunct in her mind, that the terms at this moment were synonymous, and she made no reference to the subject of the still figure lying in the inner room.

'My missus will be surprised, she will,' he said. 'She always wanted a little 'un, and now she's got it. We lost ours—'and then he went on to explain that his wife had been a ballet dancer in her younger days, 'and a lovely one too,' but the grace of the female form having become marred in her by an unfortunate tendency to embonpoint, she had resigned the witchery of gauzes and tights, and was now employed as 'dresser' to the principal actress at the Royal —— Theatre, and that, further, the grand institution of his house was 'supper,' always, with them, a midnight feast, by reason of their respective engagements, but none the less agreeable on that account. With this he turned the handle of a door, and, with a 'Here, Polly,' introduced his unexpected visitors.

Mrs. Sergeant Roberts was a kindly, smiling, and decidedly plump dame of some fifty summers, and certainly far more like a roly-poly pudding than a sylph; but of so genial a soul, that she no sooner understood the situation, which was conveyed to her in a calm, professional manner by her husband, than she stretched out two plump, warm arms, and absorbed into the family of Roberts, with all its appanage of house-room and heart-room, the homeless little waif.

'I know you, sir, well—by name, that is—for Jim and me have spoken of you often, and the dear only knows what we should have been without you.'

'Roberts and I quite understand each other,' said their guest. 'It is he who is doing me a service now, you see.'

He was abstractedly turning a ring round and round on his finger. A plain gold wedding ring—his dead wife's—and wondering how much the descendants of Lombardy's three balls would advance on his one treasure. Meanwhile, the good soul, his hostess, was undoing the shawl which covered the child. As she did so she bent over it and gave it a kiss.

'You precious darling!' she said, after the manner of true womanly hearts; 'there, sir, look at her, isn't she a beauty?' Divested of her shawl she was a dainty, fairy-like

little thing; slight and delicate featured, with large grave eyes and a complexion like the faintest pink coral: a more ethereal little body could scarcely have descended from the clouds. As they looked at her, one idea grew upon husband and wife, at last it found vent.

'She's for all the world like you, sir. She's got just your eyes. There, look now when she turns round.' As he looked he saw in the baby eyes the look of his lost son, of his dead wife. He took her up in his arms and kissed her.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN a boy runs away from school, his instinct will generally lead him to the sea, which to the boyish mind contains the very essence of freedom; and Harold Vivian, runaway from his Rochester school, made straight, with the instinct of a wild bird, to the city of ships and home of the free—London; and being a strong, well-built lad of sixteen, found means, without much difficulty, of getting taken on board an out-going vessel bound for New Orleans. But there the freedom had ended. Life on board a trading vessel is not, as he was shortly told, all 'beer and skittles;' which might be translated out of the vernacular of the forecastle—not entirely composed of champagne and strawberry ices; no 'bed of roses.' Some severely personal attentions on the part of the first mate, paid with a rope's end, led him, when arrived at his destination, to retire, more or less gracefully, from so uncongenial a sphere of action. A high-spirited, unrestrained lad, he would shirk no work; danger had fascinations for him; privations and hardships he had already long grown accustomed to; but command, and still more the 'rope's end,' aroused in him immediate opposition. He had never learned to obey; unfortunately for him, this branch of education is much cultivated at sea. So he wandered into the flat, dreary, marshy country which stretches for a hundred miles along the shores of the mighty river of the south; making friends with the negroes in the cotton plantations and rice fields, and lending always a ready hand for an odd job, a foot for a dance, or a voice for a song. Wherever he went he made friends, till, with a fit of shivering, there pounced upon the handsome, merry lad, with greedy clutch, the demon of the soil, the fever. How he got out of it, it is hard to say. The strong, healthy English blood in him, perhaps, helped to pull him through when once the tide had turned; and at length, in the pleasant winter time when life had become endurable, he awoke to consciousness to find himself convalescent, the object of the kindly care of a rich planter, a Mr. Duval, on whose plantation he had fallen sick. As time went on, the interest his kindly friend had taken in him deepened. He took him to New Orleans and placed him in his own office. Here, for some time, gratitude to his patron kept him tied to the irksome work of desk routine, and he would probably, in due course, have himself entered upon some share of the business, to such an extent was the liking felt for him carried. But here a cloud descended upon him. Woman, it is said, is at the bottom of all human blessings and ills, and Harold's experience was no exception to the rule. The mischievous nebulosity which absorbed him was a woman. Constance Duval came home from school, sweet, fresh, seventeen, with eyes of brown, and hair unlimited, teeth like a row of ivory peas, and a graceful figure, set off by the most fashionable New York modiste,—a 'finished young lady.' Of the accomplishments she possessed and the 'ologies' she knew, it is sufficient to say she was 'turned out' by a New York young-lady 'turner,' who pronounced of her handiwork that it was 'very good.' An only child of a wealthy, wifeless planter, it may be imagined what a stir her advent caused in the upper circles at New Orleans. The jaundiced, bilious young society-men prepared to sun themselves in the burning rays of her glance, as though an iceberg were not, in that locality, a more fitting object of adoration; and the local belles were hurried forward to the cabbage-stalk period of existence a whole decade through an epidemic of jealousy, which she probably imported in her capacious trunks, so closely did it follow her arrival.

To the desolation of the moment succeeded, for these ladies, a bit of news, which, though causing a temporary spasm in isolated hearts, was yet a relief, as it removed the danger from the general to the indivi-

dual. Miss Constance Duval was *engaged*. The satisfaction, however, did not extend to the male element, which was, in the aggregate, disgusted. The favoured man was a gentleman, neither young, handsome, witty, noragreeable; his estates, however, cotton and sugar, lay for many a mile alongside those of Mr. Duval; and while marriage, that gentleman knew, was a lottery, these substantial items were not. Married himself upon this solid principle, he was far too sensible a man not to see that love was a disease, much like measles, which some people catch and others do not, and which, if caught, was simply a trivial matter for a few acid preparations and cooling draughts; by no means a point to be considered in the great question of marriage. He himself had never suffered from the constant presence of a toothless nonentity, with a tendency to biliousness and bad temper, heaven having been merciful to him, and early transferred Madame Duval to a cherubic and more beatific sphere than the enervating and relaxing climate of New Orleans. Constance had not seen her intended since her childhood, and was still, after twenty-four hours of her southern life, sufficiently human to feel something like a shrinking when his amorous eyes caught hers for a moment at dinner the evening of her arrival.

Later on in the evening, as she was rather disconsolately and mechanically allowing her fingers to wander over the piano, a new Steinway especially purchased for a new mistress, and possibly thinking without much satisfaction of the 'brilliant future' in store for her, a figure entered the room, which (such is the instinctive desire for cohesion of kindred particles) caused her to insert a most merciless chord in the Polonaise of poor Chopin's which she was playing, and filled her with an almost irresistible desire to run out of the room. She restrained herself, however, and gave a proper New-York-boarding-school deflection when her father introduced 'Mr. Harold Vivian' to 'my daughter Constance,' with the injunction to both to be 'good friends.' Under such auspices, it is needless to say that they were soon on the most excellent terms; and that night poor Harold slept no sleep, and Miss Constance—had a delightful fit of crying all to herself, in her gilt and silk-covered bed. For the next few days each carefully avoided the other. That did not last; and for the following few they saw far more of each other than was altogether good for either of them. Before a month was over, life had but one possibility for two hearts; and, as an appeal to the father would have been a simple absurdity, one fine evening, watching an opportunity when that gentleman was away for a week or so on the estates, they deported themselves to New York, got married, and settled down to enjoy the stolen but hard-earned fruits of their labours in the cause of Love. That erratic and unreliable deity did not, strange to say, desert them, even when funds ran short and they were obliged to abandon the splendors of the 'Fifth Avenue Hotel,' which make the early steps of love so smooth, for the ignominious and scanty accomodation of a third-rate boarding house. It was their youth that saved them. The chivalry and glow and worshipping power of twenty-one towards seventeen, and *vice versa*, are quite unlimited, and can only be duly represented by '*x*,' the 'unknown quantity.' Had they been older, they would soon have seen that the 'game' and the attendant consumption of 'candle' were not commensurate quantities; Love would have wiped his eyes with his wings, and flown out of the window. One can *marry* any time after thirty; but twenty or thereabouts is the season for *love*—all-trusting, all-suffering, all-hoping *love*.

Then came, of course, the usual penitential letter to the father, the items of which were much as ordinary in such cases: 'Love — sorrow — forgive — your erring child,' etc., etc. To which in reply came back a polite note stating that that gentleman was perfectly aware his daughter was married, as he had set a detective on the track immediately on discovery of their absence. He trusted they would be happy, hoped the enclosed two $1000 bills would meet the little expenses of their trip, and added, incidentally, before signing himself for the last time her father, that it would be perfectly useless their ever attempting to communicate with him or hoping to receive further monetary aid from him. This was a crusher as effective as one of his own hydraulic cotton-presses; but youth is elastic, and there lay the $1000 notes. While they lasted what was the good of regrets and tears which only make one's eyes red and bring premature wrinkles; so the

young husband philosophically took stalls at the fashionable theatre of the season, and they returned to their comfortable quarters at the 'Fifth Avenue Hotel.'

Harold had knocked about the world enough to have picked up some grains of shrewdness; and he well knew that to succeed you must appear successful; that nothing fails like *failure*; and with the morning light he had a scheme ready to impart to the loving young head of his wife as it lay on the lace-covered pillow, which sent that dainty organisation into a kaleidoscope dream of brilliant receptions, carriages, diamonds, lace, and general bliss. He was going to speculate on Wall Street.

How he did speculate; how fortune favoured him; how railroad and mining stock turned up trumps; how he burnt his fingers; and how, aided by his natural dash and audacity, he recovered himself; and how the charming Mrs. Harold Vivian became one of the leaders of New York society;—is it not all told in the chronicles of that delectable city. In the midst of his prosperity, he used every effort to find his father. He placed advertisements in the English papers. He wrote letters, he employed detectives to search for him, but with no good result. They were lost to each other. He had hoped that with the news of his success in life, his wife's father would surely relent; but it was not so. To his and her letters no answer was returned; but through Mr. Duval's lawyers came the intimation that he had placed his estate under management, and had left the country to take up his residence in England, his native land.

So time went on, and to complete his satisfaction there came to them the added charm of children. Two were born: one a boy, who died in his babyhood, the victim of too much fashionable life on the part of his young mother; and the other a girl—the image, as all said, of her handsome father, with a certain superadded loveliness and dainty grace all her own.

These were the 'ups.' Then came the 'downs.' A terrible period of commercial depression came upon the country. Confidence was destroyed; banks broke; houses failed; and in the deluge which swept the business world, Harold Vivian 'went under.'

In this trouble, his wife had but one thought—*her father*; and her dominant idea was that she should take her child, go to England, and compel him to a reconciliation which she felt sure he, at heart, desired. Under the circumstances it seemed no bad plan. The necessary funds were, with some difficulty, provided, and with the promise that her husband would follow her as soon as his matters could be arranged, she left New York, with tearful eyes but a confident heart.

Arrived in London, she had at once made her way to the address given by the New Orleans lawyers, a fashionable hotel in town, only to find her father abroad, travelling for the benefit of his health, which was very feeble. His very address was unknown, but he was expected to return before long. Her story of being his daughter, though received politely, met with so evident a want of warmth of credence that her pride was roused, and she determined to take quiet lodgings somewhere, and await her father's return, writing to her husband stating what she had done, and begging him to send her funds. This letter, owing to the business troubles which had broken up his home, miscarried. Her limited stock of money vanished like snow before sunshine, and as a lady arriving in an unaccountable way from the skies, with but scanty baggage, no friends, and an exhausted purse, is a prodigy not rare in London lodging-house life, and one admitting of easy solution, she found one evening the door closed against her return. Homeless, friendless, alone in the great city she wandered about, half distracted with the exigency of her situation, till drifting into St. James's Park, she had gathered her child to her breast, and, too proud to ask aid from strangers, had soothed her darling to sleep with the promise of a 'nice breffast to-morrow,' and then, with bitter tears of helpless regret for the past, and a sob for the present, had—gone to sleep herself.

CHAPTER III.

GOOD motherly Mrs. Roberts, of No. 3 Paradise Row, revelling in the delights of having a real flesh and blood cherub dropped into her lap by a Providence considerate of her weakness for

babies, passed her days in washing and dressing and re-dressing, petting and incipiently spoiling her so strangely-arrived treasure all through that winter; and Hugh Vivian, grave, morose man that he was, found himself living again in the fresh young life of 'Little Raindrop,' her pet name. He had now some object in life, some one to care for and love; to rear, and cherish and be loved by; and positively the whole nature of the man changed under the influence of the fairy child. Existence was now no mere dull routine of loveless winter days; but he was, as it were, a gardener in charge of some rare delicate exotic, whose unfolded petals should one day, in their ripened beauty, realise the promise of its sweet bud-time. So he laid himself out with the gravity of a prime minister, and the *abandon* of a boy, to her sole service. And she—she took all his devotion, and the homage which surrounded her life, like the queen she was. She was strangely different from other children—with whom indeed she never cared to play. The cup of her happiness was brimful when she was able to wander about the streets with her tiny hand shut in that of her 'grandfather,' for so he had taught her to call him and to think of him. She early showed immense appreciation of the charms of dress, and her favourite haunts were the fashionable streets at fashionable hours, where she had unlimited visions of 'pretty ladies;' but her delight passed all bounds when, through the mediation of Mrs. Roberts, who, as belonging to the theatre, had certain charmful privileges of free admission, she was taken to this attractive realm. Here she evidently found the Elysian fields which her small soul longed for; and she presently developed such aptitude for the dance, under the careful but surreptitious training of Mrs. Roberts, that, when that good lady, who held no life on earth higher than that of the '*pas seul*,' brought her one day towards Christmas time into her grandfather's room, and made her perform her small circle of graceful glides, tiptoeings, and twirlings, with the nervously suggested possibility of an engagement for the little witch (all carefully arranged beforehand with the manager, who was eager to capture such a prize), that good gentleman, after long consideration, determined to allow her, as being a mere waif and stray in the world, and the 'grandchild' of another waif and stray, to adopt a profession which would, at any rate, place independence in her hands should anything happen to himself—a result to be reached in no other way. The matter was soon arranged, and so splendid a salary was to be paid to the little genius, that he more than ever felt he had done well in letting Nature claim his waif as she would.

She was to make her first appearance in the new Christmas pantomime, which was soon in all the bustle and excitement of preparation. Knowing the little one's story, the ballet-master had composed a graceful fanciful effect, in which a number of children should descend from the clouds upon a combination of invisible wires, and having reached the stage should go through a series of graceful evolutions, the culminating point of which would be the dances and dainty pirouettes of the 'Queen of the Raindrops.'

Rehearsal followed rehearsal; night and day the scene-painters were hard at work changing coarse canvas into ethereal splendours. The stage carpenters, up in the flies, hammered and sawed at the great wheels which were to govern the 'Descent of the Raindrops.' The atmosphere was thick with glue and paint and saw-dust, through which came the sound of the violin of the ballet-master drilling the shabby crowd of be-shawled and bonneted 'fairies.' The clown and the pantaloon were busy rehearsing their business; and as for the property men stowed away somewhere in the ceiling, their faces grew so encrusted with size and gold-leaf that they might any of them have taken the place of a first-class Mexican idol at a moment's notice. Centre of all caresses and compliments, kisses from the women and pettings from the clown, who was constantly wanting to put her into his pocket, was the little 'Queen;' and her grandfather, standing ever ready to wrap her up and carry her off when rehearsal was over, lived again in miniature his old days with his dead wife, when he used to wait for hours at the wings for a smile from her, and a loving pressure of the actress's trustful hand. Often when the child would come bounding up to him, shaking her heavy golden hair back with the same petulant pretty ways which had first drawn him to his wife's side, looking up at him with the same sparkle in the same great

sensitive eyes, under the same long lashes, he would himself start at the resemblance.

Boxing night came, and the theatre was crammed to the bursting point with its crowd of holiday makers. Looking through a peep-hole in the curtain, he could see nothing but a mass of faces, a mass of squeezed and noisy humanity. It was the first night of the new pantomine. Behind, there was the usual confusion of such a first night. Demons fitting on masks; fairies flitting up and down the stairs to the dressing rooms, or giving their airy flounces a final spread behind the wings; scene-shifters carrying huge rocks as if they were canvas; carpenters and chaos everywhere.

'You're quite sure,' he had asked the head carpenter for the twentieth time, 'that those wires are safe?'

'Safe! Lord bless you,' that worthy had replied, 'they'd carry an elephant!' Of course he was right, but it was a dizzy height to look up to. Ada was sitting on Mrs. Roberts's lap, at the side, out of the way: he went over to her.

'Oh Grandy! Is'nt' it fun?' she said, clapping her hands. He was going to take her in his arms.

'Mind her dress, Sir, for goodness sake! You'll crumple it all to nothing in no time, and it took the whole blessed morning to get up,' said that practical lady. A moment more, and a bell sounded, and the great curtain went up, amid a storm of applause, on the 'Cavern of the Goblin King.'

'Come little miss,' said the head carpenter, 'you and I'll get ready now;' and the rough, kind-hearted fellow took the child in his arms.

'Kiss me, Grandy,' she said, leaning half over the man's shoulder as he moved off to the steep stairs which led to the 'flies.'

'I believe you're an angel or a witch, little one,' the old gentlemen said, as he kissed her a dozen times.

'I'm Queen of the Raindrops,' she said; and the Queen mounted to the clouds.

Up the steep iron winding stairs they went, till they passed the long rows of gas jets over the stage, now turned low to suit the sepulchral character of the scene below. Here they found the whole troop of children and girls who were to descend by the wires, already in position, securely fastened by unseen iron rods and strong framework, so that there was no danger of their falling, however much they might appear to the audience to be poised in mid air. Stepping cautiously along the slight platform, the carpenter fastened the 'Queen' carefully in the centre of the group, and then retired to superintend the machinery for its descent.

By and bye the 'cavern' sank and rose and slid out of sight, and there lay before the delighted audience, in the full glare of the gas lights, the 'Fairy Lands of Arcadia.' Presently, amid the sighing of the wind instruments, was heard the pattering of the rain shower and her grandfather, watching eagerly below, saw his 'little Raindrop,' with all her bevy of pretty companions, slowly begin their descent in the glow of lime lights which glared on them from either side. The applause from the house was deafening.

Down they glided, when, suddenly, there was a stoppage, a slight crack, a loud scream of horror, a whirl of something white in the air, and in a moment more the crowds of actors and actresses were gathered round a tiny mass of muslin lying motionless on the stage, and that little mass was the 'Queen of the Raindrops.' She was alive, but in much pain, shrieking when her grandfather raised her in his arms to carry her to the green-room at the side; one poor little leg hung limp, and was evidently broken. She was not dead, however, and the manager went on to announce the fact to the audience, an announcement which was received with cheers, and the pantomine proceeded. Meantime, a strange scene was going on in the green-room. A doctor, fortunately in the theatre, had arrived, and not only he, but a tall, handsome stranger, who had rushed in frantically, and, bending over the little stranger, had called her *his* 'Ada,' *his* darling,' *his* 'child;' and then, seeing the grey-haired, tearful old man by her side, there had burst forth from two astonished and happy men the words:

'Father!'

'Harold!'

What a night they had of it when they got their darling home, and found that, though terribly shaken, and with one delicate little leg fractured, the 'Queen of the Raindrops' had not sustained mortal injury, may be imagined. She had fortunately fallen on a soft padded spot intended to represent a bed of moss, and thus her small life, so dear to so many, had been saved. As

they kept watch that night, there came explanation on explanation, till all the tangled thread was clear. After a long year's search, Harold had got a clue to his missing wife, had learnt of her dreadful death, and had at length traced his child to the house of the kindly policeman Roberts. Here he learnt that they were all at the theatre, and why; and thinking it better to avoid the trouble his presence would occasion at the moment, had gone into the theatre determined at least to see his child.

'She will have no more occasion to follow that dangerous life,' he added. 'She is sole heiress to old Mr. Duval's property.'

It seemed that, dying of some chest disease abroad, Mr. Duval had forgiven his daughter, but, mixing his notion of forgiveness with his theory of justice, had willed the whole mass of his estates to his grandchild.

The little one did not die; children and jelly fish take a good deal of killing; and as soon as she was able to travel, they all set sail for the New World and the new life, to build up a fortune in the land of cotton and sugar. Roberts, who, of course, went with them, rapidly attained distinction as an overseer, the discipline of the 'London force' coming in most handily, though Mrs. Roberts, who is housekeeper and nurse and general confidant, has no great opinion of the new country. As for the centre of all hearts in that southern home, she is rapidly blossoming into fair womanhood; but when her old pet name is recalled to her, she says with a laugh,

'No, Grandy; "Queen" as much as you please, but no more "Raindrops" for me.'

And Queen she is.

FREDERICK A. DIXON.

TRACKS OF LIGHT.

BY moonlight on the sea, behold
One luminous pathway reaches
To thee, while, elsewhere, rayless waves
Break upon the rayless beaches.

Yet thou wouldst be a fool to deem
That this is light's one track,—
That they who do not stand with thee,
The glorious vision lack.

The glory does not really bless
One wave beyond the other;—
Shift but thy course, and thou shalt see
Clear moonshine on another.

In shadow are the foamy crests
That were erewhile in light;
While on dark waves the moon doth breathe
Her benediction bright.

So falls the light of holy Truth
On this world's wildernesses;
Traced many ways, by many minds,
Through labyrinths of guesses.

Her beam is steady, but her rays
Fall diversely as bright,
And still her changing tracks are but
Man's shifting points of sight.

ALICE HORTON.

THE POLITICAL DESTINY OF CANADA.*

BY SIR FRANCIS HINCKS.

IT happened quite accidentally that the *Fortnightly Review* of 1st April, containing an essay on 'The Political Destiny of Canada,' was placed in my hands for perusal on the 23rd of that month (St. George's Day), soon after I had read a report of a sermon preached on the preceding afternoon to the St. George's Society of Montreal by its Chaplain, the Rev. R. W. Norman. I was, of course, much struck with the widely different views of the authors of the essay and the sermon, both of whom are Englishmen, both graduates of the University of Oxford, and both residents in Canada during a comparatively short period. It at once occurred to me, that it might be interesting to the readers of the *Fortnightly* to be put in possession of the views of those who share Mr. Norman's sentiments, and I further thought that I might, without presumption, become their exponent. I, like the two gentlemen whom I have named, am a native of the United Kingdom, but I adopted Canada as my home forty-five years ago. It is more than forty years since I began to take an active part in public life; it has been my lot to have been connected with both of the political parties, those styled Conservatives and Reformers, but I am now, and have been for the last three years, unconnected with party, having altogether withdrawn from politics. I think that, under the foregoing circumstances, I may claim to be as well acquainted with the sentiments of the people of Canada as the author of the essay in the *Fortnightly*, for whom I entertain all the respect to which his great abilities entitle him. I presume that I may treat the essayist as a Canadian, in the same sense as I look on all natives of the United Kingdom who adopt Canada as their country. The essayist has specially devoted himself to foster Canadian nationality, but I must own that, although I have read a great deal that he has written for the Canadian press for some years, his essay in the *Fortnightly* surpasses anything I have seen from his pen in hostility to British connexion, and in abuse of Canadian politicians of all shades of party. I am bound to admit that the essayist is indiscriminate in his censure, and that he would be able to prove his case against either of the political parties from what they habitually say of each other; while, on the other hand, each would protest against the truth of the charges as applicable to his own party. It seems to me rather inconsistent that one who admits that he has laboured unsuccessfully in Canada to create a Canadian nationality and to destroy the political parties which he found in existence on his arrival in the country, should endeavour to influence English public opinion on a subject in which Canada is chiefly interested, and which the essayist admits, ought to be considered with reference to the interests of Canada.

As, however, the essayist has selected his arena, it seems but fair that those who entirely dissent from his views should have a fair hearing. I may call attention to the language employed by the essayist when referring to Canadian politicians. The 'truly loyal,' he says, 'are often the most unscrupulous and corrupt;' they are often 'disloyal to everything that represents public honour and the public good.' The parties have become 'mere factions;' 'the consequences are the increasing ascendency of the worst men, and the political demoralization of a community.' The movement in favour of nationality was 'against faction and corruption,' but was not strong

* The following article was sent by me to a friend in England for insertion, either in the *Fortnightly Review*, or in some other periodical of standing.—F. H.

enough 'to make head against the influences which have their centre in the little court at Ottawa, and the attacks of the lower class of politicians, who assailed it with the utmost ferocity.' I need not multiply extracts condemnatory of Canadian politicians of both parties, but I think that I am not unwarranted in assuming that the bitterness which pervades the essay must have been intensified by the feeling that the writer had completely failed in his attempt to create a public opinion in Canada favorable to his peculiar views. The attacks to which I have referred have chiefly influenced me in referring to the sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Norman. That gentleman is in no sense a party politician, and yet living, as he does, in the principal city of Canada, and in daily intercourse with gentlemen of intelligence and property, he is as free from those influences so much deprecated by the essayist, as any one can be. I propose to submit a few extracts from Mr. Norman's sermon as an introduction to the criticism which I shall venture to offer on Mr. Goldwin Smith's paper.

'We all know what power a simple strain possesses to recall with vivid and startling force, places, persons, conversations. The music of our own National Anthem has that magic power. It makes the heart beat, the blood to flow, the pulse to throb. May it never lose that magnetic tenacity upon the hearts of British subjects, especially those who are English born. But the text, though it supplies us with the note of patriotism, while its tender charm must touch every heart, is, in one important respect, happily inapplicable to us. *This* is not a strange land. We are not here as captives taunted by cynical oppressors. Though in another hemisphere, we see our tokens, and feel that we are among friends.

