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WOLFE AND OLD QUEBEC.

BY DANIEL WILSON, LL.D.

AMONG the thousands who yearly enter the St. Lawrence, and for the first time gaze on its noble landscape, few can fail to be impressed with the quaint picturesqueness of the ancient capital, enthroned amid its fine amphitheatre of hills, and crowned with the embattled heights of Cape Diamond. The landscape is one upon which the duller eye can scarcely gaze unmoved; and presented, as it so often is, to the ocean-tossed emigrant, in search of a home in the wilderness, its beauty is like the first gleam of sunshine on a land of promise. But Quebec has other charms, in which it has no rival on this continent. It greets the voyager from the old world with proud historic memories, linking Cape Diamond and the heights of Abraham with the triumphs of the great Frederick, and the discomfiture of Louis XV; with the statesmanship of Chatham, the gallant rivalry of Wolfe and Montcalm, and all the old memories of the Seven Years' War.

Time has in store for our young Dominion

a future which, we doubt not, will make for it many historic scenes, but no change can rob that landscape of its grand memories, or divorce the name of Wolfe from the embattled heights which are the monuments of his fame. Nevertheless, while, next after England's greatest leaders in arms,—her Marlborough and Wellington, her Blake and Nelson,—none claims a more honoured place than Wolfe, no biography worthy of him has been written; and his name lives only in the memory of younger generations associated with that life-bought triumph which gave a new bias to the destinies of this continent. Southey, to whom we owe the life of Nelson, contemplated writing that of Wolfe; Gleig has published selections from his letters; and Earl Stanhope has turned others of them to account in his "History of England;" but no adequate review of his personal life has yet been written; and the blaze of triumph in which it closed seems to have obscured all other incidents of his brief career. But that

career has a peculiar interest for Canadians, if indeed it may not be regarded as an episode in the history of the Dominion.

The family from which General Wolfe sprang played a prominent part among the royalists of Ireland in the era of the Commonwealth. On the capitulation of Limerick, in October, 1651, to the Parliamentary General, Ireton, twenty of the most distinguished among its defenders were excepted from pardon, including George Woulfe, a military officer, and his brother, Francis, a friar. The friar was hanged, but his brother made his escape to England, settled in Yorkshire, and there, in due time, a grandson was born, who rose to the rank of Lieut.-General in the reign of Queen Anne, distinguished himself in the campaigns of Marlborough, and did good service in the cause of the new Hanoverian dynasty, in 1715, against the Jacobite descendants of those with whom his Irish ancestry had staked their lives on behalf of a Stuart King. As Colonel, he commanded the 8th Regiment of Foot; and this regiment his son, James,—the future victor of Quebec,—entered in 1741, at the age of fifteen.

Some quarter of a century ago an old gentleman died in Glasgow, in whose possession an antique military-chest had remained for upwards of fifty years. The key had been broken in the rusty lock; and so its contents lay undisturbed, till the executor of its custodian, in the administration of his estate, forced the lock, and disclosed a confused heap of regimental papers, reports, and old letters. For the most part they recalled mere formalities of the old military days of pipe-clay and pig-tails. But one bundle, carefully filed apart, proved to consist of thirteen letters written by Wolfe to a brother officer. They extend over a period of nine years, from Wolfe's twenty-second to his thirty-first year, and not only supply interesting glimpses of his early military life, but admit us to the confidence of the young soldier in far more tender strifes of the heart.

Wolfe was stationed with his regiment at Glasgow when he addressed the first of these letters, in all the frankness of youthful friendship, to Captain Rickson, then with his regiment at Dublin. He communicates welcome intelligence about a lady to whom the Captain has evidently lost his heart, and assures him that she is every way worthy of his regard. He then whispers, in strictest confidence, of a fair maiden, known to both, who has won all his own affections; a lady of great sweetness of temper, good sense, and most engaging behaviour—as to lovers' eyes young ladies are wont to appear. But "the course of true love never did run smooth." A guardian uncle of the young lady finds his youth an insuperable objection; for, as he himself admits, he is "but twenty-two and three months." The General and Mrs. Wolfe, moreover, have still graver objections to the match; Mrs. Wolfe having her eye, as clever matchmaking mothers will have, on a matrimonial prize of £30,000 for their only son. He adds, however, that if he gets expected promotion, he will certainly pop the question before the year is out, in spite of prudent uncles and mammas. "But," he concludes, "if I am kept long here the fire will be extinguished. Young flames must be constantly fed, or they'll evaporate!" And so, with this rather confused lover's metaphor, the subject drops out of sight, and the lady is heard of no more, having, probably, accepted the hand of "a very rich knight," concerning whom Wolfe indulges in sundry contemptuous allusions, as a rival whom he holds exceedingly cheap.

The tongue is an unruly member, but it is nothing to the tell-tale pen which thus blabs old lovers' confidences a hundred years after their hearts are dust. It was, in truth, a mere play of fancy, in which the heart of neither can have been deeply touched. Ere long a more genuine passion mingled its tenderness with his latest dream of glory and of duty. But the same letter touches on other themes. Such schooling as Wolfe-

had, in those old days, before Woolwich Boards or Civil Service Examinations were dreamt of, was obtained in his native Westerham, a pretty little Kentish Town, on the river Dart. But he left school to join his father's regiment, at the age of fifteen; and in writing to his friend he deploras his deficient education, with later years running to waste in a Scottish barrack, "where," he says, "your barren battalion conversation rather blunts the faculty than improves." But his was not the mind to rest contented with mere grumbling over opportunities lost. Already he had attracted notice by his aptitude for command; introducing the greatest regularity and exactness of discipline, and yet retaining the affection of his men. He was applying himself with unwearied assiduity to the mastery of his profession; and, amid the distractions and impediments of barrack life, was silently preparing himself in all ways for his great life-work. "You know," he writes, "I am but a very indifferent scholar. When a man leaves school at fifteen, he will never be justly called a man of letters. I am endeavouring to repair the damage of my education; and have a person to teach me Latin and the mathematics, two hours each day, for four or five months. This may help me a little." Thus modestly does the young soldier tell of time redeemed from the idleness of barrack life, to recover lost opportunities of earlier years.

But the glimpses thus caught of Wolfe, as a lover and a student, are episodes of a quiet interval between his earlier and later campaigns. Walpole, the sagacious minister of the first two Georges, to whose pacific policy the stability of their throne was mainly due, had been driven from power just as Wolfe entered the army. King George, with obstinate Hanoverian policies of his own, had no difficulty in enlisting England in a quarrel about the pragmatic sanction, and the Queen of Hungary's right to the Austrian Throne. There were then, as there ever have been, short-sighted Eng-

lishmen who thought it high-spirited and heroic to bear the brunt of every dynastic squabble; and were of the same opinion as has been so recently set forth anew, that it is a cowardly thing, if bloody noses are going in any corner of "Dame Europa's School," that we should not thrust our own into the strife. So there were fine chances for those who chose the profession of arms.

Young Wolfe had no sooner done so, than he embarked with his father for Flanders, and began the practical study of war; the same year in which Frederick the Great made that world-famous seizure of Silesia: the first of Prussia's German acquisitions, on which she has since kept tenacious hold.

England now became the fast ally of Austria, subsidised Denmark and Sweden; and, indeed, squandered money so lavishly in a quarrel with which she had absolutely nothing to do, that her national debt has kept up a very practical remembrance of it ever since. Still more to give hostages to fortune, her King served as actual soldier in the same ranks in which Wolfe did duty as subaltern. Nor was it any royal holiday work, or theatrical "baptism of fire." At the bloody battle of Dettingen, King George, with stolid coolness, led the cavalry to the onset; and when dismounted, put himself at the head of his own British and Hanoverian infantry, which broke and scattered the Duke de Grammont's ranks, and won the day. In this fierce struggle, Ensign Wolfe carried the colours of his regiment, and shared in the dangers and honour of the victory—the last in which a King of England bore part. Ere long, on the disastrous field of Fontenoy, Wolfe distinguished himself when others failed, and received the special thanks of the Commander-in-Chief.

One hundred and thirty years ago that war of the Austrian succession occupied all minds as eagerly as the late Franco-German struggle did our own. To our great grandfathers it seemed world-famous and unforgettable. To the very historian now it has

become obscure. Carlyle, in his sardonic vein, exclaims: "Of Philippi and Arbela, educated Englishmen can render account; and I am told young gentlemen entering the army are pointedly required to say who commanded at Ægos-Potami, and wrecked the Peloponnesian war; but of Dettingen and Fontenoy, where is the living Englishman that has the least notion, or seeks for any?"* Yet that war had other home-fruits for England besides her national debt, which live in all men's memories.

The sagacious foresight of Walpole had anticipated from the first the dangers which now beset the new dynasty. France, foiled by England's antagonism, revived its long-smouldering schemes of revolution, which many a fine Jacobite ballad helped to fan into flame; and soon the nation was involved in civil war. Fontenoy was fought on the 31st of May, 1745. Before the end of July, Prince Charles Edward was in Scotland; and soon the Highlands were in arms on behalf of the exiled Stuarts. The English regiments were hastily recalled from Flanders; and among them that in which Wolfe now held brevet rank of major, as the reward of his deeds in the continental campaign. Landing at the Tyne, the returned regiments, under command of General Hawley, were marched against the rebels, only to partake in his ignominious defeat at Falkirk. Surprised and panic-stricken, his broken battalions fled before the onset of the Highland clansmen. Three regiments only stood their ground, where veterans fresh from Dettingen quailed before the half-armed and undisciplined mountaineers; one, a body of six hundred Glasgow militia, commanded by the Earl of Home; another, the regiment in which Wolfe led his company, and held the ground with resolute cool-

ness and intrepidity. It was a crisis in the history of England. Surprise and defeat had also scattered the royal forces at Preston-Pans; and in the *éclat* of princely courtesies, and the charm of revived national associations, Edinburgh, for a brief time, forgot the dragonnades of Charles II., and the boots and thumbkins of his more infamous brother.

But it was the last gleam of sunshine in a wintry day. Nearly three months after General Hawley's defeat at Falkirk, on the memorable 16th of April, 1746, the Duke of Cumberland commanded the royal forces on Culloden Moor. The gloomy dawn of that April morning, with its drizzling rain drenching the famished clansmen, haunts the mind, as though nature herself wept over the tragic scene. In truth it is a theme in which our judgment and our feelings are at war; and we are apt, even now, to forget, in the romantic associations of the Prince Charles of Scottish song, the real issues of a contest which established the hard-won liberties of the nation against a royal race for whom even adversity yielded no sweet uses or wise lessons.

In that memorable battle, where the Duke of Cumberland won the unenviable title of "*The Butcher*," Wolfe acted as aide-de-camp to General Hawley, who, with his cavalry, protected the lines of infantry on the flanks. It is needless to dwell on a struggle in which all the chivalry and heroism were on the side of the vanquished. Cumberland, though by no means prompt in pursuit, revenged himself by the butchery of the wounded on the field; and even yet, more than a century and a quarter after that bloody day, the name of the victor is recalled with abhorrence. One incident associated with such unheroic deeds, connects Wolfe with the events of the day. As the Duke rode over the deserted ground, with the young aide-de-camp in his train, the colonel of the Frasers—a youth who had fallen at the head of his clansmen,—raised himself with an effort, to gaze in the face of

* It is an interesting illustration of the service. Art renders at times to history, that the fame of Dettingen is quite familiar to musical circles in England, from the "*Te Deum*" composed by Handel in celebration of that event—a fact which seems to have escaped Carlyle.—Ed. C. M.

the victor. "Shoot me that Highland scoundrel, who dares to look on me with so insolent a stare!" exclaimed the Duke, turning to Wolfe. Pausing for a moment at the brutal order, according to the narrative of an eye-witness, Wolfe replied:—"My commission is at your Royal Highness's disposal; I am a soldier, not an executioner;" and so some meaner hand had to be found for the deed of butchery.

There is no pleasure in dwelling on such memories, or cherishing associations of our hero with a victory so dishonourable. Smollett penned, with passionate earnestness, his "Tears of Scotland;" and Collins, with the gentler sympathies of a stranger, wrote his exquisite Ode:

"How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!"

The victor had done his best to discredit his own cause and render the name and race of the Guelphs more hateful to Scotsmen than even the persecutions of the Restoration Kings had made those of the Stuarts. Five years thereafter his dissolute, worthless, elder brother, Frederick, Prince of Wales—heir to the throne,—in the midst of paltry cabals and Court squabbles, suddenly died, and his epitaph, with that of his whole race, is thus feelingly set forth by the English muse:

"Here lies Prince Fred,
Who was alive, and is dead;
Had it been his father,
I had much rather;
Had it been his brother,
Sooner than any other;
Had it been his sister,
There's no one would have miss'd her;
Had it been his whole generation,
Best of all for the nation:
But since it's only Fred,
There's no more to be said!"

Let us remember—in order that we may rightly estimate this landmark of a time so different from our own,—that this same "poor Fred" is the great grandfather of our beloved Queen.

But to return to our hero. After a brief sojourn in the district between Loch Lomond

and the Trossachs—since celebrated in romance and song—where Wolfe was sent to garrison the Fort of Inversnaid, once a stronghold of the old freebooter, Rob Roy, he was recalled to active service in the Seven Years' War. At the battle of Landfelt, where he was Major of Brigade, the entire brunt fell on the British left. He was numbered among the wounded; and received the special thanks of the General for gallantry on the field. At Nesselroy and elsewhere he served with increasing distinction, and was noted for the fine discipline of his brigade.

Yet amid all the harsh realities of war the heart of the soldier retained its youthful freshness unimpaired. It was subsequent to all this schooling in the bloody trade of war that Wolfe returned to Scotland in 1749, a Major, and ere long a Lieutenant-Colonel, though only in his twenty-third year, and wrote the first of those Glasgow letters in which we find the worldly wisdom of his mother in conflict with love's first young dream. His letters are invaluable for the glimpses they reveal of the earnest self-control, and the modesty of a noble nature. When entering on his duties as Lieutenant-Colonel, he thus writes: "I take upon me the difficult duty of a commander. It is a hard thing to keep the passions within bounds, where authority and immaturity go together. It is hard to be a severe disciplinarian, yet humane; to study the temper of all and endeavour to please them, and yet be impartial; to discourage vice at the turbulent age of twenty-three."

But with heart unsullied, in barrack as in camp, he writes his mother, regretting the want of such religious services as he had been familiar with, but rejoicing that the worship of God and the Christian Sabbath are still within his reach; and so he tells her he is acquiring the reputation of a good Presbyterian by his regular attendance at the Scottish Kirk. When we recall the prevailing mode of thought of that eighteenth cen-

ture, it is no slight token of a genuine religious feeling to find the young soldier, among strangers, and with an unfamiliar form of worship, perseveringly frequenting the house of God.

A period of imbecility, gloom, and disaster, marked England's share in the war which followed soon after the truce of Aix-la-Chapelle, till the Great Commoner was called to the councils of the Nation. Forthwith vigour took the place of despondency and defeat. Men were entrusted with the conduct of the war because of approved fitness, and not from family connections or parliamentary interest; and, among the rest, young Wolfe was selected by Pitt, and sent with General Amherst to this continent, where Lord Loudon had been conducting matters to most unsatisfactory results. Forthwith all was changed. At Louisbourg, Cape Breton, Brigadier Wolfe effected a landing under the eye of the General and Admiral Boscawen, in the face of powerful batteries, and with a sea so violent that many boats were foundered; and pushed on the siege till Louisbourg fell, and Cape Breton with it. The fleet to which the Court of Versailles had confided the defence of French America was destroyed; the captured standards were borne in triumph from Kensington Palace to the City, and there suspended in St. Paul's, amid the roar of cannon and the shouts of the people; and, as Walpole writes, "our bells are worn threadbare with ringing for victories!"

The energy of the great Minister seemed to extend its influence everywhere. The year 1759 opened with the conquest of Goree; next Guadaloupe fell; then Ticonderoga and Niagara, bringing that old war, in fancy, to our own doors. And as on land, so was it at sea. The Toulon squadron was completely defeated by Admiral Boscawen off Cape Lagos, while Wolfe—now General of the forces of the St. Lawrence,—was preparing for the achievement which was to crown the triumphs of the year with sadness

and with glory. The season was already far advanced. He had tried in vain to effect a landing below the Montmorency, and do battle with Montcalm where he lay entrenched at Beauport. All fears or hopes of aid from the French fleet were at an end. But Montcalm had other resources; had already—though in vain—tried, by fire-ships and rafts, to annihilate the English fleet. His best hope now lay in the equinox, and early winter beyond, with their gales, to drive General and Admiral both out of the St. Lawrence; and he already flattered himself that Quebec and French America were as good as safe for another year.

The English General's fears corresponded only too closely thereto. Fatigue and anxiety preyed on his delicate frame. A violent fever prostrated him for a time; but, undaunted, he returned to his work, and at length the night of September 12th, 1759, had come, and the dawn of his fortunate day.

His force, 5,000 men in all, had been already transported above Quebec. This he embarked in boats, dropt down the broad river in silence, under the stars; and as he glides swiftly towards victory and death, a little incident illuminates for us the stealthy machinations of that night with a tender spiritual ray. John Robison, a young midshipman—long after well known as Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh,—was in the same boat with the general, and loved in after years to recall the incident. As they glided down the river with muffled oars, Wolfe repeated in a low voice some stanzas from Gray's *Elegy*—then in the first blush of its fame,—ending with the prophetic lines:—

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

And as he closed, he added that he would rather be author of that poem than victor in the impending battle.

On the triumph which followed, we need

not here dwell. Wolfe's Cove, Cape Diamond, and the Plain of Abraham, with all their historic memories, are indelibly imprinted on every Canadian mind. With the morning's sun the flag of England floated over the heights of Quebec, marking an era in the world's history. This continent, thenceforth, under whatever form of government, was to be English, not French. Wolfe's work was done, and he and Montcalm lay there peaceful in the brotherhood of death.

For Wolfe, it was the close of a life that might well be envied. Tender and true as Nelson himself, and with a nobler moral self-command; he had fallen in the arms of victory, the youngest of England's generals since the old heroic days of the Black Prince. He was only in his thirty-third year. At home, the old general, his father, lay dying—died indeed before the news of mingled pride and sorrow could reach his ear. But besides the widowed mourner who survived, there was another to weep in that hour of England's triumph. His affianced bride was then vainly watching with longing eyes, for her young soldier's return. She was a rich heiress, and he an only son. They had everything that heart could desire; and she had urged his stay with all the eloquence of love. But duty called him, and, however reluctantly, he obeyed. The verses have been preserved which he addressed, on the eve of his departure, to the bride he was never to wed. They will not compare with Gray's "Elegy," but they have an interest of their own, as where he urges:

"Two passions vainly pleading,
My beating heart divide;
Lo! there my country bleeding,
And here my weeping bride."

And while thus pleading for that inevitable separation, he reminds her that—

"No distance hearts can sunder
Whom mutual truth has joined."

Thus fresh in all the passionate tenderness

and fervour of youth was that heart which sacrificed love to duty on the field of death. He gave his bride, as a lover's token, at that last parting, a locket containing some of his own hair. She lived to become Countess of Bolton; but to the day of her death she wore on her bosom Wolfe's last gift, covered with crape.

England failed not to render what honours could be lavished on him who had thus found in the path of duty the way to glory and to death. The difficulties which Wolfe had to contend with had seemed insuperable. No one dreamt of success. Horace Walpole—a good specimen of the croakers of that day as of our own—is found writing to his friend, Sir Horace Mann, while tardy winds were wafting across the ocean news of the victory already won:—"We have failed at Quebec, as we certainly shall!"

Fancy the revulsion of feeling on the falsifying of such predictions—the exulting pride, the national outburst of tearful joy. The poet Cowper recalls the time, as one when it was—

"Praise enough

To fill the ambition of a private man,
That Chatham's language was his mother tongue,
And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own."

Yet, also, it is well to realize to our own minds that which is so true a picture of what never fails as the attendant on war's triumphal car: the mother, just widowed; the bride unwed; answering to the nation's joybells with their tears.

All that the unavailing honours of this world can bestow waited on the victor's bier. West made his death the subject of his finest painting; Wilton, in Westminster Abbey, embodied the nation's gratitude in the sculptured marble of his tomb; and in the Senate, with more than wonted effort, Chatham strove to give expression to the universal sorrow. The feelings which thus found utterance in the fresh consciousness of his loss, remain associated with his memory to this hour. He lives on the historic page,

he dwells in our memories, in the beauty of perpetual youth.

Had Wolfe lived to mature his judgment by age and experience, he might have rivalled Marlborough and Wellington. Nay more, with Wolfe in the place of Howe or Burgoyne, in later American campaigns, he might have achieved less enviable triumphs and changed the destinies of the world. It is better as it is. He won unsullied laurels fighting his country's battles against a foreign foe. He had every motive that this world could offer to make life covetable; but he had lived in the thought of a life beyond, and, as he saw that work triumphantly accomplished which had been given him to do, he exclaimed, "Now God be praised, I die happy!" Such dead may indeed be pronounced happy.

"The glory dies not, and the grief is past."

But there was another hero of that fated field for whose tomb "the boast of heraldry" found no laurel wreaths. The young Marquis de Montcalm, whose name generous hands have since graven on the same column with that of Wolfe on the ramparts of Quebec, appears to have been a leader of exceptional worth among those whom the worthless Louis XV. delighted to honour. A letter of his, written to a cousin in France, only three weeks before the fall of Quebec, shows a statesmanlike prevision very suggestive to us now. Anticipating possible results, with the English masters of the river and the French fleet annihilated, he says, "If Wolfe beat me here, France has lost America utterly." But as he tells his friend, there lies for comfort in the future what even Chatham failed to foresee:—with all occasion for defence against French neighbours removed, "our only consolation is that, in ten years, America will be in revolt against England!"

So shrewdly reasoned Montcalm, as he looked from that old vantage ground into the future of this continent; and though there is no longer the jealousy of rival Euro-

pean powers to act as a counterpoise to American assumption, the foresight of the young Frenchman has still a lesson for ourselves. The generous emulation of Canada and the United States can only prove healthful to both. The habits of self-government learned from the same parent, may help, in honourable rivalry, to correct failures of each, while adapting to this new world free institutions inherited by both from England. But the dream of absorbing this whole continent into one unwieldy Republic is only suited to Young America in the stage of boastful inexperience. Should it ever be realized, the teachings of the past point to it as the mere transitional step to greater disunion. The bounds of our Dominion are, on the whole, well defined; and our historical individuality is determined by antecedents which it would puzzle the chroniclings of a Monroe doctrinaire to fit into the strange patchwork of his ideal Republic of the future.

The French-Canadian who calmly reviews what the France of his fathers of the Louis XV. era was; what New France of the subsequent Revolution era has been; what share has meanwhile been frankly accorded to him in working out free institutions on a wiser and surer basis; and what his own Nouvelle France, and the ampler Canada of the united races have become, has no reason to dissociate old Quebec from his cherished memories. But whirled into a political vortex which imposed on us the celebration of Fourth of July anniversaries, the memories of Quebec and those of Queenston Heights would equally puzzle us to reconcile with loyalty to the State on which they had been engrafted. There need be no antagonism between Canada and the United States—sprung like ourselves from the loins of Old England; nor all unworthy of her parentage. Nor need we shrink from acknowledging that the independence of the old Colonies was a victory in the cause of freedom, in which England herself has been a gainer: for the triumph of Lord North, and of King

George, would have impeded later hard-won rights which have made it impossible that an English minister shall ever again dare to do what Lord North then did. But Canada has no inheritance in the memories of New England grievances: unless it be those recollections which she loves to cherish of Loyalist forefathers, whose fidelity to the Empire overbore all consciousness of personal wrongs. The geographical and political characteristics of Canada alike shape out for it an autonomy of its own; and it were well that the statesmen of this continent should lay to heart all that is involved in the wise foresight with which Montcalm forecast its future.

France unquestionably had her revenge for the defeat at Quebec, in the revolution of 1783; and reaped revenge's fitting harvest in her own Reign of Terror, and all the endless revolutions that have followed, to prove her incapacity for self-government. For whether America forget it or not, England had trained her children to deal even with revolution, as freemen, and not as slaves broke loose. A grand experiment in the science of self-government has been entrusted to us; and the American Republic, with its Washington beaurocracy, and the quadrennial throes of its Presidential elections, has not so solved the problem that we must need cast in our lot among its still partially United States, as though that were the sole avenue to a political millenium.

A problem of singular interest is being solved here. Two races, the foremost in the ranks of humanity, long rivals in arts and arms:—the stolid, slow, but long-enduring Saxon; the lively, impressible, gallant Frank,—are here invited to share a common destiny, and work out a future of their own. The Norman and Saxon of elder centuries have united with the Celt to make England what she is. Saxon, Norman, and Celt meet here anew, under other fortunes, to make of our common Dominion what future generations will know how to prize. Men of

the old French monarchy, before the era of revolutions, have been succeeded by those who here, under the ægis of England, have been admitted and trained to all the rights and privileges of a free people. *L'Etat, c'est moi*, was the maxim of Louis le Grand; and his descendant, Louis XVI., reaped the ample harvest of such a seed-time. Happy, indeed, would be the Paris of to-day, if it could borrow the art of self-government from Quebec; and strangely constituted must his mind be, who, amid the absolute freedom of self-government which we enjoy, can dream of casting in his lot either with the sturdy Republic on our own borders, or its Gallic sister beyond the sea.

It is a privilege not to be lightly thrown away, that we share the destinies of an Empire where the Rajah of a British Province on the Indian ocean—beyond the farthest foot-print of the Macedonian Alexander,—sends as his loyal gift to the Olympian Games of our common nationality, the prize-cup which victors from our young Dominion recently brought in triumph to our shores. The generation has not yet wholly passed away which stood undaunted against the banded powers of Europe; and should the necessity for it recur, it will be seen that England to herself can still be true.

Our living present, as well as the sacred memories which we inherit, as a member of that great British Confederacy which embraces in one united Empire, India and Canada; New Zealand and Newfoundland; the Bahamas; the Antilles; Australia and the Cape; are too precious to be lightly cast away. But if the time is ever to come—

“Far on in summers that we shall not see,”

—when this young Dominion shall stretch across the Continent, a free nation, with duties and with interests all its own; it will be for its interest as well as its honour that it can then look back only with loving memories on the common mother of the Anglo-Saxon race; while it emulates her example, and aspires to her worth.

ELSWITHA.

ELSWITHA knitteth the stocking blue,
 In the flickering firelight's glow ;
 Dyed are her hands in its ruddy hue,
 And it glints on the shining needles too,
 And flushes her cap of snow.

Elswitha dreameth a waking dream,
 As busy her fingers ply ;
 And it lights her eye with its olden gleam,
 For the world seems now as it used to seem,
 And the things far off are nigh :

The things far off in the lapse of years,
 Dead faces and loves outgrown ;
 Oh, many a form at her side appears,
 And many a voice in her soul she hears,
 And many a long hushed tone.

For memory walks thro' her halls to-night,
 A torch in her lifted hand,
 And lo ! at the sound of her footstep light,
 They shake them free from the dust and blight,
 And trooping around her stand.

Bright curls of auburn and braids of brown,
 With the sunlight sifted through ;
 And foreheads white as the hawthorn's crown,
 And garlands fresh as when last thrown down,
 Ay, fresher in scent and hue.

They come from aisles of the buried Past,
 From the faded Long ago,
 From sepulchres old and dim and vast—
 They come with their grave-clothes from them cast,
 To stand in this firelight glow.

And weird is the charm they weave, I trow,
 Elswitha is young and fair ;
 Gone are the furrows and tear-stains now,
 Gone are wrinkles from hand and brow,
 The silver from shining hair.

Gone are the years with their heavy weight,
 (And heavy the years had grown)
 For Love hath entered the lists with Fate,
 And Memory needeth nor name nor date,
 For Memory knoweth her own.

“Now haste thee dame, for the fire is low,
 And the good man waits his tea!”
 Back to their tombs do the phantoms go,
 And dark and deep do the shadows grow,
 But Elswitha smileth her dream to know—
 Not a dream, but a *Prophecy!*

St. John, N. B.

MARY BARRY SMITH.

LOST AND WON :

A STORY OF CANADIAN LIFE.

By the author of “For King and Country.”

CHAPTER IV.

A REVELATION.

“Be strong to bear, O Heart!
 Nothing is vain;
 Strive not, for life is care,
 And God sends pain;
 Heaven is above, and there
 Rest will remain.”

NEXT morning the storm had partially cleared away, but showers still fell at intervals, and as everything without was saturated with rain, the raspberry gathering which had been proposed was, of course, entirely out of the question. Alan, indeed, had abstained from speaking of it the night before, feeling sure that it would be impracticable, and being shy of speaking of Lottie unnecessarily in the family. He had an uncomfortable feeling that, though his mother had not said a word in opposition to his engagement, and though she never showed any lack of cordiality towards Lottie, she

was not in her heart quite satisfied with his choice. Not so, however, his sister Jeanie. She had quite a chivalrous affection and admiration for Lottie, her only playmate in childhood, and now almost her only intimate friend; and she would have been as unwilling to acknowledge and as ready to excuse the faults of the girl she already rejoiced to think of as a sister, as would Alan himself have done.

Alan spent the morning in an uncomfortable fashion, attending to various odd jobs, of harness-mending, wool-packing, &c., all the while expecting a visit from Mr. Sharp-ley, and preparing himself for a negotiation. That gentleman, however, did not present himself, and perhaps Alan would have been still more uncomfortable could he have seen how much his new acquaintance was making himself at home in Mrs. Ward's kitchen. He had some business letters to write, and Mrs. Ward had established a table for him in the most convenient position in the win-

dow. Lottie, as soon as her necessary duties had been expeditiously got through, took out a piece of embroidery—her company work—in honour of the stranger, and, attired as smartly as she dared to be in the morning sat conveniently near, ready, and by no means unwilling, to engage in a little bantering conversation with the visitor whenever he wanted a little relaxation from the dryness of business. This happened pretty often; but the business letters did not suffer so much as might have been expected, as Mr. Sharpley was a man who did not often allow himself to neglect business for pleasure, but could often combine the two, where men of more emotional temperament would fail. He was getting on splendidly, too, with Mrs. Ward, winning her favour as well as Lottie's by his ingratiating deferential manner. Most women are readily won by deference, and Dick knew how to make it go as far as most people could. He praised Mrs. Ward's sleek, well-fed cow; complimented her on her milking—for she always did *her* share, in the morning at least, and often Lottie's too;—praised her light, white bread, and took the trouble to penetrate to the cool milk-cellar, where the long rows of pans stood, yellow on the surface with the rich thick cream, and where poor black Cæsar was performing his daily task of propelling the treadmill churn, with due gravity and compulsory industry. For not even the house-dog was an idle appendage in Mrs. Ward's household. And when the butter was taken out of the white frothing foam in the churn, Mr. Sharpley was all ready with his declaration that he had never seen butter more quickly, more admirably, or more economically made. Mrs. Ward thought she had never met with a "pleasanter-spoken" young man, and, as she noticed his evident admiration for her daughter, and thought how well such a young man would be sure to "get on," she inwardly wondered whether it wasn't a pity Lottie had been in such a hurry, and hadn't

looked farther before she promised to marry Alan Campbell.

In the afternoon the clouds broke up and melted away, and the sun, shining out again with his former force, dried up the fields and roads as if by magic, and drew forth all sorts of sweet odours from trees and flowers and meadows. Alan and his two brothers went down to the low meadow, to try to dry the unfortunate hay which had been out through the rain. As they returned, having done their best to put it in drying order, Hugh ran off to collect the cows for milking, and Dan stopped at the pasture-field to catch Beauty and another horse, with which he and his father were going to take a load of wool to Mapleford, where there was a woollen factory. The glossy, graceful mare bounded to her young master at his familiar call, and allowed him to lead her to the house by the forelock, without a halter.

"Isn't she a beauty, Alan? Doesn't she deserve her name?" said the lad, stopping to stroke down her shining chestnut sides. "And isn't it too bad to put her in harness? Old Vannecker said she should be kept entirely for the saddle, when he saw how splendidly she could take a five-rail fence without the least trouble. He said she ought to be in the United States cavalry, with me on her back! And I tell you, Alan," he added, confidentially, "if it wasn't for mother, and for leaving you to do all the work, I believe I'd go! Wouldn't it be splendid fun?"

"Dan, you musn't either think or speak of such a thing," said Alan, quickly. "You know how dreadfully it would vex and worry mother, just to hear you say that.

The boys, somehow, never thought much of things as affecting their *father*. It was always "*mother*."

"Oh, of course I know I can't do it; so its no use thinking about it! But I should like it awfully! It's so dull here, Alan, you know; always the same old digging and sowing, and haying and reaping and ploughing, year after year, and nothing else to look

forward to! Nothing ever happens here! Hugh's got his books, and you've got Lottie, and you're boss, too, in a sort of way; but poor me hasn't got nothing!"

"Except Beauty," said Alan, smiling at the boy's dolorous tone.

"Ah, yes! my Beauty! but then I'd have her with me there, you know, and wouldn't we have the fine old times!" and off he went to water the horses at the little stream which, taking its rise in a marsh that lay in the outskirts of Mr. Campbell's farm, flowed through a green glade behind the house, giving it its name.

Alan sighed a little over his brother's thoughtless words, wishing it were true that nothing did happen, or were likely to happen to disturb that quiet uneventful routine, and wondered whether, in the event of the worst contingencies that were haunting him, such a course as that Dan had suggested might not be the best the boy could take, if only it were not for the sorrow it would cause to "mother." "It is stupid for him, here, he thought. He's got all the martial spirit of the family, and has pluck and daring enough to make a splendid soldier. But, of course, it's not to be thought of."

When milking time was past and the early tea was over, and no Mr. Sharpley had appeared, Alan felt as if he could wait no longer, but must go and hunt him up at the mill. As his father and Dan, however, had gone to Mapleford, he had a good deal to do, and the sun was setting in soft rosy and purple banks of cloud as he walked rapidly along the road that led toward the mill. A few pools, here and there, were the only traces of the late rain; the air in the woods through which he was led was laden with the fragrance of the pines and hemlocks, the ferns, and the distant faint perfume of new hay; and everything seemed pervaded by a soft, fresh brightness which made it difficult to realize the wild, peering storm of the night before. As he approached the farm-house by a side cut, avoiding the more

frequented road that led straight to the mill, the river had caught the evening glow, and lay, calm and still, flushed with a rosy tint that reflected the clouds above it, while the moon was already pretty far up in the eastern sky. Everything looked to Alan so lovely and full of peace that it seemed to him as if the load of anxiety on his heart had no right to be there, and should be shaken off like a night-mare. The house looked deserted, but a glance in the direction of the flourishing kitchen garden showed him Lottie and her mother busily engaged picking currants, with two heaped-up baskets beside them, filled with the ruby fruit.

"Good evening, Alan," said Mrs. Ward, briskly, as he approached. "Lottie and me's just makin' the most of the daylight, gettin' in these currants. Last night's rain and to-day's sun's just ripened them all at once, so we thought after tea we'd begin and pick them; for I want a lot, you know, for my currant wine." Mrs. Ward's currant wine was an "institution" in the neighbourhood, and was a home-manufacture on which she particularly prided herself.

In the meantime Alan had found time and opportunity to give Lottie a tender greeting, and to ask playfully after the welfare of her dress.

"You didn't expect me to come raspberry-ing to-day, of course," she said, when she had replied, a little nonchalantly, to his enquiries.

"No, of course I didn't," he said. "I knew before I got home that it would be impossible to go, so I didn't even speak of it to Jeanie."

"And were you very wet?" she said, at last bethinking herself of asking the question.

"Rather! but my mother made me a cup of hot tea, and I was none the worse. Is Mr. Sharpley in, Lottie?" he added, unable to refrain longer from asking for the object of his visit.

"Mr. Sharpley! So you came to see

him!" said Lottie, with a mixture of surprise and curiosity, added to a little intermingled pique at having been mistaken in supposing herself the sole object of his coming.

"Yes. I wanted to see him about a little business," replied Alan. "He hasn't left, has he?" he added, anxiously.

