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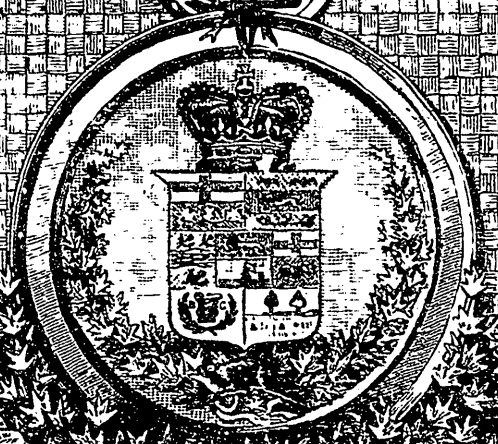
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11 45	5 55	3 30	12 50	9 55	7 10	0	TORONTO,	9 15	10 20	1 15	4 30	6 45	10 35	
11 50	6 00	3 35	1 00	10 00	7 15	0	" (Union Station)	9 10	10 15	1 10	4 25	6 40	10 30	
12 17	6 18				7 31	0	2 Queen's Wharf,	8 44		12 53				
	6 34	4 00	1 32		7 45	14	Port Credit,	8 26		12 38		6 04	9 58	
	6 53	4 16	1 50		8 03	22	Oakville,	8 03		12 20		5 48	9 40	
	7 03		1 59		8 13	26	Bronte,	7 33		12 08		5 30	9 30	
	7 13	4 37	2 13		8 27	32	Surlington,	7 17	9 20	11 53	5 25	5 32	9 16	
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1 45	7 35	4 50	2 30	11 15	8 45	39	HAMILTON,	\$6 45	\$9 05	\$11 35	3 10	\$5 05	9 00	
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A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
12 50	7 05	9 55	1 05		3 20	9 50	0	SUSPEN. BRIDGE,	7 20	10 55	1 15						
1 15	7 20	10 10	1 25		3 30	10 05	0	Niagara Falls,	7 15	10 50	12 55						
1 40	7 45	10 32	1 50	5 5	3 56	10 30	11	St. Catharines,		10 19	12 28						
2.55	8 15			P.M.	4 23		27	Grimsby,	6 05	9 44							
3 39	9 00	11 30	2 55	3 30	5 10	11 35	43	Hamilton,	8 40	11 30	7 15	10 50	5 00	9 05	2 00		
	9 20			3 48	5 25	11 52	50	Dundas,	8 40	11 07	6 55	10 37	4 33	8 40			
	10 00	12 10	3 50	4 23	6 00	12 30	62	Harrisburg,	5 30	8 09	10 41	\$6 10	10 05	4 05	8 09	1 12	
8 45	10 35		5 00		6 30		70	Brantford,			9 32	P.M.		3 00	5 30		
4 0 1	10 18	12 27	4 11		6 25	12 55	72	Paris,	7 42	10 18		A.M.	3 38	7 43	12 50		
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	8 45	3 11	3 11		8 00		150	Glencoe,			7 28	1 50	12 18	4 31			
6 45	9 15	3 25	3 25		8 17		156	Newbury,			7 15	1 22	12 03	4 20			
6 55	10 0	3 36	3 36		8 32		161	Bothwell,				12 55	11 51	4 09			
	10 30	3 51	3 51		8 57		168	Thamesville,				12 18	11 35	3 55			
7 50	12 35	4 25	4 25	8 00	9 40	5 15	183	Chatham,	1 55		6 25	11 10		11 05	3 25	9 20	
10 05	4 00	5 50	5 50	9 20	8 50	6 45	229	Windsor,	12 50		5 00	7 30		9 30	1 45	8 00	
	P.M.	6 20	6 30	10 00		7 15		Detroit,	12 05		4 00	A.M.		8 35	12 45	7 05	
	A.M.					6 50		CHICAGO,	3 30		5 15	P.M.		9 10	9 00		
		7 30	7 30	8 00										P.M.			

NORTHERN, HAMILTON & NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAYS TIME TABLE.

Taking Effect Thursday, October 20th, 1881.

North				NORTHERN RAILWAY.				South				
Miles from Toronto	STATIONS.	Mall.			Miles from Meaf'd.	STATION.	Mall.					
		A.M.	P.M.	P.M.			Exp.	Mixed	P.M.			
	TORONTO*											
	City Hall	Dep. 7.50	12.45	4.50		Meaford	Dep.	6.30	3.15			
	Union Station	7.58	12.52	4.58	8	Thornbury		7.05	3.45			
	Brook Street	8.05	1.00	5.05	14.3	Craigleith		7.27	4.05			
2.7	G. W. Junction		1.05		20.5	Collingwood	Arr.	A.M. 7.50	4.30			
5.1	Parkdale	8.13	1.10	5.13		Dep.	5.20	3.15	4.45			
8	Davenport	8.18		5.20	23.7	Batteaux		5.25	4.53			
14.5	Weston	8.27		5.26	29.1	Stayner		5.45	5.08			
18.5	Thornhill	8.50	1.55	5.50	36.3	New Lowell		6.03	5.28			
22.9	Richmond Hill	9.02	2.08	6.00	38.4	Brontwood		6.07	5.32			
30.2	King	9.15		6.15	41.4	Angus		6.16	5.42			
34.5	Aurora	9.40	2.52	6.34	43.8	Utopia		6.20	5.45			
38.1	Newmarket	9.52	3.06	6.50	46.3	Colwell		6.30	5.56			
41.7	Holland Landing	10.00		7.00								
44.5	Bradford	10.11	3.30	7.11		Penetang		7.30	3.20			
49.2	Scarlons	10.15		7.20		Gravenhurst		6.30	3.20			
52.1	Gilford	10.25		7.27		Orillia		8 25	4.55			
57.7	Lefroy	10.35	4.03	7.38		Barrio		7.00	10.05	6.25		
63.2	Craigvale	10.50		7.50								
	Allandale	Arr. 11.05	4.40	8.05	51.8	Allandale	Arr.	6 45	9 55	6.10		
	Dep.	11.25	6.05	8.25		Dep.	7.05	10.20	6.30			
	Barrie	11.10	4.50	8.10	57.3	Craigvale	Dep.	7.20		6.45		
	Orillia	12.35 P.M.	6 35		62.9	Lefroy	Dep.	7.35	11.03	7 00		
	Gravenhurst	2.10	8.30		65.8	Gilford	Dep.	7.40		7.04		
	Penetang	2.00		10.35	73.3	Scarlons	Dep.	7.50		7.20		
68.7	Colwell	11.40	5.25	8.40	76.9	Bradford	Dep.	8.00	11.40	7.27		
71.2	Utopia	11.45	5.42	8.47	80.5	Holland Landing	Dep.	8.10		7.37		
73.6	Angus	11.55	5.42	8.55	84.8	Newmarket	Dep.	8.20	12.03	7.47		
76.6	Brentwood	12.00	5.42	9.00	88.5	Aurora	Dep.	8.35	12.17	8.00		
78.7	New Lowell	12.08	6.00	9.08	92.1	King	Dep.	8.60	12.40	8.20		
85.9	Stayner	12.27	6.22	9.27	96.5	Richmond Hill	Dep.	9.02	12.55	8.32		
91.3	Batteaux	12.38	6.40	9.40	100.5	Thornhill	Dep.	9.15	1.08	8.45		
94.5	Collingwood	12.50	6.50	9.50	107	Weston	Dep.	9.25		8.57		
100.2	Craigleith	1.18	7.10	P.M.	109.9	Davenport	Dep.	9.37	1.40	9.08		
107	Thornbury	1.45	7.30		112.3	Parkdale	Dep.	9.45	1.48	9.16		
115	Meaford	1.45	8.00		115	TORONTO*	G. W. Junc	9.53				
		1.45	8.00			Brook St	9.55	2.00	9.25			
		1.45	8.00			Union Station	10.03	2.08	9.33			
		1.45	8.00			City Hall	10.10	2.15	9.40			

North				NORTH-WESTERN RAILWAY.				South		
			Stations.							
Exp.	Mall.	Exp.					Mall.	Accom.	Exp.	
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.					A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	
5.50	10.00	6.40	Dep.	Port Dover*	Arr.	9.40	4.00	7.00		
6.15	10.30	7.05		Jarvis		9.15	3.20	6.35		
6.50	10.47	7.35		Hagersville*		9.00	2.30	5.55		
7.20	11.15 P.M.	8.30		Caledonia*		8.30	1.45	5.25		
8.15	12.10 P.M.	9.35	Arr.	Hamilton*	Dep.	7.30	12.30	4.30		
Exp.	Mixed.	Mall.					Exp.	Mixed.	Mall.	
P.M.	A.M.	A.M.					A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	
3.10	7.00	6.30	Dep.	Hamilton*	Arr.	11.25	5.10	8.40		
4.12	9.20	7.35		Milton		10.27	3.10	7.30		
5.05	10.50 P.M.	8.20		Georgetown		9.45	1.15	6.45		
6.50	1.30 P.M.	9.55		Beeton		8.10	10.55	5.05		
9.00		12.10 A.M.	Arr.	Collingwood	Dep.	6.00		3.00		
8.20		11.20 A.M.	Arr.	Allandale	Dep.	6.50		3.35		
8.35		11.35 A.M.	Arr.	Barrie	Dep.	6.35		3.15		
		12.35	Arr.	Orillia	Dep.			8.25		
		2.10 P.M.	Arr.	Gravenhurst	Dep.			6.30		
9.50		12.50	Arr.	Collingwood	Dep.	5.20		8.15		
		2.15	Arr.	Meaford	Dep.			6.30		
10.35		2.00 P.M.	Arr.	Penetang	Dep.			7.30		

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Trains } Toronto for E. at 7.35 a.m., 5.30, 7.15, 11.35 p.m.
Leave } " " W. at 7.30 a.m., 12 15, 3.45, 5.25, 11.45 p.m.
Trains } Georgetown for E. 5.05, 9.67, 11.46 a.m., 5.30, 9.45 p.m.
Leave } " " W. 12.47, 8.55 a.m., 1.25, 5.00, 9.80 p.m.
Trains } Caledonia for E. at 5.05, 7.47 a.m., 4.41 p.m.
Leave } " " W. at 2.43, 11.00 a.m., 5.50, 9.05 p.m.

