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BRITISH COLUMBIA, AND ITS RELATIONS TO THE DOMINION.

BY F. J. R., VICTORIA, B. C.

THE Canadian who takes extended and sanguine views of the future capabilities, needs, and prospects of his country, will probably regard the 20th of July, 1871, as one of the most important dates in the history of the Dominion, for on that day the great work of Confederation was completed by the acquisition of British Columbia, bringing with it a frontage on the Pacific Ocean. We fear, however, that to many of our countrymen this date will only present itself as the day on which a nearly worthless and very troublesome Province was acquired at a monstrous and ridiculous price. It may be of some use to present to such persons a brief account of the relations of the Pacific Province to the Dominion, its value, commercial and political, and its claims from a British Columbian point of view, and at the same time to remove several delusions which seem to prevail on these points and on the subject of the terms of Union.

The great question regarding the future of Canada we conceive to be this: Has she the capabilities of becoming a powerful nation, or must she make up her mind to be ultimately swallowed up by the United States? There is good reason to fear that if the Provinces which now compose the Dominion had remained separate, the latter would have been their fate, and that it was Confederation alone which gave Canada a

chance of avoiding the danger. The question is, to what extent Confederation was necessary; and we are inclined to think that the acquisition of British Columbia was the step needed to make impossible what was before a possibility.

That which, more than anything else, has tended to produce whatever annexation feeling exists in Canada, has been the constant emigration going on from the older Provinces to the United States; an emigration not only of those who have recently arrived from Europe, but of native born Canadians, every one of whom, when settled on the other side of the boundary line, has been an additional link to the chain which might bind Canada to the United States.

The only way to cure this evil is for Canada to find employment for her sons in her own territory, by increasing her commerce and her manufactures. We are told that a Protectionist policy would have such an effect; this we think doubtful—anyhow, it would be of no use for manufacturers to have protection unless they had customers, and customers, moreover, who would be large consumers.

If our great North-West territory and British Columbia were settled up, and brought by means of the Pacific Railroad into close communication with the rest of the Dominion, manufacturers in Ontario

and Quebec would have all the business they could wish for, and our young men would no longer need to cross the line to get employment in manufacturing establishments and in stores. The acquisition, moreover, of ports on the Pacific coast would eventually vastly increase the commerce of the Dominion.

No one who has not actually witnessed it, can estimate the enormous increase of the commerce of the Pacific within the last few years. San Francisco, which little more than thirty years ago, consisted of a few wooden shanties, is now rapidly becoming one of the finest cities of the United States; has its lines of magnificent steamers to China, Australia, Panama, and numerous places on the coast, and in its harbour lie fleets of merchant vessels. For centuries the commerce of the civilised world was confined to the Mediterranean Sea; from the discovery of America to the present time, the Atlantic has been the highway of nations; but now we see the Pacific Ocean rapidly becoming its rival, with even the possibility of surpassing it at some future time in commercial importance.

When Baron Hübner, the historian of the expedition sent out by the Austrian government in the frigate *Novara*, had visited the different countries of the Pacific, he made the pregnant remark, "The Pacific Ocean is the gigantic page on which is written the future history of the race." A glance at the map will show the countries with which Canada is brought into communication on the Pacific shore, extending from China to New Zealand; and had she but railway communication between the Atlantic and Pacific, she would hold the finest position for trade which it is possible for a nation to hold, with ports on the two great highways of the world. She already has attained a high position as a maritime power; and at some future time, when her trade on the Pacific has developed there a fleet as large as that which she now possesses on the Atlantic, she will probably rank in regard to her marine as the second in the world.

It may be too strong an assertion to say that without British Columbia the Dominion of Canada would eventually become part of the United States, but it is undoubtedly the case that the addition has reduced this possibility to a minimum. This was certainly

the view held by our neighbours, for one of the arguments used in favour of the purchase of Alaska was, that the acquisition of this territory would place British Columbia between two portions of the United States, and probably lead to its annexation, in which case the whole of Canada would eventually follow. But it may be said that it was unnecessary to extend Confederation so soon to British Columbia, and that it would have been wise to have waited until the North-West territory had been settled up, and communication gradually extended to the Rocky Mountains. We believe, however, it was a wise and statesmanlike policy to strike while the iron was hot, and to weld the whole of the British North American Colonies at once. Without British Columbia as part of the Dominion, the North-West would never get settled up, for nothing will ever bring a large population there but a transcontinental railway, which would never be built unless the Dominion extended to the Pacific. A false impression prevails in Canada that British Columbia was very anxious for Confederation, and would have accepted almost any terms to bring it about. Under this impression Mr. Mackenzie, in a recent speech, referred to British Columbia as "suing for Confederation." This is a mistake; British Columbia never sued for Confederation. For a long time, the only persons in the colony who advocated Confederation were a few prominent politicians, who wished for a wider field for their ambition, and some Canadians who naturally wished for a closer connection with their native country. The general feeling was opposed to it, as was clearly shown at the elections, particularly in Victoria, in 1868, when the two Confederation candidates were defeated. At that time, the only practicable way of travelling from British Columbia to Canada was, by steamer to San Francisco, thence by steamer to Panama, crossing the Isthmus, where another steamer had to be taken to New York. The route overland was too long and dangerous to be thought of, as was shown by Lord Milton's narrow escapes, and by the terrible journey of a party of Canadians who, on their way to Cariboo, experienced sufferings which were said to have culminated in cannibalism. The general feeling was that Canada was too far off, and that British Columbia, for all practical pur-

poses, might just as well be confederated to New Zealand. A great change, however, took place in this feeling, which was simply caused by its being announced that, as a condition of Confederation, Canada would build a transcontinental railway, and that British Columbia, instead of being a Province of the Dominion merely in name, would become an important part of a great nation, stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and would by railway communication be able to trade with the East, and receive what she has always terribly needed, a constant supply of emigrants.

The British Columbia delegates therefore went to Ottawa prepared to stipulate—as the main condition of union—for a railway to be built from Canada to the Pacific, to be preceded by a waggon road. The Canadian Government, in anticipation of the speedy construction of the railway, considered a waggon road unnecessary, and, leaving this out, engaged to build a railway to the Pacific in ten years, and to commence it at both ends within two years. The terms of Union containing this condition were passed by the House of Commons, in a resolution, on the 1st April, 1871. Nine days afterwards, when these terms had gone completely beyond their control, the House passed another resolution to the effect that the railway was to be built by private enterprise, and that the construction of it was not to increase the then rate of taxation. The people of British Columbia received the terms of Union, as passed on April 1st, and the House of Assembly, having been dissolved, went to the polls to vote for Confederation, in utter ignorance of the resolution of April 10th, which, to their great astonishment, they now learn is to be taken as part of the terms of Union. If the House of Commons of Canada had power to pass a resolution, after it had passed the terms of Union, which was to be taken as part of them, and as binding on British Columbia, surely the legislature of this colony had the same power. Supposing then that this latter body, some days after agreeing to the terms of Union, had passed a resolution to the effect that if the railway were not commenced in two years, Canada should pay a fine of ten million dollars, would the Canadian Government consider itself now bound to pay over this sum? British Columbia has been told that it was necessary

for Sir John Macdonald's government to promise the resolution of April 10th in order to get the terms of Union passed by the House of Commons. It might have been equally necessary for the government of British Columbia to promise such a resolution as the one imagined above, in order to get the terms agreed to by the House of Assembly, but in that case, would not such a claim for compensation have been treated by the Government and people of Canada as absurd? During the last session of Parliament, Mr. Ross (probably at the suggestion of the government) brought forward a resolution similar to that of April 10th, which was passed by a very large majority, in regard to which we have simply to remark, that if the House of Commons has power by resolution to alter and amend the terms of Union with any one of the Provinces of Canada, all the terms of Union with all the Provinces are absolutely worthless. A resolution could be passed that the subsidy to Nova Scotia, as arranged at the Union, should be reduced one-half, and accordingly that Province would have to take half its former subsidy,—or that New Brunswick should only send ten members to Ottawa, and accordingly six members from that Province would lose their seats! This is absurd, it being evident that the House of Commons is utterly powerless to alter the terms of Union with any Province without the consent and agreement of that Province.

One of the lame arguments used to force the resolution of April 10th on British Columbia is this, that Mr. Trutch, who had been one of the delegates to arrange the terms of Union, but whose functions as delegate had ceased, and whose fellow delegates had gone home, was in Ottawa at the time, and was a consenting party to the resolution; and words made use of in a speech delivered by this gentleman after a dinner given to him at Ottawa are referred to as a proof of this. It so happens, however, that in the whole course of this speech, which was carefully prepared and carefully reported, not the least reference was made to the resolution, which the speaker had the good sense utterly to ignore. All he said was, that British Columbia was no Shylock, and did not expect Canada to incur a "hopeless load of taxation" to build the railway—remarks concurred in by every sensible man in British Columbia; but is this to be taken

as equivalent to saying that this Province was willing that the railway should be abandoned if the construction involved the slightest increase of taxation? But even if Mr. Trutch had approved of this resolution, are the people of British Columbia to be seriously told that they are to be bound by a resolution altering the terms of Union, because of remarks made, in the course of an after-dinner speech, by a gentleman who had been, but who was no longer a delegate; and are they unreasonable when they get angry at such futile arguments being pressed upon them?

Another argument which has been used in favour of repudiation is, that the treaty of Union with British Columbia was made by a Government which, as shown shortly afterwards, did not represent the people of Canada. Such an argument can hardly be seriously dealt with. What would be thought of any country which repudiated a treaty because, after the treaty had been made, the Government changed before it was carried out. Suppose, for example, the Conservatives in England had come into power after the Treaty of Washington had been signed, but before the Alabama claims had been paid, what would have been said had the Government refused to pay the claims on the ground that Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, when it made the treaty, did not represent the people of England? Would not a nation which acted in this way incur the derision and contempt of the whole civilized world?

Lastly, we are told that it is absurd to expect Canada to carry out her treaty obligations, because the people of British Columbia are so few in number. This argument irresistibly reminds one of the unfortunate servant girl who told her mistress that she could not be much blamed, because her baby was such a very little one. If it is repudiation for Canada, having induced British Columbia to join her on certain conditions, to turn round and refuse to carry out those conditions, that repudiation is just as great and just as disgraceful, whether there be a million or a thousand people in British Columbia.

There is a large party in Canada which advocates a partial repudiation, contending that although the Pacific Railway should be built at some future time, yet that at present it ought only to be built from the east as

population extends; and that the portion west of the Rocky Mountains should be built last, and only when the trade with the east would warrant its construction. It was an important part of the original terms of Union that the railways should be commenced at both ends simultaneously, and in the modification of the terms which was agreed to by Lord Carnarvon's arbitration, it was settled that the railway should be commenced in British Columbia at the earliest possible time the Government could fix upon a route, and that from that time a sum of at least two millions should be spent annually on the Pacific side, in construction. It would seem then, that those who advocate this mode of constructing the railway, are as much open to the charge of repudiation as those who wish to abandon the railway altogether.

We have recently heard of some strong remarks made in Canada regarding the way in which the United States are breaking the terms of the Treaty of Washington, and Mr. Mackenzie excited a hearty feeling of approval throughout the country when he said that "it is useless to expect from the Americans an enlightened fulfilment of treaty obligations." What if the United States were to turn round and say to Canada, "How are you keeping your treaty obligations? You made a treaty with British Columbia that if she would join your Confederation, you would build a railway to the Pacific; you now refuse to build it if it should even to the slightest extent increase your taxation; and a large part of your people, if we may judge from your newspapers, advocate the complete abandonment of the enterprise, and an utter repudiation of the treaty of union with British Columbia."

We shall now endeavour to show that, besides the avoidance of that dishonour and loss of credit which would necessarily attach to Canada, if she were to give cause to British Columbia to proclaim aloud to the world that she had been swindled into Confederation, she would find—and that too before long—that it was immensely to her advantage to carry out faithfully her treaty obligations, and that the adage, "Honesty is the best policy," is as equally applicable to nations as to individuals.

Having touched upon the political and commercial importance of the acquisition of British Columbia, we will now show the financial advantages which would result from

building the Pacific Railway, especially the British Columbian portion of it, the construction of which Canada is advised to leave to a future generation. The Customs' revenue from British Columbia for the last financial year, was \$492,000. Of this, \$92,000 may be apportioned, in part to the Indian population, a large portion of whom are but small consumers of imported goods, and in part to the extra consumption produced by the railway survey, leaving \$400,000 as the revenue derived from the white population. As that does not exceed 12,000, it would appear that each white man, woman, and child in British Columbia contributes annually \$33 to the Dominion revenue, or about five times as much per head as is contributed by the population of Eastern Canada. It would appear, therefore, that an immigrant in British Columbia is worth five immigrant: in the east, and that any considerable increase of the population of this Province would have a very marked effect on the revenue of the Dominion.

Of all the colonies of Great Britain, British Columbia is the most unfortunately situated in regard to obtaining immigrants. By sea she is the furthest from Europe, so far in fact, that it would be hopeless to expect many emigrants to face the six months' voyage round Cape Horn, involving a double crossing of the Equator. To travel across the north-west is out of the question, and the only feasible mode is either by way of the Isthmus of Panama, or by the Central Pacific Railway, both of which involve passing through California. That State is one of the finest countries in the world as regards both soil and climate; it contains vast mineral wealth and other resources; and the rate of wages is very high. It is not surprising then that a large proportion of emigrants are intercepted on their way to British Columbia, and go no further. In fact, it is hopeless to expect any great increase of the population of British Columbia so long as the immigration to it is sifted through California. When the emigrant from Europe can land at a Canadian port and pass by railway through the Dominion, then, but not before, may we expect a large and constant stream of immigration into what is one of the finest Provinces of the Dominion.

British Columbia has in it sufficient resources and natural wealth to justify this assertion, apart from the well known tendency

of emigration to go west. When Confederation with British Columbia was discussed in the House of Commons, the party then in opposition did their best to prove that the country was utterly worthless. It was even asserted by one eminent politician, that corn would not ripen in the Province. This is equivalent to stating that an apple would not ripen in Ontario, the fact being that the Pacific Province has unquestionably the finest climate in the Dominion, and one that will ripen to perfection not only corn, but peaches, grapes, and other fruits which can only be grown in a portion of the eastern Provinces. The summer temperature of the south and centre of British Columbia is often over 90° in the shade for a considerable period, but a wonderful elasticity in the air makes this heat much less felt than it would be in the East. The winter temperature, however, is that which gives to British Columbia its pre-eminence over the East. At the south-east end of Vancouver Island the winters are similar to those of the south of England, and such plants as verbenas and petunias sometimes survive the winter, out-of-doors, without protection, while over the grazing districts of the mainland so little snow falls that cattle are out all the winter, and often are in fine condition in the early spring. The writer recently saw in New Westminster a herd of cattle, which although they had lost a good deal of weight from the long journey they had had, were still very fat, averaging 750lbs each. These oxen were 5 and 6 years old, and had never in the course of their lives tasted hay or roots until put on board the steamer on their way to market. As this climate operates upon a soil of wonderful fertility, it is not surprising that the productions of British Columbia surpass those of any other portion of the Dominion. One of the first grain brokers of New York, when shown an ordinary sample of wheat from this Province, declared it superior to any grown on the Atlantic slope. Roots are of immense size, and every variety of fruit grows in proportion. It is possible that at some future time the banks of the Fraser above Lytton, which strongly resemble those of the Rhine, with its volcanic soil, will possess numerous vineyards and produce an excellent quality of wine.

As, however, its agricultural land is small in proportion to its general area, British

Columbia does not pretend to be a rich agricultural country, and cannot look forward to being able to export produce. It may reasonably be expected, however, that when her mineral wealth and other resources are properly developed, she will have a market at home sufficient to support a large agricultural population. British Columbia has been contemptuously described as a mass of mountains—as if acres of mountain were not sometimes more valuable than thousands of acres of the richest land. On the slopes of her mountains British Columbia has vast forests of what is unquestionably the finest timber in the world. The Douglas Fir, of which these forests mainly consist, grows to a size compared with which the firs and pines of the east seem like little sticks; nor is its size its chief value, for it makes lumber distinguished for its strength and toughness, and a fine grain which has recently made it sought after in England for ornamental purposes. Its freedom from knots also makes it so valuable for spars that a ship recently took a load of spars from British Columbia all the way to Maine. There are at present only two saw-mills in the Province exporting lumber, but these are leading ships for all parts of the world, and show how this export trade might be extended. In the interior of her mountains, however, British Columbia possesses treasures far greater than the lumber on the outside, valuable as that may be, for the mineral wealth, as far as can be judged, will probably turn out to be as great as that of any other country in the world. Running north and south, parallel to the Rocky Mountains, there is along the whole of North America a range of mountains containing immense deposits of gold and silver. In this range are the Mexican silver mines, which have turned out vast wealth for hundreds of years; further north we come to the gold and silver mines of California and Nevada, of which no one can properly appreciate the richness who has not seen the piles of silver bricks lying at the stations of the Central Pacific Railway. In British Columbia this range of mountains does not apparently fall off in wealth, but at various points where the miner, following the course of the auriferous rivers, has tested it, he has found gold mines as rich as any further south. Indeed the average yield of gold per head of the mining population has been greater

in British Columbia than in any other country in the world.

Rich silver ledges have also been discovered, which, however, have never been properly developed, from the want of capital. Anyone who has seen the towns which have sprung up in the silver district of Nevada within the last ten years, can form an idea of the great increase of population which would ensue on these mines being worked. From want of capital also little has been done with the rich copper mines which have been found in various parts of the Province. British Columbia has, however, mineral wealth which will ultimately be of greater value to her than gold silver, or copper. She has immense deposits of both coal and iron. In this respect she has a great advantage over the Pacific portion of the United States, for the coal found in Oregon and Washington is of a very inferior quality, in fact, geologically speaking, it is not coal but lignite, while the coal found in Vancouver Island is of much older formation, becoming anthracite in Queen Charlotte Island. If we trace back the commercial history of Great Britain, we find that coal and iron have been by far the principal sources of her wealth and power, and it is not too much to expect that at some future time the same causes will bring about similar results to the Pacific portion of the Dominion. This has been foreseen by Sir Charles Dilke, who, in his "Great Britain," prophesies that Vancouver's Island will become one of the chief manufacturing countries of the Pacific.

Professor Macoun, before the Committee on Emigration appointed last session, averred that he could "state with safety that there will be taken out of the mines of British Columbia wealth enough to build the Pacific Railway." Indeed, it may be said with truth that, were there only an easy way to get it opened, the mineral wealth of British Columbia would attract a population so large as to contribute in the form of revenue enough to pay the interest on the money spent in constructing the Pacific Railway. But the Railway itself is needed to open a way for this stream of population.

Within the last year we have seen the tide of emigration, which for so many years has steadily crossed the Atlantic, come to almost a complete stop; indeed there have been so many artisans going back from this

continent to England, that the tide would almost appear to have changed its direction. The reason of this is simply that the state of trade in the United States and Canada has been so bad that the artisan has a better prospect of work in his old home ; it is hopeless, therefore, to expect immigrants to a country which cannot give employment to its stationary population. Were there at the present time railway communication with the North-West and the Pacific, we are convinced there would be such a stream of population in this direction as to have a rapid and very marked effect both on the revenue and on the commerce of the Dominion.

You cannot, however, make omelettes without breaking eggs, and Canada must be prepared to make some little sacrifice to secure a great future advantage, and must hush the cry which is now raised so loud, and is so constantly dinned into the ears of British Columbians, that she cannot submit to the least increase of taxation for the purpose of building a trans-continental railway—a cry which, coming from a population contributing only four dollars a head per annum to the general revenue, creates a feeling of contempt in those to whom it is addressed, when they find that they are contributing at least six times as much per head.

The upshot of all this is the cry that Canada is quite unable to cope with this great enterprise, and that England must come forward and assist her, either by lending money or by guaranteeing a loan. That it would be a wise policy of the mother country to do this, both in view of obtaining another and a safer route to India, and for the purpose of extending her commerce, we are quite willing to admit ; but we contend that Canada is more likely to obtain this assistance by showing a disposition to grapple with her difficulties in a bold and statesmanlike manner, than by sitting down and calling for help before she has really begun to do anything herself.

We have no space to discuss the long and tedious history of the multifarious dealings between the Dominion Government and British Columbia, which seem as far off any satisfactory solution as ever. When the present Government came into power they at once announced that they were unable to construct the railway as agreed upon, and that some fresh understanding must be arrived at. After unsuccessful negotiations

through an emissary sent out to British Columbia, which failed from want of patience and forbearance on both sides, the Imperial Government, invoked by the people and Government of British Columbia, intervened, and procured a new arrangement, which it was supposed would put an end to all difficulties. This, however, appears to be a delusion. The Canadian Government, having agreed to build the railway from Esquimalt to Nanaimo as a compensation for the extension of time in constructing the trans-continental line, brought in a bill for that purpose, which was rejected by the Senate. They then announced that in consequence of this they were unable to carry out this portion of the agreement, and offered a sum of money in lieu of the Island railway. This offer, however, was couched in language so vague, that, not only by the people of British Columbia, but by the *Toronto Globe*, and by other friends of the Canadian Government, it was interpreted as an offer of money in compensation for an abandonment of the Pacific Railroad. The offer was rejected, and a fresh appeal made to the Queen, to which as yet no answer has been returned. The Canadian Government in the meantime announce that as their offer for money compensation was not at once accepted, it will not be repeated, and that British Columbia will receive no compensation whatever as a set-off to the alteration of the terms of Union ; and further, that although it was agreed to spend two millions a year in constructing the railway in British Columbia, this agreement is subject to any resolution which may be passed in the House of Commons, and is consequently worthless. It is contended in British Columbia that the Island Railway was offered as part of the Pacific line, and ought therefore to have been constructed under the Railway Act of 1874, without the risk of having another bill thrown out ; that the rejection of the bill by the Senate was not the real reason of the abandonment of the Island railway, the real reason being that Mr. Blake made this a condition of his joining the ministry ; and that the offer of money compensation for the Island Railway is only a prelude to another offer of money for sacrificing the main line, or at all events for postponing its construction to some far distant period.

The people of British Columbia have often

been decried as utterly unreasonable, as having no consideration for the interests of the Dominion, and as wishing to get their pound of flesh at any cost of life-blood to Canada. The accusation is a most unjust one, and if a fair review be taken of the history of the Confederation with British Columbia, and of the subsequent negotiations, the dissatisfaction and ill-temper which have been displayed in this Province must be admitted to be natural, and not greater than might have been expected.

Are the people of British Columbia unreasonable, because they object to have forced down their throats a Resolution of the House of Commons which was passed after the terms of union had been finally settled, and of which they never heard when they agreed to join Canada? Are they expected to read with an agreeable smile article after article published in the Canadian newspapers, utterly ignoring or repudiating the terms of union, and discussing the question of a Pacific Railway as though British Columbia were a desolate waste, without a population which had any rights or interests to be considered? Is it surprising that they should express disgust, when public men of Canada can form no higher idea of the value and necessity of a Canadian Pacific Railway than that it is to be built merely for the purpose of enabling two or three hundred people in British Columbia to travel to the East? Have they no right to be angry when a Canadian statesman of the position of Sir A. T. Galt, states at a large public meeting, what *they* know to be utterly false—that the delegates from British Columbia went to

Ottawa prepared to ask merely for a wagon road, and had no intention of demanding a railway, and that therefore Canada is not to be expected to build one?

British Columbia joined Canada with the expectation that she was going to become a portion of a great country stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with which her connection was to be made real by means of railway communication. She supposed that the people of whom she was to become a part, were a people with a sense of honour sufficient to impel them to carry out an engagement once entered into, a people who would be willing to make some little sacrifice in order to preserve their good faith, and to secure a great future for their country. Should this expectation and this supposition turn out to be delusions; should she find that she was tempted to join Canada by promises never intended to be performed, and that she is to remain only nominally a portion of the Dominion; should it appear that the Canadian people are incapable of the breadth of view and the sense of national honour necessary to their formation into a great nation;—then she would unhesitatingly accept the offer which is held out to her by a portion of the people and press of Canada, and by separating become again a colony of Great Britain, independent of the Dominion. Such a step, however, would be but the beginning of the end; the process of disintegration would extend, and all hopes of a great Dominion, with a frontage on each ocean, and rivalling the United States in commercial prosperity and in national greatness, would be lost for ever.

LIFE AND LOVE.

LIFE and Love had a quarrel one day,
When the sun was hidden and clouds were grey.

Each from the other would dwell apart,
And in solitude would keep his heart.

Life would enter a castle tall,
With moat and drawbridge and guarded wall,

With lofty turret that neared the sky,
Forever secure from Love's tyranny ;

And thence would view with a scorned surprise,
The fate of others not half so wise !

Love, too, would escape from the burden of Life,
From its carking care and its endless strife ;

From its darksome shadow of want and woe,
Yes, Love was willing, quite willing to go.

But e'en as he plumed his wing for flight,
" Ah ! whither ? " he cried in pained affright ;

For though it were grand above all to soar,
True Love had been never *alone* before !

Then one drew near with reverend mien,
And majestic grace in his form was seen,

As laying a hand upon each, he said,
" Shall what Heaven nath joined be sunderèd ?

" O, Life ! without Love what wouldst thou be ?
So ghastly and withered a thing to see

" That men would cry with bated breath,
' No longer Life, thy name is Death ! '

" And thou, poor Love, must in secret pine,
If parted from Life who was ever thine ;

" Nay, 'tis from *thyself* thou wouldst be free !
Thou seekest a fetter, not liberty ! "

They hearkened, and hushed was each haughty tone ;
Then Life with the look of an humbled one,

Besought that Love within would dwell,
And gladden all with his potent spell.

And Love flew back as bird to its nest,
To find in service a freedom blest !

And crumbled away the castle tall,
And vanished the drawbridge and guarded wall ;

And the sun appeared in glorious might,
Decking the sky with a beauty bright,

As Life and Love with hand in hand,
Went forth together to bless the land !

W.

JULIET.*

BY MRS. H. LOVETT-CAMERON.

CHAPTER IV.

GEORGIE'S LOVER.

GEORGIE TRAVERS and the dogs were by this time at the kennels. Everybody thought a great deal of Miss Georgie there. The whip touched his greasy old fur cap to her, as he ran to open the gate for her with a grin of pleasure on his weather-stained old face; Ricketts, the huntsman, came forward respectfully to know what he could do for her, and called out her favourite hounds to be stroked and caressed; and then of course she must go into the stables. There were a few young horses always kept up at the kennels in addition to the usual staff required for the hunt, and amongst them was the mare that Cis had been told in vain to go and look at that morning.

"I came to have a look at that mare," said Georgie; and the mare was trotted out for her to see.

Georgie stood aside and looked at her with the critical eye of a connoisseur.

She patted and stroked the animal; then stooped down and felt all her legs deliberately one after the other with her strong little hand in a scientific manner that made old Ricketts say afterwards to Tom the whip, that he had never seen her like for a woman; "a real fust-rate un she be, to be sure, Tom!"

"I think I'll ride her this winter, Ricketts; she'd carry me well."

"Like a bird, miss. She's a bit ticklish in her temper; but Lor' bless you, miss, there ain't nothing *you* can't ride."

"Well, put a skirt on her this afternoon for a bit, and then you can bring her round to-morrow morning and I'll see how I like her."

That was all the breaking-in for ladies'

riding that Georgie's mounts ever had; the spice of risk and danger about riding a horse that had never carried a lady before, was just what she enjoyed.

She left the two men staring after her with looks of respect and admiration, and went her way down a neighbouring lane, deep cut between two high banks, still closely followed by the dogs.

She had not gone very far before a thudding sound of horse's hoofs in the field to the right of her was greeted by a sharp bark from the puppy. Presently a horse's head and forelegs appeared over the top of the hedge, and there dropped into the lane just in front of her a young gentleman on a grey pony.

In one moment he had dismounted, and was eagerly coming towards her.

"Wattie!" she exclaimed.

"My little darling, how good of you to come!"

"I didn't come on purpose—really. I was at the kennels, and I thought—I thought——"

"Little story-teller! you thought you would come home this way on the chance of seeing me—eh, Georgie?" and Wattie Ellison proceeded to draw a very unresisting little woman close into his arms, and there to kiss her fondly on both cheeks, whilst Chanticleer, evidently suspecting mischief, pawed up against the back of his coat with very muddy feet, and a gruff bark of remonstrance.

Walter, or as he was commonly called Wattie Ellison, was a nephew of Sir George Ellison, whose property adjoined Sothorne on the further side. He generally resided with his uncle, having neither profession nor income of his own, and the baronet, who was rather fond of him, made him free to the use of his hunters and the shooting of his game. Otherwise Sir George could do

nothing more for him ; he was a poor man with a large family of his own, and his eldest son had already burdened himself with the cares of matrimony in the shape of an invalid wife and four little children. This second family all lived permanently in the paternal mansion, and Wattie, in common with several of the younger sons, had an attic in an upper and unfrequented region apportioned to him, which he was free to occupy whenever he chose ; and, being an orphan with no other family ties and no means whatever at his disposal, Wattie did choose to occupy his attic very often, notably during most of the shooting and hunting seasons. He picked up an odd five-pound note now and then by selling a few water-colour sketches, for which he had a good deal of natural talent ; but even at this poor make-believe of earning money he did not work hard enough to make anything of a livelihood. As long as his uncle's house, and table, and horses were free to him, he did not seem to have the energy or perseverance to work hard at that or anything else.

He was a general favourite with everyone. Tall and good-looking, with merry grey eyes and curly brown hair, and the prettiest little moustache in the world, he was just the sort of young man to be spoiled by the whole female population. Women and children adored him, nor was he any the less popular with the men. He rode so well, was such a crack shot, such good company in the billiard-room at night, and altogether such a manly young fellow in every way, that he was sure of a welcome in every house he went into. But, alas ! he was hopelessly ineligible ; and dowagers with marriageable daughters found themselves forced to turn a deaf ear to his fascinations.

He was nothing but a penniless ne'er-do-well, utterly without prospects. And yet what does this charming young scapegrace do but go and fall madly in love with the Squire's darling, precious Georgie ! And, worse, Georgie falls in love with him.

Their love affair was as yet in its earliest stages. They had not dared to tell the Squire. They continued to meet, half by stealth, half by accident, in their walks and rides, and in truth were so insanely happy in all the excitement and novelty of each other's affection, that they had scarcely had time to think of the future or to consider

their situation with anything like serious attention. Woman-like, Georgie was the first to come out of this ecstatic fool's paradise. For the first time to-day she spoke to him seriously.

"Wattie, dear," she said, as they went down the lane together, hand in hand, like a couple of children, whilst the pony and the dogs followed after them at their own sweet wills ; "Wattie, I am afraid papa will never hear of it."

"Have you said anything to him, yet ?"

"No, I have not dared. Poor papa, it would upset him so horribly. I felt the way once by saying something about you, but he got so angry I did not venture to go on."

"He hates me, I suppose," said Wattie, with a rueful face.

"Nonsense ! only you know, dear, you are not exactly a good match, are you ?"

"Not exactly ;" and they both laughed.

"If you had a profession," continued Georgie, "even if you made nothing at it, it would sound better ; and you see papa would like me to marry well. I am afraid he will stop it utterly."

"And, if he does stop it utterly, what shall you do ?" He stopped before her, holding her small face in both his hands, and forcing her to look up into his eyes.

"I shall obey him, Wattie." Her voice was very low and gentle, but there was a decision and firmness in the little face that filled him with dismay.

"You would give me up !" cried Wattie.

"Not so, darling," answered the girl.

"As long as I live I shall consider myself bound to you ; I will never marry any one else. Perhaps, in time, he will relent and come round ; but till he does I will never marry you. Don't hope it." With all her tenderness and love he felt quite sure she meant what she said, and turned away from her with an impatient sigh. "But, after all, why should we think of the worst ?" said Georgie, slipping her arm confidently under his.

"Why, indeed !" answered her lover, smiling. "I daresay the old boy won't be quite such a stern hard-hearted parent as we fear. It will all come right in the end, Georgie, depend upon it !"

Wattie was of a hopeful disposition (very poor young men often are) ; nothing much worse could happen to him ; he had nothing

to lose, and it was quite on the cards that something better would turn up. But Georgie knew better. She knew what her father was, and she did not in the least think that things would come right in the end; not for a very long time, at least; not probably, she reflected sadly, till she was getting old and *passée*, and Wattie, perhaps, half tired of a long and well-nigh hopeless engagement.

But she did not trouble her lover with these sad forebodings. For his sake she would be hopeful too, and look at the bright side of things as much as possible.

But as they walked on together they both by instinct avoided any further unpleasant consideration of what Mr. Travers would say to them.

There was nothing unusual in Georgie's walking about the lanes with young Ellison. He was so well known by everybody, and such an *enfant de la maison* in every family in the county, that he was always turning up at odd places and with different people. Moreover, he had been Georgie's recognized slave and worshipper for ever so many years. Mr. Travers himself, who had no objection to him in the light of an admirer, whatever he might have in the more serious phase of lover, had often and often deputed young Ellison to look after his daughter in a stiff run. He generally gave her her leads, opened gates for her, tightened her girths, or altered her stirrup if she required it, and often rode back with her at the end of a long day, when the hounds left off far from home. He had been constantly thrown in her way, and certainly the squire had only himself to blame if these young people had fallen in love with each other.

He made the mistake of which so many parents are guilty. He allowed them to be constantly together under the most familiar circumstances, until they had fairly lost their hearts to each other and it was too late; and then, as you will see, expected to be able to stop all intercourse between them, and to be obeyed like an autocrat.

I am inclined to think the much-abused Belgravian mother, who warns off younger sons from her flock as she would the small-pox or the scarlet fever, is the less culpable of the two. She, at all events, prevents the mischief, whereas parents who behave as did our friend the Squire, cause their children an amount of misery and suffering

which they can scarcely, it is to be hoped, understand or be aware of; whilst by a little forethought and care it might all have been easily avoided.

It was arranged between Georgie and her lover before they parted, that the dreaded communication was to be made by her to her father at the first seasonable opportunity.

"Not this week, I think," said the girl; "we are so busy just now. I must wait, I think, till the 1st is over, and then, if we have anything of a run, it will put him in a good temper, and I can tell him in the evening."

"As you like, you wise little woman. By the way, what are you going to ride this winter?"

"The old chestnut, and I think that new mare papa bought last week; I've just been to see her."

"What! that dark brown mare he bought down in Warwickshire? Don't ride her, Georgie. She's a nasty brute."

"Why, what do you know of her? I like her looks myself, and papa bought her half on purpose for me."

"Well, I heard a bad character of her down there; she's a run-away or something; she'll break your neck some day, Georgie."

"Oh, I am not afraid; you won't get rid of me quite so easily as that. I shan't run far away from you, Wattie, and if I do I'm sure it will be a pleasure to you to run after me. And now I must say good-bye—indeed I must."

"Little wretch! how quickly the time goes! I can't bear parting with you. I don't half like your having said you would throw me over if your father orders you to," he added, as he bent over her and kissed her tenderly.

"Ah! you don't know what papa and I are to each other; I couldn't break his heart, Wattie, and I never will."

Poor child, poor little Georgie! There are some human vows that surely must be listened to with shouts of mocking laughter by the unseen world of spirits above and around us, if indeed, as it is said, they can read all our future lives as in a book.

Georgie Travers went home from that meeting with her lover to find herself very late for luncheon, and her mother scolding at her in her peevish, ill-tempered voice.

"Where have you been, Georgie? The

mutton is quite cold. What have you been doing all this time?"

"I have been at the kennels," answered the girl, with that sort of half truth which is no lie in the eyes of most women. "Never mind about the mutton, mamma. I'll have some ham. I am sorry I kept you waiting."

"Always at those horrid kennels with the stable boys!" grumbled her mother; "so unladylike and unfeminine!"

"Let the girl alone!" growled the master of the house with his mouth full of suet pudding, flaring up, as he always did, in defence of his favourite child. "I don't want her turned into a cry-baby, like some of your children, Mrs. Travers; I wish her to go to the kennels. Did you see the mare, Georgie?"

"Yes, papa, I thought I'd ride her to-morrow. She isn't vicious, is she?" she asked, with a little hesitation in her voice.

"Vicious? Who has been putting such rubbish into your head? As quiet as a sheep. Little Flora might ride her—or Cis!" he added, with a cut at his son that was certainly rather cruel and uncalled for.

To everybody's surprise Cis got up with a very red face, and said,

"Well, then, I will ride her, sir, if you will let me."

The Squire looked taken aback.

"Nonsense! You can't have her; she'd kick you off," he said, rather confusedly,

"Then she isn't safe for Georgie," persisted Cis.

"Safe as a house for her; you can't ride," said his father, gruffly. It must be confessed that he was a very trying sort of father to have.

Mrs. Travers said fretfully that she couldn't have dear Cis dragged about on wild horses.

"Who wants to drag him, ma'am?" shouted the old man, fairly in a rage. "He wouldn't be half such a ninny if it wasn't for you. Keep him at home and give him some pap!" and he pushed his plate away—having previously quite emptied it—and bounced out of the room in a fury, slamming the door behind him till the door-frame, already in a very rickety condition, shivered and threatened to come bodily out into the room.

Mrs. Travers whimpered, and Cis got up and kissed her, while the younger girls

looked at each other with meaning glances and faint titters, awestruck yet delighted, as children generally are, in a row between their elders.

Amey seized the opportunity of the general confusion to help herself largely to strawberry jam with her plum cake; whilst Flora slipped down under the table with a cold cutlet under her pinafore, with which she proceeded to feed old Chanticleer, much to that ancient hound's surprise and delight.

Meanwhile Georgie ate her ham in silence; with the pleasant consciousness of being the cause of the dispute, to sharpen her appetite.

Such scenes were of daily occurrence at Broadley House. Who does not know of such households—households where everybody is at sixes and sevens; where fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, are perpetually misunderstanding and mistaking each other's motives; where there are two factions, the father's and the mother's, and one child sides with one, and one with the other, and where little quarrellings and bickerings and divisions widen the breach slowly but surely day by day!

When Georgie swallowed down her lunch in a hurry and slipped away from the room, her mother made sure she had gone to her father to talk against herself, and was proportionately aggrieved. Whereas Georgie had, in truth, gone up to her own little bed-room to think about her lover and to give herself up to delicious recollections of his words and his kisses.

Such a strange little maiden's bower it was! A long, low, half-furnished-looking room, only partially carpeted with strips of drugget, with a small camp bedstead at one end, and a chest of drawers and a washhandstand at the other, and a rickety table and a few dilapidated wooden chairs about in the middle. Over the chimney-piece was a large-sized photograph, in an Oxford frame, of her father in full hunting gear, mounted on his favourite horse Sunbeam; flanked on either side by two smaller pictures, representing severally Ricketts the huntsman holding her own chestnut horse, and old Mike the earth-stopper hugging a favourite fox-terrier. Mike had grinned broadly at the critical moment when he shouldn't have grinned, and had come out with his mouth stretched from ear to ear and no nose at all to speak of; and the terrier, having incontinently wagged his

tail, was permanently represented as owning two.

Above these specimens of art were nailed up a couple of horse-shoes, a miniature spur, supposed to fit on Georgie's own small heel, and a large collection of riding-whips. On the wall, over the chest of drawers, was carefully nailed a piece of crimson silk on which were hung in a row five brushes, surmounted by a stuffed fox's head. These were Georgie's greatest treasures, being all, as she would tell you with pride, her own "earnings" on those red-letter days of her life when she had been the only lady "in at the death."

Into this retreat Georgie came after the storm at lunch, hoping for a little peace which she was not long destined to enjoy. A tap at the door, and enter Cis, full of troubles and misery, which, flinging himself down on the only sound chair in the room, he proceeded to pour forth.