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'It is the love to the dear Mother Country, and through her, the love for her children, that is the source of this Society's existence. *That* is the bond which unites us all one to the other. It is the strong affection we bear our Queen and Country, the admiration we all entertain for her institutions, that make us recognise and desire to help as brethren those who claim Old England as the country of their birth.

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'The St. George's Society reminds us that we share the greatness, the glory, the freedom of that land upon whose sacred soil the exile can tread in safety; the land which offers an asylum to the unfortunate, the unhappy, no matter who they be; the land that brooks not slavery, and whereon for centuries no foreign invader has been able to plant his foot. This Dominion is great in itself; greater still in its future prospects. But its greatness is enhanced by its connection with the Mother Land, and it shares, through common origin, in the illustrious past of the great British nation. Surely of this country it may to a certain extent be said, that the honours on the crest of England are garlands for the head of Canada. It is no proof of national vigour to ignore the past, and live only in the present. While, therefore, we love Canada; while we are ready to serve her interests and promote her advancement; let us still turn a loving glance across the broad sea to the mother of us all. Happily, loyalty is a master principle in the heart of a Canadian. Like justice, of which the Roman poet wrote, which, quitting the world, yet lingered in rural abodes and pastoral pursuits; so loyalty, even if about to quit this earth, which I trust is not to be, yet tarries here, and there is no fear of its extinction. And the loyalty of Canadians is of the true, old-fashioned type—unselfish, faithful; the loyalty of the free.'

Although Mr. Norman addressed the language that I have quoted, specially to Englishmen, I believe that it contains a faithful exposition of the sentiments entertained by the Canadian people of all nationalities towards the mother-country. I believe, moreover, that there has been no period in the history of Canada when its inhabitants were so loyal, as at the very time when the writer in the *Fortnightly* has considered it his duty 'to cast its political horoscope,' and to assure the people of England that its destination is absorption in the adjoining Republic. When I first entered public life I am firmly convinced that the majority of Canadians were thoroughly alienated in their feelings from the British Crown. Those who engaged in the rebellion of 1837 constituted but a fraction of those who were discontented with the old colonial system of goverment, to which Lord Durham's report gave a death-blow. The revolution, as the establishment of parliamentary government may properly be termed, was followed by feelings of intense bitterness on the part of the old Tory, or, as they styled themselves, the loyalist party. Great allowance must be made for their feelings under the circumstances. A portion of the popular party had engaged in rebellion, and the Tory party had aided in its suppression. When parliamentary government was established, the Reformers obtained political power, and the exasperation of the loyalists was manifested by the burning of the Parliament House, by insults to Governor-General the Earl of Elgin, and, finally, by the annexation manifesto, which, though repudiated by the political chiefs, was signed chiefly by persons belonging to the Tory party. This was in 1849. In 1854 there

was a complete disruption of parties. During the 13 years which had elapsed from the union of the Canadas, the old Reform party of Ontario had been in strict alliance with the French Canadians, but in 1854 a disagreement among members of the Reform party, which had existed two or three years, culminated in a complete split, and the result was the formation of a Government party, consisting of the old Conservatives, the French Canadians, and those Reformers from Ontario who adhered to the old Government, the Opposition being those Ontario Reformers who had been dissatisfied with the Reform Government, and a French Canadian Liberal party, which included many English, although the Lower Canada British party adhered to the new Government. The practical effect of these changes was to allay to a great extent the old animosities between the British and the French. Since that period there has been no serious agitation for political change, and although I regret to have to acknowledge that there is deplorable party bitterness at present, yet the leaders of both political parties are unquestionably sincerely loyal, and friendly to the subsisting connexion with Great Britain. It must surely strike with amazement English readers of the essay in the *Fortnightly*, that in a House of Commons consisting of upwards of 200 members, not one member has ventured, either in the House or at the hustings, to propose the severance of the subsisting connexion with Great Britain.

Widely as I differ from the views of the writer in the *Fortnightly* as to the 'Political Destiny of Canada,' there are portions of his essay in which he has given expression to Canadian opinion, on points on which it is highly desirable that our fellow countrymen in England should be correctly informed. The principal of these is Canadian nationality, of which the essayist was, as he admits, once an advocate, and for which he still evinces a desire. He admits, however, that it is 'a lost cause', and as he is determined not to believe in the continuation of the present connexion, he is bound to maintain that union with the United States is 'morally certain.' I am not presumptuous enough to declare that the subsisting connexion must be perpetual, but I am decidedly of opinion, in common, as I have reason to know, with the leaders of both political parties, that if at any future period, owing to causes which it is impossible to foresee at present, a disruption of our connexion with Great Britain were to become necessary, there would inevitably be union with the United States and not an Independent Republic. It is desirable that those English politicians who sometimes look with complacency on the severance of the connexion, should be aware that its result would be very different from what they imagine. I likewise concur with the essayist that all the projects of a Pan-Britannic Empire are visionary in the greatest degree. I refer to the subject merely because the essayist has done so, and because some scheme of the kind has found favor in England, though as justly observed—' of the statesmen who dally with the project and smile upon its advocates, not one ventures to take a practical step towards its fulfilment.' No such scheme has ever found favor in Canada.

Having noticed the points on which I concur with the writer in the *Fortnightly*, I shall proceed to state those on which I entirely differ with him. It may be convenient to state my objections under the following heads: 1st. Errors in matters of fact; 2nd. Inconsistencies; 3rd. Erroneous reasoning. Under the first head the most important errors are those which attach undeserved blame to the Imperial Government. Reference is made to the ' Intercolonial Railway, into which Canada has been led by Imperial influence, and which, after costing more than four millions sterling, will, as some leading Canadian men of business think, hardly pay for the grease upon the wheels.' A more unjust charge never was made. It has certainly not been the practice of the Imperial Government either to suggest the construction of public works in Canada, or to interfere with them in any way. The scheme for the construction of an Intercolonial Railway originated in Nova Scotia, and it was on the joint application of the separate Provinces that the Imperial Goverment authorized Royal Engineer officers to conduct a survey. The principal of these, Major Robinson, located a line, after which the three Provinces conferred as to the construction and as to the proportions of expense to be incurred by each. New Brunswick positively refused co-operation unless a different line from that recommended was adopted, and the other Provinces—Nova Scotia most reluctantly, Canada willingly—

concurred with New Brunswick. Thereupon the Imperial Government, in 1852, stated that the Imperial guarantee asked as a favour, could only be given to the line recommended by Major Robinson. The negotiations were thereupon broken off. When the delegates, several years afterwards, met to consider confederation, the construction of the Intercolonial Railway was made one of the conditions of the union, and again the Imperial guarantee was sought. To what extent Imperial influence may have been used in favour of the original line I am hardly in a position to state, not having been in the country at the time; but what I do know is, first, that a majority of the Canadian ministers were in favour of the line adopted, and secondly, that the utmost extent of interference on the part of the Imperial Government was to make the adoption of the line favoured by them a condition of their guarantee, which every reasonable person will admit they had a perfect right to do. I submit that the charge in the essay is not justified by the facts which I have stated.

The next imputation against the Imperial Government which I shall notice, is the allegation that the annexation of British Columbia 'was taken under the auspices of the late Lord Lytton, a brilliant and prolific novelist, brought into the Government to make set speeches.' I may consider with this another allegation:—'The Pacific Railway, and the indemnity which Canada is forced to pay to British Columbia for the non-performance of an impracticable treaty, are too likely, in the opinion of many, to furnish another illustration of the expensiveness of the Imperial connexion.' The sole foundation for these charges is the fact that Lord Lytton, when Secretary of State, prior to the year 1859, expressed some opinions as to a different mode of governing Vancouver's Island and British Columbia. I have not thought it worth while to ascertain precisely what occurred at that time, simply because Lord Lytton had no more responsibility for the admission of British Columbia into the Canadian Confederation, than the writer of the essay himself. Delegates were sent from British Columbia to Canada, and the terms of confederation were arranged at conferences between the Canadian Ministers and those Delegates, and were subsequently ratified by the Canadian Parliament. The construction of the Pacific Railway was provided for by the terms of union, and has been a *bete noir* of the essayist, as well as of the political party opposed to the government which undertook it. It has been a subject of unceasing reproach by each political party against its antagonist; but no party politician in Canada has ever ventured to throw blame on the Imperial Government as the essayist has done. In connexion with British Columbia, the annexation of Manitoba 'is by some thought to have been a disastrous, by all allowed to have been a most critical, step.' The Imperial Government did not in any way promote the annexation of Manitoba, which was sought for during many years by Canadian emigrants to the North-West, and by their countrymen; but when negotiations for the acquisition of the territory were set on foot, it lent its good offices to the contracting parties, Canada and the Hudson's Bay Co.

I have specified what I consider grave errors in matters of fact. The transparent object of the writer was to convince his English readers that, owing to the errors of Secretaries of State, who are said to be often 'personally unacquainted with the Colonies—not called to their post by special aptitude, but placed in it by party convenience,' Canada had suffered grievous injuries; and yet I affirm, without fear of contradiction from the leaders of the opposing parties in Canada, that, during the ten years that have elapsed since Confederation, there has not been the slightest complaint of improper interference on the part of the Imperial Government with the Government of Canada. During that period there has been a Liberal Government in England, with a Conservative Government in Canada, and now there is a Conservative Government in England and a Liberal one in Canada, but so good an understanding exists that no one is ever apprehensive of difficulty. I proceed to consider—

2ndly. The inconsistencies of the essayist. In order to establish his case he was bound to prove that dependencies could not be satisfactorily governed. 'The very name "colony" is obnoxious, derived from a very peculiar set of institutions, those Roman Colonies which had no life of their own, but were merely the military and political

outposts of the Imperial Republic.' All the successful colonies were those 'independent from the beginning.' 'Even New England, the germ and organizer of the American communities, was practically independent for a long time after her foundation.' The writer proceeds to descant on the sufferings endured by dependencies, citing from an old speech or pamphlet of Mr. Roebuck's, that 'our colonies have not been governed according to any settled rule or plan,' that 'caprice and chance have decided generally every thing connected with them,' and that if there has been success it has been obtained 'in spite of the mischievous intermeddling of the English Government, not in consequence of its wise and provident assistance.' This, it is said, is 'the refrain of almost all the works on the Colonies.' England cannot have colonies or dependencies because England is the vast and motley mass of voters including, since 'the Conservative Reform Bill, the most uneducated populace of the towns, people who in politics do not know their right hand from their left.' Even 'Phineas Finn' is cited as an authority to prove how little England is competent to maintain a Colonial system. Phineas reports of the people of Marylebone, 'not one man in a thousand cares whether the Canadians prosper or fail to prosper. They care that Canada should not go to the States, because though they don't love the Canadians they do hate the Americans.' This, the essayist asserts, is not 'an unfair picture of a Londoner's normal frame of mind.' And very similar is that of the inhabitants of Dorsetshire and Tipperary. I grant it all, just as as I grant that a Canadian Londoner, in his home on the banks of the Canadian Thames, cares not whether the inhabitants of Marylebone prosper or fail to prosper. The Canadians have just as much influence over English questions, as the English over theirs; and when it is triumphantly asked, 'When did a Canadian question influence an English election,' I simply reply, 'When did an English question influence a Canadian election.' But I have dwelt, I trust, sufficiently on the essayist's argument against the Colonial connexion, founded on the incompetency of English electors to govern remote dependencies. I purpose now to show, from another part of the same essay, that the argument has not the slightest application. Referring to the 'course' of events' in regard to the colonies of Spain, Portugal, France, and Holland, the essayist proceeds: 'If Canada has been retained, it is by the reduction of Imperial supremacy to a form. Self-government is independence—perfect self-government is perfect independence; and all the questions that arise between Ottawa and Downing Street, including the recent questions about appeals, are successively settled in favour of self-government.' What then becomes of the argument based on the 'uneducated populace' of the English towns, and on the opinion of Phineas Finn's Maryleboner? The truth is, that 'the refrain of almost all the works on the Colonies' had reference to that old system when, to use the language of the essayist, 'Government was jobbed by an oligarchy;' whereas the statement that 'self-government is independence, and that all the questions that arise between Ottawa and Downing street are successively settled in favour of self-government,' is a faithful description of the present Canadian system.

In his bitter censure of Parliamentary Government the essayist has fallen into a glaring inconsistency. That Government is said to be the bane of Canada, because 'there is no question on which parties can be rationally or morally based,' consequently the parties have become 'mere factions, striving to engross the prizes of office.' Such allegations abound through the essay, but, on the other hand, there are some admissions which would indicate to any experienced politician that there are important questions on which parties may properly be divided.

I could enumerate several, but as my present object is merely to establish my charge of inconsistency, I shall content myself by referring to two questions noticed in the essay. Surely the question of Protection is one on which political parties might properly join issue. The essayist states that 'Canada at this moment is the scene of a protectionist movement led curiously enough by those "Conservative politicians" who are loudest in their professions of loyalty to Great Britain.' The divisions in the Canadian House of Commons were, with two or three exceptions, strictly party, and the English newspapers have expressed their satisfaction with the result. It does

not strike me as at all curious that Conservative politicians should have a predilection for protection, but on the other hand it does appear to me rather extraordinary that so advanced a liberal as the essayist should be an extreme protectionist. I am persuaded that the members of the Conservative opposition are not of opinion that their views on this question are inconsistent with their loyalty to the crown, but I only refer to them here to prove that there is an important question on which political parties are divided. There is yet another, viz., British Columbia and the Pacific Railway. On these questions Canadian parties are in avowed antagonism. The essayist admits fully their importance, for he thinks that it will be fortunate if some question 'such as that respecting the pecuniary claims of British Columbia, which is now assuming such exaggerated proportions, does not supervene to make the final dissolution of the political tie a quarrel instead of an amicable separation.' Surely a question from which such serious consequences are apprehended, is one important enough for the consideration of political parties in Canada, by whom alone it must be solved. I need hardly observe that there is not the slightest danger of any misunderstanding between the Imperial and Canadian governments on any such question, nor, so far as I can foresee, on any other; and if the essayist really believes what he has stated, that 'all questions are successively settled in favour of self-government', he need be under no apprehension on the subject. I think it must be admitted that I have proved by his own language that the essayist is most inconsistent in alleging that there are no questions in Canada on which parties can be honestly formed. Another inconsistency will be found in those passages in the essay in which the author treats of the Roman Catholic element in our population. There is, indeed, not only inconsistency; there is error in a matter of fact. It is assumed that the French Canadian and Irish Catholics, constituting 1,400,000 of the population, are anything but friends to British connexion. These, it is said, must be deducted 'in order to reduce to reality the pictures of universal devotion to England and English interests.' The political sentiments of the Irish 'are generally identical with those of the Irish in the mother country.' The French Canadians have 'no feeling whatever for England.' They are 'governed by the priest with the occasional assistance of the notary.' The priests 'put their interests into the hands of a political leader, who makes terms for them and for himself at Ottawa, and as the priests are reactionists, Canada has long witnessed the singular spectacle of Roman Catholics and Orangemen marching together to the poll.' While, in the passages to which I have adverted, the writer deducts the French and Irish elements from the loyal portion of the population, he, in his 'enumeration of the forces which make in favour of the present connexion,' leads off with the 'reactionary tendencies of the priesthood which leads French Canada, and which fears that any change might disturb its solitary reign.' It is true that the essayist makes a 'forecast' that 'the ice will melt at last;' but I am much mistaken if the Roman Catholic clergy will not smile with derision at the idea that one of the agencies is to be 'the leaven of American sentiment brought back by French Canadians who have sojourned as artizans in the States,' the other being 'the ecclesiastical aggressiveness of the Jesuits.' I shall not discuss the alleged 'struggle for ascendency between the Jesuits and the Gallicans,' but shall merely observe that if any such struggle is going on, the contending parties contrive not to trouble their neighbours of other denominations with their controversies. The point of interest is whether the French Canadians and the Irish are satisfied with their present government, and the essayist, although classing them as disloyal, is compelled to admit that at present they are adverse to change, and he can only rest his hopes on his own 'forecast of the future.' I have said that there was an error as to fact in this portion of the essay. It is not true that the Irish Catholic vote has of late been with the Conservatives. On the contrary, it is notorious that many elections in Ontario were carried for the Reformers by the Catholic vote. I am not aware how many Irish Catholics are in the House of Commons at present, but most assuredly Mr. Speaker Anglin and Mr. Devlin, M.P. for Montreal Centre, are representative Irish Catholics, and both are decided liberals. Mr. Devlin contested Montreal Centre with an Irish Roman

Catholic, who ran in the Conservative interest, and he succeeded in obtaining a majority in a constituency in which, beyond all others, Irish Catholic influence prevails. And I may here observe with reference to the remark that 'the political sentiments of the Irish are identical with those of the Irish in the mother country,' that it evinces a very superficial knowledge of the state of Irish feeling. I have shewn how widely the Irish Catholics of Montreal differ as to Canadian politics; but it is nevertheless a fact that those same parties can unite in expressing opinions favourable to Home rule. The truth is that they are so attached to Home rule in Canada, that they would like, if possible, to see it extended to Ireland. Their sympathy with their fellow-countrymen in Ireland is manifested by pecuniary contributions; but with regard to Canadian politics they vote, not as a religious body, but according to the bias of their feelings and the various influences brought to bear on them. A sagacious statesman will at once perceive, what has completely escaped the observation of the essayist, that there is no inconsistency whatever in the Irish Catholics in Canada being dissatisfied with the existing relations between Great Britain and Ireland, and yet being perfectly satisfied with those between the United Kingdom and Canada. The French Canadian Roman Catholics are likewise very far from unanimous in their political sentiments. There are two distinct parties, Conservative and Liberal, and although the former is in the majority in the Province of Quebec, there is a minority, respectable both in numbers and talent; while in the Dominion Liberal government there are three cabinet ministers all Roman Cathoucs.

I shall now proceed to the third division of my criticism, viz., 'erroneous reasoning.' I entirely dissent from the position laid down at the opening of the essay, that it is wise or profitable for a statesman to regulate his policy by any 'forecast of the future.' Let me not be misunderstood. A wise statesman ought to endeavour to make the political institutions of his country as perfect as possible. If our statesmen in 1830 believed, as there is no doubt they did, that there was danger of revolution unless the representative system were reformed, it was their duty to apply a remedy. The same remark would apply to those statesmen who proposed and carried Catholic emancipation. But that is just what the essayist objects to, when he remarks that 'party politicians cannot afford to see beyond the hour.' He requires a 'forecast of the future,' which is precisely what neither he nor any other man is capable of making. It is said by the essayist that 'to tax forecast with revolutionary designs or tendencies is absurd.' To this I demur. Nothing is easier than for one who desires revolution, 'to cast a political horoscope,' to make 'a forecast,' and then, on the pretence of providing for what is certain to occur, to strain every effort to bring about the desired result. I am opposed to revolution, and if I could forecast anything in the future likely to bring it about, I would spare no effort to prevent it. The truth is, that with the essayist 'the wish is father to the thought.' He evidently prefers the republican system of Government to the monarchical, at which he sneers incessantly throughout his essay. He seems, however, to give it a preference as being less democratic. He pronounces Canada 'a democracy of the most pronounced kind;' considers the Governor-General 'not wrong in saying that she is more democratic than the United States, where the President is an elective King, and where the Senate, which though elective is Conservative, possesses great power, whereas the nominated Senate of Canada is a cypher.' I may remark *en passant* that this same cypher threw out a ministerial bill of considerable importance passed by the Commons, having reference to British Columbia, and that the Prime Minister made a distinct proposition to have that body increased in order to bring it more into harmony with the Commons. To return from this digression: 'Demagogism and the other pests of democratic institutions are not to be conjured away by forms and phrases.' 'The Governor-General has formally avowed himself a *fainéant*,' which simply means that he has acted as the representative of a Constitutional Sovereign, instead of, as the essayist would have wished him to do, like 'an Elective King.' People are generally wise after an event. I have no doubt that many of the present Government party who were dissatisfied with Lord

Dufferin's course during the political crisis of 1873, are now satisfied that it was the wisest that he could have adopted. Had he refused to follow the advice of his Ministers, as to the prorogation of Parliament, and thus forced them to resign, he would no doubt have been more popular with their opponents, but he would not have enjoyed that universal respect which is felt towards him at present. Differing entirely as I do from the essayist as to the merits of the English system of Parliamentary Government and the Republican system of the United States, I cannot look with indifference on the attempt which he has made to influence English public opinion to force Canada into the American Union on the plea that it is her manifest destiny. One who admits that self-government is independence, and that such self-government Canada enjoys, can have no other object, in advocating, first Canadian nationality or independence, and, on the utter rejection of his proposals, then annexation to the United States, than to substitute for the British system of party government, the republican elective King, with Ministers not holding seats in the Legislature, and responsible only to their chief. Nothing is more easy than to point out evils in party government, but it is wholly irreconcilable with fact to maintain that corruption is more prevalent under the monarchical than under the Republican system. It is now some sixty years since a venerable living statesman, Earl Russell, treated the subject of party government with great ability. Among its bad effects he admitted the want of candour which it necessarily produces, party politicians, in the heat of controversy, being prone to attribute to their opponents intentions and motives of which they are as incapable as themselves. Moreover, there is a tendency in politicians, even when convinced of an error, to adhere to wrong views rather than afford a triumph to their opponents. With regard to corruption, Earl Russell maintains strongly that party connexion is a great safeguard against it. I hope to be excused giving a short extract from the French edition of Lord Russell's work, which is the only one within my reach :— 'En reconnaissant les mauvais effets des parties, je n'ai rien dit des animosités et des querelles violentes q'ils suscitent. D'hypocrites philosophes, des femmes sentimentales, des hommes efféminés, ne cessent de se livrer à des lamentations sur les divisions politiques et les élections contestées. Les hommes d'un esprit élevé savent q'elles sont les signes de la liberté et de la prosperité de la nation. C'est dans la chaleur et sous le marteau de l'enclume que la liberté acquiert ses formes, sa trempe, et sa vigueur.'* I believe that I express the views of Canadians of all parties in affirming the great superiority of the British system of parliamentary government over the republican system, which Canadians have ample opportunity of contrasting with their own. I have never been able to satisfy myself that we can enjoy that system of government except as a dependency of the crown of England, and I therefore unhesitatingly avow that I am in favor of perpetual connexion, although I am ready to admit that circumstances, at present wholly unforeseen, may lead to its severance, just as circumstances may lead to a revolution in any other State or Kingdom or Empire.

The essayist, in order to establish the correctness of his forecast of the future insists that what he calls 'the great forces' must prevail over 'the secondary forces,' which he admits may suspend the action of the great forces. In my judgment he has wholly omitted from his calculations the greatest force of all, viz., the reluctance of the people of any country to engage in revolutionary proceedings, which reluctance can only be overcome when some intolerable grievance exists, for which no other remedy but revolution can be found. I am unaware of any case in which a political revolution involving a change of allegiance has taken place without civil war, and I am firmly persuaded that such a revolution would not take place in Canada without the occurrence of that fearful calamity. I am well aware that when the

* The following is the passage in the original English edition : 'In reckoning up the bad effects of party, I have not spoken of the animosities and violent contentions it produces. Mock philosophers, sentimental women, and effeminate men, are always making lamentations over political divisions and contested elections. Men of noble minds know that they are the workshop of national liberty and national prosperity. It is from the heat and hammering of the stithy that freedom receives its shape, it temper, and its strength.'

subject is discussed by English politicians, they invariably assume that any controversy which may arise in the future will be between England and Canada, the Canadian people being supposed to be a unit. This is a most serious mistake. Judging from the state of public opinion in Canada, and I am unaware of any other mode of forming a judgment on the point, there is no probability whatever that Canadians will be united in favor of any revolutionary change. They are united at present in favor of the connexion with Great Britain, and so long as the advocates of revolution content themselves with writing essays in the *Fortnightly* and avoid obtruding their opinions in Parliament or at the hustings, the loyalists will probably treat them with silent contempt. Should, however, any serious revolutionary movement be attempted, what are termed 'the secondary forces' would most assuredly display the same vigor that they have done on previous occasions.

I must, however, ask attention to what the essayist terms the great forces which must in his opinion prevail. They are, 1st, distance; 2nd, divergence of interest; 3rd, divergence of political character; 4th, the attractive force of the great American community which inhabits the adjoining territory. Now, after a calm consideration of all that the essayist has said to prove that these are 'great forces,' I must confess that I have failed to find more than a single obstacle to the permanency of the connection. On the question of distance the essayist argues that 'political institutions must after all bear some relation to Nature and to practical convenience. Few have fought against geography and prevailed.' Again, he says that the distance 'can hardly be much shortened for the purposes of representative government.' I confess that unless the foregoing language has some reference to the Pan-britannic system, I fail to comprehend it. In the first ten years of Confederation the distance has not been found in the slightest degree inconvenient, and I can conceive no reason why it should be in the future. 2nd, Divergence of interest. It is contended that Englishmen control the foreign policy of the Empire, and having no interest in those questions in which Canada is chiefly interested, 'betray by the languor of their diplomacy, and the ease with which they yield, their comparative indifference.' No doubt there have been three or four occasions on which Canada has been dissatisfied with British diplomacy. I am not aware of any treaty made by England since the treaty of Utrecht in the reign of Queen Anne, that has not been vigorously attacked by the Opposition of the day. When the representatives of contending powers come to treat, they each find it absolutely necessary to make concessions, and such concessions always cause dissatisfaction. It may, however, be assumed that, as a rule, the British Government has endeavoured to select diplomatists of experience and ability to conduct their negotiations, and that their representatives are better informed as to what it is expedient to press than those who criticize their acts. It is, however, unfortunate for the argument of the essayist that although our boundary questions have been always settled unsatisfactorily according to our judgment, no feeling of disloyalty to England has been manifested in consequence. I think therefore that, notwithstanding the fact that there may be some divergence of interest, if it has led to no feeling of disloyalty in the past, it is still less likely to do so in the future. It is alleged by the essayist, not only that the interests of the Canadians are neglected owing to the apathy evinced by English statesmen in questions of controversy between Canada and the United States, but likewise that Canadians run the risk of being involved in war without having any voice in the preceding deliberations. It is now upwards of twenty years since I published a pamphlet in London in reply to a very similar complaint. I shall venture to make a quotation from it:

'The next complaint is that the interests of the colonies may be seriously affected by the decision of the mother-country to engage in war, and yet they are not consulted on the subject. It may be admitted as a possible contingency that the mother-country might engage in war on grounds which would be deemed insufficient in the colonies, and that if the property of the latter were exposed to loss or injury in consequence, disaffection might ensue. I am, however, of opinion that nothing can be more unprofitable than speculating on contingencies which may never arise. It is a far more probable contingency that the

mother-country might be compelled to engage in war to protect one of her colonies, as she has been lately to protect an ally from a powerful oppressor. The colonies cannot be consulted about the question of war, because they contribute nothing to the expense of it, and would, in my opinion, be very sorry to purchase the privilege of being consulted at the price of bearing a just share of the burden. It is worthy of remark here, that the last war with the United States arose from a dispute on a question in which the North American Provinces had little or no interest. It was clear that the Canadians would be the principal sufferers, and it was imagined that they would be too glad to purchase tranquillity at the price of their allegiance. But the result proved that the British and French Canadians rallied with equal promptitude round the national standard, and the militia of the provinces, with very little assistance from the regular army, was strong enough to expel the invaders. With such a precedent I have no apprehension that the relations now subsisting between the mother-country and the colonies would be disturbed by the engagement of the former in a just war, and I do not believe in the probability of its engagement in an unjust one.'