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Trains } Hagersville for W. 3.10, 3.59, 10.18 a.m., 3.22 p.m.
Leave } " " E. 5.31, 10.18 a.m., 1.57, 6.15 p.m.

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Trains } Toronto for Hamilton at 7.10, 9.55 a.m., 12.50, 3.30
Leave } 5.55, 11.45 p.m.
Trains } Toronto from Hamilton. at 9.15, 10.20 a.m., 1.15, 4.30,
Arr } 6.45, 10.35 p.m.
Trains } Hamilton for W. 2.55 9.00 11.30 a.m., 2.55, 3.30 5.10 11.35
Leave } " " E. 2.00, 6.05, 9.10, 11.30 a.m., 5.00, 9.05 p.m.
Trains } Jarvis for West at 10.40, 11.50 a.m., 6.30 p.m.
Leave } " " East at 9.25 a.m., 4.12, 6.30 p.m.

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Hydroleine is regularly prescribed by all the Leading Physicians in England and the Dominion of Canada. Read the following Specimen Testimonials,

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L. Gauchetere St., Montreal, Nov. 24, '80

HAZEN MORSE, ESQ.,

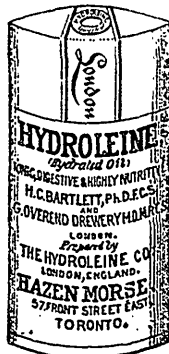
Dear Sir,—I consider Hydroleine a valuable preparation, and I have shown my estimation of it by prescribing it to some thirty or more of my patients, instead of ordinary Cod Liver Oil. Many of them continue to take it and have been greatly benefited by its use. Very truly yours,
J. J. DUGDALE, M. D.

Hastings, 15th Sept., 1880.

Sir,—We are so well satisfied with the trial bottle of Hydroleine, having put it to a severe test in an extreme case where we really did not expect the girl to live a week, (she is now able to walk about the house), that we would like a dozen bottles.

Most truly yours,

Drs. CLARK and O'GORMAN.



32 Beaver Hall, Montreal, May 15, 1880.

DEAR MR. MORSE,

My experience with Hydroleine has been more than satisfactory, and I know no remedy like it in cases of a scrofulous or tubercular diathesis. In some of my cases the effects of this remedy have been really marvellous. Now I wish you to send through Lewis & Co. a half dozen for my own personal use, as I wish to continue taking the Hydroleine myself.

Yours truly, E. H. TRENHOLME, M. D.

Richmond Ont., Nov. 25, 1880.

HAZEN MORSE, ESQ.,

Dear Sir,—I have to-day made arrangements with Mr. McElroy (the merchant of our village), to keep in stock a quantity of Hydroleine. It is the best thing I have ever used in all Wasting Diseases. I remain, yours etc., D. BEATTY, M. D.

STATEMENT FROM A LEADING CHEMIST AND ANOTHER PROMINENT MAN.

144 St. Lawrence Main St., Montreal, Nov. 18, 1880.

HAZEN MORSE, ESQ., Toronto.

Dear Sir,—I beg to say that Hydroleine is increasing in favor with the Medical Profession. It digests easily and in most cases rapidly brings up the weight of the patient. To prove which, several physicians have weighed their patients before beginning the remedy. My sales this month are larger than ever.

Truly yours,

HENRY R. GRAY,
Dispensing Chemist.

Montreal Telegraph Co., Superintendent's Office,
Toronto, Nov. 26, 1880.

HAZEN MORSE, ESQ.,

Dear Sir,—I sent a dozen bottles of Hydroleine to a relative of mine, to whom it had been recommended by a physician. The result has been most beneficial and satisfactory, my relative's health being greatly improved, with every prospect of perfect restoration.

Yours truly,

H. P. DWIGHT,
Superintendent M. T. Co.

Send 3ct. Stamp for 44 Page Pamphlet, by G. Overend Drewry, M. D.
London, Eng., entitled "Consumption and Wasting Diseases."

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Queen's Printer for Ontario.**

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"Have much pleasure in recommending it as a first class office ink."
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CARBOLIC DOG SOAP,

FOR WASHING

DOGS, HORSES, CATTLE, PIGS

And other domestic animals, EXCEPT Cats.

ONE THOROUGH APPLICATION of this Soap will remove every flea or parasite from any animal, and by its use you will cleanse the skin and hair from Scurf and Smells, making the coat fine and glossy without giving cold or doing the least harm to the animal.

It is a Sure and Safe Cure for the Mange, and will immediately heal all eruptions of the skin. Flies will not trouble Horses that have been washed with this Soap.

Insects on Poultry completely destroyed by sponging with a weak Solution.

This Soap will destroy all parasites, cures Scab on Sheep, Mange, Scratches and Foot Rot, heals Saddle and Harness Galls, sores of all kinds, and protects wounds from the attacks of flies. This is the Best Soap for all Disinfecting purposes in the Market.

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By G. A. Huestis, 1884.

ROSE-BELFORD'S

CANADIAN MONTHLY

AND NATIONAL REVIEW.

NOVEMBER, 1881.

THE FUNERAL DAY,

SEPT. 26TH, 1881.

BY FIDELIS.

GOD'S will be done! Alas, we know not why,
In spite of longing love and tender care,
And a great nation's mighty voice of prayer,
The foul blow triumphed, and the good must die!

Yet, in this time of heavy loss and pain,
All party cries are hushed in one great grief,
And in its mourning o'er its fallen chief,
The land divided breathes as one again!

Nor North nor South it knows, nor East nor West,
Its mighty heart throbs with a single beat
While fall its tears upon the winding-sheet
That wraps to-day its noblest and its best.

Nor North nor South! *All* boundaries are fled
Where noble manhood falls for Truth's dear sake;
We know no frontier line on land or lake,—
A Continent is mourning for the dead!

And far across the sea that rolls between
Old England and the New, the grief is shared;
Both nations bow their heads in sorrow bared
And with the mourners weepeth England's Queen!

From Biscay's Bay to Tiber's yellow wave,
 Wherever freemen's hearts beat true to-day,
 Unseen they join the long and sad array
 That bears the martyred ruler to his grave !

Yet, still perchance, his high heroic soul,
 May guide the people's destinies,—' *his trust* —
 And from the treasure of his sacred dust
 His voice still urge them to the nobler goal.

And from the sorrow,—since it must befall,—
 May seeds of blessing for the future grow,—
 A closer human brotherhood below,
 More love and service to the Lord of all.

ENGLAND'S RAGNAROK :

A POLITICAL ESSAY,*

BY R. W. BOODLE, MONTREAL.

*Non tibi sunt integra lintea.
 Non Di, quos iterum pressa voces malo.
 Quamvis Pontica pinus,
 Silva filia nobilis,
 Jactes et genus et nomen inutile,
 Nil pictis timidus navita puppibus
 Pedit. Tu, nisi ventis
 Debes ludibrium, cave.*

THERE are many reasons that make the subject of England's future one of anxious interest, not only to her sons at home and abroad, but also to the peoples that compose her vast empire. Cassandra cries, we know, are to be heard at all times and by nations in the most flourishing circumstances; yet Cassandra is occasionally a true prophet. It is, at least, a significant fact, that England's three most prominent eagers within the last fifty years have all given unmistakable notes of alarm. The tone of her Poet Laureate has become gradu-

ally less and less hopeful of her future; Carlyle and Ruskin have predicted her 'time of accounts,' her 'remediless sorrow,' in plain terms; and circumstances have combined to compel us to pay more attention to such utterances at the present moment than we generally feel justified in paying. Look where England may, her prospect is a gloomy one. With foreign prestige low and her flag disgraced by concession to a victorious enemy, with Ireland in a state little short of rebellion, England can find little to console her if she looks to the state of her commercial and agricultural interests; and should she hope to remedy matters by reform, she is confronted with the fact

* Read before the Athenæum Club, Montreal.

of legislative institutions self-convicted of failure.

All this is bad, it may be said, but there have been moments in the history of England when the outlook has been as gloomy; yet she has put forth her wonderful power of adaptation, of recovery, and her affairs have got better again. As instances of this, the days of John, Mary and Charles I, may be cited. Those, however, who rely upon these as historical parallels, are perhaps short-sighted. At best these are but half-parallels, as in each case the manifest evil of the times was easily traced to its cause. What makes the present symptoms of England's case so deplorable is, that there seems no way of accounting for them, except by the theory of national decline. England has pursued mainly a pacific policy since the Crimean War; she has had few wars, none at all in Europe; she has had the benefit (if benefit it were) of the counsels of the Liberal or Progressive party. No pains have been spared. 'What could have been done more to my vineyard,' England might say, 'that I have not done it? Wherefore, when I looked that it should bring forth grapes, brought it forth wild grapes?'