Why was his father so hard on him? could he help his constitution? Why was he to be forever sneered at and pitched into before every one? "Only this morning, Georgie, he spoke almost kindly—he wants me to marry Juliet."

"Well, and you want to marry Juliet yourself, don't you?" said Georgie, who was well aware of her brother's passion. She had seated herself on the table, dangling her feet backwards and forwards in a manner that much endangered her stability on that ancient piece of furniture. "It is easy enough to please papa in that, Cis—isn't it?"

"But Juliet is so cold to me. You know I went to see her yesterday; she didn't seem one bit glad to see me; and she has a way of overlooking one as if one was nobody. Do you know, all she found to say to me, after I had been there nearly ten minutes, was something about my whiskers!"

Georgie laughed merrily. "She was clever to find anything to say of them. I shouldn't have thought them big enough to be worth mentioning! but then I'm your sister. Don't despair, Cis—don't be shy and timid with her; I am *sure* she is fond of you; and you know she has always been brought up to think of you as her lover. Her father wished it and your father wishes it. I am sure I think your path is a pretty easy one, with everybody to make it smooth, and to clear away difficulties for you—

heigho!" And poor Georgie gave a rueful sigh at the thought of her own very hopeless-looking little history.

Cis, when he found any one to listen to him, could talk about Juliet by the hour; he straightway went off into a rhapsody about her—about her beauty, her talent, her singing, and her charms of every kind, which Georgie, although she admired and liked Juliet excessively, found after a time somewhat wearisome.

Where is the woman who can listen for long to the tale of the charms of another of her sex, without feeling bored?

When Cis came to offering to fetch his last poetical effusion in praise of his divinity in order that Georgie might fully enter into his feelings, she found she could stand it no longer, and laughingly pushed him out of the room by the shoulders.

"If you come to poetry, my reason will go, you love-sick swain. You'd better not show me any poems, or I shall take them straight down to amuse papa!" at which awful threat Cis vanished, and it is needless to say did *not* return with any poetry.

CHAPTER V.

JULIET MAKES A DISCOVERY.

THE days at Sothorne Court slipped away swiftly and peacefully. Mr. Bruce had left; there was no longer any reason for his remaining; the business which had brought him down was concluded, and he had other work in town to attend to. But Colonel Fleming still lingered; the weather was fine and the shooting was good, and no one said a word about his leaving; he had nowhere else particularly to go, so he stopped on.

Mrs. Blair never came down stairs before luncheon time—there were, in truth, mysterious rites of the toilette to be gone through which took many hours' labour, and which probably accounted better for her late appearance than the shattered nerves which she pleaded as her excuse.

Juliet and her guardian got into the way of spending these long morning hours together. One day he had found her by herself, writing in the breakfast room.

"Why not bring all that into the library and keep me company, Juliet?"

"Shall I not be in your way?" she had asked, with a little hesitation.

"In my way? no, of course not! It is very unsocial of you to shut yourself up alone."

After that she sat in the library every morning with him. They did not talk much. Colonel Fleming either read the papers or wrote his Indian letters, or else he made a pretence of looking over some of the Sotherne estate deeds, a perfectly unnecessary proceeding, of which he himself was half ashamed. Juliet, too, wrote her letters or did her house accounts, or touched up her water-colour drawings.

One sat at one end of the table and one at the other. Williams, the bailiff and land agent, came in on business, then the coachman and gamekeeper for orders, or Mrs. Pearce, the housekeeper, knocked at the door with a "might she speak to Miss Blair for one minute?" so that it was by no means an uninterrupted *tête-à-tête* that our two friends enjoyed. Still of course there were some mornings when no one disturbed them for several hours, and there is no denying that they found these mornings particularly delightful.

In the afternoon everything was altered. Mrs. Blair was downstairs; Cecil Travers dropped into lunch two days out of three, Colonel Fleming went out shooting, and Juliet drove or rode or walked, or stayed at home and received visitors, as she had always been accustomed to do before her guardian's arrival.

"That young Travers comes here very often!" remarked Colonel Fleming, one morning, breaking a long silence in which nothing had been audible but the scratch-scratching of two pens hard at work.

"Yes, he comes often," answered Juliet, with a smile, not looking up from her writing.

"He seems rather a muff," continued Colonel Fleming, disparagingly.

"Oh, not at all; you are quite mistaken!" she said, eagerly. "He is very delicate, poor boy, but he is really clever; he did so well at college, and he reads a great deal, and is very well informed; but he is not at all appreciated in his home, poor Cis, because Mr. Travers thinks nothing of any one who can't ride well, and it's so unfor-

tunate for Cis that he is so timid constitutionally. He really *cannot* manage a horse in the least; and if he went at a fence I believe he would tumble off. He is very painfully conscious of it himself, poor fellow. I always feel sorry for him, because he is so snubbed at home."

"At all events he is appreciated here," said Hugh, who had listened to her eager defence with a meaning smile.

Juliet blushed a little. No woman likes her suitor, be his suit ever so little favoured by herself, to be called a muff.

"You are fond of him, Juliet?" continued her guardian, with his head thrown back in his chair, and looking at her mischievously through half-closed eyes: he could read her thoughts as if she had spoken them.

"I have known him all my life," answered Juliet, evasively. "I am used to him—why do you ask me?"

"Never mind why; the subject has an interest for me."

She raised her eyes for one moment and met his. Ah, what a volume is sometimes written in one look!

It was but the work of a second, and then Colonel Fleming mercifully and humanely put up the "Times" between himself and his ward that he might not see the glowing face of the girl as she bent it quickly down over her writing.

How her heart was beating! surely he would hear it, she thought in dismay; for in that one moment Juliet Blair had learnt her own secret!

Half with terror, half with a delicious joy, she had discovered that her heart was gone! I suppose no woman makes that discovery for the first time, without a spasm of absolute fear. Where will it lead her to, this new all-absorbing tyrant that has invaded her existence—what will be the end of it?

Juliet ordered her horse and took a long solitary ride that afternoon, that she might think it all out and fairly realise this new thing that had come to her.

To a woman of weaker feelings and narrower mind, to be loved is generally more important than to love. Flattered vanity, gratified self-esteem, the natural pleasure that every woman has in taking the upper hand of the other sex, all these mingled feelings come in and help to make up what most women honestly believe to be love. In nine out of ten so-called love matches,

the love is all on the man's side, and the pleasure of being loved only on the woman's.

For Juliet Blair this was not so; she loved the man of herself, not because he loved her; indeed she did not know, and hardly troubled herself to think in those first moments, whether he did love her at all. With all the depth and intensity of a nature that was at once passionate and devoted, impulsive and steadfast, she felt that she had learnt to love this man with the whole strength of her being. All her life long others had worshipped and adored her; she had been queen and they her slaves; but this man was her master; without him her life had been an incomplete thing. With him her whole existence took a new meaning. Henceforth there was but one man on earth for her; one who could stir her pulses or dominate her life, whose voice could thrill through her heart, or whose presence could fill her soul with a joy that those alone who have loved with a passion can understand.

And the man was Hugh Fleming. Not Cecil, the gentle, sensitive affectionate boy who had adored her for years, who was her equal in years and position, whom all her friends had wished her to love, and whom her dead father had chosen for her husband; not him, but the man who but a month ago had been utterly unknown to her, whose years doubled her own, whose life was half spent and whose youth was over; the man who was to have been her guardian and her adviser, who was to have guided her in her choice of a husband, and to have stood in her father's place at the wedding, and whom certainly that father had never for one moment contemplated in the light of her possible lover!

There was no shame in her heart that she had given her love unreturned. It did not in those first moments trouble her whether or not it was likely to be returned. She was proud of it, proud of herself for loving him; for was he not worthy to be loved; was he not everything that a woman could most desire to possess? Strong in mind and body, was he not a man to whom she could turn instinctively for help and support; whose judgment must be unerring, whose word must be her law?

But by-and-by, as she rode slowly down a narrow lane, flicking the dying hedgerows

idly with her whip, other thoughts began to stir her heart—there came to her a recollection of the "past" in his life to which he had more than once alluded. Some love, as she had guessed, had once filled his life and was dead and gone, leaving behind a void and a blank in his heart; could that void never be filled up? had that past love been so powerful and intense, even such as she felt now in herself, that it could never be renewed? Would Hugh Fleming never love again? Who is it who talks about first love? is it true that a man who has once loved can never love again, in the same manner?

And at these questions that she asked herself, the flush of excitement faded slowly from Juliet's cheek, and her face grew weary and sad.

All at once the landscape looked grey and dreary, the sunshine seemed to have faded, the trees with their falling leaves looked gaunt and cheerless; for the first time, she noticed the white mist creeping up from the valley towards her. With a little shiver she turned her horse's head quickly and rode homewards.

In the hall at Sotherne, Cis Travers came eagerly forward to meet her.

"Oh, here you are! I have been waiting for you. How long you have been out, Juliet; how white you are! You should not ride so far; you look tired out," he said, following her with eager solicitude towards the staircase.

"Let me alone," said Juliet, crossly; "don't you suppose that I am old enough to take care of myself!"

An impulsive nature has always its weaknesses; Juliet at that moment felt a positive dislike to the boy and his tender anxiety. The young fellow drew back abashed and repulsed by her fretful words.

Eventually she repented of her unkindness to him and asked him to stay to dinner, an invitation which Cis eagerly availed himself of.

Nothing had occurred that need have altered her manner to her guardian, and yet she felt, when they met in the evening, that she could not speak naturally to him; she was thankful for the presence of Cis Travers, and addressed herself almost exclusively to him all dinner time. She talked more than was usual to her, asking him numberless questions about himself and his interests, and reviving all sorts of half playful, half

affectionate reminiscences concerning little incidents in their childish days. Cis had never seen her so gracious and so encouraging to him. His spirits rose, he became excited and animated, till Juliet, who had never before taken such pains to draw him out, was surprised to find how pleasantly he could talk.

Colonel Fleming could not quite make her out; he thought he was being punished for having called Cis a muff, and revenged himself by being particularly agreeable to Mrs. Blair.

That lady was not slow to appreciate his attentions. She always laid herself out to fascinate him, but seldom met with such success as on this evening.

"It is all this scarf *à la Pompadour*, with the *marquise* cap," she said to herself; "I knew it suited me to perfection, in spite of that little fool Ernestine." Ernestine was Mrs. Blair's French maid.

Whereas, Colonel Fleming could hardly have told you at the end of the evening whether his fair charmer wore black or white, velvet or brown holland!

She was full of mysterious nods and winks, and little jerks of the head in the direction of the two young people.

"How well they get on!" she whispered behind her fan; "it will be all settled in a few days, you will see—don't they look happy together!"

"Let me give you a little more chicken," said Colonel Fleming, ignoring entirely, with a brutal indifference, the happiness of the young couple.

"Not any, thanks. Aha! always so hard-hearted to a love affair, you naughty, cruel man!" laughed the widow, softly. "Ah! If I could only give you a little of my *exquisite* sympathy in matters of the heart—I who have too much sensitiveness. My beloved husband used always to blame me for it. 'My darling Maria,' he used frequently to say to me, 'try and control yourself; you wear yourself out with so much sensibility: and that is my defect. I am conscious of it,'" she added, with a pretty sorrowful little sigh.

"Sense and sensibility," said Hugh, gallantly, with a touch of unperceived sarcasm; "they generally go together!"

"Flatterer!" answered the lady, tapping his hand with her ever ready fan. At which Juliet stopped short in the middle of what

she was saying and stared at her, and then got very red and went on talking again.

Everybody was at odds that evening.

It is to be hoped that Mrs. Blair and Cis enjoyed themselves for certainly the other two did not.

But after a night spent in sleeplessly tossing up and down upon her bed, in self-torturings and self-scoldings, Juliet rose in the morning in a more reasonable frame of mind.

It was a hopelessly wet day, wet and windy, with the leaves coming down off the trees in showers; a day that made Squire Travers rub his hands gleefully together as he drew aside his blind and looked out of the window. "That's the sort; soon bring the leaves all off the hedges at this rate!" he muttered hopefully to himself.

But Miss Blair, who was not so keen about hunting as her neighbour, and loved each season's pleasures in their turn, was sorry to see the last of her roses and scarlet geraniums lying all dashed and dragged on the sloppy lawn. The whole valley was filled with a misty drizzle, and the west wind howled in a melancholy way among the tall chimneys of the old house.

Juliet met her guardian at breakfast with pitiful bemoanings over this dismal change in the weather. Let us be thankful that we are born under showery skies and changing winds, and that Providence has bestowed upon us a gift so appropriate to our needs as an ever varying climate! Let us be thankful, we that are blessed with neither the ease of manner nor the fluent tongue of our French neighbours,—that are, on the contrary, awkward, silent, and self-conscious under trying circumstances,—let us be thankful, I say, for the ever ready subject of conversation which has been mercifully meted out to us to compensate in some measure for these defects!

Oh, much abused, much belied climate of the British Isles, damp, rheumatic, neuralgic, unwholesome though you be—we owe you at least this, that you cover our mistakes, veil our confusions, screen our awkwardnesses, and provide for us, one and all, an easy and convenient channel whereby we may escape unscathed in the emotional moments of our lives!

Juliet was very thankful to the driving rain and lowering skies that day at breakfast. The morning papers did the rest, and

took away from the awkwardness of a *tête-à-tête* which she had never found oppressive before.

And yet—when she had gone about her household duties, and scolded the cook, and consulted with the housekeeper, and made sundry insinuating suggestions to old Higgs the butler, who always called her “Miss Juliet,” and treated her with a fatherly patronage as if the cellar was his personal property, out of which in consideration for her sex and general weakness he kindly allowed her to have a few bottles of wine—and yet, after these ordinary daily duties were completed, Juliet, with that perversity which is essentially a feminine peculiarity, went of her own accord into the library.

She was unreasonably disappointed and mortified to find the room empty, and sat down to her writing in the most aggrieved frame of mind. After a few minutes, however, Colonel Fleming came in: he had a large portfolio under his arm, which he proceeded to deposit in front of her. “I promised to show you my sketches, some day, Juliet; as it is a wet morning, suppose we look at them now.”

The girl was delighted, and soon got over her nervous self-consciousness in the pleasure of turning over the drawings and listening to his animated descriptions of the scenes and subjects they represented.

There were Indian temples and palaces, views on the Ganges, views of the Himalayas, spirited little subjects descriptive of pig-sticking and tiger hunts, all set in a gorgeous flare of Eastern colouring; side by side with tamer bits of woodland or sea-coast, or dreamy distant views over English hedgerows and under English skies.

Juliet was enchanted with all she saw; she had an artistic eye herself, and keenly appreciated the bold hand and correct colouring displayed in the sketches in Hugh Fleming’s portfolio, indicating, as they did, no mean capacity for art.

She had looked them carefully all through, and was standing at the table replacing the drawings into the book, when there fluttered out from among them a small coloured crayon sketch which she had not noticed before, and which fell at her feet under the table.

Juliet stooped to pick it up. It was the head of a woman, a young girl, apparently about seventeen, fair and delicate looking,

with flaxen hair falling in curls on either side of her face in an old-fashioned way, and with large blue eyes and a gentle, timid-looking mouth. Underneath the sketch, in Hugh’s bold large hand-writing, which Juliet had no difficulty in recognizing, was written, “June 16, 1849.—My darling Annie.”

With an exclamation, Colonel Fleming attempted to take the little sketch from her hand. Juliet turned upon him speechless, but with crimson cheeks and blazing eyes, and in another instant the pale tinted face was torn right across, and the two pieces fell fluttering on to the ground between them.

It was all the work of one minute, and in the next, Juliet, in an agony of shame and contrition, had burst into a passion of angry tears. Hugh Fleming turned first very white and then very red. He stooped down and picked up the damaged sketch.

“How could you be so careless, Juliet?” he said, trying to steady his voice, which trembled with some suppressed emotion; “how stupid of you to tear this little old sketch! I did not know I had it still: don’t cry, my dear child; it doesn’t much signify: of course it was an accident—every one has accidents occasionally. I am sure you will put the pieces together as well as you can for me, won’t you?” and he thrust the drawing into her hand.

“Mr. Travers wishes to speak to you in the morning room, please, Miss,” here broke in Higgs the butler, opening the door.

Juliet jumped up, hastily brushed away her tears, and, murmuring something indistinct about being sorry for her stupidity, she hurriedly left the room, carrying away the torn fragments of the crayon sketch in her hand.

CHAPTER VI.

ERNESTINE LOOKS FOR A FAN.

CECIL TRAVERS was kept waiting fully a quarter of an hour for Miss Blair in the morning room. Emboldened by her manner to him on the previous evening, the unlucky youth had decided on coming over the first thing in the morning, to place his fate once more in her hands.

He could not, as it happens, have chosen a more inopportune moment.

Juliet came into the room with a thunder-

cloud on her face. My heroine was not, as it will be noticed, blessed with an angelic temper.

"What is it you want, Cis?" she said as she entered the room; and certainly no more unpromising foundation whereupon to construct a declaration of love was ever presented to an unfortunate young man.

"I came—I came—oh, Juliet!" taking hold of both her hands; "you know very well what I have come for. You were so good to me last night, and so kind and nice that I thought—I thought——"

"You thought you would make an idiot of yourself once more; is that it, Cis?"

"Oh, Juliet, I do so love you! Don't you think you could like me a little? don't you think you are fonder of me than you used to be?"

"My dear Cis, I thought we had talked all this over before," said Juliet, sitting down and resigning herself to her fate. "I have told you over and over again that, though I am fond of you as an old friend, you really must not expect anything more from me. Why don't you try and put the idea out of your head?"

The boy stood silent before her with a downcast face and the tears slowly welling up into his blue eyes.

"Come, come, Cis," said Juliet, touched by the sight of his sorrow and putting out her hand kindly towards him. "Come, be a man; look at it in its proper light. I don't love you in that way, Cis, and I never shall, never! We should not be in the least suited to each other. Though you are two years older than I am, yet I am years older in life than you. You would go your way and I mine. We should never be happy together. And, besides, I don't love you as your wife should love you. Cis, my poor old boy, don't look so unhappy; there are plenty more women in the world, far better than I am, who will be fond of you some day."

"Oh, don't talk to me of other women, I can't bear it!" groaned Cis, turning away from her to hide his face of misery. "Don't take away hope, Juliet; tell me to wait. I have been too quick again, I haven't given you time enough. I will go away again and wait—years—any time you like; only, for God's sake, don't say you won't let me come here and see you as usual!"

"Of course, Cis, come here as usual—

why, after knowing you all my life, how could I say otherwise! But indeed, indeed, I don't think I must let you hope anything else. I will be your friend all my life, Cis, but don't ask me for anything more."

Poor Cis was fairly sobbing; he leant his head down on the table and gave free vent to his misery, whilst Juliet, with those half measures that women so selfishly delight in, thought to console him by standing over him, stroking his hands, and pushing back his fair hair from his forehead; she even stooped down and gave him a gentle kiss, murmuring the most affectionate and tender words into his ear—proceedings which filled the unhappy Cis with a mixture of ecstasy and wretchedness that sent him almost beside himself.

When, however, wound up to a pitch of absolute despair by her kindness, Cis went down on his knees before her, clung to her hands with passionate kisses, and entreated her to relent and promise to marry him, Juliet, after the manner of her capricious sex, drew back, spoke to him shortly and sternly, told him to get up and not make a fool of himself, and used other such wholesome but unpalatable words as quickly brought the young gentleman to his senses.

"It is time you went, Cis; I don't want a scene, and I can say nothing more to you; take my advice—go away from home for a little while, and then, when you are more sensible and can look at things in a brighter light, come back and see me again."

"Yes, I will do everything you think best; I will go away, and I won't bother you again—at least not yet; but I shall love you all my life, Juliet. I don't think I am such a boy as you think; at all events it is no boy's love that I feel. I shall never marry any one else but you, and if you won't have me for a husband I will stand by you as your friend and your brother till I die!" So, very crestfallen, but not altogether ingloriously, Cis Travers took his departure.

"Wasn't Cis Travers here this morning?" asked Mrs. Blair of her stepdaughter as they sat together over their fancy work that afternoon.

"Yes, he was," answered Juliet, rather shortly.

"I hope you haven't refused him again, Juliet," said the widow, enquiringly, looking closely at her.

"What if I had! I don't know that I

need confide Cis's love affairs to any one, Mrs. Blair," said the girl resentfully, for to bully her about Cis was one of Mrs. Blair's favourite amusements.

"Juliet, I *hope* you haven't sent that poor young man quite away; I hope you have given him a little encouragement."

"What *does* it matter?" said Juliet, jumping up and scattering her fancy work on to the carpet. "When I am engaged to be married, I will let you know at once, Mrs. Blair, you may be quite sure of *that!*" This was added defiantly, with distinct allusion to the fact, which was tacitly understood between them, that, when she married, Mrs. Blair would probably have to seek other quarters.

Juliet gathered up her tumbled worsteds and silks and left the room with a little short laugh which, had she seen the malignant glance which her stepmother cast after her, would probably have been less triumphant.

Mademoiselle Ernestine, Mrs. Blair's French maid, was a young woman of varied accomplishments and great discretion of character.

Not only was she a consummate *artiste* in all the intricacies of dress and fashion, in all the mysterious and varied methods of adorning the hair, and in still more mysterious processes of beautifying the human countenance, into which it does not become you and me, oh, my reader, to pry too closely! but also was this young person an astute observer of life and character. She knew when to speak and what to say, and she knew also,—oh, rare and wonderful talent in a woman!—she knew when to hold her tongue.

That same evening, whilst Ernestine was brushing out those mysterious plaits and bows of Mrs. Blair's fair hair, of which no mortal being save those two could entirely guess the wondrous construction, the lady observed carelessly:

"Miss Blair cannot go much out into the garden in the morning this weather, can she, Ernestine?"

"Oh no, madame! What a privation for Mademoiselle! she so fond of the flowers!"

"And it must be dull for her in the morning room all by herself, mustn't it?" continued the widow.

"Ah, oui, madame, cette pauvre chère demoiselle! it must be triste à faire peur; it is certainly no wonder that Mademoiselle

should refugiate herself in the librairie with Monsieur le Colonel, who is so silen tand quiet, not a companion so cheerful as a lady would be for her, pauvre demoiselle!"

"Thanks, that will do for to-night, Ernestine; bring me my slippers and my book of Meditations. I don't want you any more. Good night"—and the waiting maid was dismissed.

The next morning, when Ernestine brought in her mistress's cup of chocolate, the lady said to her as she drew aside the bed curtain and placed the dainty *le china* tray beside her:

"Go down into the library, Ernestine, and look for my fan; I think I left it there last night."

The fan lay conspicuously on the dressing table; but Ernestine, who could be dumb or blind as occasion demanded, answered demurely:

"Oui, madame," and departed.

In the course of five minutes she returned.

"I cannot find it anywhere, madame, and ah, tiens, there it is! Dieu, que je suis bête! and I who searched everywhere under all the tables, and monsieur himself was so good as to help me to look; but mademoiselle said she felt sure you had taken it upstairs with you." Having thus imparted the information which she knew was required, Mademoiselle Ernestine busied herself about the room.

"Ernestine," said Mrs. Blair, after a few minutes, "I feel so fresh and well this morning, I think if you will bring me my bath I will get up at once; it is a nice morning, isn't it?"

It was a gusty, showery day, hardly finer than its predecessor; but Ernestine replied with alacrity that it was "adorablement beau;" and Mrs. Blair proceeded to get up.

Downstairs, Juliet was standing timidly at the back of Colonel Fleming's chair holding in her hand the torn sketch very carefully pasted on a piece of cardboard, so that the rent was almost invisible. "I—I have mended it as well as I could," she was saying with a crimson face and trembling voice.

Colonel Fleming waited for half a minute before laying down his pen and turning towards her, possibly in order to give her time to control herself.

"You have mended what? Oh, ah, the little sketch!" he said, not looking up at her; "that is very kind of you; there was

no hurry about it. It is a pretty face, is it not? Would you like me to tell you the story of that poor girl, Juliet? I think you would be sorry for her; sit down here," wheeling an arm-chair in front of the fire for her; "there, are you comfortable? let me give you a footstool: and now I will tell you about her." Juliet sat as she was told and looked away from him into the fire.

"Every one, I suppose, has some romance, either sad or sweet, in their past lives, and Annie Chalmers is mine," he began, not looking at her, whilst Juliet's heart beat fast and painfully.

"It was years and years ago, almost before you were born, that I first met her. She was the sweetest, gentlest, most innocent little soul that God ever created. She lived alone with her father in a tiny house just on the outskirts of a great deep wood. I was in the —th then, and we were quartered in the neighbouring dead-alive little Cathedral town. Perhaps at first it was only for want of something better to do, but at all events I got into the habit of walking out to their cottage on summer evenings. I used to stroll over there in the dusk, and her father and I would sit outside in the garden smoking our pipes by the open window, and she used to sit inside in the darkness singing to us all sorts of quaint old-fashioned songs in her sweet pure voice; and then, when I went away she would walk out to the end of the garden with me and stand and talk to me at the gate before I left. One night we were standing there together under the honeysuckle archway; there were all sorts of sweet smells in the air from the midsummer flowers about us, and the moonshine was gleaming white and still over the lawn, and through the dark trunks of the trees in the wood beyond; presently, I recollect, a soft white cwlet flew by us with a little cry that made her start and cling to my hand. It was all so silent that we could hear the brook tinkling over the stones at the bottom of the field; and we ourselves ceased talking, to listen to the still voices of the night; and then I don't know how it all came about, or why I did it, but suddenly I took my darling into my arms all in the silver midsummer's moonlight and told her that I loved her, and found out from the fluttering of her heart that she too loved me.

"Well, it was of course the most foolish

and imprudent engagement that two young things ever entered into. I had nothing but my pay in those days, and she was absolutely penniless. Her father stormed and swore at me a bit at first; but after a day or two, when Annie had hung on his neck and wept and prayed and entreated, he had no longer the heart to refuse her anything. He found out, heaven knows by what pinching and saving and selling out of his slender capital, that he could give her a thousand pounds, and for the rest we must live on my pay, and trust, as so many do, to luck or chance, or rub along through life as best we could.

"Annie, dear little soul, had no fears. What were butchers' and bakers' bills to her! Such sordid vulgar cares never troubled her; her home had been certainly a modest one, but still she had never been brought face to face with dunning tradesmen or pinching penury. She had beautiful high-flown poetical ideas about the delight of starving with me on a crust of bread, and giving up everything else on earth for love—words of which, poor child, she had not in fact the faintest comprehension; she used to trip along by my side with her hands twisted over my arm, solemnly going over in one moment all she would do and bear and suffer for my sake, in a way that, when I gazed down at her little fragile figure, which looked as if the first rough wind must blow her away, made my heart sink with dismay; and then in the next moment she would be prattling like a child of the home we should have together, all filled with fresh flowers and bright coloured chintzes and pink and white muslin, till I could not help smiling at her simplicity and utter ignorance of the harsh unlovely world I was going to take her into."

It will surprise no one to learn that at this juncture Miss Blair mentally ejaculated, "Little fool!"

"Well," continued Hugh Fleming, after a moment's pause, "well, after we had been engaged about six weeks, orders came for my regiment to go to India. That was a dreadful blow for the old man; if he had known it at first, I doubt if he ever would have consented to our engagement; but it was too late now. Annie said her heart would break if she were not allowed to go out with me; her father could not help himself, he was obliged to hide his own suffering and to let her go.

“Of course the result of the change in my prospects was that we must be married at once. We had to start in a month, and there was barely time to get ready her outfit and to make all arrangements for our wedding, so as to allow us a clear week in England before embarking at Southampton.

“Privately, Annie and I thought the Horse Guards had played into our hands in the most delightful and exemplary manner in the world! Instead of being doomed to the tedium of a long and uncertain engagement, here were we forced, as it were, into immediate matrimony by circumstances over which we had no control whatever. We were careful, however, not to hurt the old man’s feelings by any unseemly display of this very selfish glee.

“I can hardly remember all that happened during those last three weeks. I know we were both very busy; she went up to London for two days to stay with an aunt who was to help her to get her things, and I, too, was obliged to run up to town two or three times. What with extra regimental duties consequent on such a sudden start, looking after the men’s outfits and my own, and what with having to go, again and again, to the lawyers to see about the settlement of her thousand pounds,—and lawyers can take as much time over a thousand pounds as they can over sixty,—you may fancy that I had plenty of business on my hands, and had not much spare time left for anything. In truth, I saw very little of Annie just then—a fact which has since caused me endless and most painful self-reproaches.

“I was continually thinking that as I was so soon to have her all to myself it did not so much matter that so many days slipped by without my seeing her at all. Alas! if I had but known!

“At last everything was settled, and Jim Lester, our Major, was to be my best man. He is dead now, poor fellow; he was killed at Lucknow. Such a tall handsome man he was—he always did best man to all the young fellows in the regiment who made fools of themselves, as he would say, and then stood godfather to their first babies. He was so accustomed to it, he used to say that he could do either office in his sleep; his only fear being that he might some day forget at which ceremony he was assisting, and interpolate sponsorial answers into the solemnisation of Holy Matrimony. Indeed,

there was a story currently reported and universally believed in, that being best man on one occasion to a certain Captain Gordon, who was fortunate enough to win the hand of a very pretty heiress much run after by all the unmarried officers in the —th, the parson having duly asked ‘Wilt thou take this woman to be thy wedded wife etc.,’ Jim Lester in a loud and fervent voice, audible all over the church, made response, ‘That is my desire,’ which so took away the bridegroom’s breath that he was completely placed *hors de combat*, and never answered ‘I will’ at all, so that the clergyman had to proceed rapidly to the next paragraph in the service in order to cover his hopeless confusion, whilst Jim Lester never found out that he had done anything wrong until the time came for kissing the bridesmaids in the vestry.

“Well, the day before the wedding came, and I went over to the cottage. The peaceful house seemed strange and unlike itself. There was the aunt from London, and two cousins who were to be her bridesmaids, and a clergyman uncle who was to marry us. We had a scramble picnic tea-party in Mr. Chalmers’s little smoking room, as the dining room, I was told, was laid out for the next day’s feast. We were all very merry, but my Annie looked a little pale and worried.

“When I rose to go, she followed me out of the room.

“‘Look here,’ she said, and turned the key of the dining-room door and made me go in. Isn’t it pretty? I have arranged it all myself; it only wants a few more flowers round the cake to be perfect.’

“There was the table all laid out with snowy linen and bright glasses, and piles of fruit and pastry in silver dishes, and in the middle the white sugared bridal cake, and over all a perfect flower garden of roses and fuchsias, and great white Ascension lilies in scented pyramids.

“‘Isn’t it lovely? and I have arranged all the flowers myself.’

“‘You have tired yourself out, I am afraid, little woman,’ I said, drawing her near to me.

“‘But isn’t it pretty, Hugh?’ she asked again.

“And then I praised her handiwork with heaven knows how many foolishly fond lover’s words.

“ ‘I must go now,’ I said.

“ ‘Then say good-bye, Hugh,’ she answered, putting up her arms round my neck.

“ ‘Good-night,’ I answered.

“ ‘Not good-night! say good-bye,’ she persisted.

“ ‘Why good-bye, Annie? surely good night is a more fitting word between us now.’

“ ‘But I should like you to say good-bye best; it is good-bye to Annie Chalmers, you know.’

“ ‘I have often wondered what made her say this; whether it was a mere chance whim, or whether, indeed, there was some presentiment in her mind of what the morrow was to bring forth. At the time I thought nothing of it; I smiled at her fanciful request, and granted it playfully; and then she came down the garden with me, and stood in the honeysuckle archway after I parted from her, as she had always been accustomed to do. When I reached the corner of the wood I turned to wave my hand to her; there she stood, a slight white motionless figure looking after me in the dusky twilight. I never saw her again alive; never, never.

“ ‘Early the next morning, half an hour even before the very early hour at which I had ordered my servant to call me, I was awakened by a clattering of horse’s hoofs on the stones of the barrack yard outside my window. I don’t know why, but there seemed something ominous to me in the sound; there was nothing very unusual in it, and yet somehow I connected it immediately with myself. Five minutes after, Jim Lester came into my room with a face as scared and white as if he had seen a ghost.

“ ‘Something is wrong, Fleming; you must get up at once, and we must go over to the cottage. I have ordered my dog-cart; be as quick as you can—and,’ he added, as he turned away again to the door, ‘put on your shooting-jacket, old fellow,’ and by that I knew that there would be no wedding for me that day!

“ ‘Dear old Jim Lester! who that had known you could say that there are not men in the world as pitiful, as tender-hearted, as full of exquisite tact and perfect sympathy and heaven-born compassion as any woman that ever lived!

“ ‘During that two miles’ drive to the cot-

tage in Jim’s dog cart, we neither of us spoke one single word. I did not dare ask what had happened, or whether he knew. An awful certainty of the truth was upon me, and yet I kept saying over and over again to myself:

“ ‘Of course, it’s old Chalmers has had a stroke; of course it’s the old man; old men always have strokes and fits.’

“ ‘Once I think I said it aloud, and then Jim just laid his hand lightly on mine for a minute, as a woman might have done, but he never spoke.

“ ‘But when I got there, there was no longer any need for me to ask. A frightened group of women stood in the narrow hall. When I came in at the doorway they made way for me to pass in silence, and I walked straight upstairs.

“ ‘On the little landing above, a door opened, and some one said, ‘Here he is.’

“ ‘And then old Chalmers said, ‘Oh, my poor boy!’ and took my hand and led me into the room.

“ ‘Her room! On a chair was huddled up her wedding finery, her white dress and her veil, and the orange blossoms; the bouquet I had sent her from Covent Garden the day before, lay on the dressing-table. I think I saw them all in that moment, down to her gloves, knocked off the table and lying on the floor beside her satin slippers. And she—my bride, my darling—lay there on the still warm and ruffled bed, which she had apparently but just left, dead—quite dead!

“ ‘It was the doctor behind me who spoke. ‘It is heart disease; nothing could have saved her; it must have been the fatigue and excitement that killed her. She could not have suffered at all; we must be thankful for that.’

“ ‘Why was I not sent for?’ I said, hoarsely.

“ ‘There was no time,’ said the father; ‘she was dressing, and felt a little faint; she called her cousin from the next room, and she was so frightened at the look in her face that she called her mother. They had hardly time to fetch me—as I came into the room she died.’

“ ‘And then I don’t know what happened. I think I fell forward on to the bed with an exceeding bitter cry, and everything became darkness around me. Then like a voice out of a fog some one said, ‘Take him away,

he should not be here, poor fellow! take him out of the room.'

"And it was the aunt, I think, who led me down stairs by the hand, I groping my way down like a blind man.

"Not there, not there, anywhere but there!' I cried, as the poor woman, hardly conscious probably of what she was doing, opened the dining-room door.

"For there I saw again the white table all laid out with the fruits and the bridal cake, and the roses and the white Ascension lilies, and seemed to hear again my darling's voice, "Isn't it pretty, Hugh? say good-bye to me, not good-night! say good-bye," as she had said it only last night.

"Ah, God, that was an awful day! to this hour I shudder when I think of it.

"There is not much more to tell you, Juliet. A few days later, and I was standing by her open grave in the little churchyard, through which I had thought she would have passed by my side in all her bridal finery.

"It killed her father; he only survived about a year. I heard afterwards that her mother had died suddenly in the same way; so I suppose she had inherited a weak heart from her. I went out to India the following week alone; and except to Jim Lester, from that day to this, Juliet, you are the first person to whom the name of Annie Chalmers has passed my lips."

Colonel Fleming ceased speaking, and for a few minutes there was silence in the room; only the clock ticked on between them, and a blazing coal fell noisily out of the grate into the fender.

Then he got up and came and stood over her; "I have told you my story, Juliet; you see it is all past and gone by, a great many years ago; my life is perhaps over, and yours is only just beginning—now tell me something; why did you so ruthlessly tear that poor little face in half yesterday?"

"You—you said it was an accident; besides, I did not know," stammered Juliet, crimsoning painfully.

"That is no answer, Juliet—why did you do it?"

He bent down over her and took hold of both her hands, and the lids dropped over her conscious eyes that could not look up to meet his.

"I will know; why did you do it? child, tell me!" and there was a tremor of un-

spoken passion in his voice. "Tell me, darling—why did you?"

"Ah, good morning, good people!" He dropped Juliet's hands as if they burnt him, and they both started apart guiltily as Mrs. Blair, all radiant in grey cashmere and pink silk, with a white Shetland shawl becomingly draped over her shoulders, sailed into the room.

"Good morning, Colonel; now, where *can* that black and gold fan of mine be! Ernestine is as blind as a bat, and never can find anything, and I *know* I must have left it here last night; Juliet, love, is it not on that table near you?—no? then where can it be! Ah, here is that silly Ernestine!" and enter that damsel demurely carrying the fan.

"Here is the fan, madame; I have found him on your table of toilette under the sachet."

How both these consummate actresses managed to keep their countenances to each other during this playing out of their little parts was certainly almost miraculous!

CHAPTER VII.

MR. BRUCE'S LETTER.

"YOU will let me sit here and write a letter, won't you, Colonel Fleming?" said Mrs. Blair, when Juliet, on her inopportune entrance, had effected a hasty retreat.

Of course Colonel Fleming was delighted to have Mrs. Blair's company. From his using it so much, the room had come to be looked upon as essentially his.

The lady sat down, dipped her pen in the ink, and began to write. Now and then she glanced at her companion, who, with a perfectly impassive face, sat apparently absorbed in the *Saturday Review*.

It was not a very long letter, but the composition of it seemed to afford her a good deal of trouble, for she laid down her pen and pondered several times.

"You must be *very* urgent," she wrote, "for I fear Juliet is inclined to be headstrong, and to throw herself away in an entirely new and *most undeserving* quarter; it would be a dreadful mistake,—and with such a property. The responsibility rests almost

entirely on yourself." And she signed her name and put up the letter in a faint-scented, grey-tinted envelope, which she sealed and addressed to "Josiah Bruce, Esq., 199 Austin Friars, City," with an underlined *Private* in large letters in the left-hand corner.

It was astonishing how affectionately devoted Mrs. Blair was to her step-daughter all that day. She hardly let her out of her sight; she was untiring in her efforts to amuse and entertain her; she offered to wind her wools, to play her accompaniments, to go out driving with her, and even to help her with her visits in the village.

Juliet was in such a strange exalted state of mind that she was scarcely conscious of these unwonted attentions; but when the evening came, she found that she had not spoken a single word to her guardian since the morning.

When they went upstairs to bed, Mrs. Blair did a most unusual thing; she followed Juliet into her bedroom.

"Juliet, love, I have something to say to you; I fear, something you won't like—something disagreeable."

"One seldom does like disagreeable things, my dear Mrs. Blair. What is it that you are going to tell me?"

"Well, dear, it is about yourself. You don't generally like my advice, even when it is best meant, I know; but still——"

"I am afraid I am not very amenable to advice," said the girl, with a momentary softening towards the woman whose falseness she always instinctively fathomed with the clear-sightedness of a perfectly candid and sincere nature; "you know I have had my own way so much; but I shall really be glad to listen to any advice you can give me."

"Well, love, it is about Colonel Fleming and yourself."

"What do you mean?" In an instant she was like a creature at bay, turning on her stepmother with flashing eyes.

"Don't get angry, Juliet; but do you think it is *quite* wise or prudent to sit so much alone in the library with Colonel Fleming in the morning? Of course you and I know what nonsense such a thing must be; but people are so stupid, and it gives rise to talk."

"People! what people? and who talks?"

"Why, things are said in the house—in the servants' hall."

"How *dare* they!" cried Juliet, frantically.

"Yes, of course love, it is most impertinent; but you see servants notice things just like any one else," said Mrs. Blair, deprecatingly.

"And how can you lower yourself to listen to tittle-tattle from the servants' hall, Mrs. Blair?"