The 3rd great force, said to be 'more momentous still,' is the 'divergence of political character.' Under this the essayist descants on aristocracy, the Anglican Church, custom of primogeniture, militarism, &c., &c. The simple answer is, that England makes no attempt whatever to introduce into Canada any of her peculiar institutions or customs, and there has never been the slightest difficulty between the two governments growing out of divergence of political character. The fourth great force is 'sure in the end' to be attractive, but not a shadow of an argument is adduced to support the assertion except a vague reference to 'commercial influences,' already discussed under the second head of 'divergence of interest.' This is the single difficulty, for it must be admitted that, if it were practicable, the abolition of the frontier custom-houses would be beneficial to both countries. The question is not one that could be conveniently discussed on such an occasion as this, but hitherto the effect of discussing measures of commercial policy with the United States has not been either to induce Canadians to admire the institutions of their neighbours, or to be attracted towards them in any way.

While the 'great forces' are so little likely to lead the Canadian people to engage in revolutionary projects, the essayist has enumerated a number of secondary forces, all sufficiently powerful at present to account for the loyalty of the people, but, in his opinion, 'of a transient character.' These are as follows—1st. The French Canadians are led by their priests, who are at present satisfied, but then in the future the ice will melt under the influence of the Jesuits and 'the leaven of American sentiment brought back by artizans.' 2nd. United Empire Loyalists are in the position of the Jacobites after the extinction of the House of Stuart, but all their loyalty has evaporated since the English Ambassador saluted the American flag 'in the celebration of the Centenary.' 3rd. English immigrants are rapidly decreasing, and 'as they die off natives take their places, so that Canada will soon be in Canadian hands.' 4th. The social influence of the British officers has ceased with the military occupation. I learn for the first time, to my great surprise, though I was not without opportunity of forming a correct judgment, that these officers 'exercised a somewhat tyrannical influence over opinion.' 5th. The Anglican Church still fosters loyalty, but its roots 'do not appear to be strong;' it is rent by the conflict between the Protestants and the Ritualists, and 'discord has already taken the form of disruption.' Now I should admit the appositeness of this argument, if it could be shewn that either the Protestants, as they are called, or the Ritualists, or the members of the Reformed Church, were disloyal; but inasmuch as they are all equally loyal to the crown, I can conceive no reason for referring in this connexion to their differences as to ritualism. The connexion of Canadian Methodism with the States is said to be 'very close,' but it has never to my knowledge had the effect of making the members of that influential body disloyal to the crown. 6th. It is admitted that Orangeism is 'strong in British Canada,' but it is hoped that 'one day' Orangeism must die. Of one thing the essayist may be assured, and that is, that should any attempt be made to promote a revolution

the Orangemen will be ready to fight to the last in support of the connexion with the crown of Great Britain. 7th. The social influence of English aristocracy, and of the little court at Ottawa. I presume this has reference to the Representative of the crown, for the English aristocracy most assuredly do not seek to exercise influence in Canada. 8th. Antipathy to the Americans. 9th. The special attachment felt by the politicians to the present system. Some of these secondary forces are wholly unworthy of notice, while others are infinitely more powerful than the greater forces, and others again are wholly omitted. Surely, in a country where the Scotch exercise so large an influence, where the First Minister is of that nation, as well as many members of both Houses of Parliament, their force is worthy of notice. I have no doubt that it would be as it has ever been, with the loyalists. It does not appear, indeed, that there is any discontented class, for I have already shewn that the French Canadians and the Irish Catholics are perfectly satisfied with the institutions under which they live. The policy of a true Canadian statesman is to endeavour, in the improbable event of any cause of difficulty arising between the Imperial and Canadian Governments, by every means in his power to remove it.

The essayist displays most bitter hostility to Confederation, and, as usual with him, the responsibility for that measure is thrown on England. He argues that, while 'a spontaneous confederation' develops mainly the principles of union, 'a confederation brought about by external influence is apt to develop the principles of antagonism in at least an equal degree.' He proceeds to state that if an appeal be made to the success of confederation in Switzerland, the answer is that Switzerland is not a dependency but a nation. Now, as the writer has himself assured us that 'self-government is independence,' and as the Canadian Confederation has practically the same power as the Swiss, I am unable to discover how the control of its external relations tends to produce success. Those relations lead to complications and difficulties, but cannot in any way ensure the success of the domestic government. But surely the essayist must be well aware that no confederation could be more spontaneous than the Canadian one. It was most assuredly not brought about by external influence, unless in so far as Nova Scotia was concerned. It appears, however, that 'the proper province of a Federal government is the management of external relations,' and as 'a dependency has no external relations,' it is implied that the chief duty of a Federal 'government in Canada is to keep itself in existence by the ordinary agencies of party, a duty which it discharges with a vengeance. There is a simple answer to all this. The powers of the Dominion Parliament and of the Local Legislatures are clearly defined in the Imperial Statute, and during the ten years that it has been in force no serious difficulty has arisen. The essayist informs us that, 'had the movement in favour of nationality succeeded, the first step would have been a legislative union.' He admits that there would have been opposition to such a step on the part of Quebec, but this is no difficulty with an advanced liberal, for 'Quebec, if she had been handled with determination, would most likely have given away.' It is consolatory to find that, although our political horoscope has been cast, it is admitted that 'to specify the time at which a political event will take place is hardly ever possible,' and it is further admitted that there is 'a real complication of secondary forces,' in other words, the secondary forces are all at present loyal to the core: but then there may be a continuance of commercial depression in Canada, accompanied by prosperity in the United States; then there may be financial difficulties in Canada owing to the Pacific railway; in short something may occur. 'A critical moment may arrive, and the politicians, recognizing the voice of Destiny, may pass in a body to the side of continental union.' I will close these remarks by repeating what I have already stated, that I do not believe in the probability of a complete change of allegiance being brought about in any other way than as the result of a civil war, a calamity so fearful that it will not be hazarded unless some serious misunderstanding should arise between the two governments, and I cannot conceive that any such contingency is at all probable.

WINTER IN ST. PETERSBURG.

THE 'City of the Czars' has for the last year or more been rather prominently before the eyes of the world, as the scene of many a council on which, perhaps, hung the peace of Europe. As, therefore, any description of that far-off city and its inhabitants would likely be of interest to Canadians, I will endeavour to give a brief account of it.

As many are aware, St. Petersburg was founded about the year 1700, by Peter the Great, at the mouth of the river Neva. The land was very low and marshy, but this did not daunt that energetic monarch, who was determined to have a seaport to his great Empire. How his efforts have been crowned with success it is unnecessary to dilate upon.

The city, which has a population now of about 700,000, is built on a grand scale, its streets and squares being in most cases very spacious. The public buildings, of which there are a great many, are large and substantial, but rather unprepossessing, the bricks of which they are built being covered with plaster, painted a dingy yellow. The Nevski Prospect, the principal street, is fine and broad, with splendid stone pavement, and the stores on either side are a credit to the builders. A tramway on this street appears to be doing a thriving business, the cars being invariably crowded. A noticeable feature about this street railway is the fact of its always being in first-class order. During the winter months, it employs a great number of men, who, armed with shovels and switch-brooms, succeed in keeping the track clear of snow. They are, however, greatly assisted by the authorities, who, immediately after a snow storm, send out men to gather it up in heaps and then carry it off in sleighs constructed for that purpose. It is indeed a curious sight to see a string of 60 or 80 sleighs, moving along with their pure, white freight.

The Hotels in St. Petersburg are not particularly good, and in winter smell very close and stuffy, for the Russians seem to have a horror of fresh air, and with the aid of double windows and thick walls, succeed admirably in keeping it out. Their stoves, or, as they are called there, 'Peeches,' are very large and ugly; a birch-wood fire is lit in them, and as soon as the smoke and flames have disappeared, leaving only a bed of coals, all the doors are closed, so as to keep the heat in. This poor method of heating accounts for the bad habit of shutting out the fresh air, as it takes a long time with these stoves to heat a room, when once cold.

The St. Petersburgers, as a rule, live in flats. Immense buildings, of four or five stories in height, have on each flat two or more ranges of rooms, varying in size and number. Thus one building may have as many as twelve or fourteen families living under its roof. Generally at the top, or in some convenient part, a large room is set apart for the use of these families to dry their washing in. This leads to a considerable amount of squabbling, as frequently several families want the use of it at the same time. On such occasions Russian women become quite fluent. To each building there is a porter, whose duty it is to tend the principal entrance, answer enquiries, and make himself generally useful. There are also attached two or three 'dvomicks' (servant men), whose work is to carry up fuel, water, &c., to the families, keep clean the yard and a portion of the street in front of the building, run errands, and also act as night watchmen, which duty they take turn about; during the winter it is not pleasant work. These men are generally dirty, uncouth, and stupid. The porters, on the other hand, are smart, tidy fellows, and quick of perception.

Some of the Greek churches are very fine. The Kazan Cathedral on the Nevski Prospect, a fine semicircular building with a high dome in centre, was the scene of the late liberty demonstration of young, students male and female. Some two or three hundred of these young people marched, nto the church, and ordered the priest to

say certain prayers. This he refused to do, whereupon one of the rioters unfurled a red flag, and waving it aloft, raised the cry of 'liberty.' As they came out of the church the police attempted to arrest some of them, but were driven off; they rallied, and being assisted by a number of bystanders, succeeded in arresting the leaders, who have since been banished to Siberia.

The St. Isaac's church is a magnificent edifice in the shape of a Greek cross. In the centre rises an immense dome with golden roof, which can be seen for miles glittering in the sun. Four smaller domes support this. On each side are polished pillars of Finland granite, about sixty feet high and five in diameter, crowned with iron capitals. On a mild moonlight night in winter, when the pillars are covered with white frost, this noble pile is a lovely sight, once seen never to be forgotten. Inside, the church is one mass of gold, bronze, silver, marble, and precious stones. Some idea of its grandeur may be gathered from the fact that the building and its contents are said to have cost $80,000,000. The Christmas service is very interesting. Five or six priests, wearing gorgeous cassocks of cloth of gold—one, the metropolitan, having on his head a crown of gold covered with jewels—stand in the centre of the church directly under the great arch, and chant the service in turn in deep tones. The choir, composed entirely of men and boys, at intervals sing, or rather chant, for the whole service is intoned. After a time the priests move up towards the 'great gates,' which in the Greek Church occupy the same position as the altar in the Romish Church. During the ceremony, the people stand around (there are no seats in the church), and every few minutes cross themselves, and frequently go down on their knees and touch the floor with their foreheads two or three times. The whole scene is brilliantly lit up, every shrine being loaded with small tapers, the offerings of the worshippers to their patron saints. About the middle of the service the 'great gates' are thrown open, revealing a large inlaid stone picture of our Saviour, which, with a strong light behind it, forms a beautiful transparency. The vaulted dome pillars, of malachite and lapis-lazuli, are magnificent beyond description; the rest is all gold, gold everywhere where there was a spot to place it. The malachite and lapis-lazuli pillars which support the 'great gates' on either side, look rather unique, two being green and two blue.

There is a very handsome English chapel situated on the English quay; quite a large congregation attends this church, for there is a large English colony in St. Petersburg, some say as many as six thousand.

The Government buildings, such as the Admirality, the Senate, War-Office, General Staff, &c. &c., are fine large buildings, but all have the same dingy yellow look and the same style of architecture, which makes them rather monotonous to the eye. The Palaces are somewhat similar. The Winter Palace, the residence of the Czar, a large square building with quadrangle in the centre, covers a great deal of ground; it is stated that seven thousand people could live in it. Between the Neva and the Palace is a wide street, with a splendid embankment which is a fashionable resort. Here, in the winter, the traveller could spend hours watching the sankies, troitkas, and other kinds of sleighs dash by. The sankies are very small, just large enough to seat the driver and two others. The driver's seat is very narrow, and to one not accustomed to it would be very uncomfortable. The back seat is so close to the driver, that he is almost sitting on the knees of the occupants. The isvostics (drivers) wear long blue coats or dresses which almost reach to the ground; around the waist they wear a girdle. These dresses are very warm, a great desideratum in such a cold climate, but look odd; in fact at a little distance it is difficult to distinguish the wearers from women.

The troitka, as its name implies, is driven with three horses abreast, one inside of the shafts, the other two on either side. The middle horse is allowed to have its head pretty freely; but the other two have theirs drawn in tightly, with their noses within a very short distance of the ground. In this graceful but painful position they are driven at full speed. Some of the sankies are driven with two horses, one in shafts, the other on one side. The one in the shafts trots, while the other canters. This is a Russian fancy. Those wretched, unsightly, and worse than useless things called 'blinkers,' are not used by the Russians, for they consider, and with justice too, that they do more harm than good, as a horse is much less apt to shy when it can see

plainly in every direction, than when partially blinded. The public sankies for hire are used a great deal, as a course around the city is only about sixty copecks (45 cents). To one who is used to the merry sleigh bells, it seems strange to see sleighs dashing in every direction, and not a single bell, for inside the city they are prohibited, excepting on the troitkas; these latter, however, are not often seen on the streets. The drivers, to warn pedestrians or other sleighs, are obliged to shout, 'Beragees!' (take care). As this has to be repeated pretty frequently, it must be rather trying to the throat.

The isvostics, as a rule, are fine looking men, many of them wonderfully like Englishmen. No doubt they are descendants of those Normans who conquered Russia about the same time as the Norman conquest of Britain. Like all Jehus they are exhorbitant in their charges, whenever they can impose them; therefore it is necessary to bargain with them before hiring. An amusing incident happened with a traveller who had been told this. He had learnt the Russ for thirty copecks (tritsat copeck), and wishing soon after to drive a short distance, hailed an isvostic, gave his directions, and enquired the charge, as well as he could. 'Dvatzat-piat!' was the reply. The traveller, thinking by the length of the word that it was also a long figure, said, 'Niet!' (no); 'tritsat copeck.' 'Da! da!' (yes! yes!) exclaimed the isvostic most readily, and drove him to his destination. The traveller a short time afterwards mentioned to some friends his success at striking a bargain, and caused a great deal of merriment when it was discovered that he had offered the man more than he had asked, 'dvatzat-piat' being twenty-five (copecks).

There are several fine monuments in the city: one to Alexander I., which stands close by the General Staff offices, is a very fine column of Finland granite, with iron base on which warlike figures are wrought; surrounding this column is an iron fence made out of Turkish cannon. Handsome as this monument is, it will not compare with that erected by Catharine II. to Peter the Great, which is without doubt the most original and natural statue in Europe. It represents Peter in Roman dress seated on a horse, which appears to have just mounted an immense rock of Finland granite, one foot of the horse trampling on a huge serpent. To one seeing this statue for the first time, it is startlingly lifelike. The monarch is facing the broad Neva, towards which his right arm is stretched, as if directing you to contemplate his great work on its banks. The labour of bringing this enormous block of granite to the city, which was performed by rolling it on cannon balls, was very great.

There are a number of bridges across the Neva, built on boats; but only one permanent one, called the Nicholas bridge, which is a very handsome and costly structure, and very wide. At one end is a small Greek chapel, on passing which most of the isvostics and moujicks (peasants) take off their caps and cross themselves most devoutly. It is a beautiful sight from this bridge, on a moonlight night, with the thermometer 25° below zero—the moon shining dimly through the frozen air—the long line of lamps on either side of the river, both up and down, as far as the eye can reach—men hurrying to and fro, with their long shubas closely wrapped around them, the immense collars reaching above their caps, the mist arising from the ground along with their breath turning their moustaches, beards, and even eyelashes into masses of frost. This mist or frozen air covers houses, trees, in fact everything, with a white mantle. The cold is sometimes so intense that numbers are frozen to death, particularly isvostics, who spend the most of the nights in their sankies. In the neighborhood of the Winter Palace, Grand Duke Nicholas's Palace, and other places, stoves are placed on the streets by which the poor isvostics warm themselves. Sometimes when the weather is unusually severe, 'chai' (tea) is served out to them from the Palaces.

The boulevards are fairly good in some parts of the city, but there is room for improvement in that line. The National Academy, which contains the works of Russian artists, was founded by Catharine II. The building, which covers a great space of ground, is not for painting alone, but also for sculpture, and a museum of Russian and other curiosities. There are only a few good paintings in this building, for as yet Russia has not turned out any celebrated painter. Still, there have been great strides in the art within the last quarter of a century. The Hermitage, which is connected with the Winter Palace, is the best

gallery in St. Petersburg. It was erected by Catharine II., and christened by her 'The Hermitage,' as she used it as a quiet retreat from the Court, when wearied with the cares of government. Some of the paintings and statuary in this beautiful gallery are very fine. The Spanish court contains some of Murillo's finest efforts. The Dutch painters are also well represented. Some magnificent tables of lapis-lazuli and malachite, and vases of the same and other precious stones, are placed in the different courts.

Some of the restaurants in St. Petersburg are very good. One kept by Dusaux, on the Great Morskia, was patronized by the Prince of Wales during his visit to the city on the occasion of the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh to the daughter of the Czar. There, dinners are served up in first-class Russian style. In the room set apart for the dinner, two tables are set out, one for the guests, the other, called the 'vorschmack,' on which is placed a number of dishes containing various relishes, such as sardines, caviare, &c., &c. The guests are invited to whet their appetites at this table, before sitting down to the more substantial meal. Good wines can be had, but are very expensive. Great quantities of champagne are drunk in Russia, as in fact of all kinds of liquors, for the Russians are pretty hard drinkers. Numbers of moujicks (peasants) are continually to be met with on the streets in every stage of intoxication; but when tipsy, they are the most harmless and inoffensive creatures to be met with,—never insult or molest a passer-by, but stagger quietly along; sometimes they attempt to sing, but rarely. How different this is from our own countrymen, is apparent to the reader.

The St. Petersburg theatres are very good, and well patronized, for the Russians are great play-goers. The Great Theatre will hold about 3,000. The plays in this theatre are always performed in the Russian language—the acting, singing, and orchestra being excellent. This is one of the most brilliant theatres in Europe, for not only do the ladies dress handsomely, but there are always a number of officers in rich uniforms, which adds greatly to the brilliancy of the scene. There is a pretty theatre at which French comedies are acted, which is very much patronized by the best society, for all educated Russians understand the French language thoroughly; in fact it is a common saying that they speak it better than the French themselves. Both the French and German languages are much spoken by the Russians, many preferring them to their own. A good many also speak English, but it is looked upon as an accomplishment, while the others are considered a necessity. It is a common thing to hear four languages spoken at a dinner table in St. Petersburg.

One of the great institutions of the city is the 'Gostinoi-Dvor,' a large block of stores which occupies a whole square, with fronts on four streets, the principal one being on the Nevski Prospect; a collonade runs all round the four sides, and in the centre is a large open space. Some of these shops are very good, but most of them are rather small. During the week before Russian Christmas, which comes twelve days later than ours, these stores are besieged by all classes of people, and business is brisk, for, as a rule, the articles sold are much cheaper than can be got elsewhere on the Nevski or on the Great Morskia, on which latter street there are many very fine stores. Close by the Gostinoi-Dvor, on the Nevski, there is a beautiful little Greek chapel. This chapel is open all the year round, and always has tapers burning, which, lighting up the quantity of silver and precious stones it contains, makes it very brilliant. On coming to this, the devout Russian stops, doffs his cap, crosses himself, mutters a brief prayer, and passes on.

On the other side of the river Neva, nearly opposite the Winter Palace, are two places of interest to the traveller, one being the Fortress and Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, the other Peter the Great's hut, which is a short distance further up the river. The latter place is well worth a visit. It is a compact little building: the roof has peculiar shingles which fit into each other, and from their substantial appearance look as if they would last for centuries. Over the whole building is placed a glass roof to protect it from the weather. The furniture inside is really handsome, a thing that one would not expect to find in a hut, even if it were a

monarch's. Peter's row-boat lies on one side in a good state of preservation.

Even on this place the Greek Church has its greedy grasp, for half of the hut has been turned over to it, and been fitted up as a chapel, in which visitors are expected to leave something for the Church.

The Fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul is rather interesting on account of the church and burial ground, where the members of the Imperial family are buried. The church is a plain, unpretentious white building, surrounded with a number of melancholy looking poplars. In the summer time this spot may not look so bad, but in the winter it has a very dreary appearance. The Fortress is a formidable looking place, and would give any enemy who undertook its capture, a difficult job.

Between the hours of two o'clock in the afternoon and four the Nevski Prospect is very lively. Then the sankies and other sleighs of the aristocracy are out in full force, and elegant turn-outs they are too. There can be seen many noble black horses, generally driven in pairs, with long tails almost sweeping the ground. Blue, black, or brown nets are fastened to the collars and drawn over them and attached to the sleigh: these are worn to prevent the horses kicking clods of snow into the faces of the occupants, and are not only useful, but extremely elegant. The drivers wear a dress similar to the isvostics, but of better material, and a four-cornered cap with bright coloured top. A footman has a small stand behind and holds on as best he can with the aid of a couple of loops or straps.

The Emperor can be seen almost any afternoon driving on the Nevski, in a little unpretending sanki, drawn by one horse, accompanied only by the driver—no footman or any escort whatever. In all probability, though, extra police are on the alert, as several attempts have already been made to assassinate him.

Before closing this short account of a city and its inhabitants on which volumes could be written, a brief description of the winter costumes will not be out of place. The peasants wear long sheepskin coats or dresses, with the wool next to the body. These coats are gathered in at the waist, the skirts coming down to the knees, some fancy-stitching being worked on the front and sleeves. A pair of long white felt boots completes an outfit admirably adapted to resist the cold. The women are dressed somewhat similarly. The shubas are most unassuming; those worn by the gentlemen are made of some kind of heavy cloth, lined with fur, and reach nearly to the feet. They are very warm and heavy. The collars when turned up frequently reach five or six inches above the cap. Very few wear gloves, and to keep their fingers warm they shove them into the sleeves of the shuba. The ladies shubas are very handsome and rich looking, being of silk or velvet of different colors, lined with costly furs, the fur shewing only at the neck and wrist. No other city in the world can boast of having more richly or more tastefully dressed ladies than the city of St. Petersburg.

H. T. D.

THE ETHICS OF VIVISECTION.

WERE the solution of the vivisection problem as simple an affair as a guest present 'Round the Table' last month seems to imagine, the wide divergence of opinion on the subject among the ablest thinkers in England would be unintelligible; nor would English reviews, magazines, and newspapers have been so flooded with articles and letters on the subject as they have been during the past few years. Indeed, the question whether it is morally right to cause evil to one being in order to benefit another, goes to the very foundation, not merely of Christian theology, but of all morality, and starts difficulties which have perplexed the human mind ever since it has been capable of reflecting on sin and suffering—difficulties which remain difficulties still. The brief remarks made at last month's Table, so far from unravelling these perplexities, tend rather to show that the person who made them is not so much as aware of their existence, or even alive to the real point at issue; so that, notwithstanding the benevolent motive which prompted his utterance, he has really contributed nothing towards the elucidation of this vexed question. Indeed, the animus which he evidently feels against science has prevented him from dealing fairly with both sides of the subject.

To arrive at some general principle on which all can agree, is the chief difficulty: once reached, comparatively little trouble would be found in applying it to individual cases. A necessary preliminary to the ascertainment of such a principle is to form an adequate conception of the problem to be solved, and of the nature of the difficulties by which it is surrounded. 'A question well asked is half answered;' and though, in the present case, a satisfactory solution may elude investigation, no reason exists why the problem may not be clearly stated.

In attempting this task let me commence with an illustration. A man goes into a house, takes an infant on his knee, and, presuming on his superior strength, plunges a sharp steel instrument into its tender flesh, till the blood gushes forth and the child screams with pain. An atrocious deed, surely! And yet thousands of similar acts of vivisection* are done every day, not merely without objection, but with general approval. No anti-vivisectionis. has ever uttered even the feeblest protest against the lancing of a child's gums in order to facilitate the passage of its teeth. On the other hand, no one sanctions the infliction of torture by vivisection in mere wantonness, or for the sake of delight in witnessing pain. Vivisection there is, then, which *every one* approves of; and vivisection which *no one* approves of. *Where shall the line be drawn between the two extremes?* Can any one place his finger on a point of demarcation and say, on this side vivisection is right, on the other it is wrong?