As the subject I have before me is one greatly susceptible of vagueness, I propose to submit four propositions, containing principles of the truth of which I am myself persuaded; to discuss them in special relation to England, and to conclude by briefly intimating the problem that England has before her. My propositions are: That a nation like an individual has a life of its own; that it has a distinct character and functions, which depend to a great extent upon its constitution, culture, and power; that a nation takes its rank in history from the due discharge of its functions, and its spiritual life ceases when its character degenerates, and it abandons their proper performance; that its corporate existence, which depends greatly upon

external circumstances (as well as upon its constitution and power) may outlast its spiritual life. I will take these in their order.

1. *A nation, like an individual, has a life of its own.* That a nation cannot last for ever would seem to be self-evident to any one who takes the trouble to think about it. The first writer, however, who clearly pointed out the fact that, after lasting for a certain time, a nation begins to decline, was Plato. The discussion occurs in the eighth book of the 'Republic.' Every one knows that Plato's 'Republic' starts with the idea of the analogy between the soul of man and the state. The whole is most suggestive, though the generalizations drawn about the successive phases of governments are only partially true of Greek states, and have little application to modern times. The idea of progress and development into something higher, which is fundamental with the modern mind, was unknown to the Greeks before the era of Stoicism. Athena, the goddess of wisdom, sprung fully developed from the forehead of Zeus. Plato accordingly starts with his ideal state, which he calls an "Aristocracy, and as long as this lasts the state remains unchanged. But decline comes after a time. 'It is difficult,' he writes (p. 546), 'for a state, thus constituted, to be shaken. But since everything that has come into being must one day perish, even a system like ours will not endure for all time, but must suffer dissolution.' How this dissolution is to come is a puzzle to him, and he explains it by a celebrated mathematical problem (the key to which has not yet been discovered). By the way he suggests other more tangible theories. 'Not only the vegetable, but also the animal kingdom, is liable to alternations of fertility and barrenness, mental and bodily; and these alternations are coincident with certain cyclical revolutions, which vary in each case in length according to the length of life of the particular

thing.' The propitious time for birth will, somehow, 'give the governors of the state the slip, and they will beget children on wrong occasions.' Hence comes degeneracy of offspring, and the state begins to decline, changing through various forms of government in the following order;—Timocracy, Oligarchy, Democracy, and, lastly, Tyranny. What is to become of the state afterwards, Plato does not say.

It would be foreign to our purpose to explain these different forms, and the whole speculation is mainly interesting as the beginning of Political Philosophy. Incidentally, however, Plato describes certain attendant symptoms of decline, which, though drawn from his observation of Greek communities, will be found strikingly exact descriptions of similar phenomena in modern times. The declining state, which will be divided into two classes, 'must necessarily lose its unity and become two cities, one comprising the rich, and the other the poor; who reside together on the same ground, and are always plotting against one another' (p. 551). Again, 'consider whether the following evil, which is greater than all the others, is not admitted by the constitution, and by none of the preceding—I allude to the practice of allowing one person to sell all his property, and another to acquire it—the former owner living in the city without being a recognised portion of the state, either as trader, artisan, trooper, or foot-soldier; but described as a destitute man, and a pauper' (p. 552). From this cause will arise, in course of time, the criminal classes. 'Is it not true, that, though God has provided none of the flying drones with stings, he has made only *some* of these walking drones stingless, while to some he has given formidable stings? and that while the stingless ones end in an old age of beggary, the stinging drones, on the contrary, furnish out of their ranks all who bear the name of criminals? . . . And the persons thus impoverished

lurk, I should suppose, in the city, harnessed and armed with stings,—some owing debts and others disfranchised, and others labouring under both misfortunes,—hating and plotting against the new owners of their property, and against all who are better off than themselves, and enamoured of Revolution' (pp. 552, 555). Plato, also, points out that declining morality attends the declining state:—'Whenever he (the Democrat) is told that, though some pleasures belong to the appetites which are good and honourable, others belong to the evil appetites; and that the former ought to be practised and respected, but the latter chastised and enslaved, he does not receive this true doctrine, or admit it into his castle. On the contrary, at all these assertions he shakes his head, and maintains that all appetites are alike, and ought to be equally respected' (p. 561). The description of the growth of freedom and general lawlessness is given with much humour—'First of all, are they not free, and does not liberty of act and speech abound in the city, and has not a man license therein to do what he will: . . . A father accustoms himself to behave like a child, and stands in awe of his sons, and a son behaves himself like a father, and ceases to respect or fear his parents, with the professed object of proving his freedom. . . . The schoolmaster fears and flatters his scholars, and the scholars despise their masters and also their tutors. And, speaking generally, the young copy their elders, and enter the lists with them both in talking and in acting; and the old men condescend so far as to abound in wit and pleasantry, in imitation of the young, in order, by their own account, to avoid the imputation of being morose or domineering. . . . How much more free the domestic animals are under this government than any other. For verily the hound, according to the proverb, is like the mistress of the house; and truly even horses and asses adopt a gait expres-

sive of remarkable freedom and dignity, and run at anybody who meets them in the streets, if he does not get out of their way; and all the other animals become in the same way gorged with freedom' (pp. 557, 563).

These symptoms of decline are scattered over Plato's account of the different phases of change, for he professes to distinguish between the causes in each case. But underlying all are *the increase of money*, which leads to loss of virtue; *the excessive growth of the State*, whereby it loses its unity; and *inequality in the distribution of wealth*, which causes the rise of the criminal classes. Plato's theory of the succession of constitutions is sharply criticised by Aristotle in his 'Politics,' but he does not pretend to substitute anything better, and his remarks are hardly as suggestive. He lays down, however, more clearly than Plato did, the special causes that bring about the destruction of different forms of government. How far the Greek mind was from conceiving as a desideratum the mixed form of government, which was at one time the special pride of the English constitution, may be gathered from his remark, that 'there is one method of blending together a democracy and an aristocracy at the same time, *if any one should choose to form such a state.*' He then goes on to give the method, through which we need not follow him. The words I have quoted, however, are interesting as showing the divergence of ancient and modern political thought.* From the learning of the

* This divergence is drawn out by Grote in an amusing passage (History of Greece, Part ii., chap. ix.), one of a very few that occur in his masterly work,—'The theory of a constitutional king, especially, as it exists in England, would have appeared to him impracticable: to establish a king who will reign without governing—in whose name all government is carried on, yet whose personal will is in practice of little or no effect—exempt from all responsibility, without making use of the exemption—receiving from every one unmeasured demonstrations of homage, which are never translated into act, except within the bounds of a known law—surrounded with

ancients we have little but generalities that is applicable to modern times.

The analogy between the individual and the body politic might be followed out in many ways. Like the individual, a nation has its beginning, either as an offshoot of another nation, which is the case with modern colonies, or through one nation conquering another, and the two peoples growing together into one nationality, which was the origin of most of the nations of Europe. Like the individual, too, the nation must eventually die, and this either by a natural death—of which I shall speak in another place—or by a violent death, a death resembling that of the sick or aged among the tribe of Indians called Padæi, of whom Herodotus (iii. 99) tells us that, whenever anybody falls sick, his acquaintances kill him, excusing themselves by the plea that when he is wasted by disease, his flesh will not be fit to eat. He protests that he is not sick, but, telling him that they don't agree with him, they kill and feast upon him. Indeed, when a man comes to old age they sacrifice him, and make a feast. Herodotus adds, that few come to this pass, for most men fall sick before.

The lives of nations differ like those of men. Eastern nations, such as the Persian, present the appearance of a series of periods of exuberant vitality, varied by periods of inactivity and

all the paraphernalia of power, yet acting as a passive instrument in the hands of ministers marked out for his choice by indications which he is not at liberty to resist. This remarkable combination of the fiction of superhuman grandeur, and license with the reality of an invisible strait-waistcoat, is what an Englishman has in his mind when he speaks of a constitutional king. The events of our history have brought it to pass in England, amidst an aristocracy the most powerful that the world has yet seen—but we have still to learn whether it can be made to exist elsewhere, or whether the occurrence of a single king, at once able, aggressive and resolute, may not suffice to break it up.' From this, it would appear, that Grote regarded constitutional monarchy as but a transient phase of government: we, however, should look for the dissolving force to come from another side.

stupor; yet all the while they make little progress. Like the Bourbons, they learn nothing; they forget nothing. With western nations, however, this is very different. They have periods of childhood, of maturity, and of decline. Such states, Dr. Arnold has pointed out in a striking essay, appended to his edition of Thucydides, 'like individuals, go through certain changes in a certain order, and are subject at different stages of their course to certain peculiar disorders. But they differ from individuals in this, that though the order of the periods is regular, their duration is not so. . . . One state may have existed a thousand years, and its history may be full of striking events, and yet it may be still in its childhood; another may not be a century old, and its history may contain nothing remarkable to a careless reader, and yet it may be verging to old age. The knowledge of these periods furnishes us with a clue to the study of history, which the continuous succession of events related in chronological order seems particularly to require.'