"Oh, no! he hain't left," said Mrs. Ward, "that is, not yet, though he means to go by the stage from Dunn's Corners to-morrow. But I guess you'll hardly see him, for he went out in the afternoon, and said he shouldn't be back till late."

"Why, what do you want with him?" asked Lottie, bluntly, unable to restrain her curiosity. As she was the only point of contact between the two she wondered a little whether it could possibly have anything to do with her! Could Alan be feeling jealous already, like the heroes of some of the stories? The idea gave her rather a pleasant feeling of importance.

Alan replied gravely that he had a little business to transact with him for his father; and Lottie was obliged to be contented. Somehow Alan seemed so much graver and quieter since yesterday, and even as they strolled together by the river bank in the sweet dusk of the moon-lit evening, he appeared dull and abstracted, and not to be roused by her little attempts to pique him by praises of Mr. Sharpley, and by insinuations as to his politeness and attention.

Mrs. Ward had gone in to stow away the currants, which Alan had carried to the house, and now sat at the door beside the miller, who was enjoying his evening pipe; and, of course, his wife informed him that Alan had come to see Mr. Sharpley on business.

"Well now!" said the miller, "I wonder what business old Campbell can have with him! But if you'd heerd all the questions the lawyer chap was askin' about him last night when we was at the mill—'bout the farm, and what sort o' land it was, and how

they worked it, and a sight more. I wondered what it was he was up to."

"Something!—you may be sure," said Mrs. Ward, with a knowing air. "That young man don't ask nothin' for nothin', I'll warrant! Why, when he asked me how many eggs a day my hens laid, and how many young turkeys I had, you'd ha' thought he was makin' notes and calkilations all the time! Shouldn't wonder if he thought some of startin' a poultry-yard himself! But whatever he does, he'll get on!" A remark in which Mr. Sharpley would probably have agreed with her, though her theory as to his intentions would have afforded him considerable amusement.

"That he will!" rejoined the miller, astutely. "And he hain't no incapable father, so far as we know, to pull him back."

"No, indeed," sighed Mrs. Ward, noticing that her husband's thoughts had evidently taken the same direction as her own.

"But he's a good lad, is Alan, and as steady as a rock," pursued he, "only I wonder what this business can be!"

Meantime Alan sauntered aimlessly about with Lottie, for the first time finding the time long in her company, so impatient was he to see Sharpley and have the dreaded interview over. And Lottie had no sympathetic tact to teach her to see and accommodate herself to her lover's altered air, perhaps because she lacked the genuine unselfish affection which will of itself teach this to any true-hearted woman. Still she missed something in Alan, and felt dissatisfied; and when he said, at last, that he could wait no longer, but must go, hoping to meet Mr. Sharpley on the way, she declared that as the night was so lovely she would go with him, at least to the great gate that opened from the mill-yard on the high road.

They strolled slowly along a meadow path that ran by the side of the farm, on the other side of which was the regular waggon-road to the mill and the farm-house. Beside the fence, for a good part of the

way, grew a sort of natural hedge of wild bramble and hawthorn bushes, thick enough to make a screen, even in daylight, still more in the paler, though clear, moonlight. As they approached the end of the path they heard the great gate open, and footsteps and voices approaching.

"There, I suppose that's Mr. Sharpley," Lottie exclaimed, "so now, Alan, you can come back and see him at the house. But he must have some one with him."

Alan listened, and readily distinguished the lawyer's smooth accents, and, alternating with them, the familiar, unwelcome, oily tones of Mr. Hollingsby. They seemed to be discussing some important matter in a low voice. Just as they came opposite to him, his ear caught his own name, and some strange instinct made Alan—though very far from an eaves-dropper—stop to listen; while an inexplicable intuition seemed to force itself upon him that he was going to hear something nearly affecting himself. It was Hollingsby who was speaking. "Take my word for it, sir, you'll find it a safe thing—and you can tell Mr. Leggatt so—if you can push it through. Why, the farm aint half properly worked. The old man's not himself half the time, and no great things when he's that, and the boys haint got no experience. Why, I could pay Mr. Leggatt double the interest he gets on his money, and make a good thing of it."

"Well, we'll see about it," was the reply, "only the thing must be kept as quiet as possible. So you think there's no chance of their raising the money in the meanwhile?"

"Not a chance of it, sir; there's nobody about here likely to have that much ready money, and I don't think capital's being plenty in Carrington, neither, just now. If they were to get this branch railway out here now, no doubt it would make a difference."

"Oh, that's quite an uncertainty at present. A hundred things might come in the way of that," said Sharpley, more hurriedly than he usually spoke.

"No," pursued the other, thoughtfully, "I don't think there's any way that they can raise it. There's their relation, Sandy McAlpine, he might do it, but they'll never get it from him. And any way, the old man's so off-putting, that he'll let them slip by without doing anything. And Alan's no hand at business, and besides he don't know the ins and outs of the affairs. I got that from the old man last night."

The last sentence Alan could just guess at, for, slowly as they were walking, they were by this time almost out of hearing.

It would be difficult to describe the mingled feelings of consternation, anger and dismay with which Alan, standing spell-bound, had listened to this conversation. From the moment that the name of Leggatt had been mentioned he knew perfectly well, pre-occupied as he was with the matter, what it was they were talking about. He saw through it all now—or thought he did—this villainous plan to rob a defenceless family of their property, and plunge them into ruin for selfish gain. It was not, then, for nothing that he had shrunk from Sharpley, and had dreaded having any transactions with the usurious Leggatt. But he had never thought it could be so bad as this! And Hollingsby too! Much as he had distrusted him, and false friend as he had long felt him to be, he had not thought there could be such rascality in the world! It was a cruel shock, in every way, to the generous, confiding young man. Lottie wondered as she felt the hand that lay on his arm pressed to his side with a force that hurt it, and looking up in Alan's face, saw how deadly pale it looked in the white moonlight, and how his teeth seemed tightly set.

"Alan! you hurt me!" she exclaimed. "What is the matter? What are they talking about? I don't understand. Won't you come back with me?"

"Not to-night, Lottie," said Alan, trying to steady himself to speak calmly, but trembling with excitement. "I need not stay

now, to talk to that fellow. It would be of no use. Lottie! I know now that he is trying to ruin us all; your 'nice young man!' he said almost fiercely.

"Why—how? Alan," she exclaimed in dismay.

But Alan instinctively felt that Lottie was not the sort of girl to be entrusted with matters requiring secrecy and prudence, so he only said—

"I can't stop to tell you now, dear—only don't speak of it to any one till I see you again. Good night."

And before she could detain him he was off—had leaped the rail-fence, and was hurrying along the white moonlit road, as if the rapid motion was a relief to the intense excitement that thrilled through his frame.

Just as he was emerging from the shadow of the woods, a few hundred yards from the gate of Braeburn, a slight figure glided out of the deep shadow of a spreading elm that stood a little by itself, and stood by his side in silence. Alan started for the moment—he almost thought it was an apparition. Then, on taking a closer glance, he half-smiled at his own superstition.

"Why, Ben, is it you?" he exclaimed. "When did *you* turn up?"

It was a slight lithe stripling who stood beside him, whose dark sallow complexion, visible even in the moonlight, half shaded as it was by the overhanging trees, together with the high cheek bones, straight black hair, and grave sad expression, which seemed to wear the wistful look that often gleams out from the eyes of dumb animals, told to an experienced eye his Indian lineage. He was, in truth, an Indian boy, whose mother had died when encamped near Braeburn, when he was a mere child, and who, having taken a fancy to Mrs. Campbell's kind, motherly face and voice, had, of his own accord, lingered about the farm, and refused to go when the encampment broke up. As he grew up, though still strongly attached to his adopted home, he would often, with

the restlessness of his race, wander away with his people when they happened to be in the neighbourhood, and would then disappear for months, regularly re-appearing when his restless fit was over, and settling down again to steady work until the wandering impulse returned. He had now been away for two months, and Alan had missed his active aid a good deal during the haying time.

"Come back this evening," he said laconically. "Wigwam up—down there by the Fork."

"Oh!" said Alan, "you waited till they came back, and left us to get through the haying without you!" The lad's sad expression grew sadder;—"Ben very sorry; people could'nt come sooner! Old grannie sick—most dying."

"Well, Ben, I'm glad to see you back, anyhow! Come along," he said, putting an arm round the boy's shoulder. But Ben stopped again presently, and said gravely and solemnly—"Met Hollingsby, and strange man with him, been round here for a couple of hours, walking all round, looking about. What does he want?"

"Never mind, Ben," said Alan, somewhat startled, "how do you know they were looking about?"

"Been watching them. They've been up and down, round by the marsh, and everywhere, busy talking too!"

Enlightened by the conversation he had overheard, Alan was at no loss to divine the subject of their talk, nor, in general, the object of their survey. It seemed to give him another stab to think of the probable purport of their consultation. However, he tried to turn Ben's mind away from the subject, which it was not difficult to do, as they were now in sight of Braeburn. As they turned the last winding of the lane that led up to the house, Alan thought, with a heavy sigh, how peaceful and home-like it looked in the white moonlight. It was a long, low house, part of it a story-and-a-half high,

built of logs; for, with the Campbells, times had never been prosperous enough to permit them, like most of their neighbours, to replace it, as years passed, by one of brick or stone. But it was substantial and comfortable enough, if the rooms were low, and the windows small; and a luxuriant Virginia creeper threw its masses of glossy foliage lovingly about the old walls and the little windows, communicating to it a picturesqueness that the smart, bare, new brick and stone houses of the neighbouring farmers, destitute of either creepers or shrubbery, entirely lacked. Besides the Virginia creeper, there was a wild vine whose rich green leaves and clinging tendrils hung about a little rustic porch, which in June, "when the vines with the tender grape give a good smell," made the house redolent with sweetness, and the porch a favourite resort of the busy little humming birds, glittering among the green leaves in gay gem-like hues of emerald and sapphire. There were a few shrubs, and rose-bushes, too, in front of the house; and some flower-beds—the flowers gradually straggling away, however, among cucumbers and tomato-plants. It was Mrs. Campbell who, amidst all her busy life, cared for these little natural adornments, and the same characteristics which thus found expression without, gave to the sitting-room within, plain and old as its furniture was, an unmistakable air of refinement that was entirely absent from the stiff grandeur of Mrs. Ward's "best parlour."

Alan had never known how much he loved the homely old place and all its surroundings till now, when the possibility of having to leave them forced itself on his mind. And he thought of his brother's words—"*Nothing ever happens here!*" There was his mother, by the little gate that opened on the lane, watching for his return, as she usually did when any of them were out late; the moonlight shining full on the saddened patient anxious face, furrowed by many a care and sorrow. Must this blow, too, fall upon

her, and how would she bear it? And his father, whom he could just see, sitting in the porch, half hidden in the foliage! What would become of him—ruined in his old age!

But it was no time for thinking about ultimate possibilities. There was need of immediate action now. Jeanie and the boys were gone to bed, and after the Indian boy had had a kindly welcome and a supper provided for him, and been despatched to the bed that was always ready to receive him, Alan communicated to his father and mother—without alarming them more than he thought necessary—the grave nature of the emergency. His mother said nothing, but Alan felt that she took in the whole reality of the situation at once. His father dwelt upon the hardships of the case, and upon Leggatt's promises not to press him; although he now admitted, what, in his growing weakness of mind and confusion of ideas he did not seem at first to remember, that the time for which the money had been formally lent must have expired. But he took refuge in Leggatt's promises not to press him, and would hardly admit the idea of Hollingsby's treachery. There must be some mistake, he was sure; Alan would see it would come all right yet. He would see Mr. Sharpley to-morrow.

"Why," he said, "I'll just tell him how Leggatt said to me, over and over again, that I could just take my time about it. And when the mortgage was drawn out, there was to be something put in about its not being foreclosed, even when the principal came due, so long as I could pay the interest.

"Did you read over the mortgage yourself, father," asked Alan eagerly.

"Indeed no," said Mr. Campbell, somewhat embarrassed. You see, I hadn't my glasses with me that day, but I got Hollingsby to read it—he was with me, you know—and he said it was all right, so why should I think of reading it?"

Alan groaned inwardly. Things seemed darker and darker. He knew very well that

his father's "having no glasses with him" had probably had its not very remote cause in "*glasses*" of another sort. And these wide-awake men of business, and this pretended friend, had been ready to take a base advantage of their victim. But it was of no use whatever for his father to see Sharpley. More vigorous measures must be taken.

"Well, father," he said, "I think the only thing that can be done is for me to go to Carrington to-morrow morning, see Leggatt myself, and find out exactly how it stands, and then try if I can raise another loan."

"Well, well," said the old man, helplessly and fretfully; "Do the best you can. I don't know where we're to get another loan, unless Sandy McAlpine would give it. You can try him, at any rate. But don't fret, Janet," he added, to his wife, "you'll see it will all come right yet."

And, with this favourite prognostication, the little group separated—Alan to get all the sleep he could before his early start. But it was long before he could sleep, and he knew, by the sounds in the room below, that his mother did not go to bed for hours. And, accustomed as he was to her ways and habits, he knew, as well as if he had been with her, that she was kneeling by his father's old worn arm-chair, seeking comfort and help and guidance where she had often sought and found it before.

CHAPTER V.

OTHER MEN'S STAIRS.

"Steep is the ascent of other men's stairs."

—*Dante.*

EARLY as Alan started next morning, he did not leave home without a warm breakfast, prepared by his mother's careful hands. She did not look as if she had slept much; poor woman, her eyes often had that look; but she put on an air of cheerfulness that she might send her boy

away on his anxious errand in as good spirits as possible. And she gave him certain commissions to execute—little feminine orders for cotton and thread; not so much because she needed them, as to take away a little, in seeming, from the solemnity of the crisis. And then, when she had dismissed him with a smile, and watched him, mounted on Dan's "*Beauty*," disappearing in the turning of the road, and there was no more need for "keeping up," she sat down in the silent house, where no one was yet stirring, and in the old, simple, expressive phrase, "wept bitterly." To Alan, the freshness of the early morning, and the little bustle and excitement of the start, had communicated, in spite of his fears, a more cheerful and hopeful spirit. Only the faint light of dawn was as yet in the sky, all soft grey and rose-purple in the western, and amber and saffron in the eastern horizon, whence the golden sun was just about to emerge. The woods were full of balmy and delicate fragrances, and vocal with the early choruses of the birds, who, as if to show their carelessness about human admiration, hold their grand concerts at an hour when the ears of most people are sealed in sleep. The world at that hour seemed given up to the pure and sweet influences of innocent nature, and Alan, in spite of himself, felt that his passionate excitement of the night before had in some measure calmed down, for the time at least, as if soothed by a kind and loving hand. He could not, just now, feel so savagely towards the authors of the impending calamity, and especially towards him whom he, not unjustly, in his heart styled "that sneaking Sharpley," as, with his Highland spirit, he thought he ought to feel.

At Dunn's Corners, some four or five miles from home, he stopped to water "*Beauty*," at the tavern, for it was a warm morning, and he could not conveniently do so for some miles farther on. He took her to the well in the wide open court-yard, surrounded by stables, and taking the bucket,

which was fastened to the pump by a chain, he filled it for the already thirsty animal. The landlord, however, whose windows overlooked the court-yard, hearing the sound of the pump, had hurried on his clothes and hastened out to intercept a possible customer.

"Won't you come in, Mr. Alan, and have something?" he hospitably enquired.

"No, thank you, Mr. Brown, I had breakfast before starting."

"But a little drop o' bitters would set you up for a long ride, for you'll be goin' to Carrington most like."

"No, thank you, Mr. Brown, I don't believe in those bitters of yours," replied Alan, good humouredly, but wishing that he could make some other acknowledgment of the bucket of water. For wayside wells in these days are not practically as free as they were in the days of Eliezer and Rebecca.

"That's a fine mare of yours," he said, patting the beast, as Alan prepared to mount. "Old Vannecker was offering Mr. Dan a high price for her here t'other day; but I suppose he wouldn't sell her on no account," he said, enquiringly.

"No, I don't think so," said Alan, shortly, remembering, with a pang, how much they needed money. But *this* would only be a drop in the bucket!

"Well, I shouldn't wonder if he'd make him a better offer yet when he comes again. I tell you what," he added slyly, "Mr. Dan might do worse than put himself and *her* into the Federal army. There's Mike O'Rourke has listed, I hear."

"Indeed," said Alan, are you sure?" Mike O'Rourke was one of Dan's wild young associates, and if he were out of reach it would be good news, Alan thought.

"Oh yes, sure enough! I had it from one of his own people; and a nice little sum he got—bounty money."

"Well, good morning," said Alan, hastily. It was not easy to get out of range of Mr. Brown's tongue.

People were taking their breakfasts when

Alan reached the outskirts of Carrington. He could see them, through the half-closed Venetian blinds, sitting at their white-covered breakfast tables—busy, all of them, no doubt, with the various projects and interests of the day. He wondered whether any of them were oppressed with a load of care like that which had begun to make its weight felt anew, now that the critical moment was drawing near.

Carrington was a great lumbering place, as any one could tell on approaching the little town by railway, on observing the tall piles of yellow, fresh-smelling, newly-squared lumber which ramparted the approach to the station, awaiting their turn for transportation, or the quantities of floating logs which were always to be seen almost filling up the bed of the rapid little Arqua, the same river that flowed past Blackwater mill, and which, here grown considerably larger, came whirling and tossing over rocks and shallows, creating any amount of rapids and foam, and "water power," and "privileges," before merged its noisy little existence in the larger, calmer river that waited at Carrington to receive it. It was these "privileges" that had been the making of Carrington, and it valued them accordingly. There was the great saw-mill belonging to the Arnolds, who had made their fortune, people said, by lumbering, and the gates of whose stately mansion, the crowning glory of Carrington, lying between the road and the Arqua, Alan had passed as he approached the town. Then there were various other saw and grist mills, and wheel and axle factories, and others, more or less ambitious, all bearing a direct relation to the lumber. And besides the dressed lumber, which went by barge or train to the nearest profitable market, large rafts of round logs, in "cribs"—as the divisions were called—strongly lashed together, and bearing the little house and domestic establishment of the raftsmen, often floated down the wider river to some more distant emporium. So that Carrington, between its rafts-

men, and mill-hands, and mill-owners, and the buying and selling that followed in their train, was a busy and thriving little place.

Alan went first to put up his mare at the "British Lion Hotel," as it was loyally named, and then took a stroll along the busy main street on which it stood, whiling away the time by making his mother's little purchases until he could expect to find Mr. Leggatt at his office. He went once too soon, and found the office locked; but the second time he met at the door an individual attired in a suit of rusty black, of a rather dried up and wizened aspect, with keen twinkling grey eyes and grizzled hair, who opened the door with an air of proprietorship, and invited Alan to enter. It was a dingy little office, with a few large business-looking folios on a high desk by the window, and some county maps, charts, and large bright-coloured advertisements of railway and insurance companies hanging on the wall, for Mr. Leggatt was agent for several companies, and transacted various other little odds and ends of business, which consorted well enough with his own personal money-making projects.

When Alan had communicated his name, Mr. Leggatt smilingly pushed him a chair, sitting down on another, folding his hands with a prepared air of expectation, as he said, "Very happy to make your acquaintance, sir! Called, I suppose, about your father's little business?"

Alan replied in the affirmative, and with a beating heart proceeded to state his father's surprise at receiving his letter, and his impression as to Mr. Leggatt's assurances.

"Quite a mistake, sir, quite a mistake!" said that gentleman, glibly and smilingly, when Alan had reached this point. "I told your good father I shouldn't hurry him *unless I wanted the money myself*. But I do, you see, want it badly. We business men have got to come up to time with our payments ourselves, and so we can't oblige others, however much we may wish it. Busi-

ness is business you see, sir, and can't be made pleasure of, anyhow."

And Mr. Leggatt smilingly took a pinch of snuff, as if to emphasize the statement.

Alan felt completely at bay. He had no reasonable plea to urge, except that this pressure simply meant ruin; he could feel that any appeal *ad misericordiam*, even if he could stoop to the humiliation, would slide off Mr. Leggatt's encasement of bland civility like water from oilcloth. He could not even find a pretext for expressing the indignant contempt that was thrilling through his frame. As the only thing he could do, he asked leave to look at the mortgage.

"Ah, my friend, Mr. Sharpley has that, and I'm afraid you can't see it to-day, as he's out of town. You see I consider the matter is in his hands now, and I really must refer you to him for the future; and I'm very busy this morning, sir, so I hope you'll excuse me."

The fact was, Mr. Leggatt, in spite of his assumed nonchalance of manner, not being made altogether of flint, was beginning to wince a little, inwardly, under the young man's earnest, scrutinising look, in which the anxiety he was suffering was, unconsciously to himself, quite discernible.

Alan coldly bade him good morning, and walked away, feeling distressed enough. His only resource now was to see what Sandy McAlpine could or would do; and he did not feel particularly sanguine. Sandy McAlpine was a second cousin of his mother's, a Highlander by birth, as his name intimated, and his deep-set voice and strong Gaelic accent betrayed to all who made his personal acquaintance. Moreover, Sandy was very proud of his origin, was a pillar of the St. Andrew's Society, and very cordial in claiming kinship with all "brither Scots"—the prosperous ones, at least. With the unprosperous he was not quite so cordial. But as they were in the minority, and were not apt to come prominently forward, this did not so much matter, and he

was considered, on the whole, a loyal and genial Scot. With the Campbells he had very heartily claimed acquaintance when, some dozen years before, he had come to Carrington to set up in the hardware business, and had spent many pleasant holiday weeks at Braeburn Farm, enjoying its warm-hearted hospitality—which was apt sometimes to exceed its means. But of later years, as Sandy prospered more and more, and the Campbells less and less, Sandy's cordiality had somewhat diminished, and his visits came more and more to resemble those of angels in their infrequency. Still, old Mr. Campbell and he always had a cordial "crack," when the former came to market at Carrington.

It was not long before Alan beheld at a distance the large tin tea-kettle—bright and glittering, and suggestive of domestic comfort—which served Sandy for a sign. He found Mr. McAlpine's tall and broad person leaning against the doorway, conversing amiably with a country customer.

"And how are ye, Alan lad? And how's your good mother and your worthy father?" exclaimed Sandy, with a cordial hand-grip. "Just walk in and sit down till I've put up Mr. Bennett's nails and harvesting-gloves, and then I'll hear all the news from out your way." Alan walked in, past rakes and hoes and other farming implements, to the counter, glittering with various exhibition articles of Britannia metal and plated ware. At last the parcels were put up, the customer dismissed, and Sandy, leading the way to the back part of the shop in order to be out of the way of interruption, took his seat on the counter, with his feet against a coil of rope, and renewed his enquiries after the health of the inmates of Braeburn Farm.

"Well, we're all well, cousin Sandy, but we're rather in trouble."

"Trouble! What sort?" asked Sandy, his countenance visibly elongating. He was rather afraid of "trouble."

Alan explained as briefly as possible, and wound up his recital by intimating, somewhat timidly, his father's hope that his cousin might be able to help him with a loan.

"My dear lad! that's just an impossibility!" he exclaimed, almost out of breath at the idea. "Where would I get such a sum in ready money as that? It's as much as I can do, often, to make my own payments."

Alan glanced involuntarily around the "store," whose well-filled shelves and generally thriving aspect seemed to tell a tale of a flourishing business. Mr. McAlpine seemed to understand the look.

"If I had the worth of all *that* by me in ready money," he said, explanatorily, "I should be a rich man. But you little know how much a business like mine takes to keep it going! It's just paying out, paying out, all the time, and as for the paying in! it's 'small profits and slow returns,' he said, jocularly paraphrasing the placard bearing the motto—"Small profits and quick returns," that hung about the shop.

"I'm afraid it'll be ruin for us if the money can't be raised somehow," said Alan, dejectedly, for all the hope he had had seemed slipping away from him.

"Deed, I'm very grieved about it—very grieved!" returned Mr. McAlpine, an expression of real concern visible in his face; for though a self-seeker and a worshipper of mammon and success, he was not, on the whole, a bad-hearted man, and could feel for trouble, even when he would make no sacrifice to relieve it. "These mortgages are just real evil things. It's a terrible pity your good father ever had anything to do with them. But are you quite sure nothing can be done to get out of it? Have you been to any lawyer about it?"

Alan explained that he could not even get a sight of the mortgage.

"Well, I'll just tell you what now," said Sandy, with the air of a man who had hit

upon something to relieve his perplexity, "You and me'll just go down the street and see Mr. Dunbar about it. He's just an extraordinary clever man, and a first-rate lawyer; and if there's anything can be done, Philip Dunbar's the man to do it. Him and me's real friendly, and he'll give us a bit of advice without charging for it, which it isn't every one of these lawyer chieftains 'll do!"

So saying, Mr. McAlpine seized his hat, and leaving his shop under the supervision of his clerk, a grinning young "man of colour,"—though the "colour" was of the very palest—he carried off Alan, who felt as if his own resources were at an end, and he must passively resign himself to be borne on by the current of events.

They went along the busy street, past the gay shop windows, where, under awnings to protect them from the damaging glare of the sun, all sorts of "dry goods" and milliners' wares were displayed, to tempt the eyes of the farmers' wives and daughters on this market-day; past the market, crowded with rows of patiently waiting "teams" and waggons, on which were seated the farmers' thrifty wives busily engaged in selling their eggs and butter and other commodities to chattering customers, each apparently trying to win the palm of "sharpness" from the other. Then, as they came to a rather less noisy region, they passed several professional doors, legal, photographic, dental, among which Alan noticed—as one always does notice anything unpleasant—the name, in large characters, of "Richard Sharpley, Barrister and Attorney-at-Law." Turning down a little side street that led to the river, they stopped at a small house partly shaded by trees from the end of which projected a diminutive out-building on whose door Alan read the name of "Philip Dunbar, Barrister, &c."

Mr. McAlpine entered the outer door, which stood open, and his knock at the half-open inner one was responded to by a

"come in," from a pleasant voice whose cultivated but slightly peculiar intonation Alan at once distinguished as not altogether Canadian. It was a neat quiet-looking little office which they entered, looking as cool as an office could look on a hot July day. There was the usual display of red and yellow-backed law books, "statutes," &c., the usual paraphernalia of writing arrangements, letter scales, tin boxes, &c., and conspicuous on the high desk, the usual little Bible, tied across with red tape, placed conveniently for the taking of affidavits. Alan involuntarily wondered—and with his recent experience of legal integrity it was natural enough—whether the Bible was so bound up to prevent its pages opening at inconvenient places. But Philip Dunbar, at least, was one who did not need to fear the denunciations of righteous wrath upon those who "oppress the poor and needy," and "destroy the poor with lying words." The cause of the oppressed against the oppressor was the one which, of all others, he was most willing to take up, however small might be the prospect of remuneration, while no fee was large enough to bribe him to engage in any proceedings which involved what he considered an injustice. Many a scheme for the unjust advantage of the strong over the weak, his decision and wary coolness had quietly baffled; and keeping to the rigid determination with which he had commenced professional life, he had never permitted his services to be retained in any case which his own conscientious convictions ranked as even doubtful. And when "the glorious uncertainties of the law" turned the scale against some poor client whose cause he believed a just one, Mr. Dunbar's bill of costs was generally largely cut down from its legitimate proportions, or, in some cases, entirely cancelled, when he knew that the circumstances involved hardship and suffering enough without the additional burden of a heavy lawyer's bill. Moreover, he always

declined to be a party to the practice—common in Carrington—of lending money at ruinously usurious rates of interest; unlike some of his *confrères*, who made large profits by fleecing needy borrowers, while the lenders received no more than ordinary interest. Any spare money that Mr. Dunbar had of his own was usually lent out at a very modest per centage to honest struggling people, whose circumstances he knew, anxious to get up a much needed house, or complete the purchase of a little bit of land, or get out of a menacing “difficulty.” For which combined reasons Philip Dunbar, though in obscure quarters he was the recipient of a good deal of unobtrusive gratitude, was looked upon by some of his “sharper” contemporaries as “a Utopian and unpractical sort of fellow;” and although an able and acute lawyer, was not yet, nor was he at present likely to become, a rich man.

Alan, in spite of his very natural prejudice against lawyers, could not help being favourably impressed with the quiet courteous greeting of his new acquaintance, a man apparently in the early prime of life; and as he scrutinized the thin, clearly-cut features, the deep-set, penetrating eyes, carrying, with all their keenness, an expression of quiet reflectiveness, and the pale, broad, intellectual forehead, with the wavy brown hair somewhat carelessly tossed aside from it, he had an instinctive consciousness, despite a slightly cynical look in the eyes, and a suspicion of sarcasm lurking about the corners of the mouth, that this was a man who could be trusted and not be found wanting.

Mr. Dunbar provided seats for his visitors, and stood with folded arms half leaning against the high desk.

“Well, Mr. McAlpine,” he said, smiling, “can I do anything for you to-day?”

“No, it’s not my own affair I’ve come about,” said Sandy, as a prudential disclaimer—“It’s just a little bit of trouble this lad’s in; his mother and me’s cousins; and I

brought him along here to see if you could give us a bit of advice as to what’s best to be done.” And then Sandy resorted to his snuff-box; to refresh himself after his walk.

Mr. Dunbar with unobtrusive kindness soon drew from Alan, by a few judicious questions, all the particulars of the case, and gravely considered the matter for a few minutes.

“It’s quite possible,” said he, “that there is some rascality in the matter. I’m afraid both Sharpley and Leggatt are equal to such. They, no doubt, wanted to get possession of the property, and have been laying their plans accordingly. But, at the same time, it is very improbable that they would have ventured so far as they have, if they had not the letter of the law on their side. There’s many an iniquity perpetrated, unfortunately, under that same ‘letter of the law.’ So it’s very doubtful, indeed very improbable, I should say, that there’s any loophole left to get out at; Sharpley’s up to the business of making it all safe. But, if you like, I’ll see him about it and examine the mortgage, and find out if there is any reasonable prospect of resisting these very harsh proceedings.”

Alan thanked him, and Mr. McAlpine added an enquiry whether he knew of any one likely to be willing to advance another loan.

“No, I do not,” he replied. “All the money in my hands for investment is taken up already. People here are wanting so much, all the time; and the Arnolds have been offering 12 per cent. for a loan, to put up a new saw-mill. I don’t approve of these high rates of interest; for I think they are disastrous for all parties, but you see money’s scarce about here just now.”

This was no news to Mr. McAlpine, who had but lately lent out a pretty large sum at 14 per cent.

“One thing more,” Mr. Dunbar added, turning to Alan. “It isn’t my business, of course, but you will excuse the liberty. Is it well, do you think, even if you could get

a new loan—to go on with this borrowing system? I've never seen it, almost never at least, lead to anything except ruin in the end—all the worse because the evil day has been staved off so long. Has your father any reasonable hope of working his way out of these difficulties? And if not, isn't it just like a great snowball, growing bigger every year? Hard as the remedy is, wouldn't it be better to have the worst over, and be through with it?"

Alan was rather taken aback by this view of the question, which had not occurred to him. All his thoughts and energies had been concentrated on the averting of the impending crisis of ruin and disaster, and he had only thought in the vaguest manner, with the untried hopefulness of youth, of what lay beyond.

"Ay," said Sandy, feeling relieved by this suggestion, "it might just be the very best thing for you, after all! Your father, poor man, is not so able as he was, and it would be a great load on you, Allan, just beginning the world, to have this debt to work off. You're a young fellow, you see, with the world before you, and it's my belief it's the best thing you could do just to throw up the sponge, and let the thing go, and begin again with a clean score."

It was a bitter pill to Alan, whose unsophisticated Highland nature shrank from the humiliation of having to "give up" in anything, and to whom, in his inexperience, being "sold out," seemed at once a terrible evil and a great disgrace. However, he thanked Mr. Dunbar for his good advice, and the two took their leave—Mr. Dunbar promising to write to Alan himself, as soon as he had made the intended examination; and, in any case, to do all he could to protect their interests.

"Now, you'll just come in and rest awhile, and then you'll go home for a bit of dinner with me," said Mr. McAlpine, as they returned towards his shop.

Alan thanked him, but observing that he

had still several commissions to execute for home, they separated, Alan promising to rejoin his relative at noon.

He was walking along in an absorbed and dejected mood, taking very little note of anything or any one that passed, when he observed, fronting him, drawn up by the sidewalk, a low pony-carriage, in front of which stood a black pony with a white face, which struck him with a vague sense of familiarity. He was wondering of what it reminded him, when a voice which seemed to him the sweetest he had ever heard, said, with a peculiarly musical intonation, "Yes, you may go, Pauline, only don't be long, for Puck doesn't like standing."

And a graceful, fairy-looking girl of some eleven or twelve, whose long, light bronze tresses hung quite to her waist, bounded away from the side of the carriage into a confectioner's shop close by. Two young ladies remained sitting in the carriage, one a pretty blonde, with a doll-like face of no very decided character; the other, one hardly thought whether *she* were pretty or not, so interesting were the large, dreamy, wistful eyes, whose tender, half sad expression seemed the distinguishing characteristic of a face, delicate in feature and transparent in complexion, the latter seeming paler and more transparent by contrast with the rippling dark hair that was drawn back from it under the simple straw hat.

Just as the little girl bounded away, the reins, which the fair driver had been holding somewhat carelessly, somehow slipped from her grasp, down among the horse's feet, and the animal, feeling his freedom, made a dart forward. It was the work of a moment for Alan to stop him, gather up the reins, and hand them back to the young lady, who bent forward to take them. As she did so, his eye was first caught by a gleam of fair hair and blue draperies on the side next him, and then rested for a moment on the face of the other, with a strange, vague sense of recognition, as he encountered the eyes which

had gleamed out upon him through the storm. They evidently did not recognise him, however, and hardly waiting to bow a hasty acknowledgment of her courteously uttered thanks, Alan hurried on, colouring a little with vexation at himself for what he thought the somewhat prolonged stare he had given, in his surprised endeavour to recall where he had seen her before.

The rays of the sun were glaring hotly down on the dry, dusty street, as Alan, in company with his entertainer, made his way to the abode of Mr. McAlpine, and, notwithstanding the inconvenience of groping his way through a dark room, at the imminent risk of upsetting chairs and tables, he was not sorry to find himself in his cousin's parlour, from which every ray of light that it was possible to shut out had been excluded. Sandy, after having long remained a bachelor, had lately taken to himself a wife, young, at least in comparison with himself, though her female friends were malicious enough to insinuate that she had taken Mr. McAlpine only because, having waited a good time already, he seemed the most eligible *parti* likely to fall in her way. Alan, who now saw her for the first time, privately thought that his cousin had contented himself with a very moderate allowance of beauty, but it was not so much the lack of complexion and good features, nor the somewhat *outré* profusion of short sandy curls, that repelled him, as the hard selfish expression that lurked about the shrewd, black eyes, betokening a disposition in every respect to be a helpmeet for Sandy in his schemes of self-aggrandisement. However, Alan had no reason to complain of his reception, for Mrs. McAlpine was always pleased when any of her husband's country friends came in to be impressed with the splendour of her newly furnished house, and particularly of the little drawing room, with its gorgeously patterned carpet, its rep and walnut, and its new piano.

After all the family news had been dis-

cussed, Mr. McAlpine reverted to the subject of Philip Dunbar. "He's a man that knows his business thoroughly," said he, "none of your surface-lawyers that get along on a smattering of education and law, plenty of brass and a good gift of the gab;—like some you and I could name. He's had a first class education, too;—his father, who was a doctor hereabout, sent him to Edinburgh University, where he got his Greek and Latin."

"That accounts for his accent, then," said Alan. "I hardly thought, at first, that he was a Canadian."

"Ay, is he! and a thorough one too; Some day or other, I expect to see him go into politics. But he was a good while in the old country, and good use he's made of it. Why, he can discuss *home* politics with me just as well as Canadian ones, and that's what very few of them can do. Better for them if they knew a little more about them. But though Dunbar's such a clever scholar, and a good lawyer into the bargain, that chap Sharpley is beating him out and out, as to practice."

"How's that?" said Alan; "I shouldn't think there was the least comparison between them."