It may, I think, be taken as agreed on all hands, that a surgical operation—in other words, an act of vivisection—is proper, when performed for the benefit and with the consent of the individual operated on. The evil is committed for the sake of a greater good to the sufferer: prolonged and extreme agony is inflicted for the purpose of saving a life; a sharp but brief pang is caused in order to remove pain of even far less intensity, but chronic in duration.

So far the matter is plain enough. The real difficulty begins when we come to vicarious suffering; and the Christian theology appealed to by last month's guest, so far from solving this part of the problem, is about the only system which has made the infliction of vicarious suffering a necessary part of its scheme of salvation.

It is not recognized so widely as it should be, that Christianity is made up of two parts: one, spiritual, emotional, and moral; the other, intellectual, doctrinal, and dogmatic.

*It will be seen that this word is used throughout, not in the narrow technical signification usually given to it, but in the wider meaning indicated by its etymology. In a discussion like the present, the two meanings are logically inseparable.

The one is a bond of union. The other is an element of discord which has split up Christianity into a thousand and one jarring and wrangling sects, each anathematizing the rest. The New Testament may insist that love to God and love to man are 'more than all whole burnt offerings and sacrifices;' Christ may assert that 'there is none other commandment greater than these,' and that the man who merely affirmed them was 'not far from the kingdom of God;' St. Paul may place love in front of hope and faith as the greatest of Christian virtues: but to what purpose? The 'commandments of men'* reverse the order, and erect faith into the supreme requisite for man's justification; meaning, thereby, an intellectual assent to certain cut and dried formulas or theological dogmas. The standards of the various Protestant churches—the Thirty-nine Articles, the Westminster Confession, even the Athanasian, Nicene, and Apostles' Creeds—may be searched in vain for any reference to these two great commandments of Christ; almost indeed for any mention of the word 'love;' nor is there in any of them the remotest allusion to the rights of animals or to man's duty towards them. Methodism, in like manner, insists that the main business of religion is to teach, and the great concern of mankind is to learn, not love to God and man, but—'how to flee from the wrath to come.'

Let me here enlarge a little. In the first chapter of Genesis it is recorded that the whole animal creation was handed over to the dominion of man. Nor did the ancient Hebrews exhibit any fastidious delicacy in availing themselves of the privilege thus conferred. Of the numerous instances given in the Old Testament of torture inflicted on animals for the sake of man, it will suffice to adduce one: 'And Joshua did unto them as the Lord bade him: he houghed their horses, and burned their chariots with fire.'† To 'hough' is to cut the hamstrings in order to disable; and the act thus recorded is one of the earliest instances of deliberate vivisection on record. Nor was the infliction of pain confined to the lower animals, as may be seen, with regard to slaves, from Exodus xxi., 20, 21: 'If a man smite his servant, or his maid, with a rod, and he die under his hand; he shall be surely punished. Notwithstanding, if he continue a day or two, he shall not be punished: for he is his money.' From this enactment it would seem that a man might with impunity—that is, lawfully—lash his female slave to pieces, provided only she did not die during the operation, but lingered on in agony for a day or two. If this was not vivisection with a vengeance, the distinction is so fine as not to be worth discussing.

The idea of the vicarious sacrifice of animals as a propiatory offering to the Diety for the benefit of man, runs through the whole Jewish Scriptures, from Genesis to Malachi; and the crowning sacrifice of the New Testament, the Atonement through the blood of Christ—the piercing of the hands and feet in the act of crucifixion, the laceration of the scalp by the crown of thorns, and the spear-wound in the side—was, in an absolutely literal sense, a case of vicarious vivisection for the benefit of man. The Almighty gave up his only begotten Son to a lingering and agonizing death in order to save the human race. Pain was inflicted on an innocent Being, in order that *other*, guilty beings might escape from pain.

What, too, is to be said of the Christian hell? Calvinism teaches, implicitly at least, that millions of non-elect infants will suffer in inconceivable torment for all eternity. Some theologians seem even to gloat over the prospect. Samuel Rutherford speaks of non-elect infants as 'fuel for hell,' and of 'children sinking and swimming in the black and burning lake;' and Calvin himself (I think, though, speaking from memory, cannot be certain) of 'infants not a span long crawling about on the floor of hell.' But not the most ingenious Calvinist of them all has ever pretended, nor if he had, could he have got any one to believe, that the pain is inflicted on these wretched children for their benefit; a remark which applies equally to every being condemned to eternal torment in hell, whether infant or adult. That venerable document, over which so much dust is being raised in Scotland and elsewhere—the Westminster Confession—solves the difficulty by saying that it is inflicted for 'the manifestation of [God's] glory,' and 'for the glory of his

* 'But in vain do they worship me, teaching for doctrines the commandments of men.' Matthew xv, 9.

† Joshua xi., 6, 9.

sovereign power over his creatures' (chap. 3, secs. 3 and 7). Tertullian, however, one of the greatest of the Christian Fathers, in a celebrated passage quoted by Lecky,* leads us to infer that the final cause of the torture of the damned in hell is the extatic joy which the elect in heaven will feel in witnessing it; and a similar opinion was expressed by that great Christian saint, Thomas Aquinas, in his well known dictum: 'Beati in regno cœlesti videbunt pœnas damnatorum, *ut beatitudo illis magis complaceat.*' 'The blessed in the kingdom of heaven will witness the torments of the damned, in order that their felicity may delight them the more.'† The two hypotheses, that of the Confession and that of Tertullian and Aquinas, though differing, are at one in making the pains of hell vicarious.

Doctrinal Christianity, then, so far from settling this question adversely to vivisection, supplies precedents in abundance which would amply justify man in inflicting pain on other animals, and even on his fellow-man, for his own benefit. Furthermore, the pains of hell—the glad tidings which the doctrinal standards proclaim as the doom of the vast majority of the human race—constitute, in any single case, an eternity of agony compared with which the most hideous torture which any vivisectionist could inflict, would be as the evanescent scratch of a pin's point; and it having been shown that these pains are necessarily vicarious in their nature, it follows that vivisection cannot logically or consistently be condemned by any religion which holds to the doctrine of eternal torment. It is, indeed, of little avail to bring forward the moral side of Christianity in reprobation of vivisection, when its doctrinal side can be cited with so much more potent effect the other way.

Religions do exist, Brahmanism and Buddhism for example, which teach doctrinally the sacredness of animal life; and the striking contrast in the treatment of the lower animals by Christian Englishmen and by heathen Hindoos (for instance), is exemplified in an incident related in the Toronto *Nation* for 1874, (vol. 1, p. 106), as follows: 'The Collector of a district at Guzerat recently issued an order to kill all the stray dogs in the city of Khaira. The Hindoo citizens, cherishing a sacred regard for animal life, collected the dogs in cages, and were about to transport them to some distant spot. The magistrates prevented this, and next morning the dogs were taken down to the rive., where the Hindoos perform their sacred ablutions and recite their prayers. Some went to the magistrate to remonstrate, but were driven away and threatened with violence. They then telegraphed to the Governor, Sir Seymour Fitzgerald, beseeching him to prevent this outrage on their religious feelings; but he declined to interfere. The dogs were killed with hatchets in sight of the horrified people. The inhabitants shut up their shops on the day of the massacre, suspended business, and passed the day in fasting and mourning.' The only remark that need be added to this account is, that the treatment of the Hindoos themselves was a fair sample of what might be called moral vivisection.

But Buddhism and Brahmanism have no authority outside their adherents, and it may be well to turn to mere human ethics and hear what they have to say on the subject. The question they are asked to solve is, whether it is right to inflict even the smallest amount of pain on any sentient creature, in order to save from pain another, or millions of other sentient creatures. Is the utilitarian principle of the greatest happiness of the greatest number admissible here? Is it right to do evil that good may come? Will the end justify the means? John Stuart Mill unhesitatingly asserts that it will, provided the means be not incompatible with some higher end than the one ought. Let me illustrate again.

A vast number of people die annually of cancer, usually after frightful sufferings, lasting sometimes for years. Even while I write, the agony inflicted by this terrible disease is being endured by millions of our suffering fellow-creatures. That which is going on now, has been going on for thousands of years, by day and night, from year's end to year's end, from century to century, without pause or cessation even for an instant, and, so far as human foresight can discern, will continue to go on for an in-

* History of Rationalism, 5th Ed., vol. 1, pp. 324-5.

† *Ib.*, p. 319.

definite period longer. The thought of the aggregate mass of suffering caused by this one disease is so dreadful, that the imagination cannot picture it in all its hideous reality without a sensation of sickening horror. Suppose, then, that by means of the knowledge gained through an experiment made by the inoculation of the cancer poison upon a single sheep, the disease could be extirpated, so that the untold millions of human beings now existing and yet to be, would live free from it. Would man be justified in putting that one innocent animal to the needful pain? I am free to confess that this is a question which I am not prepared to answer. But if it be answered, as ninety-nine men out of a hundred would answer it, in the affirmative, it seems to me that the main point contended for by vivisectionists is conceded, and that there is no logical halting place short of the abstract principle, that, other things being equal, it is justifiable to inflict any amount of pain, provided that thereby you remove or prevent a greater amount. For, if it be right to inflict pain on one sheep in order to save from pain ten millions of human beings, would it not be right to do the same thing for the sake of one million, or one thousand, or one hundred, or ten, or one? And, *e converso*, if it be right to inflict pain on *one* sheep, in order to save from pain ten millions of human beings, would it not be right, for the same purpose, to inflict pain on ten sheep, or one hundred, or a thousand, or a million, or ten millions? Where are you going to stop in your arithmetical progression?

The common practice of mankind goes further than this. It inflicts pain on the lower animals, not merely to remove or prevent pain in man, but to give him pleasure, or merely to minister to his comfort or convenience. The practice of killing or wounding animals in sport was touched upon by last month's guest. Other usages, equally involving the question at issue, were ignored. A man keeps a horse for riding or driving; if, on any occasion, the animal happens to be tired or lazy, and does not go quickly enough to suit the convenience of *its master*, it is goaded to move faster by being lashed with a whip, or by having sharp iron instruments dug into its flesh. In brief, pain is inflicted for the benefit, not of the animal, but of him who inflicts it. Is this morally justifiable? The same question might have been asked, before the abolition of slavery, with regard to the lashing of negro slaves.

The use of animals in war is another practice which has gone on for thousands of years among Christian and other nations without protest. Horses are taken into battle; their bodies are horribly mangled and cut up by cannon balls, by fragments of shells, by bullets, and by swords and bayonets; and thousands are left on the field to die a lingering and agonizing death. Will the most fanatical advocate of war pretend for an instant that all this torture is inflicted on these poor docile creatures for their benefit? Hardly. In that case is it justifiable?

Again, if it is not right to kill animals in war, is it right to kill them during peace, for food? and what is to be said as to the morality or immorality of the maxim, 'Self-preservation is the first law of Nature'? Carlyle tells us that the ultimate question between any two human beings is: 'Can I kill you, or can you kill me?' a question which lands us in the gigantic problem of Malthus and Darwin—the 'struggle for existence,' which, as Huxley truly says, 'goes on as fiercely beneath the smooth surface of modern society, as among the wild inhabitants of the woods.'* Of the numberless subsidiary questions involved in this last problem, not the least perplexing is, whether it is justifiable to punish (that is, inflict pain upon) criminals, not for reformatory purposes, but as a warning to others,—to 'make an example' of them for the benefit of society at large; a problem which was incidentally touched upon in the able article on 'The Treatment of Crime' which appeared in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for last February.

Now, whatever people who dread and detest science may say, scientific men are not, as a body, possessed by any craze for the mere word 'science,' which is but another name for knowledge. Knowledge they love as the beneficent instrument which promotes the happiness, or ensures the freedom from pain, not merely of the human race, but of all sentient creatures. Ignorance they hate as the fruitful mother of the sin and suffering which have their

* Lay Sermons, p. 56.

abiding place in the world in which they live. And this consideration leads to another branch of the general problem. Science has enabled a hundred human beings (with their domestic animals) to live where but ten could formerly exist; and the hundred are better off than the ten. The earth teems with millions of rational men and women, where, in times past, only wild animals ranged, seeking what they might devour. The king of Brodbingnag was of opinion 'that whoever could make two ears of corn, or two blades of grass, to grow upon a spot of ground where only one grew before, would deserve better of mankind, and do more essential service for his country, than the whole race of politicians put together'; and Huxley reminds us that, without the practical results of science, without 'these great ships, these railways, these telegraphs, these factories, these printing-presses, the whole fabric of modern English society would collapse into a mass of stagnant and starving pauperism.'*

Bearing these things in mind, then, is it right to inflict pain on one sentient creature, if thereby, directly or indirectly, other sentient creatures are brought into existence, to live happy and contented lives? Is the making unhappy of one being, more than counterbalanced by the creation of two happy ones? In fine, is it right to inflict pain for the purpose of increasing in the long run the aggregate of human happiness? or, what amounts to the same thing, in order to advance science (or knowledge), by which this increase in the aggregate of happiness is rendered possible? a question at least as difficult to answer as the analogous one on the other branch of the subject. But if this, also, be replied to in the affirmative, then, putting the two answers together, a definite conclusion is arrived at, which may be enunciated something in this wise: It is justifiable to inflict pain if thereby, in the long run, the aggregate of pain is lessened, or the aggregate of happiness is increased; the pain inflicted being, of course, a factor in both aggregates. As already intimated I am unable either to affirm or to deny this proposition; but, at all events, it indicates a limit beyond which it is certainly not right to go, and enables us to assert with confidence the following principle: It is wrong to inflict pain unless there is *a reasonable probability* that thereby the aggregate of pain will be lessened, or the aggregate of happiness increased. Submitted to such a test, there can be no doubt that much of the vivisection which has been practiced in England and elsewhere, and a vast amount of the pain which in other ways is habitually inflicted by man on the lower animals, would receive stern and emphatic condemnation.

It is something to have reached even so meagre a result as this; and if, in addition, the problem has been intelligibly stated, and an inkling been given of the enormous difficulties by which it is beset, and of the consequent futility of attempting to solve it in a paragraph, this brief paper will not have been written in vain.

SORDELLO.

* Lay Sermons, p. 6.

ROUND THE TABLE.

HOW to reconcile the apparently conflicting interests of advertisers and readers is a great problem for newspaper editors. Come, my friendly editor, and let us see whether we cannot arrive at some conclusion on the subject over our wine and walnuts. Pecuniarily, you tell me, the advertisements form your steady source of remunerative income, which is merely supplemented by that derived from subscribers to the paper. Viewed from this standpoint, then, your 'daily,' or 'weekly,' is a vehicle for putting the largest number of trade announcements, cards of quack medicines, and circus bills, before the public, and the remaining, or readable, part of each issue is but the gilding that tempts the unwary patient to swallow the wholesome but nauseous pill. Still, by a pious fraud, and since the public declines to consider its daily press merely as an organ for puffing patent-fitting shirts, it must be made to appear as though the reverse of this state of things were actually the case. This, too, is necessary in the interest of your advertising constituents, you frankly admit; for if the public once saw through the true state of affairs, your circulation would sink to zero, and your advertisements, after proving your ruin, would desert you with as little compunction as rats feel in leaving a sinking ship. Hence the failure of those special papers which have striven, by gratuitous or almost gratuitious circulation, to foist upon the reading world an undue quantity of lucrative, but ponderous advertising matter. How far, gentle editor, do you conceive it venial to pander to your advertisers? Do you ever, after being highly moral in your leading articles, allow quack advertisements of a disguised but not the less abominable tendency, to appear in your other columns? Does the sub-editor or the printer's devil shoulder the responsibility for all this, and play Ahriman to your Oromasdes in the dual management of your little journalistic sphere?

Then again, would it not be fair play to your readers to print your advertisements in different type from the rest of your copy? The man of little leisure would not then be seduced into reading, or beginning to read, some puff direct, under the impression that he had got hold of a new fact in science or biography. At least, let the magic letters 'Advt' follow conspicuously every trap for the unwary, and if possible pen up these straying sheep into a pound of their own, where they will be, in their peculiar fashion, not without use. In fact, if spread about too much, advertisements come within that famous definition of dirt,—matter in a wrong place.

There was an advertisement in one of the Toronto dailies the other day, in the shape of a letter written by a patient of some quack doctor. It had the usual caption (in this case, 'Is this a free country?'), the address 'To the Editor of the ——,' and was printed in the same type as any other correspondence, and, artfully enough, wound up with a hope that the editor would give it space! Nothing but the fact of its being placed in a section of a column headed 'Special Notices' would have led anyone to suspect it was an advertisement. Now if a grateful patient chooses to pay for printing a letter of invective against the laws which require *some* qualification from a medical man before allowing him to take the lives of his fellow-beings in his hands, well and good. But if this was, as we should shrewdly suspect it to be, paid for by the *soi-disant* doctor himself, the newspaper ought to label it as such, and might even take occasion in another place to point out the policy on which the existing laws are based. Too great pains cannot be taken on this quack-ridden continent to draw the attention of the multitude to the shallow artifices by which empirics lead them by the nose. Would that all quacks were as honest as the man who wrote a quaint recipe headed, '*Medeson for a man*,' in the back of an old book

I saw the other day. Its chief constituent was ground rhubarb, and it wound up with this touching direction, '*if it do not purge, take some other phisic!*' I am afraid my sermonizing has had little effect on my friendly editor; in fact—confound the fellow!—he has dropped asleep under my very nose.

—I see that it is *in règle* for guests at this table to allude to papers appearing in this magazine. I will take advantage of this to ask Professor Watson whether he does not confute himself in his last month's paper on the ethical aspects of Darwinism. He says the savage is self-conscious, and thereby differs *toto cœlo* from all the lower animals who lack that divine prerogative. Reason, he adds, as opposed to instinct, is a synonyme for this self-consciousness, and conscience is its inherited outcome and embodiment. But he adds (the italics are my own), conscience 'is as little an instinct as the flush of virtuous indignation at the witness of a foul wrong, or *the swift rush of a mother to defend her child from harm.*' Surely, Professor, animals rush, more or less swiftly, to protect *their* young from harm. We are landed then in this dilemma by your arguments: either animals have a conscience and self-consciousness embodying Reason as well as men; or else the identical action which is moral in man, is instinctive in animals; a sufficiently absurd result, and one which attempts to re-erect that arbitrary line of division across Creation which has so long prevented our taking a broad view of it as a whole, and framing a tenable hypothesis of ethics.

—While I agree with the conductors of the MONTHLY that controversy is on the whole to be deprecated, I do not think that a frank interchange of views 'round the table' on the 'Sabbath question' can do any harm, but rather good, in clearing up some of the misapprehensions which are often at the bottom of differences of opinion on such subjects. My friend's principal cause of disagreement with me arises from his misapprehension of what was meant by myself, and I am sure by Dr. Guthrie, by 'scrupulousness,' or rather, to give the *exact* words used, 'a leaning towards scrupulousness.' By this view was not meant the *compelling* of any individual to spend the day in any particular way which would at once contravene the principle of Christian liberty and the spirituality which is the essence of Christianity. What was meant was the maintaining, by every legitimate moral influence, in family, in social, or in national life, of the principle or sentiment which lies at the root of the very idea of a Christian Sabbath (or *rest*, as the word means), that it is a day given us, not for common purposes, but for the more especial end of cultivating the higher spiritual part of our being, which, in the ordinary rush and battle of life is in a great measure overlooked. When we cordially agree that 'the Sabbath was made for man,' we do not by any means necessarily admit the very different proposition that 'the day is one's own to do with it as one pleases.' When a friend bestows on us a precious gift *for certain high purposes*, we do not consider that we are carrying out that friend's intention if we squander it on some far lower or doubtful end. Many young men, for instance, acting upon this principle, spend the day in mere amusement, often of a sort that leads them into questionable or highly objectionable society. Will any one say that this is not distinctly contravening the high, holy, and loving purpose for which Christians hold the Sabbath to have been appointed? Or will any one assert that it would not be infinitely better for them had they been trained to feel more 'scrupulous' about observing it for its higher and more important ends? The Tyrolese have a beautiful fancy that a 'Sunday-child'—a child born on Sunday—has peculiar privileges—one being that he can hold communion with holy spiritual visitants during the hour preceding Christmas Day, provided he takes care to keep his thoughts pure during that hour, and to let no evil intrude. As a means to this end he seeks to keep his thoughts pure at all times, lest at the mystic season he should fail to banish evil. A somewhat kindred benefit is felt by those who seek to keep the 'Lord's Day' as they believe it should be kept. Its blessed spiritual influence overflows—so to speak—over the more secular portions of the week. And the 'quiet thought' of which I spoke is not of a kind to weary the man who may have to think hardest during the week. He would, on the contrary, find it a rest

and a refreshing influence to penetrate to every corner of his being. But I do not in the least mean to say that every one is to spend the whole day in either reading or thought. There is the charming resource of sacred music, for one thing, and there are other ways. Each must decide conscientiously for himself. All the *scrupulousness* I plead for is that of keeping its *great* end in view, of so using its precious hours that they may not only recuperate our mental and physical powers, but that they may also lift our souls above the illusions of things seen and visible, and—

> 'cause a heart on earth to know
> Some foretaste of celestial bliss.'

Moreover, the moment that the religious scruple disappears, and men learn to regard the day as their own, to use as they please, that moment Mammon will put in its claim, and what the result will be in this money-getting age, it is easy to forecast. Looked at simply in this view, it surely is not out of place to plead for a little scrupulousness. Of course there are absurd extremes in all things, and I do not mean at all to deny that much harm may have been done by a most injurious and unwarranted austerity, never sanctioned by Christ. But I do most assuredly believe that they only can fully cultivate the spiritual nature which too many starve, who seek to regard the day as 'the Lord's,' to be saved from the necessarily busy course of secular life, in order by its aid to rise more fully to that communion with the Divine for which, as I believe, man was created. Even in France, the wisest thinkers desire to secure a greater scrupulousness, and M. de St. Hilaire lately wrote to Lord Shaftesbury on the subject, expressing the 'hope that France may enjoy the immense advantage of a custom so beneficent, and so clearly imposed by the nature of man such as God has made it.'

—It is undoubtedly well to look at a social movement from every point of view; to enquire as to what influence it exerts in every direction; to trace whence it comes, if possible, and to what it is leading. It is only thus that we can attain a due understanding and a full appreciation of its relative importance. This consideration, I am persuaded, prompted the writing of the note on Revivalism in last month's 'Round the Table,' and it is my excuse for saying a few words, less, perhaps, in answer to that note than in continuation of it. The writer has taken a glance from one standpoint at one side of Revivalism; he has indicated a real danger, one which ought to be pointed out and insisted upon, that it may be avoided. But he has carefully ignored every other side of a many-sided subject; while his seems no kindly sympathizing eye, although a keen one. He deals somewhat harshly with the inmates of the dovecotes. He does them injustice, less by what he says, than by what he does *not* say. There is not one even of the most foolish of the admirers—worshippers, if you will—of the supposititious handsome young revivalist, but must feel this on reading the note. The possibility of a nobler motive than that of which he speaks, is not so much as hinted at. He offers the dregs of the cup, saying 'See how muddy the wine!' He seems to take it for granted that *all* are engaged in 'an internecine struggle to capture and carry off in triumph the lion of the hour.' It is not to be expected that all the 'members of the more emotional sex' should be entirely free from such an ambition; but I believe that the majority of the young girls who attend these or other religious meetings, are actuated by an honest, though a vague and restless, desire for guidance. They (wisely enough) distrust their own judgments, and are listening for a voice in the utterances of which they can confide. Where are the girls to turn to? Their mothers are probably, at any rate very frequently, immersed in the cares of housekeeping, and of social duties; their fathers in those of business. Their own employments are, for the most part, meagre, uninteresting. But, at the same time, there is a craving in some people for unhealthy excitement, which cannot be too strongly discouraged. The writer of the note I refer to feels this; and it seems to me that he might, with advantage, expand his paragraph into an essay. The subject is surely of sufficient importance, and could be treated more satisfactorily at length. Perhaps I ought to say (after reading the article on 'The Pulpit and Revivalism' in the number of the MONTHLY preceding that in which the note appeared), not the subject, so much as *this aspect* of the subject.

I would be understood, not as joining issue with the guest to whose remarks I have been referring, but merely as indicating, without fully discussing, some considerations which he slurs over, and even ignores, but which tend, in my opinion, greatly to modify and to qualify his view.

—Revivalism and its tendencies has been discussed from almost all sides of the Table, and there seems no side left at which I can sit and pass judgment; so I shall have to compare myself to the gas above the table, as I expect to throw a brilliant light upon the whole subject, especially that part of its discussed in the June number of the MONTHLY. Dissent is the order of the day, and while I agree most heartily with some of the statements in the note to which I refer, I object to others. My objection is that the writer is inclined to deny the beneficial effect of revivalism 'in the concrete,' because there have been a few foolish young ladies in a certain Canadian city. I heartily acknowledge that there have been a few such; but I do not think it is fair to blame either the revival or the evangelist for their existence. If a man is a great artist, poet, or soldier, and men and women go wild with enthusiasm over him, we hear of no such nonsense about the strange phenomenon. Then, if a man with high qualities of mind and heart—yes, and of person, too—devotes his life to preaching the gospel, we who believe that it is a good thing to have the gospel preached, and preached by the most noble specimens of manhood, ask the same impartial criticism of this work as of any other. There are bright-eyed countesses and dignified duchesses at present vying with each other to do honor to Grant in England. Supposing some one were to say—'I doubt the propriety of having any United States, or any American wars, for I am afraid some of our English women are going to lose a little dignity and modesty running after Grant: especially would it be a dreadful thing if they should buy his photograph.' Should we not smile at the absurdity of the thing! The honor paid to Grant is paid to him as the representative of a great nation, and because of the work he has done for that nation. So let us think that much of the honour paid to the evangelist is given because he comes as an ambassador from a greater country, and because he has done a greater work for the King of that country. We have heard of men going wild over some favorite actress or dancer, sacrificing honour, wealth, the love of wives, and the respect of children, in their mad infatuation. I think if men and women must be fools, it is better to be fools over the real attractiveness of virtue, than over the painted attractiveness of vice. We unconsciously reflect the qualities of a person whom we greatly admire. If women must make a hero out of something, make it out of something real, and the result cannot be wholly bad. As to the 'beneficial effects of revival services being outweighed by the sacrifice of maidenly dignity and modesty,' etc., I think one night spent at a ball, or in witnessing many plays at our theatres, would have a greater tendency to take that quality from our fair women, than attending revival services for a year would do. The 'hysteria' question is so deeply imbedded in scientific mud, that in digging for it I might come across a Greek root which I could not digest.