This clue Dr. Arnold gives us by his division of the history of nations into two periods—the period of the struggle between conquerors and conquered, or between birth and numbers; and the period of the later struggle between property and numbers. The antagonism between birth and numbers is one which time insensibly lessens; that between property and numbers is one which time only serves to aggravate. 'And wherever,' Arnold adds, 'it has come to a crisis, I know not that it has in any instance terminated favourably. Such was the state of Greece in the time of Thucydides; of Rome during the last century of the Commonwealth; and such has been the state of England since the Revolution of 1688. Comparisons drawn from the preceding period are inapplicable to this. . . . Thus, to argue that the Romans were less bloody than the Greeks, from a comparison between the factions of the

Peloponnesian war and the struggle of the Roman commons against the Patricians, is to compare the two nations under very different circumstances; it is instituting a parallel between the intensity of our passions in manhood and childhood.' The factions of Coreyra are analogous to the wars of the triumvirates. 'The second contest between property and numbers is far more inevitably accompanied by atrocious crimes than that earlier quarrel in which property and numbers were united against property and birth.'

Dr. Arnold's views of the state were unconsciously modified by analogies drawn from ancient history. This, accordingly, makes him often an unsafe guide as to the true philosophy of history; but of the importance of remembering these two epochs in discussing the destiny of nations there can be little doubt. France's good fortune enabled her to solve both her difficulties at once. The struggle was severe, but she has come out of her troubles with a new lease of life. It was the fashion with the Whig historians at the beginning of the present century to laud the peaceable Settlement of 1689, and to congratulate England upon her having avoided, by this revolution, the bloody outburst which they beheld in France in their own days. How far they were justified by events, time only will show.

To many more valuable generalizations as to the life of nations I might call attention. The nation, like the individual, has to go through a period of education, partly through self-government, by means of autocratic kings, partly through external interference. 'A nation to be great,' said Coleridge,* 'ought to be compressed in its increment by nations more civilized than itself—as Greece by Persia; as Rome by Etruria, the Italian States, and Carthage.' Still more valuable for our purpose is the

* 'Table Talk,' June 9, 1832.

remark of Lord Bacon, contained in his 'Essay of Vicissitude of Things,' the bearing of which upon the progress of England's life will be at once apparent—'In the youth of a State, arms do flourish; in the middle age of a State, learning; and then both of them together for a time; in the declining age of a State, mechanical arts and merchandise. Learning hath his infancy; when it is but beginning and almost childish; then his youth, when it is luxuriant and juvenile; then his strength of years, when it is solid and reduced; and, lastly, his old age, when it waxeth dry and exhaust.' I have said, I think, enough under this head to bring my subject before you, to justify us in considering the question of a nation's survival and future, as we should that of a patient's life. The nation's body and constitution is as subject to decay as that of the individual, and subject like it to the attacks of disease, in regard to which it is a question of strength of constitution whether it shall survive or succumb before them. I shall now pass on to the next division of my subject.

2. *Like an individual, a nation has distinct character and functions, which depend, to a great extent, upon its constitution, culture and power.* In picturing to himself the ideally perfect state that was to ensue upon the birth of his national Messiah, the Roman poet imagines a time when 'every land shall bear everything.' Such was the ideal of the ancient philosopher—each community self-sufficient, self-reliant, and trade with other lands abolished because unnecessary. Such, however, has never been the fact in the world of history. The progress of civilization has been effected by means of division of labour, each nation being selected by Nature to bring a certain piece of work to perfection; each making its special contribution to the world of the future. Thus, from Greece we have derived ideas of civil liberty and the beginnings of science and art, in their

widest senses; to the Jews we owe the Old and New Testaments, and all that is implied by them; while from Rome the world learned the secret of government, and inherited a matchless code of laws. The new world in which we are living may be different from the old, it has every chance of being so, owing to the rapidity with which ideas pass from land to land; but when we are speaking of England we must remember that its character was formed, its foundations laid, in the dawn of modern history. Unlike the continent of Europe, she attained her fullest development at an early period. Her character is, so to speak, 'set fast.' She has been distinctively a nation with a purpose, a nation 'set apart'* to perfect a system of rational government by means of estates, a system based upon the subordination of ranks, a system eventuating in a constitution which served to point the way to the world of the future with its watchwords of Liberty, Fraternity and Equality. But though Moses beheld the promised land, it was not given to him to enter it himself, and though England has heretofore led the vanguard of the army of Freedom, she has, perhaps, less sympathy with the ideas of Fraternity and Equality than any civilized nation. This has long been the complaint of Matthew Arnold, and it is the first observation that all strangers make upon visiting England. Hume long ago remarked, that 'we may often observe a wonderful mixture of manners and character in the same nation, speaking the same language, and subject to the same government; and in this particular the English are the most remarkable of any people that perhaps ever were in the world.' This peculiarity he ascribes to the fact of the English Government being 'a mixture of monarchy, aristocracy and democracy,' and the two facts are doubtless connected in origin. We may supplement Hume's

* Bagehot's 'Physics and Politics,' p. 40.

remark by the observations of a fellow-countryman, written in 1847. Hugh Miller, in comparing Scotch and English nationality, says of the latter, 'certain it is that the multitudinous sources of character in England do not merge into one great stream; the runnels keep apart, each pursuing its own separate course; and hence, apparently, one grand cause of the strange state of separation which appears among the people.' Similarly, Emerson, in 1856, speaks of England as 'a people of myriad personalities . . . as they are many-headed, so they are many-nationed,' and again, 'by this general activity, and by this sacredness of individuals, they have in seven hundred years evolved the principles of freedom.' Time would fail me if I were to show how these observations are corroborated by other writers, such as Hawthorne and Richard Grant White; how the latter is struck by the persistence in England of rank and class distinctions, and how he remarks, as Hugh Miller remarked before him, that the special characteristic of England's liberty is the emphatic insistence upon individual and class rights.* Now, it is manifest that, while this tenacity of rights as individuals and classes was the trait of character best suited for building up a mixed constitution, founded upon ranks and subordination, it is diametrically opposed to the principles of Fraternity and Equality, the birth of which was announced to the world by the French Revolution. England's backwardness in accepting these principles was noticed by Hegel in his 'Philosophy of History': 'Was the English nation too backward in point of culture to apprehend these general principles? Yet in no country has the question of liberty been more frequently a subject of reflection and public discussion. . . . The constitution of England is a com-

plex of mere particular rights and particular privileges; the Government is essentially administrative—that is, conservative of the interests of all particular orders and classes. . . . Consequently, abstract and general principles have no attraction for Englishmen—are addressed in their case to inattentive ears.' It is thus that England appears to be a nation, as it were, facing in two directions. By her past history and traditions, and by the progressiveness of a certain section of her people, she seems fitted to take a new lease of life in the world of the future. On the other hand, her tenacity of old ideas, of monarchy, of aristocracy, and of class distinctions, marks her out as clearly as a nation of the past.

Besides being the populariser of free institutions, England has led the world in other ways, about each of which a few words must be spoken. It was Macaulay's boast that England was an umpire among nations, protecting the weak against the strong, and generally seeing fair play on all sides, and, as special cases of this, from the days of Elizabeth to those of William III, England proclaimed herself as the champion of Protestantism; at the beginning of the present century she was the great agent in the hands of Providence for the abolition of slavery and the slave trade throughout the world. Again, though not the first, England has been one of the greatest commercial and colonizing powers. Lastly, she has taken a leading part in educating the world, and in raising the general tone of life by means of her magnificent literature. She has not only been the world's tailor, but she has produced a Shakespeare and a Newton.

To take my last point first, England's early development enabled her to produce a greater proportion of men of first-rate genius than any other country. Italy, the vitality of whose intellectual life, though crushed by Lombard inroads, was never extinguished by the

* cf. Hugh Miller's 'Impressions of England,' chap. xix., and White's 'England Without and Within,' pp. 9, 50 and 59.

feudal system, was the first to share in the reawakening of the intellect of Europe, which we call the Renaissance. It seemed for the moment as though France were to come next, but internal dissension and the monarchical power crushed down her nascent intellectual life, and England, with what may be called, *for those days*, a free constitution, took the lead of literature in Europe during the time of her Tudor and Stuart monarchs. In recounting the first-rate geniuses that England produced, and which he is fain to confess tower head and shoulders over Scotland's proudest names, Hugh Miller specifies Bacon, Shakespeare, Milton, Newton and Locke—all, with the exception of Milton and, possibly, of Bacon, names of great importance in the literary history of Europe. Having produced these however, England's '*hairn-time* of giants' was over. 'It is a curious fact,' writes Miller, 'and worthy, certainly, of careful examination, as bearing on the question of development purely through the force of circumstances, that all the very great men of England—all its first-class men—belong to ages during which the grinding persecutions of the Stuarts repressed Scottish energy, and crushed the opening mind of the country; and that no sooner was the weight removed, like a pavement-slab from over a flower-bed, than straightway Scottish intellect sprung up, and attained to the utmost height to which English intellect was rising at the time. The English philosophers and *literati* of the eighteenth century were of a greatly lower stature than the Miltons and Shakespeares, Bacons and Newtons, of the two previous centuries; they were second-class men,—the tallest, however, of their age anywhere; and among these the men of Scotland take no subordinate place.' It is indeed, a noticeable fact that with the exception of Gibbon, all in Great Britain who have produced work of world-wide significance, have been wholly or partially of Scotch extraction.