"Nor I either! But you see, Sharpley's the man to bolster up a bad case, and he's a capital hand to bully a witness and tickle a jury, and so he'll often get a verdict where Dunbar wouldn't; and then Dunbar won't take slippery cases at all, and a good many of the paying cases about here have been slippery, on the side that could give big fees, at least. However, I don't think Dunbar cares much. He's got nobody to look after but himself, and he's fond of his books, and just likes to go on quietly, thinking a good deal more than he says."

"Then he isn't married?" said Alan, who felt somewhat interested in his new friend.

"No, he's never done such a foolish thing yet!" replied Sandy, with a sly glance at his wife. "He had a mother and sister

living with him when he first settled here ; but the mother died, and the sister didn't marry to suit him, and she's gone from these parts long ago ; so he seems all alone in the world. They say half the young ladies of Carrington's been setting their caps at him, to say nothing of the mammas. And sometimes I've heard say he was to be married to this one, and sometimes to that one, but, however it is, none of them have got him yet, or are likely to, so far as I know. They say it'll be because he has no great opinion of the female *sex*," said Sandy, waggishly ; "but, however that may be, he's got plenty of time yet, as I tell him, and he may wait as long as I did, and fare none the worse ! Eh ! Matilda !"

The last words were accompanied by a look of proud proprietorship towards his wife, duly acknowledged by a self-satisfied smile and a deprecating "Don't be so silly," to which Mr. McAlpine replied only by another smile of great satisfaction.

"By the way, Alan," he said, "they're talking of getting a branch railway carried out your way. That would be a fine thing for Radnor—wouldn't it?"

"I don't think anything's been heard about it there," replied Alan.

"Oh, well, I don't suppose there's much done about it yet, but it's altogether likely it'll be managed some time. The Arnolds are keen about it, for it'll be the very thing they want, with that new saw-mill they're going to put up, some miles above Mapleford. And I suppose Mr. Langley'll get them a grant from Parliament to help. But my time's up, so I must go ; and, Matilda, try and get rid of some of those flies by tea time."

"That's easily done," she replied, "when you're out of the house, but the moment you come in, you go opening all the blinds, and letting the light in !"

"There's the way we get lectured when we get married, Alan !" said he, jocularly ; and, Alan having bade farewell to Mrs. McAlpine, the two left the house together.

CHAPTER VI.

FACING THE WORST.

"For my heart was hot and restless,
And my life was full of care,
And the burden laid upon me
Seemed greater than I could bear."

OUT of regard for the comfort both of "Beauty" and himself, Alan remained in Carrington until the intense heat of the day was over. It was between four and five when he rode out of the little hotel, the street in front of which was crowded with country "teams," just starting, loaded with farmers' families and their town purchases, and country stages setting out, with their unfortunate passengers crammed in among their packages and baskets, behind the leather curtains, which were half let down to keep out the heat and dust, and half drawn up to let in the air. Alan congratulated himself that he was not obliged to take passage in it, although the sun's rays still shone down pretty hotly on his head, protected though it was by a strong straw hat, with several folds of linen inside, put there by his loving mother's hands.

He rode slowly past the outskirts of the town, and soon emerged upon the peaceful country, among newly-cut hay meadows and waving fields of green wheat, just beginning to wear a yellow tinge, and plantations of Indian corn nodding their graceful, airy plumes in a light breeze, and homesteads with embowering orchards and heavy bits of woodland breaking the monotony ; with the ever-present blue line of pine-woods skirting the horizon, and the silver band of the river winding sometimes near the road, sometimes far away in the distance.

As he plodded on his somewhat long and weary way, now urging his steed to a smart trot, and now passing, at a slower pace, beneath an occasional bit of grateful shade. Alan's thoughts reverted to the tangle of affairs which he had not advanced, as yet, a step towards unravelling, and to Mr. Dun-

bar's counsel. He felt—though he strove against feeling—its wisdom. He well knew by the depressing influence it had exercised on his own boyhood ; by the constant pressure for money there had always been in the household ; by the discouraged, helpless air which constant embarrassment had given to his father, despite his sanguine temperament ; and by his mother's always anxious and prematurely furrowed countenance, what a dead weight this debt had always been, crushing their energies and impeding their progress. For years his father had been striving to free himself from it, and as years passed he was only sinking deeper and deeper into the slough of despond. And how could Alan hope to make much more headway, with all his young energy and determination—in the task of clearing off these long-standing debts—to say nothing of the more personal projects he had been cherishing—how Utopian, he smiled bitterly to think ! Though the thought of Lottie was always latently present in his mind ; yet, owing to the excitement of the day, she had scarcely been consciously in his thoughts except when he passed the photographer's, where she had promised to have her photograph taken soon, and when he had stopped to buy her a pretty neck-ribbon that he saw in a draper's window. But now he realized, for the first time, the darkness of the prospect ; how long it would be before he could provide such a home and maintenance for Lottie as the miller would require before he would let her go, or before he himself would feel justified in taking her away from her comfortable home. He wondered how, only the other day, he had been building such confident hopes on such a shadowy foundation, and how it was that the miller had made no opposition to his suit. But—

“What cannot be, Love counts it done,”

And Alan was not the first who has found the calculation somewhat premature. And the miller rightly considered Alan a steady,

energetic young man, with every chance of doing well, and superior to most of the young men in Radnor ; while the extent of Mr. Campbell's liabilities was known to none in the neighbourhood, unless it might be to the perfidious Hollingsby.

But now it would all be known of course, and how would the knowledge affect the worldly-wise miller ? And Lottie, how would she bear the test—the “hope deferred,”—the weary waiting of a long engagement ? Alan's heart shrank from the question, for with all his affection for Lottie he had never been able to feel absolute confidence either in her love or her constancy. So, with an effort, he turned his thoughts again to the household at home, more immediately affected by the present trouble.

Would it not be better, he thought, terrible as the impending wrench would be, of parting with home, and farm, and all other possessions—to have the worst over, and breathe freely once more, with perhaps a little left with which to make a new beginning ? Suppose a new loan could be effected at once, and the foreclosure prevented, what would it be but going on again with the old anxious life of pinching and pressure—the constant recurrence of the day when the high interest should be paid, with the harassment of seeking the wherewithal to pay it—and with the payment of the principal seeming as far off as ever ? He knew the land might be worked so as to give a better yield. The implied slight of Hollingsby upon his farming had wounded him as keenly as anything that had been said between him and Sharpley on that evening, for he felt he had not had fair play. He knew of various things in the way of improving the land, that might be done with a little expenditure of money ; but the money was just the thing that was wanting, and it would never do to borrow more, and add to the already heavy debt, for the sake of even a probable increase of profits.

So Alan felt that the way was closed ;

that there was no hope of averting the blow; and he knew that his mother, deeply as she would feel it, would recognise the necessity at once. Of its effect on his father he felt painfully afraid.

A few miles out of Carrington Alan met the Radnor stage, ensconced in which, as it passed, he discerned Mr. Sharpley, in a grey linen travelling coat, and seemingly quite engrossed in talking to a girl on the seat beside him. He looked up just in time to give Alan a nod as he passed, a nod in which Alan fancied there lurked an expression of exultant, malicious satisfaction. Alan eagerly glanced past him at the girl he was talking to, whose face was almost hidden by her broad straw hat. For a moment he half fancied, with ready incipient jealousy, that it might be Lottie; and the next moment smiled at himself for such an improbable supposition. As for Mr. Sharpley, he generally managed, wherever he went, to amuse himself for the time with such female society as fate provided for him.

Well! the fellow was gone! At least that was one comfort. He felt as if he could breathe more freely now; but he felt, also, how thoroughly he hated him. What a satisfaction it would be, he thought, as he clenched his teeth involuntarily, if they two could stand alone in a Highland pass, and have it out with good Highland blades, like Fitz James and Roderick Dhu in that contest which had often kindled his boyish imagination. But then, one thing would be lacking—

“The stern joy that warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel;”

For his hatred was largely mixed with contempt. It would be a comfort at least, he thought, to give the fellow a good “licking,” such as he had occasionally, to his mother’s great distress, given, in a fit of boyish passion, to a school-fellow in a boyish feud. And then his anger was over and done with. And, possibly, such violent though unconstitutional methods of rough-handed justice—

undesirable as they are—are less fatal, after all, to peace of mind and nobility of character, than the subtle, secretly nourished spirit of hatred, which silently corrodes and saps the foundations of good. And all hatred is, ultimately, murder—in desire at least—of happiness and prosperity, if not of the physical life.

And Dick Sharpley! Did he experience no unpleasant pricking of remorse as his quick eye noted the grave, depressed look of the young man, so near his own age, whose family, for his own ends, he was doing his best to ruin? Perhaps he did, in the bottom of his shallow, selfish heart, for he was young and not quite callous yet, and our guardian spirits often strive long with us, if one may use the metaphor for the strife between good, and evil that goes on so long in the human heart, before either gains the mastery. But with such as he, such transient feelings of remorse seldom come to the surface sufficiently to affect the actions, so long, at least, as their schemes go on prosperously. In the present instance Sharpley’s transient fit of misgiving was driven away by the sight of Alan’s handsome chestnut mare. That would be for sale by and by, along with all the rest—and who knew but it might be got cheap! And he considered whether his projects would, as yet, permit him the extravagance of keeping a horse. Hardly yet, prudence decided; by and by he should have not one but two, and various other splendours that at present floated in shadowy glory before his fancy. But for the present it must all wait till the fabric rested on more secure foundations.

Alan did not stop at the Dunn’s Corners tavern on his way home, feeling in no humour to meet the questions and remarks of the loquacious landlord. But, instead, he made a slight *détour* to reach the river at a convenient spot, where he might let his thirsty beast wade into the stream and drink as much as she liked, while he himself could have a bathe, which would be very

refreshing after the heat and dust of his journey. Besides, it would delay a little his arrival at home, which he was beginning to dread intensely.

He took a winding horse-path familiar to him, which led through a belt of wood down to the margin of the stream, at a place where a little promontory, almost an island, divided the river for a space, into two branches,—a spot known as the "Fork." The little promontory was a tangle of rocks and brushwood, a place which, for its contiguity to the school-house, had been a favorite play-ground with himself and his comrades; where they had played at fortifications and conducted sieges, and where the dramatic combat of the Saxon and the Gael had been, once at least, impersonated,—with certain differences.

As he approached the place, usually so solitary, various signs recalled to his recollection what Ben had said about the encampment of his kindred there; and soon, under the shelter of the rocks on the little promontory, he espied it. It was not the picturesque birchen wigwam, which the march of civilization has now banished from most parts of Canada, and is to be found chiefly in Kreighoff's paintings. The most prominent objects were a sort of half tent, rudely put up, formed of a dirty piece of canvas—probably an old sail—a rough hammock slung to two trees, in which two children were reposing, and various parti-coloured quilts and garments scattered here and there; with the cooking arrangements—the pile of stores and suspended kettle—in the foreground. A little farther back, against a projecting rock, a rather more picturesque wigwam had been erected, of stout poles and branches interwoven, leaning against the rock, and thatched with fragrant pine boughs. Beside the smouldering fire sat an elderly, wrinkled squaw, in her blanket and black petticoat,—warm as it was—watching the preparation simmering in a black pot; near her were two younger and

better looking women, rather lighter in complexion, similarly attired and busily engaged in preparing long, thin strips of wood, white and coloured, and ingeniously weaving them into baskets. One of them had her papoose strapped to her back in its wooden framework, but the infant seemed to give her no trouble, lying vertically, with wide open black eyes and true Indian composure, staring gravely at the overhanging branches of the hickory that shaded the spot.

Just as Alan reached the shore, a birch bark canoe glided round the point of the promontory, making a picturesque break in the glassy water, which had already caught a golden gleam from the sunset, and reflected, as if in a mirror, the branches that bent over its breast. The canoe, whose yellow outline contrasted sharply with the deep green of the shadowed water into which it glided, and left a wake of quivering broken reflections behind it, was swiftly paddled by a figure which Alan presently recognised as Ben, and who was accompanied by another Indian, lazily recumbent in the bottom of the canoe, holding a trolling line.

In a moment Ben's quick eye had caught sight of Alan, and the canoe shot swiftly across to where he stood, with an Indian shout of greeting.

"So you're fishing down here, Ben," said Alan.

"No; paddling for Indian to fish," replied Ben gravely, and pointing to a pretty large pile of fish in the bottom of the canoe. Then, as if struck by a sudden idea, he exclaimed,—

"Come, see Granny; she'll be glad."

Alan assented, and, tying his horse to a tree, was soon paddled across, as the most convenient mode of gaining access to the spot which, with Indian love of secluded places, had been selected for the encampment. In the pine-thatched wigwam he found old "Granny" reposing on a few old blankets, her black eyes gleaming wistfully up at him from the withered and emaciated

brown face. She seemed very weak, and spoke with difficulty, but looked pleased to see Alan, with whom she had occasionally held friendly communication on former visits to the neighbourhood. In a few broken words, and in broken English, she tried to convey her thanks for his familiar kindness to Ben. Then, extending her skinny hand to a bundle lying near, she, with some difficulty, took out of it a pair of moccasins and a birch-bark card case, beautifully embroidered, the one in beadwork and the other in dyed porcupine quills, and placed them in his hands. Alan looked puzzled; the moccasins were quite too small for any masculine foot, and what was *he* to do with the card-case?

"Keep—for white squaw"—said the old woman, feebly, with as near an approach to a smile as Indians ever indulge in, and added, "Always look after Ben."

Alan readily promised, and then, promising that his mother should come down to see her soon, and bring her some of the little comforts she knew so well how to prepare for sick people, he thanked her for the gifts, promised to apply them as she wished, and, with a smile and a nod to the other women, one of whom insisted on presenting him with a small basket, he was paddled back by

Ben, and, mounting again, proceeded to seek a more convenient place for his bath.

Somehow the little incident, diverting his thoughts into a pleasanter channel, made his heart feel much lighter. The gift for the "white squaw," too, seemed a good omen, and Alan was a trifle superstitious.

But at last, the last turning was reached, and home lay full in sight, in the soft dusky twilight—the moon just rising behind the old pear-tree at the end of the house, the fire-flies glancing in and out of the shadowy copse that skirted the little stream behind it, and, plainly discernible to his practised sight, the familiar figures in the porch watching for his return.

Alan never knew how he told them the evil tidings. Perhaps his face told them beforehand. Perhaps the shadows which coming events cast before them had already weighed down their hearts with a sense of inevitable calamity; but they hardly seemed surprised. His mother heard it in silence, and closed her eyes and clasped her hands as Alan had seen her do before when troubles came. His father—sober now, poor man—sat awhile in moody quietude, and then, rising, began to pace the floor, muttering weak and incoherent reproaches against Leggatt, Hollingsby, and his own hard fate.

(To be continued.)

CANADIAN POETRY.

WE seek a song for Canada! Would fain
 Mingle the ivy with the simple wreath
 Of forest-leaves that wither fast beneath
 The chill autumnal blast. Not wholly vain
 Is our aspiring, for the grand refrain
 Of nature's music in the woods and streams,
 Stirs in the heart and echoes thro' the strain
 Of native bards; to whom, as well beseems,
 Be grateful honour paid! Friends, do ye long
 For deeper utterance? Then give fitting themes
 In your more earnest thought and worthier deed!
 So ev'rywhere the sunny fields along
 That ye have scattered with this gen'rous seed,
 Shall bloom the sweet, unfading flower of Song!

G. G.

ICE-CUTTING ON LAKE HURON.

BY MORGAN COLDWELL.

THE ice crop of 1874 having failed in the United States, a number of Americans in the business turned their attention to Canada, and at the invitation of one of them—a particular friend of mine—I went to see the operation of cutting and stacking ice. It was in the afternoon of a Monday in the beginning of April that we started—Mr. Le Stair and I. The place we were bound for was a distant point on Lake Huron. The place we started from was near Saugeen, on the shores of that Lake. Our conveyance was—a cutter, you say: no, it was a buggy, drawn by two grey horses. Mud was on the earth beneath; sunshine in the heavens above.

It was the worst ride I had had for an age.

"We'll soon be over this bit," says Le Stair, as we bounded over a corduroy road, he driving and smoking, and the other passenger smoking and abusing the roads, the buggy making mad attempts to get off its springs, and the horses doing incipient somersaults front and back without intermission. We did get over that "bit," but not soon. Then we got into the mud, and had a comparatively peaceful time of it for a long spell. We got over this "bit" very well. Sometimes one wheel went up suddenly into the air, and I dashed sideways against Le Stair; and sometimes the other wheel went up, and Le Stair precipitated his left shoulder upon me. We did not converse much on this "bit." Several times my fellow-traveller began to say something, evidently about the damage the buggy was sustaining, but he never got beyond the first syllable of the first word of the sentence,

and then he sunk into wrathful silence and played with the whip.

"It's a lucky thing we brought the buggy," he remarked, as a new idea struck him, when we were three hours and a half on the road, and fifteen miles on our way. "A cutter," he continued, "would not have done at all."

I was speechless with conviction.

"We must get a cutter at Stewart's Mills," he went on, "and then we'll make for the Lake and get along splendidly."

We made Stewart's in five hours, and on looking at the horses and his watch, he said, "We have not done so badly after all."

It was not so good, however; for here we got nothing to eat ourselves, and only a wisp of hay for the horses.

"Now," says Le Stair, as we left Stewart's an hour later, packed into the cutter, "we'll get along nicely, once we get to the Lake." He did not say how we should get on before we reached the Lake; but I soon found out.

The road we had to travel was simply no road. Now we were wending our way over a ploughed field, and again we were doing the same thing in the bush. We jolted against a log on the right, and turned sharp round and brought up against a stump on the left; we fled headlong into ravines and toiled up hills. We—that is Le Stair—performed innumerable skilful feats in driving; but success elated him. He tried to "cushion" off the side of a steep hill, and we went over. As an upset it was successful, especially as it was done on the off side, and I fell upon Le Stair.

"First adventure," said he, as we righted the cutter and replaced the robes.

"Yes," I replied; "and it was thought-ful to let it come off in day-light. It will be dark in less than an hour."

"Don't mind," said he. "We'll be on the Lake in five minutes." It was twenty-five, however.

Once in view of the Lake, Le Stair grew reckless. He encouraged the greys with voice and whip, and we bowled on to its frozen waters just in time to admire the setting sun. It was a glorious sight. Along the shore ran a belt of ice-hills, dazzling white, formed into a thousand fantastic shapes by the furious Nor-westers of Huron. A huge bank of black clouds was piled up at the horizon, making a striking background for the sparkling ice-hills. Behind the black clouds the sun had just gone down—a magnificent halo of brightest gold marking the spot, while every cloud in the western heavens glowed with a fiery fringe.

"This is what I call enjoying life," says Le Stair, in a burst of admiration. "Look at these matchless colours!—what beauty, brilliancy, delicacy, harmony! Talk to me of the painter's art! What in art can compare with nature?"

"A cigar, old fellow," I replied, producing one, and not knowing at the moment anything better to suggest.

He took; he lit; he smoked it.

We both gave way to the enthusiasm of the moment. The horses were left to find their way by sight or instinct. We lay back and gazed in delight, whiffing the light blue clouds of the fragrant weed, and indicating each charming change in the scene by a nod, a sign, or a monosyllable, until the heavenly fires grew dim, and darkness descended upon the face of the deep.

On we went, and down came the night, black and blacker, and cold and colder. We moralized that it would have been better if we had started earlier; that it was a pity there was no half-way house, or any house, or any living thing to meet with on the Lake

between us and our destination, and then we remained silent for miles.

"Can you see the track at your side?" said Le Stair.

I gazed through the darkness on my side, and not seeing any track, reported my disappointment.

"We've lost it," he remarked.

"Best let the horses find it," I suggested and with slackened rein and drooping heads the greys were left to their own devices. After wandering half an hour whither they listed, they did find the road. Again we made a little spurt, and after a couple of hours driving found ourselves among what are called the "Fishing Islands," a group of many uninhabited islands, large and small, that stud Lake Huron west of the Bruce peninsula. Here we again lost our way, and this time completely. In the darkness we had gone west instead of east of one of the islands, and, as if apprehensive of danger, the horses attempted to turn back. To turn back, however, was infinitely worse than to go on, for it was now pitch dark, and late, and it was much farther to return than to go ahead. Le Stair persisted that he could find a way out of our difficulties by proceeding, and on we went, slowly and painfully. As a preventive against melancholy we discussed the thickness of the ice. It was giving forth some of those collapsing, sobbing sounds, startling in day-light, frightful at night. We had got upon new ice, weakened by currents flowing between the islands. "Just think of it," says Le Stair, "Two thousand pounds is no joke on rotten ice; and twenty feet to the bottom!"

I did think of it, and, rashly perhaps, advised speed. Again the greys were put to it. They broke into a trot, and one of them broke through the ice almost simultaneously. A crash, a short mad struggle, the off horse tearing himself almost out of the harness, the nigh horse making frantic efforts to get on the strong ice. A series of yells and

vociferations, a lash of the whip, a bound forward, and we came out of the peril, pale and panting, and with an indescribable feeling of relief.

"I'll walk ahead and see if there are any more holes in the ice," said Le Stair, hastily disengaging himself from the cutter and handing me the lines, and off he started into the darkness at a brisk pace, whilst I followed with the team, and reflected on the coldness of the night and the coolness of some people.

After a long walk, Le Stair waited for me and got into the cutter again, preferring the risk of being drowned to the certainty of being fatigued. He confessed to some misgivings that troubled him. He did not know where he was—he did not know exactly where he was going to. It was an island in the Lake, but it was so dark that unless we ran over it we could not see it, or distinguish it from the surrounding group. "It is not this, however, that bothers me most," he said: "it is that confounded bridge."

"What confounded bridge?" I asked, with aroused curiosity. "Bridges in the middle of Lake Huron are the last things I should expect to bother any one."

"The fact is," he said, "there is an opening in the ice formed by the currents flowing between the islands. It lies between us and our destination. It is many miles in length and some twenty feet in width. It has been bridged over by our men with planks on the track leading to Main Station Island—the island we are bound for, and if we miss the bridge we shall drive into the water, and be drowned. Now," he exclaimed, with returning animation, "you know the worst of it. So keep a sharp lookout for that track, for the track leads to the bridge."

We strained our eyes peering into the darkness, until they ached again, but there was nothing to see. We drove in this way for an hour, when a black streak suddenly

loomed up, dimly discernible across our path, a hundred feet ahead of us. "What is that?" "Who-a-h! By George that is the water."

We pulled up like a flash, and once more Le Stair got out and left me with the horses, while he went coasting along the chasm on foot to find the bridge. As luck would have it, he found it after a long walk, and we paused to hold a consultation, he near the brink of the water, alone; I a couple of hundred yards in the rear with the greys.

"Now," said he, "can you see me?"

"No."

"Drive on a little. There now, look sharp. I'm at the bridge. Follow in my tracks, and be sure you keep straight, or else you'll get into the Lake."

"Had you not better come back and drive over?"

"No! Follow me quick."

Le Stair started on at a run. There was a splash, a skip, and a jump, and an "all right, I'm over! come ahead." With a kind of desperation I prepared to follow with the horses.

"Keep straight for me," he sung out of the darkness. Throwing back the robes so that I could spring out in an instant, and tightly grasping whip and reins, I put the greys to it in the direction of the voice. "Get along." Crack went the whip, and on they went. "Gee-gee! to the right. For me, for heaven's sake!" yelled Le Stair, as the brutes, scared at the water and the yielding of the ice, began to haw, and crowd, and shy to certain destruction. A few vigorous lashes—a spring as if they were clearing a double ditch—a splash and dash across the loose planks, and over we went, safe and sound.

Now that we were over the bridge and on the track, we trotted along, if not merrily, at least with a load off our minds. In and out, in the darkness, among the islands. Rounding a large one, a gleam of light in the distance—scarcely time to say "look!" and utter darkness again! Another turn.

"There it is again!" All right this time. It shines out with a bright, friendly blaze. It comes from the window of one of the shanties on Main Station Island, where our men are. I call them "our" men, having come so far and gone through so much to see them stacking ice. Fifteen minutes more, and we pulled up under the window, and made the island ring with "Hollo! will some of you come and take these horses!" "Frank! Louis! Bob!" Half a dozen came, and we stumbled out of the cutter, shouldering each a buffalo robe—our blankets that were to be—and, tired and hungry as tired and hungry could be, we handed over the cattle, went into the shanty, and after doing ample justice to a welcome meal, turned into bed and slept the sleep of the weary.

It seemed no time when I was awakened by the uproar attendant upon the natives turning out. I peeped through the planks of my shanty and saw a streak of daylight. The crows began to caw vociferously all over the island. It seemed to me that at least fifty of them were performing a *matinée* on the roof, just a foot over my head. As I had not travelled so far merely to enjoy the pleasure of sleeping in a shanty, I was soon on the floor, performing an elaborate toilet. We sallied out. It was a glorious morning. A few fleecy clouds flecked the firmament. As he rose above the tree tops the sun poured down his rich, ruddy, gladsome rays, enlivening man, and beast, and bird. The lake sparkled as if sown with diamonds. But the gentle reader does not care about these things, or the breakfast we had, or anything, in fact, but the cutting of ice and the piling it into huge stacks as high as a house, and as long and broad as a good size block of buildings.

The force employed in cutting and stacking ice numbered over forty men and six horses. The operation is as follows:—First a spot is chosen on the lake, where the deepest water is nearest the shore. The lo-

cality is selected for two reasons: the ice is thicker and purer the deeper the water, and the deeper the water the easier for a vessel to come alongside the Island, and load from the ice stack. A space of say a square acre or two of ice is then scraped as bare as possible of the surface snow. This is done by means of common wooden scrapers. Two ice ploughs, each drawn by one horse, are then set to work to cut the ice into blocks about two feet square. An ice plough is not like an earth or a snow plough. It is more like a saw. Its action, however, is not up and down like a carpenter's engine, but along the plane of the ice field like an ordinary plough working on a meadow—hence it is called an ice plough. It is composed of a blade of steel a quarter of an inch thick, six feet in length, and from nine inches to one foot in depth—according to the thickness of the ice to be cut. It has only six or seven teeth, but they are very large and strong, and in shape each one is like the stem of one of those ironclads called rams—the six or seven immense teeth looking like a fleet of those rams sailing close behind one another. The blade is fixed into an iron bracket, which gives it all the solidity and fixity it requires when in use. At the front of the plough is an iron ring, to which is attached the chain by which it is drawn by the horse. At the back are a pair of handles—the same size and shape as those used in an ordinary plough—by which it is guided; one man guides the plough, and a boy leads the horse so as to insure his walking in a straight line on the level surface of the ice field.

The manner in which so thin a machine is made to work in parallel lines running along the surface of the ice, is simple. From the centre of the plough, where the blade is fixed in the bracket, an iron bar two feet long springs out at right angles; from this depends a small blade two feet in length, the same height as the blade of the plough, and running parallel with it. This small

blade has no teeth and is called the marker, and its use is twofold. It enables the plough to be driven, with the requisite steadiness along the ice field, an operation like pushing a saw along the plane of a board, instead of cutting through it; and it secures a uniformity of size for all the blocks cut, for after the first line is cut from end to end across the ice field, the plough is shifted to cut another line, and then the marker is placed in the first line already cut, in the groove of which it runs, keeping the plough cutting exactly parallel to it all the way across the field.

Two ploughs will cut up a square acre of ice eighteen inches thick in a short time. They work as follows: Supposing the sides of this acre to lie north-south-east-west, by way of easy illustration. One plough will be set to work from north to south to cut the ice into parallel lines two feet apart, and the whole length of the acre. The other plough will at the same time be set to work from east to west to cut the ice into parallel lengths, two feet wide, also the whole length of the field. In a short time the acre of ice begins to look like a chequer board—all marked off into squares. It is necessary to state that the ice in no instance is cut through all the way to the water. There is no necessity for that: besides it would be dangerous, if not impossible of execution. The depth to which, say eighteen inch ice is cut would not be more than twelve inches. It is then firm enough to walk over and work upon without showing the least sign of weakness, while at the same time, it is so sufficiently cut through that it can be easily divided into separate lengths and blocks by a few strokes of the ice bar. The ice bar is an iron bar the end of which is broad and sharp. This is struck into the grooves cut by the plough, and a few strong leverage pulls will detach a line of ice twenty feet long by two feet broad. It is also necessary to state that in no case can the ice be cut to the required depth by the first cutting of the

plough, which constitutes another difference between ploughing land and ploughing frozen water. When first driven across the ice field the groove made would not be more than an inch deep. Back the plough comes again on the same groove and cuts another inch deeper, and so on across and recross until the required depth is reached, when the next length is attacked. The time occupied in the operation is short, as the horses go through their work at a smart walk.

Stacking ice is a more exciting operation, and it too, is done in quite an easy way. The ice to be cut and stacked is selected, as before stated, at a place where the deepest water is nearest the shore. A level place on the shore opposite the ice that is cut is cleared and levelled off to a space of say one hundred by two hundred feet. The place chosen is as near the water's edge as is compatible with the safety and preservation of the ice when stacked. A skid is then erected, one end of which touches the spot where the ice is to be lifted out of the lake, while the other end reaches to the cleared and levelled place where it is to be stacked upon shore. A skid is composed of two inclined planes: one, about say a hundred yards in length, reaching up from the lake towards the shore to a certain height, say twenty feet, and the other perhaps the same length, reaching down from this height to the stacking ground. The length of the skid depends upon the distance of the ice field from the shore: that used on the present occasion was some six hundred feet. It is constructed as follows: A tressel work of poles somewhat in the shape of a bridge is erected from the stack to some point as near the ice field as possible: the centre is, say twenty feet high, and the breadth six feet. In the middle is a flooring of plank hard and smooth, and two feet and a half wide, with a three inch raised scantling running its entire length on each side. Up this flooring or skid the ice is drawn, the scantling keeping it on the track. Beside the flooring are narrow run-ways with

pieces of wood nailed across them to form stairs, up and down which the men guiding the ice travel when it is being drawn up. The end of the skid touching the ice field is, I must add, carried under the water to a depth of three feet and a length of nine feet, so that the ice blocks are easily floated up to it and on to the skid.

Having now described how the ice is cut, and how the skid is made, I will describe how the ice is lifted and stacked. We will suppose it all cut up into blocks two feet square. The first thing to be done is to cut out a long canal leading from the ice field to the end of the skid where its point is submerged. This canal is as long as is required, and is only three feet in width. Up this narrow passage the blocks are floated until they touch the skid. They are separated by the ice bar as they come up the canal, so that when they reach the skid they are ready to be stacked. The stacking is accomplished by ropes and pullies. At the centre of the skid are two tall poles and two sets of tackle. The rope passing through the top pulley is attached to a large iron hook or clasp which catches with a sure grasp the block of ice intended to be lifted.

A large handle is fixed to the hook by which the blocks are guided when being drawn up. The rope passing through the bottom pulley is yoked to a span of horses. When the hook is fixed on the ice, the word is given, off go the horses, and up comes the ice until it is drawn to the top of the incline reaching from the canal; the hook is then whipped off by the guide who goes up with each load, and down flies the block by its own momentum on the incline leading to the stacking ground. It is there seized by another man who drags it to its place in the stack. To make the description clear, I have spoken as though only one block of ice was lifted at a time. Five blocks were lifted every time while I was present, the hook being placed at the back of the fifth block in the canal, and the whole five coming up

the narrow channel, and so on to the skid, and up the skid and down again to the stack—just as easily as one block could be handled. As every block weighed over two hundred pounds, it will be seen that each lift brought up half a ton of ice. And as there were two teams of horses busily at work, one at each side of the skid, hauling up half a ton at a time, it can easily be imagined that ice went up one incline of the skid very rapidly, and came down the other incline very lively, and required a large number of men, and smart men too, to handle it and arrange it in the stack. Four skids, each worked by two teams of horses, are sometimes used in putting up a stack—and then there must be an awful rush; but this is done mostly when an emergency, such as threatened bad ice weather, occurs.

The ice stack that I saw was two hundred feet in length, a hundred feet in depth, and twenty feet in height, composed of solid ice, and contained I was told about five thousand tons. It is easily built. The blocks are placed side by side, in rows, close together, until the space intended for the foundation is covered. Then a second tier is laid upon the first; a third upon the second; and so on until the top is reached. As each tier is laid, the incline of the skid leading to it is raised by means of pulleys, until finally, as the stack grows in height, the incline which at first led to the foundation, becomes part of a long incline leading all the way from the canal to the top of the stack.

The celerity with which the ice is stacked as I have described it, is astonishing. Le Stair and I timed them for a spell of their ordinary mode of working, and saw no less than eight tons lifted out of the water and placed on the stack in five minutes. A ton a minute is slow work. No wonder then that the cutting and stacking of ice as I witnessed it, is an exhilarating sight. Some forty men and six horses were hard at it. Some were driving the ploughs, cutting the ice up into convenient lengths. Others were separating

the lengths into squares by blows from the ice bar. A dozen of men with long poles, tipped with iron spikes, were pushing the floating blocks from the place where they were cut to the canal, and up the canal to the skid. Another dozen men and four horses were unceasingly at work at the skid, hauling the floating ice out of the water on to the skid and up the incline, from the top of which the blocks rushed down with a crash upon the stack, where another dozen men were as busy as bees grasping them with iron ice hooks, and dragging them to their places. It was nothing but strings of ice blocks running up one incline and thundering down the other without intermission, at the rate of over sixty tons an hour.

It is hard work ; sometimes it is dangerous. The men that guide the blocks up the incline have been known to be thrown from the top of the skid, which is over twenty feet high, down upon the ice below, by reason of the hook slipping ; and, said Louis to me—when in the course of full blast operations, suddenly there were a series of cries and shouts, and a man was seen staggering to his knees while the horses were thrown back on their haunches by the frightened drivers, and there was a crashing of ice in the canal—said he : “ We lost a couple of men a few years ago, just in that manner. Hook slipped ; man holding it suddenly yanked over the skid, fell on his head, killed. Ice blocks went smashing back amongst the workers—man in the way—broke his leg.” Not the least discomfort to be endured in cutting ice, is snow-blindness. This affects all the workmen. In the morning when I saw them there was scarcely a man whose eyes were not greatly inflamed, and one of them had to give up work. To save their eyes the men wear green veils, and amongst the

novel sights I saw at Main Station were these great, rough, bearded fellows flitting about with their delicate green silk veils. For myself, however, I soon had reason to admit that such things are useful ; for I had not been four or five hours on the ice when the glittering reflection of the sun on the ice and my always looking down watching the work, inflamed my face and eyes so that I could not have stood such a glaring scene unprotected for twelve hours. The shipping of ice from the stack is conducted by means of the skid. Upon the opening of navigation three or four vessels are sent to remove the ice to the nearest railways or markets in the States. The skid is continued out into the lake until water is reached deep enough to enable the ships to come alongside of it. The ice is then conveyed along the skid from the stack to the vessel, where it is packed in sawdust and taken away. Loading ice from the stack is no trouble and requires but few hands. During the interval that elapses between the stacking of the ice and the opening of navigation, the stack is protected from the wasting effects of the weather by being covered either by lumber or by green boughs ; the former, I understand, is the dearest mode at first, but in the end it is said to be the cheapest and best.

We returned home very tired, very sun-burnt, and very well pleased with our trip to see how our enterprising American friends cut and stack ice, making, I am glad to say, tens of thousands of dollars out of a raw material of which Canada has an unlimited supply—sometimes an unwelcome monopoly—and upon which as a staple we have hitherto placed little or no value, but which if rightly handled would yield a handsome revenue in return for private enterprise.

OUT IN THE SNOW.

WHEN Winter, riding on the blast,
 Awakes the cohorts of the snow,
 Whose feathered crystals quick deploy,
 And hide each trace below ;
 Then wakes the simoom of the north,
 Whose searching pregnant rigour still
 Holds treacherous kindness in its touch,
 And lulls where it would kill.

What rage and lust of icy sway !
 What vengeful tireless force is thine—
 Whose pointed javelins of ice " "
 Sweep in unbroken line !
 The phalanx of the biting north,
 Which, rousing with the tempest's breath,
 March in unpitying wild career—
 Fraught with a double death.