The old song about 'religious insanity' is, elegantly speaking, 'sung out.' Perhaps it is not well known that in some countries there are more farmers' wives in the asylums for the insane, than any other class of persons. We hear nothing about doing away with farms on that account. But if one woman goes crazy, and her insanity takes a religious form, you will find twenty people trying to find out if she was not at a revival service sometime in her life!

I suppose, to many people it will be of no use to speak of a Higher Power than man's, for they are in the same condition as the Ephesians of old, and would answer, 'We have not so much as heard whether there be any Holy Ghost.' If the youth and the attractive qualities of the evangelist so vividly pictured by one of the 'table men' account so perfectly for the interest of the *foolish* young ladies, how are we to account for the wise young ladies? I must confess to a belief in the old-fashioned truth that behind man's attractiveness and man's eloquence, there *has* been a Higher Power at work. It is difficult in any other way to account for the continued presence, at the mission services, of young men, grey-haired men and women, learned judges and professors, doctors of law, doctors of medicine, and doctors of divinity, in abundance.

These are not the ones to have their heads turned because the evangelist happened to be unmarried. Even the servants gladly gave up their amusements that they might hear truth, which helped them to bear with patience the annoyances of life.

Where *one* has worked for the sake of insuring approbation from the man, hundreds have worked, and will continue to work, from love to his Master.

If it is true that 'three-fourths of those who attended his revival ministrations were of the softer sex,' I am sorry, for I think the 'harder sex' is quite as much in need of such ministrations. I suppose the same charge might be brought against most of our congregations of christians. In fact, the religion of Christ is often spoken of as 'good enough for women and children.' The decisions of eternity will decide whether it would not have been equally good for men and boys.

I think many would do well to listen to the words a wise Doctor of the Law, who wrote long ago: 'If this counsel, or this work be of man, it will come to naught. But if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.'

—There is, I doubt not, some ground for the remarks made by a guest when we last met, as to certain dangers accompanying 'revivals,' which, like everything else that deeply stirs the heart of humanity, are necessarily attended by some excitement, and, in indiscreet persons, sometimes produce indiscreet developments. I think, however, that, so far at least as the agent was concerned, the particular revival to which the allusion points was as carefully guarded as is in the nature of things possible. And I do not think that my friend sufficiently takes into account the fact that what are very inadequately called 'the consolations of religion' (in other words religious life), are even more a *necessity* to women than to men. Their more clinging, less self-reliant nature, greater need of sympathy and support, and warmer feelings, make it absolutely necessary for any true woman's happy life that she should find that which will satisfy all her needs where *alone* she *can* find it. Her being married may make this seem less necessary, for a time. It does not make it really so. In the happiest married life there is a want, a certain isolation, often bitterly felt, which only the spiritual peace —higher than any earthly joy—can remove. In many an apparently happy and prosperous home there are aching hearts, longing for this mysterious peace and joy, but unable to find the way to it. When they are shown the way, and have found the inexpressible blessing they sought, is it to be wondered at that their delight should often overflow in gratitude to the agent—whether man or woman—who has led them to a never-failing fountain of happiness; especially if this should be after it has long been vainly sought in the chase of lower pleasures. And it is easy to misinterpret this spontaneous emotion of gratitude, and to give it a sinister aspect. Whatever ground there may be for my friend's remarks, he should remember that the merchantman who found the 'pearl of great price,' would, if he were of a true or generous nature, hold in something more than ordinary estimation the man who may have shown him the way to it.

—Our courteous host having given me an opportunity to reply to the foregoing strictures upon my remarks of last month, and thereby wind up this rather long drawn out discussion, I begin by saying that the suggestion of the guest who spoke last, to the effect that the girls who attend the services of a young and handsome revivalist may be inspired with a 'longing for some mysterious peace and joy,' or an overflowing 'with gratitude to the agent who has led them to a never-failing fount of happiness,' will move a smile from those who know the realities lying behind this touching fancy-picture, and recollect the sort of stories with which, for example, the air of Toronto has been thick during the past few months. Some, no doubt, are actuated by such emotions; more, probably, by the 'vague feeling for guidance' suggested by another guest. But the proper guide for a young girl is neither a priest nor a monk, but her mother; and if mothers neglect the most sacred duty which Nature imposes on them, would it not be an improvement all round if young and handsome revivalists were to devote less of their energies to the daughters and more to the mothers? urging them to their duty, rather than attempting to fill their places. Why should young girls

need any guidance which their mothers cannot supply? The lives of most are passed in the home circle, far away from temptation; they have not, like their brothers, to go out into a world of sin and crime to fight the battle of life. And yet we do not find their brothers going to a priest for advice about their petty daily troubles. When, therefore, a young girl begins to manifest mental perplexities and troubles for which no apparent cause exists, it will generally be safe to suspect a physical one; and I firmly believe that, in the great majority of cases, such phrases as 'vague feelings,' 'need of sympathy and support,' 'longings for mysterious peace and joy,' are simply euphemistic expressions for a morbid hysterical or semi-hysterical condition arising from some functional disorder; and that the proper person to call in, is neither mother nor monk, but the doctor; if a good female one can be had, so much the better. A healthy mother, with bright happy children to tend upon and look after, and household affairs to occupy her thoughts, is not troubled with these 'thick-coming fancies,' this sort of mental green-sickness. I utterly disbelieve that it is at all common that, 'in the *happiest* married life there is a want, a certain isolation, often bitterly felt'; and have little doubt that, in such cases, it will generally be found that the wife is either childless or subject to ill-health. I have as little doubt, too, that in real cases of 'isolation,' and 'aching hearts,' the intervention of a priestly confessor will far oftener intensify the evil than relieve it.

The very obvious remark that young men are apt to run wild over a pretty actress is open to the equally obvious reply, that they know what they are about, and need no enlightenment on the subject, either from guests 'round the table' or anybody else. They are under no delusion as to the nature of the sentiment which inspires them. They do not call it 'religion,' or 'revivalism'; nor do they imagine they are doing anything particularly acceptable to God or conducive to their soul's health. It would be well if those who indulge in freaks precisely similar in kind were equally free from self-deception. But is not my fellow-guest, in her anxiety to make a point against young men, a little injudicious here? Would not a revivalist, astonished at finding himself put on the same level with a popular actress, feel inclined to relieve his perturbation of soul with the cry, 'Save, oh save me from my friends'? Something might be said, too, about girls running wild over good-looking actors and mellifluous tenor singers; but there is no need; because here also there is no delusion, nor any pretence of religion.

Though every lunatic asylum contains a large proportion of cases which (to state the fact in a way which will not be question-begging) assume a religious complexion; and though physicians like Dr. Maudsley, of sober common-sense, strict scientific veracity, and vast experience, are not in the habit of singing songs which, 'elegantly speaking,' are 'sung out,' I have no desire to lay any stress upon this extreme aspect of the question. Insanity never occurs except as the outcome of some functional derangement or organic lesion of the brain; and a perfectly sound brain, having, as its necessary correlative, a sound body, will stand an almost incredible amount of maltreatment, in the shape of mental excitement, alcoholic stimulation, or over-study, without being completely thrown off its balance. It is in those numerous cases of constitutionally unstable nerve or cerebral element that injury is so often done. For one case where undue emotional excitation leads to the ultimate issue of insanity, there are hundreds where, as Dr. Maudsley says, 'baneful effects are produced,' and where such excitation 'is habitually injurious to the character.' No more common or more pernicious delusion exists than that which gives the name of religion to what is really mere morbid emotionalism, such as can be witnessed in the shouting, groaning, and general pumping up of the feelings, which take place at an ordinary Methodist prayer-meeting or camp-meeting. Any one who followed the evidence in the great Brooklyn case, and read of men, who, when not sitting on the ragged edge of remorse, were doing so in each other's laps, mingling their tears, and slobbering each other with kisses, could see that the whole Plymouth congregation, men and women, lived, breathed, moved, and had their being in an atmosphere of sickly sentimentalism. And yet this sort of thing passed by the name of religion. Is it wonderful that Beecher scandals, Clendenning scandals, and

other clerical scandals are continually cropping up in the papers? How many occur which do not crop up in the papers? The last English mail informs us that Lord Redesdale has brought under the notice of the House of Lords, a book entitled 'The Priest in Absolution,' written to support the practice of private confession, and printed for an association of ritualistic clergymen of the Church of England, called the 'Society of the Holy Cross,' including Rev. Mr. Mackonochie, Rev. Dr. Littledale, Rev. Mr. Tooth, and many others. The Archbishop of Canterbury said that no modest person could read the book without a blush; and a leading London paper describes it in these words: 'In the worst days of Holywell street, before Lord Campbell's Act was passed, and when license had no check, Holywell street never issued anything viler, or more destructive of modesty, than this "Manual" for "such as are called unto the Higher Ministries of the English Church;" . . a book, worse in a greater degree than any tract for which Mrs. Besant, Mr. Bradlaugh, and Mr. Truelove are to be called upon to answer before a jury.' This is the sort of thing for which we are indebted to men who are moving heaven and earth to re-introduce the confessional, together with other 'rubbish from Rome,' into the Church of England. Doubtless, among these men the particular species of emotionalism of which this book is the outcome, also passes by the name of religion, much in the same way that the filthy discourses of Talmage pass for sermons.

About the recent movement in Toronto, which at last assumed the dimensions of a craze, there was unquestionably a morbid taint; and for the fortunate circumstance that there was no resulting crop of 'scandals,' we have to tender sincere thanks to the evangelist himself; and in saying this I am simply repeating a common remark. The absence of the masculine element from the strictly 'revival' services, unmistakably stamped the real nature of the excitement. The feminine element I placed at three-fourths to avoid exaggeration. It would have been strictly true to have said nine-tenths, for out of the Thursday evening congregations of two or three thousand, certainly not more than two or three hundred were men. Morley Punshon, a clergyman in every respect immeasurably superior to the English revivalist, created no such special excitement. His services were attended by fully as many men as women, frequently more.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A FEW years ago, the project of Imperial Federation was discussed with some fervour, both here and at home. Mr. Disraeli's mysterious utterances on the subject, probably, gave an unusual interest to it; but, like other utterances of England's miraculous Premier, it was, probably, nothing more than a rhetorical flourish. The scheme has not been heard of lately, except in the society so ably presided over by that untiring friend of the colonies, the Duke of Manchester. Federation, however, is not dead, but sleepeth; whenever the strain of the colonial tie seems to press too hard upon the energies of Canada or Australia, it will again assume prominence, and, perhaps, the necessities of the time will give it a tangible and practical form. Canada is, at present, in a lull, as the bitterness of party discussions as their complexions sufficiently show. On the first of this month she completed the first decade of her constitutional life. The experiment has, on the whole, worked well; yet so many hitches have happened, from the difficulty with Nova Scotia to that or those with British Columbia, that there is no desire—indeed, there is a positive distaste, at present—for the discussion of any scheme which would alter the constitutional relations, either of the Provinces to the Empire, or to each other. Should the time arrive, as it no doubt will and must, when, as the Hon. Mr. Brown sagely predicted, the relations between Canada and the Empire will require to be considered and revised, the question of federation will assume paramount interest and importance.

Meanwhile, the question of Imperial Federation may be left out of view. There is another subject, not remotely connected

with it, but which may ultimately prove its basis—that of the defences of the Empire, including its colonies. The literature of this subject has recently received an important addition in a paper read before the Royal Colonial Institute, by Captain Colomb, R.M.A. It is not the first time that this gallant officer has called the attention of England to this question, and from the large attendance of men of authority, civil and military, it is evident that the defences of the Empire attract considerable attention. This, perhaps, is natural just now, when the European atmosphere is surcharged with thunder, which may, or may not be Jove's. It does not follow, however, that the interest at present excited will prove ephemeral. A crisis like this, of far more importance to the world than the Franco-German war, cannot fail to leave deeper traces of its influence upon the military and naval systems of all the European powers, England especially. A full report of Captain Columb's paper, as well as of the interesting discussion which occupied the balance of one meeting, and the whole of another, may be read in two successive numbers of *The Colonies and India*. It is obvious, as the writer points out, that the position of England as the first naval power of the world, no longer remain unchallenged. All the European Powers now possess steam iron-clads, which traverse every sea. The other day, the Haligonians were in something resembling a panic, because of the unpleasantly near neighbourhood of the Russian fleet. In the North Pacific the Czar has another within eight days sail of Hong Kong, and fifteen of Vancouver's Island. There is a German squadron in the South Pacific, and other fleets belong to other powers, capable of being sent out to prey upon British commerce, or to seize British colonies. That being the present state of affairs—likely to be still more disadvantageous to us in the future—what, enquires Captain Colomb, is the obvious duty of Britain? Obviously to fortify all her salient points, and no longer make Plymouth and Portsmouth her sole naval resource, but to organize a system of defence, on scientific principles, for the entire Empire. Great Britain should only be regarded as the 'grand base' of operation, and the Empire should be consolidated for purposes of defence. It is principally with the Pacific that Captain Colomb naturally deals, and no one who reads the papers carefully can fail to be struck with the comparatively helpless condition of England's colonies, from Australasia to the boundaries of Alaska. It is with the Northern Pacific that the Dominion has immediately to do, and to it we may confine ourselves. The interests of Australia, as well as ours, are immediately bound up in the command of that portion of the great ocean, and the writer urges, with great force, that everything depends on the fortification of some strong base in Vancouver's Island. 'The real Eastern question' he contends, will, sooner or later, be shifted from the Mediterranean to the Pacific. The 'all-powerful element' of coal is in our possession, and we have secured 'the place of its abode — British Columbia.' Then follows an argument in favour of a step, the very suggestion of which will gladden the hearts of our rulers and people. It is no less than the construction of the Pacific Railway by the home Government. What are ten millions to us, he urges, when our interests throughout the Pacific are concerned? 'Within the last five years the United Kingdom has thought it worth while to pay seven millions on account of water communication: four millions has gone to the Suez Canal' (the gallant captain, however, forgets Indian interests here), 'through which but one-twenty-eighth of our total commerce passes; and three millions has gone, no one knows where, as a fee for Captain Semmes's lessons in sea strategy, by which we have not profited. But for a work of immense value in peace and in war, vital to our Imperial life in half the world, we cannot afford to pay ten millions of pounds!' British Columbia has been 'left to sink or swim, because to connect it with the Atlantic would cost ten millions, and might not pay for some time. Canada must be self-reliant and make it, if she wants it, and leave it alone, if she does not want it.'

This, of course, is not displeasing to Canadians; but there is an obverse face to the medal. Supposing the Pacific Railway and Telegraph be constructed at Imperial expense, what is the price Canada, for example, is to pay for being relieved of an intolerable burden? What is the meaning

of Imperial consolidation and of Imperial 'expense'? Captain Colomb evidently means by consolidation, although we do not remember that he uses the word, that, there being a community of interest between all portions of the Empire, there should be a common share in the outlay. His fifth thesis runs: 'That, as the communications of the Empire are the common property of all its component parts, each portion, according to the use it makes of them, has a direct interest in their defence.' Now, in the first place, this is by no means clear. How is the interest Canada has in the defence of Sydney to be guaged, or, *vice versa*, the interest of Australia in the defence of Vancouver? In the next place, supposing a second Gibraltar, or Aden, or Malta, to be put upon Vancouver's Island, how is this 'component part' of the Empire to avoid being mulcted in a sum too large in comparison with its resources? Canada has hitherto received generous treatment in the matter of defence; yet she has some disagreeable memories in the matter of fortifications. Who again is to decide what protective works are necessary, and the cost of them? Is the Canadian Parliament to be bound to contribute to any whim of the Secretary at War, or his military advisers? General Collinson proposes that 'the offensive part be charged to the Home Exchequer, and the defensive to the Colonial Treasuries.' There, however, lies the trouble, because, under such a plan the lion's share would fall upon us. If Vancouver Island were placed in the state of defence Captain Columb proposes, we must pay for it, since, with what face could we ask the South African or East Indian Colonies to contribute to our defence? The British Columbian defences would be constructed mainly for Imperial purposes, and it is no answer to say that the Dominion is part of the Empire. So is Malta, but no one has yet dreamed of asking the Maltese to bear the weightiest burden in the fortification of Valetta.

Canada has proved herself willing—nay, eager—to bear her part in the defences of the Empire in general, and of her own noble part of it in particular; but if the proposed consolidation should take place—and there appear to be many reasons for approving it—it will be necessary to consult Colonial opinion in better form than appears to have been done at the Colonial Institute. The Royal Commission proposed by Captain Colomb, which probably suggested itself to him because, not being a politician, it seemed the best instrument at hand, would not answer. Should the Imperial Government seriously entertain the question, and, in course of time, it will probably be compelled to do so, the question of a Pan-Britannic Council, if we may borrow a phrase from the weakest side of ecclesiasticism, will present itself for solution. Meanwhile, those who earnestly desire a closer bond of unity with the mother-country and with all her other colonial children, must possess their souls in patience.

The political pic-nic season has set in—the dreariest of the year. To men who read the ordinary media through which political information is conveyed to the public ear and understanding, they must seem inane and foolish enough. Why should rational men delight in the réchauffé of the 'funeral bak'd meats,' so often used before, which are served up on these dreary and wake-like occasions. Still there may be a *raison d'être* for such midsummer frolics, notwithstanding the meagreness of the intellectual fare. Even the Barmecide's feast, like your ordinary novel, had a good end, perhaps a good purpose. For one thing, it is well that our public men should have a holiday, with change of scene and freedom from anxiety, even though they must perforce combine a sort of business with the pursuit of health or pleasure. The Opposition leaders have an advantage in this respect, because they are completely without official anxiety or responsibility. They have only the old themes to present, garnished with such rhetorical flourishes as a ready wit and a practised tongue may improvise. Sir John Macdonald is particularly happy in this art; it is part of the secret of his popularity, notwithstanding the scores that are chalked up against him, that he is good-humoured, quick at repartee, a happy soul whom everybody likes, and, when he is seen and heard, one in whom we can believe there is no guile. The talk about a change in the leadership is probably a weak invention of the enemy. Age or infirmity may compel Sir John to retire; but so long as he has the required physical power, depend upon it he will not

leave his party, nor will his party, if it can help it, let him go. He, its life, soul, and all! eliminate him as a factor from any calculation of the party's chances the autumn after next, and where are they? The only Conservative reaction that we can descry is a reaction in favour of the leader; the people know his history, have not forgotten his faults, but looking in his face, they have learned to forget them all; and not only that, but not a few are beginning to think that he has been hardly dealt by. The hope of the Opposition is in its leader, and he is doing his party the best possible service in thus presenting himself before the people and exercising the weird influence of his personal magnetism. To Sir John these gatherings impart an added zest to the holiday season, notwithstanding the physical exertion they involve; he has no care for the morrow, or, so far as that is concerned, for to-day either. Mr. Mackenzie and Mr. Blake are cast in a different mould altogether; they have the cares of office upon them, yet that is not so great a drawback to them as might be supposed. It is to their advantage to speak in public in order to impress upon the people that they have been faithful custodians of the trust deposited in their hands, to refute calumny, and to vindicate their claims to the confidence of the people. This they can do, and with justice we believe, and therefore it is well that both friend and foe should meet them face to face. So far as official cares are concerned, they will work on their side, much as the hectic flush of disease or the wasted frame has often been taken as the last and most telling evidence of genius. This is the chief benefit of pic-nics, as the instinct of politicians has told them—the personal contact of the public man with those who have known him only through the distorted medium of the party journals.

There is one other political event of the month worthy of notice, and that may be dismissed in a few words. We refer to the recent changes in the Privy Council. That Mr. Blake, wearied by incessant toil, and suffering from impaired health, should seek repose, was not only justifiable to the country, but a duty both to the country and to himself. He possesses rare abilities, culture of the highest kind, and a conscience, whatever his opponents may say, of the most sensitive character. The statute-book of last Session, even if that were all that the country had received at his hands, will be a standing monument both to his versatile talents and to his unwearying industry. That he should have injured himself while he has served the Dominion must be a subject of universal regret; that he is entitled to rest is beyond dispute; and that he may soon be restored to health is, we believe, the earnest hope of all friends of Canada and its best interests. There, however, eulogy must pause; for the other two appointments can only be characterized as execrable. That Mr. Laflamme, a man utterly without character fitting him for so high a position, a man unacquainted with the jurisprudence of the vast English-speaking majority, a man over whose head the Damocles sword of expulsion from the House for electoral corruption hangs by a hair—that such a man should be made Minister of Justice would be in the last degree indecorous, if a lower deep had not been reached by making M. Cauchon Minister of Inland Revenue. Here is a man, who, in the opinion of the party with which he now acts, has been guilty of the grossest misconduct, and who was supposed to be shelved in the Cabinet without a portfolio, to keep him out of temptation, entrusted with the charge of a department, where he may chant the Beauport tune set to other words. It is appointments like these which make party politics peculiarly a reproach and an object of loathing or ridicule throughout the country.

Happily, during the vacation, these politics do not occupy much attention, except in those favoured localities which are blessed with pic-nics. What may be called ecclesiastical politics—and there is the authority of Hooker for the phrase—appeared to attract public attention most during last month. The church parliaments, under different names, have held their meetings during the month, and it must be gratifying to every one who desires the moral and spiritual progress of the Dominion to note the encouraging reports which have been submitted to them. Even the financial exhibit, notwithstanding commercial depression, is highly commendable. So far good; but there is a fly, perhaps

with greater propriety it may be said, there are two flies, in the pot of ointment. First, heresy; second, dissension. Mr. Roy's deposition from the Wesleyan ministry was a matter of course; although to depose a man after he has deposed himself, seems to be a work of supererogation. It was something like the excommunication of Luther after he had burned the pope's bull, only that had the justification of entailing, in theory, eternal consequences. There has been something mysterious in the dealings of the Methodist authorities throughout with this case. A finding from the committee, tersely and somewhat obscurely worded, was given to the public, a judgment which no one, save one behind the scenes, could rightly interpret. It does not appear whether the rev. gentleman accused was heard in his own defence or not; no reasons for the decision come to are vouchsafed, we do not say to us, but to the ministers and members of the Church itself. The Conference, also inquisitorial in character, settled the matter with closed doors, as if fearing to let in the light, and delivered itself of a sentimental motion which no one would wish to characterize. If there be any misunderstanding in the matter, the fault rests with the leaders of Conference, and not with outsiders. Had they proceeded in this case, as the Presbyterian General Assembly did in one similar, though certainly not analogous, no doubts and difficulties would exist, still less an igorance which was only invincible because they chose to make it so.

The Wesleyan Church in Canada is doing a good work, and we feel the deepest interest in its progress. Those who live in cities can hardly tell the importance of that work. Yet from the backwoods, even to the farthest limits of civilized settlement and beyond them, come the tidings of faithful service, unrecompensed or scantily rewarded save by the Master, which although it does not exactly parallel the wonderful work of the sainted Wesley, is, so far, a faithful following in his footsteps. It was but the other day that Archdeacon Philpotts, of Cornwall, speaking of John Wesley, at Truro, in defence of a Wesleyan minister be it observed, re-echoed the words of Wesley's, quoted by Mr. Roy: 'St. Paul had said that in every way in which Christ was preached, therein did he rejoice; and to the disciples who complained of the men who "followed not us," Jesus had replied, "He that is not against us is for us." . . . He looked upon John Wesley in somewhat the same light as one of the old prophets who were raised up from time to time to call the children of Israel from their ignorance, sloth, and sin.' The ven. archdeacon then proceeded to refer specially to Wesley's great work in Cornwall in highly eulogistic terms. But the work of Wesley was one thing and his method of church government quite another. So long as he lived he was a beneficent autocrat in that respect, and when he died, the clergy, his disciples of course and not his enemies, parted his vesture among them, and set up an ecclesiastical caste which unhappily rules the church called by his name to this day. The difference in mere procedure between the democratic constitution of Presbyterianism and the hieratic system of Methodism, could not be better illustrated than in the difference of treatment Messrs. Macdonnell and Roy have received. John Wesley intended that intellectual belief in this or that dogma should not be a test of discipleship; his Lord had not made it so, and why should he? But he did not see the inevitable result of sacerdotalism—the frigid crystallization of intellectual dogmas into symmetrical form, with a decay, not fatal, happily, of that deep and absorbing spirituality, almost amounting to mysticism, which possessed his own soul, indeed his whole being. John Milton, who would perhaps have been with Wesley had he flourished in the eighteenth instead of the seventeenth century, tells the story of the zeal for dogma when he speaks of those 'who, when God has set us in a fair allowance of way, never leave subtleizing and casuisting till they have straightened and paved that liberal path into a razor's edge to walk on.' A quotation, at second-hand, which leads us to another case illustrating its truth even more fully.