I mean such men as Adam Smith, David Hume, James Watt, Scott, Byron and Carlyle. Even Emanuel Kant was of Scottish extraction. The significance of this is clear. The acme of England's intellectual greatness, if it should correspond, as Bacon says it should, with a nation's full maturity, would be found to fall during the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries—the time at which the political consciousness of England pronounced that it had reached the perfection of its constitution by the equable distribution of power between the king, lords and commons.* Curiously enough, it was in the year 1721, that Bishop Berkeley, the great metaphysical philosopher, and author of a solitary poem from which comes the memorable line—

'Westward the course of empire takes its way,'

published his '*Essay towards Preventing the Ruin of England.*' Thinkers of prophetic intellect, such as Plato's was, annihilate time; what will really take centuries to effect, they believe will be of immediate occurrence. They are in fact haunted with the sense of what is impending long before it occurs. Bishop Berkeley anticipated the course of metaphysical philosophy and

* Compare the political writings of Lord Bolingbroke, *passim*. The following extracts are typical of the whole: 'If the legislative, as well as the executive power, were wholly in the king, as in some countries, he would be absolute; if in the lords, our government would be an aristocracy; if in the commons, a democracy. It is this division of power, these distinct privileges attributed to the king, to the lords, and to the commons, which constitute a limited monarchy.' He then goes on to show how, if any one or two component parts of the constitution, severally, or in combination, usurp the power, the mischief can be averted. 'This is that balance which has been so much talked of; and this is the use of it. Both are plain to common sense, and to experience, as will appear farther in the course of these remarks; where we shall have occasion to shew how often the proper use of this balance hath saved our constitution; and to what misfortunes we have been exposed by the neglect, or improper use of it.'

of science upon many important points. He foresaw the greatness of America, and his Essay is so striking that I have extracted the following passages as specimens of his political reasoning :—

‘Men are apt to measure national prosperity by riches. It would be righter (*sic*) to measure it by the use that is made of them. Where they promote an honest commerce among men, and are motives to industry and virtue, they are, without doubt, of great advantage ; but where they are made (as too often happens) an instrument to luxury, they enervate and dispirit the bravest people. The truth is, our symptoms are so bad that, notwithstanding all the care and vigilance of the legislature, it is to be feared the final period of our State approaches. . . . whether it be in the order of things, that civil States should have, like natural products, their periods of growth, perfection, and decay ; or whether it be an effect, as seems more probable, of human folly that, as industry produces wealth, so wealth should produce vice, and vice ruin. God grant the time be not near when men shall say : “This island was once inhabited by a religious, brave, sincere people, of plain, uncorrupt manners, respecting inbred worth rather than titles and appearances, assertors of liberty, lovers of their country, jealous of their own rights, and unwilling to infringe the rights of others ; improvers of learning and useful arts, enemies of luxury, tender of other men’s lives, and prodigal of their own. Such were our ancestors during their rise and greatness ; but they degenerated, grew servile flatterers of men in power, adopted epicurean notions, became venal, corrupt, injurious, which drew upon them the hatred of God and man, and occasioned their final ruin.”’

Whatever may be England’s future as a nation, her historical position was secured long ago, by the extent of her colonies, and by the fact that the English language is spoken not only by

Scotland, but by a vast proportion of those upon whom presumably depends the world’s future. And with the extension of England’s sway over different parts of the globe has been intimately connected her commercial greatness. We have seen that Bacon associates commerce with the decline of a nation, a view to which he was probably led by analogies derived from the past. England, as the herald of the future, was drawn from the earliest times to take a leading part in trade. There are indeed two ideals that have been present to the minds of the English, at different times. There is the ideal of a nation meddling as little as possible in continental affairs but turning her energies to internal reform and to trade—the ideal of Edward I, of Henry VII, of Elizabeth in her earlier days, of James I, of Walpole, of Peel, and of Gladstone. Or again, there has been the ideal of a nation, the umpire of the world, the arbiter of continental disputes, yet ever ready to fight in everybody else’s quarrel—the ideal of Edward III, of Henry V, of Wolsey, of the later Elizabeth, of Cromwell, of Chatham, of Palmerston, and of Beaconsfield. While England was united and others disunited, while she was strong and they weak ; while she was a trading nation and they careless of trade, it was possible for her to adopt the latter policy for a time, and then again to retire with dignity to the former policy until her strength was restored for another fight. It is now possible no longer. ‘Our special work in Europe,’ writes Mr. W. R. Greg,* ‘is nearly done,—quite perhaps, so far as we could act in it with efficacy. . . . It may be questioned, whether our interposition in continental affairs is any longer needed. It may be questioned, also, whether, if needed, it could be rendered with effect.’ And he accordingly counsels retirement from

* ‘Political Problems for Our Age and Country.’

the complications of European diplomacy, and reliance upon 'the promise of almost illimitable grandeur lying before our colonies.' These obligations and responsibilities will be sufficient for Great Britain, and are, he considers, 'as little likely to be taken off her (Great Britain's) shoulders by the separation of the colonies, as to be voluntarily surrendered or timidly abandoned by herself.' I need not stop here to point out that the future of the colonies is not the future of England, any more than the reputation of a son is that of his father. Nor need we discuss the likelihood of a purely transitional state of things becoming a normal one. England indeed lost her opportunity of changing an empire into a confederation, when she, most happily for the world,* allowed her imperialist instincts to get the better of her in the period that followed the Seven Years' War. But what in this case is to come of England as the champion of depressed nationalities or as the leading Protestant power? The need for her interference, it may be said, has passed by; Germany is now the head of the Protestants, and the days of the balance of power are over. Even so, it must not be forgotten, that England does not retire

† cf. Hawthorne's remarks in 'Our Old Home'—'It has required nothing less than the boorishness, the stolidity, the self-sufficiency, the contemptuous jealousy, the half-sagacity, invariably blind of one eye, and often distorted of the other, that characterize this strange people, to compel us to be a great nation in our own right, instead of continuing virtually, if not in name, a province of their small island. What pains did they take to shake us off, and have ever since taken to keep us wide apart from them! It might seem their folly, but was really their fate, or, rather the Providence of God, who has doubtless, a work for us to do, in which the massive materiality of English character would have been too ponderous a dead-weight upon our progress. And, besides, if England had been wise enough to twine our new vigour round about her ancient strength, her power would have been too firmly established ever to yield, in its due season, to the otherwise immutable law of imperial vicissitude. The earth might then have beheld the intolerable spectacle of a sovereignty and institutions, imperfect, but indestructible.'

without having reversed her former policy, the policy by which she grew, with which she was identified. She sympathised with the oppressor in the late Russo-Turkish war, and again with the slave-owning States in the American Rebellion. She is no longer in any distinctive sense a Protestant power, but, as has been proclaimed more than once, a Mohammedan. She has even shown an inclination to wink at slavery in her colonies.

As to the commercial side of England's greatness, I do not feel myself competent to judge. All of us who receive letters from England know that her farmers are nearly ruined, that her manufacturers are complaining. If the adoption of free trade at a time, when no other nation in Europe was inclined to do the same, was a necessary step, it was also premature. If the repeal of the Corn Laws was at the time the salvation of the artisan classes in great cities, it was the ruin of the rural population; while free trade in other branches is in the interest of the consumer, but means the destruction of manufactures. Thus, as in many matters, the consideration of the commercial side of England reveals a nation divided against itself. Coleridge, just before the close of the last century, gave the thoughts of his Satanic majesty, as he was walking up and down upon the earth—

'Down the river there plied, with wind and tide,
A pig, with vast celerity,
And the Devil looked wise as he saw how the while
It cut its own throat. "There!" quoth he
with a smile,
"Goes England's commercial prosperity!"'

Coleridge does not state what considerations led him to come to this conclusion. The prophecy appears indeed somewhat premature, but the fact of its utterance is curious, though we must remember that prophecy is cheap.

Under the present division of the subject, I have already in part anti-

pated my next point. Let us now turn to it.

3. *A nation takes its rank in history from the due discharge of its functions, and its spiritual life ceases when its character degenerates and it abandons their proper performance.* The readers of Gibbon's great work will remember that the first mark of the decline of the Roman Empire, was the policy of Augustus, adopted and pursued by Hadrian and the Antonines, the design of maintaining the dignity of the Empire, without attempting to enlarge its limits. Just as missionary effort is a sign of vitality in a religion, so conquest and the love of it are a sign of vitality in a State. As soon as it adopts the idea of finality, and the motto of 'Peace at any price,' it is courting its end. Statesmen may act wisely in pursuing such a policy, but it is not surely a sign of virility, but rather of the weakening of the powers. The next step was taken by Rome, when she came to terms with her triumphant enemies; when she gave up the Province of Dacia to the tribe of Goths—just as Gladstone found it expedient to come to terms with the Boers. This is no solitary instance. England's conduct with regard to Denmark, her submission to the United States in the Alabama affair, and the late Fortune Bay case, will occur to most people. It might be answered, that in listening to reason, England has shown her moral courage. But when *in the history of nations* has moral courage been reckoned superior to physical? 'Might is Right,' is the undisguised law of nations, externally, whatever may be the qualifications with which it is veiled in a nation's internal management.

The external declension of England has, however, not only shown itself with regard to other nations. She has neglected to do what she might have done to her own colonies. When she attempted to tax them without giving them representation, her eldest daughter broke away from her. Nor

during the present century has England shown any wish to knit the heart of her world-wide empire closely together in an organic unity. We have in truth heard, what Tennyson calls 'a strain to shame us,'

'Keep you to yourselves;
So loyal is too costly! friends—your love
Is but a burthen: loose the bond, and go.'

'Is this,' the Poet Laureate fairly asks, —

'Is this the tone of empire? here the faith
That made us rulers?'

It will be well for a moment to estimate the offer of world-wide empire that England has rejected. When other nations were growing great through unity, England might have grown great by admitting, like Rome, the world to her citizenship, to her name. The internal difficulties of trade might possibly have been solved by a great Anglo-Saxon Zollverein. As the degenerate Roman leaned upon the hardy Illyrian, so England might have taken her generals and statesmen from her outlying provinces in the west or in the east. Roebuck from Canada, and Robert Lowe from Australia, might have been the predecessors of lines as distinguished in English politics, as the line at Rome that began with Claudius and included Diocletian. These chances she has cast away.