How sinks the heart and chills the frame
 At thought of him—beneath the sun,
 Who, trusting to the trait'rous plains,
 Met thee and was undone.
 How blinded in the wild turmoil—
 The eddying press and whirling field,
 Assailed by myriad deaths at once,
 And never one poor shield.

Hope quailing flies, while instinct springs !
 'Tis life—dear life—that's menaced stern ;
 Amid this blinding trackless waste
 No hearth-lit torch may burn.
 With inward prayer he presses on ;
 How melts his heart, how ebbs his will—
 Wrung with the doubt that tells despair,
 The circle narrowing still.

Ah ! vain the struggle, vain the task !
This victim of a questing shroud—
The raging, fleering, flouting wind
Rings with his requiem loud.
With stiff'ning hand he oft essays
To clear his dim and baffled eyes,
To pierce the stinging, varying veil,
That wraps him as he dies.

Deject at last, his strength all gone,
Haply unconscious—overcome—
No more he fears the rising drifts,
Nor that *he* may make one :
Yields to the grateful drowsy spell—
The unthought antidote of pain,
And drowsing, sinks away to sleep,
Never to wake again.

Ah ! cold, cold couch, at feud with life,
That strikes so quick this form to stone ;
A ridge upon the snow-ridged heath,
All dreadfully alone !
A banquet for the prowling wolf ;
A something sought to put away ;
A something wept for in long nights,
That comes no more by day !

F. L. HUNT.

Winnipeg, Manitoba.

HIGHER EDUCATION FOR WOMEN.

BY FIDELIS.

PERHAPS no subject, certainly no subject connected with education, has excited so much interest and discussion during the past year, as that of the higher education of women. Had this article been intended specially as a review, it might have been prefaced by a list a column long of books, brochures, and articles, which during the past few months have appeared on this subject, on both sides of the Atlantic. Dr. Clarke's much discussed book, "Sex in Education," sounded the key-note of alarm regarding the evils which, in his opinion, an overstrained though magnificent system of female education was producing in the physical condition of American women; but it also called forth replies, more or less convincing, such as "Sex in Education," by Mrs. Howe; "No Sex in Education," by Mrs. Duffey; "Woman's Health and Woman's Education," &c., &c. Then, on the other side of the Atlantic, the subject was taken up in the *Fortnightly Review* by two medical writers of high authority, Dr. Maudsley and Mrs. Garrett Anderson; while a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* ably reviews both, and attempts to show that, after all, neither has contributed much to the solution of the great question: to what precise *practical* results the principles of "Sex in Education" should lead. Mrs. Garrett Anderson certainly makes it manifest that Dr. Maudsley was discharging his lance at a woman of straw, so far as England is concerned, since the promoters of female education there have no desire to ignore the differences that God made when "He created them male and female," or to deny that woman's mental characteristics are so differentiated from those of man, as to make her his *complement*,

not his *duplicate*; and moreover, that it is their aim and desire to provide most solicitously for the due physical as well as mental development of English girls, while they carefully guard against the evils of overwork during the critical years of opening life. Moreover, she gives some excellent reasons, not generally taken into account, why, owing to the more temperate and less self-indulgent habits of young women, as a class, and to their often much greater industry and perseverance, the intellectual race between the sexes may in the long run be more equal than is commonly supposed.

Certainly the subject of female education, even if only its reflex influence on the other sex be considered, is second to none in relation to the future development of any country, a fact that is being largely acknowledged now in missionary operations. Fletcher of Saltoun's saying about popular songs might be truthfully altered into something like the following: "If I am allowed to mould the character of the women of a country, I care not who shall mould that of the men." For, setting aside the question whether men of great mental powers do or do not most frequently inherit their intellectual characteristics from their mothers, there is no room for disputing the immense amount of influence, intellectual and moral, that woman exercises over man. From her, in most cases, he receives his first impressions, his first moral and intellectual impulse and direction. As life advances, the influence of the women with whom he comes in contact, most especially, of course, of the wife, is not less potent for good or ill on the maturer life of the man than was that of the mother in moulding the character of the

boy.* Who can doubt that if our Canadian young women, *as a class*, should become truly cultivated, earnest, high-toned, full of the noble ambition to devote life to noble work for noble ends, a very few years would strikingly demonstrate their influence in raising our young men, *as a class*, to a very much higher plane than that which they at present occupy? The question of higher female education, then, which is simply that of the development of woman to the highest possible point of intellectual and moral excellence, is surely well worthy the attention of every thoughtful man and enlightened patriot.

The two great points at present under discussion in regard to female education, seem to be those of "*identical education*" and "*identical co-education*," the latter, of course, implying not only the assimilation of the education of girls to that of boys, but also that the education of the two sexes should be conducted *together*, even in its more advanced stages, thus compelling the girls not only to run the same race with the boys, but to run it in equal lengths. It is against this

* The following extract from Mr. Kingsley's new book "Health and Education" bears strongly upon this point. "Let me ask women to educate themselves, not for their own sakes merely, but for the sake of others. For whether they will or not, they *must* educate others. I do not speak merely of those who may be engaged in the work of direct teaching—that they ought to be well taught themselves, who can doubt? I speak of those, and in so doing I speak of every woman, young and old, who exercises as wife, as mother, as aunt, as sister, or as friend, an influence, indirect it may be, and unconscious, but still potent and practical, on the minds and characters of those about them, especially of men. How potent and practical that influence is, those know best who know most of the world, and most of human nature. There are those who consider—and I agree with them—that the education of boys under the age of twelve years ought to be entrusted as much as possible to women. Let me ask of what period of youth and of manhood does not the same hold true. I pity the ignorance and conceit of the man who fancies that he has nothing left to learn from cultivated women."

mode of education, especially, that Dr. Clarke's most urgent warnings are directed. "It is one thing," he says, "to put up a goal a long way off, five or six months, or three or four years distant, and to tell girls and boys, each in their own way, to strive for it; and quite a different thing to put up the same goal, at the same distance, and oblige each sex to run their race for it, side by side on the same road, in daily competition with each other, and with equal expenditure of force at all times. Identical co-education is racing in the latter way." For his deprecation of this system he adduces several strong physiological reasons, his principles being in outline the following: That the more delicately organized and less vigorous physical system of woman, with a brain some five or six ounces lighter than that of man, cannot stand so great a strain, either mental or physical, as that of man, and that consequently the average girl should not be expected to do as much work, either mental or physical, as the average boy.

1. That the special organization of woman marks out for her a special career, as that of man does for him.

2. That overwork of the brain, during the years usually devoted to higher education, diverts the vital force needed for properly maturing the feminine organization; and that the injurious effects thereby caused will be too often and too sadly perceptible when the days of study are over, and the serious work of life begins.

3. That the law of female force and work differs from that of male force and work; and that, while a boy may safely study six hours daily, a girl may not do so without injury for more than four or five, requiring, in addition, a remission of study and work at regular intervals.

Disregard of these principles, which Dr. Clarke holds to be laws clearly written by God in the physical constitution of the female sex, he maintains to be a fruitful source of the debility and ill-health so unfortu-

nately common among American women, often laying the foundation of serious organic disease. In confirmation of his position he cites case after case, in which he thus sums up the cause of neuralgic nerves and confirmed malady: "She lost her health simply because she undertook to do her work in a boy's way and not in a girl's way." And he adds the alarming prediction that, if the causes of female ill-health "continue for the next half century, and increase in the same ratio as they have done for the last fifty years, it requires no prophet to foretell that the wives who are to be mothers in our republic must be drawn from trans-Atlantic homes." Of course even Dr. Clarke admits that over-education is only one among many causes for the existence of such a state of things. He alludes to the "perpetual pie and doughnut" of American tables; to the "stiff corsets and heavy skirts" of the dress of American women; and—unfortunately not of American women alone—to the foolish dissipation, late hours, and perpetual excitement in which so many of them are immersed; and to the grasping demands of the race for wealth—driving the unremitting factory wheels and the unresting factory "hands," male and female alike, with as unrelenting an impetus as ever slave-driver did his gang. Certainly, when all these causes, added to the unnatural high-pressure life of American cities, are taken into consideration, it would seem as if the educational system might be considerably lightened of the responsibility of producing so much feminine ill-health; although Dr. Clarke explicitly declares that "the number of female graduates in American schools and colleges who have been permanently disabled to a greater or less degree, is so great as to excite the gravest alarm, and to demand the serious attention of the community."

To this assertion of Dr. Clarke's there have, however, been numerous replies, and the representatives of various American colleges, both co-educating and exclusively

female, have met his charges in very forcible and convincing terms. Certain co-educating colleges in the United States, Oberlin and Antioch especially, have had special enquiries made regarding the health of their living female graduates, enquiries which have been, in many cases, most satisfactorily answered in such terms as the following from Kansas: "A troop of merry children; good health and a happy home." The percentage of deaths among the graduates of more than forty years, they declare to be nearly one-twentieth greater among the male than among the female graduates. Miss Avery, the resident physician at Vassar College, and Miss Maria Mitchell, professor of astronomy at that institution—an American Mary Somerville—testified to Miss Emily Faithful, on her visit to Vassar, "that the girls who studied the hardest there were also the healthiest. They traced the bad health of American women to its true source: the terrible severity and extremes of climate, combined with the unwholesome habit of heating houses with furnaces, to the exclusion of any proper ventilation, and the widespread disinclination to physical exercise of any description." And Miss Faithful "ventures to add that the delicacy complained of is also due to the fearful rapidity with which our American cousins apply the rule of doing 'smartly' whatever they have on hand, to their meals, and to their intemperate use of iced water throughout winter and summer."

From Michigan University, also a co-educating institution, we are told that "the college girls pertinaciously keep their health and strength in a way that is aggravating, and they persist in evincing a capability for close and continued mental labour, which, to the ordinary estimation of woman's brain power, seems like pure wilfulness." And the President says, as regards their *mental* health and endurance, that "the young women have addressed themselves to their work with great zeal, and have shown them-

selves quite capable of meeting the demands of severe studies as successfully as their class-mates of the other sex. Their work, so far, does not evince less variety of aptitude or less power of grappling even with higher mathematics than we find in the young men. They receive no favours, and desire none. They are subjected to precisely the same tests as the men."

Miss Brackett, editress of one of the replies to Dr. Clarke's book, undertakes to show that the health of American boys has been as much injured by over-taxed brains and want of sufficient attention to physical development as that of girls has been. And an American correspondent, quoted by Dr. Maudsley, declares that "the medical mind of the United States is arrayed in a very ill-tempered opposition, on assumed physiological grounds, to the higher education of women in a continuous curriculum, and especially to the co-education of the Western Colleges," and adds, to the successful results of Oberlin and Antioch as to health as well as mental and moral improvement, the fact that the "Quaker College of Swarthmore claims a steady improvement in the health of its girl-graduates, dating from the commencement of their college course." He goes on to say: "There are other reasons which go to make up the languid young-ladyhood of the American girl. Her childhood is denied the happy out-door sports of her brothers. There is a resolute shutting out of everything like a noisy romp; the active games, and all happy boisterous plays, by field or roadside, are not *proper* for her! She is cased in a cramping dress so heavy and inconvenient that no boy could wear it for a day without falling into gloomy views of life. All this martyrdom to propriety and fashion tells upon strength and symmetry, and the girl reaches womanhood a wreck. That she reaches it at all under these suffering and bleached-out conditions, is due to her superior elasticity to resist a method of education that would have killed

off all the boys years before. There are abundant statistics to prove that hard study is the discipline and tonic most girls need to supplant the too great sentimentality and useless day-dreams fostered by fashionable idleness, and provocative of 'nerves', melancholy, and inanition generally; and, so far as statistics can, that the women graduates of these colleges make as healthy and happy wives and mothers as though they had never solved a mathematical problem, nor translated Aristotle."

From all this uniting testimony it would seem that, so far as physical considerations are concerned, co-education, notwithstanding what Miss Faithful calls Dr. Clarke's "extravagant attack," has stood its ground remarkably well. Yet it may well be that the American forcing system, extending to intellectual as well as to other things, has really been carried in many cases to an injudicious extreme, and that a word of warning was not unneeded. Nor is it unneeded in Canada, when we find school-inspectors, who ought to know better, urging upon their female teachers to "give the girls plenty of writing" out of school hours, so as to keep them at close mental work *for several hours over and above the six hours of school confinement*; and when we find young children of from *seven to ten* loaded with lessons to learn out of school-hours, including so much writing, in the way of copying sums, &c., that poor parents find the supply of the necessary paper a serious tax. Let us hope that a greater degree of practical enlightenment will ere long prevail, and that barbarities like these will soon become obsolete.

As regards intellectual and moral considerations, co-education seems, so far as it has yet been tried, to have resulted as favourably as it has physically. All the testimony cited in an interesting article in the *Nation* goes to show that experience has falsified the prediction of Mr. Buchan, in his paper read before the Ontario Teachers' Association, that "the college that instructs the sexes

together must finally have its standard relatively lowered." So far from this has been the actual result, that the President of Michigan University declares : " During the last three years we have been steadily increasing the requirements for admission, and broadening the range of studies." In a moral point of view, the results of this University co-education have been not less satisfactory. Contrary to some *a priori* reasoning, those who have watched the experiment declare that the influence of co-education has proved a refining and elevating one to both sexes. One observer declares his conviction "that young men are never so animated to high endeavour, never so put upon their manliness, as when in the presence of women ; and equally, that women are never so inspired by womanly sentiment, or so raised to noble efforts, as by the presence of true gentlemen." Other testimony, also founded on personal observation, concurs in this opinion, and one remark concerning the results of co-education, is to the effect that it tends to remove some of the foolish illusions which bring about premature *affaires de cœur*. This is reassuring to those who, noting the tendency of Canadian girls to precocious flirtations, would fear lest such a system of education should have the effect of increasing the evil. But it would seem as if the discipline of hard study, and the occupation of the mind with other objects, in reality prove an antidote to what often arises from sheer vacuity and want of any other adequate interest. Certainly Cupid does often find his way into places where he has clearly no business ; and even the parish schools of Scotland, where, as in our common schools, children of both sexes studied together, have not been proof against his insidious advances: witness Motherwell's exquisite little poem of "Jeanie Morrison," in which he so vividly recalls those early school days, when he and his first love sat on the same bench, conning their lesson together :—

" Baith bent above the same braid page
 Outspread upon our knee,
 Your eyes were on your lesson,—
 But my lesson was in thee ! "

" And mind ye, Jeanie Morrison,—
 How cheeks brent red wi' shame,
 Because the bairnies laughing said
 We clecked thegether hame ? "

But few boys are born poets, and such a pure and tender boyish fancy as is here described would have an elevating and refining, rather than an injurious effect. And it will be seen that the poet-lover testifies that the little maiden's eyes, at least, "*were on her lesson*." At all events, such exceptional cases were never considered to militate against the Scottish parish school system of co-education.

But, like many other doubtful experiments, the results of which often turn out very differently from *a priori* theories, co-education will have to be fairly and fully worked out before any satisfactory final conclusion can be arrived at. In the meantime, as higher female education in Canada is as yet based entirely on the principle of separate education, it more immediately concerns us to know how *that* should be conducted ; and whether the objections raised against separate *identical* education are well founded.

Few, probably, would care to dispute this enunciation by Dr. Maudsley of a great general principle: "It is plain that we ought to recognise sex in education, and to provide that the method and aim of mental culture should have regard to the specialities of woman's physical and mental nature. Each sex must develop after its kind ; and if education, in its fundamental meaning, be the external cause to which evolution is the internal answer ; if it be the *drawing out* of the internal qualities of the individual into their highest perfection by the influence of the most fitting external conditions, there must be a difference in the method of education of the two sexes, answering to differences in their physical and mental natures."

But though this principle be a true one, it by no means follows that the same studies which are nourishing, invigorating, and stimulating to the "mental natures" of boys, may not be equally beneficial to those of girls, any more than that the same kind of physical nourishment is not equally good for the physical natures of both. Though *mental characteristics* may differ, the *mental processes* as well as the nutritive processes, are the same in both sexes, and what invigorates these in the one sex will be found to have the same effect in the other also. But, moreover, in educating a boy, there is, or ought to be, some reference to the particular mental organization that he exhibits, so that the faculties which are weak or deficient may be strengthened, while those which are naturally strong may be prevented from attaining an undue preponderance. Now, what are the points in which the mental nature of woman is confessedly weak, and what are the qualities in danger of being unduly predominant? According to the concurrent testimony of observers of both sexes, we find that woman, while in general more acute in observation and quicker in perception than man, is, at the same time, much less accurate and thorough-going; that, with a more vivid imagination, greater versatility, keener sensibility, a more delicate nervous organization, and much greater strength of sympathy and warmth of emotional temperament, she has less power of concentration and sustained thought—weaker reflective and reasoning powers than man; so that her judgment is at the same time weaker and more likely to be swayed by strong prejudices, as we see constantly exemplified in daily life. Now the ordinary system of female education which has prevailed in the past, so far as it has been a system, has been exactly adapted to *increase* rather than to lessen these points of difference, since to women have been almost denied those severer studies that tend to check the undue influence of the imagination and the emotions, to brace the

mental constitution, and to strengthen and develop the judgment and the reasoning powers. For a nervous, sensitive, imaginative boy, approaching in temperament to the feminine type, these severer studies are thought especially necessary to strengthen his nature for the duties and experiences of life, and to give his mind a due equilibrium, by developing the powers naturally deficient. In like manner girls need, even more than boys, studies such as mathematics, to give concentration and steadiness of thought; such as languages, thoroughly learned, to teach accuracy of thought and expression; such as mental philosophy, to enlarge the sphere of thought and raise the mental tone; such as logic, to give clearness of thought and strengthen the judgment, naturally too much under the dominion of feeling and prejudice. Had boys been, for generations past, educated on the same miserably superficial system which has been the rule with girls, filling their minds with an undigested chaos of heterogeneous facts, and expending their energies on a number of so-called "accomplishments," *all imperfectly acquired*, it is probable that their minds would have exhibited much of the superficiality and inaccuracy which have so long been held to demonstrate the great mental inferiority of women.

Mr. Morley in a recent paper says: "Women are at present far less likely than men to possess a sound intelligence and a habit of correct judgment. They will remain so while they have less ready access than men to the best kinds of literary and scientific training." Kant, while he imputes to man the "noble virtues," allows to woman only the "*beautiful ones*," which are nothing more than amiable, unreasoning impulses. Do not these and many similar observations show how much the female mind, from its very constitution, requires invigorating mental discipline, and a liberal and thorough culture?

But, some one may object: We want women

to remain women, not to approximate to the qualities of men. Granted, in so far as all that constitutes the *essential idea* of woman is concerned. But surely that essential idea does not include narrowness of thought, weakness of judgment, prejudiced intolerance, the silliness and frivolity of vacant minds! All these imply a degeneracy from the true idea of woman as a *helpmeet* to man. Will she not be a truer helper, a safer counsellor, if she be wise, earnest, thoughtful, unprejudiced and sagacious in judgment; if, in short, she approximate to Wordsworth's noble ideal of the

"Perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort, and command."

And there is not the slightest reason to suppose that she needs, or is likely to lose the slightest particle of her natural tenderness and womanliness in becoming this nobler creature. The laws which God has implanted deep in her organization will secure her against such danger far more than all the moralizings of men. Give a lily the richest soil, the most generous culture you like, and you will never transform it into a rose, far less into an oak. It will only become a more beautiful, more perfect lily. And so, the more highly a woman's nature is developed by *thorough* culture, the more true a woman will she become. The more elevated a nature is—other things being equal—it is the more *truly* tender. When we find Mrs. Browning—with a classical training of which many an Oxonian might be proud—producing such exquisite love-poems as the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," such tenderly maternal ones as her lines to her "Young Florentine;" when we see Mary Somerville, with her masculine studies and mathematical authorship, preserving to the last all the delicate graces of a gentle womanly character; when we see Parepa Rosa, amid all the triumphs of a brilliant professional career, pining for the little child that was only to be laid dead in her longing arms; we need hardly fear that the greatest gifts, the most

generous culture that a woman can have, will be likely to render her "masculine" in any other sense than that of possessing the greater vigour of mental tone, which is surely in itself a desirable thing, whether for man or woman. It is only a *half* culture that makes "masculine" women—the shallow and noisy pretenders who have dragged the "Rights of Woman" in the mire till they have made the very term a by-word!*

Of course, however, there is no need for carrying this severer study to an injurious extreme. It is very probable that this may have been done in some of the American Colleges, and that girls may have been unduly stimulated to too arduous and incessant study at an age when such demands overtax the brain. There is no necessity for setting girls to run the same race with boys in equal time; and even *boys* are often injured by being driven through the course too fast, with too severe and unremitting mental labour. But if a girl's earlier years are well and judiciously directed, it is possible to lay a good foundation of solid groundwork during those years, without at all overtaxing her

* The *true* "Rights of Woman" have been thus beautifully expressed:

"The rights of woman! what are they?
The right to labour and to pray;
The right to comfort in distress,
The right, when others curse, to bless;
The right to love whom others scorn,
The right to comfort all who mourn;
The right to shed new joy on earth,
The right to feel the soul's high worth;
The right to lead the soul to God
Along the path her Saviour trod—
The path of meekness and of love,
The path of faith that leads above,
The path of patience under wrong,
The path in which the weak grow strong;
Such woman's rights our God will bless,
And crown their champions with success."

No one would quarrel with such a definition; but it will be found that, other things being equal, the woman of thorough culture will use these "rights" more freely and more wisely than she whose education has been narrow or superficial.

powers, physical or mental. To this, indeed, might advantageously be given the larger portion of those dreary hours which many girls, totally devoid of musical talent, are compelled to spend in "practising" an art which in after-life they never think of using. And by gaining such a fundamental groundwork, *thorough*, so far as it goes, girls may thus be prepared, like boys, for pursuing to advantage the deeper studies which they may find congenial, in the maturer years which begin when a girl's education is popularly supposed to be "finished." In England it is proposed that "after a girlhood of healthful work and healthful play, when her development is complete and her constitution settled, the student, at the age of eighteen or nineteen, should begin the college course, and should be prepared to end it at twenty-two or twenty-three."

What a boon such a "course," or even the pursuit of *one* congenial study or art, properly directed, would be to most of our aimless girls "in society," a very little observation would suffice to show. Many a mother in "easy circumstances" is utterly at a loss to know what to do with her "finished" daughter, thrown on her own resources, without necessary domestic duties to fulfil, with nothing in the way of real "occupation," forced to fill up her time in the best way she can, with morning calls, shopping, practising, desultory reading, and almost useless "fancy work." What wonder that good mental powers, frittered in this way, should by-and-by perish by intellectual atrophy!

And how many a girl, of average energy and ability, really suffers from the almost insupportable dullness of a life in which she has no vivid interests, no mental stimulus—nothing to give any adequate outlet to her faculties and energies! Such dullness, proceeding from mental inanition, has, under specially concurrent circumstances, induced low spirits, morbidness, nervousness, hysteria, consumption, habits of intemperance,

and even insanity! What wonder if girls, suffering from this dull and objectless existence, sometimes take refuge in the excitement of a foolish flirtation, ending in a rash and unhappy marriage? What wonder if, in many more cases, they seek the lacking interest in extravagance in dress, in the fashionable dissipation which destroys far more health than does over-study, and in the sensational novel-reading which, with its exaggerated and *fruitless* demands upon the emotional nature, is far more injurious, physically and mentally, than even an undue proportion of good hard intellectual *work*? It may be said that there is plenty of active philanthropic work for girls with unoccupied leisure on their hands. But *all* girls are not specially fitted for such kinds of this work as come in their way, nor indeed is that always of a kind to absorb beneficially a girl's surplus of mental energy; least of all if she have any special tendencies which crave for development and use. And most women would be better fitted for the useful discharge of the philanthropic work they may undertake, by a bracing mental training of vigorous study.

There is abundant evidence of the beneficial effect of earnest continued study, and of the interests which it brings in its train, on the health as well as the happiness of young women. President Hunter, in speaking of the "remarkably good" health of the young ladies who attend the new Normal College in New York, says, that in his opinion "the amount of mental work they have to do is physically beneficial; the most efficient sanitary measure for a safe passage from girlhood to womanhood being, study enough to keep the mind occupied with other thoughts than those pertaining to sex and self." Professor Huxley expresses substantially the same opinion when he declares his belief that even the severe study required in preparation for the medical profession would be less injurious to the physical health of women than the vacuity and

inanity of the average life of young ladies. Even Dr. Maudsley admits that many "suffer not a little in mind and body from a method of education which tends to develop the emotional at the expense of the intellectual nature; and by their exclusion from appropriate fields of practical activity." How many of the daughters of luxurious homes are continually needing "tonics," medical men will testify. But, as Mrs. Garrett Anderson says: "There is no tonic in the pharmacopœia to be compared with happiness; and happiness worth calling such is not known where the days drag along filled with make-believe occupations and dreary sham amusements."

Nor would the effect upon bodily and mental health be the only beneficial result of a higher intellectual training. How much the whole tone of feminine life would be raised, if higher interests than those of dress, gossip, and amusement, were systematically cultivated? How much less would there be of the trivial gossip that is perpetually tending towards detraction, were the minds of women more generally open to the numerous elevating subjects of interest in which their minds could find occupation of a nobler kind than that of minutely discussing the petty affairs of their neighbours! And with more mental occupation, and more real culture, there would be infinitely less of that absorption and extravagance in dress which is one of our relics of barbarism, and which causes many an anxious paterfamilias to sigh over the magnitude of bills that he is powerless to diminish. There would be greater simplicity and good taste in dress, and also in language. We should not hear so much of that slangy talk in which too many young ladies indulge, and in which, owing to the delicate correlation between thought and speech, they can hardly indulge freely without some injury to refinement of mind as well as of language. There would be a stronger appreciation of the value of *time*, in which women in general are defi-

cient; and by a more methodical use of it, even wives and mothers could save from the time *unnecessarily* spent in dress and society, sufficient leisure to keep up some knowledge of things in regard to which their minds had previously been trained to intelligent activity. By so doing they would certainly become more intelligent companions, and even counsellors, to their husbands, removing the temptation arising from lack of society at home to seek it among male companions abroad. How much better fitted, too, might mothers become for the care of children and invalids, since it is to be feared that many a valuable life is cut short—many an infant one nipped in the bud, or at least deprived of some of its rightful vigour and vitality, through the ignorance of mothers and nurses as to the commonest physiological principles? How much influence might the higher culture of women exercise in stimulating self-culture among young men, especially in the homes of wealthy yeomen, where the sons are too apt to remain in a state of intellectual stagnation that will tell in future on the status of Canada among the nations. How much, in the conflict of opinion that is ever increasing, might the influence of woman on the side of Christianity be strengthened by a more thorough mental training, since, without losing in any degree the strong realizing faith which is more especially her happy privilege, she would be better qualified to give "a reason for the faith that is in her," and more free from the narrownesses, weaknesses, and inconsistencies that too often prejudice intelligent observers against the faith that she is so anxious to commend. And how often, by the cultivation of habits of deeper reflection, and by a wider range of thought, would women be saved from being a drag upon the right efforts and aspirations of their husbands; from being even a snare and a temptation to them, not from any wrong intention, but from a partial and superficial judgment.

But there is another point of view, more closely concerning the interests of women themselves, in which a thorough early training is most important. In theory, the true sphere of woman is the domestic one; her destined end, that of wife and mother. And, doubtless, this *is* her happiest destiny, when it is reached by means of that real heart-union, which is the only safe condition of the external one. But in actual life this does not come in the ordinary course of events, to all women; indeed, statistics teach us that to many it *cannot*. Is it not then a cruel delusion, to foster in girls the idea that in marriage lies a woman's *only* prosperous and happy career, failing which, life must be blank and objectless? And why, seeing that a single life must inevitably be the lot of so many, should she not be encouraged to possess herself of some means of achieving an honourable independence, instead of being driven to choose, eventually, between poverty and a dependence that sacrifices her self-respect, or a mercenary marriage, still more destructive of it? This need is recognized clearly enough among the humbler classes; and the "trade" learned, or the "situation" obtained, soon makes girls self-supporting and self-reliant. But, in richer homes, because the daughter can be maintained comfortably till the time when, as it is hoped, she will be married, she is often encouraged to waste valuable years in comparative idleness; and then, perhaps, when sudden bereavement or adversity comes, she is compelled, with the best and freshest years of her life gone, with faculties dulled by disuse, and a mind that had been frittered away on the most desultory pursuits, *at last*, reluctantly, to choose "a career." Too often she has but little choice;—the alternative between teaching, after a fashion that perpetuates her own superficiality, or sewing, with its miserably poor remuneration, and its unhealthy confinement. Even if the anticipated marriage *does* come, how often there

follows an early widowhood, when with the additional weight of the care of young children on her hands, the mother, unfitted by previous preparation, has to toil, with sadly untrained powers, for a bare subsistence for herself and them! Without trespassing unnecessarily at present upon the disputed question of woman's work, would it not be a real benefit to society, were every girl encouraged to learn thoroughly *some one* kind of *real* work, be it profession, art, or handicraft; something which would bring her not only subsistence, but interesting occupation should she have to travel the journey of life alone. Our American neighbours are beginning to learn this lesson from their many commercial reverses, and it is a useful lesson to learn, although in their case, rather sharply taught. As to the choice of an occupation, regard should certainly be shown, as in the case of boys, to any strong distinguishing bias or impulse, such as seems to be especially implanted by the Divine Author of our being, to incline to the adoption of such callings as would otherwise be but little chosen. The strong natural impulse which has drawn some women to the medical profession, in spite of the severe preliminary study, the heavy adventitious clogs that have retarded their progress, and the discouraging and ungenerous rebuffs which they have in many cases received, must surely, according to the principle of final causes, have a strong *raison d'être*.*

* The following sketch of Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, who has been several times referred to in this article, is an illustration, at once, of the difficulties which beset the path of female medical students and of the perseverance which has overcome them with the most satisfactory results. "Nearly twelve years ago I heard of a young lady of high position, who was making almost desperate efforts to win her way into the medical profession. She had taken a room near one of the largest hospitals in London, to which she was not openly admitted, that she might study cases of disease or injury, but where, through the generosity of certain physicians, she was able, as it were, to pick up such crumbs of

It will be found, in spite of the objectors, that such women will have an ample field in ministering to their own sex and to children, as well as in the most useful capacity of medical missionaries; while the gradual establishment of exclusively female medical colleges will do away with the most plausible argument of the objectors. It is a pity that in this, as in many other matters, woman has for some time seemed to assume a somewhat aggressive attitude. She has been in the uneasy position of an unrecognized state, and has been obliged to contend stoutly, though not selfishly, for "recognition." When this shall have been fully accorded to her—when man shall no longer treat her with the mock deference which too often does duty for real respect—when he shall act towards her as if he considered her not a toy nor an ornamental lay figure, but as a helpmeet, a friend and fellow-worker,—she will assume a less aggressive position, and things will fall gradually to their natural level; when it will probably be found that there is work enough for even exceptional women, without interfering with the interests of "the more worthy gender."*

Information as might fall from the table of the male students. By dint of her perseverance, means of information and study increased. I visited her room near the hospital, and found this young lady surrounded by specimens such as are conventionally supposed to bring fainting fits on any person of that sex at sight. I found that being excluded from the usual medical and surgical schools, she had been compelled to employ lecturers to teach her alone. Fortunately she had the means of doing this, but it amounted to her establishing a medical college, of which she was the only student. That lady is now known as Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson, an eminent physician, who has done, not her sex alone, but this entire community, a great benefit by showing that a woman's professional success is not inconsistent with her being a devoted and happy wife and mother."

* Mr. Kingsley in "Health and Education," formerly quoted, says, in a plea for a more general knowledge of hygienic principles:—"I say, women as well as men. I should have said women rather than men. For it is the women who have the order-

It has been urged against the choice of a profession by women, that they thereby run the risk of closing against themselves the gate of domestic life. Such an objection can hardly be seriously sustained, since, even if a woman should eventually meet with the possibility of a worthy union, her thorough professional training would be by no means thrown away; while no man whose regard was worth having would be repelled by the circumstance that a woman had had the courage and wisdom to provide for herself an independent means of subsistence in case of need. There can hardly be much doubt which is the more dignified and happier position for women: to drag out idle useless lives, wasting their energies in inane pursuits, in gossip, crochet work, morning visits, and evening dissipation,—waiting, as we have satirists enough to tell us, for the husband who never comes—or to have these same lives filled with delightful and engrossing occupations, which shall make their developed and cultivated womanhood a blessing to their country and their age.

The fact that the profession of teaching is falling so much into the hands of women, is a strong argument for their higher education. In New York, nine-tenths of the teachers

ing of the household, the bringing up of the children; the women who bide at home, while the men are away, it may be at the other end of the earth. Let women, duly educated and legally qualified, teach to women, what every woman ought to know, and what her parents will very properly object to her hearing from almost any man. This is one of the main reasons why I have, for twenty years past, advocated the training of women for the medical profession, and one which countervails, in my mind, all possible objections to such a movement. And now, thank God, I am seeing the common sense of Great Britain, and, indeed, of every civilized nation, gradually coming round to that which seemed to me, when I first conceived of it, a dream too chimerical to be cherished, save in secret—the restoring woman to her natural share in that sacred office of healer, which she held in the Middle Ages, and from which she was thrust out during the sixteenth century."

are women, and the Board of Education there declare the teaching by women to be more satisfactory than that by men. In the United States, as a whole, one-third of the common school teachers are women, while many of the chairs in the female colleges are filled by female professors, one of whom, the professor of mathematics at Antioch, is said "to have taught, without book, the most abstruse portions of her science with a clearness which the best male professors acknowledged could not be surpassed." In Canada, women are fast gaining the same numerical preponderance as teachers, as must always be the case in a new country, where there are so many more tempting openings for ambitious young men. If, therefore, the early training of our boys, as well as our girls, is to be in the hands of women, (and it is to be remembered that the earliest groundwork of an education often determines the character of the whole), is it not of considerable importance that the mental training of women should be thorough, instead of superficial?

The New York New Normal College, before mentioned, with accommodation for 1,500 students, and a thorough equipment of educational facilities, is probably the finest Institution in the world for the education of female teachers. It provides for "a careful training in Latin, French, German, History, Mathematics as far as Trigonometry, Physics, Botany, Astronomy, Zoology, English Literature, Rhetoric and Composition, Drawing and Music; these regular studies being supplemented by lectures on Mineralogy, Chemistry, Anatomy and Physiology, and other branches of science. No pretence is made to anything like a mastery of all the studies pursued. It were folly to attempt it in the time allotted. The instruction given is rather such as *to develop habits of intelligent study*, while supplying the pupils with such general and fundamental information as will fit them for the work of elementary teaching."

For the continuation of such studies—the building to be erected on such a superstructure—Vassar College, the most magnificent of female colleges, with its boarding accommodation for 300 students, and splendid provisions for studying to the fullest advantage, affords most available facilities; realising in actual life Tennyson's playful day-dream of a feminine college:

"With prudes for proctors, dowagers for deans,
And sweet girl graduates in their golden hair."