The difference between the Rev. Mr. Macdonell and the ecclesiastic authorities of his church, has been settled so amicably, and the settlement was so thankfully and even unctuously received, so soon as it was announced, that it would seem ungracious to rake up the white embers of an extinct

fire. Still it is a public duty to review the case, and place on record such impressions as arise from careful attention to it throughout. In the first place it is obvious that much of the trouble has arisen from a mere misunderstanding. Those who remember the sermon of Mr. Macdonnell which has been occasion, though not properly the cause, of all this trouble, will be ready to confess that the rev. gentleman never expressed any disbelief in the doctrine of everlasting punishment, whether taught in the Scripture or in the Presbyterian Confession. He only expressed the perplexities which seemed lay in the way, not of its acceptance, but of a hearty and complete assent to it. Some of these difficulties were exegetical or critical as applied the text of Scripture ; others, moral, and these of the weightiest character. Mr. Macdonnell's position, therefore, was this—if one who has not so much as seen or heard him may interpret it : 'This doctrine appears to be taught in Scripture, it is on the face of the Confession to which I have subscribed and to which I still adhere ; therefore I accept it : and yet I doubt.' That was Mr. Macdonnell's position at the first, and after all the 'subtleizing and casuisting,' again to employ the words of Milton, it was his position to the last. The report to the Presbytery stated simply that the reverend gentleman held no opinion at variance with the teaching of the Church. Surely it hardly required 'a categorical answer,' to turn the negative into an affirmative. The Rev. Dr. Topp and a two-thirds majority of the Assembly were of a different opinion, such is the subtlety of the clerical intellect. They required a direct and positive affirmation of a thorough belief in the doctrine ef endless punishment, without any quibble, such as the sacerdotal mind is always ready to find lurking under any other form of words than seem appropriate to it. To the lay understanding it surely would not have been difficult to deduce all that was wanted from the first statement of Mr. Macdonnell, remembering, as he does not fail to remind his opponents, that he had subscribed to the Confession and still adhered to it. That being the case, with the special addition that, on the particular doctrine at issue, he held no opinion at variance with the Confession, surely it followed that he adhered to the teachings of the Confession, subject to such doubts and difficulties as had perplexed, and still continued to perplex him on the matter. And strangely enough, this last statement, which was evidently the mere result of turning a negative into a positive, where the propositions were identical, was hailed with a joy which found utterance in one of the most joyous and yet prayerful of David's Psalms—one not spoilt even as it appears in the rugged but virile Scottish version.

It was a triumph, but for whom? It eems hardly fair, now that the struggle is over, to put that inquiry. Yet the question must be asked in the interest of truth—with whom, after all that fearful theological wrestling, and the curious hair-splitting which attended it, did the victory remain. Not with the majority, to which we desire to do no injustice. They were zealous, and even fearful, for the truth, anxious with sincere affection to bring back to the fold one they believed to be misled. There certainly was no personal hatred or animosity or ill-feeling displayed against Mr. Macdonnell from first to last. On the part of his opponents it was a battle for sound doctrine, waged with one who had strayed from the father's home, but had not lost the love which still burned for him there. Between zeal and love, however, they were blind, and at last accepted terms of reconciliation which, otherwise phrased, they had refused before. Should Mr. Macdonnell ever contemplate the publication of an autobiography, the interviews, the expostulations, the warnings, the threatenings, the coaxings, to which he had to submit, if they do not edify, will, at any rate, divert the uprising generation. That he was indiscreet in disclosing his doubts he admits ; but that his doubts have been removed he has steadfastly, and with the conscientious persistency of a Scot, refused to admit from first to last. Those 'doubts,' stated again so frankly in the declaration so eagerly accepted by the Assembly, may perhaps prove a bitter drop in the cup of joy, when only the flavour remains in the calm of solitude—*surgit amari aliquid, quod in ipsis floribus anget.* The victory, therefore, remains with the courageous young preacher who dared to be true to his conscience, while he strove to be loyal to his church. Mr. Macdonnell is probably right in thinking that the public exposure of his perplex-

ities was an error in judgment. Perhaps it was; it certainly was, according to the code in fashion for ages past. As a clergyman of a church peculiarly strict on points of expounded belief, though exceeding lax on suppressed unbelief, it was probably injudicious that he should have exposed himself as he did. But the 'standards' are, in fact, riddled through and through, for there are as many as a dozen propositions contained in them, which neither Dr. Topp, nor any other Presbyterian clergyman, not only does not believe, but repudiates altogether, and when he preaches, preaches another gospel. It would be an edifying sight, did the forms of the Assembly permit, to have called for the reading of that venerable instrument, the Confession, clause for clause, with a request for a vote upon it. It is possible that many more heretics than Mr. Macdonnell might be found within the ranks of the majority. Fundamentals are at stake, is the cry; pray, what are the Calvinistic doctrines of reprobation and infant damnation, but fundamentals? If you find fault with Mr. Macdonnell for doubting, what should be your punishment for implicitly denying? The result is a triumph for a clergyman, whom we should injure by endeavouring to associate with liberal religious opinions; it is not at all necessary to do so. Those who are of the tribe of Ephraim may be joined to their idols and let alone; Mr. Macdonnell, on the contrary, remains with his church under conditions most honourable to himself; and there are many, not of that fold, who wish him heartily a long career of usefulness.

Reference was made, at the outset, to religious dissension; the special illustration of it must unfortunately be the Toronto Synod of the Church of England, or more correctly, the diocese of Toronto, as its party divisions are reflected at that Synod. The causes of quarrel are not of yesterday; but their bitterness has been intensified by the altered aspect of one party and the increased activity of both. As factors in the calculation, the 'High and Dry' and the 'Low and Slow' have disappeared. The Tractarian movement set on foot at Oxford some forty years ago by Dr. John Henry Newman and his coadjutors, and its new stage of development, known as Ritualism, together with the vigorous and somewhat violent resistance they have provoked, appear to have brought the Church of England to the verge of dissolution, and ensured, in all probability, a result which assaults from without have hitherto been powerless to effect. It would be fruitless to enquire where the blame lies; perhaps some share of it must be laid at the door of those who left the 'standards' of the church—its Liturgy, Articles, Rubrics, and Canons—as they now are. But then the question arises: Were not these instruments intentionally left in a fluid and ambiguous state? Judging from the Thirty-nine Articles, with their loose and elastic definitions, and still more from the history of the Anglican Church during the period when the entire system was in process of incubation, especially its latter portion, we should conclude this laxity and ambiguity were of set purpose. If that conclusion be demonstrably correct, it follows that mutual forbearance, rather than war to the knife, not to speak of its Christian sanctions, is, and ought to be, the rule and practice of the churchman. Where one party or the other conducts its side of the controversy with acerbity or uncharitableness—there lies the fault; where one party, being temporarily in the ascendant, treats the other with disdain or injustice, or endeavours to drive it to the wall, there again the cloven foot appears. Now, in England, the machinery of the law has been invoked, as it appears to us, for the purposes of persecution. No party, for party it may be called, which has no distinctive creed of its own, can possibly have less sympathy with the 'fripperies of ecclesiastical millinery' than the Broad Church, and yet, in the interest of liberal comprehension, they are ranged with the Ritualists, not from sympathy, strictly speaking, but from an impartial love of justice. In former days, when the Judicial Committee had control of ecclesiastical affairs, each party had been brought to task: the Gorham case was decided in favour of the Evangelicals; the High Church party have had more than one triumph, when on the defensive; and the Broad Church section was victorious in the case of Mr. Maurice, and subsequently in those which followed the publication of *Essays and Reviews*. The judgment of May last, delivered by the ecclesiastical division of the Supreme Court against Mr. Ridsdale, of Folkstone, is the

first notable case, for Mr. Voysey's may be left out of view, in which the highest tribunal known to the law has attempted to narrow church comprehension, or abridge the legitimate liberty of any party within the Church. It virtually decided, according as the Ritualists put it, that the Rubric prefixed to Morning Prayer, which, having the force of law, provides what ornaments, including vestments, 'shall be retained and be in use,' viz., those legally in use under 2 Edward VI., must be construed to mean that some of these 'ornaments' 'shall *not* be retained and be in use.' Extra-judicially, an effort has been made to prove that the alb, cope, and chasuble were not used at that period; but the court certainly took no such ground. On the point at issue we cannot be expected to offer an opinion; but here the question arises, why should not an effort be made at conciliation, 'instead,' as a liberal church writer puts it, 'of trying to establish an impossible uniformity.' The Ridsdale judgment will certainly be disregarded by the whole party compromised by it. High Churchmen who are not Ritualists, the venerable Dr. Pusey for example, unite with the latter in counselling 'passive' resistance. This is a serious state of things, and since it is the immediate fruit of pushing matters to extremes, it would seem to be a sufficient warning to churchmen here, where no such important *casus belli* has arisen, to bear and forbear.

Now, in the diocese of Toronto, the breach has been growing wider year by year, especially since the death of Dr. Strachan, who controlled the disturbing elements with firm yet gentle hand. It was almost a pleasure to receive a check from the late Bishop, it was given so good-humouredly. Bishop Bethune has, no doubt, strong inclinations in favor of one party, but he has endeavored to hold the balance with faithful impartiality between both disputants. Notwithstanding the attacks made upon his latest Synodical utterance, we believe that to be his earnest desire still; his intentions are as upright as ever, although they may have been warped unconsciously by prejudice, when put into practical effect It is not at all necessary to defend either the principles or the practice of the *soi-disant* Evangelical party; there is much in both to render them distasteful to every liberal-minded man. At the same time, they are entitled to justice and fair play; their sincere convictions should be scrupulously respected; and their efforts, by organization and liberal contributions, to aid the work of the Church, and thus demonstrate the earnestness of those convictions, should not be lightly, still less evil, spoken of. If they are satisfied that the theological teaching of Trinity College is unsound or incomplete, they should have a right to establish, out of their own resources, a college of their own. Therefore, it appears to us that the Bishop was ill-advised when, *in limine*, he placed his ban upon it, and declared his intention of refusing ordination to any who may hereafter study there. If such students, on examination by his examining chaplain or by himself, shall prove to be unsound in their views, the remedy is within his own person, in each individual case; but to proclaim, in advance, that no student will be ordained, under any circumstances, if and because he has attended a particular institution, not yet in working order, is a step which we venture to say no Anglican Bishop has taken before. There are many training colleges in England supplementing its three Universities, some, if not the major part, of which must have been established without the direct sanction of the diocesan; yet no Bishop has yet deliberately censured one of them. Whether a candidate has been trained at a college, educated by private tutors, or by his own study, should be of no moment, so long as by character, culture, and soundness of opinion, in the liberal Anglican sense, he proves himself fitted for the sacred office.

We are free to admit that to the missions of the Church Association, which is the *bete noire*, there are some valid objections. Concentration in effort, especially in a country like ours, is of incalculable importance, and it would be decidedly better that the energies of the Church should not be frittered away by diverting them into numerous channels and thus entailing a lamentable waste of motive power. Division of labour is a good; but dissipation of energy is unquestionaby an evil, even though, by division, you increase the aggregate amount of force. It is stated, evidently by a High Churchman, for he hails from Keble College, Oxford, that, even

amongst the heathen, the rivalry between the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, &c., which is High Church, and the Church Missionary Society, which was established by the Low Church, has worked incalculable mischief. Where the one has already a flourishing mission, the other steps in, and establishes another; since there are really not two churches merely, but, in effect, two denominations; for, 'the Jews have no dealings with the Samaritans.' In England, where there is unlimited wealth, so much of which is spent indiscreetly in religious and charitable work, this maiming of the vigour at command is inappreciable; here it is far otherwise. From the same authority may be quoted an extract from a speech of the Low Church Bishop of Durham, published in the *Guardian* of May 9th, in which he held 'that the management of the C. M. S. was preferable to that of a Bishop, of a Board of Bishops, of Convocation, or of Synods. He showed Evangelical men that they could never hope to be adequately represented in these assemblies. . . . That Evangelical work must be done by Evangelical men, who would not overlay the truth with rubbish from Rome.' That, expressed with all the brusqueness of South, is, in the diocese of Toronto, the attitude of the 'Evangelicals;' and all we contend for is, that these views —prejudices, if you prefer it—should be respected, and that one party in the Church should have rights recognized as equal by the other, no matter which of them may happen to be dominant—a singular word in the Christian vocabulary. That strange sort of power which possesses the 'Evangelicals' may, after all, compensate for divergence in the mode of action, as between the parties. Their watchwords are fanciful, and are entitled to less weight than they imagine. 'Sacerdotalism,' 'Sacramentarianism,' 'Ritualism,' are, all three, generic and not specific terms; for they may be found everywhere. Sacerdotalism is Methodist and, as we learn from a motion by an elder in the General Assembly, Presbyterian, as well as Anglican; in fact, wherever you have a priest or a parson, there is sacerdotalism in practice, if not in theory. Sacramentarianism descends in a stream from the time when the tables were fenced to the days of the close-communion Baptists. Ritualism may be illustrated by the objurgatory speech of the Rev. Dr. Robb, whose notions of the order of public worship were shocked by an organ accompaniment at the opening of the General Assembly, in a church where it was ordinarily used, and where the assembled wisdom of the Presbyterian Church sat as guests. There is a negative as well as a positive pole to what is known as Ritualism. Yet, although we have no confidence in their battle-cries, we insist that the 'Evangelicals' are entitled to fair play, and that was not accorded to them at the Synod.

Even when the prayer for unity had hardly lost its echo, in ever-widening ripples through infinite space, the mockery of it appeared. Whether from heedlessness or doubt of the power of prayer it is difficult to say, but the spirit of disunion made its appearance at once, and partyism raised its head and put forth with its voice what had been uppermost in its heart when it was pleading at the throne of grace against itself. Neither party was to blame, perhaps, more than the other; both came for combat, not for concord, and it was immaterial which of them commenced the fray. It is of course open to the majority to plead that Dr. Hodgins, having held the office for a number of years, should give place to another. Subsequently, the *arrière-pensée* appeared, when a member revealed the fact that the proposed change had been disingenuously submitted, and that the real cause of it was the lay Secretary's adherence to the Church Association. Dr. Hodgins made a grave mistake in commenting on the result; because, if Mr. Murray's election was filling the office from one party of the Church, his own would have been similarly objectionable. Still it is clear that the sudden change in the lay Secretaryship, without substantial reason, was not merely an undeserved slight, so far as Dr. Hodgins is concerned, but a bold first move in the policy of 'Thorough'—a *mot de guerre* the dominant party appear to have adopted from Archbishop Laud and Strafford. The very fact that the office had been so long held by one member, so far from being a justifiable cause for his removal, as alleged rather lamely by Ald. Boswell, was the best possible reason why he should not be superseded, except for

cause shown. And when the real motive was at last exposed, and the change appeared to be the fruit of party feeling, the last shred of justification was torn away. When the Standing Committees were appointed, the determination of the majority not to deal fairly by their opponents became still more clear to view. Even Archdeacon Whitaker was virtually compelled to admit that justice had not been meted out to his opponents, by moving that the list should be referred back for revision and amendment. Even taking the vote upon the Seeretaryship as a fair test of party strength, it could not be contended that the 'Evangelical' party were fairly represented, especially upon those committees which were to directly determine the character and course of diocesan operations. Had those who profess so loudly their desire for unity, given expression to it in acts rather than words, the meeting, notwithstanding differences too palpable to be concealed, might have begun and ended in harmony and good temper. Peace and unity are expressions always in the mouths of those having the power in their hands, and are reiterated oftenest by those who are determined to use that power without scruple or consideration. Any phrase of the sort becomes a bitter mockery, where the maxim of the dominant party is that attributed to Sir George Cartier—*nous avons l'advantage—profitons en.* Perhaps the somewhat peevish manner in which some of the minority resigned their places on the committee was not in the best taste; Mr. Clarke Gamble's determination to do his duty on behalf of the Church was no doubt the worthier and manlier one; still Messrs. Vice-Chancellor Blake and his friends are hardly to be blamed if they felt it their duty to refuse to act where they were powerless to give their opinions effect, and might possibly appear to be consenting parties to a sacrifice of the best interests of the Church, and the still more important interests of Truth. The Rev. Mr. Boddy made a creditable attempt at peace-making; but whether an *eirenicon* would prove available at this juncture is unfortunately doubtful. Everything depends on mutual forbearance, and of that christian virtue there is but a limited supply at present in the diocese of Toronto. The minority is excited, irritable, unreasonable, and defiant; the majority overbearing and without any well-defined sense of justice and fair-play. It is in the power of the latter to place its opponents in the wrong by evincing a practical desire to live as brethren with those who have been driven into an attitude of thinly veiled rebellion. It is to be hoped that during the synodical year some efforts will be put forth to heal the unseemly dissensions of the Church, and establish its peace and unity upon a substantial and enduring basis.

The quarrel between the Sulpician Seminary at Oka, on the Lake of Two Mountains, and the Protestant Indians, has now culminated in the destruction of the Catholic Church and Presbytery by fire. It may be taken for granted that some of the red men were guilty of this crime, though it is quite evident it was not done with the knowledge or consent, much less with the approval, of the chiefs and the tribe. Where a question of property or *quasi* proprietary rights is involved, it is always well to await the judgment of the Courts, especially when, as in this case, one of the parties is Indian; and it is scarcely necessary to point out that Indian notions of tenure are not always either clear or sound. The whole matter is by no means so free from obscurity as zealots on either side would have the public believe. The cause of the trouble is evident enough; but the legal points in controversy are exceedingly hard to solve in the absence of clearer testimony as to facts and law than has yet been given to the world. This has doubtless arisen from the relationship which for a long time subsisted between the Seminary and the Indians. The former, in some sort, may be said to have stood *in loco parentis* to the Indians; indeed, one of the conditions of the patent granted more than a century and a half ago by the French King was, that the priests of the Seminary should impart moral and religious instruction to the natives. The Seminary granted to each head of a family a plot of ground, with right to cut wood on the land belonging to the Seminary, to hunt, and also to use a common for pasturage. The family plots were not absolutely granted, since the right to lease or transfer without the consent of the Seminary was withheld; still, to all intents and purposes, and certainly in the opinion of the Indian occupants, the property was theirs. At any rate, it is unlikely that any

question would have arisen on the subject but for an unforeseen change in the relations between the red men and their ecclesiastical parents. According to the French papers, the Indians of Oka were in a state of innocent happiness, only less enviable than that of our first parents in the garden of Eden; but the serpent, in the shape of a Methodist minister, entered Paradise and tempted the Iroquois to sin by forsaking the true Church and embracing Protestantism. This, of course, was, in the Catholic view, *fons et origo mali;* and the fathers of the Seminary and their agents soon made their rebellious children sensible of the fact. The 'perverts' were harassed in every conceivable way, by law, and without law. Charges of trespass were the ordinary legal methods, and the destruction of the fences which enclosed the common falls under the other category. The three chiefs purchased from an old Indian woman, sixty years in possession, a plot of land in trust for the Wesleyan congregation, and upon it a chapel was erected. The Seminary immediately brought an action of ejectment, and, after prolonged litigation, the Fathers were held to be the owners of the church site. With malicious glee, some French Canadians immediately demolished the Iroquois place of worship, and the feud was rendered more violent than ever. This took place a year and a half ago, and the breach has been widening ever since. Now, although the Seminary had the law upon their side, their action was cruel as well as impolitic, as recent events have shown. The spirit shown by the Church throughout has been the reverse of Christian; in fact, when it was considered that they were harassing and maltreating a handful of helpless, semi-civilized creatures, their conduct throughout deserves the severest censure. The *odium theologicum* may not, in our time and country, be as bloodthirsty as the *odium barbaricum*, but it is just as bitter and relentless. Chief Joseph, who seems to be a man of great shrewdness, appears to have no hope of any satisfactory arrangement with the Seminary; he was unwilling to trust himself and his tribe to Col. Amyot and the Provincial Police, and declared plainly that he had no confidence in M. Chapleau and his Government. Of law, they have had enough since their 'apostacy,' and the very name of Ste. Scholastique, the local seat of justice, must be hateful to them. If no compromise can be effected, the matter should be immediately taken in hand by the Dominion Government, the constitutional protectors of the native tribes. It is whispered that a fear of finally alienating the Quebec Ultramontane party will tie the hands of Mr. Mackenzie and his colleagues, and hinder them from taking action. Surely this is an invention of the enemy, utterly false and baseless, since it would be exceedingly discreditable on their part to shirk a plain duty because those people on whose behalf it should be met and discharged are so weak as to render it safe to neglect them. Upon Mr. Mills, especially, devolves the duty of bestirring himself in the settlement of this unhappy embroglio. No one doubts his integrity, and it would be gratifying, at this juncture, to receive some evidence of his tact and firmness. It will be a great mistake to lose sight of the equities of the case, or to deal with the Indian by rigid legal rules, when he is contending with an enormously rich and powerful ecclesiastical corporation, backed by all the potent influence of the hierarchy. Still, a case, we believe, might legally be submitted to the Supreme Court, after some *pro forma* proceedings in the Quebec Courts; if so, this should be done. Unfortunately, this is just one of those matters one would scarcely care to submit to such a Minister of Justice as M. Laflamme, who is peculiarly anxious to prove the fervour and reality of his Catholicism at any cost.

The calamitous fire at St. John, New Brunswick, is one of those 'current events' which the chronicler would fain have been spared. That so terrible a misfortune has excited the warmest and deepest sympathy all over the county, it is scarcely necessary to say; it is more to the purpose that the feeling of commiseration has proved its intrinsic value by prompt and liberal assistance to the sufferers. Nothing could have come more unexpectedly upon the sister city, and the wide-spread destruction could hardly have been wrought in a shorter time or with greater completeness. In the middle of business hours—at half-past two in the afternoon—on the brink of the harbour, in a boiler-shop, in the suburb of Portland, the conflagration began. Portland has a

separate government of its own, in whose eyes economy is of greater importance than security. Close to the place where the fire broke out, there is an extensive rookery of old wooden buildings, dry and well-seasoned for the burning. If St. John had been built over a huge gunpowder vault, with Guy Fawkes as its custodian, the constant danger of its destruction could hardly have been less threatening. It was, in fact, but a question of time; and unfortunately the fire occurred at the worst possible time. There was a violent north-west wind blowing, and it needs but a glance at a plan of the city to tell what that would mean, when the conflagration began at York Point Slip, with plenty of dry material ready laid by the hand of man. In a few hours the allied elements, fire and air, had reduced the entire business portion to a mass of ruins, as well as the better class of dwelling-houses to the south and south-east. Public buildings, houses of business, hotels, printing-offices, churches, and theatres, were involved in a common ruin with the residences of the middle-classes and the humbler dwellings of the poor. Whether of stone, brick, or wood, made no difference; for the fire was no respecter of material. On and in the neighbourhood of the Ballart Wharf, near the promontory to the south of the city, between the bay and the railway, as many as fifteen thousand homeless people, for the most part destitute and without food, passed the night of the 20th. Happily there is no need to urge liberal contributions in aid of the sufferers. Corporations and trade boards, public meetings and churches, are fully alive to the important duty required. The great *desiderata* are promptitude in giving and transmitting, and the widening of the scale of liberality. There should be no delay, both because the needs are urgent, and also because it would greatly lighten the work and responsibility of the relief committees on the spot, to know the extent of the fund upon which they may draw. It would also ensure a more equable and effective application of relief. Some of the ecclesiastical bodies have promptly directed collections in all the churches under their jurisdiction, and this will go far to ensure the widening of the area of liberality so as to include the whole country. It is of no slight importance to impress every portion of the Dominion with a feeling of common brotherhood, as members of the same nationality, and this unhappy occasion may well be embraced to give it practical demonstration. If for this reason alone, it is highly desirable that every locality, so far as may be, should be enrolled in the list of contributors to the Relief Fund.

The French Monarchists who have managed to beguile Marshal McMahon and draw him into devious paths, continue to pursue the fatuous course expected of them. The *coup de tête*, as it has been called, of May 16th, was but the first overt move in a conspiracy which had been long in contemplation. The proof of this is the fact, that M. Fourton, the Minister of the Interior under De Broglie, knew immediately where to lay his hands upon refractory Prefects, and was quite ready at a moment's notice to replace them by men who could be depended upon. On the re-assembling of the Chamber, a medley of constitutionalism, Bourbonism, and Bonapartism, under the guise of a message from the President, was read, to which little heed was paid by the majority. So long as the discussion failed to reach fever heat, all went well; but the moment Frenchmen get excited the best ordered plan of moderation is temporarily sacrificed—suspended, they would probably say. Still, on the whole, the sections of the Left were unusually moderate, even in the face of M. Fourton's contemptuous remark, that the Government did not care for the Chamber or its orders of the day, because they intended to appeal to the country. M. Gambetta's calm reply was: 'The country shall judge between us.' It is, in fact, altogether owing to the studied moderation of 'the dictator of Bordeaux,' as he is contemptuously termed by the Right, that the country, especially Paris and the large towns of the South, have remained tranquil during the impudent interregnum which now exists. The leaders of the party are no doubt convinced that moderation in language and action is their prime card; and the efforts of the Monarchical and Imperial parties to ruffle their temper and drive them to excesses prove that De Broglie deems it necessary to do so by some means or other. Hence the mysterious seizure of M. Duverdier, head of the Municipal Council, at dead of night, without the knowledge of his family, and

his imprisonment in Mazas; the wanton assaults upon the press; the instructions of the Prefects to prosecute all offenders, couched in terms so general as to cover the entire Opposition party—'falsehood,' to be interpreted at pleasure, is one of the offences; and the deliberate system of insulting language used by Ministers and their representatives in the press. They have failed to drive the party of M. Gambetta into extremes, and that is what chiefly galls the reactionists. The only thing that can possibly turn the scale in favor of De Broglie is some excess or intemperance of language from the leaders of the Left; the latter are quite aware of that, and, however difficult it may be to manage the masses of their party, their motto will be 'moderation,' at least until the elections are over, and their triumph secured, as it will doubtless be, in spite of all the fraud and terrorism M. Fourton will most unscrupulously employ. The stratagem of putting forward McMahon as the figure-head, and threatening that he would resign and restore the reign of chaos, will also be futile. To speak of the probable defeat of the President, and to alarm the people with the inevitable results of that event, is the best possible argument against the usurpation of May. What business had he to put himself in a position where he was liable to defeat? Whose fault is it that his name will be invoked at the polls by one party, and introduced with anything but respect by the other? His own. The personal appeal, however, will be of little avail at the ballot box; since the issue will not be between McMahon and Gambetta, but McMahon and Thiers—the President who settled the war, paid the indemnity, and restored order by the suppression of the Commune. His services have not been forgotten by the mass of the French people, and when, to the hatred of the May *coup d' etat*, is added their attachment to an old and tried public servant, the issue of the elections cannot be doubtful, notwithstanding the powerful machinery in the hands of the Government. The Senate has, of course, been prevailed on, without difficulty, to grant a dissolution of the Chamber. Obviously, when the latter, by a vote of 365 to 153, repudiated De Broglie and his set, there was nothing left for it, if ministers were to enjoy even three months' peace, but an attempt to see what the chapter of accidents might have in store for the party. Meanwhile the continued presence of the Duke Decazes at the Foreign office, and the excessive protestations of the President and his other Ministers, have not blinded Germany to the serious peril involved in the seizure of power by the most bigoted of the Ultramontane party.