But it is not so much with the external diminution of England's activity that I have at present to deal, as with what I have called her spiritual life, that by which her conquests in the past have been justified, and her reputation secured in the future, as one of the world's great nations, as a worthy successor of Greece and Rome. This part of my subject has been so ably treated by Hegel in his 'Philosophy of History,' that I shall content myself with some quotations from that admirable work, adding thereto a few illustrations by the way.

'The very essence of spirit is activity,' he says, and 'thus it is with

the spirit of a people: it is a spirit having strictly defined characteristics, which erects itself into an objective world, that exists and persists in a particular religious form of worship, customs, constitution, and political laws, in the whole complex of its institutions, in the events and transactions that make up its history. That is its work—that is what this particular nation is. Nations are what their deeds are.' Hegel then proceeds to illustrate his remarks by the genius of England as a commercial nation, a free and constitutional nation. He continues: 'In this its work, therefore, its world, the spirit of the people enjoys its existence and finds its satisfaction. A nation is moral, virtuous, vigorous, while it is engaged in realizing its grand objects, and defends its work against external violence during the process of giving to its purposes an objective existence.' But no sooner does a nation attain its perfection than a change comes. 'The nation lives the same kind of life as the individual when passing from maturity to old age, in the enjoyment of itself, in the satisfaction of being exactly what it desired and was able to attain.' These words might have been written in view of the almost pharasaical complacency of the old Whig historians, such as Hallam and Macaulay. 'Although its imagination might have transcended that limit, it nevertheless abandoned any such aspirations as objects of *actual endeavour*, if the real world was less favourable to their attainment, and restricted its aim by the conditions thus imposed.' Here we have the age of Compromise, of Ecclesiastical Titles Acts carried—but not into effect,—of Permissive Bills, &c, &c. 'This mere customary life (the watch wound up and going on of itself) is that which brings on natural death. Custom is activity without opposition, for which there remains only a formal duration; in which the fulness and zeal that originally characterized the aim of life is

out of question—a merely external sensuous existence which has ceased to throw itself enthusiastically into its object.' At this point, if a nation is to live a spiritual life, 'the spirit of a people must advance to the adoption of some new purpose: but whence can this originate? It would be a higher, more comprehensive conception of itself, a transcending of its principle; but this very act would involve a principle of a new order, a new national spirit. Such a new principle does, in fact, enter into the spirit of a people that has arrived at full development and self-realization; it dies not a simply natural death, for it is not a mere single individual, but a spiritual, generic life; in its case natural death appears to imply destruction through its own agency.' Upon this rather hard saying Hegel enlarges philosophically: 'The result of this process is then that spirit, in rendering itself objective and making this its being an object of thought, on the one hand destroys the determinate form of its being'—*i.e.*, destroys its constitution, voluntarily wrecks the conditions of life under which it has grown to maturity; 'on the other hand, gains a comprehension of the universal element which it involves, and thereby gives a new form to its inherent principle. In virtue of this, the substantial character of the national spirit has been altered—that is, its principle has risen into another, and in fact a higher principle.' And to this he adds a practical explanation. 'Spirit,' he writes, 'we may compare with the seed; for with this the plant begins, yet it is also the result of the plant's entire life. . . . The life of a people ripens a certain fruit; its activity aims at the complete manifestation of the principle which it embodies. But this fruit does not fall back into the bosom of the people that produced and matured it; on the contrary, it becomes a poison-draught to it. That poison-draught it cannot let alone, for it has an insatiable thirst for it: the taste

of the draught is its annihilation, though at the same time the rise of a new principle.'

Here we have the key to the decline of the English people. Liberty was taken up by them and carried to its extreme, not its logical extreme, but to the extreme that the conditions of the nation allowed. But on attaining this extent of liberty, further vistas opened in the future, disclosing joys that were not destined for them. Ardent reformers, however, the Radical party, cried 'Onward!' and England followed their lead, but in doing so she shattered her constitution and her decline began.

To put this matter in a clearer light, I must here adopt the historical method of inquiry and touch briefly upon the history of England after the year 1721, when Bishop Berkeley published the Essay to which I have previously referred. I should regard that year, or, more generally, the triumph of constitutional government, with the accession of the Hanoverian family, as the period at which England attained her full maturity, and after which she entered on the phase of what Hegel calls '*mere customary life*,' which is the first sign of decline. It was during this period that the character of the English gradually changed, and changed too in a manner that betokens age. One of Grant White's best chapters in his late book, is entitled '*Philistia*,' in which he remarks on the prevalence of Philistinism throughout British Society south of the Tweed. Furthermore, he defines what he means by this. A Philistine is one whose 'rule of action is precedent, and his ideal of life to do that which his little world will regard as proper; and he is filled with a calm, unquestioning conceit of national superiority.' The 'influence' of Philistinism is 'a non-conductor of ideas,' and its effect is to differentiate the English mind of to-day from the English mind of the glorious days of Elizabeth, which, he remarks, 'seems to have been distinguished for its

quick apprehensiveness, its flexible adaptability, its eagerness, its thirst for new thought, its readiness to receive, to welcome and to assimilate.' Mr. Grant White does more than this; by a clever literary analysis, he succeeds in showing that 'it is a growth of the last hundred and fifty years;' that its 'rise and progress were strictly contemporaneous with England's assumption of her position as a power of the first class in the world, in wealth, in strength, in empire, in glory.' In other words, shortly after 1721, England began to grow cramped and hardened to external ideas, to show, in short, as a nation, the traits that characterize individuals who have past their prime. Thus his results correspond curiously with Hegel's philosophical conclusions, and with the view I have striven to explain.* Looking at England's history from this point of view, we can easily explain the growth of the power of the Crown which attracted the attention of Parliament in 1780.

What is called in Continental history the Period of Enlightened Despotism—the age of Frederic, of Joseph II, of Turgot, of Catherine, of Clement XIV, of Pombal and Aranda—was a time when the earth seemed to tremble with the threatenings of the coming Revolution. Those who held the reins of government throughout the continent felt the influence of the age and busied themselves with reforms. England felt it, too, but here it produced different results; the Whigs lost power and the Tories triumphed. Listen to the words of two men whom Grant White picks out as typical Philistines, and whom we may reasonably regard as fairly expressing the feelings of ordinary Englishmen of the day. 'I know,' wrote George

* In 1863, Nathaniel Hawthorne ('Our Old Home') made a very similar remark—'John Bull has grown bulbous, long-bodied, short-legged, heavy-witted, material, and, in a word, too intensely English. In a few more centuries he will be the earthliest creature that ever the earth saw.'

III, in 1766, 'the Earl of Chatham will zealously give his aid toward destroying all party distinctions, and restoring that subordination to government which can alone preserve that inestimable blessing, liberty, from degenerating into licentiousness.' Again, we have the strange utterance of Dr. Johnson, in 1778. He was dining with Boswell and another man, and was in bad spirits. Little had been said, when at last Johnson 'burst forth' with 'Subordination is sadly broken down in this age. No man, now, has the same authority which his father had,—except a gaoler. . . There is a general relaxation of reverence. . . My hope is that as anarchy produces tyranny, this extreme relaxation will produce *freni strictio*.' George and Johnson both express unconsciously the feelings of the nation: instead of welcoming the era of Liberty, England was hardening herself against it. 'One most important prerequisite of a prevailing nation,' writes Bagehot,* 'is that it should have passed out of the first stage of civilization into the second stage—out of the stage where permanence is most wanted into that where variability is most wanted'—progress indeed consisting in an increase of adaptation of man to his environment. As England was losing this power of adaptation, the Continental movement of liberty caused a movement in another direction on her shores. Hence the Crown was able to increase its powers.

But England had drunk of the cup of liberty; she must drink again. A reaction followed, and the first Reform Bill was passed in 1832. *This was the first great mark of England's decline.* I do not mean to deny that it was a necessary measure, or that the Whigs were injudicious in passing it; but it was like physic, which is only found requisite after middle age, and when the constitution is failing. Early constitutional writers had seen that the

weak as well as the strong point of the English constitution lay in parliament. Its 'integrity,' wrote Bolingbroke, 'which depends on the freedom and the independency of Parliament is the key-stone that keeps the whole together. If this be shaken, our constitution totters.' Bolingbroke saw only two ways in which the power of Parliament could be impaired—by bribery or by force; we, however, know of others, and these were clearly predicted at the time of the passing of the Reform Bill.

Hegel, in his lectures delivered during the years 1830 and 1831, on the 'Philosophy of History' (which is the work to which I have referred before), thus comments on the Act that was attracting attention in England: 'It is a question *whether the Reform in Parliament now on the tapis, consistently carried out, will leave the possibility of a Government.*' Similarly, in Coleridge's 'Table Talk,' under date, May 21, 1832, we find: 'The democracy of England, before the Reform Bill, was where it ought to be, in the corporations, the vestries, the joint-stock companies, &c. The power, in a democracy, is in focal points without a centre; and in proportion as such democratical power is strong, the strength of the central government ought to be intense—otherwise the nation will fall to pieces. *We have just now incalculably increased the democratical action of the people, and at the same time, weakened the executive powers of the Government.*' How exactly Hegel and Coleridge have been justified by facts contemporary history shows us.