The girls in the United States *should* be well educated, and the advantages that many of them have enjoyed are already telling upon their ranks of female authorship. One part of female education they have, however, as a rule left unprovided for, though attention has recently been called to the omission. A gentleman whose wife had been educated at Hartford Female Seminary, declared himself thoroughly satisfied with her education in every respect, save that of *bread-making*; and with a view to remedy this defect in the education of other future wives, he offered a prize for proficiency in this art, which was, accordingly, competed for during the past summer. Why should not we in Canada profit by this experience? Besides training our future wives and mothers in such principles of physiology, chemistry, and hygiene, as may fit them for the intelligent discharge of the duties appertaining to the guidance of a household, why should there not always be in a ladies' college, something like a professorship of domestic Technology—the application of scientific principles to daily needs—and, as there is at the Crystal Palace, London, a professor of Domestic Economy, the present teacher of which, Miss Hooper, assures us that even in old England there never was a time when it was so necessary that girls should be instructed in every branch of domestic economy. The principle of giving only a special education is as far from being right in the case of girls as of boys; but certainly a system of education is defec-

tive when it contains no provision for the discharge of those duties which are most likely to fall to the lot of the individual. Why, then, should not any projected course of female education include some practical instruction in the different kinds of domestic work? Of this, in a country like ours, women more especially require a competent knowledge, since the wife of the wealthiest man may at any moment be placed in circumstances in which ignorance of such matters may be disastrous to the entire comfort of the household. There is no reason why a woman of cultivated mind should be unfit for the right discharge of housewifely duties; no necessary connexion between a liberal education, literary and scientific tastes, and an untidy *ménage*—badly cooked and ordered meals, and neglected children. Whatever public prejudice may say, such lives as that of Mrs. Somerville prove the contrary. When the case is otherwise, it most frequently arises from not knowing exactly what to do, and how to do it—the defect of a one-sided education. Why should not this one-sidedness be remedied by the introduction into ladies' colleges of some training in domestic work? Why should we not have competition in domestic arts at such institutions, as well as at our country shows? Why not have prizes for bread-making, for cooking, for neat plain sowing, as well as for languages, for drawing, and music? Even in old-fashioned Edinburgh, the modern Athens, it has long been customary for young ladies of "the best families" to take lessons in cooking from some experienced "Meg Dodds." And in Canada such an education is even *more* needed; while, in the homes of the wealthier classes at least, it is too often neglected. Moreover, might not a due attention to this branch of training help us to solve the problem, how best to thoroughly utilize the period of female education and yet avoid excessive brain-work, and a one-sided development? As a change of occupation is in itself a rest and a recreation, may there not be

found, in a judicious commingling of intellectual and practical education, the golden mean we want, and the best corrective to the tendency of schools to overwork the mind? And an arrangement by which cheerful, brisk, manual work should be interspersed, at proper intervals, with the sedentary and brain-tasking studies, would be the most effectual preventive of idling, since it would afford a useful outlet for physical activity, a desirable relief and alterative from the strain of mental labour, while it would furnish some, at least, of the active exercise needed to keep up the tone of physical and mental vigour, for which the ordinary "constitutional" walk of ladies' schools generally is not nearly enough. As supplying a decided variety in school exercise, it would constitute a recreation in itself, which should not, however, supersede the more absolute recreations, and even more active physical exercises. The result of such a system would probably be to demonstrate that, so far from there being any reason why higher culture should unfit a woman for domestic duties, the truly cultivated woman is in reality the one who can best guide the wheels of the domestic machinery to move smoothly and unobtrusively, both from her more methodical habits and from the graces and amenities which her higher tastes enable her to throw over domestic life. And even for women of decided literary tastes and pursuits, though overburdening domestic duties are often a clog upon their progress, yet these same domestic duties, in moderation, are a useful relief from mental strain; just as some mechanical or other active work is to masculine students.

In the courses of lectures to ladies now going on both in Toronto and in Montreal, as well as in the ladies' colleges being established throughout the country, we have promising signs of a growing interest in this important subject. The former, however, will have to be conducted on a more systematically organized plan, so as to secure

earnest, systematic, and thorough study, before they can be of the degree of use which is desirable. As to colleges, which for girls out of our large cities will be almost the only available means of procuring a thorough education, they will require the most careful supervision to obviate the dangerous tendencies often too correctly attributed to such large institutions. In the United States even, parents are beginning to turn towards the secluded cloister-education of Lower Canada as a relief from the too artificial and hot-house education of some American higher schools. Most of all, therefore, we want in our ladies' colleges—and it is the *sine qua non*—a pure, high-toned atmosphere free from worldly frivolity and vanity, from unhealthy rivalry and competition, from superficial display of all kinds, from conventionality and fashionable folly. We want an atmosphere in which our Canadian girls may grow up as pure, and fresh, and dewy as English violets, or as the typi-

cal English girl who is not yet quite an extinct species, and whose graceful combination of modest simplicity and gentle unconscious dignity presents so attractive a contrast to the "loud," fast-talking, pert, and familiar "girl of the period," with whose "style" we are unfortunately too familiar. Such an atmosphere, it is to be hoped, will characterize our Canadian Ladies' Colleges, in which, under the guidance of refined and cultivated women, fitted by God for their work, and looking in faith for the Divine blessing which alone can crown their efforts with success, "our girls" shall grow up to be thoughtful, high-toned, earnest, intelligently-helpful women, crowned with that which high authority has declared to be woman's truest adornment, "a meek and quiet spirit;" realizations of Wordsworth's beautiful ideal; to beautify with womanly and Christian graces, refinement, and culture, many a future Canadian home.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

BY THE LATE HON. JOSEPH HOWE,
Lieut-Governor of Nova Scotia.

ONCE more I put my bonnet on,
And tie the ribbons blue;
My showy poplin dress I don,
That's just as good as new;
And smooth and stately as a swan,
Go sailing to my pew.

Once more—ah me! how oft, how oft
Shall I the scene repeat?
With graceful ease and manner soft,
I sink into my seat,
And round the congregation waft
The sense of odours sweet.

A finer form, a fairer face,
Ne'er bent before the stole;
With more restraint no spotless lace
Did finer orbs control;
I shine the beauty of the place,
And yet I look all soul.

When to the sinful people round,
My pitying glances rove,
The dewy tints of heaven's profound
Seem in my eyes to move—
Too sorrowful their hearts to wound,
And hardly asking love.

And thus for four long years I've sat,
 My gloves without a crease,
 For two of them I wore a hat,
 For one a blue pelisse :
 When will the wicked know what's what,
 The weary heart have peace ?

My head gear twenty times I've changed,
 Worn Paris flowers in spring,
 Wheat sheaves in autumn re-arranged,
 Tried birds of every wing,
 Bade that from paradise estranged,
 Its lustre o'er me fling.

But yet, as nether millstones hard,
 The hearts of men appear ;
 Smooth-shaved, or "bearded like the pard,"
 They're worse from year to year ;
 My virtue is its own reward,
 I'm sitting single here.

The rector's eyes, a brilliant pair,
 Lit up with love divine,
 Beaming with inspiration rare,
 And phrenzy very fine,
 Like nestling birds from upper air
 Would gently droop to mine.

What could I think, as, day by day,
 His gaze more earnest grew,
 Till half the girls began to say,
 He neither cared nor knew
 Though all the church should go astray,
 If he could save my pew.

I read divinity by reams,
 The Bible got by heart ;
 I studied all the church's "schemes,"
 Prepared to play my part
 As rector's wife, as well beseems
 A lady of high art.

But let the truth at once be told,
 Religion's cause was nought,
 For twenty thousand pounds in gold
 The rector's heart was bought ;
 And I was most completely sold,
 The "blackbird" was not caught.

The curate's hair was crisp and brown,
 His colour very high ;
 His ample chest came sloping down,

Antinous-like his thigh ;
 Sin shrank before his gathered frown,
 Peace whispered in his sigh.

So young ! I hoped his steps to guide
 From error's devious way ;
 By bad example sorely tried,
 I feared the youth might stray ;
 To life's allurements, op'ning wide,
 Become an easy prey.

I did my best, I watched and prayed,
 His ardent soul to save ;
 But by the sinful flesh betrayed,
 (What could I do but rave ?)
 Ten stone of blonde, in lace arrayed,
 Walked with him down the nave.

If Gospel truth must now be told,
 I've selfish grown of late :
 The banker next, though somewhat old,
 And limping in his gait,
 And quite as yellow as his gold,
 I thought to animate.

I'm sure my "note" he would have "done,"
 With "two good names" upon it,
 I do not think he ever run
 His eye-glass o'er my sonnet,
 Or counted in the morning sun,
 The feathers in my bonnet.

The widow'd judge I next essayed,
 His orphans kindly viewing,
 Read Blackstone nearly through, 'tis said,
 All gaudy dress eschewing ;
 But am I doomed to die a maid ?
 Not yet he comes a-wooing.

Once more I'll put my bonnet on,
 And tie the ribbons blue,
 My showy poplin dress I'll don,
 That's just as good as new,
 And slow and stately as a swan,
 Go sailing to my pew.

Merchants and lawyers half-a-score,
 Bend o'er their hats to pray ;
 Tho' scatter'd round, I'm very sure
 They always look my way.
 I'll re-appear—encore, encore !
 Whom shall I catch to-day ?

NOT JUST YET.

FIFTEEN years ago, London was a much jollier place in every way than it is now. It had an individuality of its own then; its big hotels were unbuilt, its Houses of Parliament were unfinished; it was just a big, brown, busy city, with a splendid river running slap through it. For it had a river then, with shores and noble bridges; now it has but a stone trough, with iron drain-pipes across it. One rode on the top of busses then, or darted about in hansoms; now, I declare, when I visit London, I spend all my time in a coal-cellar, where there is an escape of gas, and where all the hot cinders from the kitchen fire are emptied—I mean the Metropolitan Railway.

Fifteen years ago, I was in London, living on a slender pittance, and much troubled in the matter of dinners. As a rule I dined in the middle of the day, on a chop sent in by a neighbouring publican, and made out with bread and cheese and beer at night. But there were times when the soul craved more luxurious living. Those times generally coincided pretty accurately with the advent of quarter day, and then one would go in for a cut of Simpson's mutton, or, if more reckless, for a dinner at the Wellington, at that time just opened, *vice* 'Crockford's.'

Sundays were the worst days for dinner arrangements. By breakfasting at noon, indeed, one avoided the necessity of any luncheon; but at about five o'clock a desperate craving would come over me, a gnawing vulture in the stomach would ceaselessly cry for food. Frequently, I confess, an empty purse coincided with an empty stomach, and the vulture cried in vain; but sometimes one had a few shillings in one's pocket, and then, even then, the problem was a difficult one—where to dine on Sunday.

I often went on such occasions to an

underground chamber called the Recesses, not far from Long-acre. The promises of that establishment were excellent. Soup, fish, and joint—all for the modest sum of eighteen pence. The performance, however, was somewhat feeble. I don't mean to say it wasn't an excellent dinner for the money—it was. But it wasn't an invigorating dinner. The soup was somewhat thin, the fish were generally 'fresh' herrings, and they'd have been better for a little salt originally. The joint was usually boiled beef, and, you see, the joint and the soup were like the two buckets of a well—the stronger the soup the less succulent the joint, and *vice versa*.

One Sunday, I remember, my funds were getting low, very low. I had determined to remain in my lodgings and support nature on tobacco-smoke; but my hunger was too strong. I had a few shillings left, and as the evening wore on, and the cravings of my appetite increased, resolution broke down. I put on my hat, and hurried out in quest of a dinner.

How is it everything looks so ghastly on Sunday? Don't tell me about the prickings of conscience, misspent day, and all that. Good luck! I wish I'd nothing worse than that to reproach myself with. But I believe it to be a physical fact that on Sunday the air is loaded with bile. I don't think it rises above a certain altitude; I've escaped it on the heights of Hampstead, on the hills of Surrey; but within a certain distance above the level of the sea I believe the air, between eleven o'clock a. m., and eight p. m., on Sunday, to be overcharged with bile. Perhaps it's owing to so many people being in church or chapel, and that they leave their bile outside, as they do their umbrellas on a wet day.

When I made up my mind to go to the Recesses for a dinner, it was because I knew that there was no other place open the prices of which would be within my means. How dismal it looked this Sunday evening, that long, low room! its tables almost deserted, save for one or two men here and there nodding over a plate of biscuits. There was pea-soup that night, I remember, and it was rather good too. The fish was fishy, the joint was reduced to a stump.

'Waiter,' I cried, 'can I dispense with the other courses, and dine off the soup?'

'If you wish, of course, sir,' said the waiter.

I had three helps of that excellent pea-soup, and in each plate I put a spoonful of dried mint. But the after result was not exhilarating; it rather clogged the pores, I think, that soup. Miserable and depressed as I went into the Recesses, I felt still more miserable, more depressed after my dinner. I had spent my prescribed allowance. I couldn't go anywhere or do anything. I could only go back to my gloomy lodgings through the sloppy streets, and sit, and lonely chew the cud of bitter meditation.

The idea seemed to me horrible; and yet now, as ever, there appeared to be no escape for me from the embraces of this dull melancholy fiend. I couldn't help saying to myself, as I sat with my chin resting on my hands, 'I wish I were dead!'

I didn't mean to say it aloud, but I suppose I must have whispered it audibly; for a man who was sitting opposite me at the table—who had been sitting there, smoothing his heavy red moustache all the time I had been dining, his eyes fixed on his plate—looked up of a sudden, and gave me a quick and searching glance.

I knew him then; it was Medhurst, an old schoolfellow. As a boy he had been always a mystery to us; that quick sudden glance of his had always had such a strange effect upon all on whom it fell. We used to say he had the Evil Eye, and wonderful tales

used to be told at school about the effect of Medhurst's look. Still, I was glad to see him; any relief from the loneliness and monotony of my life was pleasant. He recognised me also, and came over and sat beside me.

'Well,' he said, after we had shaken hands—he had a strange flabby, chilly hand, which somehow sent an icy thrill to my very heart—'well, and so you wish you were dead.'

'Did you hear me?' I said. 'O, it was nonsense, of course. I often say so. A foolish habit I have. I don't mean it.'

'It wasn't nonsense!' he said; he talked in a low monotonous voice, intelligible enough to the ear for which it was intended, but not to be overheard by others. 'It wasn't nonsense, but a very rational, prudent wish. I wish so myself; and what is more,' he said, 'I have the means to carry out both our wishes.'

I laughed uneasily. 'You are joking.'

'I never joke. Until now,' he went on, 'the great deterring influence which has restrained those wise men, who see the folly and emptiness of life, who, measuring their feeble capacities for enjoyment with their unlimited capabilities for suffering, would gladly resign a possession which has no advantage for them—the great deterring influence has been, the doubt whether death be really a complete severing of the body and the soul; whether, indeed, there is not a lingering capability of feeling still hanging to the relaxed nerves, a lingering consciousness in the decaying brain; that, in addition to the bitterness of death, one may taste also the gloom of the grave, the horrors of the charnel-house.'

'Good heavens!' I cried. 'What a horrible idea!' He fascinated me, this man. I would gladly have risen and gone away; but he stopped me with his eye.

'Listen,' he said. 'I have overcome this impediment; I have opened the gates of Death to all mankind. To you, my young schoolfellow, I will reveal the secret; lest,

tempted some day to cross the boundary, I should die, and leave mankind as wretched as ever. You see this powdered herb ; it is like mint, is it not ? the smell, the taste, everything is like mint—you would not know them apart ; and yet in a small quantity of this powder lies a release from all the miseries of life. Don't shrink back ; it is innocuous in small doses, produces merely a pleasing languor ; but in such a quantity as a teaspoonful, it produces lethargy ; twice the quantity brings on syncope ; thrice, inevitable DEATH. I have often ventured as far as the second stage, but have always stopped short of the third. But I have brought back thus much assurance from the world of shadows : consciousness ceases altogether at the second stage. There are no dreams in the sleep of death.

'The preliminary stage of lethargy is delightful—I often indulge in it ; but I have had a doubt sometimes whether I might not possess an exceptional physical organisation ; whether the herb would produce exactly the same effects on others. I determined to try the experiment on a large scale. I came here to night to do it. I have noticed that each frequenter of these rooms, on pea-soup nights, which are frequent, takes one plate of soup, to which he adds one spoonful of mint. Well, I watched my opportunity. I came here as soon as the room was opened ; and, whilst the waiter's back was turned, I emptied the contents of the plate of mint into my pocket, and filled the plate with my own powder. The experiment was a bold one. I might have caused the death of innocent persons. However, I persevered ; the interests of science overpower considerations of humanity. The experiment has completely succeeded. Each *habitué* of these rooms has swallowed his plate of soup, his spoonful of precious herb ; each has gone through the state of lethargy. There are some now, you observe, passing through that stage.'

I threw an agonised glance around. Yes,

sure enough, there were two or three men lying back in their chairs, their heads sunk on their breasts, in a state of complete lethargy.

'And,' he went on, 'I can see the symptoms of the approaching lethargy upon you—the dilated pupil of the eye, the expression of anxiety in the face ; yes, all is perfect ; the symptoms are—'

'BUT,' I gasped, 'I HAVE TAKEN THREE SPOONFULS !'

'Martyr of science ! he cried, springing up and grasping me by the hand, 'how carefully, how painfully I will watch every symptom of your declining vitality ! Dear friend, your case will be an era in the history of humanity. Like Curtius, you have leaped into the chasm for the public weal.'

'But isn't there an antidote ?' I gasped ; 'a remedy ?'

'There is none ; and were there, you would not go back from the noble path ? My dear friend, imitate the example of the ancient Roman ; a quietude and serenity in your last hours is indispensable for the proper noting of your phenomena.'

'But I won't die !' I shouted, getting up. My limbs trembled beneath me ; I felt the very chills of death upon me. 'I won't, I won't !' Here I screamed, 'Send for a doctor—for policemen. Quick ! Quick ! I'm poisoned !'

All the lethargic men jumped to their feet, the waiters came running in, the proprietor appeared, pale and wondering.

'I'm poisoned !' I shouted ; 'poisoned in the mint ! Send for a doctor, you fools ! do you hear ?'

'Mad !' said a quiet voice ; 'mad as a hatter. Poor fellow ! he's subject to these fits. He'll fall down directly ; look out for him !'

'But I'm not going to have the character of the house taken away for no mad freaks. What do you mean, sir, by attacking the quality of my victuals, sir ?'

'It was he,' I shouted, pointing to my

friend, 'who now seeks to screen himself by calling me mad. But, good heavens! will you see a fellow-creature perish, *perish*, PERISH?'

'There, don't aggravate him,' said my friend. 'Put him into a cab and send him to a police-station; he's sure to have been advertised for.'

I was dragged and hustled from the room, and hustled into a cab. Two or three policemen had come up, and one took charge of me inside, whilst another mounted the box. I was quiet now, overcome by my struggles, and lay exhausted in the corner of the cab, waiting the insidious advances of the deadly narcotic.

Presently the cab stopped. 'We've got that chap they advertised for,' cried the man outside, to a policeman who was lounging at the door of the police-station.

'The deuce you have!' said the inspector, coming up. 'Then you've done a good job to-night. There's fifty pounds offered now. Take him right off to the asylum at once.

Let's have a look at him, though. Why this ain't the man at all; this ain't Medhurst! Low, you ought to have known better. Red full moustache, drooping eyelids, aquiline nose—why they're as different as light from darkness.'

'What! is Medhurst mad?' I said, a light bursting in upon me.

'Yes; 'as he been playing any of his pranks upon you, 'sir?—making believe to give you poison, or anything of that sort? Lord, he's the cunningest chap in creation, that Medhurst. He's a small fortune to the police to bring him back after his escapes. He's quite 'armless, too, though he's always up to so many tricks. Quite a gentleman too. I've swallowed a pint or more of his p'ison just to please him, and then he'd stand a bottle of champagne afterwards. That's how you ought to have served him, sir. There, you won't get hold of him to-night, chaps; he's miles away by this time.'

I have never wished myself dead since then.—*Belgravia*.

A SERENADE.

"Leise stehen meine Lieder."

(Translation from the German.)

LIGHTLY let my song entreat thee,
Winging through the night;
To the quiet grove beneath thee,
Come! my heart's delight!
Slender tree-tops whisper, swaying
In the moon's soft light,
Dream not, sweet, of men's betraying,
Here will naught affright.
Hear'st the nightingale's soft sorrows?
Ah! she prays to thee!
From her grief sweet notes she borrows,
Pleading them for me!

She the bosom's yearning feeleth,
Knows the lover's smart,
And with silver tones she healeth
Every tender heart.

Open now thy heart towards us,
List, and come to me!
Trembling shadows night affords us—
Waiting here for thee,
Here for thee!

Barrie.

F. R.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT FERNS.

BY AURORA.

"To him who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language : for his gayer hours,
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides
Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware."

W. C. BRYANT.

WHEN a fashion is rapidly adopted we may reasonably conclude that it meets a need. Such appears to have been the case with the fashion of Fern-growing. Whence the fashion came it would perhaps be difficult to say, but all of us can testify to its adoption ; and while not a few of us can remember the pleasure we derived from the "Ferns and Mosses" chapters in the excellent little "Family Friend," edited by Mrs. Warren twenty years ago, and have delighted ourselves with the "Ferns and Ferneries" of Shirley Hibberd, in his "Gardener's Magazine" of a later date, we should be puzzled to assign the motive power that has filled our conservatories and drawing rooms, as well as our humbler parlors and hearths, with these most graceful and fascinating children of our woods and streams.

Certainly there is much in fashion, as the gardener knows who is pestered to death for some "new thing" by those whose hobby it is to outvie their neighbours ; but there is much more in intuitive sympathy ; and who shall define the limits of human nature's love for what God has made so very beautiful. The artificial love which is born of fashion dies with the excitement that gave it birth ; but the natural love that leads us to cherish the wayside flower is of immortal birth ; it is a relic of that "Paradise Lost,"

out of the ground of which "made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight," and is an earnest of that "Paradise Regained," our desire for which is stimulated in the description of the "pure river of the water of life, clear as crystal," and of "the tree of life on either side of it, bearing twelve manner of fruits." It is that indestructible chord in our nature that makes the old man dying, "babble o' green fields," and the little child at play cry, "Who'll buy my daisies?"

Fashion is often sneered at by the votaries of their own conceits, but fashion has often done the world good service by bringing into general notice subjects very worthy of regard, and by spreading that which would otherwise remain a local, though not less valuable object. And in no instance has fashion been more worthily followed than in Fern-growing. Graceful, beautiful, easy of culture as they are, how many hundreds of city women who now delight in the beauties of a Fern-case, would have remained in ignorance of its charms had not fashion intervened? And this from no obtuseness or want of sympathy with natural beauty, but from mere force of circumstances.

But fashion becomes a blind leader of the blind when she leads us to overlook the beauty that lies at our door, and commands us to bestow all our admiration on foreign subjects, be they never so lovely. Canada has no need to go from home for ferns of surpassing grace, elegance, and hue, for no group can exceed the types that may be met with anywhere among the woods and by the waters of this fair land. The Brakes, the Polypodies, the Spleenworts, the Adiantums, each have abundant representatives here, as

also has the Tree-fern—though but in miniature—of the tropics.

Our native artists have made some of the beauties of our gardens imperishable upon their canvas. In Canadian Ferns the artist will find a sufficiently exacting study, both as to form and colour, and an ample reward. Let him give us the handsome Brake (*Pteris aquilina*), waving its plumed head in the evening sunshine; the delicate maiden-hair (*Adiantum nigrum*), black and shining, standing apart under her array of fan-like pinnæ; the cheerful robust Polypody (*Polypodium aculeatum*), riveting the eye in the foreground by the vigor and depth of its growth and colour; the Maiden-hair Spleenwort (*Asplenium adiantum*), like a merry country lassie, standing a-tip-toe on the edge of a beetling crag where none dare follow. Should he add a graceful Marsh-fern (*Polypodium thelypteris*), at the edge of his glinting little rock-pool, none will deem it unwelcome; nor can any object to a tuft of the erect, though tender, green Mountain-fern, in the crevice of a crag. Sir Edwin Landseer might not be satisfied without the antlered head of a large-eyed stag peeping down at us from above, but we shall be contented with the Ferns.

Nor need the painter travel far for his "models," provided he be "our local artist." Let him take a summer holiday among the woods and streams of Castle Frank, now rendered so poetically interesting by the genial pen of Professor Wilson, and he will find the Maiden-hair Spleenwort nodding at him from many a precipitous brow, and perfectly unconscious of the possibility of being a case of "mistaken identity" to the artist, if he be not "up" in wild-wood individualities; for the Spleenwort is solike the Wild Columbine, graceful as herself, that he needs to remember that while *Asplenium* loves the cool breeze and fears not the sunshine, *Columbina* favours the grassy dingle. In some sequestered spot, hidden among the fallen trees, and undisturbed by aught save the little

chipmunk or the butterfly, the true Maiden-hair waves her fans in the summer breezes, and in broad rosettes upon the hill-sides. In the moss at the foot of a tree, or where a little streamlet of water trickles from—nobody knows where, he will come upon *Polypodium aculeatum*, the regular arrangement of its pinnæ, and its solid tone of colour, making it a fine contrast to the fairy texture and hue of *Adiantum nigrum*, and the careless grace of *Asplenium*. Close by, the feathery ever-green fern *Aspidium angulare*, is sure to challenge his admiration by its intricate foliage and magnificent tufts.

Somewhere among the rugged stones of the broken hill-side, or at the foot of a valley, our artist will possibly meet with a lonely specimen of the quaint Moonwort (*Osmunda lunaria*), its rather circular pinnæ crowding each other on the single stem. It often bears a little flower-spike at the top, but whether flowering or not, the Moonwort is an excellent "subject" for an odd corner, either of picture or fern-garden. Following a stream, or the windings of the lazy Don, our artist will be sure to meet with the delicate Marsh-fern, of a pale—almost sickly—green, its stem of a cinnamon brown, almost transparent, some of its fronds quite short, yet not more robust than the longer ones that bend over so gracefully. And on some steep overhanging bank, exposed to the rough blasts that sweep the valley, the Mountain-fern rears its ever-youthful head. He may know it from many other pale green ferns which resemble it at various stages of their growth, from the fact that the pinnæ decrease in extent from the middle towards the base, the lowest being very short, and all rather far apart.

On half decayed fallen trees exposed to the washing of freshets, or half hidden under water, grows a fern that pleases our taste better than any other. Its black rhizoma creeps along for many feet with no other support or sustenance apparently than the sprinkling of dark mould that accumulates

in the crevices of the fallen trunk: yet it throws up a longer stemmed frond, which may more justly be termed a leaf, than any other fern that grows. Broad, rather thin, of a middle depth of colour, deeply cut, after the pattern of a "royal oak" leaf, its bold and noble front commands admiration, and must render it a favourite subject for the painter. We cannot assign the name of our favourite, though we have searched all the annals of British Ferns we possess. At first sight it appears as though it might be the Beech-fern, but there are many objections: familiarly we term it the Oak-leaf Fern. We have seen it portrayed in pictures of greenhouse ferns, and it is certainly not rare in the neighbourhood of Toronto, at least on the eastern side. Besides fine specimens from the Don, we have seen tiny ones that were gathered in the Homewood grounds, and several fine specimens of the same fern have been procured near the banks of the Humber, not far from Woodbridge. In the same neighbourhood, magnificent specimens of all the ferns we have mentioned (more especially *Adiantum nigrum*) may be found.

Ferns, however, differ considerably in their development, according to the circumstances of their growth. A hot dry season will dwarf some of them remarkably, while a very changeable one, provided the ferns are in exposed situations, will cause the pinnæ to vary in size with the rapidity of their growth. There is no doubt whatever that they derive their chief nourishment from the atmosphere. Thus we see a fern growing in a valley parallel with a cardinal point of the compass, and thereby exposed to a constant draught, puny and small, though it may be green and healthy; while its sister, under the shelter of the deep woods, attains a size and beauty not to be held in comparison with it. The fern of which we last spoke has, in its growth by the marshy Don, so great a resemblance to an oak-leaf in its simple and curved indentations, (though it is broadest at the base, in which it differs from an oak-leaf,)

that our familiar name will serve to identify it; yet in the neighbourhood of the swift Humber it grows so luxuriantly, that its simple pinnatifid form is almost changed by the depth of its cuttings and the elongation of its marginal curves into points, so as to give the idea of separate pinnæ. We have one frond out of several similar now before us, which has on either side and from the centre of its long stalk eight pinnate divisions, exclusive of the lanceolate apex, which is irregularly notched into three deep points on one side, and two shallow ones on the other. These eight, or rather sixteen points, are again notched irregularly and deeply into several points, tending towards their apex. The *Polypodium aculeatum* also varies considerably with locality and circumstances. We have three specimens fully developed, gathered in the Queen's Park. All three are arranged on a six-inch card, leaving plenty of margin, and we have growing specimens nearly ten inches long, whose pinnæ touch each other from base to apex, and are three inches in width from tip to tip of opposite pinnæ, all the way up; the "thumb" on the upper side of the base of each pinnule being well developed, and the edges of the whole fringed with very decided spines—these two last peculiarities being either very slight or absent in ill-developed specimens.

July is the best month in the Canadian year for seeing ferns in all their beauty, and for marking the peculiarity of their flowering, or fructification. In the Marsh-fern the seed-vessels or sporanges are now very perceptible, the longer fronds being the fertile ones, though the thecæ are very irregularly distributed: upon the back of a few only of the pinnæ may be observed dark brown spots in a row on each side of the rib; and against the midrib of the frond, at short intervals, are also little green pellets, so that the marsh-fern has her seed of two characters. The beautiful evergreen, prickly-fern, (*Aspidium angulare*)—sometimes called the Lady-fern in one variety that flourishes luxu-

riantly in Canadian woods and is an elegant object singly or in a group—shews its yellowish thecæ in very regular rows at the back of numerous fronds; while the lordly bracken involutes the margin of his pinnæ as it were to hold in a tight and careful grasp the fine powdery seed. Again the elegant Maiden-hair carries its thecæ upon the upper or notched margin of the fans, which gives the pinnæ the appearance of having been slightly reflected hastily by some fatal agency; but as you look longer, and find that the frond remains in a normal and healthy state, you observe also that the thecæ are similar to tiny curved pods placed with their inner margin against the notches in the pinnæ of the frond, and giving to the whole plant a more delicate and interesting aspect. You will find the thecæ of the *Polypodium aculeatum* lying thickly under the pinnæ, more particularly those near the apex of the frond, and if you perceive a frond for the most part perfect, suddenly lose its exact conformation, be sure you will there find masses of the yellow brown thecæ, like rusty velvet; but if you examine others of the fronds still of perfect form, you will find more thecæ scattered in tiny and irregular patches about some of them, making you wonder by what rule dame Nature works in this matter.

Our paper has but briefly referred to the beauty of a few ferns which are very generally distributed in the neighbourhood of Toronto. We have said nothing of the delights of Fern-gathering as a happy and invigorating recreation; of the pleasures of Fern-growing, and the interesting occupation and knowledge to be thereby gained, leaving scientific attainments entirely out of the question. But to the scientific lover of nature, who has a little time and money at

command, how wide a field is open. Three thousand Ferns are already known among the three classes, arborescent, shrubby, and herbaceous. Of these, Britain alone claims nine hundred, chiefly herbaceous. Who can doubt but that Canada may with the care of her loving children establish her claim to an equally large proportion. And with her tropic summers, as well as by means of her Arctic winters, it is probable the range would be comparatively wider than in Britain. She might, at least, swell the list with new species, hidden among her woods and by her waters, in her valleys and on her crags, where never yet the foot of man has trod.

A wise discretion and an unselfish spirit should distinguish the lover of nature. Seeing how profusely she gives, let us not be wasteful, but rather anxiously preserve and generously foster such specimens as may be local and rare, that those who come after us may not find some of the most desirable extinct. Fern-growers should remember this also, and acknowledging the havoc they often make, through ignorance, carelessness, or ill-luck, in the species of ferns they honour with their choice, let them be self-denying, until experience guarantees success with even the rarest of their favourites.

Nor let us fail to give our children those simple and beneficial tastes from which we derive so much advantage, for not only will they thereby learn to love the land of their birth with a pure affection, but when the fierce fires of worldly conflict menace their souls, they will find support and comfort in the sweet smile of nature to which we have taught them to look: nay, more, they will "look through Nature, up to Nature's God," and their hearts will echo the Psalmist's invitation, "Come and see the works of God."

CURRENT EVENTS.

AS both political parties profess to be satisfied with the net result of the Ontario elections, there seems to be no reason why we should complain. The Government has, of course, secured a majority; but, on the other hand, the Opposition has gained in numbers and, we hope, in ability and tact. It is not easy to make out accurately the muster-roll of either belligerent, and the task has not been made easier by the feats of classification and addition accomplished in the newspapers. That rival journals should contend for the right of property in individual members was not only natural, but, all things considered, inevitable. When men cannot tell what they are fighting for, it is not to be wondered at, if those in command occasionally mistake an enemy for a friend, especially when the error may be turned to temporary advantage. In politics, a clearly defined principle is as a light set on a hill; men may be for or against it at will, but there it is, for weal or for bane, compelling recognition even though it fails to secure confidence. But when the primary colours of the prism are blurred and the hues of party grow faint, neutral, and indistinguishable, who shall discriminate between the Conservative blue and the buff of Reform? The electoral contest of last month was partly conducted on historic ground. The organ-in-chief submitted the Pacific Scandal to the people as the great question before them. It was not altogether clear what connection could be traced between that memorable *exposé* and the affairs of Ontario in 1875; yet, for lack of any imaginable point of party difference, the journalist was compelled to seek the living among the dead. A minister of the Crown delved still further into the past and brought

us face to face with such venerable relics as he could gather of the struggles about Responsible Government, the Clergy Reserves, and, strangest of all, Lower Canada domination. Party politics has thus been constituted a branch of Archæology. If, however, we leave antiquarian research on one side, it would be difficult to tell what the contest was about. The Government party could, of course, enumerate the measures it had passed; but the Opposition might retort that they would very cheerfully have introduced and carried through much better measures, had they been favored with the opportunity. The Opposition told its story of corruption, not unseasoned with scandal, and the Government was ready with the unanswerable *tu quoque*. Under these circumstances the electors of Ontario acted wisely in resolving not to give too much rope to either faction. The Ministry has been sustained by a majority quite sufficient for legitimate purposes, and the power of the Opposition has been extended so far as to render it effective, and yet not far enough to make it heady or presumptuous.

We may reconcile the discrepancies between the numbers furnished by the *Globe* and *Mail* by a summary process. The former classifies: the new House thus: Ministerialists 50, Opposition 33, Independents 4; whilst the latter (we correct errors in addition) enumerates them as 48, 37, and 2 respectively. Now, if the "Independents," in each case, be thrown into the scale of that party to which the editor is opposed, it will be found that they agree to a unit. The result is a majority of thirteen for the Government, which we take to be as close an approximation to the truth as we can expect for the present. Of "Independent

Candidates" we shall have something to say in the sequel ; here it may suffice to remark that the Grit journal has a very bad character to give them. One would naturally suppose, therefore, that the four who have managed to deceive the elect should be put at once into political Coventry. Strange to say, this is not the case. All four, we are told, have signified their intention of supporting Mr. Mowat's Government, and if they are held off for a moment and grouped in a class by themselves, it is only that they may be drawn nearer and clasped closer to the party bosom. Now, of course, "Independent Candidates" are not the same as Independent Members ; yet no one dreams of asserting that there is sacramental efficacy in the ballot-box. It is not quite apparent, then, why this quartette of political waifs should be so precious in party eyes, and why the *Mail* should be roundly scolded for attempting to abduct them. Either the *Globe* does not believe that the "Independents" are so bad as it painted them, or else it is paying the Reform party an equivocal compliment, when it represents them as its natural allies.

The experiment of secret voting has been eminently successful, at least from one point of view. It secures free, fair, and orderly elections. There is an entire absence of that feverish unrest which usually pervaded a constituency under the old system, and was too often stimulated into riot and bloodshed by frequent announcements, true or false, of the state of the poll. On the other hand, too much must not be expected from the ballot. It will, no doubt, render the expenditure of money in electoral corruption more difficult, and its returns as an investment, uncertain and precarious ; but, as they have discovered in England, it does not put a stop to all bribery but that of a blind and tentative character ; the old-fashioned, well-assured system handed down from our ancestors has been made available with some necessary modifications. Again, the

ballot does not favour the growth of such virtues as veracity and moral courage. It is beyond question that at the Toronto elections, hundreds of voters who had pledged themselves to support particular candidates, deliberately broke their word. The evident surprise with which the committees of both candidates in the Eastern division heard the numbers announced, was a proof that somebody had been the victim of false promises. Henceforth the returns of canvassers will not be relied on as an indication of probable results, because they are, to all appearance, more likely to mislead than to assure the candidate.