"Hush, hush, my dear; don't scold at me; I never listen, never; as I always tell Ernestine, "don't bring things to *me*."

"I hate that Ernestine!" broke in the girl, passionately.

"Ernestine is a very valuable servant, and I don't intend to part with her," said Mrs. Blair, with a touch of temper, which, however, was instantly suppressed; "but, my love, that is not the point. As I was saying, they *will* talk, and isn't it a pity to give occasion for such talk? Of course, you and I know how absurd it is; quite ridiculous, in fact; a man such years older than yourself, so grave and serious, and your guardian, too; something almost improper in the idea, isn't there? and you half engaged to Cis Travers, too!"

"Be good enough to leave Cis Travers's name out of the question, Mrs. Blair," said Juliet, by this time fairly stamping with fury. "I consider myself quite incapable of doing anything that is unseemly or unfitting to my position in this house, and I shall certainly not alter my conduct for any impertinent remarks which may be made upon it by your maid!"

"Well, dearest, don't be so angry about it; I am sure I only meant to give you a motherly hint, and you must not bear me a grudge for it, will you, darling?"

"Thank you; I dare say you thought it was your duty," said Juliet, coldly; at which Mrs. Blair declared that she was a sweet, dear, warm-hearted, generous-souled darling, flung her arms round her, and kissed her almost with rapture, Juliet submitting to the operation with a very bad grace.

But afterwards the shot told, as Mrs. Blair, who understood her victim, probably knew that it would. For Juliet breakfasted in her own room the next morning, and then, it being a bright fine day, went straight out to the home farm and the village, and to call on the clergyman's wife, and did not come in till the luncheon bell was ringing.

As she entered, she met Colonel Fleming in the hall.

"Why, where have you been hiding yourself all the morning?" he said, as he went forward to greet her.

"I have been out; I had to go into the village and to the farm."

"You mustn't do that again. I can't spare you; I have wanted you all the morning," he said, with a ring in his voice that sent a thrill of delight to her heart.

And then Mrs. Blair came sailing down upon them from above, and they all three went in to luncheon.

Juliet decided that she would not punish herself so foolishly another day; she would go into the library as usual the next morning.

But the next morning, fate, in the shape of a letter in a blue envelope that lay by Colonel Fleming's plate at breakfast time, intervened.

The letter ran thus:

Dear Sir,—I very much wish you would run up to town for a few days; to begin with, I should like you to meet Davidson about the sale of those small Dorsetshire farms, as we could settle it all so much better in a personal interview with him. I also much wish to have some talk with you about another matter that is most seriously on my conscience, namely, the Travers alliance. I have had a visit from young Mr. Travers himself, who has been good enough to honour me with his confidence, and I have also received a letter from his father on the same subject, and I think that you and I, my dear sir, shall be wanting in our duty to Miss Blair, and in our due regard for the maintenance of her very fine property, if we do not do our utmost to carry out her late father's wishes on this most important point.

I am, sir, yours faithfully, JOSIAH BRUCE.

Colonel Fleming read this letter over twice most carefully, and then laid it down by the side of his plate and went on with his breakfast in absolute silence.

"Can I have the dog-cart to take me to the station this morning to meet the 12.30 train, Juliet?" he asked, after some minutes.

"Certainly; but why?"

"I find I must go up to town to-day."

"Then I will drive you to the station in my pony carriage; that will be much pleasanter, don't you think so?"

"No doubt, fair hostess; but I fear it is not possible, as I must take my portmanteau."

"Your portmanteau! Why, I thought you meant for the day! For how long are

you going?" said Juliet, laying down her knife and fork.

"I must be away a few days, perhaps a week," he answered, not looking at her, and speaking rather rapidly.

"A week!" she repeated, with a dull dismay in her voice.

"Yes, I have a good many things I ought to begin to see to. Time slips away so rapidly, and my leave will not last for ever; and now Mr. Bruce writes that he wants me to see about—about the Dorsetshire farms you have settled to sell. Yes, I think it will take me about a week. If you will kindly excuse me, I will go and see after putting up my things." He spoke rather nervously, and rose to leave the room.

"Oh, let Higgs see to all that," said Juliet, impatiently.

"Thanks; I will go and speak to him;" and he went.

Juliet sat still in a sort of stupor. A week! what an endless blank of days it seemed! what a sudden break in her fool's paradise! What could take him away from her like that for a whole week, with so much that was unspeken between them, and that last question that he had asked her still unanswered?

Almost before she had realized that he was going, she heard the sound of the wheels of the dog-cart driving up to the door, and she met the footman carrying down his hat-box and portmanteau, and he himself in stiff London clothes and a tall hat, following the man downstairs.

"Must you really be off?"

Poor child! A far less accurate observer of human character than was Hugh Fleming could hardly have failed to trace the despondency in her face and voice as she spoke.

"I must really, I am afraid; unless I want to lose my train," he answered, smiling; "but I shall come back, Juliet, certainly in a week, perhaps sooner; I shall come back."

"You are sure?" she asked almost entreatingly; and he answered very gravely.

"Yes, in any case I shall come back."

And then he jumped into the dog-cart, gathered up the reins, lifted his hat to her, and drove off; whilst she stood leaning against the open doorway, watching till he was out of sight. A tall graceful figure, clad in soft brown velvet, with large wistful

dark eyes that seemed almost as if they might be full of tears as they looked after him.

Did he think, I wonder, as he looked back at her, of that other girl in her white dress, who had so stood under a honeysuckle archway on a midsummer's evening, twenty years ago?

Not much, I fancy.

How desolate and dull the house seemed to Juliet as she turned back into it again after he was gone! She wandered about aimlessly, not knowing what to do with herself. At last she went into the library, where everything reminded her of him.

His books, some of his papers, and his writing things lay scattered on the table where he was accustomed to sit; she fingered them lovingly one after the other, and then began to put them together, smoothing out the papers and putting them in order with a touch that was lingering and reverent, as if they had been relics.

Presently she caught sight of the portfolio of his drawings leaning up against the wall. She sat down on the floor in front of it, and began turning over the sketches eagerly until she found again the little crayon head she had first so ruthlessly torn and then so laboriously mended. Leaning her head on her hand and holding it out before her, Juliet Blair gazed long and intently at it.

Poor, pale, sweet face! now that she knew its story, how full of touching meaning were the blue eyes and the little timid mouth!

Poor little bride, dead on her wedding morning! was ever story so pitiful, so heart-rending as hers!

And yet her living rival, with her rich warm colouring and glorious eyes, with twice her beauty and ten times her talent, sat staring at the faint pale face with all the passion of unreasoning jealousy raging at her heart.

This was the girl who had possessed his first, his best affections, who was his ideal, his religion in woman, who had won from him that intense devotion of his early manhood which can never in any man be exactly reproduced again!

Was she unfortunate? was she poor? Nay, rather, most fortunate, most blessed, most rich Annie Chalmers, to have known how to win his whole heart, to have possessed the first love of such a man as Hugh Fleming, even if with her life she had paid the forfeit of such intense, such unspeakable joy!

For, what was left to her—to Juliet Blair? Nothing but the wreck of a heart that had scarcely even now recovered that early shock; the fragments of a life that was broken up and spoilt; the tangled thread that might never possibly be entirely made straight again. And was she sure even of this? Alas! no.

I do not think that, from what you have seen of my Juliet, you will misunderstand her when I tell you that there was little pity, little compassion in her heart towards the poor dead girl, whose story nevertheless had affected her in the telling; but only a great envy and a great bitterness of soul.

Meanwhile Colonel Hugh Fleming was leaning back in a first class smoking carriage of the Great Western Railway with a cigar in his mouth, going through a course of the most unpleasant self-examinations.

Was he a blackguard? he asked himself angrily? had he no sense of honour left, that he must go and stay in a girl's house as her guardian, and then try to steal her heart as a lover?

She with all her money, and he with nothing save his Indian appointment! What had he been doing? what had he been thinking about? Over what precipice had his selfishness well-nigh hurried him when Mr. Bruce's timely reminder had recalled him suddenly to his senses? Good heavens! was this honour? was this conscientiousness? was this fulfilling the responsibility her father had delegated to him? What opprobrious names would there not be rightly cast at him by everybody belonging to her, were he to do this mean, base deed, and take advantage of his position with her to gain possession of her wealth?

Ah! but the child was learning to love him! could he not read it in those dark eyes that could hardly meet his, in her burning cheeks and trembling lips, and still more in all the little flashes of temper and jealousy that betrayed her secret to him a hundred times a day? Only learning as yet, he trusted; she would unlearn the lesson soon enough if he showed her how; her pride, her spirit would carry her through it. Alas! why was she not poor like himself? Why was she clogged with all these riches? Oh God! but it was hard to have such happiness once more within his reach, and this time to have to push it away from him with his own hands!

When he got to town he put himself into a hansom and went straight down to Austin Friars.

Mr. Bruce was in, and delighted to see him.

He plunged at once into all the advantages of the "alliance," as he would call it. It would be the making of the property; just what was always wanted to render it the finest and most valuable in the county. The families had always been friendly, and her father had set his heart on it; he had at least a dozen letters from old Mr. Blair by him now on this subject; he would show them to Colonel Fleming if he liked.

Colonel Fleming would waive that; he was quite ready to take Mr. Bruce's word for it; but what, might he ask—what did Mr. Bruce imagine that *he* could do in the matter?

"Why, urge it upon her, my dear sir, urge it upon her."

"I———what can I say? Surely you are the person——"

"Not a bit of it, Colonel; not a bit of it. She doesn't mind me more than an old woman. Now, she has the greatest respect and reverence for you, I know very well; and affection too, I think."

"Yes, yes, very likely," interrupted Hugh hurriedly; "still I cannot see that anything I can say will make any difference to her."

"You have great influence with her, I am sure you have; and besides you are the person to speak; it will come with authority from you. It is clearly your duty, Colonel Fleming, if you will excuse my saying so."

"Of course, of course, Bruce; say no more about it; but Miss Blair is not docile."

"Not at all, sir, not at all; and that reminds me. Do you know of any low attachment she is likely to have formed lately?" asks Mr. Bruce, quite unconscious that the "undesirable person" alluded to in Mrs. Blair's letter, which by the way he carefully kept dark, was no other than Colonel Fleming himself.

"Low attachment!" repeated that gentleman in amazement; "certainly not; I never heard of such a thing, and should think it quite impossible; what can you have heard?"

"Ah, well, I certainly did not think much of it myself, but rumours are always getting about, and will as long as she is unmarried; the girl should have a husband—nothing

will really be right on the place till she is married."

"Still," objected the Colonel, "I do not see that you can force her into marrying against her will."

"Certainly not; but young women, my dear sir, as you and I know well, are very easy to influence. A few judicious words about duty and responsibility and so forth, and they come round as nicely as possible; they only want management."

Colonel Fleming had his own viewson the subject of whether young women were manageable or not, but he did not think it necessary to impart them to worthy little Mr. Bruce.

"I do not think," he said, as he rose to go, "that you will find that Miss Blair is a lady who will do violence to her feelings from any such motives."

"Violence—no, indeed, Colonel; I did not think of any violence in the matter. Young Mr. Travers has been with me, and from what he told me of their last interview, I should be inclined to think—well, perhaps it might be a breach of confidence—but still, as you are her guardian——"

"Tell me, by all means, Mr. Bruce," said Colonel Fleming eagerly; "what had she said to him?"

"Well, she had certainly given him a slight repulse, but Mr. Cecil Travers did not strike me as a hopeless lover at all; he seemed assured that with time and your assistance—in fact, my dear sir, as I said before, I believe the cause only wants a few judicious words from yourself to be won;" and Mr. Bruce rubbed his hands together, and smiled at his visitor in the most satisfied and delighted manner.

Colonel Fleming gravely assured him that he would endeavour to do his duty to Miss Blair in this as in every other respect, and then took his leave.

He wandered westwards in the lowest possible spirits; he dropped in at his tailor's and his banker's on the way, which did not take him very long, and then sauntered into the East India Club and ordered himself a solitary dinner. A few old friends nodded to him as he went in. One asked him when he was going back to India; he answered, with a sort of half groan, "as soon as possible." On which Major-General Chutney—whose wife had come home hoping to cut a splash, which she found herself unable to do

in a remote semi-detached stucco villa in Notting Hill, and consequently led her lord along a path that was anything but bordered with roses—answered that he was quite right; he only wished *he* could get back there; “the old county is a mistake, Fleming, depend upon it, quite a mistake.”

And Hugh echoed his words gloomily, “Yes, a mistake altogether; how is your wife?”

“Thanks, Mrs. Chutney is well, poor thing; perhaps,” added the General insinuatingly, “perhaps—ahem, as you are in town, you might look in upon her; it would gratify her very much to see an old friend: here is my card.”

Hugh took the card and promised to call on the lady if he had time, wondering vaguely as he did so in what possible way it could gratify her, whilst his friend departed with many internal chuckles at the stroke of policy he had achieved.

“Very clever that of me about the calling,” he said to himself, rubbing his hands gleefully together, “she’ll like that, I know; shouldn’t wonder if it kept her in a good temper for a week—shouldn’t wonder a bit!”

For Hugh Fleming happened to have a first cousin who was a lord; a lord whose name was to be seen frequently in the “Morning Post” in connection with other much greater names than his own. And although this was a fact to which my hero himself seldom gave a thought, and which it may be said that he had almost forgotten, seeing that his cousin had never done anything for him, nor ever given him anything beyond occasionally his lordly hand to be shaken, and once, many years ago, a day’s covert shooting in his preserves; still the fact of his cousinship remained, and Major-General Chutney well knew that his better half was not at all oblivious of it. To be able to say in familiar converse with the ladies of her acquaintance, “Colonel Fleming called on me to-day; such a dear fellow! an old friend of the General’s and a first cousin of Lord So-and-so, you know, my

dear, whose name I daresay you have often seen in the papers in attendance on His Royal Highness,” would certainly be very gratifying indeed to the soul of Mrs. Major-General Chutney!

Left alone at the club, Hugh Fleming ate his dinner in moody silence, and wondered what on earth he should do with himself in town during the week he had said he should be away.

Truth to say, he had named that time for his absence because he had thought it good both for himself and for her that he should be away as long as possible, and not at all because of the amount that he had to do.

In fact, he had hardly anything to do. He was to go again the next day to see Mr. Bruce about the Dorsetshire farms; he had already visited his banker and his tailor; it was hardly possible that he should go more than once again to see these gentlemen. He went to call next day on his own London relatives, an uncle and aunt living in Cavendish Square, from whom he had not even any expectations, and who were almost more surprised than pleased at his visit; and he did actually, with a view to killing time, go and call on Mrs. Chutney, in which amusement he succeeded in spending the whole of one afternoon, as that good lady, with true Indian hospitality, insisted on having up a refreshment tray, although it was but three o’clock in the day, and forced him into the consumption, much against his will, of a large slice of seed cake and a glass of very bad sherry. Finally he had his hair cut, and wandered up and down Bond Street and Pall Mall aimlessly and miserably for the whole of one day; and then he could stand it no longer. Two days short of the week he had promised to be away, he paid his hotel bill, packed up his portmanteau, drove to the station, and took his place in the midday express, which would bring him down to Sothorne in time for dinner, with an insane and perfectly unreasonable joy sadly unbecoming his mature years and the general seriousness of his aspect.

(To be continued.)

BENEATH THE LEAVES.

BY JANE SMITH, OTTAWA.

THE dark grey clouds hang heavy overhead,
The sad wind whispers in the branches bare,
I walk among the rustling leaves they've shed,
The dry, dead leaves, that ere while were so fair.

The world is cold and dreary; Nature seems
In sorrow deep, in mourning garments dressed;
The dead flowers hang their heads, as if their dreams
Of summer joys had left them all unblessed.

The bitter frost has touched their petals gay,
And left them black and withered. Thus with me,
Hath sorrow touched my fairest dreams; to-day
Nought but sad colours in my life I see.

Whence came that fragrance? Sure the old sweet scent
Of mignonette was wafted to me when
My feet did brush aside those leaves—it went
Past on the breeze. Yes—there it is again.

I stoop to seek the flower that gave it birth,
And there, almost beneath the leaves, I find
One little spray. It nestles to the earth,
And sends its odour out upon the wind.

I cover it with leaves again, and go my way,
Cheered by the fragrance of the simple flower.
A mere memory of the summer! Still the day
Seems brighter for it, though the skies still lower.

So in my heart shall nestle warm and deep
A memory of the past; and there may be
Hours when the thoughts that cover it aside I'll sweep,
And let its tenderness float up to comfort me.

AN OLD PERSIAN POET.*

BY FIDELIS.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK well says that "ordinary history is misleading in this respect, that it dwells on periods of war and bloodshed, passing over, almost without comment, that peaceful progress which brings about the development of nations; for the real condition of a people depends more upon their wisdom in peace than on their success in war." This is so true that the study of history is to some minds really painful, from the sanguinary succession of battles, sieges, scenes of assassination and misery, which fill up by far the greater portion of its records—the years of peaceful national life and development that lie between, being passed cursorily over in a few tame lines. This is, perhaps, the natural result of distance in time, just as, when looking over a stretch of distant country, we see only those harsher and more prominent features which are generally the result of some convulsion of nature, while the fair undulating stretches of woodlands and fertile fields between, which are what really makes up the country, are lost in an almost indistinguishable monotony.

Owing to this characteristic of history, it will often happen that we draw a more full and true knowledge of the real national life of a country from its literature—especially its poetic literature—than from the most authentic histories. No historian probably could have given us as vivid a picture of the life of the ancient Greeks as we get from Homer's *Odyssey*. The book of Job throws a light on the dim old life of "the world's grey fathers," which no history could have supplied. To come down to our own time, were no history of the present century to survive, the New Zealander of the future would be able mentally to reproduce the English life of our age from Tennyson's poems alone, with tolerable completeness and accuracy. The same might be said of Whittier as regards America, while Burns's

"Cotter's Saturday Night," and "Hallowe'en," short poems as they are, will probably preserve a faithful record of the life of the Scottish peasantry of a hundred years ago, as long as the English language shall continue to exist.

Such side-lights are thrown for us on the life and thought of Persia in the middle ages, by the songs of her two chief poets—Háfiz and Omar Khayyám, whose name, less known than that of Háfiz, has of late come prominently before the English-reading public. We are so accustomed to associate the Persia of the past with the luxurious barbarism of an Ahasuerus, and the ignominious defeat of a Marathon—which associations are strengthened by the corruption, the tyranny, the barbaric splendour and squalid misery of the Persia of the present day—that we find it difficult to realise the existence, in this rich and magnificent country, of learning and culture of a high order, at a time when Great Britain was but the habitation of rude and unlettered peasants. Yet Omar Khayyám's "*Rubáiyát*," or "Quatrains," so called from the measure in which the verses are written, and characterized by scientific and philosophic culture, and by refinement and subtlety of thought and expression, as well as by poetic genius and grace, date from about the time of the Norman Conquest, when the ancestors of the Vere de Veres were but ignorant and rapacious fillibusters, and English poetry was not, save in the rude strains of Cædmon and his successors.

The poems of Omar, surnamed Khayyám, or the tent-maker, whom Háfiz seems to have copied to a considerable extent, have long attracted the attention of scholars. Mr. Emerson, some years ago, in a charming paper in the *Atlantic Monthly*, gave some translations from his quatrains, as did Mr. Grant Duff, in one of his recent Indian letters. An extremely beautiful translation, by Mr. Fitzgerald, of a considerable selection from the "*Rubáiyát*" has, in a short time, gone through three editions. It is strange to

* *Rubáiyát* of Omar Khayyám, the Astronomer-Poet of Persia. Rendered into English verse. London: Bernard Quaritch, Piccadilly.

find in these mediæval fragments, the same mysterious problems and questions cropping up, which still perplex our deepest thinkers, as they have perplexed thoughtful minds, probably ever since the world began.

The "Astronomer-poet of Persia," as he is called, was a native of Naishápúr, in the province of Khorassan, the "Region of the Sun," as the name signifies in the old Persian language, or, as Moore writes in his glowing lines—

"that delightful Province of the Sun,
The first of Persian lands he shines upon,
Where all the loveliest children of his beam,
Flow'rets and fruits, blush over ev'ry stream;
And, fairest of all streams, the Murga roves
Among Merou's bright palaces and groves."

A story as romantic and dramatic as it is well authenticated, connects the poet's youth and after life with that of two of the most celebrated characters of his time, the fanatic leader Hasan-ben-Sabbâh, who founded the sect of the Khojas, of murderous notoriety, and the all-powerful Vizier Nizâm ul Mulk, who, under the successive reigns of the sultans Alp Arslan and Malik Shah, possessed almost unlimited power and prestige. This last, in his "*Wasíyat*," or "Testament," tells the story of the early friendship of the three, and its results, with the exception, indeed, of its closing scene, as regarded himself, which he could not add. The three boys, all to become so distinguished in ways so different in after life, were fellow-pupils of the Imâm Mowaffak, the wisest of all the wise men of Khorassan, of whom it was "the universal belief that every boy who read the Koran or studied the traditions in his presence, would assuredly attain to honour and happiness." The lads, besides being fellow-students, were fast friends, and were wont to stroll away together after the lectures, repeating to each other the lessons they had heard. One can almost see the three, in their flowing garments, wandering among the "chenar-tree groves," their dark eyes gleaming beneath their white turbans, as they talk, as sanguine boys are apt to do, of the ideal future before them, with all its boundless possibilities. In one of these talks, Hasan, probably always the most impetuous and intense in character, referring to the belief that all Mowaffak's pupils should attain to fortune, made the proposition that, as doubt-

less one at least of the three should attain this coveted end, they should make a vow that the one to whom this fortune should fall should "share it equally with the rest, and reserve no pre-eminence for himself." The vow was made, and after a time the three youths parted, each to seek in his own way the realisation of his vague dreams of "fortune" and success. Nizâm ul Mulk, after extended wanderings throughout Persia, became, on his return to Khorassan, Grand Vizier to the Sultan Alp Arslán, and afterwards to his successor Malik Shah. Of course his old school friends found him out in due time, and applied for the fulfilment of his vow. The Vizier proved true to his pledge and fulfilled the several requests of both. That of Omar Khayyám was modest enough—only to be allowed to "live under the shadow" of his friend's fortune, to "spread wide the advantages of science, and pray for his friend's long life and prosperity." The Vizier would have been more generous than Omar's request, but finding him in earnest, conferred on him a pension from the treasury of Naishápúr, and left him to his scientific studies, which, during his life-time, gained him more renown than his poetry, causing him to be esteemed "the very paragon of his age." Malik Shah, notwithstanding almost constant wars, and some internal dissensions, in which the Vizier signally distinguished himself, found time to turn his attention to reforming the calendar, in which Omar was employed, the result being the "*Falali Era*," said by Gibbon to surpass the Julian and approach the accuracy of the Gregorian style. For his inner life, the poet's verses speak. D'Herbelot, in his *Bibliothèque Orientale*, tells the story of his predicting that his grave should be "in a place which should be covered with flowers every spring." He was reproached with contravening the Koran, which says that "no man knows where he shall die," but this objector happening in after years to be at Naishápúr, in Khorassan, found Omar's grave "at the foot of a garden wall, where trees loaded with blossoms interwoven with each other, hid the sepulchre from view," showing that kindly hands had literally complied with the request he makes towards the close of his *Rubáiyát*:—

"And lay me, shrouded in the living leaf,
By some not unfrequented garden side."

Thorwaldsen is said to have made a similar request—similarly honoured—that roses should grow over his grave.

The fortunes of Hasan ben Sabbáh were more tragically interwoven with those of the Vizier, who, in compliance with his request, had procured him a place in the government. His unsatisfied ambition sought gratification through intrigues against his benefactor, foiled in which, he was obliged to retire into exile. His father, Ali, had been “a man of austere life and practice, but heretical in creed and doctrine,” which, doubtless, meant that he belonged to the great sub-division of Islam, known as the *Shias*, or followers of Ali and his murdered sons, while the prevailing sect in Persia was that of the *Sunis*, those who espoused the party of Mohammed’s wife Ayesha, instead of his daughter Fatima, the wife of Ali. In Egypt, Hasan joined the sect of the *Ismailis*, a fanatical branch of the Shias, and on returning to Persia he established himself as leader of these so-called “heretics,” in an impregnable mountain-stronghold in the region to the south of the Caspian sea. Here he organized “a system of terror, which fought with the dagger against the sword, and revenged persecution by assassination.” He and his successors are known in history by the name of “the Old Man of the Mountain,” a familiar translation of his Arabic title; and his band of deluded fanatics have left us the word “*Assassin*,” from the “*Hashish*,” by means of which they were wrought up to the excitement under which they performed their murderous acts. In the list of eminent personages assassinated by Hasan’s followers, between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries, the name which stand first is, strangely enough, that of Hasan’s early friend and benefactor, Nizam ul Mulk. D’Herbelot, indeed, attributes the Vizier’s death to the jealousy of his rival and successor, Tage-el-Mulk, but the more dramatic ending of the story seems to be the true one.

To return to Omar and his *Rubáiyát*, which, in the exquisitely graceful translation of Mr. Fitzgerald, have probably lost none of their beauty. Very different estimates have been made of the true signification of the poem. It has been thought that its apparently reckless epicureanism—its glowing praises of the sensuous delights of the wine-cup and the feast—enshrine a mystic

meaning akin to that attributed to the similar effusions of Hafiz; but his translator, who evidently does not believe much in the mystical meaning of even Hafiz, dismisses this hypothesis altogether as regards Omar, and inclines to think that his “Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die,” his materialism and necessitarianism, are to be taken literally. But this appears almost incompatible with the works of a mind like Omar’s. These seem rather the ironical expression of a mind to which unsatisfied aspiration and baffled thought, in despair revolting from insoluble problems, had communicated a tinge of cynicism. He had “given his heart to seek and search out by wisdom concerning all things that are done under heaven,” and, like the author of *Ecclesiastes*, to which in some respects his poem bears a strong resemblance, he had found that “all this is vanity and vexation of spirit,” that “the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear with hearing,” and that “he that increaseth knowledge increaseth sorrow.” So he exalts the pleasures of sense, for the time, over those of thought, and arrives at the ironical conclusion of the Hebrew satirist, that since “no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end,” “there is nothing better for a man than that he should eat and drink, and that he should make his soul enjoy good in his labour.” In his revolt against current superstition, and his materialism and necessitarianism, Omar has been compared to Lucretius. It seems, rather, that he would be more fitly compared to the “royal preacher,” for ever and anon, through the surface epicureanism and materialism, there breaks, like a sparkling, impetuous river through superincumbent rubbish, the pathetic, irrepressible craving of a strong spiritual nature, ever yearning, never satisfied. For he misses the Hebrew poet’s practical “conclusion of the whole matter,” “Fear God, and keep His commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.”

Omar’s teirastichs or quatrains are loosely strung together, without much apparent connexion—following each other “according to alphabetic rhyme.” The metre has a pathetic, wistful character, that well suits what seems to be the *motif* of the poem, which is, as his translator justly remarks, “saddest when most ostentatiously merry.” The poem opens with a fine and bold meta-

phor, in a stanza which seems to place the scene before us with a stroke :

"Wake! For the Sun, who scattered into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heav'n,
and strikes
The Sultan's Turret with a Shaft of Light."

Even through the invitation to fill the cup and enjoy, because the time for enjoyment is so short, there breaks the pathetic reflection—*how short it is*—in stanzas which again and again recall the opening chapter of Ecclesiastes :

"Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.
Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say ;
But where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings the
Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kàikobád away.

* * * * *
The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers ; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai,
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultan after Sultan with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.
They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank
deep ;
And BahráM, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his
Sleep."

The beauty and even sublimity of these last stanzas must strike the most cursory reader. Again they recall the poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures. Then comes a thought that recalls Shakespeare, though he has expressed it much less poetically in his well-known lines :

"Imperious Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away."

Here is Omar's way of putting it :

"I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled ;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropped in her Lap from some once lovely
Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly ! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen !"

Then, after a lament for those—"the loveliest and the best" who had

"drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest,"
we have the "drink and be merry" exhortation :

"Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend ;
Dust unto Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans
End !

* * * * *

"Why, all the Saints and Sages who discussed
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth ; their Words to Scorn
Are scattered, and their Mouths are stopped with
Dust."

Then he tells us how he had fruitlessly puzzled himself with the questions "*why*," "*whence*," and "*whither*," but "evermore came out by the same door wherein I went."*

"There was the Door to which I found no Key ;
There was the Veil through which I could not
see :

Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was—and then no more of THEE and ME.

"Earth could not answer ; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn ;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs
reveal'd
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

"Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A Lamp amid the Darkness ; and I heard,
As from Without—'THE ME WITHIN THEE
BLIND !'"

This verse seems to the present writer to hold the key of all the apparent inconsistencies of the poem. The idea seems to have flashed upon the poet, in his perplexed despair, that, since thought is pain and leads to no satisfactory result, the only way to at least a short-lived happiness is to drown in the enjoyments of sense the workings and intuitions of that higher nature which he calls "*THE THEE IN ME*." But the higher part of his nature will not be put to sleep by any such illusive lullaby, and ever and anon there break through the Epicurean reasonings, those "black misgivings," "obstinate questionings," which one of our own poets has placed among the "Intimations of Immortality." The following stanzas, by some of the accidental resemblances so common

* Compare Tennyson :

"I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye :
Nor thro' the questions men may try,
The petty cobwebs we have spun."

in literature, suggest Shakespeare, Tennyson, and Milton.

"Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us pass'd the door of Darkness through
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

"I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answer'd '*I Myself am Heav'n and Hell.*'"^{*}

Omar's materialism by no means goes so far as the materialism of the present day, which denies the Divine First Cause altogether. The strong sense of human need and human shortcoming breaks out in this appeal to the veiled First Cause, which shows that, as we have said before, the problems and conflicts which agitate men's minds to-day, are the same which have perplexed them in all past ages:—

"What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!"

"Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestin'd Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!"

Omar had evidently been feeling bitterly the galling pressure of "the law in his members warring against the law of his mind," which another "tent-maker" has described so graphically, ending with the strong confession of human helplessness—"Now if I do that I would not, it is no more I that do it, but sin that dwelleth in me." But Omar the tent-maker had not found the remedy which Paul immediately suggests. To every reader of Burns the above stanzas will

* Compare Shakespeare:

"From whose bourne no traveller returns,"

And Tennyson's canto in "In Memoriam," ending—

"My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscovered lands."

Milton's lines in "Paradise Lost" seem but an amplification of the idea in the latter of these two verses:—

"The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.

Which way I fly is Hell, *Myself am Hell.*"

[Compare also Luke, xvii. 21, "For behold! the Kingdom of God is within you." This, however is a mistranslation, and should read, "the Kingdom of God is among you." Ed. C. M.]

recall the Scottish poet's pathetic appeal, so like to them:—

"Thou know'st that Thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong,
And listening to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

Where human weakness has come short,
Or frailty stept aside,
Do Thou, All-Good, for such Thou art,
In shades of darkness hide!"

But even the "hiding," without a fuller salvation,—that of heart purification—could not avail, so long as it remained true that "*I Myself am Heaven and Hell.*"

The scene in the potter's house again recalls St. Paul, though this figure or parable seems to have been a favourite one in all literature. The following quatrains are among the most striking in the poem, and seem to show that though Omar could see no light, he had not despaired of the existence of light *somewhere*, and a possible solution of all his difficulties:—

"Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About THE SECRET—quick about it, Friend!
A Hair perhaps divides the False and True—
And upon what, prithee, does Life depend?"

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;
Yes; and a single Alif were the clue—
Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house,
And peradventure to THE MASTER too;

*Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like, eludes your pains;
Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi; and
They change and perish all—but He remains.*"*

"They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure," writes the Hebrew Psalmist in almost identical words, and Omar doubtless drew some of his inspiration from the Hebrew Scriptures, of which, allusions in the poem show his knowledge. The last of the above

* Compare Wordsworth—

"Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things."

And Dante—

"Et la sua volenta é nostra pace;
Ella é quel mare, al qual tutto si move
Cio, ch'ella cria, o che natura face."

stanzas is remarkable for its expression of what has been called Christian Pantheism, which is becoming more fully developed in our day, and which is really only an amplification of the words: "Of Him, and through Him, and to Him, are all things;" and "In Him we live, and move, and have our being."

Our quotations from this remarkable poem must close with the following beautiful and touching lament over the fleeting enjoyments of this little life, so rapidly passing from his grasp, with no light on the "BEYOND:"—

"Yet ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should
close!

The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed, revealed,
To which the fainting Traveller might spring,
As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

* * * * *

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme, of Things entire,
Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!"

"Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
How oft hereafter rising look for us
Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!"

And when like her, oh Sáki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scattered on the grass,
And in your blissful errand reach the spot
Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!"

Well might Whittier say, as he has said
so truly and beautifully:—

"Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth, to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!"

We would fain hope that the "Love"
which "can never lose its own," has found
this baffled seeker after Truth, who seems to
have so wistfully sought the clue to the
"Treasure-house," and to the "Master,"
and to have missed finding it.

MY WIFE.

GIVE me for my wife a woman
That has youth, and sense, and health,
Moderate beauty, heart a true one—
Keep your titles, airs, and wealth.

One who hates all show and bustle,
One who will not doubt in haste,
One whose silks, at every rustle,
Will not tell my pocket's waste.

One whose modest dress, becoming,
Will not draw a saucy stare,
One whose buyings, in a summing,
Will be prudent everywhere.

One so gentle in her actions,
That her smile will children win ;
One who hates all tales and factions,
One with charity for sin.

One who by her music pleases,
One who all the poets knows,
One whose very presence eases
All life's troubles, cares, and woes.

What shall I give in exchange, Miss ?
Really I—I don't just know ;
Yes I do—a faithful love-kiss,
And a heart no change can show.

A ready hand to always serve her,
By its skill in trusty art,
To keep the board in bread and butter ;
One well governed by the heart.

An honest life well known and trusted,
A pair of letters to my name,
A mind that hasn't always rusted,
Yet been contented without fame.

An eye that hasn't learned deceiving,
A heart once trusting, all believing,
A spirit able for retrieving
Fortune, if it took a-leaving.

Thus the man did sue the maiden,
And the maiden answered thus :
"With such gracious virtues laden,
What would then become of us ?

"You require such grand conditions,
That a woman's hope must fall,
Counting up her poor fruitions."
But he answered, "You have all."

And together, man and maiden,
They took up the road of life,
Took it up all fancy laden—
Let us leave them man and wife.

PEOPLES YOU DON'T KNOW.

(An Extract from a MS. Book Entitled "Cruisings and Musings in the China Sea and East Indian Archipelago.")

BY CAPT. N. W. BECKWITH.

"ONE half of the world," says a time-honoured adage, "does not know how the other half lives." The saying is true, as far as it goes, but it falls short of the whole truth. But if we say that one half of the world does not know who lives in the other half at all, we shall be pretty well up to the mark.

We are continually being surprised—nay, we often complain at the constantly recurring proofs of how little other nations, even those kindred by blood and lineage, speaking the same language, and living under the same laws and constitutions, know concerning us. When such is the case *en famille*, as I may say, we can as a matter of course expect of other communities, differing in blood and speech, nothing beyond a bare knowledge of name; and such is the rule, *maugre* some certainly remarkable exceptions. Increase the remoteness, and we come down to the mere school-geography amount of information—a step further, and it is oblivion.

There are millions and millions of fellow-beings, more especially in the Eastern hemisphere, of whom the great public knows not even that they exist, much less their names or places. Yet these ignored nations are among the most interesting in "the proper study of mankind;" and, for the far greater part, possessors of the most attractive portions of the footstool.

A rover all my life, I have had the privilege of visiting or encountering very many of these strangers. Of some of these I propose to give a concise, but clear and accurate account, without fearing that a strict adherence to fact will render it "dry and uninteresting" to any degree; and believing that truth like beauty is—

The first and most obvious fact, generally speaking, that the visitor gathers among these out-of-the-way peoples, is the wonderful density of population; for, be their territory large or small, it is always sure to be closely packed with occupiers, purely pastoral races alone exhibiting any marked exception. Contrast brings this out strongly in the few countries holding a white population, either from European rule or colonization.

On one occasion, during a ten months' sojourn in the island of Luzon, I commenced a series of tours by a visit to the locally famous Laguna or Bay Lake, in company with a fellow-traveller already familiar with that part of the country—an English civil engineer then engaged in the service of the Government at Manila, on the survey of a projected railway from thence to the broad rice lands bordering the Laguna, and opening up also the fertile tracts, cultivated by the Tegalos or Tagal Indians, which lie along the banks of the Pasig river.* Partly by canoeing, partly on foot along the proposed railway route, we accomplished the journey, about six miles by the railway line. There is, half-way, I may remark for the benefit of future tourists, an eminence rising above the surface of the otherwise champagne country, my friend's "Observation Hill," which commands a beautiful and rather extensive prospect reaching the spires of Manila on the west, and the blue gleaming of the Bay Lake on the east. Here we raised the first flag of the inchoate railroad, on the first of January, 1866.

On this excursion we visited or passed through some dozen native towns, including the famous "ducktown," whose queer native

* When unadorned, adorned the most."

* At the mouth of which is built the city of Manila.

appellation I forgot to "make a note on," where one would think that all the ducks in the universe must surely be gathered. Ducks! Never dreamed of the like—solid acres of them, lining both sides of the river, for I dare not say how far, and of immense size. These places had populations averaging from five to twenty-five thousand inhabitants; all lying within an extent of six miles, be it noted; while the roads running through the open paddy fields and connecting these towns and cities, were thickly studded with habitations also. The native city of Pasig alone contains the latter number, and here we found but one solitary white man—the worthy *curé* from whom, I pause to add, we received every hospitality and attention.

Many other towns of considerable size we saw that could not boast of even *one* white inhabitant, and in several instances, personal inspection of the "*tribunal*" proved to us that the administration of the Government was entirely relegated to the natives, the "*gobernadocillo*" himself being invariably a Tegalo Indian.

And this, more extended observation and travel, at a later date, convinced me is about the usual proportion of European to native, except in the metropolis itself and some few other places, chiefly in the Visayas, where are small communities of Creole Spaniards—the descendants of early colonists—" *hijos del payo*," as they are called by the metropolitan officials, who being chiefly from the mother country, look upon the colonists proper with much of that amusing assumption of superiority so characteristic of our English cousins when visiting any dependency of the motherland.

The interior of Luzon and of all the larger islands still remains unsubdued. From the windows of Manila we may gaze upon vast ranges of mountain, hill, and upland, where no white foot has ever been set; and where the fierce *Igorroto* and the aboriginal *Negrilo* still dispute for the supremacy as of yore, regardless of who may inhabit the coast lands, and no more conscious of European influence than they were a thousand years ago; maintaining now, as then, the same wild independence, and lords of the soil up to the same natural boundaries. Ages before Magalhaens discovered this vast system of islands, the *Tegalos*, according to their own traditions, seized and occupied the seaboard plains, and interior tribes have

ever since maintained with them incursive and predatory warfare. Like their analogues in Scottish history who, gazing upon the cultivated Lowlands, exclaimed:—

" These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land;"

these fierce warriors

" sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as they may,
And from the robber rend his prey."

Naught of these great territories actually belongs to Spain except the narrow strips of seaboard formerly wrested from the hill tribes by the now subjugated Tegalo, who is, by descent, Malay, and, like his progenitor, maritime and agricultural. His boundary is the boundary of the Spaniard, who has remained satisfied with the supremacy of the cultivated tracts, and has never sought to reclaim more.

Spain, seething with hostile passions, and ringing with factious strife, forming a new cabinet every month, and struggling with a fresh insurrection each year, has been too busy with home intrigues and conspiracies to afford much time for consideration and assistance to her colonies; and therefore, devoting to them only so much attention as is requisite to ensure the receipt of the revenues which they so dutifully transmit, has refrained from pushing conquests, or developing fresh resources, beyond the bounds whence she already receives an unvarying and assured sum.