'A nation's spiritual life ceases when its character degenerates.' I have partly shown this degeneracy in the observed growth of Philistinism, in the increasing want of adaptation to the times. This, of course, does not show itself in politics alone, or in the State alone as an aggregate. The average Englishman has become a by-word among us for conceit and incompetence, and, *ceteris paribus*, would be outstrip-

* *Physics and Politics*, p. 61.

ped in the race of life by either an Irishman or a Scotchman. The Englishman abroad is a square man in a round hole. He is wanting in the element of adaptability which is found in such perfection in the Scotch character. The very quality of undisguised self-assertion, which fitted him to survive in the barbarous struggles of early history, makes him hated abroad, and conservative of everything English, solely because it is so, at home. There are other signs, too, of the degeneracy of the English race, as shown in the individual. I will give one which has been brought under my notice in my work as a schoolmaster. Setting aside boys labouring under absolute mental deformity—there are no absolute dullards in Canada, at least I have never met one: there are many in England. In every form in an English public school there are lads upon whose mind their teacher can make no impression; who are dull in school and dull out; who take no interest in anything, in books or play; and who, when they are too old for one form, move up to the next. There is nothing of this kind in Canada. Boys may be careless and indifferent to work, but I have never seen a boy without mental or practical power of some kind. It would not be fair to English intellect to allow this remark to pass without hastening to add that while the low average of intellect among English boys is lower than among Canadian, the high average is correspondingly higher in England. Canadian boys are superior to English boys in quick apprehension, inferior to them in power of reasoning; in other words, England's superiority is that of an old and thoughtful nation, Canada by comparison shows the vigour of youth. The length to which I have already carried this discussion warns me that I must pass on to the next division of my subject, but many things will have suggested themselves in corroboration of what I have said. I need not enlarge upon the tendency of the English

mind at present displayed to run into extremes either of culture, of æsthetics, or of mere manners; the tendency to produce types of men whom one cannot imagine doing hard work of any kind—the types of Eton and Harrow. This superfineness is just as much the vice of the upper classes, as dullness is of the middle, and both are significant as to national degeneracy. Meanwhile, the agricultural lower classes—'the round, ruddy, unthinking faces,' of which Hugh Miller speaks with such puzzled amusement, are almost half-a-century behind the corresponding classes in Scotland, France, Italy, or America. They have to be taught to stand erect, morally as well as physically, before their education can begin.

I will now pass to my next point.

4. *A nation's corporate existence, which depends greatly upon external circumstances (as well as upon its constitution and power), may outlast its spiritual life.* 'The whole land shall be desolate; yet will I not make a full end!'—so spoke the prophet Jeremiah when proclaiming the judgments of God upon the Jews. A great nation does not fall at once, and for England's corporate existence there seems no immediate cause of fear. Nay, possibly, as the genius of Pindar saved his home amid the ruins of Thebes, as the virtue of Athens in the past saved her name from extinction when she was conquered by the Peloponnesians; so the recollection of what England has done for the world may for long avert the doom that overtook Greece at the hands of Rome, and Rome herself at the hands of the barbarians. I have alluded before to the analogy existing between the declining days of the Roman empire and passing events in English history. The analogy might be pressed further, for is not England like Rome the mother of mighty nations, and words originally written of the Roman empire should seem with slight reservation to be true of the great British

empire. 'Its importance in universal history it can never lose. For into it all the life of the ancient world was gathered; out of it all the life of the modern world arose.' Should the light of England burn low at home, she will have handed on to her sons abroad the torch which is to enlighten posterity.

More instructive, however, than random guesses as to the duration of England's future as a military nation, is the consideration of the national problem that she has before her. With the brief consideration of this point, my paper must close. I will first, however, by way of bringing clearly before you her present state, quote extracts from the pictures that foreign observers have drawn of her. 'Particular interests,' says Hegel (1830-1), 'have positive rights attached to them, which date from the antique times of Feudal law, and have been preserved in England more than in any other country. By an inconsistency of the most startling kind, we find them contravening equity most grossly; and of institutions characterized by real freedom, there are nowhere fewer than in England. In point of private right and freedom of possession, they present an incredible deficiency.' He instances specially the persistence of primogeniture on English soil. A quarter of a century later, Emerson thus gave his impression in his 'English Traits' (1856): 'England is the best of actual nations. It is no ideal framework, it is an old pile built in different ages, with repairs, additions, and make-shifts; but you see the poor best you have got. . . . Pauperism incrusts and clogs the state, and in hard times becomes hideous. *Their mind is in a state of arrested development*,—a divine cripple like Vulcan. . . . There is cramp limitation in their habit of thought, sleepy routine, and a tortoise's instinct to hold hard to the ground with his claws, lest he should be thrown on his back. The poor

tortoises must hold hard for they feel no wings sprouting at their shoulders.' A year before, a fellow-countryman of Emerson ('Passages from the English Note Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne,' Sept. 30th, 1855), had expressed the same idea in his own picturesque style. He was visiting Westminster Hall, and the thought suggested itself: 'I cannot help imagining that this rich and noble edifice has more to do with the past than with the future; that it is the glory of a declining empire; and that the perfect bloom of this great stone-flower, growing out of the institutions of England, forebodes that they have nearly lived out their life. It sums up all. Its beauty and magnificence are made out of ideas that are gone by.' Taine's 'Notes on England,' gives the comments of a polite Frenchman, contrasting the then stability of England with the feverish unrest of France. To the question, 'Which of the two forms of civilization is the more valuable, that of England or that of France?' he answers, 'That is too vague; we must divide and distinguish.' He accordingly assigns superiority to three things in England, among which is the Political Constitution; 'it is stable, and is in no danger, like ours, of being forcibly overturned and remodelled every twenty years. . . . It confides the guidance of public affairs to the upper class, which is best qualified to direct them satisfactorily, in place of withering or being corrupted for want of something to do, as with us.' This rather doubtful advantage is accompanied by another, the greatness of the acquired wealth combined with the increased power of producing and amassing (Henry George's work on 'Progress and Poverty' had, we know, not been published in 1872). Over against these two advantages, and that of religion, Taine sets the superiority of France in climate, in domestic and social life, and in the distribution of wealth: 'Our institutions, our instincts, our habits combine to pro-

vide that no one has too large a slice, and that every one has a small one the labourer, does not feel that beneath him yawns a dreadful abyss, a black and bottomless pit, in which, owing to an accident, a strike, an attack of sickness, he and his family will be engulfed, want debases him less, and he is less drunken.' Listen, lastly, to the remarks of the latest observer—to Richard Grant White, whose testimony, fully weighed, is perhaps the most disheartening of all. 'Not easily nor quickly can a form of society be uptorn which is of such slow and steady growth as that of England, and whose roots, like those of some vast British oak, decayed and hollow at heart it may be, pierce the mould of centuries. There is much in England that is mere shell and seems mere sham; but the shell was shaped from within by living substance, and it hardened into form through the sunshine and tempests of hundreds of years; and so it stands, and will yet stand long, although not for ever. The very shams and surface shows of

things in England are strong and stable.'

Such then is England—a crystalized perfection of feudalism, with the mind of the middle classes in a state of arrested development, with its superfine aristocracy and their mass of accumulated wealth, with its labourers and the gulf of pauperism yawning below them, lastly, with its very shams strong and stable. And what is the problem she has before her? To check the course of social and political reform, to continue on the old lines, like the Jews, as a 'survival' in culture, in short, to retrace her steps? Perhaps it might have been, but now she has burnt her boats. Or, again, like ancient Rome, to be revolutionized by barbarians, but barbarians coming from her own people; by the vacant mind of the agricultural labourer, by the 'hordes gathering in the squalid quarters of great cities?*' Can England put new wine into old bottles? Time only will show.

* George's 'Progress and Poverty,' b. x., chap. iv.

IF you had a bird with a broken wing,
Would you think it strange if it did not sing?

If one should shut out the sun and light,
Could your rose unfold its petals white?

Since that is gone which you love the best,
Blame not your heart if it cannot rest.

Your song and rose and heart may be
More sweet and pure for their agony.

A TALK ABOUT FLOWERS.*

BY MARY MORGAN, MONTREAL.

IF the stars should appear but one night in a thousand years,' says Emerson, 'how would men believe and adore, and preserve for many generations the remembrance of the City of God which had been shewn.' Might not we apply this thought to the earth's floral beauty also? If the flowers shewed themselves but one day in the year, with what joyful anticipation should we look for that day!

January has been well named 'the gate of the year.' As out of the drear, chill night, dawns the bright morning, so, out of the gloom of winter is born the cheerful spring. The month of May finds the woods rich in blossoms; and the country lanes, in their quiet and their fragrance, offer a pleasing contrast to the crowded city thoroughfares. 'God Almighty first planted a garden,' writes Bacon; 'and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures, . . . and the breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air where it comes and goes like the tones of music.'

Perhaps there is no department of science around which so many delightful associations cluster, as the study of botany. Of what may be done by one gifted with an enthusiasm for flowers, coupled with a habit of observation, we have an instance in the case of John Duncan, the poor Scottish weaver, who lately presented a most valuable herbarium to the University of Aberdeen. This herbarium contains about twelve hundred specimens of

the British flora, named and classified. When John Duncan had become fully acquainted with the flora of his own neighbourhood, he used to take harvest work at different places throughout the north of Scotland, with a view to extend his botanical knowledge. The zeal with which he pursued his favourite study is shown in his minute acquaintance with the habits of the plants he collected. John Duncan, it may be said, had no education. His penmanship is the rudest, and his spelling a charming example of the phonetic.