There was another feature in the late elections partly attributable to the ballot. It is probable that the electorate would, under any circumstances, have taken the first opportunity of repudiating a dictatorship which had become too galling and insolent to be much longer endured. The leading journal may parade names and figures as long as it pleases : the fact remains that the "party," to say nothing of its opponents, is growing restive under the whip of the Managing Director. The comparison between parties, as they stood at the dissolution of the old House, and as they may stand—for it is a mere assumption—in the new, is nothing to the purpose. The "organ" must say something to mislead, or at least amuse its following ; and an anxious effort to prove that Ontario hugs its chains is as innocuous as it is futile. Let the reader compare the figures and judge for himself. In this city, at the Dominion election a year ago, Mr. Wilkes had a majority of two hundred and eighty-one in St. James' Ward ; in 1875, Mr. Crooks had only fifty-five, although his canvassers were assured of at least two hundred and fifty. Mr. Brown calls this "fickleness" on the part of city voters ; to us it shows that the rebellion appears first and most powerfully where the dictatorship is best known and most sorely felt. Let us, however, take two counties, one east, and the other west,

of Toronto. In East Durham at the 1872 election, Mr. Ross, M.P. had a majority of 240; in 1874, a majority of 651; in 1875, Mr. Rosevear (opposition) is elected for the Ontario Assembly by a majority of 275. In West Elgin, at the local election of 1872, Mr. Hodgins secured a majority of 198; in 1875, he is defeated by a small majority. These are by no means the best examples of the growing dissatisfaction of the Reform party, nor will it do to pit against them opposition defeats, which are irrelevant in this connection. Any one who will take the trouble to set the election returns of the various elections for four years past side by side, will at once realize the plain significance of the one through which we have just passed. It cannot be affirmed that there is any actual revulsion in political opinion; if there were, it would be causeless and aimless. The Opposition has certainly done nothing to attract support from its adversaries, and Mr. Mowat's real service to the State more than counterbalances the blunders of his Administration. If the Premier is wise, he will at once recognise the fact that the Reform party is afflicted with an incubus no longer to be borne—an "Old Man of the Sea," who must be thrown from Sinbad's shoulders at once and forever. In a new House, in which forty-one members will take their seats for the first time, Mr. Mowat has an opportunity of turning over a new leaf, which he cannot afford to neglect. Let him abandon party cant and set about the purely local and municipal duties committed to the Provincial Assembly. Let him boldly emancipate himself from the traditions of the past, and select his colleagues, should a reconstruction of the Cabinet be necessary, solely for their administrative ability, without regard to the arbitrary and unmeaning distinctions of party. A majority of a dozen is not a large majority in a new Parliament; yet, by preferring the interests of Ontario to every other consideration, and steadily labouring in the prosaic path laid down in our Constitution,

he may soon attract to his standard all the support that is worth having on both sides of the House.

Any speculation as to the probable tone and temper of the new Assembly would be premature on this occasion. Nearly half the House consists of new and untried men, of whom nothing can be predicated, except that they are labelled as belonging to the genus "Reform," or the genus "Conservative," which is equivalent to the admission that we know very little about them. The species, family, and variety to which each individual member must be affiliated have yet to be found out. Of the old members, the Government has lost several whom it can afford to lose; and the Opposition has been deprived of one or two whom it will do quite as well without. It is much to be regretted that Messrs. Crooks and Hodgins have failed to secure seats. Men of culture and intelligence do not superabound in the House, and the exclusion even of one cannot be regarded as a matter of indifference. The Treasurer can, no doubt, find a place elsewhere, should he decide to retain his office. It must be confessed that he was unconsciously the author of his own misfortunes; for his defeat was entirely due to his temerity in matching himself with the leader of the Opposition, and to the confidence he reposed in the fallacious assurances of ward politicians. While we deplore his exclusion from the House, we cannot affect to conceal our satisfaction that Mr. Cameron retains his seat; for his defeat at this juncture would have been a heavier blow to the cause of good Government than the Treasurer's discomfiture can possibly be. Mr. Hodgins has probably fallen a victim to that wretched localism which sometimes takes possession of rural constituencies, and spreads with the virulence of zymotic disease. Of its temporary presence, powerfully aided by the growing discontent in the Reform ranks, the Opposition has taken advantage. We are glad to welcome Messrs. Meredith and Be-

thune back to their places ; they are the first fruits of a movement on behalf of rational, as opposed to imaginative, politics, and it is to be hoped they will not suffer the thorns of party to spring up and choke their nobler aspirations. Mr. Wm. McDougall made a gallant fight in East York ; but he came late into the field, and had the dictator's body-guard to contend against. His ability and experience would be invaluable in the House, and we are happy to hear that there is a possibility of his being returned for another electoral division. If any one doubts Mr. McDougall's sterling worth, he may refer to the *Globe's* flattery of him or to its abuse. During a period of twenty-five years, from the time when that gentleman first published the *N. th American* up to this moment, he has been alternately lauded and denounced in the organ. Our readers may select the praise or the blame, according as they regard the one or other as the better recommendation.

One of the few sincere political sentiments current now-a-days is the repugnance felt by working politicians and journalists to professions of political independence. The *Globe* devoted a whole article, a couple of weeks ago, to warning the constituencies against so-called "independent candidates." All such, we were told, might be roughly divided into two classes, empty-headed prigs, not knowing enough to choose a side, and deliberate impostors, who have not yet made up their minds which side it will suit them best to choose.

We have no desire in the world to shut our eyes to facts : we leave that to those who have anomalies to defend or sinister purposes to serve ; and we therefore freely acknowledge that many a man has, ere this, assumed the name of independent who was quite unworthy of so respectable a designation, and that some who have been elected in that character have proved themselves, before long, the most self-seeking and servile of partisans. The name, however,

is still a good one, and we trust that the labours of the *Globe* to make it a by-word of contempt will be as futile as the labours of that journal often are. The first class of Independents which the organ held up to derision are those who are so very independent as not to be able to make up their minds on any open question, and who can, therefore, give the electors no satisfaction as to the course they propose to hold. As a sample of "inner consciousness" work, this particular essay in class-building is tolerably creditable ; for certain it is that no man in the flesh—not to say any class of men—ever tried to make ineptitude pass for independence, in the fashion described by the *Globe*. To the mind of the greatest simpleton there never could appear to be any connection, or even relation, whatsoever, between ignorance or indecision respecting public affairs, and that which every uncorrupted mind understands by independence in politics—namely, a disinterested desire to deal faithfully by public interests, and a disengagement from all ties that might render such faithful dealing difficult or impossible. If the question is squarely put : What system is most favourable to the intrusion of ignoramuses into political life?—no honest man can pretend that the answer is far to seek. It is the system which throws the nomination of candidates into the hands of a few wire-pullers, and which makes intelligence, character, and everything else of secondary or rather of no importance at all, in comparison with "fidelity," as it is called, to party leaders. Everyone knows that the contending parties have invariably acted on the maxim that any stick will do to beat a dog with, and that, in accordance with this sublime principle, the *Globe*, in 1858, was prepared to support Mr. Romaine against Mr. Baldwin, while, in 1872, the *Mail* did support Mr. Bickford against Mr. Moss. With such facts as these in full view, it requires a practised audacity for a party journal to boast, as the *Globe* does by implica-

tion, of the superior political sagacity and character of strictly partisan candidates.

All Independents, however, we are told, are not mere conceited nonentities, hiding their want of political intelligence under a specious name; the larger number are tricksters of the worst type, waiting to see which party will offer them the highest price. That these sharp-witted gentlemen should so confidently count upon finding a market for their valuable votes is, perhaps, not an altogether creditable feature of the party system; but, as our views about party are said to be fundamentally wrong, perhaps we are mistaken upon this minor point as well as upon greater ones. Who knows that the party leader or whip who approaches one of the superior class of independents with a bribe is not fired with an apostolic zeal for the salvation of the man's political soul? He sees him wandering in darkness and error, and if a mere trifle in the way of worldly emolument or advantage will win him over to the true faith—and something in the man's eye or an apparent local irritation in his palm points him out as a hopeful subject for conversion—why withhold what it is so easy to give? Of course he should be gathered in with the faithful; it will be a blessing to himself and—the party will be all the stronger. One only needs to be in sympathy with an institution to see as beauties what to the unsympathizing are deformities; and surely it should be reckoned a very touching trait in political parties that, instead of anathematizing the unbelievers and rigidly excluding them from communion, they should show the tenderest anxiety for their welfare, and offer all possible facilities for their reclamation. We have read somewhere of people who compassed sea and land to make one proselyte, and who, when they had got him, — well, did him no good. We should not have thought of this were it not for the resemblance established by the *Globe* between the proselyte and the converted Independ-

ent who, it seems, goes beyond his converters in political iniquity.

When two parties are struggling for place and power and nothing else; when they are known to be far from scrupulous as to the means by which they gain adherents; when the spectacle of their warfare tends continually to lower the tone of public morality—is it any wonder in the world that a few unscrupulous men should falsely assume an independent character, in order to gain time to decide which party will pay most for their support? Why, no more inevitable consequence of the whole system could be imagined: the hypocrisy of such men takes a different shape, but is essentially the same, as the hypocrisy of those hardened partisans who pretend to think that the interests of the whole country depend upon the triumph of their party, and who for their most factitious and disreputable acts make the public good the pretext. Imagine the “standard-bearer” who has gone through a few election contests taxing the pseudo-independent with hypocrisy. Allow equal wit on both sides, and it is far from certain that the “standard-bearer” would make much by the attempt.

The only independence which it is proper for any man to profess before the electors is independence of such ties as would make his public conduct depend upon views of party interest; and we have no hesitation in saying that the man who is not independent in this sense is not deserving of the people's confidence, inasmuch as it is impossible for him to be a faithful steward of the interests committed to his charge. This argument is so clear and simple, that we are almost afraid it will have but little effect with those who most need it. There are people in the world whom you can convert to anything except the plain teachings of common sense. Whatever lays no tax on their credulity they despise, very much as the Syrian King, who expected “some great thing” to have been commanded him, and despised the simple

prescription of the prophet Elisha. Our advice to the people in regard to "independent candidates" is, to see that they make something more than a mere formal profession of independence, which is worth little or nothing. A man who asks the suffrages of his fellow-citizens ought to be prepared to state his views upon public questions, and may fairly be expected to display an intelligent grasp of the whole political situation. For a man who has no views in particular, and who has never been distinguished by moral earnestness, to make profession of independence is simply a fraud. To be independent in any effective or worthy sense of the word requires a superior degree both of intelligence and character. There are many men in the country who, in Parliament or in the Legislatures, could act the part of true independents; but, unfortunately, there are no indications at present that the country generally desires the services of such men. Still, those who believe in better things must look away from all discouraging signs, and trust that the time will come when the most "available" candidate will be the best candidate; when a profession of independence will not expose a man to suspicion or to ridicule; and when leading journals will not conspire to teach the demoralizing lesson, that the strife of factions is the only means through which the political life of a free country can be carried on.

We are not disposed to claim the Dominion election in East Toronto as a crucial instance of the decay of party. There was room there for strong personal preference and, in a certain sense, for strong religious prejudices. So far, however, as the latter formed an element in the contest, it is clearly open to misconstruction. We believe that the number of those who voted against the Grit candidate solely because of his religion was small. Bigotry, pure and simple, notwithstanding the unfortunate efforts to keep it alive by secret organizations and periodical parades, is an exotic in Ontario;

certainly its practical influence in politics has been greatly exaggerated. Roman Catholics were returned at the local elections for constituencies mainly Protestant; and, we have not to go back many years, to find the Orange and the Green united on the hustings and at the polls. Temporary causes, such as the Fenian raids and the murder of Scott, may tend to arouse fanaticism; but it has no permanent vitality; and even these perturbing events do not cause a general proscription of all Roman Catholics, but only of those whose loyalty is open to grave suspicion. When, therefore, the partisans of Mr O'Donohoe urged the plea of religious toleration upon the electors, they were guilty of an anachronism, as they must have felt when they pronounced all who supported Mr. Platt to be disciples of Lord Eldon and Mr. Percival. References to Sydney Smith, Bayle, and Addison were equally irrelevant; they might as well have published Jeremy Taylor's "Liberty of Prophesying," or Locke's "Letter on Toleration," as "campaign papers." There was, in fact, an obvious fallacy underlying this stratagem in party tactics. An attempt was made to draw the inference that, because Roman Catholics are justly and properly entitled to equal rights and equal privileges with their fellow-subjects, therefore, we ought to vote for every Roman Catholic candidate the wire-pullers may name, no matter how shady his antecedents. The objection to Mr. O'Donohoe was, not that he was a Roman Catholic, but that he was in sympathy with a particularly noisy, troublesome, and disloyal set of men, who "profess and call themselves" Roman Catholics. We do not say that that gentleman is, or ever has been, a Fenian, or even that he is disposed to be actively disloyal, but people are only judging by his antecedents when they conclude that if the major part of her Majesty's subjects were O'Donohoes, the Throne would be in a shaky condition. The vote against Riel's expulsion after a

price had been set upon that outlaw's head, would not have counted for much; but, coupled with Mr. O'Donohoe's former utterances, it shed some light upon a dark spot, and confirmed the popular belief that, in his eyes, insurrection and bloodshed, if not laudable, are, at worst, legitimate and harmless methods of diversion. These and other matters of a more purely personal character determined the course of the constituency. The Opposition had an additional advantage in the *personnel* of its candidate. He is not an active politician, it is true, but he possesses exactly those qualities which his rival lacks. Hence it happened that many who are rational men first, and Grits, if at all, afterwards, declined to be made the victims of any compact between Catholicism and its old traducer. They were not prepared to unlearn the old lesson in a day. They might have swallowed a less nauseous dose had the party physician been content to prescribe one; nothing would satisfy him but an emetic, and the result was that both the doctor and his physic were kicked into the street. If the confidence of these credulous patients was shaken, the effect upon the general intelligence of the Division was more marked and more decided. Of the four hundred and fourteen majority obtained by Mr. Platt, three hundred, at least, were recalcitrant Reformers, men who had more respect for themselves than they had for their party—men who preferred the interests of their country to the exigencies of a Quebec alliance, or the trumpety triumph of a Toronto journal. We observe that the *Mail* is endeavouring to take the victory to itself and to its party. Conservatism, as such, had very little to do with it. It elected neither Mr. Platt nor Mr. Cameron; for both owe their seats to a break-up of the Government party—the consequence of a too free use of the spur and the whip. But, as we have said already, even this cause of re-action, powerful though it was, would not

have been adequate to the production of such an effect, had not the insane confidence, the domineering assurance of the party engineers beguiled them into fatal mistakes. The battle was intended to be one for party without principle; the constituency preferred the triumph of persons and principles, leaving party to shift for itself. To crown all, the ballot interposed a shield between the faint-hearts and the eye and lash of their old master.

Major Walker, M.P. for London, has been disqualified, as he deserved to be; the only thing to be regretted is that he suffers alone. If the Judges had been as "strict to mark iniquity, and severe to punish sin" as we think, with all respect, they might have been, he would not be without companions in adversity. At least half-a-dozen who, to use Mr. Justice Gwynne's sober figure, had been "immersed" in the waters of bribery would have been put to dry in the judicial furnae. We are accustomed in Canada to see Governors and Judges abused when they fail to meet the wishes of particular men or coteries of men, but we must confess that the denunciation of the Common Pleas Court, because it declined to call black white, is about the most outrageous on record. So far from the bench having been filled by the Tory party with "violent political partisans," it is a notorious fact that all the Superior Court Judges who took an active part in politics before their elevation to the bench were Reformers; we, of course, except the President of the Court of Appeal, who has nothing to do with election cases. The Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas acted with the greatest forbearance when he simply unseated Major Walker; and although many years ago he was said to be a Conservative voter, it would require more audacity than falls to the common lot to insinuate that the Judge's decisions have ever been influenced by any considerations unworthy of him as an upright magistrate and

an impartial "divider" between man and man. As for Judges Galt and Gwynne, if they ever had any political views, they have not obtruded them upon the public; at any rate they are far removed above the tainted atmosphere in which faction delights to live and move.

The commutation of Lepine's sentence as so generally expected that its announcement has taken no one by surprise. An attempt is, of course, being made to get up a little factitious indignation on the subject, but it will certainly fail. We have already expressed a very decided opinion that the execution, at this late date, of the actors in the tragedy of 1870 would be a wanton and inexcusable act of bloodshed. Whenever politicians strive, by means of popular clamour, to compass the death of any man solely in the interests of party, governments do well to interpose the Royal prerogative between the agitators and the culprit. There has been rebellion in Canada before, and it is not forgotten that two victims were hurried to the scaffold with unseemly haste in 1838, whom no one would have thought of hanging three or four years afterwards. The *quasi* judicial murder of Thomas Scott was utterly indefensible; the only plea in extenuation of the useless crime that could bear a moment's serious consideration was the excited and fevered state of both parties at the time. It must be borne in mind, however, that there are other elements to be taken into account besides the naked fact of the crime itself. Archbishop Taché was sent up to Red River to make what terms he thought fit. It is true that the shooting of Scott had not then taken place; but that is beside the point. The Roman Catholic prelate was endowed with plenary powers, and he exercised them in such a way as virtually to condone the offence. Moreover, as if that were not enough, Lieutenant-Governor Archibald subsequently confirmed the Archbishop's action by receiving Riel and

accepting his services on behalf of the Crown. The hanging of even the arch-rebel, under these circumstances, could only be paralleled from English history by the execution of Raleigh notwithstanding that he had been in the King's employment during the period which intervened between the alleged crime and its punishment. The only objection which can fairly be urged against the commutation of Lepine's sentence is the way in which it was effected. To our view, and we believe it is the view of every unprejudiced person in the Dominion, the course taken by Mr. Mackenzie is entitled, if not to hearty approval, at least to indulgent consideration, under the peculiar difficulties of the case. In any Cabinet, whether constructed by Mr. Mackenzie or by Sir Jno. A. Macdonald, serious differences of opinion would be inevitable on this troublesome question. These dissensions could not be obtruded upon public attention otherwise than by a complete break-up of the Administration. The Privy Council is not a legislative body in which each member may publicly record his vote *pro* or *contra*; it must exist as a unit or cease to exist at all. Each individual minister is obliged to surrender his private opinion to the voice of the Premier and the majority or resign; nay more, he must be prepared to defend in Parliament and on the hustings the Government policy, whatever it may be. Perhaps it will be said that honourable men would retire rather than occupy so false a position; but would that be a solution of the difficulty? It is quite certain that no Government could be formed that would give satisfaction to the two Provinces. The French Canadian population will be content with nothing short of a full amnesty and a free pardon; and no Ontario member, west of Kingston at any rate, would dare to entertain such a proposition. It might be as well, therefore, if Opposition journals, before being pharisaically severe on Mr. Mackenzie, would be kind enough to inform the public how

Sir Jno. A. Macdonald could have acted otherwise. The party out of power is not so entirely without sin that it can afford to throw a stone at its successors. The Royal instructions to the Governor-General have been appealed to by both parties; but an attentive perusal of His Excellency's despatch to Lord Carnarvon will show that he acted knowingly and ostensibly without reference to them. His words place this fact beyond dispute:—"In thus *dispensing* with the advice of my responsible Ministers, and exercising the Queen's prerogative according to my own judgment, I am aware I have undertaken a grave responsibility." What responsibility could Lord Dufferin have incurred, if he were simply acting as in an ordinary matter on the usual instructions? We believe that the *Globe* is right when it says that "the incidents in the case of Lepine were peculiar to itself, and of a nature certainly not contemplated in the ordinary instructions." His Excellency might have acted otherwise; he might have embarrassed the Government by declining to interfere in the matter. No doubt had Sir John Macdonald been in power, the *Globe* would have insisted upon such a course, and abused the Governor-General for not taking it; even now, though it happens to be right, it cannot refrain from giving a false reason for its view. The argument that because Scott was murdered before Manitoba became a Province of the Dominion, the Ottawa Government could not advise the Crown touching the sentence is absurd. Chief Justice Wood is a Dominion official, and if his superiors have no power to commute a sentence pronounced by him, it is clear that he had no power to pronounce it. Nor can we refrain from reminding the Grit organ that the strong antagonism between the two Provinces must be chiefly laid at the door of its party. If politicians in opposition would only look a little beyond their noses, they would hesitate to raise an agitation when out of office, which

they cannot lay when they are in it. The difficulty would have been easily adjusted if Mr. Mackenzie had not thought it consistent with his dignity to wander about the country as stalking horse to the Orange thoroughbred. We owe it to the chivalrous and impartial bearing of Earl Dufferin, as well as to his broad and comprehensive views of public policy, that Government has not been brought to a dead-lock, and the federal bond to the verge of dissolution.

The meeting of the Dominion Board of Trade calls for a brief notice. Its principal achievement was the hurling of another stone—and that a rather weighty one—on the coffin of that unfortunate Reciprocity Treaty. The discussion was conducted solely from a commercial point of view, as it ought to be, and the condemnation of the scheme was prompt and decisive. We are unable to sympathize with the Opposition attacks upon Mr. Brown in this matter, and, in deprecating these attacks, we are certainly not moved by admiration of his political course. To any one who lays aside the spectacles of party, it must be evident that Mr. Brown could have had no object in view but the material interests of the Dominion. We may be sure that he took all he could get, and the best negotiator could do no more. If he has failed to satisfy everybody, that is his misfortune, and not his fault. After all, although present attempts to come to an agreement on the Reciprocity question have failed, it by no means follows that they have been put forth in vain. In any case, there is neither sense nor justice, not to speak of gratitude, in heaping abuse upon the head of Mr. Brown. We observe that the Board of Trade touched very gingerly upon the question of exemptions from taxation, for, although they protested against them, so far as Government property is concerned, they were warned off ecclesiastical preserves by the worn-out cry, "The Church is in danger." Perhaps the time may come when

the plain truth that to exempt churches and manse from taxation is to endow them out of the public funds will be apparent to every one. Another important matter was the Board's resolution against the exorbitant charges made by the Express monopoly. Mr. Clemow's suggestion that the Government should assume the business now carried on by Express Companies, did not meet with much favour; but the grievance of which he complained is a real and palpable one. Every merchant knows that he is at the mercy of these foreign corporations, which are growing rich by extortion. It is full time that the monopoly were broken up, and that our own people undertook their own forwarding business. It is not to their credit that they have submitted so long to the intolerable exactions of the existing companies.

We have grown so accustomed to unseemly wranglings amongst professors of the Gospel of Peace that we no longer feel called upon to express surprise at their periodic recurrence. The symptoms seldom vary, and the disease runs its ordinary course of misapprehension, misrepresentation, and personal attack, until its victims, exhausted by the violence of the fit, sink back into their wonted state of quiescence. The year would be dull indeed which did not witness one of these feverish outbreaks; for, although they do not occur with the regularity of a tertian ague, we have learned to expect them, like the movable feasts of the Church, at some time within a definite period. The intestine warfare now being waged, with so much bitterness, in the Anglican diocese of Toronto might be passed over in silence, were it not synchronous with a more deadly struggle in the mother Church of England. It is with no intention of entering the lists on behalf of either party, that we refer to the subject on this occasion. That one or other, or both of them, may have just cause of controversy,

we shall not undertake to deny. If, not satisfied with fighting manfully "against sin, the world, and the devil," they are determined to earn a new claim to the title of Church Militant, by fighting one another, it is unlikely that anything we can urge will recall them to a better frame of mind. Still it is surely open to any one to suggest the enquiry whether the weapons in use are not carnal rather than spiritual, and whether the cause of religion will be a probable gainer by the adoption of tactics we are learning to despise in the warfare of political faction? Let us take a hasty glance at the facts of the case. The Church Association was formed for the purpose of protecting the Anglican communion in this Diocese from what its members regard as dangerous and unauthorized innovations in doctrine and also in ritual, so far as the latter symbolizes unorthodox dogma. This object, in our humble opinion, was a perfectly legitimate one; and we adhere to that opinion, notwithstanding that episcopal authority seems to be against us. The question remains how far may the means adopted for carrying out that object be justified? So far as the Executive Committee is concerned, its aims were clearly defined and its complaints carefully and distinctly formulated. They ought therefore, to have received fair and courteous consideration. It is not to the credit of their opponents that the charges made were not even respectfully examined, and that no attempt to disprove them, in a regular and orderly way, was made. No one will believe, for a moment, that such men as Chief Justice Draper, Vice-Chancellor Blake, Dr. Wilson and Mr. Gzowski would lightly and without a firm belief in their truth, attach their names to the documents formally promulgated by the executive of the Association. Whatever opinion may be entertained of the views enunciated by these gentlemen, there was certainly nothing published under their names—at least so long as they were treated with common courtesy—to warrant the ugly

epithets which have been flung at them. On the other hand, the Association has been favoured with the patronage and support of a band of combative guerillas—theological Modocs they may be called—who impede the movements and compromise the credit of the regular belligerents. They know nothing of the history of their Church; they are not aware that it is based upon a policy of compromise, and depends for its very existence upon mutual forbearance. That rude husbandry with which alone they are acquainted, not only tempts them to pluck up the tares at the risk of uprooting the wheat, but fails to provide them with the means of distinguishing the one from the other. They neither know, nor care to know, the *locus standi* of those who differ from them. The Real Presence, which is certainly taught in the Prayer Book, they persist in identifying with the dogma of Transubstantiation, because they cannot discriminate between “real” and “corporeal.” Rushing into the columns of a press which, though nominally secular, is in reality bitterly denominational, they inflict such wounds upon their own Church as they can inflict with the feeble appliances at their command. These men are in the Church of England; but they are not of it. Their sole aim is to make the entire body “sound” as they call it, by driving intelligence and culture out of its pale. There is but one consistently dogmatic Church in Christendom, and that is the Church of Rome. Having cast off the intolerable yoke of Papal authority, men who think for themselves will not bend their necks to popes of an inferior sort, Evangelical or Ritualistic. We are bound to give the Bishop credit for a sincere and honest desire to promote peace and good-feeling within his Diocese. If his Lordship has failed, it is because he is unable to comprehend the difficulties, or enter into the spirit—honest and earnest as it is—of the “Evangelical party.” Professor Ambery’s defence of Trinity College was

in every way creditable to him, and his letter should be studied as a model of what a Christian gentleman of culture is capable in the way of controversy, without sacrificing his principles, or lowering his dignity by unseasonable passion or spiteful vituperation.

The appearance of a new Reform Journal in Toronto, has peculiar significance at this juncture. It means, or else it has no meaning, that *The Liberal* expects support from that large and growing section of Government supporters, who are tired of the *Globe*, and are not willing to submit themselves any longer to its dictation. The first issue of the new venture, which lies before us, though studiously non-committal on the domestic quarrels of its party, is not without indications of a contemplated rupture with the Grand Lama. There must, of course, be two parties to every quarrel; but, unless the chief organ resorts to the ostrich policy, and quietly ignores the existence of the *The Liberal*, a family *fracas* is inevitable. It was not to be expected that the first utterances of the paper would be combative in tone. A man cannot make a courteous bow, and pose himself in a belligerent attitude at the same moment. Yet we could wish that our young contemporary had uttered a less uncertain sound. An editor may support Messrs. Mackenzie and Mowat, and declare himself a Reformer, without giving the public any distinct idea of his political whereabouts. *The Liberal* may possibly disappoint many more besides Mr. Goldwin Smith and those who, like ourselves, have a hearty contempt for both the factions. The name of Mr. Edward Blake is mentioned in the leading article, but without any expression of opinion as to his position as a Reformer. The editor cannot be ignorant of the fact that people who prefer country to party, hold the member for South Bruce in the highest esteem, and look to his honesty, ability, and eloquence, for deliverance from an irksome dictatorship.

He has approved himself to them as a man who can think and act for himself on public matters. Philistinism has affected to regard him as eccentric, because he has dared to strike out his own path and devote his talents to the service of his country in his own way. We shall soon see whether *The Liberal* will rise to the importance of the impending crisis; meanwhile we wish its publishers, as we are always ready to wish any one who launches his bark upon the uncertain sea of journalism, a large measure of success in their new enterprise.

If General Grant had the power and the nerve, as he unquestionably possesses the desire, to retain the supreme power in his own hands for life, the free institutions of the United States would not be worth a month's purchase. Years ago Gen. Blair of Missouri expressed his conviction that the low estimate popularly formed of Grant's intellectual capacity was a mistaken, and might prove a fatal, one. In his opinion, and he had ample opportunities of forming a correct judgment, Grant "possessed a vigour of mind and an intensity of ambition which would make his election to the Presidency a great public danger." This view led Blair to prognosticate that if the General "were once elected to that office he would never relinquish it." The President has devoted his energies during the second term in endeavouring to secure re-election for a third; and, although his hopes received a powerful check at the November elections, it is by no means clear that he has abandoned them. His intimate associates publicly boast that they "will have him for ten terms, if they can get him." Before the war, Grant was a sort of *chevalier d'industrie*, and so little did he care for the Union, that it was by a mere accident he was not enrolled in the army of Gen. Lee. Luckily for himself, he was attracted to the Northern side, rose to fame and attained the highest office in the gift of his fellow-

citizens. During a six years' occupancy he has feathered his own nest with characteristic avarice, and, at the same time, charitably provided for every man, woman, and child having, by birth or marriage, the good fortune to be connected with the noble house of Grant. Should he gracefully relinquish the office on the fourth of March, 1877, he will retire into the obscurity of private life with the proud consciousness that he is the richest President who ever turned his back upon the White House, leaving as a legacy to his grateful country the countless herd of relations he has quartered upon it.

Recent events in Louisiana have clearly demonstrated the utterly unscrupulous character of Grant. A ruler who will maintain in power a notoriously illegal government by force, and send his soldiery to re-enact Colonel Pride's purge in the legislature and to decide contested elections at the point of the bayonet, is capable of any outrage upon the liberties of a free people. After making every allowance for the real difficulties in the President's path, there can be no apology for his persistent efforts to make these difficulties chronic. Out of his own mouth he stands condemned, for he laid down the law for himself in these words;—"I can conceive of no case, not involving rebellion or insurrection, where such interference by authority of the general government ought to be permitted, or can be justified." There is no pretence that any lawlessness prevails in the unfortunate State, except that of the carpet-baggers and the U. S. troops who uphold them in usurped power. The mission of Gen. Sheridan to New Orleans is the master-key to the secret designs of Grant. No one knew better than the President that the "Lieutenant-General" might be safely entrusted with the execution of a policy which Strafford and Laud would have recognized as "Thorough." Gen. Grant has gone back to 1868; he might have gone a little further back. In 1867, Andrew Johnson, finding

in his classic phrase, that Sheridan "was up to his devilment" at New Orleans, thought it necessary to transfer him to Kansas. Grant knew well the character of the man, for the order of removal was countersigned by him as Acting Secretary of War. The Committee appointed by a Republican House of Representatives deputed a sub-Committee, consisting of two Republicans and one Democrat, to visit New Orleans and ascertain the true facts of the case. The investigation was conducted in an impartial manner, both sides being represented by counsel; and even the usurping Governor Kellogg was so well satisfied that he declared himself willing to abide by its decision. The report of the Committee, as published in the *New York Herald* of the 16th ultimo, convicts both Sheridan and the President of gross misstatements. If either of them had desired to get at the truth, it was within their reach; but that was not their object. Sheridan spent four days at New Orleans, apparently roystering with Kellogg; and Grant accepted a version of the facts received from that overblown flower of his nepotism, Casey, a brother-in-law. The Investigating Committee went no farther back than the November elections; but we can easily give briefly the whole history as in a panorama. Kellogg, in 1872, received a minority of the votes cast, but was declared duly elected by a committee who had not even the returns before them, chosen from a legislature which was also installed illegally. A judge, one Durell, by a decision on which General Grant lays great stress, but which was extra-judicial and declared null and void by a Republican Senate, confirmed "the frauds and forgeries," and, to crown all, the Federal forces were called in to sustain an illegal judgment confirming an illegal return by an illegal legislature, and to install in office an usurping Governor. The entire path traversed by Grant and his adherents has been tainted with fraud at every step. It is unnecessary to follow the Committee

in its disgraceful revelations regarding the election of 1874, when the Democrats had a clear majority of twenty-nine, in spite of the outrageous means taken by Kellogg to win the day, and yet were deprived of it—although only three seats were contested—by a partisan Returning Board. In his triumphant despatch, Sheridan expressed a wish that the members of the White League might be declared "banditti," so that he could try them by court-martial, and Grant, in his message, while admitting that that salutary reform of the penal laws is impracticable under the Constitution, does not conceal his regret that this is the case, because such a summary proceeding would undoubtedly put an end to the voting power of his opponents. The Investigating Committee distinctly vindicates the White League as being simply a political organization, as guiltless of rebellion, murder, or even intimidation as the Reform or Carlton Clubs of London. The scene at Vicksburg the other day, when Gen. Emory expelled a sheriff who had been duly elected and installed without protest in his office, is a fitting supplement to the more disgraceful doings in Louisiana. When staunch Republicans like the venerable poet Bryant, Carl Schurz, and William Evarts, vehemently denounce these military usurpations, there can be no doubt of their true character. Happily, as a *New York journal* remarks, although Grant has, by means of the military, interfered with a Legislature after the manner of Cromwell and Napoleon, it is a consolation to know that he is only "a very faint and contemptible copy" of his illustrious predecessors.

The last Session of the moribund Congress is being spun out to its legal term by buncombe speeches on the affairs of Louisiana and the question of a third term. Grant has a majority in both Houses at present, and they will no doubt absolve Sheridan, sustain Grant, and prop up the tottering seat of Kellogg; but the real tug of war between State rights and military despotism has yet to come. A motion was made in the Lower

Chamber to amend the Constitution by adding an article to extend the Presidential term from four to six years, and forbid the re-election of any future President. This proposition was warmly supported by men of both parties, and, so far as a bare majority is concerned, prevailed by a vote of 134 to 104; but it lacked the two thirds required to carry a constitutional amendment. The Currency Bill has been dropped, and the Civil Rights Bill will share the same fate or be vetoed by the President. The elections of U. S. Senators have followed the verdict of the several States in November. In New York, Kernan has been elected; in Pennsylvania, after a sharp struggle, Wallace, also a Democrat. Our old enemy, Chandler, has been rejected in Michigan, and Grant's "momentary dreams of peace" have been dispelled by the election of ex-President Andrew Johnson, in Tennessee. The Democrats of Missouri let slip a golden opportunity of cementing their alliance with the anti-Grant Republicans. Instead of accepting Carl Schurz, they were foolish enough to take up and, of course, elect a nobody called Gen. Cockrell.