Such as was the condition in 1565,—when Fra Andres Urdaneta, "the sailor monk," as he has been happily called, who first performed the passage from West to East across the Pacific, and carried back to Acapulco the news of acquisition and colonization here,—just such is their condition to-day; not one foot has been added to Legaspi's conquests, few and small are the improvements made within their boundary since the building of the city, and its wall and fortifications; while so slight is the impression produced upon the conquered tribes, that—as a Spanish writer has well said,—“should the Spaniards abandon the islands to-morrow, with the exception of the Christian religion, not one single vestige of

their dominion would remain in a few months time."

The great island of Mindanao (or "*Mindanao*," as it was formerly spelt), almost as large as Luzon, to which it is next in area, and second largest in the whole group, is still a complete *terra incognita*, except a few generalities collected by some adventurous Jesuit fathers, which have served to whet keenly Spanish cupidity and curiosity, thereby inciting a feeble invasion of three centuries, but have yet led to no conquest of any portion of its broad territory except two small provinces in the north, of which Cagayan is the principal village, and the town of Zamboangan in the south, which is situated on the Straits of Basilan, and formerly a native fortress, but now a penal settlement and gun-boat station, with a population of eight thousand, mainly native settlers from other and earlier occupied portions of the Visayas, and which includes about twenty Europeans and two hundred Tegaló soldiers from Manila—Spanish Sepoys, as they are sometimes aptly termed.

In the interior of Mindanao are lofty mountain ranges, containing volcanoes, some extinct, some active, the sides of which are clothed with an abundance of "*palos altos*," among which are teak and many other varieties, of excellent quality, yet unknown to commerce, similar to the hard, heavy, marble-like wood that grows in North Borneo—an article yet to be placed in the hands of our cabinet-makers, and as much superior to rosewood, mahogany, &c., for the purposes to which the latter are applied, as *they* are superior to our common pine. I have seen trees of this dark, beautiful wood, whence planks, or *stabs* rather,—for it is like stone in hardness, fineness, and particularly ponderosity,—might be cut, of six feet width and thirty feet in length. About three and a half feet of diameter is the common or average size in the virgin forests of *Marudu*.²

Gold is produced; also nitre. The natives have plenty of gunpowder, which they use chiefly in small cannon, yclept "*pateraroes*,"—small arms being altogether unknown, save a rough description of matchlock,—and as their trade is comparatively nothing, I infer that they manufacture the powder themselves. Here they also use the poisonous blow-

dart, Bornean samples of which one sometimes sees in the streets of Singapore, hawked about for sale, as "curios."

The valleys and plains are fertile and well watered—the island is full of lakes, hence the name—and support immense herds of *caribas* and other bovines, besides goats, deer, wild horses, and hogs—no lions or tigers, the natives say—and innumerable fowl, including varieties of the domestic duck and hen.

The inhabitants are mixed; the *Negritos*,—*Papuan* or *Oceanic Negroes*,—hold the interior, and the inevitable Malays occupy the sea-coast. These latter are of the lightest shade of complexion exhibited by their race, being as fair as the Mongolian *Ladrones*, or piratical inhabitants of the sea-coast of China. They are skilful as gold and silversmiths, blacksmiths, and carpenters, from whence, and from their clearness of skin, I question their Malay origin. They build a very good description of vessel—some of their prohus are as much as sixty tons measurement—admirably adapted to their intended purposes, and sailing exceedingly well.

The government is feudal; the religion, speaking generally, of the so-called Malay races, is Moslem—of the *Negritos*, idolatrous; and the capital bears the name of the island, where the supreme ruler resides, according to doubtless exaggerated accounts, in a state of marvellous pomp and splendour. At the stories of his wealth, there is, perhaps, less room for cavil.

These, and similar races, inhabit the Sooloo Archipelago, which, beginning with the lofty island of Basilan, lying in close proximity to the south coast of Mindanao, the space between forming the considerably frequented Straits of Basilan, extends south-westerly to *Cape Unsang*, which juts from a peninsula of the same name on the north-east coast of Borneo, forming a group of which, as yet, geographers know neither the number nor names, but which they have divided into three principal groups, distinguished by the appellations of the principal islands—"*Basilan*," the north-eastern; "*Sooloo*," the middle; and "*Tauvecc-tauvecc*," the south-western, or Bornean group.

Soung, the capital, and residence of the Rajah, is situated on the middle island of Sooloo, and is built over the waters of the harbour, on piles, the principal streets running seaward. Captain Sir Edward Belcher,

One of the northern provinces of Borneo.

of the British navy, anchored the *Samarang* sloop here, within the entrance of the main street, the piles on which the houses there stood being driven in four fathoms water.* It is like Brunei city, in Borneo; the chief business is piracy.

Palawan is another *terra incognita*. The Spaniards tell us that it produces cowries, gold, also ebony and other fine woods, in its mountainous interior, and they have two or three small settlements on the island. It is inhabited centrally by the everlasting Negrito; on the coast by tribes of doubtful Malay origin, called *Illaanos*, and *Duisuns* or *Eran people*, from *Eran* bay (where may be seen the strange phenomenon of a tide, and a half-tide, alternately, once in twenty-four hours), whence sail annual piratical expeditions, oftentimes in great force. The *Royalist*, English surveying vessel, which visited this island in 1851, sometimes found it hard work to save her boats from these fierce and treacherous people.

All the Philippine Islands, excepting Luzon, bear the collective title of *Visayas*, and the tribes inhabiting their shores are generally spoken of as Visayan, from the language, called the *Visaya*, which has many dialects, and differs essentially from the *Tegala*, or native language of the coast of Luzon, which is markedly Malaysian. Portions of these, again, are subdivided into the *Itas* and the *Pintados*, or painted people, and in the interior of almost all are found those puzzling Oceanic Negroes. They are termed in Spanish *Negrillos*, from their diminutive size, their average height being about five feet. Though so low of stature, they are tolerably symmetrical. They use a large and formidable bow, and to their skill in the use of this weapon, they doubtless owe the independence which they have maintained for an unknown period, against races of superior intelligence and physical organization. The island of *Negros*, lying parallel with that of Zebu, near its western coast, derives its name from this strange race, being peopled by it exclusively when first discovered.

The most dreaded and warlike of all these tribes are a mysterious people, neither Malay nor Negrito, whom the Spanish call "*Moros*." These are not found in Luzon,

but more or less in several of the south-eastern portions of the Visayas; are especially numerous in Mindanao, and exist in their probably greatest strength among the Sooloo Isles. These men are superior both in physical organization and mental capacity to all the others, and are possessed with a spirit of unparalleled ferocity and fondness for warfare. They make war for its own sake. Their weapons are superior, and remarkably well adapted for their purposes, betokening no mean knowledge in the working of materials, though their acquaintance with firearms is very slight. Their main reliance in battle on a light but remarkably effective axe, similar at all points to the renowned "Lochaber-axe," which the heavy armed Scotch soldier of the middle ages wielded (according to Logan, "with one hand, the thumb being extended along the shaft, and so forcibly that no mail could resist it),* and which they use with almost superhuman skill.

These axes have a lance-head projecting from the top of the shaft, and on the back, set at right angles to the latter, is a slender steel spike, square at the end, and about six inches long, not unlike a chain punch. With this they perforate the severed skulls of their victims, for the purpose of expelling the brains, fill the cavity with aromatic gums and spices, then smoke to preserve them, and display in their huts as trophies. For this sole purpose they make expeditions by land and sea, making "loot" on such occasions but a secondary consideration.

It is a striking fact that this same horrible custom is also practised by the Maories of New Zealand, as everybody knows, and also the habit of decorating their weapons with human hair. The dreaded Bornean Dyaks, the bloodthirsty Luconian Igorrotos, and a ferocious tribe found among the New Hebrides, are also head takers. So also were the *Balinini*, whom the Spaniards, it is said—I record it to their credit—have exterminated.

Captain Andrew Cheyne, who spent fifteen years among the Pellew and Caroline Islands, once in conversation about this singular people, assured me that he had met, in the former group, individuals physically resembling them, as also somewhat in arms

* Horsburg: 7th ed., Vol. II., p. 618.

* Logan's "Scottish Gaël." Am. Ed., p. 204.

and habits. He was but a short time afterwards murdered in his house on one of the Pelles, which he had leased from the king, and at the time was engaged in cultivating an experimental crop of cotton from Sea Island seed, which promised most satisfactory results. According to the report of Captain Torm, who visited the island subsequently, by order of the British Vice-Consul at Manila, and brought away the unfortunate Cheyne's vessel, the circumstances of his death would indicate the observance of the custom among his assassins. He was decapitated, and the head was found in the garden surrounding the house, with the back part of the skull punctured, probably abandoned in some sudden alarm.

So, too, those every way kindred spirits, the terrible "*Sea Gipsies*,"—scarce twenty years since a name of fear through all the Sunda Isles, and circumjacent waters; even yet a scourge in the eastern portions of the Molucca and Banda Seas; sometimes now, but rarely, encountered in the Straits of Macassar; indomitable rovers that, like the old Buccaniers of the West Indies, took account of no disparity of circumstances, arms, numbers, or armament,—of whom so little definite and certain is known, and so much of the horrible and mysterious is surmised, but at last, happily for the well-being of commerce, extinct hereabouts, at least as a naval organization, having disappeared since the day when Sir James Brooke crushed their allies, the Sarebas, and the sea Dyaks of Borneo.

I have my suspicions that these were not merely kindred, but perhaps identical with the Moros. It has been surmised that they are the same as the "*Bajows*," but this lacks confirmation, and, on the other hand, Bajows are to-day found as peaceful fishermen along the Bornean side of the Straits of Carimata. But our knowledge of them is only sufficient for provoking instead of appeasing our curiosity. Beyond the fact that they were, as their sobriquet implies, wanderers, Bedouins of the sea, without any fixed home or property besides their prohus, nothing definite concerning them has been established. It is said that they were guided by no special plan of cruising, beyond that of scudding before each monsoon. But there is some reason to suppose that they came from and returned to some part of the Sooloo Archipelago; and that they were not infre-

quently found allied with the Illanos—another predatory race, issuing from Illana Bay in the south side of Mindanao—with whom the Moros at this day sometimes confederate, though generally making war on their own account.

The Moros are of the Mahometan faith, and have stood the Spaniards a particularly tough tug of warfare, especially during the last half-century, and, for the most part, have succeeded in holding their own—two reasons amply sufficient in Spanish eyes for bestowing upon them the appellation proper to those fiery warriors of Africa, those valiant true believers in the prophet, who conquered and held the fairest half of Old Spain for a period of almost eight centuries.

They also possess an aptitude for building fortifications, rather formidable works, too, comparatively; and many a sharp and well-contested fight has of late years taken place between the Spanish gun-boats and Moro water-batteries, defended by their rude cannon.

But the most remarkable feature of their savage strategy is what I may term their pontooning tactics. The limits of an article of this nature forbid descending to particulars, but I will endeavour to convey a correct general idea, premising that it is a subject worthy the closest attention of our military geniuses, who may draw from it lessons of much importance.

Boats of a small size, constructed of strong, light, and elastic materials, which are fitted together without nail, treenail, spike, or screw, (being bound together instead in a very ingenious and effective manner by means of thongs, *nipa* leaf being inserted into the seams before they are brought to a state of tension, just as barrel staves are interleaved with flags to render them perfectly water-tight) are combined to constitute their "*pontoons*." These, separated into their ultimate parts—"taken down," as our technical phrase would be—into planks, timbers, thwarts, paddles, etc., a man to each single portion, and each as light and convenient of portage as their swords or lances, are borne in sufficient numbers in every enterprise. Every warrior is a pontonier, to whom is assigned one particular part, and whose special responsibility for which ends only with life. In addition they are thoroughly drilled into a regular, systematic performance of the process of putting together and taking apart

their well adapted craft, being taught to render confusion impossible by a strict adherence to the grand principle of all evolutions, that of being in the right place, at the right moment, with the right thing. With these boats, and the combinations they are accustomed to make with them, they bridge, raft, or ferry across stream, river, or lake, according to necessities and circumstances, with a celerity that is truly marvelous; then they again "take them down," and push on their flying marches without involving any loss of time.

I have elsewhere endeavoured to show that the theory herein involved, by which every soldier is a pontonier, is capable of most advantageous adaptation in our armies, by the simple means of utilizing the buoyancy of the common canteen. For example with the emptied and stoppered canteens of a corps of ten thousand men, if made something stouter, and fitted with proper clamps or other simple means of attaching one to another, can be constructed a pontoon of ten thousand watertight compartments, or cells, which almost no practicable amount of battering could sink, and which would carry three companies fully accoutred, with three boat howitzers and fifty rounds of shell and shrapnel for each, reckoning only five pounds avoirdupois as the power of flotation of each canteen.

Other tribes, notably the Igorrotos of Luzon and the mountain Dyaks of Borneo, who are also adepts in the art, practise it with more or less skill and modification. Like them, too, they carefully foster the growth of their hair, not as a feature of personal ornamentation, but to constitute a defence, for they twist and knot it upon the cranium in every conceivable and inconceivable manner; braiding it sometimes with bands of cotton cloth and tough grasses until it forms a helmet that requires a strong arm, keen blade, and well-judged distance, to cut it through, and even then the only result is to lodge the blade without inflicting, at best, immediately fatal injury upon the warrior. This fact is so well known to the experienced "*biche-le-mer*" and other traders in these regions, that whenever an encounter with any of these tribes takes place, the crew are invariably instructed not to strike at their heads.

Besides this, they carry on the left arm

large but exceedingly light shields, formed of interwoven rattan—confoundedly impenetrable things, too tough to be cut or pierced to any damaging extent, but admirably adapted to catch and jam the point of a pike or sword. They are also proof against light pistols, nothing less than the calibre of Colt's navy pattern, at close range, being effective against them. Undoubtedly they are the best shields ever invented. These people have an exceedingly awkward trick, too, of slashing at the sword-arm of an antagonist. In this way they meet and overcome, single-handed, the gigantic club-wielding Sooloo ape, a more formidable creature, it is said, than the terrible African gorilla, concerning which we have been, for some years past, treated to such tremendously exaggerated accounts, wherein travelled credulity has adopted as fact, and in some cases embellished, the creations of native mendacity. Their fire-arms are used only as naval weapons, or in their fortifications, and though the metal of which they are made appears to be good, they are rude, clumsy, and inaccurate. Probably their iron is naturally of superior fineness.

In closing this paper I venture to put forward an opinion concerning the ethnological position of these nations. Such of them as are tolerably known are classed, erroneously, I think, with the Malays. My observations lead me to suppose that they are scattered portions of a great race, perhaps once, if not now, equal to the Malays. The customs herein mentioned, notably, their pontooning and their head taking, with others too numerous to describe within these limits, the Malays know nothing of. The differences of physique from the latter are also telling. They are bearded, the Igorrotos of Luzon strongly so; while the Malays pure never show a trace; and their stature and bodily conformation differ broadly. Between Dyak, Igorroto, Moro, Sea Gipsy, and the rest, the differences are very slight, and not to be compared with those existing between them collectively, and the Malays.

The extent over which they are scattered may be due to emigration, or may give support to the theory now received by most geologists, that the islands of Oceania are the mountain-tops of a submerged continent. Either would account for their presence in the less remotely separated localities. The

Philippine Isles have two easily practicable lines of communication for even the rudest canoes, one by the Soloo Archipelago on the east; while Palawan, at the south-western extremity of their group, has a stepping-stone, so to speak, on the Island of Bassilan to the northern shores of Borneo. The reader will observe that these lines are occupied more or less fully by the tribes of head-takers, hence the connection between the Igorrotos of Luzon on the north, and the Dyaks of Borneo on the south of their range of habitat, is maintained. But their existence, or their traces, scattered through Melanesia and Polynesia, even to New Zealand, is more difficult to account for. The Maori of the latter country, be it remarked, is a

head-taker, and his resemblance to them in general physique is much closer than that of the Malay; while his traditions tell how his ancestors came to the country after long wandering in their canoes, at a period which seems to correspond with that at which the Malays sallied forth from their cradle home in Sumatra on their career of conquest throughout the vast archipelago, and drove forth on the waters the thousands from many a peaceful island coast, who preferred to seek new homes in the unknown ocean to remaining in subjugation to the ferocious invader. Did the Moro and his congeners in turn possess the art of tattooing, the proof of sameness of origin would be established. Manila, 1866.

AT THE WATER SIDE.

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

(From the French of Sully-Prudhomme.)

TO sit together by the flowing tide,
 And mark its flow;
 Together, if in space a cloudlet glide,
 To view it go;
 If from thatched roof, far off, the blue smoke spring,
 To watch it wreath;
 If all around some flower its sweetness fling,
 The sweets to breathe;
 If of some tempting fruit taste dainty bees,
 That fruit to share;
 If a bird sing among the listening trees,
 To listen there;
 Beneath a willow, where the murmuring stream
 Makes melody,
 To take no note, except in a pleasant dream,
 How time goes by;
 Letting no passion deep invade our life,
 But love alone;
 Having no part in all the world's vain strife,
 Care to disown;
 In mutual bliss, no weariness to know,
 To heave no sigh;
 To feel that love, whate'er may come or go,
 Can never die!

BRITISH CONNECTION—IDEAL AND REAL.

BY A. M. B., OTTAWA.

IT was, if we remember correctly, Mr. Wark who last session, in the course of the protracted debate which took place in the Senate on the Pacific Railway, policy of the present Administration, enunciated the novel and somewhat startling proposition that the construction of that road ought to be undertaken by the Imperial Government.* Unfortunately, the debates of the Upper Chamber, even when they are important, are practically neglected by the press, and it is very doubtful if the arguments advanced by Mr. Wark in support of his views, or even the views themselves unsupported by argument, were ever given the publicity they deserved. Briefly stated, his contention was that the Pacific Railway, desirable from a Canadian point of view, but practically unattainable by Canadian means on account of the condition of our financial resources, is an actual Imperial necessity, whether considered as an accessory to the maintenance of British commercial and military ascendancy, or as an instrument of securing still more firmly the integrity and unity of the Empire. The hon. gentleman's theory may not be quite consistent with the principle of self-government which has been so amply conceded in the constitution of our Canadian Confederacy; and it might

be very well doubted, our present circumstances—which he did not indicate any desire to alter—considered, were the theory reduced to practice, and a railway built and owned by the British Government were stretched across the whole Dominion, whether it would not involve a renewal to a great extent of that odious interference in the local affairs of this country by the authorities of Downing Street which gave such unqualified dissatisfaction in the past, and from which we are now never tired of congratulating ourselves we are free. But in asserting that commercially and militarily the Pacific Railway is of Imperial concern, most people will think Mr. Wark was right. Except, however, by guaranteeing the bonds of the road, it is difficult to see how the Home Government could render us any assistance in that gigantic undertaking just now.

It is very different with the British public—the sovereign people, by whom and for whom the Government and Parliament act. The most enthusiastic and sincere advocates of British connection practically admit that the tie which binds Canada to the mother country is a tie more of affection than of advantage—more of patriotism and sentimental loyalty than of self-interest. Surely then, we

* Although the first to propose that the Imperial authorities ought themselves to build the road, Mr. Wark is by no means alone in pointing out its Imperial importance. The idea of Imperial assistance, too, had been suggested in Parliament before. We find Mr. Joly, during the debate on the Terms of Union, in 1871, stating that "he could not consider the railway a Canadian but an Imperial policy. Of course it was natural that England should desire to see British North America confederated and independent of the United States; and if that were her desire, the best thing she could do would be to aid in constructing this line of communication." The present Minister of Marine and Fisheries, during the same debate, combatting the argument that, if the terms were not agreed to then, British Columbia would join the United States, declared if such were the case, "the matter belonged to the Imperial Government alone." Mr. Francis Jones, then member for Leeds and Grenville, considered the "Imperial

Government ought to share in the expenses of any scheme for opening up the North-West." Mr. Huntington thought "if it had been the duty and policy of the Imperial Government to aid in the construction of the Intercolonial Railway, it was a hundred-fold more their duty and policy to aid in the construction of the Pacific," and he asked the Administration "for what reason they had absolved the Imperial Government from all duties in the work of consolidating British power on this continent." Senator Millar believed a railway across the continent, on British soil, to be as much an Imperial as a Dominion necessity, and entered into an elaborate argument to show that "when the time came, England would do her duty and do it generously"—that is to say, she would assist, "by guarantee or otherwise," in building the Pacific Railway. Senator Sanborn was opposed to the terms, and argued that the work was more an Imperial than a Colonial one.

are justified in expecting that these feelings will be more or less heartily reciprocated; for it is obvious, if the affection, and self-denial, and patriotism be all upon one side, even if the advantage on the other side be small, the bond of union must gradually grow weaker. No affection as between nationalities, especially when divided by distance and rival interests, can be so abiding that neglect on the part of the stronger will not alienate it—no tie so elastic, but it may not be tested to the sundering. It is sometimes rather hard to believe that our loyalty to Great Britain is not poorly requited, and the reception we invariably meet when we appear in the British money market, as borrowers for purposes of national development, certainly does not much assist to relieve us of our doubts upon the subject. What a contrast it presents to the reception accorded foreign nations when they present themselves in the same quarter with the same end in view! Russia, as every intelligent Briton is well aware, has her designs upon our Indian Empire—is, in fact, a standing menace to British rule and influence in the East; nevertheless, when Russia wants to organize an expedition having for its chief purpose the extension of her frontier in the direction of ours, the intelligent Englishman furnishes the money, and never, we are justified in believing, feels a qualm of conscience on account of it. Russia wants to construct a railway—a military railway—with a view solely and entirely to strengthen her position in case she should, in furtherance of her recognised eastern policy, find it necessary or convenient to go to war with Great Britain. Of course, nobody expects the Czar to do this with Russian money; but it makes little difference; he can borrow on very good terms. Accordingly, the task of finding the funds is entrusted to one or other of the cosmopolitan foreigners of the money-lending fraternity who have been invested with British citizenship—in some cases raised to the dignity of members of the Legislature; a Russian loan is placed upon the London money market; and patriotic Englishmen trample upon each other in their eagerness to subscribe to it—in their eagerness, must we say, to bolster up their country's most deadly enemy with their country's own gold. But let Her Majesty's subjects in Canada propose to borrow from their richer fellow-subjects in London, the

wherewithal to build railways which would open up to settlement a vast area of productive land, increase immensely the British population and British influence upon this Continent, give an impetus to both Imperial and Colonial commerce, of which at present they stand greatly in need, and in thousands of ways tend to consolidate the Empire, they are met upon the very threshold of their negotiations by obstacles which are all but insurmountable. Not even the Government of the Province of Quebec could appear in the London money market as a borrower for colonization railway purposes, without provoking the violent opposition of the great financial magnates and their organs. Of course, the unproductive nature of Canadian railway investments, taken as a whole, furnishes to the mind of the capitalist what might and does appear a very powerful argument against indiscriminate speculation in that sort of property; but if Englishmen only paid half as much attention to the condition and prospects of Canada as they do to Russian, Turkish, Egyptian, Brazilian, and other favourite foreign securities, they would be able to see that in the extension of our railway system lies the prosperity of the country, and the enhancement of the value of the roads which now exist.

But the readiness with which British gold is lent for the purpose of building up and developing the resources of a greedy, barbarous, and aggressive Foreign Power, while the black frown of disfavour is turned upon the attempts of an enlightened and friendly dependency to secure the same objects, is not the only anomaly which presents itself to the student of the policy, not alone of British capitalists, but of British statesmen as well. England has constituted herself, and has long been recognised as the friend and liberator of the slave and the champion of liberty, and has paid dearly, in both money and blood, to secure the absolute freedom of every human creature on British soil. But has she not been equally lavish of both blood and money in her efforts to befriend and preserve Turkey—that plague-spot amongst the nations of Europe, that reproach to the civilization of the century, that sworn and uncompromising foe of liberty and the Christian religion? And does not every Englishman who contributes a shilling to a Turkish loan assist, and does he not know that he assists in perpetuating

the existence of that incarnation of savage barbarism and abominable licentiousness? Certainly it is a remarkable illustration of the aphorism that "money is the root of all evil," when the mere greed of gain can induce the most intelligent people in the world to neglect what may not be their immediate but would surely be their ultimate interest upon this continent, for what the most short-sighted amongst them must see, if they but take the trouble to look, is a doubtful and, at best, a temporary advantage on another; or when successive British Governments hold themselves ready to outrage common sense and the principles they have been so careful to cultivate, to sacrifice human lives by the hundreds of thousands and money by the million, in order to maintain an imaginary "balance of power" in the East, while they stedfastly throw away the numerous opportunities that for the last two centuries have been presenting themselves of establishing by humane and peaceful means a real preponderance of power for themselves in the West. The blunder, or succession of blunders, which culminated one hundred years ago in the declaration of American Independence, if repaired at all, can be repaired only in one way now: that is, by strengthening and extending in every possible way the influence and interests of Canada, and by cementing in a lasting and practical way the Dominion and the Mother Country. To build Canada up and make her a powerful nation is a task which, undoubtedly, must be largely left to ourselves; but it is also a task in which, if the British people and Government expect to be sharers of the happy results of its consummation, they must be prepared to lend us their patronage and assistance. This it is in their power to accomplish without in the slightest degree violating or encroaching upon any of those sound principles which now govern the political relations subsisting between the Colony and the Imperial authorities. We want both men and money to develop our immense—the adjective is not a mere rhetorical flourish, but is truthfully applied—natural resources: our friends on the other side of the Atlantic have a surplus of both. First, then, as to the men:—It is indisputable that a continual stream of emigration from Great Britain to somewhere is a necessity. Why, then, since it is both a necessity and a fact, should the people

"at home" and their rulers neglect or refuse to recognise it formally; and why should not their influence be exerted to direct at least as much of it as takes a westerly course to the shores of Canada, instead of permitting it unrestrainedly, as at present, to flow towards the neighbouring Union. It would surely be worth while for Great Britain to unite with her Colonies in offering inducements to her own subjects to remain under the ægis of their native flag. They would thus continue to be British subjects, devoting their energies to the cause of the British Empire, and ready to defend it with their lives if that were necessary. Were Great Britain and the United States ever to go to war again—which Heaven forbid—it is fearful to contemplate how many of Britain's sons might be compelled to imbrue their hands in British blood. The contingency is sufficiently startling to merit an effort in the direction of altering the circumstances which have rendered it possible. Then as to the money: There are millions of that commodity in Great Britain seeking investment now, altogether independent of the millions already unpatricially invested. Why do the British press and people resist every attempt to divert at least a portion of it into Canadian channels? Why, on the contrary, should there not be an organized endeavour on their part to divert it into these channels, where its investment would be an advantage as well to the British lenders as to the British borrowers? It would cost the Imperial Government very little to guarantee a number of loans for desirable purposes in Canada—the construction of the Pacific Railway, for instance—even if for a series of years they were unproductive; and if nothing else were to result than to prevent the money from going into the coffers of foreign slaveholders and despots, and from being used to strengthen England's enemies, we might fairly suppose that an important object had been attained.

So much for what might be done under present circumstances to make British connection a practical advantage to Canada, and Colonial connection a practical advantage to the mother country, without disturbing the free and full exercise of self-government by the people of this country. But there are other considerations which force themselves upon our notice in this connection. The idea of setting the colonies adrift no

longer finds a place in the platform of the Liberal party of England, and it may safely be expected never to re-appear there again. But Liberal statesmen have by no means come to the conclusion that any change is unnecessary, and it would not be a bit surprising, when the disunion and disorganization which now reign in their ranks have been replaced by agreement and a common purpose, if some more satisfactory status for the colonies were a feature of their political programme. The Conservatives never contemplated the abandonment of the colonies, and in the days when Manchester ideas were apparently leavening the whole Liberal lump, the preservation of the Colonial Empire intact became one of the battle-cries of the Tory party. Mr. Disraeli is known to entertain the opinion that the existing order of things ought to be altered; but the order which he meditated substituting, if it was at all correctly apprehended, is far from likely to find favour in Canada. Mr. Disraeli, however, being now disposed of—turned out to grass, to use a vulgar expression—it remains to be seen what those who succeed him in shaping the party policy propose to do, or whether they propose anything. Among ourselves, Confederation, with all its benefits, is tacitly admitted to be a transition state. By the few but increasing number who have embraced the celebrated Aurora platform, it is regarded merely as the first step to a far grander and more comprehensive union, upon a federal basis, which will include all self-governing British possessions. Nobody who looks the subject conscientiously in the face can pretend to believe that we shall always remain, or that it is desirable we should always remain, as we are, although there is naturally a very wide divergence of opinion as to what it is most likely or best the next phase should be. The net result cannot, however, fail to be an earnest discussion of the general question in the near future, by and between imperial and colonial statesmen. A discussion of that sort could scarcely fail to lead to important changes, and these changes would be little likely to be but in one direction—the direction of consolidation and closer relationship.

If Britain is to retain her precedence among the nations, it must be by preserving and solidifying her colonial possessions. To such precedence, says a recent writer, she

“never could have made the slightest pretensions, regarded in herself, in the extent of her natural territory, in her insulated and distant position.” If that statement be true with regard to the past, it applies with still greater force to the present and the future. But in order to preserve the colonies, loyal and undivided, Britain must abandon her present exclusive and selfish policy for one broad and liberal enough to admit of some patriotic considerations. “True patriotism,” says an eminent reviewer, “implies enlightened self-sacrifice;” and as if conscious that this definition is but imperfectly applicable to the quality of the article with which in this century we are best acquainted, he adds that now “it is too often a narrowing of view from what is required by the good of mankind to the petty interests of some narrow strip of territory.” It is very much to be feared that the “narrow strip of territory” by which British patriotism is bounded is that stretching from “Land’s End to John O’Groats.” When the London *Times* has begun to be as zealous in exposing the bankrupt condition of the Porte and the Khedive as it invariably is in giving credence to lying reports reflecting on the people of Canada, and in depreciating what it calls their “young national credit,” we may reasonably look forward with hope to the voluntary inauguration by the Home Government of that more enlightened colonial policy for which our loyal hearts are yearning: not sooner. We may, in the meantime, strive to conciliate the spirit of national pride which rebels against submission to these studied indignities by saying that the *Times* is neither England nor the British people; which may be well enough in theory, but we are all the same confronted with the stern fact that only the other week—such is the influence of the *Times* with the British people—a loan negotiated by the second most important Province of the Canadian Confederation, which started at 101, fell in a very few hours to 97 in consequence of the strictures of the great organ. If such be the coin in which the British press and people propose to repay Canadian loyalty and devotion—and a practical test of this kind is worth all the columns of abstract editorial friendliness which the dog-days and nothing to write about usually produce—the time is close at hand when the absolute inconvenience of our dependence upon them will resolve

itself into a necessity for action which our public men can no longer decline to deal with. The grievance is ours: that the agitation for its removal must begin with ourselves, and that the remedy must be suggested to Her Majesty by our own representatives, and through resolution of our own parliament, ought to be tolerably clear, if regard be paid to historical precedents. Our own political history contains more than one illustration of the proposition. It is needless to remind any Canadian of the chain of circumstances which led to the concession of responsible government. Certainly that boon came not without agitation, sometimes not very peaceful, on our part; and we know, also, the discontent and disaffection and disappointment which at one time nearly resulted in the severance of the union between England and Scotland; the nature and extent of the disadvantages under which the smaller nation laboured—disadvantages, commercial and political, in many respects analogous to our own; and the pacific, constitutional agencies by which a remedy was sought and compelled.

The example of Scotland is worth copying. If we refuse to profit by the lesson which it teaches, we may depend upon it the reforms and concessions necessary to put us upon that footing in relation to the mother country which would establish a greater community of interest between us, will not readily come from the home authorities of their own volition. Their ignorance of, and incompetency to deal with, the question will long continue to induce them to leave what they conceive to be "well enough" alone. With us the case is different. The honour of forming part and parcel of the great and glorious British Empire is something which we may well be pardoned for cherishing; but we might just as well have a share of the advantage, too. There are the most pressing reasons why an early opportunity should be taken to bring this view of the matter out in bold relief. Our national credit is pledged to the construction of the Pacific Railway; that is a mighty fact, which is being pressed upon us by British Columbia, on the one hand, and by the press of England, on the other, with an eagerness and energy which imply very grave doubts as to our good faith. It would be very flattering to our self-esteem to suppose that we—some four millions of people, scattered thinly over a vast expanse

of territory, and scarce of cash at that—could by our unaided efforts build a railway stretching from Lake Nipissing to the Pacific Ocean within the next twenty or even within the next fifty years; but it stands to reason that we cannot. It is important in this relation to consider the capacity in which we undertook to carry out the work.* If as a mere dependency of the Empire, with no aspiration beyond that condition, it was, to say the least,—even presuming that we were capable of carrying the undertaking to a successful issue,—something which could not in justice have been expected of us—a task which did not belong to us.† If with a view to our becoming an independent nation, the more honest course would have been to declare the fact: the declaration might have brought us that sympathy and assistance—not from England to be sure—which would, if anything could, have enabled us to keep faith with British Columbia. But if we undertook the Pacific Railway, intending and expecting to follow up our assumption of that Imperial burden by representations in the Imperial Councils, the sooner we give voice and form to those intentions and expectations the better. If we are a part of the British Empire in fact as well as in idea, here is an opportunity for developing the reality of the partnership which we are, in duty to ourselves, bound not to neglect. That we have no wish, as a people, to get beyond the chrysalis condition in which we now exist, is a supposition which no patriotic Canadian could seriously entertain. That the Imperial

* Sir George Cartier, in his speech on moving the adoption of the "Terms," urged that we "needed a sea-board on the Pacific, if ever this Dominion were to be a powerful nation in the future." Senator Sanborn, during the debate in the Upper House, said:—"The policy of Confederation now being carried out, as indicated by Imperial proceedings [referring to the withdrawal of the troops] and our Colonial movements, is that we are to become an independent nation."

† Senator Sanborn, during the debate on the "Terms," said:—"Though still a colony, we are extending our territory westward to the Pacific, and undertaking all the responsibilities of these enterprises. We assume the obligations, children as we are, of an independent nationality, without the security and countenance we should have from the Parent State." And again: "Can we reconcile the fact of our undertaking such national responsibilities with our existing political conditions? It is not in the nature of colonies to be aggressive; it never has been so. *This is the attribute of the nation.*"

authorities are inclined, in some measure, to meet our views on public questions, when these views are definitely and courteously expressed, has been proved by the concessions made to Canadian vessel owners in the Imperial Shipping Bill. Considering, therefore, that comparatively friendly disposition on the part of the Home Government, and considering also that we are, in consequence of engagements of a purely Imperial nature, confronted with national bankruptcy,

or an equally disastrous alternative, national repudiation, we are justified in holding that the present is a fitting opportunity to begin the agitation which must sooner or later indicate the nature of that closer relationship which the people of Canada desire to establish with Great Britain, and which will lead the Imperial Parliament to indicate how far they are willing that our aspirations may be fulfilled.

AS LONG AS SHE LIVED. *

BY F. W. ROBINSON,

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

BOOK III.

POOR ANGELO.

CHAPTER I.

THE LAST CALL AT ST. LAZARUS.

IT may be said at once for the better understanding of the character of our hero—for this hard, angular, crotchety being is all the hero we have to present to our good readers—that Brian Halfday did not start for America with any intention of troubling Mabel Westbrook with his company and aggravating her by his advice. He had a motive for his journey, that will appear in the due course of this narrative, and there was no scheming to throw himself in her way again. Had he been sure that she was in Boston, had he been certain that she would have been pleased to welcome him, he would have kept out of her way. It had been her wish on the day she had flitted suddenly from Penton; she had expressed it forcibly and kindly, but none the less had he scared her from her home, and he would not too hastily cast his black shadow across

the solitary path she had preferred to pursue. She had begged for time, and he had granted it; he was neither a bore nor a spy, and he must leave her to herself for awhile, making preparations, none the less intently, for that future of hers over which he had sworn to watch till his life's end, and of which task he was proud.

Of his expedition to America we purpose to keep no record; the thread of our story is resumed on English ground a few weeks afterwards.

It was the end of October when Brian Halfday was in Penton again, no longer the curator and custodian of the Museum, but a gentleman at large. He had resigned his office before quitting England, and he had no intention of returning to the post which he had quitted. He had no idea, either, of remaining in Penton, although it was his birthplace, and a dreamy old city that suited him—time since we left him last had worked many changes, and given a new turn to his ambitions.

* Registered in accordance with the Copyright Act of 1875.

He walked into his office for the letters which had accumulated during his absence; he arranged with his successor for the future despatch of various articles belonging to him and which were still at the Museum; he chatted for awhile with a stray trustee, who happened to arrive in search of an umbrella he had left four months ago in a corner of the director's room; he took a last stroll through the building, and pored lovingly over the old relics of which he had had the care, and the histories of which were household words to him; and, finally, he went down the steps with something like a sigh escaping him.

"It was a quiet life, but I was happy there," he muttered; "never unhappy until——"

"Until Mabel Westbrook came," was he going to add, when he stopped his soliloquy, and stamped his foot angrily upon the flinty pathway? Possibly, for he began a fresh sentence in lieu of finishing the preceding.

"Not her fault—but my own stupidity," he said, "and it's all well over now."

He walked at a brisk pace from the city to the Hospital of St. Lazarus, like a man who had had his plans of action from the first, and was carrying them out one by one. He had begun his new life in England, and his new thoughts for her who had escaped him took him, as a beginning, towards the Brotherhood of the Noble Poor. He might fail in the information which he required, but some clue might be found here, and Angelo Salmon or his mother might have learned where Mabel Westbrook was. At all events, he was not disposed to leave Penton until he had asked many questions of many folk, and he went about his mission in a brisk, business-like way. He glanced towards the little villa where Mabel had lived as he passed—there was a bill in the window, announcing the fact of furnished apartments within—and he paused some twenty yards further on, as though the idea of making inquiries had struck him suddenly.

"When I come back—and if necessary," he said; then he resumed his rapid pace, stopping not again till Hodsman, the porter, was looking at him from his door in the Cardinal's Tower.

"Good-day," he said.

"Good-day to you, Mr. Halfday—for it is Mr. Brian Halfday, surely?"

"Have I altered so much since I was here last, Hodsman, that you are in doubt as to my identity?"

"You are looking uncommon well, sir," said Hodsman, "more brown and less dusty like. Been in the country?"

"I have been abroad," answered Brian, "and have come back to look up some of my friends and acquaintances. Is young Mr. Salmon at the Master's quarters? I have business with him."

"Lor' bless you, no, sir," said Hodsman, "he has not been here for a sight of weeks."

"Not since Miss Westbrook left?"

"That's the very day I saw him last, Mr. Brian, now I come to think of it."

"Do you know where he is to be found?"

"They might tell you at the Master's house—but the Master is away."

"Is Mrs. Salmon there?"

"No—she's away too."

"Who is acting for Mr. Salmon?"

"Mr. Cutler."

"Cutler of Penton Cathedral?" ran on Brian, firing off his questions one after another in his old pop-gun style, and without a moment's hesitation.

"Yes—he's—"

But Brian had not stopped for further information. He had walked into the quadrangle, and was hammering away with the knocker of the Master's door before Mr. Hodsman had finished his sentence, if he had even cared to finish it after the unceremonious departure of the gentleman to whom he had devoted his attention.

It was a noisy summons which caused the heads of one or two brothers to peer round the entrance door of the Refectory, and transformed a black cat's placid sleep on a window-sill into a mad flight, all legs and wings, across the grass plat. Even the servant who responded to Brian's impetuous knock came to the door pale from sudden fright.