The reception of Gen. Grant in England is, no doubt, as flattering to himself as it is evidently gratifying to his countrymen; but he is hardly a 'lion' in the strict sense of the term, and to all, save Americans themselves, no proof was needed of English cordiality and goodwill to the United States. The ex-President has certainly acquitted himself creditably, and if our American cousin is put in a better humour by the English demonstrations over him, so much the better, if the fit lasts long enough. It is to be feared that it will hardly endure until the Canadian fisheries are appraised and paid for, or that all the expressions of satisfaction over Grant's reception will add a dollar to the price they will be willing to pay for what they used without leave, or purchased upon credit.

The Eastern question remains, so far as diplomacy is concerned, *in statu quo ante bellum*. There are from time to time newspaper reports of negotiations, alliances, ruptures, and reconciliations, which are not worth the paper on which they are printed. Austria is not going to aid Turkey, because to do so would be to commit suicide, or at least to shiver her heterogeneous empire into fifty fragments. England, considering that Russia has scarcely moved a step in the direction of Constantinople since Mr. Cross gave a solemn assurance that peace should be preserved between her and Russia, is not on the eve of proving Lord Beaconsfield's representative a deceiver, or the published blue books and despatches elaborate falsehoods. The fact is, that, in the delay in active warfare, which seems intolerable after the Italian war, the Austro-German six weeks' contest, and the Franco-German duel of 1870, journalists do not know what to do with themselves. They are at their wit's end for something to pen concerning a war which persists in hanging fire most inconsiderately. The pro-Turkish papers have gone so far afield as to have hit upon

an annexation of Egypt to the British empire —a most advisable step, if only in mercy to the oppressed Egyptians, but sounding strange when trumpeted forth by the party which has been driven almost rabid by any proposal looking to a disintegration of the rotten Turkish empire, whether it took the form of a free Christian government north of the Balkans, or the annexation of Eastern Armenia to Russia by way of war indemnity. The victory remains with Mr. Gladstone and the sound heart of England, and the bondholders, who have only themselves to blame, with their allies, the men of the clubs, may as well surrender at discretion. It is unnecessary to make any guesses at the position of affairs in Asia Minor. The Turks, we now know, have not retaken Ardahan, and we may be perfectly sure they have not re-possessed themselves of Bayazid. Lying is necessary just now at Constantinople, where matters have come to so wretched a pass that, every now and again, it is a question whether Russia will shake the Turk to pieces by external violence, or whether he will perish by spontaneous combustion or explosion within. The Russians, it may now be considered, have crossed the Danube on their extreme left. The advanced guard passed over at Ibraila into the Dobrudscha, seized the heights above Matchin after a brief skirmish with the Bashi-bazouks, and thus forced the evacuation of that town, which they immediately occupied. There are rumours of crossing also to the west, at Hirsova and Leni, but these are not confirmed, and we still wait patiently for the next act in the tragic drama, upon which the curtain is slowly rising.

June 23rd, 1877.

BOOK REVIEWS.

BRYAN WALLER PROCTER (Barry Cornwall). An Autobiographical Fragment and Biographical Notes, with Personal Sketches of Contemporaries, unpublished Lyrics, and Letters of Literary Friends. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1877; Toronto: Hart and Rawlinson.

This title, which we have purposely quoted in full, is rich in promise to the lovers of literary gossip who are aware of the wide circle of Mr. Procter's acquaintance among the most celebrated of two generations of writers. Those who need to be told of it, will find at an early stage in this little volume, 'a limited selection from the list,' which contains over eighty names, of which, as he cannot quote all, we will quote none. It must suffice to say that it includes almost every name which rose into fame in English literature during the eighty-seven years of Mr. Procter's life. His reminiscences, therefore, formed a mine of interest which it is all the more deeply to be regretted he did not work to a far greater extent, when we see the quality of the few rich nuggets which he did bring up. It was not until his seventy-ninth year that he commenced the fragmentary sketches which are here given, numbering in all about twenty-three besides a short account of the 'London Magazine' and its brilliant staff. Mr. Coventry Patmore, who, aided by Mrs. Procter, has edited this volume, tells us that they form 'but a small portion of the portrait gallery' which it seems to have been Mr. Procter's long-cherished intention to paint, and they are evidently nothing more than very rough draughts; the MS. having many double readings, notes to the effect of 'correct this,' etc. Nevertheless, these 'Recollections,' in connection with the 'Letters from Literary Friends,' form undoubtedly the most interesting and valuable portion of the present volume.

There are few pleasures in a literary way surpassing that of having names, which we know and love as little more than names, clothed for us, as these are here, with distinctive personality. Procter's style is so simple and direct, that there is at first a temtation to call it unfinished; but its naïve abruptness wins upon us, and very soon we find ourselves in the hands of a master. When we close the book, the impression on our minds of each individuality is clear and firm, if broken and incomplete. Lamb, Leigh Hunt, and Hazlitt, among all his friends, were

most intimate with Procter personally, and exerted most influence over his literary character. The great *Edinburgh* reviewer, Lord Jeffrey, in a very appreciative and kindly estimate of his poems, says, 'the natural bent of his genius is more like that of Leigh Hunt than any other author. . . . . But he has better taste and better judgment; or, what is perhaps but saying the same thing, he has less affectation and far less conceit.' Procter could not but see this fault in his friend, but he softens blame of it almost into praise, saying that Leigh Hunt 'had no vanity, in the usually accepted meaning of the word. I mean that he had not that exclusive vanity which rejects almost all things beyond self. He gave as well as received; no one more willingly. He accepted praise less as a mark of respect from others, than as a delight of which we are entitled to partake, such as spring weather, the scent of flowers, or the flavor of wine.' Procter's admiration for Hazlitt was great and unswerving, and late in his life we find him writing to James W. Fields: 'I despair of the age that has forgotten to read Hazlitt.' He grows a little indignant over the biographical essay in which De Quincey disparaged Hazlitt; but, apparently, the amenities of literature were thrown overboard on both sides by those writers. 'Mr. De Quincey and Hazlitt thought poorly of each other. Hazlitt pronounced verbally that the other would be good only "whilst the opium was trickling from his mouth," but he never published anything derogatory to the other's genius. De Quincey, on the other hand, seems to have forced opportunities for sneering at Hazlitt.' For De Quincey, Procter has but scant praise, and, in our opinion, allows a little prejudice to influence him in dwelling almost altogether on his faults. But it is not the prejudice of ignorance, and what injustice there is in his view is shown, not in the fault-finding, but in a seeming blindness to much of De Quincey's merit. He doubts whether De Quincey knew Lamb as intimately as he professes to have done in his 'three straggling essays' on that writer. During a close friendship, from 1818 to Lamb's death in 1834, Proctor avers that he never heard him refer to De Quincey 'or mention his name upon any single occasion.' We are tempted to dwell at much greater length upon this part of the book, and upon the letters; but our space is limited, and what little we have remaining must be devoted to some account of the other portions, and of the lovable man around whom all its interest centres.

The autobiographical fragments, which, interspersed with biographical notes by the editor, occupy the first section of the book, are very scanty; and it is characteristic of Procter, that the sketch which is called autobiographical deals more with others than with himself. Patmore says of him as a man, that he was a 'simple, sincere, shy, and delicate soul;' that his conversation 'had little decision or "point," in the ordinary sense, and often dwelt on truths which a novelty-loving society banishes from its repertory as truisms,' but that this 'never disturbed the effect, in any assemblage, of his real distinction. His silence seemed wiser, his simplicity subtler, his shyness more courageous, than the wit, philosophy, and assurance of others.'

The few events of his life are soon told, and have little interest but what they gain from his naïve and simple relation of them. His father, beginning life in a merchant's counting-house, was soon placed in a position of well-to-do independence by some bequest, and Procter was born at a comfortable distance from both extremes of worldly circumstances. He dwells with almost amusing insistence on the absence of anything remarkable, either in his life or in his own character and abilities. He says of himself: 'Nothing particularly marked my childhood. I was found to be much as boys usually are . . . It seemed my destiny to float along from the cradle to the grave on the happy stream of mediocrity. My tastes, even as I recollect, were common enough. My senses were indeed attracted by the scent of the violet, the April grass and flowers; I heard music in the winds, and running river; . . . . Such I was, when very young (almost too young), sent to a small boarding-school near London.' He was at this time only about five years old. Leaving the subject from which he takes every opportunity of departing,—himself,—he gives at this point a loving and pathetic sketch of his old French master at this school, an *emigré* named Monsieur Molière, whom fortune had left only 'the ability to labor and endure; perhaps these were nearly all his poor possessions.' Charles Lamb might have written such delicate lines as those in which Procter describes this man; but to attempt to convey their charm in an extract would be as wise as to cut a sample strip from a water-colour.

At about thirteen Procter was sent to Harrow, where he remained four years. Among his school-fellows were the future Sir Robert Peel and Lord Byron. He was fond of relating how Peel once undertook 'to write for him an imposition of Latin verse for a consideration of half-a-crown; but whether the future great financier ever got paid, was more than Mr. Procter could undertake to remember.' In his 'Recollections,' he says of Lord Byron, 'I had not seen him since about 1800, when he was a scholar in Dr. Drury's house, with an iron cramp on one of his feet, with loose corduroy trousers plentifully relieved by ink, and with finger-nails bitten to the quick.'

The profession for which Procter was intended was the law, and at first there seemed

every likelihood of his being added to the long list of those who have deserted it entirely for literature. Instead of reading law, he read hard at English poetry, from Chaucer to Burns, and then took to writing it. He produced most between the years 1815 and 1823, at which latter date his 'Flood of Thessaly, and Other Poems' saw the light; but the work to which he chiefly owes his place in our literature, his 'English Songs,' appeared in 1832; and his 'Essays and Tales in Prose,' in 1853. The lyrics published for the first time in the present volume are not likely to add to his laurels, with the possible exception of the last one, entitled 'Exhumo.' After his marriage, in 1824, he did as very few of those have done who have taken his first step, from law to literature; turning once more to his profession, and welcoming the hard and rather monotonous work of a conveyancer with a zest that may fairly be called surprising, after his indulgence of almost antipodal tastes. There are very many who have 'penned a sonnet while they should engross,' but by no means many who, having met with such success as Barry Cornwall's, in verse, have left it to go back to the prosiest of prose. In 1831 he was called to the bar, and in 1832 was appointed a Commissioner of Lunacy. His long and peaceful life came to an end in 1874. Mr. Patmore has appropriately closed his biographical notes by the insertion of the beautiful poem by Swinburne, which appeared on the death of 'Barry Cornwall':—

'Beloved of men, whose words on our lips were honey,
Whose name in our ears and our fathers' ears was sweet.'

There can be no question as to the enjoyment which is to be derived from this volume as a whole. But its very fragmentary character spoils it for steady perusal, making progress through it very jerky. Its flavor is best obtained by dipping into it here and there at random.

PHYSIOLOGICAL ÆSTHETICS. By Grant Allen, B.A. London: Henry T. King & Co. 1877.

The most cursory reader of the philosophy of the day must be aware how closely the investigation into the relations of mental phenomena with the material organism, or as many prefer to put it, their origin from it, is pursued by some of the most profound thinkers of the age. What we term æsthetic feelings and pleasures have hitherto been comparatively neglected in this investigation. Even the Germans, as Prof. Bain recently remarked, have been accustomed to consider them subjectively, as purely mental phenomena, rather than as effects from physical causes. But relentless science has begun to seize now even on these more ethereal emotions, and will not allow us any longer to simply enjoy a beautiful landscape, a noble statue, or an exquisite poem, without telling us exactly *how* our enjoyment arises from the effect produced on our nervous organization by the forces of the external world.

It is doubly satisfactory to a Canadian critic, in noticing an able and suggestive work on this subject, to recognize the fact that it is written by a Canadian—Mr. Grant Allen, son of Mr. J. A. Allen, of Kingston. No one who has read Mr. Grant Allen's contributions to the CANADIAN MONTHLY will be surprised to find that he has produced a book, of which an eminent authority in England speaks as a 'valuable contribution to analytical philosophy,' or to note in his treatment of such a subject, clear and distinct thought and expression, acute and delicate observation, careful and subtle analysis, and a poetical as well a philosophical view when the subject admits of it. To start with, Mr. Allen thus defines æsthetic pleasures and pains: 'By the æsthetic pleasures and pains we mean those which result from the contemplation of the beautiful or the ugly, in art or nature, alike in the actuality and in the idea. So that, speaking properly, the subject-matter of our investigation will be the feelings aroused in man by the beautiful in nature, and in the arts of architecture, painting, sculpture, music, and poetry; special attention being paid throughout to the component factors of the last.' In the outset of his investigation, he first examines the nature of pleasures and pains generally, differentiating afterwards the feeling we call æsthetic. By a very ingenious and aptly illustrated process of investigation, he arrives at the conclusion that 'pain is the subjective concomitant of destructive action or insufficient nutrition in any sentient tissue. Pleasure is the subjective concomitant of the normal amount of function in any such tissue.'

From this position, he goes on to discuss the pleasures and pains of what are more especially called the 'æsthetic' senses, in regard to which he makes the following suggestive remark: 'In the lower senses, almost every activity has a direct bearing upon life-giving functions. But in the higher and specially æsthetic senses, sight and hearing, no activity bears directly upon these functions, and comparatively few indirectly. And it is just because the eye and ear are so little connected with vitality, that theirs are specially the æsthetic senses. It is the business of Art to combine as many as possible of their pleasurable sensations, and to exclude, so far as lies in its power, all their painful ones; thus producing that synthetic result which we know as the æsthetic thrill.' Æsthetic feelings he thus differentiates:—'The æsthetically beautiful is that which affords the Maximum of Stimulation with the Minimum of Fatigue or Waste, in processes not directly connected

with vital functions. The æsthetically ugly is that which conspicuously fails to do so; which gives little stimulation, or makes excessive or wasteful demands upon certain portions of the organs. But as in either case the emotional element is weak, it is mainly cognized as an intellectual discrimination. And so we get the idea of the Æsthetic Feelings as something noble and elevated because they are not distinctly traceable to any life-serving function.' The manner in which he applies this principle to the sense of sight, in the particular of colour, will sufficiently illustrate its use:

'If we have in one place a patch of red, the portion of the retina which is receiving light from it will have its red-perceiving fibres strongly excited, and, as a necessary consequence, fatigued. If, next, it is directed upon a neighbouring patch of green, the red-perceiving fibres will be at rest, and undergo repair, while the fresh and vigorous green-perceiving structures will receive normal stimulation. Hence, such interchange of colours will be pleasurable. So that all colour-harmony consist in such an arrangement of tints as will give the various portions of the retina stimulation in the least fatiguing order, and all colour-discord in the opposite.'

We should like to quote more fully from a book containing so much careful thought and interesting matter, and to discuss more fully its positions, but space limits forbid a more lengthened review. We could not, certainly, go along with the author, were he to insist on reducing the *subjective* sense of beauty and the ideal to mere physiological processes; but, if Mr. Allen's positions are correct, the analysis is ultimate so far as the *physiological* side of the question is concerned. The very springs and sources of our æsthetic sense-emotions are laid bare, and what has long been believed to be inexplicable,—to be ultimate principles beyond which we could not go—is shown to have a deeper foundation still—is at once explicable and explained. And to explain why 'a thing of beauty is a joy forever,' and why the green fields and the bubbling fountain, the blue bending heavens, the petals of the rose, and the lily's fragrant bell are lovely and precious to the æsthetic *sense*, is not the least interesting subject of investigation in the interesting field of our complex organization,—lifting the veil, to a very considerable degree, from the mystery of our likes and dislikes. The chapters on Poetry and the Imitative Arts will, perhaps, most interest non-scientific readers, though these will find in the other portions of the book, much food for thought and much interesting information. That on Poetry, in particular, is at once a piece of able analysis and poetical appreciation, containing passages of much literary beauty, of which we are tempted to give the following specimen, containing much picturesqueness of description combined with melody of expression:—

'Mountain glens, hemmed in with beetling rocks, through which white foaming streams rave ceaselessly; woods and valleys, pastures and meadows dappled with daisies, sweet with the breath of kine, vocal with the song of birds; an Italian lake, bathed in sunset glory, its overhanging terraces rich with autumn tints, while a rainbow spans the tiny cataract that plashes musically into its unruffled bosom, and the soft sound of the vesper bell steals over it from some surrounding campanile, half hidden amid chestnut and orange blossom, far above whose green heads the roar of the thunder and the flash of the lightning play awfully around the pinacles of eternal ice—these are a few of the great concrete wholes with which Poetry deals, whose elements can be sifted and referred to their proper place as we read them over, but which would scarcely repay the toil of a minute and deliberate classification.'

The chapters on the 'Intervention of the Intellect' and the 'Ideal' will also interest general readers, though we think that the most searching analysis must necessarily fail in those mysterious regions where purely sensuous pleasure seems blended with feelings which we instinctively recognize as of a higher and purer order, the mysteries of immaterial mind. As the very word 'æsthetic' is derived from a sense, and that one of the lower ones, we may thoroughly admit the truth of the author's position, that, 'every Æsthetic Feeling, though it may incidentally contain intellectual and complex emotional factors, has necessarily for its ultimate and principal component, pleasures of sense, ideal or actual, either as tastes, smells, touches, sounds, forms, or colours.'

ROSINE. By J. G. Whyte Melville. Montreal: Lovell, Adam, Wesson & Co.

The historical novel, which seemed out of favour for a time, seems to have again revived. 'Rosine' is a vivid story, in Mr. Whyte Melville's rapid, lively style, of the terrible days immediately preceding the French Revolution; days of plot and counter-plot, intrigue and counter-intrigue, when no man's life was safe, and no man knew where the next bolt might fall; when democrat was plotting against aristocrat, and aristocrat again against his fellow aristocrat; when the vices and follies of a haughty and voluptuous aristocracy had driven an oppressed people into a state of excitement and disorganization, rapidly tottering into the grand earthquake, which has in a manner faded from men's minds now, but which will ever remain one of the deepest blood-stains on the pages of history.

For one of the foremost figures in the pre-

sent tale we have Count Arnold de Montarbas, a type of the pleasure-loving French noble, haughtily regarding his peasant entourage as existing only for his convenience and at his pleasure. We have the fierce demagogue, Coupe-Tete, fierce in words, not deeds; and his sister, the ardent Amazon citoyenne, Leonie, *alias* 'the Wolverine.' As a foil to this representative of the ferocious feminine element which played so prominent a part in that terrible crisis, we have the sweet, blooming, loving Rosine, with all the heroic endurance of a devoted woman hid under her girlish confiding softness. It is with no small satisfaction that we see her delivered from the machinations of the reckless Count, and saved for her brave, honest, peasant lover, Pierre. This little idyll, indeed, forms the only bright streak in the otherwise sombre woof of the story. The author is evidently an enthusiastic admirer of the beautiful and unfortunate Marie Antoinette, to whom, whatever may have been her feminine faults, we must grant the virtues of courage and devotion; so we have glimpses of the ill-fated Queen and her good-natured, well-meaning, but irresolute husband, at the crisis of their history, which are probably as faithful as most historical novels succeed in giving. As we have implied, the style is vivid and lively, and the action well-sustained; and though there are no profound studies of character, no psychological analysis, no introduction of the higher problems which did not then apparently much trouble men's thoughts, we close the book with the feeling that it is a pleasantly told story, well conceived and executed, and with a good deal of historical *vraisemblance*, though in the very faithfulness of its portraiture the scenes through which it leads us are sometimes repulsive enough. The following is a good specimen of the author's happiest and most picturesque style:—

'The opening of the States General, the convocation of that deliberative assembly which Louis himself hoped was to prove the salvation of his kingdom, had been fixed for the fourth of May. A severe and tedious winter was over at last. Spring, that burst on France as she must have burst on Paradise, bloomed fresh and radiant, like a girl opening into womanhood, all hopes and smiles. The white cloud floated in a pure blue sky, the breeze stirred and fluttered through a wealth of leaves that had not yet lost their tender green, birds soared in the air or sang in thicket, and fishwomen, gathering in angry groups, shrieked, raved, and swore, tossing their bare brown arms, and calling down curses from the peaceful heavens on all that was pure and noble and bright and beautiful here below.'

We notice one or two typographical blemishes that somewhat interfere with the pleasure of reading this book, which is otherwise very well and neatly got up.

A Woman Hater. By Charles Reade. Montreal: Dawson Brothers, 1877.

Mr. Charles Reade has served a sufficiently long apprenticeship to the writer's craft to enable him to avoid many of the faults that often make shipwreck of the hopes of less experienced novelists. 'A Woman Hater' may therefore be safely pronounced to be lively and exciting, and to have enough plot (that 'salt' which alone prevents putrefaction) to keep the reader in a proper state of anxiety. Add to all this the fact that, like most of Mr. Reade's novels, it has a definite social purpose, in support of which the author deals some 'swashing blows,' and we shall be fain to admit (though we may doubt the æsthetic propriety of fiction being laden with social moralities) that this is a book above the average.

The particular cause of the oppressed which Mr. Reade, speaking with the voice of one Dr. Rhoda Gale, champions upon this occasion, is that of female medical students; and, by the strength of the arguments he puts in his character's mouth, it can easily be seen that he is no half-hearted advocate of a despised and distrusted, but steadily aggressive, movement. We must recommend any one who still thinks it more immodest for a few women to study anatomy so as to enable them to cure their fellow-women, than it is for every woman in the world to be driven to consult a physician of the other sex, to carefully peruse the portion of this work in which the 'virago,' Dr. Gale, holds forth at considerable length upon the subject,

The 'Woman Hater' himself, Harrington Vizard, hardly deserves the name. He is a cynic of a tolerably old type, old at least in novelists' pages, who is always saying hard things about women and doing them the kindest turns imaginable. The very idea of a real unadulterated woman hater being found at Homburg with a lovely sister, a flirting cousin, and a pragmatic aunt (which is, in fact, the very position our hero occupies at the commencement of the tale), is sufficiently absurd to show the impropriety of the name.

In short, all of Mr. Reade's characters appear, in the hurry of the acting, to deviate considerably from the ideal character he intended to give them. Zoe, the lovely sister, is described as a young high-minded woman, not hardened by the world, so averse to deceit that her eloquent blood would

mantle in her cheeks from 'pinky' up to 'crimson' at the slightest, or no provocation. Yet *Zoe* is always surprising us. This model young Englishwoman falls in love with one Severne, a most contemptible scoundrel, who lies gratuitously, uses foul and excited language before her, is eaten up by avarice, forges clumsily, and apparently forgets all about it, for, without taking any trouble to meet his felonious paper at maturity, he quietly stops on at Vizard's house, to whom he had disposed of his 'flimsies,' until the inevitable discovery is made and he is kicked out. This is stupid enough for a most accomplished rogue and swindler, as he is supposed to be. But the modest *Zoe*! Seeing Severne at the public gaming table after a quarrel, she 'dropped her aunt's arm, and began to creep up like a young cat after a bird, taking a step and then a long pause, still with her eye fixed on him.' This 'arch, but cat-like advance' doesn't make her blush at all, but we should think the hardened old aunt might have done so for her. *Par parenthese* we might remark that nearly all the characters get feline in their movements throughout the book. Miss Gale, M.D., avows herself 'cat-like' at p. 97; Fanny Dover, the flirting cousin, watches Severne 'like a cat a mouse.' The transparently simple-minded *Zoe* and the more worldly Fanny 'open very cat-like' (peculiar English that) upon Severne in a train, that is to say, in pursuance of a prearranged plan, one of them plays on his feelings while the other watches from behind her book 'every lineament of his face.' Even a steady English waiting-man catches the infection and 'retires cat-like' at p. 92; and Lord Uxmoor, *Zoe's* alternative lover, experiences great difficulty when the female *Galen* (that is a joke, as Mr. Reade would not be above pointing out) pumps him with 'insidious questions, *cat-like* retreats and *cat-like* returns.' But to leave this domesticated animal, never more useful than in Mr. Reade's hands, nor more palpably endowed with nine lives, let us return to *Zoe*. She is, as we learned, intensely modest, but Severne soon kisses her hand, and his rapid style of wooing quickly makes him master of the situation. When he disappears to the background, *Zoe* speedily consoles herself with 'Milor,' but on the same evening re-plights her troth to the first love, who sneaks back and sees her in her aunt's garden. When it is clearly perceptible, even to her weak brain, that she cannot possibly marry Severne, who turns out to be married already (a fault not so easily condoned as persistent lying, forgery, and violent assaults on unoffending ladies), she is very good and quiet till she books Lord Uxmoor again, and it is not till Severne really dies that we can believe she is fairly free of him. And this is a pure, delicate-minded English lady of birth and breeding? Pshaw, Mr. Reade, you must know better, though you do make Fanny let Severne kiss her hand again and again in a crowded railway carriage, 'with warm but respectful devotion, which she minded no more than marble.'