Baron Reuter and the Associated Press, when they manipulate the cable telegraph, are doubtless public benefactors; but they are sadly given to propounding enigmas for Cisatlantic solution. A week or so ago we were treated to a paragraph from the *Times*, which may be regarded as alarming or not, according to the peculiar temperament of the reader. Perhaps the Baron's agents have been giving us the luxury of a war panic, as they hoaxed the *Times* itself with an imaginary quotation from the President's Message, on a very slim basis of fact. It may be that the leading journal, while in a dyspeptic frame of mind, was trying to correct its digestion by getting rid of the atrabilious humour which temporarily weighed upon it. Be this as it may, the newspapers on this side of the Atlantic have coupled the *Times'* regret that "the momentary dreams

of peace have fled away" with Mr. Disraeli's declaration that Europe is "on the eve of a great crisis;" and have exercised their ingenuity upon the probable cause of these gloomy forebodings. The peace of the world may be interrupted at any moment in several ways. There is first, the obstinate and menacing fact that every nation in Continental Europe is armed to the teeth. These bloated armaments are not maintained in times of peace, still less materially strengthened, as they have been by the Landsturm Bill in Germany, without set purpose. They indicate clearly either that the first power on the Continent is apprehensive of attack, which was Von Moltke's absurd plea for an extension of its military establishments, or that Prince Bismarck, "the high-priest clad in chain-mail," has not yet had his fill of blood and iron. The Chancellor can hardly suppose that France is likely to renew the attack for some years to come; but he is vexed that she has so soon repaired her disasters, and thus stolen a march upon the road to her revenge. He has, therefore, declared that Germany must not wait till France is ready, but take her in a half-prepared state. This is danger number one. Closely connected with it is the Papal question, which has assumed international significance from the publication of Bismarck's despatch on the next Papal election. This remarkable document is a singular jumble of historical errors and inconsequent deductions, but it clearly shows that Germany contemplates interference in the choice of Pius the Ninth's successor, and, what is without precedent, the right to veto the choice of the Conclave after it has been made. In this despatch Bismarck made a bid for support from the other powers, it is said without success. Moreover, it would not be difficult to find a pretext in Spain, if the Chancellor were so disposed. At present the speck of war appears on the Eastern horizon. When the three Emperors met together last year most people were disposed to assign little

importance to the meeting ; yet it may turn out that some very grave and weighty matters were settled at that conference. So far as England is concerned, the results may be very serious. Having already treated the stipulations of 1856 as waste paper, Russia proceeded upon her eastward march and took permanent possession of Khiva, notwithstanding her positive assurances to the contrary. Then followed her attempt to entrap England, at the Brussels Conference, into adopting rules of warfare which would place small Powers like Belgium, Denmark, and Switzerland entirely at the mercy of the autocrats. The next step was the dispute regarding the commercial treaty with Roumania, in which Austria was the active agent, backed by Russia and Germany. The advice of England was adopted by the Porte, and that *casus belli* disappeared. Now it is Montenegro, whose inhabitants, being of Slavonic origin, are regarded by Russia as peculiarly her *protégés*. The facts are briefly these. Last year a trading party of Montenegrins was set upon in the Turkish Province of Albania, and some of them were killed. Reparation was demanded, and given by the Porte promptly in the shape of a wholesale execution of twenty—all the murderers he could get hold of. This might have been considered satisfactory by the mountaineers, but Russia and Austria, both of whom managed to interpose, urged the Montenegrins to make demands it was not likely Turkey would comply with. What will come of this new *imbroglio* is uncertain ; but, for the present, it appears as if the mountain snows were the only obstacle to active hostilities. Almost simultaneously with this assault on "the sick man," comes the intelligence that Russia has made another advance eastward from Khiva—another step towards our Indian frontier. In any case, the atmosphere of Europe is surcharged with clouds which may at any moment break into whirlwind and storm.

The fitful attendance of Mr. Gladstone during the last Session of Parliament should have prepared his party for the announcement that he has definitively withdrawn from active political life. "This retirement," he writes to Lord Granville, "is dictated by personal views regarding the method of spending the closing years of my life." The few touching words which have reached us seem to find a fitting parallel in the lines put by the great master into the mouth of Lear :—

"'tis our fast intent
To shake all cares and business from our age,
Conferring them on younger strengths, while we
Unburdened crawl toward death."

The time has not yet come for a satisfactory review of Mr. Gladstone's public life and work. Contemporaries have been too close to that finely-textured nature to judge of it aright, either in its strength or its weaknesses. They have been often puzzled by the subtle workings of his intellect, and more than once annoyed, not to say exasperated, by sudden and inconvenient displays of moral earnestness, which sober politicians regard, perhaps rightly, as a perturbing element in public affairs. For the present it is scarcely possible to form a calm and adequate judgment of Mr. Gladstone as a statesman ; but, when distance shall have softened the angularities of that rarely gifted and delicately organized mind, and cast a mellowing glow over the struggles of the hour, his true worth and essential nobility of nature will be ungrudgingly acknowledged. Even as it is, the Liberal party, torn by dissensions, has learned his value, now that it has lost him. Achilles retires to his tent, not perhaps in the best of humours, and there is no Patroclus capable of filling out the armour of the great chief. Even Mr. Gladstone's formal abdication does not content either those who sought to keep him back or those who strove to urge him on. They are haunted with the fear of his sudden apparition in the field, to dis-

pute the strategy or disturb the orderly arrangements of his successor ; so long as he is in Parliament, there will be a skeleton in the Liberal closet. The Radical party is, for the present, a broken and voiceless faction—*inceptus clamor frustatur litantes*. Mr. Bright has made what may be taken as a valedictory address to his constituents at Birmingham. "He did not ask his hearers to declare for disestablishment. He would only ask them to consider the question as reasonable beings ;" but "he declined to enter upon an agitation to hasten disestablishment." Mr. Gladstone's retirement has set his party on the search for a leader. The Marquis of Hartington, eldest son of the Duke of Devonshire, would make an "eminently respectable" leader of the old aristocratic Whig type, so dear to Edinburgh Reviewers. Sir William Harcourt is protesting too much, and angling for support in all waters with too palpable an aim at the coveted prize, to take with the party. Moreover, he had the bad taste to abuse Mr. Gladstone while yet his chief, with singular coarseness and virulence. He would be of no service to the Left, for with characteristic straining after originality, he opposes disestablishment on the ground that Rome would be the "residuary legatee" of the English Church. He aims to be regarded as a Disraeli of the Reform type ; and certainly one Sphinx at a time is enough. Mr. Forster would be at once hailed as the best available successor to the ex-Premier, but it has not been forgotten that he was the author, and is still a strenuous defender of, the twenty-fifth clause of the Education Act. He is therefore unacceptable both to the Secularists and the radical Nonconformists ; yet, no doubt, they would accept him, *au défaut de mieux*. The advanced Liberals have very little to hope for from any leader that may be chosen ; indeed, they have reason to expect more from Mr. Disraeli than from him. The Home Rulers may possibly fall into line again ; but theirs will

no longer be an "undivided allegiance." They are not blind to the unconcealed exultation with which Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet has been received by their former English allies. Parliament meets ominously on a Friday, the 5th inst., and will no doubt expect to be startled by a sensational programme. It is more likely, however, that Mr. Disraeli's illness will have prevented his excogitating any of those startling surprises he delights to spring upon the House. Still he is not as other men, and no one may venture to indulge in speculations on his probable course.

The affairs of Continental Europe call for no special remark this month. France has been as busy as usual, organizing the Septennate or disorganizing it with becoming seriousness. Nothing delights French politicians so much as building up a system of government, except perhaps the luxury of pulling it down. Marshal McMahon's Government is avowedly provisional ; but until the twentieth of November, 1880, casualties excepted, its stability will merely depend on the will and temper of its chief. The Marshal's message to the Assembly, at the opening of the Session, laid down his position and intentions with soldierly lucidity and bluntness. If the Assembly chose to hedge about his nondescript authority with constitutional defences, so much the better. If not, they might go their own way and he would pursue his ; and, although they did not seem likely to agree upon anything, he had come to a very positive conclusion, and that was, that, having the army at his back, he would retain the supreme power in his hands until the end of the allotted period. Early in the year, however, this vein of masterly indifference was succeeded by another stroke of masterly activity. The President had discovered that a Second Chamber was "imperatively called for by the Conservative interests which you entrusted to me, and which I will never abandon," and the neces-

sity would be none the less, "even if, as my Government has asked you, you arm the Executive power with the right of appealing to the judgment of the country." He also desired, not as the Republicans demanded, that the form of Government should be definitely settled then, but that the Assembly of 1880 should "have full and entire liberty of determining the form of government of France." An attempt to take up the question of the Senate was met with an unmistakable expression of the Assembly's opinion. The entire Left, in all its sections, the Buonapartists and the Right, united against the Marshal, and threw the matter out by a vote of 420 to 250. Then followed, in due course, a ministerial crisis, which, so far as we can glean from the cable dispatches, is still diverting the quidnuncs of Paris. The latest information received at this moment is, that the Senate Bill has passed a first reading by the decisive vote of 512 to 188. If so, the long-cherished dream of a union of the Centres must have taken place, and they must have been further reinforced by the Imperialists.

Alfonso, by the grace of the army and the treachery of Primo de Rivera Captain-General of Madrid, has ascended the Throne of Spain. To call it the throne of his ancestors is no rhetorical figure, for, as an English

journal informs us, he is the forty-ninth in direct descent from Don Pelayo, who wrestled with the infidel in A.D. 716. He is the twelfth Asturian Alfonso, the eleventh, formerly called *el ultimo*, the last, having been freed from the cares of this world somewhere about A.D. 1350. The new Monarch is said to have selected, or rather to have had selected for him, a good set of advisers. His Minister of Foreign Affairs is a decided Liberal, no unimportant qualification in these Bismarckian days. In the War Department there is Jovellar, an approved warrior; for the Interior, a disciple of Narvaez; for the Colonies, an oratorical rival of Castelar; and what is more important than all, a Finance Minister, Salaverria, who is said to be the only successful one Spain ever had. On the whole, it is probable, and surely desirable, that the unfortunate Peninsula may enjoy a respite from civil broils. The rumour which came from Barcelona that the *Transigentes* and the Carlists were about to join hands against Alfonso, with the prospect of a *plébiscite* to determine which should have the prize, was absurd on the face of it. The power of Don Carlos is evidently melting away, and will probably disappear with the snow when the spring torrents rush down from the rugged sides of the Sierra.

SELECTIONS.

REPLY TO THE CRITICS OF THE BELFAST ADDRESS.*

BY JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D, F.R.S.

I TAKE advantage of a pause in the issue of this Address, to add a few prefatory words to those already printed.

The world has been frequently informed

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of late that I have raised up against myself a host of enemies; and considering, with few exceptions, the deliverances of the press, and more particularly of the religious press, I am forced sadly to admit that the statement is only too true. I derive some comfort, nevertheless, from the reflection of Diogenes, transmitted to us from Plutarch,

that "he who would be saved must have good friends or violent enemies; and that he is best off who possesses both." This "best" condition, I have reason to believe, is mine.

Reflecting on the fraction I have read of recent remonstrances, appeals, menaces, and judgments—covering not only the world that now is, but that which is to come—it has interested me to note how trivially men seem to be influenced by what they call their religion, and how potently by that "nature" which it is the alleged province of religion to eradicate or subdue. From fair and manly argument, from the tenderest and holiest sympathy on the part of those who desire my eternal good, I pass by many gradations, through deliberate unfairness, to a spirit of bitterness which desires, with a fervour inexpressible in words, my eternal ill. Now, were religion the potent factor, we might expect a homogeneous utterance from those professing a common creed; while, if human nature be the really potent factor, we may expect utterances as heterogeneous as the characters of men. As a matter of fact we have the latter; suggesting to my mind that the common religion professed and defended by these different people is merely the accidental conduit through which they pour their own tempers, lofty or low, courteous or vulgar, mild or ferocious, holy or unholy, as the case may be. Pure abuse, however, I have deliberately avoided reading, wishing to keep, not only hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, but even every trace of irritation, far away from my side of a discussion which demands not only good temper, but largeness, clearness, and many-sidedness of mind, if it is to guide us even to provisional solutions.

At an early stage of the controversy a distinguished professor of the University of Cambridge was understood to argue—and his argument was caught up with amusing eagerness by a portion of the religious press—that my ignorance of mathematics renders me incompetent to speculate on the proximate origin of life. Had I thought his argument relevant, my reply would have been simple; for before me lies a printed document, more than twenty-two years old, bearing the signature of this same learned professor, in which he was good enough to testify that I am "well versed in pure mathematics."

In connection with his limitation of speculative capacity to the mathematician, the gentleman just referred to offered what he considered a conclusive proof of the being of a God. This solemn problem he knocked off in a single paragraph. It interests me profoundly to reflect upon the difference between the state of mind which could rest satisfied with this performance and that of the accomplished poet, and more than accomplished critic, who in "Literature and Dogma" pronounces the subject of the professor's demonstration "an unverifiable hypothesis." Whence this difference? Were the objective facts decisive, both writers would come to the same conclusion: the divergence is, therefore, to be referred to the respective subjective organs which take the outward evidence in. When I turn, as I have done from time to time for years, to the articles and correspondence in our theological journals, and try to gather from them what our religious teachers think of this universe and of each other, they seem to me to be as far removed from nineteenth-century needs as the priests of the Homeric period. Omniscience might see in our brains the physical correlatives of our differences; and, were these organs incapable of change, the world, despite this internal commotion, would stand still as a whole. But happily that Power which, according to Mr. Arnold, "makes for righteousness" is intellectual as well as ethical; and by its operation, not as an outside but as an inside factor of the brain, even the mistaken efforts of that organ are finally overruled in the interests of truth.

It has been thought, and said, that, in the revised Address, as here published, I have retracted opinions uttered at Belfast. A Roman Catholic writer, who may be taken as representative, is specially strong upon this point. Startled by the deep chorus of dissent with which my dazzling fallacies have been received, he convicts me of trying to retreat from my position. This he will by no means tolerate. "It is too late now to seek to hide from the eyes of mankind one foul blot, one ghastly deformity. Prof. Tyndall has himself told us how and where this Address of his was composed. It was written among the glaciers and the solitudes of the Swiss mountains. It was no hasty, hurried, crude production; its every sentence bore marks of thought and care."

My critic intends to be severe: he is simply just. In the "solitudes" to which he refers I worked with deliberation; endeavouring even to purify my intellect by disciplines similar to those enjoined by his own Church for the sanctification of the soul. I tried in my ponderings to realize not only the lawful, but the expedient; and to permit no fear to act upon my mind save that of uttering a single word on which I could not take my stand, either in this or any other world.

Still my time was so brief, and my process of thought and expression so slow, that, in a literary point of view, I halted, not only behind the ideal, but behind the possible. Hence, after the delivery of the Address, I went over it with the desire, not to revoke its principles, but to improve it verbally, and above all to remove any word which might give colour to the notion of "heat and haste." In holding up as a warning to writers of the present the errors and follies of the denouncers of the past, I took occasion to compare the intellectual propagation of such denouncers to that of thistle-germs; the expression was thought offensive, and I omitted it. It is still omitted from the Address. There was also another passage, which ran thus: "It is vain to oppose this force with a view to its extirpation. What we should oppose, to the death if necessary, is every attempt to found upon this elemental bias of man's nature a system which should exercise despotic sway over his intellect. I do not fear any such consummation. Science has already, to some extent, leavened the world, and it will leaven it more and more. I should look upon the mild light of science breaking in upon the minds of the youth of Ireland, and strengthening gradually to the perfect day, as a surer check to any intellectual or spiritual tyranny which might threaten this island than the laws of princes or the swords of emperors. Where is the cause of fear? We fought and won our battle even in the Middle ages; why should we doubt the issue of a conflict now?"

This passage also was deemed unnecessarily warm, and I therefore omitted it. It was an act of weakness on my part to do so. For, considering the aims and acts of that renowned and remorseless organization which for the time being wields the entire power of my critic's Church, not only resistance to its further progress, but, were

it not for the intelligence of Roman Catholic laymen, positive restriction of its present power for evil, might well become the necessary attitude of society as regards that organization. With some slight verbal alterations, therefore, which do not impair its strength, the passage has been restored.

My critic is very hard upon the avowal in my preface regarding atheism. But I frankly confess that his honest hardness and hostility are to me preferable to the milder but less honest treatment which the passage has received from members of other churches. He quotes the paragraph, and goes on to say: "We repeat this is a most remarkable passage. Much as we dislike seasoning polemics with strong words, we assert that this apology only tends to affix with links of steel to the name of Prof. Tyndall the dread imputation against which he struggles."

Here we have a very fair example of subjective religious vigour. But my quarrel with such exhibitions is that they do not always represent objective fact. No atheistic reasoning can, I hold, dislodge religion from the heart of man. Logic cannot deprive us of life, and religion is life to the religious. As an experience of consciousness, it is perfectly beyond the assaults of logic. But the religious life is often projected in external forms—I use the word in its widest sense—by no means beyond the reach of logic, which will have to bear—and to do so more and more as the world becomes more enlightened—comparison with facts. The subjective energy to which I have just referred is also a fact of consciousness not to be reasoned away. My critic feels, and takes delight in feeling, that I am struggling, and he obviously experiences the most exquisite pleasures of "the muscular sense" in holding me down. His feelings are as real as if his imagination of what mine are were equally real. His picture of my "struggles" is, however, a mere phantasm. I do not struggle. I do not fear the charge of atheism; nor should I even disavow it, in reference to any definition of the Supreme which he, or his order, would be likely to frame. His "links" and his "steel" and his "dread imputations" are, therefore, even more unsubstantial than my "streaks of morning cloud," and they may be permitted to vanish together.

What are the conceptions in regard to

which I place myself in the position here indicated? The Pope himself provides me with an answer. In the Encyclical Letter of December, 1864, his Holiness writes:—"In order that God may accede more easily to our and your prayers, let us employ in all confidence, as our Mediatrix with Him, the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, who sits as a Queen on the right hand of her only-begotten Son, in a golden vestment, clothed around with various adornments."

In regard to this, as to other less pictorially anthropomorphic and sartorial conceptions of the Supreme, I stand in an attitude of unbelief; for, taken in connection with what is known of the extent, organization, and general behaviour of this universe, they lack the congruity necessary to commend them to me as truth.

Soon after the delivery of the Belfast Address, the Protestant Bishop of Manchester did me the honour of noticing it; and, in reference to that notice, a brief and, I trust, not uncourteous remark was introduced into my first preface. Since that time the Bishop's references to me have been very frequent. Assuredly this is to me an unexpected honour. Still a doubt may fairly be entertained whether this incessant speaking before public assemblies on emotional subjects does not tend to disturb that equilibrium of head and heart which it is always so desirable to preserve—whether, by giving an injurious predominance to the feelings, it does not tend to swathe the intellect in a warm haze, thus making the perception, and consequent rendering of facts, indefinite, if not untrue. It was to the Bishop I referred in a recent brief discourse as "an able and, in many respects, a courageous man, running to and fro upon the earth, and wringing his hands over the threatened loss of his ideals." It is doubtless to this sorrowing mood—this partial and, I trust, temporary overthrow of the judgment by the emotions—that I must ascribe a probably unconscious, but still grave, misrepresentation contained in the Bishop's last reference to me. In the *Times* of November 9th, he is reported to have expressed himself thus: "In his lecture in Manchester, Prof. Tyndall as much as said that at Belfast he was not in his best mood, and that his despondency passed away in brighter moments." Now, considering that a *verba-*

tim report of the lecture was at hand in the *Manchester Examiner*, and that my own corrected edition of it was to be had for a penny, the Bishop, I submit, might have afforded to repeat what I actually said, instead of what I "as much as said." I am sorry to add that his rendering of my words is a vain imagination of his own. In my lecture at Manchester there was no reference, expressed or implied, to my moods in Belfast.

To all earnest and honest minds acquainted with the paragraph of my first preface, on which the foregoing remark of Bishop Fraser, and similar remarks of his ecclesiastical colleagues, not to mention those of less responsible writers, are founded, I leave the decision of the question whether their mode of presenting this paragraph to the public be straightforward or the reverse.

These minor and more purely personal matters at an end, the weightier allegation remains—that at Belfast I misused my position by quitting the domain of science, and making an unjustifiable raid into the domain of theology. This I fail to see. Laying aside abuse, I hope my accusers will consent to reason with me. Is it not competent for a scientific man to speculate on the antecedents of the solar system? Did Kant, Laplace, and William Herschel, quit their legitimate spheres when they prolonged the intellectual vision beyond the boundary of experience, and propounded the nebular theory? Accepting that theory as probable, is it not permitted to a scientific man to follow up in idea the series of changes associated with the condensation of the nebulae; to picture the successive detachment of planets and moons, and the relation of all of them to the sun? If I look upon our earth, with its orbital revolution and axial rotation, as one small issue of the process which made the solar system what it is, will any theologian deny my right to entertain and express this theoretic view? Time was when a multitude of theologians would be found to do so—when that arch-enemy of science which now vaunts its tolerance would have made a speedy end of the man who might venture to publish any opinion of the kind. But that time, unless the world is caught strangely slumbering, is forever past.

As regards inorganic Nature, then, I may

traverse, without let or hindrance, the whole distance which separates the nebulae from the worlds of to-day. But only a few years ago this now conceded ground of science was theological ground. I could by no means regard this as the final and sufficient concession of theology; and at Belfast I thought it not only my right but my duty to state that, as regards the organic world, we must enjoy the freedom which we have already won in regard to the inorganic. I could not discern the shred of a title-deed which gave any man, or any class of men, the right to open the door of one of these worlds to the scientific searcher, and to close the other against him. And I considered it frankest, wisest, and in the long-run most conducive to permanent peace, to indicate without evasion or reserve the ground that belongs to Science, and to which she will assuredly make good her claim.

Considering the freedom allowed to all manner of opinions in England, surely this was no extravagant position for me to assume. I have been reminded that an eminent predecessor of mine in the presidential chair expressed a totally different view of the Cause of things from that enunciated by me. In doing so he transgressed the bounds of Science at least as much as I did; but nobody raised an outcry against him. The freedom that he took I claim, but in a more purely scientific direction. And looking at what I must regard as the extravagances of the religious world; at the very inadequate and foolish notions concerning this universe entertained by the majority of our religious teachers; at the waste of energy on the part of good men over things unworthy, if I might say it without discourtesy, of the attention of enlightened heathens: the fight about the fripperies of Ritualism, the mysteries of the Eucharist, and the Athanasian Creed; the forcing on the public view of Pontigny Pilgrimages; the dating of historic epochs from the definition of the Immaculate Conception; the proclamation of the Divine Glories of the Sacred Heart—standing in the midst of these insanities, it did not appear to me extravagant to claim the public tolerance for an hour and a half for the statement of what I hold to be more reasonable views: views more in accordance with the verities which Science has brought to light, and which many weary souls would, I thought, welcome with gratification and relief.

But to come to closer quarters. The expression to which the most violent exception has been taken is this: "Abandoning all disguise, the confession I feel bound to make before you is that I prolong the vision backward across the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern, in that Matter which we, in our ignorance, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and potency of every form and quality of life." To call it a "chorus of dissent," as my Catholic critic does, is a mild way of describing the storm of opprobrium with which this statement has been assailed. But, the first blast of passion being past, I hope I may again ask my opponents to consent to reason. First of all, I am blamed for crossing the boundary of the experimental evidence. I reply that this is the habitual action of the scientific mind—at least of that portion of it which applies itself to physical investigation. Our theories of light, heat, magnetism, and electricity, all imply the crossing of this boundary. My paper on the "Scientific Use of the Imagination" illustrates this point in the amplest manner; and in the lecture above referred to I have sought, incidentally, to make clear how in physics the experiential incessantly leads to the ultra-experiential; how out of experience there always grows something finer than mere experience, and that in their different powers of ideal extension consists for the most part the difference between the great and the mediocre investigator. The kingdom of science, then, cometh not by observation and experiment alone, but is completed by fixing the roots of observation and experiment in a region inaccessible to both, and in dealing with which we are forced to fall back upon the picturing power of the mind.

Passing the boundary of experience, therefore, does not, in the abstract, constitute a sufficient ground for censure. There must have been something in my particular mode of crossing it which provoked this tremendous "chorus of dissent."

Let us calmly reason the point out. I hold the nebular theory as it was held by Kant, Laplace, and William Herschel, and as it is held by the best scientific intellects of to-day. According to it, our sun and planets were once diffused through space as an impalpable haze, out of which, by con-

denisation, came the solar system. What caused the haze to condense? Loss of heat. What rounded the sun and planets? That which rounds a tear—molecular force. For æons, the immensity of which overwhelms man's conceptions, the earth was unfit to maintain what we call life. It is now covered with visible living things. They are not formed of matter different from that of the earth around them. They are, on the contrary, bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. How were they introduced? Was life implicated in the nebulae—as part, it may be, of a vaster and wholly Incomprehensible Life; or is it the work of a Being standing outside the nebulae, who fashioned it as a potter does his clay, but whose origin and ways are equally past finding out? As far as the eye of science has hitherto ranged through nature, no intrusion of purely creative power into any series of phenomena has ever been observed. The assumption of such a power to account for special phenomena has always proved a failure. It is opposed to the very spirit of science, and I therefore assumed the responsibility of holding up in contrast with it that method of Nature which it has been the vocation and triumph of science to disclose, and in the application of which we can alone hope for further light. Holding, then, that the nebulae and all subsequent life stand to each other in the relation of the germ to the finished organism, I reaffirm here, not arrogantly, or defiantly, but without a shade of indistinctness, the position laid down in Belfast.

Not with the vagueness belonging to the emotions, but with the definiteness belonging to the understanding, the scientific man has to put to himself these questions regarding the introduction of life upon the earth. He will be the last to dogmatize upon the subject, for he knows best that certainty is here for the present unattainable. His refusal of the creative hypothesis is *less an assertion of knowledge than a protest against the assumption of knowledge*, which must long, if not for ever, lie beyond us, and the claim to which is the source of manifold confusion upon earth. With a mind open to conviction, he asks his opponents to show him an authority for the belief they so strenuously and so fiercely uphold. They can do no more than point to the Book of Genesis, or some other portion of the Bible. Profoundly interesting and indeed pathetic

to me are these attempts of the opening mind of man to appease its hunger for a Cause. But the Book of Genesis has no voice in scientific questions. To the grasp of geology, which it resisted for a time, it at length yielded like potter's clay; its authority as a system of cosmogony being discredited on all hands by the abandonment of the obvious meaning of its writer. It is a poem, not a scientific treatise. In the former aspect it is forever beautiful; in the latter aspect it has been, and it will continue to be, purely obstructive and hurtful. To *knowledge* its value has been negative, leading, in rougher ages than ours, to physical, and even in our own "free" age, as exemplified in my own case, to moral violence.

To the student of cause and effect no incident connected with the proceedings at Belfast is more instructive than the deportment of the Catholic hierarchy of Ireland; a body usually wise enough not to confer notoriety upon an adversary by imprudently denouncing him. The *Times*, to which I owe nothing on the score of sympathy, but a great deal on the score of fair play, where so much has been unfair, thinks that the Irish cardinal, archbishops, and bishops, in their recent manifesto, promptly and adroitly employed a weapon which I, at an unlucky moment, had placed in their hands. The antecedents of their action cause me to regard it in a different light; and a brief reference to these antecedents will, I think, illuminate not only their proceedings regarding Belfast, but other doings which have been recently noised abroad.

Before me lies a document, bearing the date of November, 1873, but which, after appearing for a moment, unaccountably vanished from public view. It is a memorial addressed by seventy of the students and ex-students of the Catholic University in Ireland to the Episcopal Board of the University. This is the plainest and bravest remonstrance ever addressed by Irish laymen to their spiritual pastors and masters. It expresses the profoundest dissatisfaction with the curriculum marked out for the students of the university; setting forth the extraordinary fact that the lecture-list for the faculty of Science, published a month before they wrote, did not contain the name of a single professor of the Physical or Natural Sciences.

The memorialists forcibly deprecate this,

and dwell upon the necessity of education in science: "The distinguishing mark of this age is its ardour for science. The natural sciences have, within the last fifty years, become the chiefest study in the world; they are in our time pursued with an activity unparalleled in the history of mankind. Scarce a year now passes without some discovery being made in these sciences which, as with the touch of a magician's wand, shivers to atoms theories formerly deemed unassailable. It is through the physical and natural sciences that the fiercest assaults are now made on our religion. No more deadly weapon is used against our faith than the facts incontestably proved by modern researches in science."

Such statements must be the reverse of comfortable to a number of gentlemen who, trained in the philosophy of Albertus Magnus and Thomas Aquinas, have been accustomed to the unquestioning submission of all other sciences to their divine science of Theology. But something more remains: "One thing seems certain," says the memorialists, viz., "that if chairs for the physical and natural sciences be not soon founded in the Catholic University, very many young men will have their faith exposed to dangers which the creation of a school of science in the university would defend them from. For our generation of Irish Catholics are writhing under the sense of their inferiority in science, and are determined that such inferiority shall not long continue; and so, if scientific knowledge be unattainable at our university, they will seek it at Trinity, or at Queen's Colleges, in not one of which is there a Catholic professor of science."

Those who imagined the Catholic University at Kensington to be due to the spontaneous recognition on the part of the Roman hierarchy of the intellectual needs of the age, will derive enlightenment from this, and still more from what follows; for the most formidable threat remains. To the picture of Catholic students seceding to Trinity and the Queen's Colleges, the memorialists add this darkest stroke of all: "They will, in the solitude of their own homes, unaided by any guiding advice, devour the works of Hæckel, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Lyell; works innocuous if studied under a professor who would point out the difference between established facts

and erroneous inferences, but which are calculated to sap the faith of a solitary student, deprived of a discriminating judgment to which he could refer for a solution of his difficulties."

In the light of the knowledge given by this courageous memorial, and of similar knowledge otherwise derived, the recent Catholic manifesto did not at all strike me as a chuckle over the mistake of a maladroit adversary, but rather as an evidence of profound uneasiness on the part of the cardinal, the archbishops, and the bishops who signed it. They acted toward it, however, with their accustomed practical wisdom. As one concession to the spirit which it embodied, the Catholic University at Kensington was brought forth, apparently as the effect of spontaneous inward force, and not of outward pressure which was rapidly becoming too formidable to be successfully opposed.

The memorialists point with bitterness to the fact that "the name of no Irish Catholic is known in connection with the physical and natural sciences." But this, they ought to know, is the complaint of free and cultivated minds wherever the priesthood exercises dominant power. Precisely the same complaint has been made with respect to the Catholics of Germany. The great national literature and scientific achievements of that country in modern times are almost wholly the work of Protestants; a vanishingly small fraction of it only being derived from members of the Roman Church, although the number of these in Germany is at least as great as that of the Protestants. "The question arises," says a writer in a German periodical, "what is the cause of a phenomenon so humiliating to the Catholics? It cannot be referred to want of natural endowment due to climate (for the Protestants of Southern Germany have contributed powerfully to the creations of the German intellect), but purely to outward circumstances. And these are readily discovered in the pressure exercised for centuries by the Jesuitical system, which has crushed out of Catholics every tendency to free mental productiveness." It is, indeed, in Catholic countries that the weight of ultramontanism has been most severely felt. It is in such countries that the very finest spirits who have dared, without quitting their faith, to plead for freedom or reform, have suffered extinction. The

extinction, however, was more apparent than real, and Hermes, Hirscher, and Günther, though individually broken and subdued, prepared the way in Bavaria for the persecuted but unflinching Frohschammer, for Döllinger, and for the remarkable liberal movement of which Döllinger is the head and guide.

Though managed and moulded for centuries to an obedience unparalleled in any other country, except Spain, the Irish intellect is beginning to show signs of independence, demanding a diet more suited to its years than the pabulum of the middle ages. As for the recent manifesto where pope, cardinal, archbishops, and bishops, may now be considered as united in one grand anathema, its character and fate are shadowed forth by the vision of Nebuchadnezzar, recorded in the Book of Daniel. It resembles the image, whose form was terrible, but the gold, and silver, and brass, and iron of which rested upon feet of clay. And a stone smote the feet of clay, and the iron, and the brass, and the silver, and the gold, were broken in pieces together, and became like the chaff of the summer threshing-floors, and the wind carried them away.

There is something in Jesuitism profoundly interesting, and at the same time clearly intelligible, to men of strong intellects and determined will. The weaker spirits, of whom there are many among us, it simply fascinates and subdues. From the study of his own inward forces, and their possible misapplication, the really determined man can understand how possible it is, having once chosen an aim, to reach it in defiance of every moral restraint—to trample under foot, by an obstinate effort of volition, the dictates of honesty, honour, mercy, and truth; and to pursue the desired end, if need be, through their destruction. This force of will, relentlessly applied, and working through submissive instruments, is the strength of Jesuitism.

Pure, honest fanaticism often adds itself to this force, and sometimes acts as its equivalent. Illustrations of this are not far to seek, for the dazzling prize of England, converted to the true faith, is sufficient to turn weak heads. When it is safely caged it is interesting to watch the operations of this form of energy. In a sermon on the Perpetual Office of the Council of Trent, preached before the Right Reverend Fathers

assembled in Synod, the Archbishop of Westminster has given us the following sample of it: "As the fourth century was glorious by the definition of the Godhead and the Consubstantial Son, and the fifth by that of his two perfect natures, and the thirteenth by that of the procession of the Holy Ghost, so the nineteenth will be glorious by the definition of the Immaculate Conception. Right Rev. Fathers," continues this heated proselyte, "you have to call the legionaries and the tribunes, the patricians and the people, of a conquering race, and to subdue, change, and transform them one by one to the likeness of the Son of God. Surely a soldier's eye and a soldier's heart would choose by intuition this field of England for the warfare of the faith. It is the head of Protestantism, the centre of its movements, and the stronghold of its powers. Weakened in England, it is paralyzed everywhere; conquered in England, it is conquered throughout the world. Once overthrown here, all is but a war of detail: it is the key of the whole position of modern error." This is the propaganda which England has to stem. What mere stumblers a *dilettante* ritualist or a weak-headed nobleman must be when acted upon by this fiery-breath of fanaticism! The only wonder is that weak heads, which are so assiduously and deliberately sought out, are not more plentiful than they are.

Monsignor Capel has recently been good enough to proclaim at once the friendliness of his Church towards true science, and her right to determine what true science is. Let us dwell for a moment on the historic proofs of her scientific competence. When Halley's comet appeared in 1456, it was regarded as the harbinger of God's vengeance, the dispenser of war, pestilence, and famine, and, by order of the pope, all the church bells in Europe were rung to scare the monster away. An additional daily prayer was added to the supplications of the faithful. The comet in due time disappeared, and the faithful were comforted by the assurance that, as in previous instances relating to eclipses, droughts, and rains, so, also, as regards this "nefarious" comet, victory had been vouchsafed to the Church.

Both Pythagoras and Copernicus had taught the heliocentric doctrine—that the earth revolved round the sun. In the exercise of her right to determine what true sci.

ence is, the Church, in the pontificate of Paul V., stepped in, and, by the mouth of the holy Congregation of the Index, delivered, on March 5, 1616, the following decree :

And whereas it hath also come to the knowledge of the said Holy Congregation that the false Pythagorean doctrine of the mobility of the earth and the immobility of the sun, entirely opposed to Holy Writ, which is taught by Nicholas Copernicus, is now published abroad and received by many—in order that this question may not further spread, to the damage of Catholic truth, it is ordered that this and all other books teaching the like doctrine be suspended, and by this decree they are suspended, forbidden, and condemned.

Though often quoted, I thought the never-dying flavour of this celebrated decree would not be disagreeable to some of my readers. It is pleasant to be able to say that the very doctrine here pronounced "false," "opposed to Holy Writ," and "damaging to Catholic truth," Science has persuaded even Monsignor Capel to accept.

But it is a constant *tendency* rather than a single fact which is chiefly important here, and a few jottings will show with sufficient plainness what this tendency has ever been. The fate of Giordano Bruno is referred to in my Belfast Address. For a further reference to him I would direct the reader to a brief passage in the Appendix to the same. The case of Galileo is also touched upon ; and to this it may be added here that he died the prisoner of the Inquisition, which, true to its instincts, followed him beyond the grave, disputing his right to make a will, and denying him burial in consecrated ground.*

Again, the famous Academia del Cimento was established at Florence in 1657, and held its meetings in the ducal palace. It lasted ten years, and was then suppressed at the instance of the Papal Government. As an equivalent, the brother of the grand-duke was made a cardinal. The Jesuits were less successful in Bavaria in 1759 ; for they did their best, but vainly, to prevent the founding of the Academy of Sciences in Munich. Their waning power was indicated by this fact, and in 1773 Pope Clement XIV. dissolved the order. The decree was to be "irrevocable ;" the Society of Jesus was "never to be restored ;" still, in 1814, an in-

fallible follower of Clement, Pope Pius VII., undid the work of his equally infallible predecessor, and revoked his decree.

But why go back to 1456 ? Far be it from me to charge by-gone sins upon Monsignor Capel's Church, were it not for her practices to-day. The most applauded dogmatist of the Jesuits is, I am informed, Perrone. Thirty editions of a work of his have been scattered abroad in all lands by a society to which he belongs. His notions of physical astronomy are quite in accordance with those of 1456. He teaches boldly that "God does not rule by universal law . . . that when God [obviously a Big Man] orders a given planet to stand still He does not detract from any law passed by Himself, but orders that planet to move round the sun for such and such a time, then to stand still, and then again to move, as His pleasure may be." Jesuitism proscribed Frohschammer for questioning its favourite dogma that every human soul was created by a direct supernatural act of God, and for asserting that man, body and soul, came from his parents. This is the society that now strives for universal power ; it is from it, as Monsignor Capel graciously informs us, that we are to learn what is allowable in science and what is not !