"Is Mr. Cutler in?"

"No, sir, he—"

"Where is he to be found?"

"He is at one of the brother's cottages, I think, sir."

"Which one, do you know?"

"No, sir. I will enquire."

"It doesn't matter—I will enquire myself."

Brian walked from the Master's residence to the Refectory. He was a little excited.

The Salmons were away, and the consciousness of being balked at the outset of his investigation disturbed his composure seriously. He stepped into the hall and looked around him. The fire was burning in the big central hoop again, and the days were growing cold and lonesome to the old men huddled round the blaze. The summer had died away for good, and it was doubtful how many of those withered atoms would see another, with life's span drawn out to its full tension—let the Noble Poor have all the warmth and comfort that this charity afforded, whilst there was time before them.

The brothers were in full force that afternoon; they had gathered together for company's sake, or else something of more than usual importance had linked them in a common band, thought Brian. They were talking together in low murmurs, which echoed strangely in the place, and the withered faces turned curiously towards the man who had intruded there as he stepped into the hall.

"Good afternoon, brothers," said Brian, "can you tell me where I shall find Mr. Cutler?"

"Good afternoon, Master Brian," replied those who recognized him, "Mr. Cutler is with brother Peter."

"Peter Scone?"

"Yes," said one old man, in a feeble falsetto, "he's going at last. He has been a long while at it—but the cold last week caught him in the chest, and he's awful bad, he is?"

"Indeed," said Brian.

"And Mr. Cutler's reading to him, but I don't think," said the old man, shaking his head very solemnly, "that Peter likes that kind of thing."

"Peter was never fond of his Bible, more's the pity," said another.

"Peter was never fond of anything," commented a third.

Brian Halfday passed from the Refectory to the brothers' houses, and knocked gently at the door of Peter Scone's room. The sorrowful face of an old woman was confronting him through the half-open door very shortly after his summons for admittance.

"What is it?"

"Is Mr. Cutler disengaged?" asked Brian; "I would speak to him for a few moments. My name is Halfday."

"Halfday!" exclaimed a shrill voice that

our hero recognized, "not Adam Halfday come to fetch me already. Don't say it's Adam!"

"Hush—hush," said another voice; "you are exciting yourself unnecessarily, Mr. Scone."

"Who is it, then?"

"Brian Halfday."

"The very man we want," said Mr. Cutler, with evident excitement; "come in, please, and shut the door behind you, as the draught is keen to-day."

CHAPTER II.

GREAT NEWS.

BRIAN HALFDAY complied with the request that had been given him, but a certain amount of fresh air found its way into the room as he entered, and set old Peter Scone coughing very violently. Brian glanced at the sufferer in the bed, who closed his eyes as if the sight of the newcomer were unpleasant to him, and who, he fancied, shrank a little as he advanced and touched the waxen hand resting without the coverlet.

"I am sorry, Peter, to find you brought down so low as this," said Brian, "but it is the lot of each of us in turn."

"Ye-es—I know," answered Peter, still breathing with great difficulty after his paroxysm, "but it's an awkward—time of year—for this—business. I always thought—I should go—off nice and warm—in the summer. What—brought you—here to-day?"

"God's hand must have led him to this house," said Mr. Cutler, solemnly.

Brian looked hard at the speaker, who came towards him and shook hands.

"What does this mean?" asked Brian.

"Shall I tell him, Peter, or will you?"

"You had better—tell him—sir," answered Peter Scone in little gasps, "you've more breath—than I have, more's the pity!"

"This poor erring mortal, Mr. Halfday," said the clergyman, "has done you and yours a grievous wrong, and is now lying here repentant for all past mistakes. Will you, before he leaves us, forgive his trespasses against you?"

Brian did not hesitate before the yearning face with the seal of death upon it.

"Willingly," he answered.

"Thank—you," said the old man, "thank you, Brian. I am glad you—have come now! But—I wonder—what old Adam will have to say—about it—presently!"

"What harm has this man done me in my time, that I should say 'Forgiveness'?" asked Brian of Mr. Gregory Sahmon's deputy.

"Tell—him," whispered Peter Scone.

"It is a very short story, but of great importance, that I have heard this morning," said Mr. Cutler; "your grandfather's will—"

"What! but go on—go on," cried Brian, "what is there to say concerning that?"

"The will which was discovered by your sister in the church, and which you proved and administered to, was not the last will of Adam Halfday," said the minister; "the day before Adam quitted the Hospital he had quarrelled with his grand-daughter again, and in a fit of pique against her, or thinking that he had not done you justice, or for reasons which we cannot sift to a conclusion, he wrote another will, and entrusted it to Scone's care. It is that will which Peter has kept back."

"Because—I never thought it—was a fair one," mumbled Peter; "Because I liked Dorcas—though she never treated me well—better than I—did—you."

"Where is this Will?" asked Brian.

"It is in my possession," said Mr. Cutler, drawing a piece of paper from his inner breast-pocket, and tendering it to our hero, "and I am glad to be so quickly relieved of the responsibility connected with it."

Brian, in his impatience, snatched it from the clergyman's hands, and then became aware of his rudeness.

"I beg your pardon—but so much depends upon this," he said hastily, as he opened the paper and read the few lines which it contained. Having perused the same, he went close to the bedside of Peter Scone again, and looked down at him. Peter coughed and feebly turned his head away.

"What made you do this?" asked Brian.

"I thought Dorcas would—be liberal with me—and besides—"

"Well?"

"You've been haughty to me all your life—and you didn't—ask me to the funeral!" was the old man's answer.

Brian touched the hand of Peter Scone once more.

"That was the one bad turn you spoke of, as deserving another—but you are sorry now?"

"Yes—very sorry—because—if I had lived a little longer, Dorcas would have—or you might have—"

"Say no more," said Brian, "but think of Heaven instead of earth."

"He has been talking of Heaven all day," said Peter, in reply, "it's very kind—of him—but I'm a little—sick of it. I—I—"

"Rest, Peter—and then think of Heaven again. Good-bye."

"Good-bye,—I suppose now you—have got all you want—you won't come and see me—any more?"

"I am going away from Penton."

"Won't you come on Sunday?—I shall live—till Sunday, the doctor says."

"I may be many miles away. If I should be in Penton I will come."

"And there's my funeral—will you come to that now; I haven't anyone to follow me I care for—that old cat is chief mourner—my sister Lucretia Scone—Brian."

The sailow-faced woman rose at this odd introduction, made a courtesy to Brian, and sat down again.

"I don't mind what he says now, sir," said Lucretia in a husky whisper, "he talks a heap of nonsense, and can't last four-and-twenty hours, to my reckoning."

"That's a lie," said Peter very distinctly.

"Hush, hush, Scone," cried Mr. Cutler again in mild reproach, "it is too late for hard words—for anything, save repentance and faith."

"One moment," said Peter to our hero; "don't be—in such a hurry. Where's William?"

"My father?" asked Brian.

"Ay."

"I do not know."

"I hope he's swinging—somewhere," said Peter maliciously between his gasps; "he ruined my con—con—constitution by knocking—me about that night in the Close. I should have—lived—oh! years longer—but for him. I—I—"

Here his cough seized upon him and racked his frame and took him to the verge of insensibility, as to the verge of the grave, and when he had recovered he signed for Brian to approach him.

"Say—for—given—again," he whispered faintly, "and I may—get off—cheap!"

"Forgiven," answered Brian as he walked moodily from the room into the quadrangle beyond, where the chaplain, doing duty in the absence of the Master, joined him.

"That is a terrible old man," said Brian, "with the evil clinging to his last shred of life like a blight that will not quit him. What has such a man lived for all these unprofitable years?"

"Perhaps for repentance even yet," said the minister.

"You may be right," answered Brian, thoughtfully still, "and I at least have no right to judge him."

"The heart of a man——"

"Yes, yes," interrupted Brian, "but I am pressed for time, and have come here for explanations of great moment to me. Where is Angelo Salmon?—I shall be grateful for any information you can give me concerning him."

Mr. Cutler seemed to hesitate.

"Do you wish to see him?"

"Yes."

"You are a friend of his then?"

"The best friend he has, perhaps," said Brian energetically.

"He has been very ill—and away from the family," explained the minister; "three weeks ago Mr. and Mrs. Salmon learned of his illness for the first time."

"Ill," said Brian, "then he will not know where she is?"

"Where who is?" asked Mr. Cutler.

"A lady in whom I am interested, and whom I had hoped Angelo's power of research would have discovered before this."

"Was Angelo Salmon interested in her also, may I ask?" said Mr. Cutler.

"Yes."

"Then he has found her."

"Now I am glad of that," exclaimed Brian, "where is she—where is he?"

"You allude to Miss Westbrook of course?"

"Of course! What other lady?—but go on, please."

"They are all at Scarborough—at the 'Mastodon Hotel,'" said Mr. Cutler, "we have been keeping the address somewhat of a secret, because——"

"All at Scarborough. Who's all?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Salmon are with their son. You have no idea how ill that amiable young

fellow has been, Mr. Halfday. I should not have believed that——"

"And Miss Westbrook is with them you say?" said Brian, interrupting him again.

"Yes."

"Strange that they should all have gone together to that fast place," muttered Brian.

"I beg pardon—I did not catch——"

"When are they coming back?"

"Not for some weeks. Angelo is getting rapidly better, but he requires considerable care."

"Yes—yes—a sick man always does. And Miss Westbrook who was discovered at Scarborough, possibly she will not remain," said Brian thoughtfully.

"Oh, yes! she is sure to remain for her future husband's sake."

"Her what!" exclaimed Brian Halfday.

"Oh, you don't know that——"

"I don't know anything. Go on."

Mr. Cutler drew himself up stiffly. He was a great man at the Cathedral, and not accustomed to this unceremonious style of address. Still he vouchsafed a reply.

"Young Mr. Salmon and Miss Westbrook are engaged to be married at Christmas."

CHAPTER III.

IN THE NORTH.

IT was a late season at Scarborough, and fashion and frivolity lingered at "the queen of watering-places." It was warm, dry, autumn weather, and visitors with time to spare were thick upon the Spa still. The dandies and the would-be dandies, the unmistakable West-end loungers and the unmistakable West-end cads, the men of the clubs and the men of the streets, the retired tradesmen and the broad-shouldered manufacturers from the North, the dyspeptic, the bilious, the creaky, the fortune-hunters and the fortune-spenders, the great army of marriageable misses, and the shady camp-followers whose identity was doubtful, the widows looking out boldly for their second husbands, and the widowers timidly for their second wives, the men who never mean to marry and told everybody so, and the men who were married and told nobody—they were all loafing and leering and flirting at this hot-bed by the sea.

The great "Mastodon Hotel," if not full to its ninth story, as in the height of its season it is bound to be, was doing well, and the waiters were not yet in expectation of the warning which comes with the cold and wet at Scarborough. The genial, good-tempered manager was in extra spirits with his extra season: the *table-d'hôte* was served to a goodly number of guests in the great dining-hall; and there were dances thrice a week for all the light-heeled and light-headed folk who killed time and broke hearts to waltz music.

One of these after-dinner dances was in course of progression at the "Mastodon Hotel," when Brian Halfday descended the broad staircase into the hall and looked about him. He had brushed off the dust of a long day's journey, but had not troubled himself to put on evening dress and white kids, and launch into festive proceedings forthwith. He did not look festive in his black suit and thick-soled boots, and the expression of his countenance was not hilarious. It was a stern, pale face, at which more than one visitor glanced askance, as if it were out of place there, and to be marvelled at in such society. It was watchful as well as stern, and the thin steel-framed spectacles which he had perched on the bridge of his nose gave an additional sharpness to the black eyes glittering behind the crystal. He was short-sighted, and required artificial means to look about him thoroughly—and he had come to the "Mastodon Hotel" with that purpose, to begin with. To those of whom he was in search he had offered no warning of his approach; he wished to study them for himself, and to come upon them by surprise. They might be glad or sorry to see him, he did not know which, and he did not care, he was inclined to believe—though in his "heart of hearts" he knew better than that, so far as one particular person was concerned. He had come on business, he considered also—the grave, unadulterated business of another's welfare—but he was in no hurry, and such business as his could bide its time. He was in no great hurry either to discover the object of his search; after one stroll in the background of the ball-room, where the dancers were too busy to take notice of him, he seated himself in a corner of the cool hall beyond, and read a local paper which he had purchased at the railway station and brought on in his

pocket. It was a difficult and double performance, that of reading and watching thus, as he had to read over his glasses and to scrutinize the people through them, but Brian Halfday was equal to the occasion. He mastered the local news, he went carefully through the visitors' lists, and a detective police officer looking out for "somebody" could not be more vigilant in his inspection of the guests as they promenade in the central hall after the dance, or strolled towards the coffee-room for refreshments. Nothing escaped Brian Halfday, and his studious mood was as far from him that night as the Museum in old Penton.

His vigilance was not quickly rewarded. Amongst the dancers and saunterers of the "Mastodon Hotel" there was no sign of the Salmons or Miss Westbrook; but the hour was not late, and Brian was a man of immense patience when he had made up his mind to pursue a task to the end. In this instance patience was rewarded by the late appearance of Miss Westbrook and Mrs. Salmon, who came together down the staircase from their rooms. Brian applied himself more diligently to the paper, which he held very closely to his eyes, without losing sight of them, and with his heart thrilling in an unsatisfactory and troublesome manner.

Was it possible that he had not forgotten Mabel, or outlived the one foolish fancy that had crossed his prosaic life, or settled down to the fact that woman's love, or trust, or friendship was never to fall to his share? Or was it only his old interest in her which he did not want to die away, and which had brought him to the Yorkshire coast, that was disturbing his sincerity *pro tem*? Surely his interest alone. He was not so daft as to allow a hopeless passion to trouble him at his age, and with his sober thoughts to back him. It was only his old interest—and that was to last as long as she lived—and under every circumstance of her life and his.

She was looking very beautiful, he thought, in her high-necked black silk dress, and with a white camellia in her hair—he should have felt disappointed to discover her in one of those flimsy, flaunting ball-dresses with which many of the ladies had over-adorned themselves that evening. She was a sensible girl, too, and would not whirl round in insane fashion with the rest of the volatile crowd that had already depressed him by its exu-

berance of spirits. She would sit down, and observe society at high pressure, and amuse good Mrs. Salmon with her clever comments on passing things, and presently he would steal to her side with all his news and be rewarded by her welcome smiles. He thought she would be glad to see him now; he had been six weeks away from her, he had given her the time for which she had pleaded; he had kept his word with her, and kept his money, and there could not be the shadow of a reproach on her sweet face after his implicit obedience.

He read his paper again, or affected to read it, until he thought Mabel and her companion were comfortably seated in the ball-room; he gave one final glance at the broad staircase and the upper gallery running round the dome-shaped hall, half in expectation of the smooth face of Angelo Salmon beaming at him from some corner of the vast establishment, and then he rose and walked towards the ball-room. At the same instant the music struck up a waltz, the dancers spun along merrily and madly, and a few prudent couples requiring more room and less heat, came twirling into the cool hall and danced round the palm-tree trophy in the centre.

Brian sat down again—this time in a seat more open to observation. He had altered his mind suddenly, for Mabel Westbrook was dancing—actually dancing!—with a tall, long-whiskered individual who had placed one arm lightly round her waist, and was holding her little gloved hand in his. Strange and miserable sensation to come to a man of his iron mould, thought Brian, but for an instant there fell upon him a heart sickness, and dizziness, and terrible despondency that was utterly beyond his own analysis, although capable of the simplest solution in the world. There was a sense of anger following close upon this feeling that disturbed his mind, made his pulses throb, and assured him that his feeling of contentment was at an end for that night. He felt as if he had been altogether deceived in his estimate of Mabel Westbrook's character—as if he had overrated her and made a goddess from materials common to all women, frivolous and vain. In his estimation he had set her upon so high a pedestal, that to see her in that caravansary, the partner in a dance with a long-legged simpleton whose title to her notice was the money

he paid weekly for his board and lodging, vexed him and rendered him uncharitable.

It was Brian Halfday's dark hour, and the length of the dance and the untiring zeal of the dancers did not tend to lighten it. The old harsh, sullen mood, which Dorcas knew too well, had descended on him, and wrapped him in a cloud.

Brian had always hated dancing—with the uncompromising and bitter hate of a man who cannot or will not dance—and had inveighed against it more than once in his life, and to sit calmly there and see the woman he loved, or the woman for whom he had the highest respect, according to his own idea, acting as frivolously as the rest of the people around him, was a blow from which he could not readily recover. He crumpled up his newspaper and thrust it behind his chair; whereon he sat with a glaring countenance and watched the business of the night. Presently Mabel Westbrook caught sight of him over the shoulder of her partner, and her eyes grew larger and her face redder, as though "long whiskers" were squeezing her—but she was in doubt concerning his identity, as Brian wore glasses and glared at her through them without a sign of recognition. When the waltz was over, and she and her partner were passing him again, she glanced at him and met his dark, steady, staring eyes. Yes, it was he—there was a certain contraction of his bushy eyebrows by which at least she was sure of him. She drew her hand from her partner's arm immediately, and with a "Thank you" dismissed him. Then she came towards Brian, the genuine unaffected woman whom he had always known, and the stolid look with which he had always met her did not quench her smiles as she approached.

"Mr. Halfday—you here!" she exclaimed; "I could not believe it was you."

Mr. Brian Halfday rose and shook hands with cold formality. Mabel read his rigid countenance incorrectly and turned pale.

"Is anything the matter?" she inquired; "have you brought me bad news?"

"No, Miss Westbrook," answered Brian.

"Why did you not speak to me before—or look as if you recognized me?"

"You were too busily engaged," said Brian drily; "I should have been an intrusion upon you."

Mabel was unprepared for this reception,

and although a high-spirited girl, was not one who took offence readily at a slight. And she *was* glad to see Brian Halfday.

"Do you mean that I was dancing?"

"Yes."

"Don't you like dancing?" she inquired.

"I cannot say I see much to admire in it," he answered, "but it is more out of place here—more foolish and frivolous—than ordinary."

"Indeed?" said Mabel.

"I would as soon dance in a cook-shop," he added very bitterly, "and I would as soon have expected you to dance there as in this menagerie."

Brian's remarks failed in their effect in this instance from their very extravagance of malignity. Mabel could guess pretty shrewdly at the motives for his anger, and her keen sense of humour dispelled the first flutterings of resentment which had come to her. She laughed merrily at him, and this did not tend to his composure.

"I am pleased to find you in such excellent spirits this evening, Miss Westbrook," he said satirically; "it repays me for the trouble of this long journey in search of you."

"Have you come all this way on my account?" inquired Mabel innocently.

"Certainly I have."

"I am highly honoured," she replied in a stately manner at last.

"It would be out of place to speak here of the motive for my troubling you," Brian continued, in the same cold tone which he had at first adopted, "and therefore I purpose deferring my explanation to a more convenient opportunity."

"As you please," said Mabel indifferently; "but why is it out of place at the present time?"

"Your new friends will be seeking you out, and I do not care to be interrupted by them," was his answer.

"I have no new friends."

"Who was the fellow dancing with you, then?" he asked abruptly.

"The *gentleman* with whom I was dancing, Mr. Halfday," she said with emphasis, "is Captain Amherst of the United States' navy."

"Ah! the man of whom you told me," exclaimed Brian; "but, no! he was a dry-goods' man, I remember."

"This gentleman I have met at the hotel,"

said Mabel, repressing a smile with difficulty, "that's all."

"Yes—that's all," said Brian, more mournfully than angrily now; "what a big, miserable, and soul-depressing book the history of chance acquaintances would make! what tragic stories it would contain—what horrors!"

"Is there anything tragic or horrible in my meeting with Captain Amherst?" inquired Mabel caustically.

"No," Brian replied "there is more of pantomime than tragedy about *him*."

"I am afraid you know very little concerning Captain Amherst, and have no right to comment upon him in this manner," said Mabel, indignant in real earnest at last.

"I am extremely sorry if I have hurt your feelings by my remarks upon the gentleman," said Brian, more politely; "I simply replied to your questions."

"Yes—after your own fashion," answered Mabel, shrugging her shoulders.

"I thought I might speak frankly to you—but I am mistaken, I see," Brian continued, "or else you are greatly changed since our last meeting."

She looked at him steadily and unflinchingly.

"Yes—I am greatly changed," she said.

CHAPTER IV.

A BAD TEMPER.

IT was not a happy renewal of the acquaintance between Brian Halfday and Mabel Westbrook. There was something ominous in it. The world had sorely changed as well as Mabel, and everything was different about him since he, Brian Halfday, had come back from America. Well, who was he, to expect that a woman should be of one mind for weeks together, or that Mabel Westbrook was a brilliant contrast to her sex, or that the world was going to stop whilst he was on his travels?

He was asking himself these questions, but hardly in the same misanthropic, discontented mood as had oppressed him within the last half-hour, when Mrs. Gregory Salmon emerged from the ball-room in search of her companion, and discovered her by Brian's side, looking as grave and thoughtful as the gentleman.

"My dear Mabel," said Mrs. Salmon, "I could not imagine what had become of you. Captain Amherst told me you had met with a friend, but——"

"This is Mr. Brian Halfday," remarked Mabel; "I do not know if you are personally acquainted with him, Mrs. Salmon, but you have heard Angelo and me speak of him frequently."

"To be sure," said Mrs. Salmon, offering her hand to him very cordially, "yes—poor Angelo often speaks of you. I am very pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Halfday."

Brian had no resource save to bow politely, and shake the extended hand, but he would have been glad to dispense with the lady's company at this juncture. He wanted Mabel to himself, and he was sorry already for the last impression that he had left on Mabel's mind. Having blown off his extra steam, he was disposed, after the manly fashion of his tribe, to be amiable. The satisfaction of being near her, of looking at her, of listening to the music of her voice, was exercising its natural effect upon him, and dissipating in a great degree his sullenness.

"They have been making inquiries about you, Mabel, and there is a partner searching for you now," said Mrs. Salmon, looking round Brian at our heroine.

"He will not have far to search," answered Mabel; "I suppose the gentleman does not expect me to look after him."

"Very likely he does—at the 'Mastodon,'" Brian added, curtly, and then was sorry that he had said it, for it destroyed his last chance of making himself agreeable to Mabel that evening. The gentleman in question was before them the instant afterwards, and Mabel made no excuse for keeping at Brian's side, as he was vain enough to think that she might do, after his expression of opinion upon dancing in general. She rose with a smile and took her partner's arm.

"I will leave Mrs. Salmon to tell you the news, Mr Halfday," and away she went laughing and chatting into the ball-room. Brian ground his teeth together, plucked off his spectacles, polished them with his handkerchief, put them on again, and then turned so quickly towards Mrs. Salmon that that good but nervous lady jumped in her chair spasmodically.

"Miss Westbrook has regained her spirits

in a marvellous degree," he said, frowning at Mrs. Salmon as if to check in the bud any dissent to his opinion.

"She has generally excellent spirits," replied Mrs. Salmon; "I have never known her actually depressed."

"I have," said Brian; "despite an attempt to appear light-hearted and cheerful, I have seen her very thoughtful and sad."

"Poor girl, she has had a deal to trouble her," said Mrs. Salmon, with a heavy sigh; "and I have thought once or twice myself, that she was less happy than she appeared to be. But I don't know—I can't say—still, that is why I persuaded her this evening to come down stairs and participate in these pleasant little festivities."

"Oh! it was you, was it?" cried Brian, to the lady's amazement. "I should have thought a more suitable distraction for Miss Westbrook's mind might have been discovered than dancing in that mixed mob—but Miss Westbrook knows best. What does your son say?"

"My son?" repeated Mrs. Salmon.

This was an extremely vacuous old woman, thought Brian; had she forgotten that she had a son in existence? he wondered. But Mrs. Salmon was only discomfited by Brian's abruptness, and by every question and remark which he seemed to throw violently at her. Mr Halfday was an extraordinary young man, it was evident—she had heard so before, and now she was sure of it. She was sorry she had been left with him—she would have been very thankful to her husband if he had come down stairs from his whist in the drawing-room to her rescue. She was not at all surprised that Mabel Westbrook had taken the first opportunity to escape, although to leave her to take her place was scarcely as friendly as might have been expected under the circumstances.

"I am alluding to your son Angelo, Mrs. Salmon," said Brian.

"Yes—exactly. What does he say, you say?" she added, in a manner still more confused.

"Dancing at this hotel can hardly be the amusement which your son has recommended to Miss Westbrook," Brian remarked."

"Yes, he has," replied Mrs. Salmon, "for he thought—which is singular, now I think of it—that Mabel was very dull this evening. And he persuaded her to come down

with me—and a nice company I fancy it is. Don't you, Mr. Halfday?"

"I don't. But I am looking at it with a jaundiced eye, perhaps," replied Brian more amiably.

"Dear me—are you though?" and Mrs. Salmon, who no more comprehended metaphor than Joe Miller, looked with motherly interest at Brian's eyes at once. "Ah! that's a very bad sign. The weather perhaps, or a change of diet."

Brian regarded Mrs. Salmon with renewed wonder. Was she satirising him, or talking in sober earnest? If the latter, he was not surprised at Angelo's weakness of character, and could see how surely he had come to it by inheritance. Sons took after their mothers, he had always heard, and this lady at his side was a poor, weak specimen of human nature enough.

"I do not think, if it were my lot to be engaged to a lady, that I could rest complacently in my room whilst she was dancing her heart out elsewhere," said Brian, half to himself, and half to the edification of his companion, "for—your son *is* engaged to Miss Westbrook, is he not?" he asked, springing another mine of words at her.

Mrs. Salmon jumped nervously again. What an uncomfortable young man this was, to be sure!

"Really, Mr. Halfday, I don't know that I ought to answer that question," she stammered forth, "I—I don't know if Mabel, or—or Angelo, would like me to reply to it until everything is settled."

"Then everything is not settled?"

"No—yes—I mean—pray ask Miss Westbrook," replied Mrs. Salmon, betraying considerable agitation now; "I would greatly prefer your talking to Miss Westbrook about this. She would feel hurt if I had told you in her absence, all that she can explain so much more easily for herself."

"Miss Westbrook has deserted us," said Brian.

"She will return in a few minutes. Did you come to Scarborough to-day?"

"Miss Westbrook will not trouble herself to return to us very quickly," said Brian; "there is that ridiculous quadrille to get through, and her partner will have to amuse her afterwards with all the gossip and scandal of the place. I suppose there is no intention of keeping the engagement a secret from the world?"

"Oh dear!—Oh dear!" said Mrs. Salmon, without responding to his persistent inquiry.

"She would not be ashamed of her choice—if she had made it—and I take it that no one in your family would be foolish enough to wish to conceal the honour she has done you by accepting your son," said Brian; "I cannot imagine any reason for so paltry a reserve."

Mrs. Salmon was to astonish Brian Halfday still more that evening.

"You—you will not wait till Mabel comes," she said; "oh! Mr. Halfday, I hope you will not worry me any more. I can't bear it!"

She burst into tears and buried her face in her lace handkerchief.

Brian rose from his seat.

"In some unaccountable way I have distressed you, Mrs. Salmon," he said, "and I ask your pardon. It was unintentional. I will withdraw."

"Th—thank you," she sobbed softly; "I am—so much—obliged to you!"

Brian Halfday walked moodily away. What new mystery was here? Why had Mrs. Salmon displayed all this emotion at a few questions which it was natural that he should put to her as a friend of Mabel Westbrook's? Why had she referred him to Miss Westbrook? What did it all mean? He walked to the door of the ball-room and looked in. They were dancing the last figure with more vigour than was absolutely necessary, he thought, and after a fresh scowl at Mabel and her partner, he turned away and went slowly up the broad staircase leading to his room. He would go to bed. He was no fit company for anybody that night—he seemed to disturb the equanimity of every one whom he encountered, and he was best out of the way. Probably he should be in a better frame of mind to-morrow. That weeping incomprehensibility downstairs might be right, and there *was* something in the air which had disturbed his serenity. He had no recollection of being so completely dissatisfied with himself, and everybody else, as he was on the present occasion.

On the top of the first flight of stairs he paused to look in at the drawing-room, bright with gas and gilding, and where a few quiet folk were playing whist, and one noisy youth of a musical turn banging away with

tremendous energy on a grand piano. The Reverend Gregory Salmon was absorbed in his trumps, or he would have caught sight of Brian's face immediately in front of him.

A waiter passing suggested a new thought to Brian.

"One moment," he said; "here."

The waiter approached him.

"You know that stout gentleman at the first table, I suppose?" asked Brian, pointing out the Master of St. Lazarus to the attendant.

"Mr. Salmon, sir—yes, sir. Been staying here some weeks, sir," replied the waiter promptly.

"Where is young Mr. Salmon this evening?"

"I have not seen him about, sir. I'll inquire, sir. I'll——"

"Do you know the number of his room?"

"Twenty-eight, sir—the first floor, sir."

"Thank you."

Brian Halfday went up a few more steps to the left, and turned into a well-lighted corridor. He glanced at the numbers on the doors as he passed, and discovered that he was facing Room No. 28 before he had quite made up his mind what to do. It seemed a polite and gracious task to pay a visit to Angelo Salmon, and hear the news from this quarter—he was only returning a call that had been made him once at Penton Museum, and he felt tolerably certain that Angelo would be glad to see him, but still he hesitated.

It was for an instant only, for he was naturally quick to resolve. He raised his hand to knock on the panels of the door, when the figure of a woman rustled rapidly along the corridor towards him. It was Mabel Westbrook approaching him in haste, and he waited for her.

"Don't knock. You must not go in there!" said Mabel breathlessly, as she came up with him.

CHAPTER V.

MAKING HIS PEACE.

THE ex-curator of Penton Museum was not too well pleased at this sudden interdict of Mabel Westbrook's. The mysteries rising about his present life, or about the lives of those in whom he was interested,

irritated one who had always hated mystery, and the sudden exhibition of want of confidence in him—or what appeared to be want of confidence—did not add to his composure.

Still he was not disposed to utter another harsh word to Mabel Westbrook, if he could help it; he had offended her already, and must stand upon his guard.

"Why may I not visit Angelo Salmon?" he inquired.

"Angelo is probably asleep. He must not be disturbed or surprised," said Mabel.

For the life of him Brian could not keep his rasping tongue quiet this evening.

"You take most excellent care of him," he answered; "he should be highly flattered by your attention."

"He has been ill—very ill."

"Ah! yes, I had forgotten that," said Brian; "but is he not well now?"

"He is much better."

"Perhaps you will pave the way to my visit by a few remarks, that will prepare him for the terrible ordeal of my presence," said Brian.

"No, Mr. Halfday, it is too late to-night. You are not so deeply attached to him that you cannot postpone your call till the morning," she replied.

"I cannot see what difference it makes," said her obstinate companion.

"I wish it," said Mabel, very imperiously now.

Mabel was irritated also by his ungracious mood, and when she drew herself up haughtily and coldly, and regarded him as she had done once before when declaring herself his enemy—in those distant and distrustful days which he had hoped had vanished forever—he succumbed and was penitent.

It was his promise to sink every impulse of his own, when it was opposed to hers; he had remembered it in time.

"Very well, Miss Westbrook—let it be then as you wish," he said.

Mabel, like an amiable girl, was softened at once by his obedience. She was outspoken too, and as they walked away from Angelo's room she said—

"Why are you so unjust to-night?"

Brian answered her when they were close to the drawing-room again. There were chairs scattered on the landing, and here, at an earlier hour in the evening, a fair num-

ber of spectators had assembled to watch the life in the hall below, and to catch glimpses of it through the open doors of the drawing-room and ball-room. The spectators had gone their various ways, and the landing place was deserted. Brian moved a chair towards her.

"Will you sit down, or have I wounded you too deeply to be forgiven?"

Mabel took the seat he had placed for her. He sat down close to her, and dashed into his explanation.

"Why am I unjust to-night? you ask me," he said, with his old rapid rush of words; "because I am unhappy!—because I return to find myself an object of suspicion——"

"No—no," interrupted Mabel.

"Because I find so many changes," he continued, "where I had hoped all would have been the same to me; because you are changed too, and by your own acknowledgment."

"Yes—I am changed," replied Mabel thoughtfully, "but not towards you."

"Thank you," he answered, so gratefully, and looking such deep gratitude with his eyes, that she hastened to add—

"You have been my friend of late days, and I want to think of you always as a friend—as a brother on whom I can rely when any doubt or difficulty besets me. If there have been any mysteries to-night——"

"By George—*If!*" he exclaimed.

"There has at least been no intention to keep them from you," she continued; "only you have been impetuous, and inconsiderate, and harsh."

"It is my nature," murmured Brian; "I will live it down in time. I think I am improving a little, do you know?"

"I have not seen much evidence of it this evening," was Mabel's quiet comment here.

"I came to Scarborough in an amiable frame of mind enough," said Brian; "happy in the consciousness that I was going to meet you, and that you would not be displeased to welcome me. I had heard at St. Lazarus of your engagement to Angelo Salmon, and though I was surprised at the news, and unable to account for it, or to reconcile it with a previous fact which you had told me, I was neither angry, nor dissatisfied, nor jealous. For I have lived down my presumption—I had already mas-

tered it when I told you of the dream that I had had once—and I could think of your happiness unselfishly. I hope you understand that?"

"Yes—I think I understand," said Mabel softly.

"I must confess I was put out by seeing you dance," he added "I don't know why—I can't explain that very clearly just at present—to-morrow I shall be able to analyze my feelings more satisfactorily."

"I will excuse the explanation," said Mabel.

"Very well," replied Brian, "it is merciful of you, for upon second reflection I am afraid my conduct was absolutely inexcusable. There, have I apologized sufficiently?"

"Yes."

"And we are as good friends as ever?"

"Yes," she said again.

"We will shake hands upon it, if you please," said Brian, and Mabel put her hand confidently into his.

It was a happy reconciliation, but Brian did not press the hand which was pledged solemnly to another's. He was content with her friendship; he was sure he had imperilled it that night, but had not lost it. The hand was still in his, for he had not too quickly resigned it, when the door of No. 28 in the corridor was softly opened, and a young man in evening dress, with a face as white as death, and with almost death's solemnity upon it, advanced to the balcony and looked across at them without a smile of recognition.

"See—there is Angelo," said Mabel, snatching her hand away from Brian very quickly.

CHAPTER VI.

NOT RIGHT.

ANGELO SALMON came slowly round the corridor towards them, and Brian, interested in the change in him, and in the mystery about his present life, watched him through his glasses. Angelo advanced like a ghost in full dress; his step was solemn, slow, and noiseless, and he kept his gaze directed to them both with great intentness, as though Brian and Mabel might be from spirit land themselves and fade away at any moment from his yearning looks.

Yes, this was the ghost of the old, simple,

placid Angelo, thought Brian, and the man had been very ill, or had met trouble very badly, to change like that and in so short a period. The cherub look about his cheeks had wholly gone, and there were cavernous hollows in them, as in a man's marked out for a rapid decline of health or life. He seemed to have grown taller in his illness also, and was thin enough for the shadow of his former self.

He did not recognize Brian in his glasses, or it had not entered his head to give a thought to Mabel's companion; for he said, addressing Mabel—

"I thought you were dancing. How is it you are sitting here, my darling?"

It was a very familiar tone of address, and Brian winced at it, as though indirectly it affected him. He glanced at Mabel and noticed that the colour quivered on her cheeks for an instant before she answered him.

"I have been dancing, Angelo."

"That's right. It will do you good. I don't mind in the least—I want you to enjoy this place thoroughly—to think of me a little less and of yourself a little more. For I am not naturally selfish, and you have been kind to me. Always," he added thoughtfully, "very, very kind."

He looked at Brian at last, and it was with an inquiring stare that was strange enough considering their antecedents, and the little difference the thin steel-framed spectacles made in Brian's general appearance.

"Do I know him, Mabel," Angelo said at last in a low tone, "is this a friend of mine or not?"

"To be sure it is. Why don't you speak to Mr. Salmon," Mabel said to Brian almost tetchily, "instead of glaring at him in that way through your glasses."

Brian removed his spectacles forthwith. He had been studying Angelo very closely, and his silence had been unintentional in consequence.

"How do you do, Mr. Salmon?" he said extending his hand to him as to an old friend. There was a faint exhibition of reluctance on Angelo's part to take his hand, but it was momentary.

"Oh! yes—I recollect you now, but the spectacles deceived me, and I had forgotten how short-sighted you are," said Angelo,

shaking hands with him, "you are Brian Halfday of the Museum at Penton. I am very glad to see you—I am indeed."

Angelo Salmon made up for his former reticence of demeanour by pumping vigorously at Brian's arm, and even smiling at him in a ghastly manner strangely at variance with the old feeble simper that had been natural to him.

"I have been very ill, Mr. Halfday," he said, "has not Mabel told you?"

"Yes—I have learned the news. But better now, I hear?"

"Oh! yes—much better, thank you," he said, relinquishing his grasp of Brian's hand at last, "infinitely better. I'll tell you all about it when the lady is away. All her fault, not mine," he said, resting his hand lightly on her shoulder, "but all 'er fault too, or care, or kindness—which is it, Mabel?—that brings me back from a grave?"

"You are indebted to Miss Westbrook," remarked Brian.

"For life, sir, for life," said Angelo passionately.

"Mr. Salmon is more than ordinarily grateful for those little favours which a friend is too glad to bestow in time of trouble or sickness—that is the explanation," said Mabel to Brian.

"Oh, no, it is not," said Angelo quickly, as you will understand when I tell you, Mr. Halfday, all that has happened since I had the pleasure of seeing you last. You cannot imagine the change to my life that has occurred, or how this dear, good angel has come from the clouds to brighten it."

"The dear, good angel insists upon your keeping back your revelations till the morning, Angelo," said Mabel, laughing at his rhapsody.

"But I should be glad to tell Mr. Halfday everything. I have no secrets from him, Mabel," replied Angelo, "he remembers the night I came to Penton Museum and told him the whole truth, and asked him what to do."

"I remember perfectly," said Brian, "but I have been travelling to-day, and am fatigued. With your good leave we will talk of this to-morrow."

"Ye—es," said Angelo, still clinging to his point, "but I should have thought, for all that, that you would have been glad to

hear the story to-night. It will not take very long," he added, as an extra inducement to continue the narration.

But Brian Halfday had had his cue from Mabel; he shook his head and feigned weariness with considerable skill.

"I am tired, Angelo," he said, "you must excuse me to-night, I ask it as a favour."

"Very well—very well," replied Angelo, "I will look you up to-morrow. Are you an early riser?"

"Generally."

"I shall be on the sands, walking towards Filey, at five o'clock."

"Thank you—that's rather too early, and at this time of year rather too dark."

"Six o'clock, then?"

"Ay—or seven. I would prefer seven, if you have no objection."

"It's too late for a stroll before breakfast. I thought you were an excellent walker, Halfday."

"As a rule, I think I am. And presently," said Brian, regarding him gravely and attentively again, "we will take some long spins together along these Yorkshire valleys. Shall we?"

"I shall be glad, when I have time. When," he said, "Mabel can spare me. You know," he cried, with a sudden burst of confidence, "that we are engaged to be married. You have heard that—everybody has told you that, of course."

"I have heard of the engagement from several sources," was the answer.

Angelo laughed long and loudly, and clapped his thin white hands together in his excitement.

"I daresay. The whole world is talking about it, I verily believe; I hear of it from all quarters. I am congratulated upon my happiness everywhere—as I have a right to be, now that the light streams in upon me, Heaven be praised."

"Angelo, will you bid Mr. Halfday and me good night now?" Mabel asked as she rose.

"If you wish it, certainly."

"I wish it."

"Good night," he said to Brian, shaking hands with him.

"Good night," echoed Brian.

"I will see you to the door of your room, Angelo—there is your mother waiting for you already, and wondering why you are up so late to-night."