On the whole, younger writers need not despair of success when they find a veteran like Charles Reade make such blunders as these. It would, in fact, be hard for a tyro to find a much more vulgar style than his is. 'It is a case,' 'and that's a fact,' are samples of his classical English. Vizard keeps a '*printed* list of *five* fellows' who were killed or crippled by careless women, which is an absurdity; and he speaks to a lady of 'men with stomachs in their bosoms,' which is rather nastier than it is witty. He is so sentimental that when a drop or two of blood falls from the wounded temple of the woman he loves, upon his clothes, he folds up the entire suit and ties it up in a silk handkerchief, leading us to suppose that either the suit was very small or the kerchief very big. But this runs in the family, for *Zoe* carefully irons and puts away an old spoiled dress she had got drenched in during her wooing. All the women are called 'La.' Old nurse Judge is 'La Judge,' and the doctress, 'La Gale,' which is decidedly uncalled for. But to wind up this string of gems (for we have no room for the serio-comic rescue from a mad bull, which we really thought fiction writers had done with), we must mention the delicate way Rhoda has of showing her sympathy for a friend, by 'laying a pair of wet eyes on her shoulder.' After that one would like a glass of wine, but hardly such as ran through Ashmead's veins, 'like oil charged with electricity and elixir vitæ.'

JOAN: A Tale. By Rhoda Broughton. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Given a high-bred, noble-looking girl, with ripely, dewily red lips, a milk-white throat, and a willowy form, and an amorous guardsman, five foot eleven in his shooting boots, with wicked grey eyes, who 'has not got it on his conscience that he ever in all his life missed an opportunity of squeezing a woman's hand,' with Miss Broughton to set the puppets dallying, and we know beyond a peradventure what the upshot will be. The amorous guardsman of the killing eye and the ready hand will fall desperately in love with the girl with the milk-white throat; and the girl with the milk-white throat will fall even more desperately in love with the

amorous guardsman. Having said thus much, and added that the hero's name is Anthony Wolferstan, and the heroine's Joan Dering, we have already disclosed three-fourths of the plot of Miss Broughton's latest novel, and the remaining fourth need not detain us long. As might have been prophesied beforehand, the course of true love does not run smooth. In Miss Broughton's novels it never does. The hero's mother is opposed to the marriage, and succeeds in inducing Joan to break off the engagement by disclosing to her, in a powerfully written scene, the fact that her father had been guilty of forgery. Wolferstan is manly enough not to allow the knowledge of this fact (indeed, he appears to have been acquainted with it all along) prove any hindrance to his suit; but Joan's determination not to injure her lover's position and prospects in life by allowing him to link his destiny with that of a forger's daughter, is not to be shaken. Wolferstan goes off in despair, becomes entangled in the meshes of an old flame, Lalage Beauchamp (after whom he had once walked round the room on his knees), and marries her out of hand. Eventually Lalage dies of apoplexy, caused apparently by too great devotion to the pleasures of the table, and the reader is left to surmise that the hero and heroine are at last united and live happily ever afterward.

The details of the plot thus sketched are filled in with even more than Miss Broughton's accustomed cleverness; and the work is, we think, the best the author has yet turned out. Joan herself is altogether charming—quite the most high-minded and lovable girl in the gallery of Miss Broughton's heroines. It has been objected, indeed, as a fatal blot on the book, that such a girl deserved a better fate than that of marrying a man so obviously unworthy of her as Wolferstan. If there is a mistake here it is the original one of making her fall in love with him. When Joan sees the great and manifest deterioration in character which Wolferstan suffers from her rejection of his suit, though from an unselfish motive, it is hard to discover what other course was open to her than to correct her error in judgment, and, by marrying him, make the best reparation in her power.

Joan, who has been brought up in all the comfort, refinement, and luxury that wealth can command, at the outset of the story suffers a reverse of fortune through the sudden death of the relative upon whom she has been dependent, and is plunged at once into poverty. She goes to live with an aunt and two cousins—girls—all warm-hearted, but horribly vulgar. Her journey to her new home, at which she arrives in a butcher's cart, is told with much humour; and her new life, and the constant jar which the tawdriness and coarseness of her surroundings produce in her, are described with truth and power, if with some exaggeration. Miss Broughton has a strong dramatic instinct, and a really remarkable gift of drawing, with a few rapid strokes of her facile brush, characters so real and lifelike that one seems to know them personally. The aunt, vulgar but warm-hearted; Diana, blunt, outspoken, and honest; Bell, sentimental, snobbish, and amorous; are all capital sketches; and even more amusing, alas! is Joan's rival, Lalage. The four dogs, Regy, Algy, Charlie, and Mr. Brown, too, are drawn (evidently from life) with wonderful humour and skill, and serve to give quite a characteristic flavour to the book. The descriptions of natural scenery are another very pleasant feature, being evidently the outcome of a genuine love of nature, the ocean especially.

The work would not be Miss Broughton's if it were altogether free from grave faults. There is the occasional coarseness and slanginess from which she seems unable to rid herself entirely. A sense of humour is an excellent gift, but Miss Broughton's sometimes runs away with her; there is hardly a situation, no matter how serious or sentimental, to which she cannot see a ridiculous side. The gift is so rare in feminine authors, however, as almost to condone the errors of taste into which it sometimes leads this remarkably clever writer.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

JULIET'S GUARDIAN: A Novel. By Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877. Montreal: Lovell, Adam, & Wesson. 1877.

HARPER'S HALF-HOUR SERIES. Epochs of English History. Early England up to the Norman Conquest. By Frederick York-Powell. With Four Maps.—England as a Continental Power. From the Conquest to Magna Charta, 1066-1216. By Louise Creighton. With a Map.—The Turks in Europe. By Edward A. Freeman, D.C.L., LL.D.—Thompson Hall. A Tale. By Anthony Trollope. Illustrated. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877.

RECONCILIATION OF SCIENCE AND RELIGION. By Alex. Winchell, LL.D., New York: Harper & Bros. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

CAMP, COURT, AND SIEGE. A Narrative of Personal Adventure and Observation during two Wars, 1861-1865, 1870-1871. By Wickham Hoffman. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

MAR'S WHITE WITCH. A Novel. By G. Douglas. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

HARPER'S HALF-HOUR SERIES. University Life in Ancient Athens. By W. W. Capes.—Epochs of English History. Rise of the People and Growth of Parliament, 1215-1485. By James Rowley, M.A. With Four Maps.—The Tudors and the Reformation, 1485-1603. By M. Creighton, M.A. With Three Maps.—The Struggle against absolute Monarchy, 1603-1688. By Bertha Meriton Cordery. With Three Maps. New York: Harper & Bros. 1877. Toronto: Hart & Rawlinson.

HOURS WITH MEN AND BOOKS. By William Matthews, LL.D., Author of 'Getting on in the World.' Toronto: Belford Bros. 1877.

ART-LIFE AND OTHER POEMS. By Benjamin Hathaway. Boston: H. H. Carter & Co. 1877.

NEW LANDS WITHIN THE ARTIC CIRCLE. Narrative of the Discoveries of the Austrian Ship 'Tegetthoff,' in the years 1872-1874. By Julius Payer, one of the Commanders of the Expedition. With Maps and Numerous Illustrations from Drawings by the Author. Translated from the German with the Author's approbation. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

GARTH. A Novel. By Julian Hawthorne. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

HISTORY PRIMERS. Edited by J. R. Green. Geography. By George Grove, F.R.G.S. With Maps and Diagrams. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1877.

FINE ART.

ART CRITICISM.

To the Editor of the Canadian Monthly:

SIR,—So it seems that a new era in art-criticism has dawned upon Toronto. Let us rejoice, if it prove a true one. It is just the very thing that we have been looking for, if we could only find it. The 'would-be-critics of Toronto journalism,' we are told, have betrayed 'extreme ignorance.' They have run up to seed in a weak head of 'adjectives.' They have been more prone to praise than to blame. The public must be taught what to 'condemn.' Something more in this way: 'This impertinent fellow, would you believe it, has had the impudence to paint a bad picture; come up here, you sir, and take a stinging rap on the knuckles.' Our new-comer lays a heavy indictment; how do his own credentials stand? Are they quite satisfactory? Well, we are almost afraid, hardly. His method is a little too much in the vein of the celebrated Mr. McGrawler, who held that the whole art of criticism consisted in 'tickling.' There must be some 'slashing' and 'plastering,' to be sure, but *they* spoke for themselves, and any whipster like Paul Clifford could do *them*. The only real difficulty was to tickle with skill; that is, to wrap up in a maze of words one of these two propositions: This work would be very good if it were not very bad; or, it would be very bad if it were not very good. Accordingly we find that, while Mr. A.—and Mr. A. alone—is plastered—pretty thick, no doubt—Mr. B. has some 'capital little studies,' but 'his largest picture is a mistake in color, drawing, and everything;' that Mr. C. has 'undoubtedly real powers,' but 'halts too often at glum smudginess;' that Mr. D. is 'so good that he worries us by not being better'—one of his pictures is 'warm, true, and artistic,' but another is 'all aglow with the hot breath of the Sahara;' that Mr. F. has a 'very pretty quiet scene, charmingly given, but without idealization or power;' that Mr. G. 'has, perhaps, more power and vigor than any other artist in Canada', but that 'in many of his sketches he has been betrayed into a crude, hasty, and almost nonsensical scrimmage of colors;' that Mr. H. 'can paint well in some respects, but we do not like his style;' that Mr. I. has done 'much excellent work,' but has given 'grotesque prominence,' etc; that Mr. J. has 'much excellent work mixed with some that is disappointing.' Now, all this is really very clever tickling. It is said that in some countries they inflict a torture which consists in tickling the victim to death. And it is not so bad an imitation to say that a man has 'undoubtedly great powers,' but they carry him no further than 'glum smudginess;' or that power and vigor, greater perhaps than in any other artist, end in a 'nonsensical scrimmage.' It is all very ingenious, but perhaps just a shade monotonous. Give us a little more plastering, or let the critic carry out his canon of condemnation, and slash a little, by way of relief. But then, you see, it is safe. There is no proving or disproving these things, and they *imply* knowledge, at any rate. It is not every critic that has the advantage of acquaintance with the art and mystery of painting—how it

is that you can make part of a piece of flat paper or canvas appear twenty miles off; or light up a dull room with seeming sunshine—how should he? The difficulty is to toe the mark without overstepping it. Now, 'glum smudginess' and 'nonsensical scrimmage' are perhaps just a wee bit beyond it. They are a *leetle* over forcible. We may fancy the unfortunate artists to whom they are applied, wincing, unless they are behind the curtain of criticism; and, in any case, the public know no better. It may possibly seriously interfere with their bread and butter. Who can tell? These are the sort of expressions that stick. 'My dear,' says Bella to Jack, 'I wouldn't buy that picture of X's, if I were you; I saw in the paper that it was smudge or scrimmage or something: I don't like scrimmagy smudge.' Lawyers, doctors, and ministers of religion, for that matter, must get their bread and butter. Does every critic think it his duty to point out where they break down? Does Sunday's sermon appear in Monday's journal with black marks against it? Why are these unlucky artists alone to be laid upon the rack? No, let those among us who can honestly take upon ourselves to do it, tell the public where they may safely admire, and leave the rest to taste and choice. Say that a worse painting goes before a better. What then? The worse man requires the encouragement more.

And now our critic cannot complain, surely, if we turn the tables upon him for a moment. I will not pay him so bad a compliment as to suppose that, while he deals blows, he is not prepared to take them. The public must be taught 'what to condemn.' We may chance to get at some test of his knowledge of art. He speaks frequently of style—the '*genre* style,' the 'cactus and gladiolus style,' and so on. Style is a very important and very significant term in the language of art. The style of Rubens or the style of Rembrandt means a great deal. The style in which a picture is painted may determine a grave question of value. Will our critic please let me ask him, what *is* style? I will land him on open ground. I will tell him what it is not. It is neither *genre* nor cactus and gladiolus. *Genre* is a class of subject. Cactus and gladiolus defines nothing that I know of. And what class of subject then is *genre?* I was under the impression that 'a girl offering a cherry to her canary' was *genre*, but it seems not. Here again I ask for information.

I am almost afraid that we must try back on the 'would-be critics' of the Toronto press, or beyond them, and make a fresh start—a sort of pre-Raphaelite start in criticism. We must have sound and intimate knowledge of art; no mere 'smudge' and 'scrimmage' of words; no tricks easily caught up. It may be acquired and practical, or intuitive—we find that *sometimes*—but it must be free from all prejudict and bias, and have broad sympathies. Then it will go at once to the head and the heart. Till we have that, we have nothing. I fear we may perhaps have to wait long enough.

Yours, &c.,

D. FOWLER.

Amherstburg.

[To a remark made once to a very popular and very able preacher that his sermons, instead of bringing peace to his hearers, produced amongst many of them acute irritation, the answer wa , 'It is exactly those sermons which make men angry that are most needed?' There is a great deal of truth in the remark, and it partly applies to all criticism. We do not, however, mean to apply it to the case before us, for we wish to accept Mr. Fowler's comments rather in the spirit in which he meant to write them than in the spirit in which he has written them. Our criticism, whatever it may have been worth, was written, not so much for the artists themselves as for the general public, and consequently its style was more general than technical. Mr. Fowler may take exception to our expressions, which seem to be at the same time too vague and too incisive to suit his taste, but we do not admit the justice of his insinuation, that we wrote either with prejudice and bias, or commented with undue severity on the works in the Exhibition. On the one hand Mr. Fowler seems to invite criticism, on the other he deprecates it because, if not favorable, it may interfere with the artist's bread and butter. Criticism, except in extreme cases of imposture and presumption, ought to be kindly and sympathetic, but we doubt if it ought to be watered in deference to the *ad misericordiam* bread-and-butter argument. As far as clergymen are concerned, it would, we have no doubt, have a very beneficial effect on their compositions, if they more frequently than is now the case had to listen to the criticisms of a candid friend upon their sermons. However, we cannot follow Mr. Fowler, or enter into a controversy with him in the MAGAZINE; but we will endeavour to remember next year to speak, at least of his pictures, with irreproachable technicality; and, if on the one hand we feel bound to warn the public what not to admire or condone, we will let it be shewn—indeed, we did not imagine anyone ever doubted it—that we have 'broad sympathies' with the artists themselves.—ED. C. M.]

nor; but the Attorney-General was instructed to enter a *nolle prosequi*, and so the matter dropped.—January 30th. Notice is given in the *Quebec Gazette*, by His Excellency Sir J. H. Craig, that, in accordance with the terms of the proclamation issued by His Majesty on entering upon the fiftieth year of his reign, pardon would be granted to all deserters from his Land Forces who surrendered themselves to any field officer, or officer commanding a post or detachment, or magistrate, within three months.—The meeting of the Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada (being the first session of the sixth Provincial Parliament), took place on 29th January, when the Hon. J. A. Panet was unanimously elected Speaker of the House of Assembly. On the second of February, His Excellency the Governor-General approved of the Speaker elect of the Assembly, and delivered the usual opening speech, which on this occasion had reference chiefly to the success which had attended the operations of the British forces engaged in the war against France, and to the unsatisfactory state of the relations between Great Britain and the United States.—February 15th. The Governor-General, Sir J. H. Craig, announces by proclamation the pardon of all persons undergoing sentence for all felonies and misdemeanours, murder alone excepted, as an act of grace in honour of the completion of the fiftieth year of His Majesty's reign. The Legislative Assembly had for several years shown a strong desire to exclude the judges who had, up to this time, been frequently elected members of that body. Twice had bills for declaring the judges ineligible to seats in the House of Assembly passed the lower house; and during this session the Assembly had again passed a Bill for the same purpose: this Bill was returned by the Legislative Council, with an amendment postponing its operation until the end of the then present Parliament. The majority of the Assembly became irritated at the difficulties which arose in the passage of the Act, and allowing themselves to be carried away by their excitement, proceeded on Saturday, 24th February, to pass, by a majority of 19 to 10, the following resolutions: "That P. A. de Bonne, being one of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench, cannot sit nor vote in this House," and "That the seat of P. A. de Bonne one of the Members for the County of Quebec, is vacant,"—thus bringing themselves into direct collision with the Legislative Council, and with the Governor-General, whose instructions were to give the Royal Assent to any proper Bill for rendering His Majesty's Judges of the Court of King's Bench, in future, ineligible to seats in the House of Assembly, in which the two Houses should concur. Upon the passing of this resolution, the Speaker of the Assembly applied to the Governor-General, in the usual way, to issue a writ in His Majesty's name, for the election of a member for the County of Quebec in the place of the expelled Judge. This application placed the Governor in a most awkward position, from which he deemed it necessary to relieve himself by a Dissolution of Parliament. His Excellency, accordingly, having previously given his assent to the renewal of the acts regulating trade with the United States, and for the better preservation of His Majesty's Government, announced his intention in a speech in which the following passages occur: "Called again to the unpleasant exercise of one of the functions of His Majesty's prerogative with which I am entrusted, I feel it to be again expedient, that I should state to you, and

that through you, which is indeed the only channel of communication that I have with them, the people may be distinctly informed of the motives by which I am actuated. Whatever might be my personal wishes, or however strong might be my desire, that the public business suffer no interruption, I feel that, on this occasion, nothing is left to my discretion; it has been rendered impossible for me to act otherwise than in the way I am proposing. The House of Assembly has taken upon themselves, without the participation of the other branches of the Legislature, to pass a vote, that a Judge of His Majesty's Court of King's Bench, cannot sit nor vote, in their House. However I might set aside the personal feelings which would not be unnatural in me, as to the mode in which this transaction has been conducted towards myself, there is another, and infinitely higher consideration, arises out of it, which I must not overlook. It is impossible for me to consider what has been done in any other light than as a direct violation of an act of the Imperial Parliament;—of that Parliament which conferred on you the constitution, to which you profess to owe your present prosperity; nor can I do otherwise, than consider the House of Assembly as having, unconstitutionally, disfranchised a large portion of His Majesty's subjects, and rendered ineligible, by an authority which they do not possess, another not inconsiderable class of the community. Such an assumption, I should, at any rate, feel myself bound by every tie of duty to oppose; but, in consequence of the expulsion of the member for the County of Quebec, a vacancy in the representation for that county has been declared, and it would be necessary that a new writ should issue for the election of another member. That writ would have to be signed by me. Gentlemen, I cannot, dare not, render myself a partaker in a violation of an Act of the Imperial Parliament; and I know no other way by which I can avoid becoming so but that which I am pursuing."—March 1st. The Governor-General's proclamation dissolving the sixth Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was issued.—March 7th. An address signed by 524 persons from the inhabitants of the city of Quebec was presented to Governor-General Sir J. H. Craig, assuring His Excellency of their attachment to His Majesty's Government and of their disapproval of the action of the Legislative Assembly which had led to the recent dissolution of Parliament. His Excellency made a suitable reply, and expressed his great gratification that his conduct had met with the approval of so large a number of the citizens of Quebec. Similar addresses were presented to the Governor-General by the inhabitants of Montreal (signed by 887 persons), William Henry (Sorel), and Terrebonne.—March 21st. A proclamation was issued by Sir J. H. Craig, defending at great length his conduct in connection with the recent dissolution of Parliament.—August 6th. His Excellency the Right Honorable Francis James Jackson, His Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States of America, arrived at Montreal, accompanied by Mrs. Jackson and his infant son. Mr. Jackson was entertained by the citizens of Montreal at a public dinner on the 9th, at which all the leading citizens, the officers of the garrison, and a number of strangers were present. On leaving Montreal, he proceeded to Quebec in a birch canoe manned by twelve Canadians. At Quebec he was also invited to a public dinner, at which His Excellency the Governor-General was present. Mr. Jackson left Quebec on the 18th, on his way to England *via*

Montreal and New York, from whence he sailed in H. M. Frigate *Venus*.—Nov. 22nd. The Quebec *Gazette* contains President Madison's proclamation of Nov. 10th, announcing the revocation, from the 1st Nov, of the French decrees, so as to cease violating the neutral commerce of the United States, and in consequence opening the ports of the United States to French armed vessels; whilst British armed vessels would still be excluded, pending the revocation of the Orders in Council, which Great Britain had engaged to revoke whenever the repeal of the French decrees should have taken effect.—Dec. 3rd. A notice, signed by Mr. Geo. Heriot, Deputy Postmaster General of British North America, offered a reward of *two hundred dollars* for such information as would lead to the conviction of the persons engaged in riotous and tumultuous proceedings at the General Post Office in Quebec on the 1st December.—Dec. 12th. The first session of the seventh Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened with the usual formalities at Quebec, by His Excellency, Sir J. H. Craig, Governor General. The Hon. J. A. Panet was again chosen Speaker. The Legislative Assembly of Nova Scotia did not meet during the year 1810. Mr. Foster Hutchinson, the senior member of the Nova Scotia bar, was appointed an Assistant Judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia. A general election having taken place in the Province of New Brunswick, the new Assembly met at Fredericton on Saturday 27th January, when Amos Botsford Esq., was re-elected Speaker. The session was opened by Major-General Martin Hunter, President of the Council, and Commander of the Forces in New Brunswick, who, in his opening speech, commended to "the serious consideration of the Assembly, the renewal, with every practicable improvement, of the laws for regulating and training the Militia, and for enabling the Government, promptly and effectually to call into action the force of the country, whenever its defence or safety may require." This session was an unusually busy one, and lasted until the 14th March, when the prorogation took place. Thirty-six Acts were passed, amongst which was an Act for the better regulating the Militia in this Province, and also an Act respecting desertion from His Majesty's forces.—Dec. 22nd. Col. Edward William Gray, Sheriff of the District of Montreal, died at Montreal. Colonel Gray had held the shrievalty of Montreal for the long space of forty years. He was also Colonel-Commandant of the first Battalion of Montreal Militia. Colonel Gray was succeeded in his office of Sheriff by Frederick William Ermatinger Esq., whose appointment is dated 17th January, 1811.

1811.—The third session of the fifth Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada, was held at York, where Parliament was opened by Lieutenant-Governor Gore, accompanied by Brigadier General Brock, on the 1st February. During this session, which terminated on the 13th March, nine Acts were passed, seven of which were appropriation Bills or Acts amending existing laws. One of the remaining Acts was for determining the rate of interest in Upper Canada, and fixing the damages upon protested Bills of Exchange; the other was in amendment of the Militia Law so far as it related to the exemption of Quakers, Menonists, and Tunkers. The session (1st of 7th Parliament of L. C.) of Parliament which had commenced at Quebec on 12th December, 1810, closed on 21st March, when His Excellency Sir J. H. Craig, Governor-in-Chief, gave the Royal Assent to the sixteen Acts

which had been passed, reserved one for the signification of His Majesty's pleasure thereon, and prorogued the Parliament. The session thus terminated had been an unusually long and busy one, the two Houses having sat, without adjourning for the Christmas holidays, for more than three months, and having given through that period unremitting attention to the business before them. The important question of the exclusion of the Judges from the Assembly had been finally settled by the passage of an Act containing but a single clause, short but comprehensive, as follows: "And it is hereby enacted that from and after the passing of this Act, no person who shall be a Judge of either of His Majesty's Courts of King's Bench within this Province, shall be capable of being elected, or of sitting or voting as a member of Assembly in any Provincial Parliament." The Militia Act was continued for a couple of years, not then to expire in the event of war or invasion. Provision was made, notwithstanding the unfriendly disposition of the United States Government towards Canada, for preventing the forgery and counterfeiting of Foreign Bills of Exchange, Foreign Promisssory Notes, and Foreign Orders for the payment of money; a Bill passed expressely, as His Excellency stated in his speech, "for preventing the nefarious traffic that has but too long been carried on, in the forgery of their (*i. e.* the United States) Bank Notes," and which, the Governor added, "will at least prove, that you have not suffered any sentiment of resentment to weigh against those principles of liberal justice with which you are at all times animated towards them." Of the remaining Acts of this session, one provided for the completion of the Montreal Jail; another, the reserved Act, for the erection of a jail at Three Rivers; and the remainder for the collection of the revenue, the continuation or amendment of existing laws, and for sundry local matters which it is not necessary to enumerate in detail.—March 30th. The punishments of whipping and putting in the pillory were still commonly awarded, as the lists of punishments awarded at the session of the Court of King's Bench contains names of two persons (one male and one female) sentenced to be whipped, and of two persons (husband and wife) to be put in the pillory, once in the Upper town market, and once in that of the Lower town. On the night of 16th May, about nine o'clock, a smart engagement took place between the United States frigate *President*, Commodore Rogers, of forty-four guns, and H. M. S. *Little Belt*, Captain Bingham, of fourteen guns. As usual, when such unfortunate accidents happen, each party claimed to have challenged first and to have been the last to fire, but inasmuch as the action took place some twenty miles at sea, north-east of Cape Henry, in the dusk of the evening, and considering that the United States frigate was a neutral vessel, whilst the British sloop was on a cruise expecting at any moment to fall in with an enemy, the responsibility for the loss of life (eleven men were killed and twenty-one wounded) would seem to rest with the United States Commodore, who adopted the extraordinary course, whilst in command of a neutral vessel, of chasing and questioning a belligerent on the high seas.—June 19th. Sir James Henry Craig, Governor-in-Chief of the British North American Colonies, embarked at Quebec, on his return to England, in H. M. S. frigate *Amelia*, Captain Irby. The troops lined the streets in one unbroken avenue, in close order, from the Chateau St. Lewis to the place of embarkation.