In the face of such facts, which might be multiplied at will, it requires extraordinary bravery of mind, or a reliance upon public ignorance almost as extraordinary, to make the claims made by Monsignor Capel for his Church.

A German author, speaking of one who has had bitter experience in this line, describes those Catholic writers who refuse to submit to the Congregation of the Index as outlawed ; fair subjects for moral assassination !* This is very strong ; but still, judging from my own small experience, not too strong. In reference to this point I would ask indulgence for a brief personal allusion here. It will serve a two-fold object, one of which will be manifest, the other being reserved for possible future reference. Sprung

* See the case of Frohschammer as sketched by a friend in the Preface to "Christenthum und die moderne Wissenschaft." His enemies contrived to take his bread, in great part, away, but they failed to subdue him, and not even the Pope's nuncio could prevent five hundred students of the University of Munich from signing an address to their Professor.

* Draper, "Trial of Galileo."

from a source to which the Bible was specially dear, my early training was confined almost exclusively to it. Born in Ireland, I, like my predecessors for many generations, was taught to hold my own against the Church of Rome. I had a father whose memory ought to be to me a stay, and an example of unbending rectitude and purity of life. The small stock to which he belonged were scattered with various fortunes along that eastern rim of Leinster, from Wexford upward, to which they crossed from the Bristol Channel. My father was the poorest of them. Still, in his socially low but mentally and morally independent position, by his own inner energies and affinities, he attained a knowledge of history which would put mine to shame; while the whole of the controversy between Protestantism and Romanism was at his finger's ends. At the present moment the works and characters which occupied him come, as far-off recollections, to my mind: Claude and Bosuet, Chillingworth and Nott, Tillotson, Jeremy Taylor, Challoner and Milner, Pope and McGuire, and others whom I have forgotten, or whom it is needless to name. Still this man, so charged with the ammunition of controversy, was so respected by his Catholic fellow-townsmen, that they one and all put up their shutters when he died.

With such a preceptor, and with an hereditary interest in the papal controversy, I naturally mastered it. I did not confine myself to the Protestant statement of the question, but made myself also acquainted with the arguments of the Church of Rome. I remember to this hour the interest and surprise with which I read Challoner's "Catholic Christian Instructed," and on the border-line between boyhood and manhood I was to be found taking part in controversies in which the rival faiths were pitted against each other. I sometimes took the Catholic side, and gave my Protestant antagonist considerable trouble. The views of Irish Catholics became thus intimately known to me, and there was no doctrine of Protestantism which they more emphatically rejected, and the ascription of which to them they resented more warmly, than the doctrine of the pope's personal infallibility. Yet, in the face of this knowledge, it was obstinately asserted and reasserted in my presence some time ago, by a Catholic priest, that the doc-

trine of the infallibility of the Pope had always been maintained in Ireland.*

But this is an episode, intended to disabuse those who, in this country or the United States, may have been misled in regard to the personal points referred to. I now return to the impersonal. The course of life upon earth, as far as Science can see, has been one of amelioration—a steady advance on the whole from the lower to the higher. The continued effort of animated Nature is to improve its conditions and raise itself to a loftier level. In man, improvement and amelioration depend largely upon the growth of conscious knowledge, by which the errors of ignorance are continually moulted and truth is organized. It is assuredly the advance of knowledge that has given a materialistic colour to the philosophy of this age. Materialism is, therefore, not a thing to be mourned over, but to be honestly considered—accepted if it be wholly true, rejected if it be wholly false, wisely sifted and turned to account if it embrace a mixture of truth and error. Of late years the study of the nervous system and of its relation to thought and feeling, has profoundly occupied inquiring minds. It is our duty not to shirk—it ought rather to be our privilege to accept—the established results of such inquiries, for here assuredly our ultimate weal depends upon our loyalty to the truth. Instructed as to the control which the nervous system exercises over man's moral and intellectual nature, we shall be better prepared, not only to mend their manifold defects, but also to strengthen and purify both. Is mind degraded by this recognition of its dependence? Assuredly not. Matter, on the contrary, is raised to the level it ought to occupy, and from which timid ignorance would remove it.

But the light is dawning, and it will become stronger as time goes on. Even the Brighton Congress affords evidence of this. From the manifold confusions of that assemblage my memory has rescued two items which it would fain preserve: the recognition of a relation between Health and Religion, and the address of the Rev. Harry

* On a memory which dates back to my fifteenth year, when I first read the discussion between Mr. Pope and Father McGuire, I should be inclined to rely for proof that the Catholic clergyman, in that discussion, and in the name of his Church, repudiated the doctrine of personal infallibility.

Jones. Out of the conflict of vanities his words emerge fresh, healthy, and strong, because undrugged by dogma, coming directly from the warm brain of one who knows what practical truth means, and who has faith in its vitality and inherent power of propagation. I wonder is he less effectual in his ministry than his more embroidered colleagues? It surely behoves our teachers to come to some definite understanding as to this question of health: to see how, by inattention to it, we are defrauded, negatively, by the privation of that "sweetness and light" which is the natural concomitant of good health; positively, by the insertion into life of cynicism, ill-temper, and a thousand corroding anxieties which good health would dissipate. We fear and scorn "materialism." But he who knew all about it, and could apply his knowledge, might become the preacher of a new gospel. Not, however, through the ecstatic moments of the individual does such knowledge come, but through the revelations of science, in connection with the history of mankind.

Why should the Roman Catholic Church call gluttony a mortal sin? Why should prayer and fasting occupy a place in the disciplines of a religion? What is the meaning of Luther's advice to the young clergyman who came to him, perplexed with the difficulty of predestination and election, if it be not that, in virtue of its action upon the brain, when wisely applied, there is moral and religious virtue even in a hydro-carbon? To use the old language, food and drink are creatures of God, and have therefore a spiritual value. The air of the Alps would be augmented tenfold in purifying power if this truth were recognized. Through our neglect of the monitions of a reasonable materialism we sin and suffer daily. I might here point to the train of deadly disorders over which science has given modern society such control—disclosing the lair of the material enemy, insuring his destruction, and thus preventing that moral squalor and hopelessness which habitually tread on the heels of epidemics in the case of the poor.

Rising to higher spheres, the visions of Swedenborg, and the ecstasy of Plotinus and Porphyry, are phases of that psychical condition, obviously connected with the nervous system and state of health, on which is based the Vedic doctrine of the absorption of the individual into the universal soul. Plotinus

taught the devout how to pass into a condition of ecstasy. Porphyry complains of having been only once united to God in eighty-six years, while his master Plotinus had been so united six times in sixty years.* A friend who knew Wordsworth informs me that the poet, in some of his moods, was accustomed to seize hold of an external object to assure himself of his own bodily existence. The "entranced mind" of Mr. Page-Roberts, referred to so admiringly by the *Spectator*, is a similar phenomenon. No one, I should say, has had a wider experience in this field than Mr. Emerson. As states of consciousness, those phenomena have an undisputed reality, and a substantial identity. They are, however, connected with the most heterogeneous objective conceptions. Porphyry wrote against Christianity; Mr. Page-Roberts is a devout Christian. But notwithstanding the utter discordance of these objective conceptions, their subjective experiences are similar, because of the similarity of their finely-strung nervous organizations.

But admitting the practical facts, and acting on them, there will always remain ample room for speculation. Take the argument of the Lucretian. As far as I am aware, not one of my assailants has attempted to answer it. Some of them, indeed, rejoice over the ability displayed by Bishop Butler in rolling back a difficulty on his opponent; and they even imagine that it is the bishop's own argument that is there employed. Instructed by self-knowledge, they can hardly credit me with the wish to state both sides of the question at issue, and to show, by a logic stronger than Butler ever used, the overthrow which awaits any doctrine of materialism which is based upon the definitions of matter habitually received. But the raising of a new difficulty does not abolish—does not even lessen—the old one, and the argument of the Lucretian remains untouched by anything the bishop has said or can say.

And here it may be permitted me to add a word to an important controversy now going on. In an article on "Physics and Metaphysics," published in the *Saturday Review* more than fourteen years ago, I ventured to state thus the relation between physics and consciousness: "The philosophy of the future will assuredly take more account

* See Dr. Draper's important work, "Conflict between Religion and Science."

than that of the past of the relation of thought and feeling to physical processes; and it may be that the qualities of Mind will be studied through the organism as we now study the character of Force through the affections of ordinary matter. We believe that every thought and every feeling has its definite mechanical correlative in the nervous system, that it is accompanied by a certain separation and marshaling of the atoms of the brain.

"This latter process is purely physical; and were the faculties we now possess sufficiently strengthened, without the creation of any new faculty, it would, doubtless, be within the range of our augmented powers to infer from the molecular state of the brain the character of the thought acting upon it, and, conversely, to infer from the thought the exact corresponding molecular condition of the brain. We do not say—and this, as will be seen, is all-important—that the inference here referred to would be an *a priori* one. What we say is, that by observing, with the faculties we assume, the state of the brain, and the associated mental affections, both might be so tabulated side by side, that if one were given, a mere reference to the table would declare the other.

"Given the masses of the planets and their distances asunder, and we can infer the perturbations consequent on their mutual attractions. Given the nature of a disturbance in water, air, or ether, and from the physical properties of the medium we can infer how its particles will be affected. The mind runs along the line of thought which connects the phenomena, and, from beginning to end, finds no break in the chain. But when we endeavour to pass by a similar process from the phenomena of physics to those of thought, we meet a problem which transcends any conceivable expansion of the powers we now possess. We may think over the subject again and again—it eludes all intellectual presentation—we stand, at length, face to face with the Incomprehensible."

The discussion above referred to turns on the question: Do states of consciousness enter as links in the chain of antecedence and sequence which give rise to bodily actions and to other states of consciousness; or are they merely by-products, which are not essential to the physical processes going on in the brain? Now, it is perfectly certain that we have no power of imagining states of consciousness interposed between the

molecules of the brain, and influencing the transference of motion among the molecules. The thought "eludes all mental presentation;" and hence the logic seems of iron strength which claims for the brain an automatic action, uninfluenced by states of consciousness. But it is, I believe, admitted by those who hold the automaton-theory that states of consciousness are *produced* by the marshaling of the molecules of the brain; and this production of consciousness by molecular motion is certainly quite as unthinkable as the production of molecular motion by consciousness. If, therefore, unthinkability be the proper test, we must equally reject both classes of phenomena. I, for my part, reject neither, and thus stand in the presence of two Incomprehensibles, instead of one Incomprehensible. While accepting fearlessly the facts of materialism dwelt upon in these pages, I bow my head in the dust, before that mystery of the brain which has hitherto defied its own penetrative power, and which may ultimately resolve itself into a demonstrative impossibility of self-penetration.*

But, whatever be the fate of theory, the practical monitions are plain enough, which declare that on our dealings with matter depends our weal or woe, physical and moral. The state of mind which rebels against the recognition of the claims of "materialism" is not unknown to me. I can remember a time when I regarded my body as a weed, so much more highly did I prize the conscious strength and pleasure derived from moral and religious feeling, which I may add, was mine without the intervention of dogma. The error was not an ignoble one, but this did not save it from the penalty attached to error. Saner knowledge taught me that the body is no weed, and that if it were treated as such it would infallibly avenge itself. Am I personally lowered by this change of front? Not so. Give me their health, and there is no spiritual experience of those earlier years—no resolve of duty, or work of mercy, no act of self-denial, no solemnity of thought, no joy in the life and aspects of Nature—that would not still be mine. And this without the least reference or regard to any purely personal reward or punishment looming in the future.

* See Tyndall's "Fragments of Science," article "Scientific Materialism."

As I close these remarks, the latest melancholy wail of the Bishop of Peterborough reaches my ears. Notwithstanding all their "expansiveness," both he and his brother of Manchester appear, alas! to know as little of the things which belong to our peace as that wild ritualist who, a day or two ago, raised the cry of "excommunicated heretic!" against the Bishop of Natal. Happily we have among us our Jowetts and our Stanleys, not to mention other brave men, who see more clearly the character and magnitude of the coming struggle; and who believe undoubtingly that out of it the truths of science will emerge with healing in their wings. Such men must increase, if the vast material resources of the Church of England are not to fall into the hands of persons who may be classed under the respective heads of *weak* and *infatuated*.

And now I have to utter a "farewell," free from bitterness, to all my readers—thanking my friends for a sympathy more steadfast, I would fain believe, if less noisy, than the antipathy of my foes; commending to these, moreover, a passage from Bishop Butler, which they have either not read or failed to take to heart. "It seems," saith the bishop, "that men would be strangely headstrong and self-willed, and disposed to exert themselves with an impetuosity which would render society insupportable, and the living in it impracticable, were it not for some acquired moderation and self-government, some aptitude and readiness in restraining themselves and concealing their sense of things." In this respect, at least, his grace the Archbishop of Canterbury has set a good example.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

THE anonymous author of "Supernatural Religion" has replied to Professor Lightfoot in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*. He had an obvious advantage over his critic, of which he evidently desired to avail himself. The Professor's strictures were of that minute and carping character peculiarly annoying to an author, and they were conveyed in language decidedly, and perhaps intentionally, rude and uncourteous. The complaint is certainly just, that "while delivering severe lectures upon want of candour and impartiality, and preaching temperance and moderation, the practice of the preacher, as sometimes happens, falls very short of his precept." This is quite true, and the author, although he visibly "winced" under the attack, was, no doubt, inclined to profit by the Professor's mistaken tactics, when he said—"I shall not emulate the spirit of that article, and I trust that I shall not scant the courtesy with which I desire to treat Dr. Lightfoot, whose ability I admire, and whose position I understand." It was perhaps too much to expect that this calm and dignified tone should be maintained under the circumstances, by ordinary flesh and blood. The defence of "Supernatural Religion" assumes a two-fold aspect. So far as philological disputes are concerned, the writer enters two pleas, one of not guilty, and the other, as the

lawyers would say, of "confession and avoidance." Those who read any of the apologetic or rationalistic treatises on the canon of Scripture will be aware that the name of Papias occupies a prominent place in the controversy. He was bishop of Hierapolis, a Millenarian, and evidently a man of weak and credulous character; but it so happens that he is traditionally reputed to have been a disciple of St. John, and he is the only authority for the Synoptic Gospels till we come to Justin Martyr, about the middle of the second century. His writings have been lost, and all that we know of them we owe to Irenæus and Eusebius, the one belonging to the latter part of the second century, and the other to the beginning of the fourth. Now the author was referring to the dubious reference of Irenæus where, speaking of "the presbyter, a disciple of the Apostles," he uses the words "that therefore the Lord said, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.'" This presumptive allusion to the fourth Gospel would be very important, if we could identify Papias with the presbyter; but every one having the slightest acquaintance with patristic literature, however, is well aware that the prevailing method of quotation is extremely loose and untrustworthy. Irenæus himself quotes, as a saying of our Lord's, a monstrous Talmudic fiction regarding the material de-

lights of the Kingdom. Among the host of authorities cited by the author, Dr. Davidson may be mentioned, who says, "it is impossible to show that the four (Gospels) were current as early as A. D. 150," and, in reference to the disputed passage in Irenæus, asks—"Is it not evident that Irenæus employed it (the word 'elders') loosely, without an exact idea of the persons he meant?" The question regarding the date of Celsus, the heathen writer against Christianity, whose works we only know from Origen's reply, is parried by the author, who shows that if he errs, he errs with Tischendorf, one of Dr. Lightfoot's favourite apologists. There are other points, on which the author, with greater or less success, meets his antagonist. His general conclusions may be summed up thus:—"The higher criticism in which Dr. Lightfoot seems to have indulged in this article, scarcely rises above the correction of an exercise or the conjugation of a verb," and that "if it were granted, for the sake of argument, that each slip in translation, each error in detail, and each oversight in statement with which Canon Lightfoot reproaches 'Supernatural Religion' were well-founded, it must be evident to any intelligent mind that the mass of such a work would not really be affected." We may add that the author announces his intention of comparing the Gospel and Pauline forms of Christianity in a future work.

Sir George Campbell is known to the public chiefly as having been Governor of Bengal during the recent Indian famine. His paper on "The Tenure of Land" is a very interesting and valuable one. He differs from most English "land reformers" in doubting the propriety of abolishing the right of primogeniture. He is of opinion that, instead of building up a peasant proprietary, it would merely, so far as it had any effect, transfer the ownership of land from aristocracy to plutocracy. His remedies, such as the abolishing of entails and settlements, the extension of tenant-right, a cheaper and easier method of conveyance by purchase, and a systematic effort on behalf of popular rights in the remaining commons, call for no special remark. Mr. Symond's critique of Lucretius is of special importance just now from the prominence given to his writings by Prof. Tyndall and his school. This paper is not only written opportunely, but it is a clear and able view of the great philosophical poet of Rome. If we were disposed to demur to any of the writer's claims on behalf of Lucretius, it would be that of originality of thought, which seems to be unduly pressed. Very little of the poet's philosophy was his own; he was, in fact, indebted for it to the Atomic and Eleatic Schools, and to Epicurus. Prof. Cairnes examines Herbert Spencer's theory of Social Evolution. His criticism is, for the most part, of a friendly kind, but he entertains a strong objection to the attempt to base Sociology upon

a Darwinian foundation. In the first place he objects to it as an "unverifiable hypothesis," and then strives to prove in opposition to Spencer that "political institutions do not 'grow' in the sense in which plants and animals grow: they are not the 'products' of a community in the sense in which the fauna and flora of a country are its products; but are due to causes and to processes of an entirely different kind. Under these circumstances to describe them as examples of spontaneous development, and to class them with the ordinary phenomena of organic life, is to use language, and to adopt a classification, fitted to obscure and to confound, rather than to elucidate, the problems of social existence."

Mr. Hales' paper on *King Lear* is an acute and careful analysis of Shakespeare's tragedy. The writer justly complains of the depreciative criticism of some critics, native as well as foreign, and he proceeds to show that it has proceeded entirely from inability to understand the poet's aim. "It has not been seen," he says, "that it was his design in this play to depict an age unruly and turbulent, but now emerging from barbarism, in whose ears the still voice of conscience was scarcely yet audible, and where Passion was yet lord of all." In short, it was a pre-Christian period in a scarcely half-civilized country. Mr. Hales has the credit also of striking upon an original clue to the tragedy. He points out with great clearness, and fortified by a careful analysis, that Shakespeare was aiming at the portraiture not only of men but also of a race. *Lear*, in this view, becomes in fact a curiously-varied series of sketches of the characteristics of the Celtic temperament. The second of Mr. Morley's papers on "Mill's Essays on Religion" is similar to the first in contending that Mr. Mill concedes too much to the theologians.

The *Contemporary Review* contains no less than nine papers, each one of which would require, in justice, more space than we can devote to them all. Professor Lightfoot continues his examination of "Supernatural Religion." The present article is devoted to a careful analysis of the writings of what are known distinctively as the Apostolic Fathers. There is a decided improvement in the tone of the criticism, which may be partially accounted for by the delicate and precarious ground on which Dr. Lightfoot has ventured to tread. Still some of his objections are extremely trifling, as when he complains that the author, in referring to Eusebius, uses "knows nothing" as a substitute for "says nothing"—surely a pardonable way of impressing upon his readers that "silence" of the ecclesiastical historian which is a weapon in the hands of both disputants. There is also a disposition on the part of the apologist to use the word "Canon" in an elastic and ambiguous way; for it is clear that the canon Dr. Lightfoot is concerned in defend-

ing is not the canon of Eusebius, or of Papias, Hegesippus, and the other early writers whom the later Father quotes in his usually loose way. The present article, however, displays great learning, and is probably the best exposition of the apologetic side of this particular branch of the general subject. "Cassandra" is again in the field, this time to disprove the fallacy that "the earth has been given to *man-kind at large*, not to this or that generation, or to this or that tribe or nation, far less to this or that class or section of a people, but as a source of sustenance for the support and maintenance of succeeding and increasing generations of men." The thesis attempted to be established by Mr. Greg—a very convenient one by the way to those who monopolize the possession of land—is that governments should consider "not what system will yield most food and support to the densest population, but what will sustain the finest race physically, morally, and intellectually." The whole paper is a plutocratic application of the Darwinian doctrine of "survival of the fittest," which goes far to serve it as a *reductio ad absurdum*. A posthumous paper by the Count de Montalembert on "Rome and Spain," is a most impressive view of the true cause of the fall of the Iberian power. We should like to have been able to reproduce this valuable historical sketch; as it is, we must be content to state the moral. "The world," writes the Count,

"beholds the most lamentable transformation under the sun. What is the cause? We answer—The subjection of a people to their masters, and the too intimate and too absolute union between the throne and the altar." Mr. Llewellyn Davies is well-known as an able disciple of the Broad Church in England. His article on "Church Prospects" deserves careful perusal. He takes a cheery, and perhaps rather too sanguine, view of the theological outlook. That view may be summed up in the two considerations, that there are signs in prevailing scepticism of a return to the Christian faith, and the Church was never in so healthy a condition; and that, if it can induce Parliament to abstain from interposing with its Public Worship Regulation Acts, all will go well with the Church of England. Professor Max Müller maintains with his wonted vigour the proposition that "Language is the great barrier between man and beast," in opposition to the younger Darwin, whose arguments appeared in the November number of the *Contemporary*. Hawthorne's "Saxon Studies" are written in the author's usual style. They are always interesting from their graphic power and good-humoured cynicism. The sermon Bishop Colenso *intended* to preach in Westminster Abbey will reach a vaster congregation through the columns of the *Review*; but it calls for no special remark.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

WE have no more welcome task than that of recording the not unfrequent performances of the Philharmonic Society, whose sacred concerts are always regarded with anxious interest by those enthusiastic lovers of music who look forward to a time when it may be said that oratorio is as popular in Canada as in Great Britain, and is even accepted as one of our national institutions. It cannot be overlooked that it is mainly owing to the cultivation of an acquaintance with the best works of George Frederick Handel, that England has become the most liberal patron of music among the nations of Europe—a fact which she fully appreciates. The profound veneration in which she holds the memory of the master, finds adequate expression in the monster festivals which she periodically gives in his honour. Handel's great oratorios, composed, be it remembered, to English words, have become the standard to which all sacred musical compositions are referred, and it is scarcely necessary to point out that his universal popularity indicates that his

music is peculiarly suited to the genius of the Anglo-Saxon race. As co-partners in the traditions, the sympathies, and the language of the English, the people of Ontario may reasonably be expected to share in the deep attachment for oratorio which has been developed in the mother-land, and in process of time, to vie with her in paying homage to one who has consecrated his muse to the most sublime and exalted purposes. It would not be too daring to hope to imitate, at no distant date, those famous musical celebrations of which report brings across the Atlantic such glowing accounts. We, therefore, readily attach all the importance to the performances of our Society that is claimed for them, and have faith that ere long they will attain a merit and dignity of which our citizens may be proud. We take pleasure in believing that it would be perfectly feasible to hold in Toronto a Handel festival, in which the most prominent professional and amateur musicians in the Province might take part. Nothing, however, but the most hearty

co-operation and liberal support on the part of the public would enable the Philharmonic Society to carry out such a scheme, but we feel assured that when required, these would not be withheld. If, as we are informed, the Society have this honourable aim in view, they would have greater claims upon the public than would be acknowledged for any purely local purpose.

Before proceeding to notice the recent performance of the *Messiah*, at the Grand Opera House, it may not be out of place to give a sketch of the circumstances that attended the first production of the oratorio in Great Britain, for although the public are perfectly familiar with the design and the numerous beauties of the work, but little is known of its early history. Victor Schœlcher, Handel's biographer, tells us that in the summer of 1741, the great composer, then 58 years of age, left London on a visit to Gopsall Hall, Leicestershire, the residence of his friend, Charles Jennens, a gentleman of distinction, and of some literary ability. It was Charles Jennens who arranged the libretto of the *Messiah*, and it is supposed that during his visit, Handel wrote his inspired music. Jennens, in a letter which he subsequently wrote to a friend says: "I shall show you a collection I gave Handel, called *Messiah*, which I value highly, and he has made a fine entertainment of it, though not so good as he might, and ought to have done. *I have with great difficulty made him correct some of the grossest faults in the composition. But he retained his overture obstinately, in which there are some passages far unworthy of Handel, but much more unworthy of the Messiah.*" The extraordinary opinions advanced in this letter are refreshing, to say the least, and need no comment. Whether the music of the *Messiah* was written at Gopsall Hall or not, the inscription on the manuscript shows that it was commenced and finished in the autumn of 1741—

"Commenced on the 22nd Aug., 1741.
End of first part, on 28th August.
End of second, on 6th September.
End of the third, on 12th Sept., 1741.
Filled up (scored) on the 14th."

It surely could have been nothing less than an inspiration which enabled Handel to complete so stupendous a work within the short space of twenty-three days. We have only to consider that Haydn took nearly three years to compose the *Creation*, to appreciate the nature of such an achievement. Having been somewhat harassed by the undisguised hostility of the nobility of London, Handel had determined to try his fortune in Dublin, where he had long been eagerly wished for; and accepting the invitation of the Lord Lieutenant, he set out for the Irish capital on the 4th November, carrying with him the new oratorio. He arrived in Dublin on the 18th November, and having given a series of successful perform-

ances of his earlier compositions, announced that the *Messiah* would be produced at the Music Hall, Fishamble Street, on the 13th April, 1742. The curious advertisement that appeared in *Faulkner's Journal*, was as follows:—

"This day will be performed Mr. Handel's new grand sacred Oratorio, called the *Messiah*. Doors will be opened at eleven, and the performance begin at twelve.

"The Stewards of the Charitable Musical Society request the favour of the ladies not to come with hoops this day to the Music Hall. The gentlemen are desired to come without their swords."

From a report that appeared in the same journal, it would seem that the new oratorio was most enthusiastically received, being witnessed by over seven hundred people. The proceeds amounted to nearly \$2,000, which Handel generously distributed among three charities of the city. The writers of those days stated that "words were wanting to express the exquisite delight it afforded to the admiring crowded audience. The Sublime, the Grand, and the Tender conspired to transport and charm the ravished heart and ear." The *Messiah* was performed for the second time in Dublin on the 25th May, 1742. After a nine months' residence in Ireland, Handel left Dublin for England in August, 1742. On his return to London, the *Messiah* was produced three times at Covent Garden in 1743, but, owing to a senseless cry of sacrilege that was raised, was announced under the title of the "Sacred Oratorio," as a kind of concession to popular prejudice. It was performed twice in April, 1745, and then withdrawn until 1750, when it was announced under its original designation, "The Messiah." It was, doubtless, on account of this bigoted cry of sacrilege raised against his work, and not to the supposed coldness of its reception by the London audiences, that caused Handel to give it so seldom. On the 11th April, 1750, Handel gave a performance for the benefit of the London Foundling Hospital, and the proceeds having been considerable, it was repeated in the following year for the same charitable purpose. Finally Handel, finding that his oratorio had become popular, gave the hospital a copy of the score, and promised to give a performance each year in aid of the Institution. The trustees of the Hospital, wishing to secure the gift legally, drew up a petition to Parliament for leave to bring in a Bill to secure the privileges Handel proposed to confer upon them. It is related, however, that when a deputation was sent to the composer to ask his assent to the measure, Handel flew into a great rage, and exclaimed, "Te d—! for vat sal de Foundling put mien oratorio in de Parlement. Te d—! mien music sal not go to de Parlement." Handel, nevertheless, fulfilled the pro-

mise he had made, and the eleven performances under his direction in aid of the hospital, from 1750 to 1759, realised \$34,000. This is a touching history of his generosity, especially when it is remembered that he conducted these performances in person up to 1758, and that he became *blind* in 1753. After Handel's death, seventeen performances were given from 1760 to 1770, and we are told, on the authority of Dr. Burney, that the hospital gained an addition to its funds of \$50,000 from this one source. It is scarcely necessary to follow the history of the *Messiah* further than to say, that in 1798 Mozart wrote his additions to the instrumentation, to serve as a substitute for the organ accompaniment which Handel used to add when presiding at that instrument. The charitable work that Hand.^l commenced has been continued up to the present day, and the London Sacred Harmonic Society make it a practice to give the *Messiah* every year for the benefit of distressed musicians, so that it has truly been said of it, "It has fed the hungry, clothed the naked, and fostered the orphan."

The performance of the *Messiah* by the Philharmonic Society, on the 11th ult., was given by way of experiment in the Grand Opera House. A more disastrous step could scarcely have been taken, for, from a musical point of view, the whole thing was a failure. It required no extraordinary perception to discover that under existing arrangements the Opera House is quite unfitted for the representation of oratorio. The acoustics of the house are defective, and a large proportion of the performers having to be placed at the back of the stage, the choruses were rendered indistinct in outline, and sounded comparatively insignificant. It would, however, be unfair to lay the whole blame of the very level performance upon the Opera House. The orchestra, which had been reinforced by Mrs. Morrison's orchestra and several members of a Buffalo band, had evidently not had a sufficient number of rehearsals. Indeed, it is doubtful whether the violinists who came from the other side had ever played the music of the *Messiah* before in their lives. There was not the slightest pretence to uniformity of bowing; each player seemed to phrase and take the passages as best suited his peculiar style or convenience, and the result was that the beautiful accompaniments were disfigured, and often made to assume a character quite inconsistent with the elevated nature of the oratorio. Had not the Society been put to great expense for the purpose of securing the services of these foreign musicians, there would have been no occasion to dwell upon this point; but we may be allowed to complain if the outside material was of indifferent quality. The soloists were Mrs. Grainger Dow, of Boston (soprano), Mr. Simpson, of New York (tenor), and Mr. Egan (bass). Mrs. Dow, although the possessor of a flexible and

brilliant voice, misinterpreted the solos that fell to her share in a manner that led us to believe she was quite out of her element in oratorio. She *improved* upon Handel to an appalling extent—introduced shakes and other ornaments that were entirely out of place, while her singing throughout was marked by a want of sympathy or understanding. Mr. Simpson, whose voice is of fine quality, was unmistakably the most successful of the soloists, and the public will doubtless be glad to hear him again in Oratorio. The exquisite recitative, "Comfort ye," was sung in most chaste and finished style, and under his treatment the music was truly in harmony with the words of consolation to which it is wedded. Equally satisfactory was his rendering of "Behold and see," which he sang with great pathos. It was regretted that on one or two occasions he slightly departed from the text. Mr. Egan, it was apparent, had not sufficiently rehearsed his part, and in justice to him it must be said that it was generally understood he had received short notice that his services would be required. Our amateurs, Mrs. Osler, the Misses Dexter, and Miss Madison, sustained their parts creditably. The choruses, owing to the disadvantageous position of the singers, did not go so crisply as usual. Had the stage been effectually boarded in at the back and sides, as well as above, the effect might have been improved. The chorus, however, struggled bravely against the acoustical difficulties, and delivered the "Hallelujah" with something like their wonted fire. It was observed that during the singing of this number, the audience adopted the English custom of rising *en masse*. It has been erroneously supposed that this is a mark of respect to the more than ordinarily sacred character of the chorus. The explanation may be found in the following extract from Beattie's Letters, published in 1820:—

"When Handel's *Messiah* was first performed, the audience was exceedingly struck and affected by the music in general; but when that chorus struck up, "For the Lord God omnipotent." in the Hallelujah, they were so transported, that with the King (who happened to be present) they started up and remained standing till the chorus ended. This anecdote I had from Lord Kinnoul."

The practice, therefore, is merely an act of homage paid by the English public to the memory of the composer, as they do not rise at the Hallelujah chorus in Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and other oratorios. In concluding our notice, we must not forget to add that the conductor was Mr. Torrington, who presided with his usual care and ability. It is hoped that Mr. Torrington will give us an opportunity of becoming familiar with the *Israel in Egypt*.

A concert company, under the management of a Mr. De Vivo, visited Toronto last month, appearing at the Grand Opera House on Fri-

day, the 8th. The artists were Mdlle. Ilma di Murska, the celebrated Hungarian *prima donna*; Madame Carreno-Sauret, pianiste; Mons. Sauret, solo violinist; Signor Braga, violoncellist; and Signor Ferranti, the popular *buffo*. The house was crowded in every part. As was anticipated, Mdlle. Ilma di Murska proved that she possessed most extensive powers of vocalization, and her feats of *scintille* excited great astonishment. The general opinion, however, was that her voice was on the decline, and she failed, moreover, to exert that sympathetic charm which is expected from all singers who claim to be considered high-class artists. It is unnecessary to enumerate the different numbers of the programme, as they have already been noticed by the daily press. Mdme. Carreno-Sauret, who has appeared in Toronto on former occasions, is evidently a favourite. Her touch is somewhat hard, but her execution is remarkably brilliant, and she makes light of the greatest difficulties. Mons. Sauret played several violin solos with all that nicety of finish which is peculiar to the French school; his style, however, is cold, and fails to touch. As to Signor Braga, we have not heard a finer violoncello player in this city. He unfortunately indulges in all those displays of virtuosity calculated to catch the applause of the unthinking, and consequently compromises his reputation as a conscientious artist. Signor Ferranti gave a number of *buffo* songs which, if somewhat exaggerated, were very cleverly rendered, and provoked unusually enthusiastic applause. The Company subsequently gave a second concert in Shaftesbury Hall, which was, however, a failure. The audience was weak, and Madame Sauret being indisposed, did not appear. Her place as accompanist was ably filled by Mr. Torrington.

The Boston Philharmonic Club gave two concerts at Shaftesbury Hall on the 18th and 19th ult. As in the programmes of the Club there is always to be found a selection of the best classical music, we regretted that the audiences were small. Owing to the fact of the Club being one of recent formation, their *ensemble* was scarcely so good as that of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, an association of an older date. Their performance was, however, of a high order, and we shall be glad to welcome them again in Toronto.

In drama the principal feature of the month at Mrs. Morrison's Opera House has been the successful three-week's engagement of Mr. Frederick Robinson, the eminent English tragedian. He appeared in "The Wife's Secret," "The King of the Commons," "Ham-

let," "Macbeth," "Othello," and other plays, and showed himself a tragic actor of no ordinary power, though not belonging to quite the highest class. A noteworthy feature is his elocution, which, without being over-studied, is so wonderfully distinct that not a word is lost. Mr. Robinson is remarkable also for his versatility, being quite as good in comedy as in tragedy or melodrama. His greatest successes were unquestionably obtained in the two brilliant comedies of the late T. W. Robertson, "School" and "Ours," both of which were put upon the stage, and acted, as regards all the principal characters, in a manner that would have done credit to any theatre in the world. In both of them, but especially in the last act of "Ours," the scenery, costumes, stage accessories, even to the most trifling minutiae, and the acting, were presented with a life-like actuality and realism that were perfectly delightful to witness. We are glad to add that the audiences which witnessed them were large and enthusiastic. On the first night of "Ours" the curtain had to be drawn up no less than six times at the close of the second act.

At the Royal Opera House, Miss Katharine Randolph, the English actress, appeared for a couple of weeks. The principal parts performed by her were *Juliet* in "The Hunchback," *Pauline* in the "Lady of Lyons," and *Galatea* in Mr. W. S. Gilbert's charming comedy "Pygmalion and Galatea." Miss Randolph is possessed of great personal beauty, both of face and figure, has a musical voice, good elocutionary powers, and is altogether an exceedingly good actress, though scarcely so good as the notices in the London *Times* and other papers had led us to expect. Her principal defect is a decided tendency to "over-act," a tendency especially noticeable in *Julia* and *Pauline*. Her *Juliet* was much better, her presentation of Shakespeare's hapless heroine, though by no means on a level with Miss Neilson's wonderful impersonation, being a very powerful and effective piece of acting. Her *Galatea* also was very effective, being characterized by a very charming *naïveté*, grace, and innocence; though it would have been improved by giving greater prominence to the poetical side of Mr. Gilbert's conception. Miss Randolph's engagement was but moderately successful, not so much so as it deserved to be. We take pleasure in announcing that the great English tragedian, Mr. T. C. King, will re-appear at this establishment on Monday, the 8th inst. When last here Mr. King did not favour us with his masterpiece, *Richard III.* We hope he will do so this time.