"I don't sleep, Brian, that's the worst of

it," he said confidentially to our hero; "and yet I have nothing on my mind now. All's peace and rest."

"I congratulate you," answered Brian. "Good night."

Angelo Salmon walked away with Mabel leaning on his arm, and Brian folded his hands upon the balcony and watched them both.

As they passed the drawing-room, Mr. Gregory Salmon came out and joined them, seemed surprised to find his son in the corridor, but laughed and talked with him and Mabel in an amiable manner, that suggested a long run of luck at sixpenny points. Brian looked after them still, with his face deepening in its intensity of shadow. They passed into the private sitting-room, but Brian waited as if the night had not ended for him yet, and it was scarcely time to think of his fatigue. Mabel had not bidden him good night; she would come back and say a few words, and listen to the few words which he had to say in return, and which were bearing upon him like a weight. Yes, there was more to declare and explain, and the colours of life were deepening and taking stranger hues.

It was late, but the "Mastodon" kept late hours, and perfect repose was only known within its walls in the sharp winter time. The drawing-room guests dribbled away to their rooms, and the servant came and put the gas out, but the lights burned downstairs still, and there were flutterings of flame in all the corridors. The waiters were busy clearing up, or preparing for the morning; the smoking-room was full of sleepless and loquacious souls; the billiard balls were rolling swiftly and eternally across the green cloth downstairs; the night-porter was in his room preparing for a little peace in an arm-chair before the fire; one or two couples strolled across the tessellated pavement now and then, love-making in the gloom; the parties from festivities elsewhere came in from the outer world laughing and chatting as though the night was young yet, and went their various ways, upstairs and downstairs, without heed to those wiser folk who had gone to bed betimes. Brian watched all this, or looked at this, as in a dream; it seemed very dreamlike to be sitting in a corridor of an hotel at Scarborough, waiting for the grim truths that would presently dismay him.

He did not wait in vain. The door of the room beyond opened again, and Mabel Westbrook emerged, and came swiftly towards him.

"I thought you might be here," she said when she was close to him; "I remembered I had not bidden you good night. Would you—"

"Would I what?" he asked as she paused suddenly.

"Would you like to see Mr. and Mrs. Salmon? They bade me—"

"No thank you. It is late. I shall see them to-morrow."

There was a pause of some length; Mabel seemed to wish to say something more besides good-night.

"Well?" she said at last interrogatively.

"Well!" he echoed back.

"Do you understand the position? what do you think of it?" she asked with a little impatience; "could I do more or less than I have done?"

"I hardly know what you have done, Miss Westbrook."

"I have humoured a delusion to save Angelo Salmon," was the answer.

"Save him from what?"

"A mad-house," replied Mabel, with a shudder.

"Yes, yes, I see—I understand now," said Brian; "always you the victim and the sacrifice—always these thoughts for others, and no one with a thought for you. Why did you not write to me and let me know?" he asked more passionately; "ah! I was abroad—I had forgotten—I was away thinking of your money when I should have been in England considering your happiness. It's like me—it's my ill fortune—I was always a fool."

"Nothing could have been done," replied Mabel; "I could not have asked you for advice. I do not regret the step I have taken; if it saves that poor weak-minded fellow from mental ruin, why should I regret it?"

"Do you mean you will marry him?" cried Brian.

"It was your advice once," was the demure answer here, "you thought it would be best for me."

"I did not think he would degenerate into an idiot," Brian replied roughly; "how has it all occurred?"

"Is it not a story sufficient to charm a

young woman of my age," said Mabel sadly, but somewhat bitterly; "don't you see the halo of romance round it, like a ring of liquid gold?"

"No—I don't."

"Here is a man actually dying of love for a woman in the latter half of the nineteenth century," said Mabel, "who gives up at the first refusal, and takes to fretting like a school-girl—who becomes a source of alarm to his relations—who meditates suicide, and, there, it is the truth, attempts it!—whose brain seems to collapse, until I come to him with healing words, and hopes, and promises, and save him as by a miracle."

"It is a miserable position," said Brian, moodily; "who placed you in it?"

"They came to me—his parents who had been kind to me," replied Mabel, "he was the one comfort they had in the world—and only my words could save him from despair, they said."

"He must have loved you very much—but then," said Brian, almost contemptuously, "he was giving way by degrees, and any disappointment would have wrecked him as utterly as this. The man was bound to go mad at some time or other."

"He is getting well rapidly. I feel I have saved him."

"That is the romance of it—what is to be the reality in the days to come, God knows," Brian groaned forth.

"I do not think of the reality, yet," said Mabel.

"Why not?"

"I can't—I have not the courage," she confessed, with a sigh.

"You are humouring a delusion," said Brian, quoting her former words, "you have no deliberate intention of linking your life to this weak fellow's."

"Brian," said Mabel, "I don't see my way—perhaps I am afraid of all I have promised for his sake. I may want your strong mind to think for me, to help me, to teach me what shall be my duty—for I am weaker than I thought I was. You will think for me in good time, and not unselfishly, and, whatever happens, not uncharitably."

Brian Halfday was touched by this appeal. His voice was low and hoarse as he said—

"Whatever happens! What does the girl whom I am pledged to study all my life mean by 'whatever happens?'"

"Don't ask me now—good night. I have lingered here too long already. And don't think me unhappy—it has not come to that. I was almost happy till you—"

"Till I came," said Brian drily. "Yes, I saw that."

"Till you met me with hard words," she continued, "till you looked at me coldly, and made me think the friend I wished to see had put an ogre in his place."

The last words were uttered saucily, and in her old bright tones, and Brian brightened up at them.

"Well, the ogre is dismissed to Hades," said Brian, "and the friend remains for all time. And, whatever happens, Mabel Westbrook, there is one thing you cannot understand too clearly or too soon."

He was holding her hand again before bidding her good night.

"What is that?" she asked, looking away from him.

"That your life is not to be sacrificed to Angelo's—that must never be. I am your guardian, and interdict it solemnly. Good-night."

"Good-night."

Man and maiden parted, and the light that had flickered about them in the last moments of their interview, died from their faces by degrees as they went their separate ways. There was darkness ahead of them, and it was not possible, as Mabel had already prophesied, to see what lay beyond the limits of the day. Here was a difficult task to undertake, and of only one thing was Brian Halfday assured, or believed that he was assured, and that was, that under no circumstances of life should Mabel Westbrook marry Angelo Salmon now. Fixed as fate was that decree in his mind—and he was happier already for having promulgated it to her whom it principally concerned.

(To be Continued.)

CONQUERED.

I FAIN would tell the story of a heart
That made high boasting of its scorn of Love,
And cherished lofty schemes that left no part
For Love to take,
But counted them as all its pow'r above.

I fain would preach the warning of its fate,
How, throbbing with the Love it did decline,
It calls Ambition folly, now too late;
But it would break
That vaunting heart so humbled;—it is mine!

Yet this much heed—that if Ambition seek
To shut out Love, or wither it by scorn—
Then may Love come, and such harsh vengeance wreak,
As soon to make
Ambition slave, in servitude forlorn.

AMONG THE SEA-TROUT.

BY A. WENTWORTH POWELL.

And here and there a lusty trout.—TENNYSON:

“COME up the Saguenay with me next summer, and have a try at the sea-trout,” said my hospitable friend S—, as we were sitting over our claret one bleak night in January 187—. Now, I have always made it a rule to accept invitations of all kinds, whether they be to partake of simoom cutlets in the Sahara Desert, or of icebergs *au naturel* in the pastures of Nova Zembla; so I said, “Delighted to come; what fun we shall have!” with a faint feeling of hypocrisy at not disclosing my ignorance of the Saguenay and its productions; for I was fresh to the Dominion, and had never even heard of the Saguenay; in fact, the hint at ascension in my friend’s remark inclined me to the idea that it was a kind of Canadian Matterhorn, only sea-trout do not grow on the top of Matterhorns. So I went back to my work in the eastern townships very full of our proposed expedition, and, Englishmanlike, very precise in the phonetic pronunciation of the word Sah-gwen-ay; and was rather shocked at the off-hand and indecently glib manner in which my friends dealt with the mystic syllables. “Oh, going up the Saeny, are you?” Well, the long Canadian winter wore itself away; spring came at last; the crow carolled his lay from the pine-tree, and the bull-frog chanted his matins from the swamp. Summer succeeded, hot and sultry; the cat-bird wailed from the forest by day and the mosquito hummed and feasted merrily by night. At last came August, bringing holidays in its train, and S— and I met once more on the deck of the good steamer *St. Lawrence*, bound for what the time-tables grandly described as “Tadousac and the far-famed Saguenay.” The city of Quebec has one of the most picturesque situations in the world, and on that lovely August morning the old city looked indeed splendid; the lower or busi-

ness part of the town and the black walls of Cape Diamond (where the ill-fated Montgometry met his end) in deep shadow, and the battlements of the citadel lighted up in the glorious sun, with the flag of old England floating, as it ever should, from the topmost tower.

On goes the good steamer, casing on each side the waters of its namesake the river, like a great . . . waving off a poor relation. Past the beautiful Island of Orleans (called by the old French voyagers “Ile de Bacchus,” from the abundance of its vines), studded with picturesque French farm-houses; past the fleecy torrents of the Falls of Montmorenci, their look of exquisite coolness on this broiling day making one dive below in search of sherry-cobblers. Sixty miles below Quebec we reach Baie St. Paul, where the first genuine whiff of sea-salt air reaches us, and we first see those harbingers of ocean, great white porpoises, rolling about singly or in schools. Of course an immediate rush was made for rifles and revolvers, and an incessant but fruitless popping (for who ever yet managed to hit a porpoise?) was kept up for the rest of the day. Dinner, however, intervened, and the porpoises had rest for a season. Among other delicacies for which a Canadian table is famous, we revelled in an abundance of beautiful wild strawberries, larger than their Alpine cousins, and to the full as toothsome. “Say,” said an American gentleman opposite me, “real smart chance for berries around here.” And *à propos* of Americans, why do our own country-women never appear to advantage when travelling? Why do they look as if they had on their Sunday best or their seediest scrub dresses? Why can they not hit the happy medium and imitate the picturesque *costumes de voyage* of their less refined but certainly more artistic cousins?

Still on glides the good ship, the great river widening every hour, till the watering-places of Murray Bay, Cacouna, Rivière du Loup (anglicised into River d'Loo), appear mere rows of faint white dots on each bank. At last our boat leaves the *via media* to which she has kept all the forenoon, and swings easily round towards a dark opening in the bank, blowing off her superfluous steam with a hoarse roar like Andromeda's monster. The engines slacken off to half-speed, then stop, and, heralded by the report of an apoplectic little cannon from the front of the hotel, we glide gently up to the wharf, and the predictions of the time-table are fulfilled.

One's first idea at the sight of Tadousac is, How on earth did it get there? The little white village lies nestled in the dimple of the great hills forming the entrance to the river Saguenay, protected from the keen sea-winds by a great shoulder of maple-crested hills, which seems to cuddle it—if I may use that unpoetical but most expressive word—in its embrace. Tadousac does not boast many lions. There is a quaint little wooden church, the oldest in Canada, built some three hundred years ago, of which Canadians are very proud; one monster hotel, wooden, white-painted, many-windowed, an exact reproduction of what you see by thousands in the United States; a couple of stores; twenty or thirty pretty villa-like cottages, for the resort of summer visitors, each surrounded by the invariable verandah; and a few score of rude log cabins, inhabited by fishermen and Indians, degenerated scions of the grand old Huron tribe who have utterly abandoned the war-path, and only retain an ignoble yearning for fire-water. A little apart from the village Lord Dufferin, the Governor-General, has built himself a very handsome house, with broad spacious galleries running round it, facing the lake-like St. Lawrence.

Owing to Lord Dufferin making Tadousac his summer residence, the little village was full almost to overflowing with Canadian and American holiday-makers, and gaiety was in abundance; but we came neither to dance nor to flirt, but to catch sea-trout; so, after spending a night at the caravanserai-like hotel, and making a few needless purchases—as pork, potatoes, &c.—we took advantage of the tide, and set sail up the broad Saguenay, with a fair breeze aft. We chartered "L'Espérance," a small cutter of about

fifteen tons, of the kind used on the St. Lawrence as pilot boats, and with her a couple of French Canadians, a man and a boy, to look after the boat, "and do the chores" generally. Our own party consisted of S—, H— and C—, his son and nephew respectively, both capital specimens of the hardy sun-burnt Canadian schoolboy, and myself.

Our sailing-master rejoiced in the high-sounding name of Alexandre Hippolyte de St. Croix, which we promptly abbreviated to Alec, and his understrapper or cabin-boy owned to no other name than Fabien, which our schoolboys in time anglicised to "Johnny." Our costumes were varied. S—, who had visited the same "happy hunting-grounds" for nine consecutive years, was beyond any fanciful efflorescence of costume, and was clad in a suit of simple hodden-grey tweed, a wide-awake to match well garnished with flies, and long waterproof fishing boots. I, who, from a youthful course of reading in the pages of Mayne Reid, had ever a leaning towards the wildly picturesque, could only be content with a scarlet flannel shirt, girt with a leathern belt, with multitudinous straps and loops to carry pipe, fly-book, knife, &c. (and this I can confidently recommend to my brother sportsmen as a most invaluable desideratum for fishing, quite doing away with the necessity for a coat, with its attendant pockets, in hot weather); grey trousers, the bonnet-rouge of the country, and porpoise-skin brogues, completed my costume. H— and C— were attired somewhat similarly, except that they were innocent of shoes or stockings. Alec had a kind of amphibious costume, which he wore indifferently on dry land or in the water, and, I believe, never took off; while Fabien's dress resembled that of the mud-larks who congregate under London Bridge at low water, and was only kept from falling off him piecemeal by fragments of string, and failing them, with thorns. Thus equipped, then, we started with a fair, but, alas! too soon deceptive breeze; and grander scenery it would be hard to conceive, the black cliffs rising sheer up from the water's edge to a height of 800 or 1,000 feet, fringed and crested with gaunt ragged pines, while, now and again, an opening in their sides gave a view of the luxuriant maple forest beyond; the sombre waters of the Saguenay rolling majestically down to join

the mightier St. Lawrence, and the plaintive gulls screaming overhead.

Before we had gone a mile, however, the breeze dropped to a dead calm, and there we lay,

As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

And, to make matters worse, the rain fell in torrents. So we got out our sweeps, and, as the Yankees would say, "kinder rowed some;" and alternate spells of rowing and occasional puffs of wind brought us to L'Aure de Petite Ile, where, as Alec informed us, there was "good water for drink," and where S——, our skipper, determined to pass the night. As we were to go on early the next morning, we burdened ourselves with as little baggage as possible, anchored the boat, and landed; the rain still pouring in torrents, and the mosquitos hospitable and jubilant. Fabien, after the manner of French Canadians, wandered off in quest of blueberries, and Alec sat patiently down on a damp rock to smoke until such time as the eatables appeared, when he began to bestir himself with an alacrity that savoured of the sycophant.

We pitched our tent—originally intended to hold two, but for that night destined to hold four mortals—in the least damp spot, built a fire, dismissed our crew to sleep on board the cutter, made a hearty though frugal meal of dry bread and sugar-less, milk-less tea, and wedged ourselves in with a view to sleep. Vain thought! The mosquitos had not seen a human face before that summer, and they wanted to talk to us and see what we were like. So we sat up, lighted our pipes, and killed time and mosquitos as best we could, with an occasional snooze, till morning.

With morning, however, came a welcome change. The rain had ceased, and the sun shone out again with true Canadian splendour, never to be clouded again for the rest of our trip. But before weighing anchor we had a swim, and such a swim: water fifty feet deep and clear as crystal, and moreover, of a delicious temperature, far different from the icy St. Lawrence.

Before long we were under weigh and running by easy tacks up the broad river. An idea of the uniform depth of the river may easily be gained by the fact that, when changing our tack, we ran so close to the shore that our bowsprit brushed the rock in

wearing round. By noon we had reached our second camping-ground, L'Aure St. Etienne: there we landed all our cargo and pitched our three tents, one each for S—— and myself, and one for the two boys; the provisions (consisting of pork, potatoes, biscuit, tea, sugar, condensed milk, preserved meat, rice, golden syrup, &c.) and utensils being apportioned among us.

By evening the tide was right for fishing, and though the season was rather late, still we took a fair quantity of good-sized fish. Sea-trout are a very greedy fish, and will take almost anything with the semblance of wings, but I found a red or brown hackle a very safe fly to use. The fish themselves are most beautiful creatures, long and elegant in shape, of a pure silver hue, with exquisite rock-coloured flesh. Four days passed at L'Aure St. Etienne without any more remarkable episode than that poor little H—— cut his leg severely in chopping wood for the morning fire; but a plentiful supply of cold water, and the healing properties of youth and spirits, soon set our little fellow-voyager up again.

On a bright Sunday morning we sailed for the mouth of the river St. Marguerite, our last resting-place, eighteen miles from Tadousac. Any scenery we had come across in the former part of our trip fell far behind this last spot in beauty. We were encamped about a mile from the mouth of the river, and a mile still further up lay a tiny French village, the first human habitation we had seen for a week, a mere dozen of little wooden houses, dotted about among the maples. Across the river rose a huge conical hill, some 2,000 feet high, perfectly covered with maple, birch, tamarach, and ash, a regular pyramid of vegetation. On our side of the river, a few yards from the water's edge, rose a little bluff, some ten feet high, leading to a plateau of emerald turf, some two acres in extent, relieved by our three white tents; beyond this was a thick belt of dark spruce firs, and beyond that again rose dark limestone crags, beetling up for 1,000 feet and perfectly barren, save for a scanty fringe of ragged pines at intervals.

One day at the St. Marguerite was very like another, and, alas! the time passed only too quickly. We rose at five, and chopped fire-wood, &c., breakfasted at seven, and started fishing about eight. Our usual plan was to row out to certain trout-haunted rocks

at the turn of the tide, and wade in waist-deep; by three or four o'clock the tide had generally run out, and our creels were full, so we would pull home with light hearts and a heavy load to dinner. Fortunately, Alec, though a perfect paragon of laziness (not even mosquitos could rouse him to action), was an admirable cook, and S—— himself was an old shikaree in the way of sea-trout, and quite *au fait* in many ways of cooking those delicate fish. After dinner we would loaf about the camp with that delicious sense of fatigue without pain which generally accompanies such expeditions as ours, or take unavailing shots at stray porpoises, or H—— and C—— would make excursions to the French village in quest of bread, butter, or eggs. One of the inhabitants of this little hamlet visited us the day we landed, with a view to tobacco. I was just then being informed most emphatically of the existence of other insects besides mosquitos, viz., horrible little black flies, which busy themselves in your skin and drive you half mad with irritation. I addressed him in French more voluble than grammatical (for my French knowledge is like that of Chaucer's lady—

Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe)—

“Je dis, Johnny, vous avez beaucoup de mouches ici, trop beaucoup, je pense!”
“Oui, m'sieu,” replied the urbane Gaul (whose name, curiously enough, happened to be McLean), with a gentle wave of the hand, as of one pointing out some great local lion—“Oui, m'sieu, nous sommes fameux pour nos mouches noires ici.”

About seven we took our supper, and finished the day with a yarn or a song, and the invariable pipe of peace, qualified with a very slight modicum of fire-water, round the camp-fire. How delicious was that short hour before turning in; the great fire sending up tall pillars of flame, and throwing the little white tents into relief, while the surrounding forest lay in black shade: the bright sun-burnt face of good old S—— seen dimly through the smoke-wrack, his favourite G.B.D. pipe between his lips, raising his tin pannikin to drink “wæs-hæl;” the ceaseless splash of the tide; the rising moon casting her silvery path across the river; the bright lights from the French village, with

an occasional monotonous, yet not untuneful, song from the same, in which Alec and Fabien would join vociferously, utterly regardless of time and tune; and the numberless mysterious voices of the forest—the hoot of the great horned owl, the chant of the whip-poor-will, or the wailing cry of the poor Kennedy, with occasionally the plaintive howl of some belated bear scared out of his seven senses by the apparition of our camp-fire, or the short sharp bark of a fox. Our sleeping arrangements were primitive but sufficient: two Hudson Bay blankets, a strip of sail-cloth, and a piece of mackintosh, formed our properties, which we might vary *à discrétion*. For myself, I placed everything on the bare ground, the mackintosh underneath, rolled myself up in one of the blankets, pillowed my head on a carpet-bag, and slept. The others used to make elaborate preparations, in the way of amateur bedsteads, &c., but they generally came to grief; in fact, H—— and C—— were invariably discovered in the morning in a chaotic condition, looking as if they had passed the night wrestling with some hideous nightmare—a confused mass of limbs, blankets, pine-logs, and spruce boughs. Only once was I disturbed by nocturnal invaders. I had just turned in, and was almost in my first sleep, when I heard a heavy, not human tread in the camp, accompanied by an awful blowing noise, like the escape of steam from an engine. I lay and quaked. I had never seen a bear in his untrammelled state, for they were so shy that we could never get a sight of them. Still I knew a good deal about bears. I knew that bears had a heavy tread, and made noises like steam-engines, and our visitor was an indubitable *ursa major*. Our only weapon of defence, a small rifle, was kept in S——'s tent, at the extreme end of the camp from me. Moreover, said rifle was always taken carefully to pieces and packed carefully away, making it practically useless in all cases of midnight assault. I lay and quaked: I more than quaked; I positively wobbled. I thought of the grislies of the Mayne Reid of my infancy; I thought of Beauty and the Beast. Closer and closer came the footsteps, louder and louder sounded the blowing; when suddenly, to my intense relief, my bear gave vent to an unmistakable “moo.” Being pot-valiant, I rushed from my tent, seized an axe-handle, and belaboured the

unfortunate "coo" till she bellowed with terror and fled shuddering to the woods. Curiously enough, this disturbance had not aroused any of my companions, and when, in the morning, I recounted my midnight alarm, I was greeted with a chorus of, "Why didn't you milk her? But you Englishmen never know anything."

The curious French-Canadian *patois* of Alec used to tickle me not a little; *par exemple*, at our first dinner I addressed him: "Alec, pommes de terre, s'il vous plaît." "M'sieu?" with that admirable look of semi-idiotcy which only a "Canuck" can assume. "Pommes de terre, you loon." "M'sieu?" "Ah," said S—, "if you want to get potatoes out of Alec, you must say 'patates.'" That produced the magic effect, and I got my potatoes.

On another occasion: "Alec, où est bonne pour pêcher?" "Par lô, m'sieu," indicating the water generally (as I thought). "Yes, you mutton-head" quoth I, waxing English in my wrath, "of course you will find fish in the water." After much recrimination it was discovered that what I took for Alec's *l'eau* was his pronunciation of *là*, and that he was pointing out some particular "bonne place" for me to try.

The latter part of our stay was enlivened by the arrival of a party of fellow piscators from Quebec, and the little camp looked very pretty at night, with its two fires. One of the new party was of a vocal turn (H—not inaptly called him the "Luck of Roaring Camp") and delighted to roar out a festive chorus, the burthen of which was—

On the banks of the Yang, Yang, Yang-tse-kiang,
On the banks of the Yang-tse-kiang.

But all pleasant things must have an end; and after a fortnight's pure unadulterated enjoyment, we "up stick" and departed, having given a good account of some forty dozen trout. The perfectly unalloyed happiness of our camp-life, which seemed to culminate in our last stopping place, I can never forget. The early hours, the healthful and not excessive day's work, the ever-varying grandeur of the scenery, the exhilarating delight of landing a fine three-pound trout, the capacious appetite with which we always

attacked our meals, the calm pleasant hours of rest and repose, and last but by no means least, the great charm of the company of a cheerful and equable friend, threw a halo of sweet recollection over that summer which can never be effaced. I can only say to those who have health, strength, average means, good digestions, and an appreciation of beautiful scenery, let him take the rod and knapsack, and explore the Saguenay, or any other of the score of beautiful rivers which lie in the neighbourhood of the Gulf of the St. Lawrence, and they will never regret it.

Regarding the "poor Kennedy" to which I alluded, there is a pretty but wholly apocryphal legend. Some years ago a young English officer, Kennedy by name, was hunting in the woods near Quebec, and was entirely lost; not a trace of him was ever found again. But ever since, say the Indian hunters, a bird, whose note was never heard before, perpetually utters plaintive notes resembling the syllables, "Oh, poor Kennedy, Kennedy;" of which, as Charles Kingsley says, "let every man believe as much as he list."

I conclude with a "bear story," which obtained some notoriety in the township of Compton, province of Quebec. A young English farmer, noted alike for his convivial habits and his great personal strength, was returning from the village to his farm in that state commonly known among sailors as "three sheets in the wind." On his way home he met a bear, with whom he alleged himself to have had the following rencontre: "About a mile from here last night, gentlemen, I met a big slouching-looking fellow, *in a buffalo coat*, who refused to let me pass him, so of course I took off my coat and closed with him at once. I never wrestled with such a rum customer before. He did not use his legs at all, but seemed as if he *wanted to hug me with his arms*. At last, however, I tripped him up, and down he went in the snow. But, gentlemen, you take my advice—unless you are good wrestlers, as I pride myself on being, when you meet a big man in a fur coat who wants to try a fall with you, *let him go by*."—*Belgravia*.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE visit of His Excellency the Governor-General to British Columbia has served as the subject of so many newspaper dissertations during the past month, that any extended reference to it here may seem a work of supererogation. Still it forms an episode in the history of the Dominion in every way too important to be passed over in silence. The political aspect which the tour has been made to assume, under party manipulation, is not, after all, its important side, and there appears to be a danger that the substantial benefits which will certainly flow from it may be lost sight of in the confusing mists of party strife. No fog, raised by Homeric deity to shield and deliver a favoured hero, more completely blinded the general vision than these exhalations from the Serbonian bog of politics have done. The objects of Lord Dufferin's mission were essentially worthy of his energetic intelligence. As he himself informed the Victorians, he came amongst them "as the Governor-General, the Representative of Her Majesty, exactly in the same way as I had passed through other Provinces of the Dominion, in order to make acquaintance with the people, their wants, wishes, and aspirations, and to learn as much as I could in regard to the physical features, capabilities, and resources of the Province." The results, as summed up so graphically in the farewell speech, speak for themselves and for his Lordship's acute powers of observation. Making every allowance for an unquenchable love of travel and active exertion, and a marvellous elasticity of spirits, no ruler of a people would thus make a labour of his pleasure who did not feel a pleasure in any labour which lay before him in the field of duty. Lord and Lady Dufferin—for it must not be forgotten how much Her Excellency's grace and amiability of manner enhanced the success of the visit—unquestionably underwent the fatigues and dangers of the journey, and the more terrible ordeal of State receptions and demonstrations, because they believed it to be incumbent upon them so to do; and we

feel well assured that the beneficial effects of their visit to the Pacific slope will be manifest and remain, long after the "Carnarvon terms" and the railway vexation have passed away into the shadowy realm of half-forgotten history.

The Pacific Railway has been like an attendant spirit of evil during the whole of Lord Dufferin's residence in Canada. It rose with the "Scandal," and has been a constant source of trouble and annoyance up to this moment. Its latest appearance in the upper air is so closely connected with the vice-regal tour, that it seems necessary to scan it somewhat closely, without the aid of party spectacles. To begin with, it may be readily conceded that the promises made to British Columbia when she entered the Dominion have not been and cannot be kept. Whether Sir John Macdonald's Government, but for that unhappy *fiasco*, would have kept its word under more favourable circumstances, or whether Mr. Mackenzie's policy has been free from blunders, it is not our purpose to inquire. It is only necessary to insist here that neither Government has been guilty of intentional bad faith at any time. Of course each party will claim as much as that for itself, although it denies equal purity of motive to its opponents. If, however—casting out of account the Pacific Scandal as not relevant to this view of the question—the history of the enterprise be calmly and dispassionately read, the apparent breach of compact will be found to rest upon no foundation worthy of the name. The Macdonald-Cartier Government proposed to construct our Pacific Railway in the same way as the Americans constructed theirs, by a land grant and a bonus for every completed mile, and stipulated that the company undertaking the work should complete it in ten years. Now, if both the Government and the companies which offered to enter into the contract were mistaken in their calculations, the most that can be said is, that they were guilty of an error in judgment, resolving itself, in the first case unquestionably, into an excess of

patriotic enthusiasm, certainly not of premeditated bad faith. The British Columbians are yet but apprentices to the trade of Canadian politics, or they would never have credited so gross an imputation as that cast upon Sir John Macdonald.

Mr. Mackenzie succeeded as the heir to chaos. Everything was in ruins; the structure erected by his predecessors had fallen about their ears, and the new Premier had not only to begin *de novo*, but found himself unable even to employ the old materials. It must not be forgotten that the late Government, whatever it might have accomplished had its tenure of office been prolonged, had proceeded no farther than good intentions. Upon Mr. Mackenzie devolved, for the first time, the burden of practical work on the line; and, not to speak of the burning of the survey records, the difficulty of fixing the line, and innumerable other obstacles, the state of the finances soon became a serious stumbling-block in the path of progress. It is only necessary to hint at the party warfare which has been carried on all the time, and we do so solely to enforce a position taken in these columns on previous occasions, that the construction of the Pacific Railway ought never to have been made a party question at all. Such, however, it has been made at enormous expense to the country, and at the cost of greater delay in the work than was at all necessary. Whether Mr. Mackenzie's project of first "utilizing the great water-stretches" was sound and prudent policy or not, need not be entered upon now. It is enough to insist here that the Government has never repudiated its obligations, but stands pledged, now as heretofore, to construct the road in its entirety, as speedily as circumstances will admit of its being accomplished. In thus vindicating the honour, or at least the upright intentions, of both Governments, we are quite alive to the fact that we please neither party; but the credit and fair name of the Dominion far outweigh the trumpery interests of them both. The great enterprise upon which British Columbians have set their hearts has been languishing for years under the drowsy of politics, and it is time that they recognised the fact, instead of lending an attentive ear to reckless charges of bad faith and double-dealing from the Opposition of the hour. All that patriotic Canadians, attached to neither of the factions, ask of them is, to pay

no heed to the scandals and personalities which make up the stock-in-trade of party in the older Provinces, and to exhibit a reasonable amount of patience and forbearance in urging their demands. It must not be forgotten that when Sir John Macdonald first agreed to construct the Pacific Railway in ten years, the country had not passed under the cloud of depression, nor were the Dominion finances so straitened as they now are. The Government will religiously fulfil all its obligations, whether Mr. Mackenzie or Sir John Macdonald is at the head of affairs; but they cannot press the work faster than the resources of the Dominion permit. In short, they cannot do what is beyond their power; and *nemo tenetur ad impossibile* is an old maxim British Columbia is in danger of forgetting, but which cannot be too soon recalled to her recollection.

In his farewell speech at Victoria, Lord Dufferin took occasion to refer to the conduct of his advisers, touching the Esquimalt and Nanaimo Railway, and although the Opposition journals have, for the most part, frankly accepted his Excellency's assurances, low mutterings of discontent are to be heard here and there. The first question arising out of the address is a constitutional one: Was the Governor-General justified in vindicating the *bona fides* of Mr. Mackenzie? Party men, as usual, view the question from the standpoint of a self-interest by no means enlightened—the only consideration with them being *cui bono?*—for which party will the vice-regal explanation serve as an advantage? If for us, then it must be defended and extolled, whether it be defensible or not; if for our opponents, then it must be regarded as a dangerous precedent. Three years ago the dominant party fancied that Lord Dufferin was improperly intervening on behalf of Sir John Macdonald, and, as is invariably the hot-headed practice of the Grits, it indulged largely in wild and intemperate vituperation. The Conservatives, as a rule—although there are one or two unfortunate exceptions—have, much to their credit, abstained from assaults, as unmanly as they are unwarranted, upon his Excellency. Still, an undercurrent of feeling is perceptible on both sides—exultation here, sullen vexation there.

Now, if the reader will endeavour to free himself from the predilections of party, and calmly look the question in the face, he will

probably come to some such conclusion as this: Constitutional or responsible government, if it has any significance at all, means that the ruler, whether monarch or viceroy, shall accept without demur the advice of ministers possessing the confidence of Parliament; and further, that he shall feel himself able to repose personal confidence in their honour and good faith, so far as what may be termed the esoteric springs of Cabinet action are concerned. In other words, he must not only be satisfied that they are outwardly the choice of Parliament, but also that their inner life, as an Administration, would bear rigid scrutiny if exposed to public investigation. To assert the contrary would be to make the Governor-General *particeps criminis* in any unworthy stratagem of which, in the nature of things, he must be cognizant. Lord Dufferin, therefore, was fully justified in proclaiming that if Mr. Mackenzie had been guilty of "any such base and deceitful conduct," "either he would have ceased to be Prime Minister, or I should have left the country." To a man of honour there could have been no other alternative under the circumstances; but, as he possessed convincing proof of Mr. Mackenzie's innocence, he had a perfect right to state it, not only as an act of justice to the Premier, but in vindication of his own honour. It is idle to say that he was deceived, or that he was merely actuated by chivalrous motives. His Excellency's power of observation is too acute, and his insight into human character too penetrating, to admit of the former theory; and the unusually powerful language in which his protestations were couched, excludes the other, unless at the expense of his Lordship's veracity. Moreover, it must not be forgotten that he alone could satisfactorily silence unjust aspersions upon the policy of his Government. Denials, however positive, from the Premier would have been received by his opponents with scorn, reinforced by more pointed and positive accusations. Nor was the reputation of the Ministry alone at stake, for that perhaps might have been left to take care of itself. The Government, for the time being, represents the Dominion, and odium cast on the one must necessarily fall upon the other. At a time, therefore, when the existence of Confederation seemed in jeopardy, it was surely not only becoming in his Excellency, but incumbent upon him,

to exert all the influence he possessed from his high position and sterling character, to compose the feud, to allay dissatisfaction, and to indicate the path which leads to contentment and peace. These objects can only be compassed by the restoration of confidence in the good faith of our rulers, and it seems to us a new title to the popular esteem in which Lord Dufferin is held by all Canadians, that he was equal to so trying an occasion, and stood loyally by those whom the people had selected as his advisers. Finally, it must not be forgotten that, as the representative of the Imperial Government, the Governor-General had also a duty to perform. The unfortunate dispute was referred to the arbitrament of the Colonial Secretary, and, therefore, both he and the Queen's representative had an immediate and pressing interest in superintending its adjustment, and especially in ensuring fair play in all dealings between Dominion and Province. To have allowed the Premier to remain under what he knew to be an unjust imputation, would have been, on Lord Dufferin's part, to subject himself to the charge of connivance with an unworthy stratagem; and to be guilty of such connivance would have involved both personal disgrace and national dishonour.

It may be taken as unquestionable, on Lord Dufferin's authority, that Mr. Mackenzie did not procure the defeat of the Esquimalt Bill in the Senate; but there still remains an accusation only partially covered by the Victoria speech—that the Premier failed to re-introduce the Bill, being, it is insinuated, well pleased in fact that it had been defeated. The entrance of Mr. Blake into the Cabinet in the summer of the year has been made the basis of a cunningly-devised fable relating to this branch of the question. The Minister of Justice appears to be the cause of much anxiety in the Opposition ranks. At times, their papers assail him with almost rabid savagery; at others, when a lucid interval supervenes, they expostulate, warn, and entreat, as if he were not yet given over utterly to a reprobate mind. Whether Mr. Blake is "poltroon" enough to be cowed, or gullible enough to be wheedled, editors will doubtless discover in time; but, for the present, it may not be amiss to reflect that little capital is to be made from his expressions of independent opinion. Out of office, the member for South

Bruce voted against the Railway Bill ; three months afterwards he accepted office, assuring his constituents that, in consequence of the Senate's action, a new arrangement had been made which was satisfactory to him. He did not allege, for the dates would have disproved any such assertion, that the modification of policy had been made on his account. Nevertheless the Opposition chose to regard *post hoc* as also *propter hoc*, so that because Mr. Blake had joined the Cabinet, therefore the change in policy was its result. But it is not true that they even stood in this order of sequence. The defeat of the Bill was final, as Lord Dufferin assures us, and its re-introduction out of the question ; it would, therefore, have been necessary to put that clause of the "Carnarvon terms" in another shape, whether Mr. Blake became Minister of Justice or not. In point of fact, Mr. Mackenzie had to consider his future course on this point, and to decide upon it long before he approached Mr. Blake. That the new arrangement removed an obstacle out of the way of Mr. Blake's accession to the Cabinet is no doubt true ; but there is not a tittle of evidence that it was in fact removed at his instance ; on the contrary, everything points the other way.

So far as British Columbia is concerned, it seems difficult to appreciate the force of objections to the cash bonus. Three quarters of a million, supplemented by a liberal grant of land, would not only enable the Victorians to construct the Vancouver line, but, in all probability, leave a considerable margin. It is objected, however, that the Ottawa Government offered these terms partly as a *solatium* for delays in the completion of the Pacific Railway. So long, however, as the Dominion is doing its utmost, in the way of surveys and construction, such a pendant to the compact is a matter of no importance, because it does not relieve our rulers in the slightest degree from the solemn pledges they have repeatedly given. Before the close of the year, no less than \$360,000—no small sum in a sparsely peopled country—will have been expended, at the western end of the projected railway, in the course of twelve months; and as the Victoria *British Colonist* remarks, it would be an act of Provincial suicide to embarrass the Government or agitate for separation. The latter may certainly be considered a *brutum fulmen*, as ridiculous

as the mock thunder and lightning of Salmoneus, king of Elis. The British Columbians have taken too seriously the wranglings of our politicians, and have yet to learn that party warfare is a game and not a deadly conflict. Other Provinces, by a well affected rage, have succeeded in extorting "better terms," and there is no reason why British Columbia should not follow their example ; all that Canada asks is that they shall cease to clamour, like children, for the moon, and, above all, ape no longer the vagaries of insanity by threatening self-destruction.

Two Government appointments were made during the month, the one at Ottawa, the other at Toronto, and in both cases from the Cabinet. Mr. Laird has had some experience in Indian affairs, both as Minister of the Interior and as negotiator, in 1874, of the Qu'Appelle treaty ; and we presume Mr. Gow is fully competent to discharge the duties of Sheriff in his County. As might have been expected, the *tu quoque* argument has been resorted to by the politicians on both sides. So far as the dominant party is concerned, it has no point except in the case of Mr. Gow. Under no conceivable circumstances could the nomination of a Minister to a Lieutenant-Governorship be regarded as improper. To keep the promise of such an office dangling as a bait before wavering outsiders, whose influence is a matter of temporary importance, would be unquestionably wrong ; but the objection does not apply in Mr. Laird's case. Many English precedents to the point might be adduced. Lord Mayo, if our memory serves us, was a Cabinet Minister when he was appointed Viceroy of India ; at any rate, the appointment was made by Mr. Disraeli in 1868, after he knew that he had been defeated at the polls. Lord Northbrook, his successor, was sent to India from the War Office, and Lord Dufferin resigned the Chancellorship of the Duchy of Lancaster when he became Governor-General of Canada. Mr. Gow's case is somewhat different, because, although it seems unfair to bind Mr. Mowat by a motion of Mr. Blake's, it remains true that the Ontario Reform party protested against the appointment of Mr. Greeley or any one else to office in his own constituency. Mr. Blake's motion, in our opinion, was indefensible, but it certainly pledged his friends to its adoption as a principle to guide them

when in office. It will not do to urge that Mr. Greeley had been elected a Reformer, and had turned renegade and "martyr," because much the same may be said of Mr. R. W. Scott and many others. Besides, Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, Mr. Wood, and Mr. Richards were quite as staunch in their advocacy of Reform as their opponents—perhaps in practice more so. There is another device by which, instead of acknowledging a change of opinion, Reform journalists are endeavouring to confuse the public mind. It is no answer to the Opposition taunt of inconsistency to cite instances of similar appointments during the Conservative régime, because the late Governments not only made these appointments, but defended and justified them. The *Mail* and its confrères do not allege that similar appointments now are wrong *per se*; all the force of their argument lies in this: "You attacked and condemned us in the bitterest language for what we did, believing it to be right; and now you are yourselves guilty of the same quasi offences. Either you were in earnest then or you acted hypocrically, or you are wrong now; in any case you stand self-condemned by the Sturton and Gow appointments."

Passing downwards from that serener air where "high above the storm's career," Cabinets live and move in perpetual harmony and calm, let us afford "Reformers who have something to reform" a glimpse of the work which has yet to be done. Party patronage, as exercised in the constituencies, is one of the most corrupting and least defensible features of the existing system. D'Alembert somewhere observes that "the industry of man so far exhausts itself in canvassing for places, that none of it is left for fulfilling the duties of them." Perhaps Canada has not yet sunk so deep in the mire as France under the old régime; yet it is undeniable that our party men are not far behind their American brethren in their insatiable thirst for office. One has only to observe, for instance, the growing tendency to centralization in the Ontario Government, the addition to the number of salaried offices, and the mob of clamorous applicants eager to fill them, to be satisfied that love of place has become a social disease. There are many other indications of this which will readily occur to the reader. What we desire to impress strongly upon the public

mind is this, that patronage, as at present bestowed, is a malign agency—injurious to the civil service, fatal to the purity of election, and the direct cause of moral, social, and political deterioration.

Appointments to the civil service are theoretically supposed to be based on individual competency; they are, in fact, the rewards of political subserviency. Industry and intelligence ought to ensure promotion in a steady and unbroken order as occasion occurs; in practice, however, there exists a system of purchase less defensible than that which Lord Cardwell abolished in the army. The price of a commission in the Government service is the free exercise of a glib tongue, deftness in canvassing, unscrupulousness in everything. Serve the party day and night, secure us an electoral triumph by fair means or foul, and you shall be quartered for life on the public treasury. is the bribe held out to those who would live at ease. Here is the secret of much of the prevailing corruption at elections—the bribery by agents, often with their own private means, which so frequently comes to light. The promise of office, or a hope of it, reasonable or unreasonable, is quite strong enough to induce a man to sow a five-dollar bill in the expectation of reaping a permanent salary attached to a comfortable place. The law does not regard the appointment of these hungry hangers-on as bribery; on the contrary, its expounders have made it part and parcel of our political system, and are not ashamed to glory in maintaining and perpetuating it. The crowd of nondescript, and scarcely reputable, politicians who hover about at pic-nics and declaim at drill-shed "demonstrations," are the stuff of which, under the party system, public servants are made. To the well-informed, trained, and experienced member of the service there is little chance of advancement when one of these gentry stands in his way. The latter has paid his price for the office, the former has not; this one has "faithfully served his party," and should be recompensed, the other has merely deserved well of his country, which has no means left of rewarding him.

Moreover the prevailing system under which patronage is distributed, is essentially vicious. If a constituency is represented by a supporter of the party in power, all the offices which may be created or become va-

cant within it are absolutely at his disposal. This serves as an incentive to local ochlocrats of the baser sort at election times; it fills public offices with a worthless set of men; and poisons directly the very springs of popular government. In short, it first gives unscrupulous employment to their peculiar abilities, and then rewards them with office. Doubly blameworthy, it not merely corrupts the people and tampers with the franchise, but also holds out to the people's money as the reward in case of success. Where the constituency persists in returning an Oppositionist, the member is conceded no voice in the patronage, even to the extent of vouching for the capacity or moral character of the applicants. The electorate is given to understand, as plainly as if it had been formulated in set terms, that having failed to return a Government supporter, they have only themselves to blame that they are not consulted in appointments to office. Reproaches for the past, purgatory in the present, with the hope of better things in the future, on certain conditions—all together constitute the wholesale scheme of intimidation and bribery which passes for constitutional government. The odious principle that "to the victors belong the spoils," first crystallized into a political maxim by ex-Governor Marcy of New York, and that other one boldly avowed by Mr. Sandfield Macdonald, that "we must support our supporters," which is the Canadian statement of it, are the curse of the country, coercing the constituencies, fettering their representatives, and depraving the civil service. Let it be distinctly understood that no reflection is cast here upon any particular party or Government; the one side is as bad as the other when it has the opportunity of holding out the bait or putting on the screws. The electorate, especially when the administration is strong and likely to have a prolonged lease of office, is entirely at the mercy of its rulers, and when there is no dividing-line of principle between the ins and the outs, it is not to be wondered at that men are attracted by the bribe and succumb to the threat. To return an Opposition member is to cut the constituency off from governmental sympathy; it means no expenditure of public money within its bounds, no necessary public works, or as little as consists with decency or can be plausibly defended on the floor of Parlia-

ment. Local appointments in the gift of Government are not at the disposal of the people or their representative, but of a knot of wire-pullers whose defeat at the polls should have deprived them of all voice in the matter.

Nor is the influence of the system less pernicious upon members of Parliament themselves, even when attached to the dominant party. They cannot give a conscientious recommendation to office, because they must give a party one. The question which presents itself cannot be—"Is this applicant the best man for the place, because he is the best qualified?" but "Here is a man who performed important service for the party and for me during the election, how may he be comfortably and satisfactorily provided for?" The local politician has claims upon the powers that be, and—such is the code of political ethics extant among us—it is looked upon as of course that the country should be called upon to adjust them. Thus the administrative functions of Government are prostituted to party ends, and the member possessing the patronage finds himself not the servant of the people but the obsequious and unprincipled tool of his faction. But this is not the only warping of conscience to which the legislator must submit. He is also expected to "vote right" on all occasions upon pain of being exiled to political Coventry. Let him once venture to have a mind of his own, entertain doubts concerning the wisdom of Government and, still further, act upon them, and he is a marked man. The patronage upon which he depended for re-election, is his no longer; the ward politicians begin to exclaim against him, and order is taken for a Convention which will be sure to nominate a more subservient tool. In short he is not the representative of his constituents at all, and the account he must render of his stewardship is, in fact, rendered not to them, but to the party managers. If the latter are satisfied with the pliability of their parliamentary agent, those for whom he is supposed to think and act have no right to complain. The majority by which he was elected may have been small and accidental; yet, so soon as he takes his seat, he ceases to be the spokesman even of his supporters, and becomes the submissive thrall of dictators and those trading hucksters in political wares who assume to control and speak for the party.

The result is that independence of thought or action is out of the question; the party must be supported at all hazards; conscience is warped by the potent arm of power; and the entire political system becomes tainted, unprincipled, and corrupt. The effect of the prevailing disposition of patronage on the civil service must be obvious to all who have even a casual acquaintance with its working. At the seats of Government and throughout the country, the purpose of the Civil Service Act is openly and audaciously thwarted. The competitive system, in which alone there is hope of amelioration or reform, although formally adopted by Parliament, remains a dead letter. The public servant who has carefully trained himself for his duties, and justly anticipates promotion in his turn, finds that his pains have been thrown away. His diligence and conscientious discharge of duty avail nothing unless he has powerful party backing. When the vacancy occurs which seems to promise advancement, it is only to see some party-hack securing the office to which long and faithful service entitles him, and, not unfrequently, to discover that the vacancy has been made to find this clamorous partizan a place. Civil service reform, therefore, here as in the United States, must be the crucial test of party henceforth, and if both the belligerents persist in maintaining the pernicious system hitherto prevailing, the people are bound to intervene and sweep away the abominable thing.

Akin to this is a matter which, during the vacation, has made considerable noise; we refer to the printing jobs given to members of Parliament. We are not disposed to join in the party cry against the Speaker, Mr. Anglin, or against the Hon. Mr. Vail and Mr. Jones, M.P. for Halifax, because we believe it to be hollow and insincere. The champions of Parliamentary independence and purity are always to be found in the Opposition, whatever their own antecedents may have been. Still, in this case, the critics are right, as the *Globe* has clearly admitted, although it characterizes plain violations of the statute by the euphemistic word "inadvertence," which, like charity, will cover a multitude of sins. Admitting for the moment that the Ottawa Government has only followed a precedent established in the Maritime Provinces, it ought, as representing "the party of purity," to have educated

its sea-board friends in its own rigid school of political ethics. The independence of Parliament was, at one time, a cardinal article in the Reform creed; where is it now? It is not easy to tell who was immediately responsible for these "inadvertencies;" but it is not difficult to foretell the ultimate results of their repetition. The claims of the Government to popular support rested on no distinctive principles; they were carried into power upon an irresistible wave of moral indignation, and it will go hard with them, so soon as the people are painfully convinced that they are dropping step by step into the well-worn ruts of their predecessors. If purity of election, purity of administration, and an unflinching regard for the independence of Parliament are not exemplified by those now in power, their government can claim no *raison d'être* whatever.

The appointment of Mr. Mills to the vacant bureau of the Interior, *vice* Mr. Laird, was not unexpected, since the announcement of it in the *Montreal Herald* was as positive as semi-official utterances usually are. That everything did not run as smoothly as the *Globe* pretends, may be taken for granted. There is too palpably an *arrière pensée* in that journal's remarks, and its annoyance is so ill-disguised that it is evident a struggle took place, in which the dictator had the worst of it. So far as Mr. Mills's appointment indicates a declaration of independence and a prospect of definitive escape from the dictatorship, and so far as it is calculated to strengthen the hands of Mr. Blake, it is satisfactory to us, and, we believe, to most people. Nor are we disposed to lay much stress upon the new Minister's *penchant* for republican crotchets. Office is a great steadier of giddy brains, and as the *Globe* aptly, but not very loyally, remarks, "nothing will correct any such tendencies so effectually as the severely practical duties of government." Whether he will shed his "logical eccentricities"—by which the organ merely means a delicate euphemism for the elective Senate hobby—remains to be seen. Mr. Mills's Free Trade opinions are also those of his colleagues—at least such of them as can lay claim to any opinions—and therefore there is no reason why the Opposition should be violently indignant on that score. At the same time it may be frankly con-

fessed that the member for Bothwell does not bring any moral strength to the Cabinet. He is well-read in a miscellaneous way, and yet merely a sciolist; his industry, which has hitherto been lavished upon political vagaries, may be of service to the Dominion, if it be exerted in legitimate channels; of his honesty of purpose there can be no reasonable doubt. Should he prove successful, we shall be pleased to recognise the fact, notwithstanding some present misgivings; it is better to be agreeably disappointed than to be a successful Cassandra. All we ask of Mr. Mills is that he will cast away his unreasoning attachment to institutions across the border and set himself to work, with the vigour of a Briton, to do the proper work of a British minister in the noblest colony of the British Empire.

It is difficult to say whether the determination to postpone the meeting of the Ontario Legislature until January, or the paltry excuse offered for it, is more objectionable. The dominant party has always made an early session, at a fixed time, one of its strong "planks." When Critism was in one of its democratic phases of development, and before it had fluttered, in winged form, to the seat of power, the proposition was made to determine by law the opening day of the session. Like other "well-understood" principles of the party, this great reform has been lost sight of and forgotten. The pretext—and what Government ever existed that had not its quiver full of them?—is, an unavoidable delay in the consolidation of the Statutes. Surely the entire business of the country need not be retarded on that account. What, we may ask, has this consolidation to do with that other consolidation of the School Laws? Or with the Budget? Or with the municipal reforms demanded by our cities and towns? Six weeks before Christmas would scarcely serve for even a perfunctory consideration of all these matters; why must everything be at a stand-still, because one branch of legislative business is not ready? The excuse for delay is too frivolous to bear serious examination. Would it not be better to confess at once that Ministers have been too busy in meddling with Ottawa politics, too ready to do what they condemned in their predecessors, too absorbed in drill-shed rhetoric to prepare the business of the session? In short,

should they not fall upon their knees and acknowledge that they have left undone those things which they ought to have done, and have done those things which they ought not to have done?

Moreover it is announced that late as Parliament is to be called together, the session is to be a short one. We are inclined to think the Government will find itself egregiously mistaken. Not to speak of private legislation, there must be Opposition field-days; there is sure to be a determined assault upon the License Act, and then there remains a heavy ministerial programme besides. The Consolidated Statutes will require careful examination, if only to ascertain that no commissioner-made law has crept in. The School Law consolidation must also pass the ordeal of close and jealous inspection, and Municipal Reform, to be thorough, may of itself occupy profitably two or three weeks. Now, the last two matters could certainly be disposed of before Christmas, and the Estimates with them. Why then the delay, unless a suspicion at which we have hinted be well-grounded, and Ministers only commenced to prepare their programme when they should have been ready to submit it to the House and the country? The slipshod fashion in which our local legislation is conducted promises to bring the Assembly into contempt. When the Act of Confederation was in course of gestation, the representatives of Ontario declared that no second chamber was required; it is beginning to be obvious that this was a mistake. Perhaps no legislative body ever made so many blunders in precipitate and ill-considered measures, or spent so much of its time in rectifying them as ours has done year after year. Of what permanent value will Consolidated Statutes be, if legislation is conducted in the hasty and unsatisfactory manner hitherto in vogue? A month before the holidays would be well spent in patching the rents time and wear have made in last year's botch-work. Having decided to dispense with an Upper House, there is all the more need of ample time and mature deliberation. There should be no slurring over the work expected from select committees; at every stage a bill should receive the most careful examination and criticism, and it should not be transformed into an Act until it has been made as perfect as intelligence and forethought

can make it. If the Local Government desires to bring the federative system into deserved contempt, by lowering the standard of legislation, treating the House as rather an unavoidable evil than as an essential part of our constitutional machinery, they are at liberty to do so, whilst they possess a subservient majority. But it may not be amiss to warn them that, sooner or later, their love of centralization, their thirst for absolute power, and contemptuous disregard of public opinion as it can only be legitimately expressed by the mouths of the people's representatives, will either hurl them from office or provoke an irresistible tide of feeling against the existing constitution.

Two distinguished Frenchmen, each from a separate standpoint, have recently pronounced their opinions upon clerical influence at elections. Our own view of the subject has been frequently unfolded in these pages—not more frequently, we believe, than its importance demands. If our political newspapers were not bound by the party tether to conciliate the Ultramontanism of Quebec, they would have laid before the people of Ontario the pastoral of the Bishop of Gap and the pungent remarks of M. de Molinari. The full text of the former is given in *Le National* of Montreal, which, notwithstanding its timid depreciation of *Le Réveil*, appears to be liberal at heart. Presiding over a remote diocese in the south-east of France, the Bishop of Gap has issued to his clergy a complete guide to right conduct in political matters. We cannot recall a line of it which might not be appropriately read and assimilated by the clergy of every church and the people of every land. The space at our command will not admit of lengthened extracts from this admirable pastoral; but we may give an idea of its general import, sufficiently clear to sweep away the sophisms which even the Grit organs are not ashamed to impose upon their readers.

After protesting against the attempts to divorce the Church from the State, and at the very outset, he warns the clergy that in a land aflame (*brûlant*) with politics, the priest ought never to entangle himself but with extreme moderation and great caution, stigmatising that which is only relative

an able survey of the history

the theological side. Referring, *en passant*, to Thomas Aquinas and Suarez, "whose noble independence on questions left open to free discussion," seems now unknown or forgotten, the Bishop boldly takes his stand upon Scripture on passages full of eloquence. Appealing to history, he continues thus: "We are confronted with the fact that whenever the clergy have allied themselves with a political party, they have never failed to find its enemies become their own;" or, as he remarks in another place, "when priests ally themselves with party, they make opponents the foes of all religion." Nothing can be clearer than the Bishop's definition of the duties incumbent upon the clergy in political matters, nothing more distinctly marked than the incisive limit between Christian exhortation and priestly dictation. The priest is a citizen, having a right to cherish his own opinions and preferences, and also the right to express them with becoming moderation, but always as a simple citizen, and apart (*en dehors*) from his character as priest. Thus, by a few nervous words, the Bishop of Gap disposes of the special pleading, on "citizen" grounds, which the *Globe* and party organs generally have urged in defence of clerical intimidation from pulpit and altar.

M. de Molinari's account of Canada has been published in the *Witness*, and we deeply regret that our contemporary has not given a translation of it for the benefit of people in Ontario, who are in sad need of some rude awakening from without. As mere *impressions de voyage*, M. de Molinari's narrative is very entertaining; but when he expresses his surprise at the inferiority of the educational system, and the absolutism of the clergy, he speaks with great power. One would scarcely suppose that within four hundred miles of the repressive system indignantly denounced by the writer there are newspaper writers who can admire the whited sepulchre and plead for its preservation. Those who do not like the Church may leave it, says the *Globe*; let a Frenchman speak: "The *Institut Canadien* was excommunicated, and excommunication here is not a harmless weapon—*telum imbellis sine ictu*." "What shall be said of clerical intervention in the struggle of parties, and of its rôle, more and more combative at elections? I have heard of some priests (*curés terribles*) subscribers of *L'Univers* and *Le Monde*, who

denounced from the pulpit, as emissaries of Satan, their political enemies. Bad luck to those who resist them! The lightest woe that can befall these wandering sheep is to be enrolled upon the 'Index' in their parish, and forced to hide in their baseness in the towns and cities." Such are the impressions M. de Molinari formed during his tour in America, and feeling no comment necessary, we only submit to the people of Ontario the simple question—"What do they think of the relative positions occupied by the Bishop of Gap and the Paris publicist on the one hand, and of the *Globe*, the champion of clerical intimidation, on the other?"

It is one of the beauties peculiarly Republican, that politics at stated periods, yearly, but, in particular, quadrennially, dwarf and well-nigh extinguish every other topic of interest. The latter days even of the Philadelphia exhibition, which ought to attract general interest to the end, seem likely to expire unheeded amid the discordant uproar of a Presidential struggle. Any attempt to forecast the issue of the impending battle of the ballot-box would be useless. The prophets on both sides, with that marvellous aptitude for calculation which characterizes Americans, have settled matters in advance as hope or bold assurance inspired them. It seems to be admitted now by all parties that everything depends upon the vote of New York. So far as the other States are concerned, there are only a few—and they do not count for much in the electoral college—yet remaining doubtful. The latest indications appear to show, as the *New York Times* is forced to admit, that the result in the "Empire State" is more than doubtful. Mr. Tilden's personal character and popularity on his own domain may partly account for the apprehensions of the Republican party; but not altogether. A few weeks ago the thirty-five votes of the State were looked upon as secure for the dominant party, but they are not so sure now. The villainous work of Chamberlain in the South has been followed by its natural consequences; the Conservatives, including the Liberal Republicans, are dropping away from the camp of Hayes and reinforcing the party of Tilden. Without venturing to predict results, where the final action of so mercurial a mass as the Ameri-

can electorate is concerned, we should be disposed to say that the chances, though nearly even, are apparently somewhat in favour of the Democrats.

Notwithstanding some natural, perhaps traditional, reasons for dislike of the Democrats, it appears to us that the triumph of Mr. Tilden at this serious juncture would be a substantial, if not an unalloyed, blessing to the United States. There are three subjects of pressing and absorbing interest involved in the present electoral struggle—reform in the civil service, reform of the currency, and reconciliation with the South. On all these points Mr. Tilden's utterances, which are clear and unequivocal, have the advantage of being supported and reinforced by the record of his political life. Regarding the first little need be said, because the party platform speaks of it in unmistakable language, and Mr. Tilden's chief claim rests upon his persistent hostility to corruption in every form, and his indomitable pluck in bringing the culprits to book irrespective of party considerations. It is hardly necessary to mention that he is in favour of a resumption of specie payments at the best time; and the earliest, to use his own words, is the best. The nomination of Hendricks, although not altogether creditable to the party—and what party there or here ever hesitates from moral scruples?—was merely a *ruse de guerre*, and would have no appreciable effect upon a Democratic administration. In Southern affairs the Governor of New York advocates the only sound and humane policy, that of conciliation—not by depriving the coloured man of a single right he has acquired under the amended constitution, but by removing the causes of discord and driving out the harpies who prey upon Southern resources and foment the dissensions it is desirable to heal at once and forever.

It would not, by any means, be either wise or just to forget the invaluable services rendered to the Union by the party now in power. It has preserved the Union, removed the curse of slavery, and restored the country, in some measure, to its normal condition. When this has been said, however, eulogy is exhausted. From the moment when Gen. Grant took up his abode in the White House the decadence of the Republican party began. During his second term, more particularly, the country has been vexed by

exposures of official corruption and incapacity which require no special reference here. Is there any hope that Mr. Hayes, should he be elected, will effect any substantial improvement? The office-holders, fellow-conspirators with the executive in the work of corruption and misrule, are his staunchest and most energetic supporters. The "political assessment" on their salaries, extorted by that exemplary gentleman Mr. Chandler, one of Grant's Cabinet, forms his election fund. Can he reform a service to which he owes his election, and which defrayed the expenses of his canvas? Personally, he is the very man to be led into the mire by professional politicians; a feeble-backed and blind adherent of party, he voted in Congress with his party in defence of every job—the *Crédit Mobilier*, the salary grab, and all the other abominations of the time. His views on the currency are misty and ill-defined, as was sufficiently apparent in his contest last year with Allen for the Governorship of Ohio. Instead of civil service reform, he and his spokesmen have endeavoured to raise anew the war cry, which should have died into an echo ten years ago. "Waving the bloody shirt" is the substitute offered by the Republicans for the practical and exigent needs of the time. The election of Hayes, as we are firmly convinced, means a "third term" for the most unblushing system of corruption ever established, even in the United States. There seems no prospect of peace and contentment, of integrity and reform, from a renewal of the Republican lease of power; sincerely believing this, we desire the election of Mr. Tilden.

The Southern policy of President Grant and his party should, of itself, be ample reason for its condemnation. When the moment shall have arrived for a calm and dispassionate history of the last ten years, the folly, not to speak of the brutality, of this policy will appear sharply and incisively cut, with the strong distinctness of Greek sculpture, in the "corridors of time." The attitude of the Republicans towards the South has two phases, both of which it seems necessary to consider briefly, since they have an important bearing upon the approaching election. And first, looking at the South itself, there are three parties to be taken into account. To understand the present position of affairs, it is necessary to put our-

selves, so far as possible, into the place of each, in order to appreciate their motives and also their hopes and prejudices. To begin with, the defeated slave-owners ought not to be deprived of all human sympathy, because they fought, and fought with unsurpassed gallantry, in an indefensible cause. Let anyone endeavour to realize the position of the Southern planter at the close of the war, socially, pecuniarily, and politically. Let him further review the treatment he has received at the hands of the conqueror during the eleven years that have elapsed since he laid down his arms, and then perhaps some allowance will be made for soreness and irritation in the South. Sir Charles Dilke remarks that "thorough, as to European ideas, has been the forget-and-forgive in America, it has been more complete in Japan." So far as America is concerned, nothing could be further from the truth. Four years ago, Mr. Greeley pleaded that the still "bleeding wounds" might be healed, and Mr. Charles Francis Adams is now pleading with honest fervour in the same direction. Why has not the healing process been begun and completed before this? Simply because the dominant party, which, under the rough but patriotic and moderate guidance of Lincoln, had achieved so much for its country, has fallen into the hands and beneath the control of schemers, robbers, and leeches, to whom the closing of the temple of Janus would be exclusion from power and speculation. No more disgraceful page has ever been filled by the recording angel than that which chronicles the treatment of the South during the past decade.

The next element to be considered is the negro population, and here the first remark to be made so obviously suggests itself, that one can hardly understand the obtuseness which persists in ignoring its truth. The emancipation of the slave was a necessity of war, but it was also a most laudable act, and, in order to protect him in the enjoyment of his dearly purchased liberty, it was also necessary to enfranchise him. But it was not at all necessary, but rather the height of wickedness, to use him, sensual, ignorant, passionate as he is, as the tool of party ambition. The franchise is, without doubt, an educator; but all depends upon the school-master. It was certainly no boon to the negro to invest him with the dignity of citizenship and then to beguile him, through

the medium of the passions, into perverting his trust to the base purposes of violence and fraud. The seven devils in the Gospel found the room "swept and garnished," but they did not leave it so, and the last end of the man possessed was worse than the first. In its better days the Republican party emancipated the black man; it is now endeavouring to degrade him, by appealing to the baser side of his nature. The emancipated slave has neither a well-developed reason nor a soberly-balanced morality to fall back upon, and becomes, as might have been anticipated, the ready dupe of intriguing and unscrupulous men. Yet now that the glamour of the time ceases to confuse and dazzle his vision, the power of deeply-rooted attachment comes back to him again. Prone to savage outbursts of almost demoniacal rage and lust, the negro has his good side in the realm of the affections. Now that his dignity as man and his autonomy as citizen are assured, he naturally sways to the side of his old master, and the negro Democracy becomes a reality.

The third factor to be taken into account is the "carpet-baggers" and their tools. The lessons to be learned from the history of the last decade must have been drilled into unwilling ears, if they have failed to convince any honest and unprejudiced observer, that the policy devised by the ruffians who have, under martial law, maintained the rule of party in the South, and enforced by the corrupt rulers who have hitherto held sway at Washington, is bad in all aspects. It is bad for the negro, because it exaggerates the worst tendencies of his nature; bad for the white man, because it degrades him below the level of the negro; bad in the interest of good government, because supremacy is given to the basest of the hungerers for power and place; bad for the Union, since it keeps open wounds which might long since have been healed—bad, base, and immoral in every way.

At this moment when the honest portion of the Republican party are dropping away from him, Governor Chamberlain, of South Carolina, is attempting to secure his re-election by violence and fraud. The entire electoral machinery is at his mercy, the whites and Democratic blacks are forbidden to carry arms; but the Republican negroes are permitted to shoot and to mutilate the dying and the dead, as they did at Cainhoy

and half-a-dozen places since. It is an error to suppose that the misrepresentations made by Grant and the Republican press will aid the party of Hayes. The people of the North are too intelligent to be caught in the trap set for them—"in vain is the net spread in the sight of any bird." When the President, in his proclamation, asserted the existence of insurrection in two counties of South Carolina, and that the ordinary means of suppressing it had failed, he could have known, had he chosen to inquire, that these means had not been tried to suppress a lawlessness which he might have easily convinced himself had no existence. The acts of Chamberlain, the aid given to him by Grant, the illegal arrests and the outrages committed by the deluded negroes, are all part and parcel of the conspiracy by which office-holders hope to preserve the *status quo*. Nothing short of an entire *bouleversement* at Washington will heal the wounds which have been so long kept bleeding by designing men. And yet the Republican leaders, instead of contrition for the gross corruption which has tainted their career, are still "waving the bloody shirt." If civil service reform be demanded, they remind you of the war; if you speak of corrupt administration, they raise the cry of treason. Mr. Tilden has effectually silenced the slanderers who charge him with sinister policy with regard to the South—any desire to deprive the blacks of the citizenship they have won, or any intention, in the remotest degree, of paying Confederate obligations. And if we look at the list from which the new President, whoever he may be, must— for there is no choice in the matter—select his advisers, can there be any doubt on which side the balance should incline? Mr. Hayes has the old crew to provide for—his supporters during the present contest. Three men alone, of all those his "organs" have suggested, are in favour of reform:—Everts and Curtis of New York, and Hoar of Massachusetts—and these men would certainly be rejected by the Senate. There remain Butler, Blaine, Chandler, Morton, Conkling, Logan, Bristow, Morgan, and the rest of the band which has well-nigh brought the vessel of state to shipwreck. Tilden, with Charles Francis Adams as Secretary of State, with Thurman, Bayard, Belmont, Gaston, Wells, or others who are named, could give the assurance of pure and honest govern-

ment, and it is only from so radical a change that so desirable an object can be attained.

Writing at a moment when the peace of Europe may possibly depend upon the whim of a Minister or the phrasing of a protocol, it would be worse than useless to offer individual opinion upon the outlook. The events of the month have trodden upon each other's heels so rapidly that even the expertest of daily chroniclers have been unable to keep pace with them. Still, out through the fog one may catch a glimpse or two of sunshine. It is perhaps well that the first burst of indignation which stirred the mighty heart of England has spent its force—better still that a stern resolve, free of passion and prejudice, remains behind. One result of the "sentimental" agitation survives, because it has in it immutably the deeply rooted, though sometimes slumbering instincts of national conscience—the determination to do right and to insist upon seeing that right is done at all hazards. Before that awakened giant the gaudy fripperies of Beaconsfield and the timid platitudes of Derby have vanished like straws in the grasp of the whirlwind. The people, as more than one thinker has told us, may be wrong in their opinions, but in their instincts never; and under the fervent leadership of Gladstone, and with the ringing periods of Freeman finding echo in their hearts, England has not only felt as she should feel, but settled wisely upon a prudent course of national action. Casting aside all the guises of diplomacy, the course of England, as the plighted champion of Turkey's oppressed populations, is simply this: to insist that Moslem rapacity and murder and lust

shall no longer pollute the soil of the Provinces, and that, "bag and baggage," Turkish administrators, from the Pasha to the farmer of taxes, shall be driven beyond the Balkans. Peace on any other terms is a delusion—nay rather it is condonation for past misrule, and *carte blanche* for its continuance in the future. To re-establish the *status quo* is deliberately to prepare the way for direr conflicts and bloodier massacres and outrage. Let Russia desire what pleases her, she is powerless to oppose the will of Europe, and her own semi-barbarous acts in times past it will be time enough to expose when she has the opportunity in fresh fields of repeating them. For the present, it is enough for England to know—and it is satisfactory to feel that her people are quickened to a sense of the fact—that there is a higher law than expediency or national self-interest, however enlightened—the stern and inexorable law of duty. And if no other result should flow from the Eastern complications, it will, at least, be a comforting assurance that the "nation of shopkeepers" holds yet in firm and tenacious grip its hold upon the anchor of everlasting right. Ministers may haggle over terms and palter with moral distinctions as they choose, so long as the national pulse beats firm and strong in the wild movements of the time. Being just and being also compassionate, she has nought to fear except the canker of selfishness; as Philip Faulconbridge says in the concluding lines of *King John* :—

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them. Nought shall make us
rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

BOOK REVIEWS.

GLADSTONE ON MACLEOD AND MACAULAY.
Two Essays, by the Right Honourable W.
E. Gladstone, M.P. Toronto : Belford Bros.
1876.

These essays originally appeared in English reviews—the first in the *Church Quarterly*, the second in the old *London Quarterly*. It will not be necessary, therefore, to examine them at length. Mr. Gladstone's critical and politico-religious contributions to our contemporary literature are valuable, not so much for what they are in themselves, as for the light they shed upon the writer's own character, moral and intellectual. The time has not yet come, and we hope will not soon arrive, when the history of the ex-premier's mind may be properly subjected to the cold dissecting-knife of the mental anatomist; sooner or later, however, it will prove a psychological study of rare value. To the dignified and gentlemanly respectabilities of the *Saturday Review* and *Pall Mall* order, Mr. Gladstone appears a gushing sentimentalist entering upon matters too high for him, a disturbing element on 'Change, and the promoter of unreasoning public commotion. Yet one has only to look back upon the statesman's career, from his return for Newark, at the close of 1832, until his speech at Blackheath in 1876, to feel what a blank would be left in England's history if all his utterances, and all his public acts, with their consequences, could be blotted out of the record forever.

It is no mere demagogue, no designing agitator, no unscrupulous *fautor populi* with whom we have to do, but with a man in whom high intellectual and oratorical powers have been informed and ennobled by earnest and profound moral convictions. In short, it is on the ethical and emotional sides of his nature that Mr. Gladstone has proved himself so strong and effective from first to last. No deeper contrast could be afforded the student of character than that between the member for Greenwich and his great rival—successful now and perhaps definitively—the Earl of Beaconsfield. The latter bears upon him indisputable marks of genius, albeit an unstable and erratic genius, but he has none of that moral enthusiasm which sometimes seems to weave an *aureola* about the brow of Gladstone. Disraelitism is a dazzling phenomenon, but it can never be a moral guide, much less an abiding faith. Nor would a comparison between the developments

of character in Mr. Bright and Mr. Gladstone respectively be less instructive. The fiery tribune of the Manchester School has lost much of his pristine vigour of late years. He is still earnest, forcible, and eloquent, but he has long ceased to be the moral power he was twenty, and still more thirty, years ago. When free trade in corn became *un fait accompli* Mr. Bright had finished the most brilliant portion of his career. To some extent he is out of sympathy with the masses who still cling to him fondly, at least in the midland counties. He is of the capitalist class, and has no great liking, at heart, for labour movements or trades' unions. Moreover his views on war hamper him considerably, more especially at such crises as the present. The English dislike war as much as the member for Birmingham does, but their views are practical, while his are abstract and theoretical. England recognises a truth which Mr. Bright repudiates, that war may be sometimes a duty, and, therefore, dislikes the gospel of "peace at any price."

Mr. Gladstone, on the other hand, instead of losing his hold on the masses and mellowing into semi-Conservatism, exhibits a constant progress or development of character which makes him more fervid, more earnest, and more powerful, in spite of advancing years. At this moment, he keeps the key to the national heart more securely in his possession than any statesman of the last century and a half, save three—Chatham, Peel, and Palmerston; in moral power, it is not too much to say that he excels even them, unless we make an exception in Chatham's favour. Mr. Disraeli will scarcely make so great a figure in history as Shaftesbury or Bolingbroke, perhaps not a greater one than Halifax, Carteret, or Pulteney; Mr. Gladstone's name will be coupled with those nobler ones whose effigies occupy places of honour in England's Walhalla, whose memory lives in the hearts of her people. The great men who are regarded as the benefactors of their race—those who like Agamemnon have borne in its noblest sense the proud title "King of men"—have all been gifted, as Mr. Gladstone is, with deep moral earnestness and enthusiasm. The secret of their power has invariably been strength of conviction, enforced by the glow of feeling, or as Mr. Arnold says, "morality touched by emotion." It is so in an eminent degree with the ex-premier, upon whom sometimes seems to have fallen, like a Pentecostal

tongue of flame, "the rapt seraphic fire" of the old prophet whose lips were "touched with a live coal from the altar."

Mr. Gladstone is not seen at his best as a writer; indeed few men who have made name and fame in the field of oratory ever have been. Yet all his writings, these essays included, are worth attentive reading. There is a healthy tone about them which may serve as a stimulus and an inspiration. In dealing with Norman Macleod and Macaulay the theological and political bias of the writer is evident, but he is too honest to pass too lavish a eulogy upon either of them. As we remarked at the outset, any lengthened review of what are themselves reviews would be out of place. It seems better to send our readers to the essays themselves, with the assurance that they will find them in no better shape than in the clear and neatly printed pamphlet before us.

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QUEBEC, PAST AND PRESENT: A History of Quebec (1608—1876) in Two Parts. By J. M. Le Moine. Quebec: Printed by Augustin Coté & Co.

It is always a pleasure to receive a new volume from the author of "Maple Leaves." Mr. Le Moine's energy and industry have laid his own Province and the Dominion at large under a deep obligation. In collecting materials, sketches of character, Indian and Canadian, in rescuing favourite *chansons*, and, generally, in treasuring up for the historian's use *mémoires pour servir*, he has been an indefatigable labourer. The book under review is, so far as we are aware, the author's first effort in the field of history proper, and certainly is of sufficient merit to make us wish he had not confined himself hitherto to the humble task of gathering the crude stuff of which history is made. It would perhaps be too much to affirm that Mr. Le Moine has yet acquired the facile and pleasing style of Parkman, still the first part of this "History of Quebec" is as graphic as it is well-worked and instructive. Besides, it has one merit we cannot ascribe to the American writer to whom we owe so much, in never being too pronouncedly anti-clerical; but of that anon.

The early history of the city of Quebec, as well as of the province now bearing that name, during a century and a half, covers what may be termed the heroic period of Canadian history. Everyone who has read Parkman or Le Moine must have felt the study of these early annals to be not only instructive and entertaining, but absorbing and fascinating. Our author, beginning with the founding of the city in 1608, traverses the entire period of nearly two hundred and seventy years, concluding with a detailed account of Lord Dufferin's proposed restorations and improvements. The first his-

torical portrait which appears upon the canvas is, of course, the noble and intrepid Samuel, Sieur de Champlain, who is the common property of Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. His character and achievements are drawn with power and historical fidelity. Perhaps the only serious mistake made by that great man was his intervention between the Hurons and the Iroquois. There is much to be urged on both sides; yet it does seem, after all, that Champlain, by the pronounced share he took in the internecine struggles of the Indians, laid the foundation of much of the trouble and bloodshed of the melancholy years to come. Still, taking him for all in all, he makes a grand and striking figure in Canadian history—perhaps the grandest and noblest of those whose memories are embalmed in its pages.

Another notable character, about whom, however, controversy has never ceased to rage, is François Xavier de Laval-Montmorency, Bishop of Petœa *in partibus*—the first Bishop of Quebec. He was an ecclesiastic with whom it is very easy to find fault; but it must not be forgotten that Quebec owes him much. It was he who founded its educational institutions, waged desperate war upon the Government for its iniquitous liquor trade with the Indians, and made the noblest efforts to civilize and Christianize the red men of the forest. Upon the other and less pleasing side of his character we shall let Mr. Le Moine tell his own story: "His will was the supreme rule. Still, impartial history must connect his name with many unseemly religious and civil bickerings. His domineering spirit has been unsparingly rebuked by Roman Catholic writers, some of them churchmen like himself. The historian Garneau was outspoken on the subject, and the learned Abbé Faillon has censured, in no measured terms, many acts of the Bishop of Petœa. In his uncompromising hostility to the introduction of "fire-water" amongst the Indians, he must certainly be upheld, but his domineering manner towards four successive Governors, L'Argenson, d'Avangour, Mezy, and Frontenac, whom, by his influence at Court, he managed either to disgust with their governments or to have recalled, and the tyrannical mode he adopted to remove from Canada the Abbé de Queylyrs are matters of history, which all the panegyrists in the world will fail to delineate." "For all that," as our author observes, "the name of Laval will long endure as a symbol, a banner, to those who seek to promote religion by subordinating the State to the Church."

It must not be forgotten that "the holy prelate," as he is distinctively called, did what he did, at the bidding of Rome. He was sent to Quebec as an Ultramontane and an uncompromising foe to Gallicanism. To the French monarch he was always, more or less, an object of suspicion, as the secret instructions of Col-

bert to the Governors plainly show. When we come to the work of the Church as a whole, it is impossible not to deny the debt of gratitude Canada owes it for what was done and suffered under the old régime. The Recollets Fathers, the Jesuits, the religieuses, especially the Ursulines—all are deserving, if not of unmixed admiration, at least of cordial and ungrudging eulogy. Here, in Ontario, between Lake Simcoe and the Georgian Bay, three brave Fathers suffered cruel tortures, and death in its most terrible form—Daniel, Brébœuf, and Lallemand. They were the explorers, the pioneers, the civilizers, the missionaries, the martyrs of that heroic time, and our antipathy to Ultramontanism, when it trenches upon the domain of politics now, should not prevent us from doing honour to those brave soldiers of the cross.

For the second part of the work, which deals with the antiquities, institutions, shipping, periodical press, and a number of other interesting matters, we have no space. The book, altogether, with the exception perhaps of the engravings, is a credit to the author and the publishers. To those who desire—and we hope the number is increasing—to learn something of that era of our country's poetry and romance, Mr. Le Moine's work will prove an instructive, interesting, and intelligent guide.

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THE EARNEST STUDENT. By the late Norman Macleod, D.D. Toronto: Belford Bros.

This book, though appropriately entitled "The Earnest Student," is really a delightful memoir of John Macintosh, of Edinburgh. The selections from his correspondence and journals have been admirably chosen, and are well put together. No divinity student can fail to receive instruction from a perusal of this excellent work. It is full of earnest advice; and many of the passages from the diary are so touchingly written that they cannot fail to impress the reader profoundly with the importance of the truths so beautifully enunciated.

John Macintosh was probably one of the most unceasing and successful students of his time. In 1837, at the age of fifteen, he left the Edinburgh Academy laden with honours; and in the same year entered the Glasgow University, where he equally distinguished himself. In 1841 he was at Cambridge, a student of Trinity. His diary, which has furnished his biographer with so much valuable material, was commenced at the early age of sixteen, and continued almost to the hour of his death. His daily life is faithfully recorded; and some of his thoughts are described with great tenderness of feeling. Every entry bears unmistakable evidence of an earnest and devout spirit.

His biographer says, "He knew much which he did not profess to know; but never professed to know anything unless he knew it thoroughly."

When in Cambridge, in 1842, he decided not to join the Church of England; and he communicates his feelings on the subject in an excellent letter to his father. He finally left Cambridge for Scotland; and in Nov. 1843, went to Edinburgh and enrolled himself as a student of divinity in connection with the Free Church of Scotland. In the following year, on the 9th January, his diary records: "To-day I enter on my twenty-third year. The thought appals me. So old, and hitherto so unprofitable." This is only one instance of the transparent candour which breathes throughout the diary. In the same year declining health compelled him to leave Edinburgh for the continent; and notwithstanding his delicate state there was no relaxation in the arduous nature of his studies. During his stay at Heidelberg he continued rising at four in the morning, attending lectures in the University, studying history and theology, and doing other laborious mental work. Wherever he went he seems to have pursued his studies with equal zeal. At the same time he carried on a large correspondence with his friends and relatives. Some of his letters are really excellent literary productions, while others show great depth of sensibility. Those to his mother and sisters are beautiful examples of kindness and family affection.

In December he returned to Edinburgh, and resumed his studies in the Free Church College. On the 1st January, 1845, he makes the following entry in his journal:—"May this year, on which through grace I have been spared to enter, be an epoch in my preparation for the ministry." For a short time during the early part of his life, when at home taking a rest from his studies, he appears to have neglected his diary, and in consequence slightly slackened the reins of self-discipline. In one of his letters he describes, with deep contrition, his unhappy state of mind from having, as he says, fallen into sin and neglected his devotions; and further on he makes the confession that for six months he has tasted some of the world's gay joys, as they are called,—amusements and excitements,—and has experienced in consequence a deadness to spiritual things.

In 1849 he again visited the continent. His letters from Geneva are especially interesting; and the account of his tour through Switzerland is a series of pen photographs. His impressions on entering Italy are very picturesquely described, and full of interest. Writing from Rome in answer to a letter from his biographer, he commences by saying, "Your letter, as sweet as violets among moss, awaited me on my arrival here." The whole is delightfully written, his remarks on the religious aspects

of Rome being particularly interesting. "The air," he says, "is melodious with church and convent bells."

Scarcely one hour of his life seems to have been unoccupied; to use his own words he sometimes "worked the clock out of countenance." In Tübingen he resumed his student's life, though it was apparent to himself that he was not long for this world. In some of his letters he writes of his distressing cough and the hæmorrhage which followed; and the daily entries in his diary respecting his rapidly declining health, though very sad, are full of poetic force and calm resignation. Up to within a very short time of his death, in addi-

tion to the labours entailed by his studies, his letters, and his journals (which latter alone extend to thirteen volumes), he performed those of a zealous Sunday-school teacher; and he also found time to visit the poor and minister to their spiritual wants. His death took place in 1851, in Germany, at the early age of twenty-nine years.

Dr. Macleod's memoir of this remarkable young man will no doubt find a large number of readers in Canada. It is a most interesting and instructive account of the personal history of a devout and earnest divinity student, cut off early in a career of great promise.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

WHEN Mr. Lowe undertakes to speak of "The Vivisection Act," as he does in the current *Contemporary*, we know in advance what he will be likely to urge. In this paper he presses a number of objections, some of which appear to be valid enough, and his tone is moderate, unusually moderate for him. The ex-Minister has always been *L'Etourdi* of English statesmen, treading upon everybody's corns with a blundering *gaucherie* peculiarly his own. In this paper, however, though there is nothing absolutely new, there is nothing offensive; on the contrary, he seems disposed to defer to what he probably regards as popular prejudices. Dr. Elam contributes another instalment of "Automatism and Evolution," which, while it is, critically speaking, quite as trenchant and vigorous as its predecessor, shows much improvement in tone. The writer first takes up Prof. Huxley's theory of Conscious Automatism, following him, step by step, with a minuteness we may admire, but cannot reproduce here. So far as the physiology of the nervous system bears upon the question, Dr. Elam admits that it "would probably only lead to a drawn battle, in a scientific aspect; and then the general tendency of men to think that they possess some power of voluntary action" (or as we should prefer calling it, universal consciousness) "would turn the scale against Automatism." With regard to Mr. Huxley's experiments on the frog, after eliminating the brain, it is said in one place that though they "give an interesting and instructive view of Automatism in a concrete form, they have no bearing on general action;" and in another

he bids the Professor try his frog experiments on the dog, the cat, or any other warm-blooded vertebrate. It is amusing to notice the merciless practice of Dr. Elam when he has errors in chemistry to deal with. In his essay on "The Formation of Coal," Huxley says that on the combustion of coal, "if we could gather together all that goes up the chimney and all that remains in the grate of a thoroughly burnt coal fire, we should find ourselves in possession of a quantity of carbonic acid, water, ammonia, and mineral matters, *exactly equal* in weight to the coal." Whereupon it is remarked: "It requires but the most elementary acquaintance with the subject to recognise that the 'quantity' of these products would be at least twice, probably thrice, as great as the original weight of the coal. A due consideration and comparison of these facts" (facts previously stated in detail, of which this is only one) "will enable the reader to estimate at its true value the *science* from which such stupendous consequences are so confidently deduced." Next follows the celebrated passage in which Prof. Huxley, followed by Prof. Tyndall, repudiates "materialistic philosophy," while preferring "materialistic terminology." On this Dr. Elam remarks that it "seems to evince a somewhat morbid objection to being considered materialists, overlooking the most obvious first principle of nomenclature, that 'names are to know things by.' . . . Materialism is quite as good as any other *ism*, if it be *demonstrably* true—personally, I should say better, always under this limitation;" and a little further on, that "it has become custom-

ary of late years to consider it immaterial what language is used to express, or it may be to conceal, our ideas." Mr. Herbert Spencer is rather mercifully treated throughout the paper; but we must hasten to the great bone of contention. Prof. Huxley announces his intention of extricating his friends from "the materialistic slough," and the writer hoped to see some rational, or at least plausible, dialectic account of some method by which matter could assume consciousness and volition. But such is not to be found." The Professor speaks of man's "plain duty;" to which it is retorted: "What does it all mean? If I am an automaton, how can I have any *duties* to perform? Conversely, if I have any duties how can I be an automaton? What is duty and *why* and how shall I do it?" This leads to an examination of the doctrine of Evolution, of which, as Dr. Elam urges, Automatism is the necessary corollary. Of this, which is the *crux* of the question, we can only indicate a few points. First in order is the theory of spontaneous generation, as asserted by Bastian, denied by Huxley, and admitted by Tyndall to have no "satisfactory experimental proof." Next in order comes the law of the conservation or persistence of force, which Dr. Elam fully admits, while at the same time he denies that "vital or organic force" is at all similar to either heat, light, magnetism, electricity, motion, or chemical affinity—all these being transformable, the one into the other, but not into vital force. Applying the argument in favour of ether occupying interstellar space, to the natural philosophy of life, which, though absolutely undemonstrable, is accepted, "because nothing else will fulfil the conditions or account for the phenomena," the writer concludes thus: "We hypothesize in consequence another *special* force not correlated with those of the inorganic world in the same way as these are correlated to each other; and, as a name to call it by, we call it the vital or organic force. Is this in any way more unphilosophical than the hypothesis of ether?"

Mr. Williamson's paper on "The Deterioration of British Seamen" is a reply to Mr. Brassey, and discloses some ugly facts; and Mr. Hewlett's on "Imperfect Genius" is a protest against the extravagant eulogies of the "fleshy school" on the poetry and painting of William Blake. The latter branch of the subject is to occupy another paper, but in the present Mr. Hewlett shows satisfactorily, as appears to us, that he possessed none of the marks of real genius. These are, according to him, five—originality, fruitfulness of idea, fulness and maintenance of power, coherence, and articulateness. Testing Blake under each of these heads, not once merely, but twice over, the writer demolishes the posthumous reputation Messrs. Rossetti and Swinburne are attempting to secure for him. The Rev. William Knight, of Dundee, whose connection with the

prayer question will not be forgotten, contributes a well-reasoned but rather abstruse article on "Personality and the Infinite," which must be read to be fully appreciated. It must suffice here to say that it is an elaborate plea against the impersonal theory of Deity held by Matthew Arnold, and the "Unknown and Unknowable" of Huxley and Herbert Spencer. It is the fallacy of the new school of theological nondescripts that they are perpetually dealing with the two extremes—anthropomorphism (which is the only sense in which they are willing to understand the convenient but inadequate term personality) and pantheism. All statements made regarding the nature of Deity, whether typical, as in the Jewish Scriptures, or philosophical, are, as Mr. Knight cogently observes, "merely historical memorials of the efforts of the human race to vindicate to itself the existence of a Reality of which it is conscious, but cannot define." The whole paper deserves careful study.

Dr. Thornton, who is best known as the author of works on "Over-population" and "Labour," undertakes to refute the late Professor Cairnes's theory of Value. The special points made are that the Belfast economist was in error in speaking of the "aggregation of exchange values," that his definitions of supply and demand, as opposed to those of Mill, are faulty, and that his notion of their influence in regulating the market is also erroneous. Mr. Thornton contends that it is not supply and demand but competition which directs market values. Dr. Schaff contributes an excellent paper on "The Antagonism of Creeds." The writer is a well known and active member of the Evangelical Alliance, although he is free to confess that the articles of 1846 adopted by it "are a dry skeleton, without flesh and blood, too broad for some, too narrow for others, and lack the inspiration and spiritual unction of a genuine creed." Dr. Schaff gives an interesting account of all the creeds, from the confession of Peter, including the three of the Universal Church, the Roman, the Greek, the Anglican, Presbyterian, &c. Having indicated the points of coincidence and divergence, by comparing the creeds with each other, the writer proceeds to examine "the problem of re-union." Four solutions have been proposed: (1) The *absorptive* union of all creeds in one—the plan of Rome. (2) A *negative* union, which would give up all distinctive creeds and adopt the Bible alone. (3) An *eclectic* union, "composed of fragments from all creeds." (4) A *conservative* union, "which recognizes, from a truly broad and comprehensive catholic platform, all the creeds in their relative rights, so far as they represent different aspects of divine truth, without attempting an amalgamation or organic union of denominations." It is the last, under the name of a "free union," which commends itself to Dr. Schaff. Two

papers bracketed together under the general title of "Working Men and the Eastern Question," are written by Mr. George Potter and Mr. George Howell. The former is cautious, and on the whole inclines to the Derby view of the question; the latter is an out-and-out disciple of Mr. Gladstone.

The Fortnightly of the month, especially in its first three articles, is in extra force this month. Mr. E. A. Freeman, the historian, contributes a paper on "Eastern Question," so powerful and vigorous that it can have produced an impression only less profound than the pamphlets and addresses of Mr. Gladstone. If proof of this were required, it would be forthcoming in the bitter attacks made upon our greatest living historian by the pro-Turkish press. Strong as this essay is in its moral power, its generous warmth of feeling, and its withering invective, its chief strength lies in the clear exposition of the facts and principles involved in the question. Tearing away the flimsy gauze with which diplomats have endeavoured to mask the deep, underlying reality, Mr. Freeman boldly impeaches the policy of the British Government. At Lord Derby's door he lays the chief responsibility for the miserable issue of the Cretan insurrection, as well as for the present attitude of England in Turkey at this moment. The main features of his policy are blindness to facts, indifference to principles, indecision in action—blundering in all. The Foreign Secretary complains that he has been charged with causing the Bulgarian atrocities. Mr. Freeman's answer is: "Over and over again has Lord Derby told us that he did not and could not have directly instigated the Turkish doings in Bulgaria. Over and over again has it been explained to him that nobody ever thought that he had directly instigated them, that he is the last man whom anybody would suspect of instigating anything. But over and over again has it also been explained to him that he has none the less made himself an abettor and accomplice after the fact, by keeping the English fleet in a position which all mankind but himself believed to be meant as a demonstration in favour of the evil cause." England has plainly declared against the patching up of the old system, under which similar revolts against cruelty and oppression, as well as similar outrages, would inevitably be repeated. The only settlement which can be durable is one which will place all the Provinces in the position occupied by Servia before the war. Lord Derby has said that he has "no objections" to administrative anotomy in these lands, but he sees "difficulties." To this Mr. Freeman replies: "Of course there are difficulties in the way of so doing, as in the way of everything else. The world is full of difficulties. However, life chiefly consists in meeting with difficulties, and in yielding to them or overcoming them, as the case may happen. Only with men the exist-

ence of difficulties is something which stirs them up to grapple with the difficulties and to overcome them; with diplomatists the existence of difficulties is thought reason enough for drawing back and doing nothing." He adds that there is one paramount difficulty just now in the way of England's "vigorous and righteous action," and that is "the existence of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Derby." It is impossible to do justice here to the masterly survey of the facts, and then the more masterly enforcement of the moral in this telling essay. It must be read in its entirety in order to judge of its value at the present juncture, and we are only surprised that none of our editors or publishers has yet laid it *in extenso* before the public. Bound with the proposed reprint of Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet and speeches, it would form a permanently valuable addition to the literature of the subject.

Sir Charles Dilke's erratic course as member for Chelsea has been of essential disservice to him in other fields, where his undoubted abilities and literary power have full play. His essay on "English Influence in Japan," written as an additional chapter of "Greater Britain," is full of interesting fact and graphic description, with a thoroughly practical application. To begin with, there is a clear and succinct account of the revolution by which the Daimios overthrew the Tycoon, and now rule Japan nominally for the Mikado. Under absolute forms, the system is essentially radical and cosmopolitan; hence the wonderful transformation in the social, industrial, and political life of Japan. The Mikado is still "Mutsuhito, by the grace of Heaven, Emperor of Japan, seated on a throne occupied by one dynasty from time immemorial," but the government is actually a democracy. The writer's account of the country, its scenery and its people, is exceedingly entertaining, and he does not forget to impress upon England what Sir Rutherford Alcock has frequently insisted upon—the wisdom of contracting a close alliance with this brave, industrious, and intelligent people.

Mr. Leslie Stephen's essay on William Goodwin is a model of what a critical study in biography should be. Without being severe in tone, he thoroughly exposes the intellectual and moral weaknesses of the author of "Political Justice," and "Caleb Williams," the father-in-law of Shelley. Sir David Wedderburn's paper on "Mormonism from a Mormon point of view," is not exactly a defence of the system, but an attempt to give a fairer account of that strange nineteenth-century phenomenon than that usually received. Mr. Statham's "Modern English Architecture" is a trenchant attack upon the so-called "Mediæval Revival;" while Mr. Horace White gives a most instructive sketch of the course of parties in his "American Centenary."

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

THE most noteworthy event during the past month at Mrs. Morrison's Grand Opera House was the appearance, for three nights, of a portion of the Max Strakosch Italian Opera Company, from New York. The operas presented were Gounod's "Faust," with Miss McCullough as *Marguerite*, and Mr. Tom Karl in the title rôle; "Il Trovatore," with the same lady as *Leonora*, and Sig. Brignoli as *Manrico*; and "Martha," with Mdlle. Martinez and Sig. Brignoli in the leading characters. The selection was well judged, at least as regards the popularity of the operas, and their adaptation to the powers of the company. There is no occasion for us to enter into detailed criticism of the capacities of *artistes* so well known to the Toronto public as Miss McCullough, Sig. Brignoli, Messrs. Tom Karl and G. Hall, and we shall content ourselves with a brief glance at each of the operas in turn. "Faust," notwithstanding the undoubted excellence of much of the singing, was scarcely successful on the whole. The demerits of the representation were such as evinced either carelessness or haste in its preparation, rather than lack of ability in the performers. The scenical mounting was suggestive of a poverty of resource which certainly does not exist at this theatre. Faust's study, in the first act, was a nondescript sort of apartment, so entirely unlike the traditional mystically furnished Gothic chamber, that in "Il Trovatore" it did duty as a hall in the palace of Aliaferia; nor was the garden scene what it ought to have been. The prompter had an undue share of work, and the introduction of the band of the Tenth Royals in the March and *Gloria*, resulted in a good deal of confusion. But we are, perhaps, dwelling disproportionately upon defects, and it is with pleasure that we turn from them to speak of Miss McCullough's impersonation of *Marguerite*. Her acting was delicate, sympathetic, and, when occasion required, powerful. The same epithets fairly characterize her singing, and at the same time indicate a blending of the two which was one of the great merits of her performance. The third act, especially in the sixth scene, is the test portion of the rôle, as it is also that part of the opera which most nearly realizes on the stage the beautiful episode in the original Faust of Goethe. Miss McCullough did full justice to it. Her sweet and pensive rendering of the song, "*C'era un re, un re di Thule*" with its interposed recitative, was admirable, and in the aria "*Ah! E' strano poter*" the naïve coquetry of her acting fairly brought down the house. Her most successful duet was the "*O silenzio, O mister*" with *Faust*, in

which Mr. Karl merited a large share of the applause with which it was received. His fine tenor voice, less rich than clear, but full and melodious, was heard to best advantage in the aria *Salve dimora*. As an actor he was satisfactory, but not equal to Mr. Hall, who threw great vigour into the part of *Valentine*, and was especially forcible in his passionate death-scene. Mr. Gottschalk sang well as *Mephistopheles*, and would have made a better impression had he not appealed so frequently to the prompter, with whom he occasionally entered into an improvised and sustained duet. "Il Trovatore" was in every respect the best rendered of the three operas, and was received with an enthusiasm which was especially elicited by the fine singing of Sig. Brignoli, deservedly a great favourite, in the part of *Manrico*. The effect of his beautiful tenor as it was first heard in the serenade from behind, *Deserto sulla terra*, was magical, and set the audience on the tip-toe of expectation for the gem of the opera, the *Ah, che la morte* duet. This was exquisitely sung, Miss McCullough also fully rising to the occasion. It is a matter of regret that a bell so singularly unmusical was chosen for the *Miserere* chorus. Miss Frida de Gebele, who, as *Siebel* in "Faust," had not given great promise, surprised the audience agreeably by her impersonation of *Azucena*, in which she displayed considerable dramatic power, and sang efficiently, although her voice is somewhat worn. *Il balen* was Mr. Hall's best number as the *Conte di Luna*. We have left ourselves but little space to speak of "Martha," which was the least satisfactory performance of the three from every point of view. The insufficient preparation, or want of care, whichever it may have been, noticeable in the production of "Faust," here became glaring, and detracted very greatly from the merits of the representation. Mdlle. Martinez, who took the part of *Lady Henrietta*, sang fairly, but her voice is not a pleasing one, being thin, inflexible, and far from strong, while her acting was constrained and unnatural. The aria *Qui sola, virgin rosa* ("The last Rose of Summer,") although encored for its intrinsic beauty, was spoiled by her need of prompting; and this was incessantly audible throughout the opera. Aided by Miss de Gebele, who made a sprightly *Nancy*, Sig. Brignoli infused life into the performance by his singing, which was fully equal to that of the night before, and in some instances surpassed it, as in the well-known *M'appari tutt' amor*, which was his best effort on either occasion. *Facile princeps* of the company in vocalization, Sig. Brig-

noli is in no sense an actor, contenting himself with measured posing and spasmodic gestures. The chorus was by no means strong in numbers, nor did it make amends by the disregard of time it manifested in "Martha," although it was brisk and spirited. The orchestra, led by Sig. de Novellis, was full and efficient, playing accurately and with delicacy throughout. The overture to the last opera may be selected as the most favourable specimen of its performance. As a whole, for reasons we have referred to and some others, the company left an impression of disappointed expectation, notwithstanding the generous support accorded it during its stay.

Miss Mary Anderson, the young American tragedienne, who made her first appearance on the Monday following, as *Parthenia* in "Ingomar," possesses among her advantages a striking stage presence and a beautiful face, with great mobility of expression. Her voice, on the other hand, is rather deep, and when at all raised, grows unpleasantly harsh. Her elocutionary training is less faulty than incomplete, overlaying a native roughness of enunciation only partially, and not yet sufficiently ingrained to remain with her at moments of excitement. Her *Parthenia* was a much more finished and quiet piece of acting than her *Bianca* in "Fazio." In both she evinced great emotional power, but in the latter there was more rein given to a tendency to rant, which is the besetting sin of inexperience, and the result of being too lavish of passion, instead of reserving it for passages of climax. It is to be hoped that an actress of Miss Anderson's intelligence and promise will see the necessity of a little toning down in this respect, in which case we prophesy well for the future of her budding reputation. It is to be regretted that better support could not be found for her than was given by the company. "Ingomar" is a play which is continually in danger of taking the fatal step from the sublime to the ridiculous, if every detail of its representation be not on a level with its perilously high-pitched sentiment; and the gloom of "Fazio" is not best relieved by dismal incompetency in the minor characters. Mr. J. K. Vernon's *Polydor* in "Ingomar" deserves favourable exception from these remarks. Mr. Fitzgerald, although a most painstaking actor, has not the physical requirements for the title rôle, and his conception of it gave rather the impression of the taming of a repentant outlaw than of a noble barbarian.

Sheil's antiquated and rather heavy tragedy of "Evadne, or the Statue," although it was dragged down almost to the level of melodrama by the stilted and stagey performance of the rest of the company, gave Miss Anderson opportunities for the display of some delicate and well-conceived acting in the leading part. The chief situation of the play, in which

Evadne employs her father's statue as a means to turn the *King of Naples* (Mr. J. K. Vernon) from his designs upon her, brought out some of her best qualities.

In attempting *Fuliet* on the night of her benefit, Miss Anderson did no more than pardonable ambition leads many young actresses to attempt, like herself, too soon. But she was unfortunate in eliciting comparisons with Miss Neilson, which was perhaps natural enough in Toronto, but none the less unfair. Dismissing altogether such a parallel view, and taking Miss Anderson's performance entirely on its own merits, we think it was too uneven to be called an unqualified success, though much in it was really admirable. As in all her other characters, she appeared to best advantage when delineating passionate emotion, and she did not evince so great a disposition to overdo it as had endangered the dignity of much of her previous tragedy. In the potion scene she rendered most naturally the quick leaping of an over-wrought imagination from terror to desperate resolution; working up to the climax through the various alternations of feeling, with a full grasp of the situation, and without the uncalculating abandonment of herself to its excitement that might have been feared in her. Not to harp upon the disadvantage at which she was placed by her voice and her mannerisms of speech, there was a monotony noticeable about much of the calmer portion of her acting which made it unsatisfactory. The only other parts which call for notice were Mr. Sarnbrook's *Mercutio*, Mr. Vernon's *Friar Lawrence*, and Mr. Semblar's *Apothecary*—all meritorious performances.

The other stars who played at this theatre during the month were Sir Randall Roberts and Mr. F. S. Chanfrau. The former appeared in "The Great Divorce Case," a farcical comedy in three acts, adapted from the French, which has been produced in Paris, London, New York, Boston, and other places, under half-a-dozen different names. It was very well put on the stage, and fairly well acted, the best played parts being *Mrs. Graham* (Mrs. Allen), *Samuel Pilkie* (Mr. Rogers), *Weathersby Grandison* (Mr. Hudson), and *Mrs. Sharp* (Miss Anderson). Of Sir Randall himself the best that can be said is that he is a moderately good amateur. Mr. Chanfrau, who appeared as *Kit Redding* in "Kit, the Arkansas Traveler," and *Salem Scudder* in the "Octoroon," is a natural and vigorous actor. His *Salem Scudder* was the best impersonation of that typical Yankee that we remember.

Mr. McDowell's Shaughraun Company returned to Mr. French's Royal Opera House, and gave ten additional performances during the month. The plays selected were "Pique," "Clouds," and "Mary Warner." "Pique" is an adaptation from "Her Lord and Master," a novel by Florence Marryat (Mrs. Ross-Church).

The adaptation purports to have been written by Mr. Daly of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York; but if report speaks truly that gentleman is not the author of any of the plays which pass under his name. Be the adapter who he may, however, the drama is a most admirable one; in fact we exaggerate nothing when we class it as the strongest play of the purely modern type that we ever remember to have seen. The dramas which will best bear comparison with it are "The Big Bonanza" and "The Two Orphans." The former, however, is merely a "society" play, and "The Two Orphans" is almost altogether sensational. "Pique" combines the merits of both; it has all the brilliancy of dialogue of "The Big Bonanza," and very much of the thrilling dramatic interest of "The Two Orphans;" and it is stronger in character-drawing and altogether more natural and realistic than either. Good, however, as the play is, the acting of Mr. McDowell's fine company was quite equal to it. It was, in fact, throughout the best acted play we have seen in Toronto since the Fifth Avenue Company appeared here in "The Big Bonanza." "Pique," however, is a more difficult play to act, and taxes the resources of a company more severely. Indeed one of the most remarkable things about it is the large number of admirably drawn and thoroughly individualized characters it brings prominently on the stage. Foremost among them, as the one in whom the interest centres, is *Mabel Renfrew*, a haughty belle who, out of "pique," marries one man while in love with another. It is a very arduous part, but it was acted throughout with great and unflagging power by Miss Weaver. Whether as the cold and scornful beauty of the earlier acts, or in the emotional scenes of the later, this fine actress was equally admirable. Miss Weaver has youth on her side, and we see no reason

why, with study and hard work, she should not rise to the top of her profession as an emotional actress. Her principal defects are a trifling lack of genuine feeling in pathetic passages, and a certain "throatiness," or want of clearness in her voice, and an occasional over-rapidity of utterance, which slightly mar her otherwise excellent elocution. Next in importance among the characters is *Matthew Standish*, a fine specimen of the rigid but noble old Puritan of New England. It was played to perfection by Mr. Neil Warner. On a level with these two in naturalness and delicacy of drawing is *Mary Standish*, the "angel" of the Puritan home—gentle, patient, and loving. For this part Miss Reeves's beautiful voice, her clear and pure elocution, and her singularly graceful figure fitted her admirably, and she acted it exquisitely. The beautiful language put into her mouth seemed to gain an added beauty from her simple and unforced utterance of it. Another remarkable character, remarkably well-played, was *Raitch* (Miss Newcombe), a wild, harum-scarum, Topsy-like servant girl. We have not space to notice the other characters in detail. To name all that were well acted would be to go over almost the whole list: suffice it to say that Mr. McDowell was earnest and manly as *Captain Standish*; Mr. Chippendale, natural and forcible as *Doctor Gossit*; Messrs. Chester and Selwyn, extremely amusing as *Sammy Dymple* and *Thorsby Gill*, the college chums, fresh from Harvard; Miss Thompson, genuinely realistic as *Aunt Dorothy*, the Puritan old maid; and Messrs. Thompson and Cwynette exceedingly humorous and picturesque as the two ruffians, *Ragmoney Jim* and *Padder*, his mate. Well as these two gentlemen acted, however, the play would have gained by their absence from the last scene, where they were absurdly out of place.

LITERARY NOTES.

We have received from Messrs. Belford Bros. copies of Canadian reprints of "The Earnest Student," and "The Golden Thread," both by the late Rev. Norman Macleod, D.D.; "One Summer," by Blanche Willis Howard; and "Their Wedding Journey," by W. D. Howells.

We are in receipt, from J. B. Magurn, publisher, of Toronto, of a copy of a work entitled the "Best Thoughts and Discourses of D. L. Moody." It contains portraits on steel of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, a sketch of Moody's life and work, by Abbie Clemens Morrow, and an introduction by the Rev. Erory J. Haynes.

Messrs. Appleton, of New York, have sent

us copies of the following works:—"Darwiniana: Essays and Reviews pertaining to Darwinism," by Asa Gray; and "The Universal Metric System," by Alfred Colin, M.E.

We have received a copy of a work entitled "The Cares of the World," written by John Webster Hancock, LL.B., Barrister-at-Law, formerly well-known in Toronto, but now of Liverpool, England. The work is published by James Speirs, London.

An English Edition of "The Catacombs of Rome," by the Rev. W. H. Withrow, M.A., is announced for early publication by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.

courts of justice in the Provinces of Lower and Upper Canada to the trial and punishment of persons guilty of crimes and offences within certain parts of North America adjoining the said Provinces. This Act provided that all offences committed within any of the Indian territories, or parts of America not within the limits of either of the Provinces of Lower or Upper Canada, or of any civil government of the United States of America, should be deemed offences of the same nature and be tried in the same manner and be subject to the same punishment as if committed within the provinces of Lower or Upper Canada. The Nova Scotia Assembly met at Halifax on the 1st of June, and remained in session until 28th July, when the prorogation took place. The greater part of the session was occupied with discussions between the Assembly and the Council relative to appropriations—the Council objecting to the large sums voted for the construction of roads and bridges, which amounts the Assembly was unwilling to reduce. Ten thousand pounds were voted as a free gift to His Majesty to assist in carrying on the war, the vote being 30 for, to 2 against; but this vote was subsequently rescinded the numbers then standing 16 to 10.—Eight hundred and fifty-four emigrants from Scotland settled in the County of Pictou during this year.—The General Assembly of the Province of New Brunswick met at Fredericton on the 8th of February. Amos Botsford, member for the County of Westmoreland, was elected Speaker. Ten Acts were passed during the session; but as they were altogether of a local or temporary character an enumeration of them in detail is unnecessary. The session closed on 16th March.—The Earl of Selkirk brought out with him to Prince Edward Island nearly 800 emi-

grants, chiefly from the Highlands of Scotland. They were located on the old French settlement, north and south of Point Prim.

1804. The practice of summoning Parliament early in the year, which had been commenced in Upper Canada in 1803, was continued this year; and the fourth session of the third Provincial Parliament of Upper Canada, was accordingly opened by Lieutenant-Governor Hunter, at York, on the 1st of February. The renewal of hostilities between Great Britain and France had its effect upon colonial policy, and so the first acts passed were, “An act for the better securing the Province against all seditious attempts or designs to disturb the tranquility thereof,” and an act for the exemplary punishment of all persons who should aid or assist soldiers to desert.—A further sum of money was granted for the growth and cultivation of hemp.—Provision was made for the printing and distribution of the laws; £1000 was voted for the making and repairing of roads and bridges, and after a short but busy session, in which eleven acts were passed, Parliament was prorogued on the 9th of March. Robert Baldwin, was born in the City of Toronto this year. He was the son of Dr. William Warren Baldwin, who, with his father, Robert Baldwin, Esq., had settled in Canada in 1798. The family came from Knockmole, in the County of Cork, Ireland.—The schooner *Speedy*, Captain Paxton commanding, left York on Sunday, 7th October, in the evening, for Presqu’Isle, and was seen off that place on Monday evening; but a storm coming on suddenly, the vessel was unable to enter the harbour. A fire was kindled on shore and a sharp look out kept up, but nothing more was seen of the vessel. The passengers on board were, Mr. Justice Cochran, (a son of the Hon. Thomas Cochran, of Hali-

fax, Nova Scotia,) Robert J. D. Gray, Solicitor-General, Angus Macdonell, M.P.P., Jacob Herchmer, John Stegman, George Cowan, James Ruggles, Mr. Anderson, a student-at-law, and Mr. Fisk, High Constable. These gentlemen were on their way to hold the circuit in the District of Newcastle, at which an Indian, (who was also on board the *Speedy*) was to be tried for the murder of one John Sharp, late of the Queen's Rangers. It is computed that, including the captain and crew, about twenty persons were lost in the *Speedy*.—A proclamation, dated 10th January, was issued by Lieutenant Governor Milnes, setting apart Wednesday the 1st of February, to be observed as a day of fasting and humiliation throughout the Province of Lower Canada, in consequence of the renewal of war.—The supplement to the *Quebec Gazette* of February 9th, contains the following notice: "MARRIED on Saturday, 22nd December, at Baltimore, (Maryland) by the Rev. Bishop Carrol, Mr. Jerome Buonaparte, youngest brother to the first consul of the French Republic, to the agreeable Miss Elizabeth Patterson, eldest daughter of Mr. William Patterson, merchant, of that city."—The fifth session of the third Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada, was opened at Quebec by Lieutenant Governor Milnes, on the 10th February. Thirteen Acts were passed this session. The *Alien Act*, and the "Act for the better preservation of His Majesty's Government, as by law happily established in this Province," were renewed; an Act to encourage persons to apprehend deserters from the regular forces was passed; three other Acts, about to expire, were continued for a limited time; the cultivation of hemp was further encouraged by a grant of twelve hundred pounds; an Act was passed to regulate the curing, packing,

and inspection of beef and pork for exportation. Marriages solemnized by ministers of the Church of Scotland and by Protestant Dissenting Ministers since the conquest, were specially legalized; provision was made for the more easy administration of oaths to witnesses before the grand jury; and three Acts respecting the collection and appropriation of the revenue complete the list. The session terminated on the 2nd of May.—On Friday, 2nd of March, two non-commissioned officers and five privates belonging to the regular troops, then in Garrison, were executed at Quebec, for desertion; and eleven privates were at the same time sentenced to transportation for life, for the same offence. The *Quebec Gazette* of 7th June, contains a notice dated 4th June, signed by John Craigie, Deputy Commissary General, to the effect that the Commissioners of His Majesty's Treasury, had signified their intention of having the provisions required for the forces stationed in British North America supplied thenceforward from the North American Provinces, and that, therefore, tenders for the supply of flour, pork, and peas, at the several military stations, would be received by him. Tenders for the supply of three thousand five hundred gallons of West India Rum were also invited.—13th June. A Proclamation was issued by Lieutenant-Governor Milnes, dissolving the Parliament of Lower Canada, and directing the issue of writs, returnable on the 6th August, for the election of a new Parliament.—On Tuesday the 28th August, the New Cathedral Church of the Diocese of Quebec, was consecrated by the Bishop of Quebec. His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir George Pownall, and the leading citizens of Quebec were present.—The fifth Session of the eighth General Assembly of Nova Scotia, was opened

by Lieutenant-Governor Wentworth, at Halifax, on Thursday, 21st June. The session seems to have been occupied, for the most part, in discussions between the Assembly and Council, respecting the appropriation of the public revenue, more particularly as regarded the expenditure for roads and bridges; the position assumed by each may be best described by giving the formal resolutions of each House. On Thursday, 12th July, the Council sent the following message to the Assembly: "They (the Council) think the particular distribution (of the road votes) should be left to the discretion of the Executive Government, who have the means of investigating the propriety and determining the utility of such distribution, and of enforcing the due performance of engagements which may be made by the persons to be employed in such service." To this message the reply was: "The House of Assembly, in answer to the message of His Majesty's Council of this day, on the subject of the road votes, have only to observe that they are finally determined to adhere to the usual mode of granting and applying money for that service. The House has already voted the revenue for the ensuing year, to be continued the same as it was the past year, and when the appropriation of such revenue shall be agreed on, will pass bills for its continuance." This reply was adopted, 28 for; 1 against. On 26th July, the matter being still in dispute, a conference was held between the two Houses; but the Assembly declined to give way, and the prorogation took place on 27th, the appropriation bill failing to pass. The disagreement between the Council and the Assembly appears to have been taken very coolly by the Lieutenant-Governor, as in his speech on closing the session, he expressed his regret

that a difference of opinion had prevented the passage of the appropriation bill; but added that it would not be of great inconvenience, as the "concurrent votes" *would be paid*, in accordance with the practice which obtained before appropriation bills were in use in Nova Scotia, and that *he would pay* the usual salaries, contingencies, and members pay of ten shillings a day, to such as would receive it, *out of moneys granted and not appropriated*. On Saturday, 3rd of November, at 9 a.m., General Bowyer caused a false alarm to be given at Halifax, in order to test the efficiency of the militia in case of an attack being made upon the city, of which the Lieutenant-Governor was at the time apprehensive, from the frequent arrivals at ports of the United States, of French troops, and French ships. The result was very satisfactory, as by 10 a.m., 961 men were embodied and distributed to their several posts. It does not appear that the Assembly of New Brunswick was called together for the despatch of business during the year 1804.—On the 20th of August of this year, Alexander Auldjo announced that he, as agent for Upper and Lower Canada of the Phoenix Fire Insurance Company of London, England, was prepared to insure property in any part of the Provinces against fire, so that thenceforward persons who had up to that time been obliged to effect their insurance in England would be able to transact such business in Canada.

1805. The first session of the fourth Provincial Parliament was opened at York, by Lieutenant-Governor Hunter, on the 1st February. Alexander McDonell, Esq., was elected speaker. In his opening speech, the Governor congratulates the Province upon the success which had so far attended the efforts of the Government to introduce

the cultivation of hemp, and urges the farmers to persevere in their exertions. The session closed on the 2nd March, ten Acts having been passed, the most important of which was an Act to afford relief to those persons who might be entitled to claim lands in the Province of Upper Canada, as heirs or devisees of the nominees of the Crown, in cases where no patent had been issued. This Act provided for the appointment of commissioners to enquire into all such claims, and prescribed the mode of procedure. An Act was passed to regulate the curing, packing, and inspection of beef and pork, so as to assimilate the laws of Upper and Lower Canada respecting that branch of trade. Of the remaining Acts, six were in amendment of existing laws, and two were appropriation Acts.—Lieutenant-General Peter Hunter, Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada, and commanding in chief His Majesty's forces in both the Canadas, died at Quebec, on 21st August, whilst on a tour of inspection. A monument was erected to His Excellency's memory, in the English Cathedral at Quebec, by his brother Dr. John Hunter, of London, England.—September 17th. A proclamation was issued by the Honorable Alexander Grant, announcing the death of Lieutenant-Governor Hunter, and that he had assumed the Government of the Province.—Mr. Thomas Cary published the first number of the "*Mercury*" at Quebec, in January.—The first session of the fourth Provincial Parliament of Lower Canada was opened at Quebec, by Lieutenant-Governor Sir R. S. Milnes, on the 9th January. Mr. Panet was again elected Speaker, the vote standing: Panet, 39; DeSalaberry, 3. The session was a busy one, and lasted until the 25th of March. No less than seventeen Acts were added to the

Statute Book. Of these, five were for the renewal or amendment of existing laws; one was to enable farmers who had suffered from the deficient harvest of 1804 to obtain more readily seed wheat, corn, or other necessary grain; four were to provide for the building or repair of bridges, or improvement of inland navigation; by another provision was made for the establishment of a Trinity House at Quebec; the erection of Gaols in Montreal and Quebec was provided for by two Acts; an Act was passed for erecting an Hotel, Coffee House, and Assembly Room, in the city of Quebec; Sunday trading was prohibited; a Toll was established on the Montreal and Lachine road, and provision made for improving the road. Agriculture received a considerable share of attention this session; a measure was introduced to check the growth of the Canada thistle. This, however, failed to become law; but an Act was passed to compel proprietors of orchards in the parish of Montreal, to take measures for the destruction of a caterpillar which had proved very injurious to apple trees in that district.—February 13th. Francis Lemaistre, Lieutenant-Governor of Gaspé, Adjutant-General of the militia of Lower Canada, died at his house in St. Famille Street, Quebec.—April 29th, The Honorable John Elmsley, Chief Justice of the Province of Lower Canada, died at Montreal.—The Quebec *Gazette* of 16th May announces the appointment of Colonel Francis Baby, as Adjutant-General of the militia of Lower Canada. This *Gazette* also contains the appointments made under the act passed at the last session, for the establishment of a Trinity House at Quebec, which were as follows: The Honorable John Young, Master Warden; William Grant, Deputy Master Warden; John Painter, and