We do not purpose entering into a study of the science of botany this evening; let us, rather, in imagination, take a ramble through the near woods, pluck a few of our abundant and beautiful wild flowers, and talk a little of such things as suggest themselves by the way.

The Hepatica is said to be the first flower that appears on the melting of the snow, and for this reason has been popularly known as the 'snow-flower.' Observe what a warm, silky coat it has, to protect it against a touch of frost. It is said to be destined to become to Canada what the daisy is to Britain. But it must be a long while ere the Hepatica acquires the renown of the 'wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower,' as Burns terms the 'Gowan'—for that is the Scottish name for the gem of the British meadows. The Daisy has been loved of the poets from the time of the father of English poetry down to the present day. All through Chaucer's works we find allusions to

* A paper read at the *Conversazione* held at Mrs. Lovell's Educational Institute, Montreal, on the evening of June 3rd, 1881.

'The eye of the daise
The daisie - a flower white and rede,
And in French called *la bel Marguarite*,
A commendable flowere and most in mind.'

Under the name of *la Marguerite* or 'little pearl' the French troubadours and minnesingers were wont to celebrate the wild daisy. It was the very flower, says Chaucer, into which the fair queen Alcestis—who sacrificed her own life to preserve that of her husband—was changed. The Highlanders have a legend of their own in connection with it. They called it 'the son of Malvina.' According to the Keltic tradition, when Malvina has lost her son, the daughters of Morven come to console her, singing:—'We have seen, O Malvina, we have seen the infant you regret, reclining on a light mist; it approached us and shed on our fields a harvest of new flowers. Look, O Malvina, among these flowers we distinguish one with a golden disc, surrounded with silver leaves; a sweet tinge of crimson adorns its delicate rays; waved by a gentle wind, we might call it a little infant playing in a green meadow.' Thus, the daughters of Morven called the Daisy, 'the flower of innocence, the flower of the new born.' 'The opening Gowans wet wi' dew,' were not less dear to Robert Burns and to William Wordsworth. The lament of the Scottish bard over the destruction of a 'Mountain Daisy' is remarkable for its pathetic beauty. The Daisy may be taken as the type of a very large family; sunflowers, dandelions, immortelles, and a host of the commonest plants belong to it.

The Hepatica may be said to have a rival in the Claytonia—so named from Clayton, the botanist. Like the Daisy it has the peculiarity of opening its petals to the sun, and closing them at the approach of evening. The Indians called it the 'miskodew,' and we find it referred to in 'Hiawatha' under that name. We know it as the 'spring beauty,' and the title is peculiarly fitting. The Portulaca may be taken as its representative in our gardens.

The Trillium and Erythronium, the Sanguinaria and the Anemone, are also among our earliest blossoms. The two first are so very abundant in the month of May, as to give the woods quite a holiday appearance. Later we shall find the Cypripedium and the Cardinal plant. Indeed the Canadian wild flowers are so many and so beautiful as to be deserving of more attention than they have yet received. Some of the ferns do well in the green-house.

And who that has had anything to do with the care of a green-house but has learnt what an enjoyment is to be derived from it! especially in this country where the earth is snow-clad during a large portion of the year. Is it not interesting to see how the plants strive to get near the sunlight, turning flowers and leaves as if to greet it? In observing this, it has perhaps occurred to us, that, in the times of our best spiritual health, we are also seeking the sunny side, resolutely setting our faces towards it, and that we are doing our best work when the whole soul is going out in sympathy with humanity. The flowers that have been grown for us are not half so interesting as those we ourselves have planted. We must watch their habits, and need, and development; in short, we must love them. So with any of the arts. Poetry, to be appreciated, has to be studied, just as music must be studied; and the study must be a labour of love, or the labour will be in vain. There are players who will finger correctly, who will give time and tune as these are written, but the sounds produced will tell no story, touch no heart. There are verse-makers, also, who are faultless in rhyme, and rhythm, but whose words call no response from the soul. The notes and the rests of a piece of music are like the words and pauses in poetry, and both in music and in poetry, unless the soul of the artist be wafted away on the wings of inspiration, so as to be oblivious to all that is mechanical in his art, he will never be worth listening to. Genius

will occasionally overstep all rules. When a great writer was taken to task by the critics, because, they contended, the form of his poem was without precedent; 'then *mine* be the precedent!' was the reply.

Here, along the edge of the stream, we see the leaves of the Iris, and are reminded how often flowers are used as symbols. The Iris became the national emblem of France in 1137, having been adopted by Louis VII. It was then called 'Fleur de Louis,' now corrupted into 'Fleur de Lis.' What are our Christmas cards with their floral decoration but symbols of the peace and hearty good-will that we would fain see spread throughout the universe. Says Ophelia, 'there's Rosemary, that's for remembrance; and there's Pansies, that's for thoughts; . . . and there's a Daisy too.' 'Have you not seen in the woods,' writes Emerson, 'in a late Autumn morning, a poor fungus or mushroom, — a plant without any solidity, nay, that seemed nothing but a soft mush or jelly—by its constant, total, and inconceivably gentle pushing, manage to break its way up through the frosty ground, and actually to lift a hard crust on its head? It is the symbol of the power of kindness.'

The stories of mythology have much to do with the interest we attach to flowers. Flora was the goddess of gardens among the Romans. In her hand is the horn of plenty. Apollo presided over poetry. He wears the laurel wreath. The appellation 'poet laureate' is said to come to us through the Latin 'laurus,' a bay, in allusion to the ancient practice of crowning poets. Petrarch received the crown at Rome in 1341, and Tasso in 1594. In Burns's poem 'The Vision,' you will recollect how the Scottish muse, Coila, addresses the poet:

'All hail! my own inspired bard!
In me thy native Muse regard;
Nor longer mourn thy fate is hard,
Thus poorly low;
I come to give thee such reward
As we bestow.

* * * * *
'And wear thou this,' she solemn said,
And bound the Holly round my head;
The polished leaves and berries red
Did rustling play:
And, like a passing thought, she fled
In light away.'

Victor Hugo, recently, on the occasion of his 79th birthday, was the recipient of several laurel wreaths.

Some flowers have had a superstitious reverence attached to them; such, for example, as the Oak and the Mistletoe, which were the objects of religious veneration among the Druids. The Druids used to send round their youth carrying branches of the Mistletoe to announce the New Year. The custom of decorating the houses with it at the New Year still prevails in England. The Oak was held sacred by the Greeks and Romans no less than by the ancient Gauls and Britons. The most ancient Grecian oracle—that of Jupiter at Dodona, is said to have given its responses through a grove of oak trees. In our day the oracles are dumb, and we have no deities on Mount Olympus. The theology of the past becomes the history of the present.

The Lotus was held sacred by the ancient Egyptians. It is represented in our country by the Pond Lilies. The root of the yellow Water Lily, found in the North American lakes, is said to be not unlike a sweet potato, and is eaten by the Indians. Lotus-eaters abound, it is stated, all over the East. The Egyptian Lotus appears to be possessed of narcotic and other peculiar properties. Tennyson tells of 'the mid-eyed, melancholy, Lotus-eaters.' The effect of the Lotus on the followers of Ulysses will be remembered. As soon as the men had eaten of it, they lost all desire to return to their native country, so that Ulysses had at length to resort to force, and have them tied to the ship.

I have here a specimen of a very singular plant. By the monks of old it was supposed to be endowed with miraculous powers, and was an object

of something akin to adoration. The 'Rose of Jericho' looks dry and brittle, but if placed in water it will gradually expand and show every appearance of life. For this reason it has come to be popularly known as the 'Resurrection Plant.' It grows in the deserts of Arabia and other arid wastes; is uprooted by the winds and transported to the sea, where it comes to maturity. The seeds, in their turn, are caught up by the winds and carried back to the desert, where they take root.

Flowers are suggestive. We might compare them to a beautiful picture that is leading us through the silent path of a delightful reverie. Their attitude to us is always calm and smiling. They never wound us with a flat contradiction, never turn round upon us with an 'I told you so?' It would seem as if the late Lord Beaconsfield had taken a lesson from them in this respect, for we notice that when asked how he managed to be always on such happy terms with Her Majesty, he replied:—'Don't you see that I never contradict, and I often forget.' Flowers stir the imagination and prescribe no limit. We are led to do our own thinking—the true education. Wordsworth has recorded his experience in this matter in his poem 'To the Daisy':—

'A hundred times, by rock or bower,
Ere thus I have lain crouched an hour,
Have I derived from thy sweet power
Some apprehension;
Some steady love; some brief delight;
Some memory that had taken flight;
Some chime of fancy wrong or right;
Or stray invention.'

And in the closing lines of the 'Ode to Immortality,' he says:—

'To me the meanest flower that blows can
^{give}
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.'

Again, in the early Spring, we see the poet, calm and thoughtful, seated in a thick grove, listening to the songs of the birds, wondering at the beauty of the flowers, and soliloquizing upon

that topic of our day—the Unity of Nature:—

'I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sate reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

'To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

'Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And, tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

'The birds around me hopped and played;
Their thoughts I cannot measure:
But the least motion which they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

'The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

'If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?'

When the poet exclaims, 'And 'tis my faith that every flower enjoys the air it breathes' we have been inclined to doubt the correctness of this 'chime of fancy.' Modern science, however, appears rather to establish its truth, for we find the question has been raised whether plants have not a nervous system, whether, in short, they may not be said to have some degree of feeling. Let us hear what Prof. Huxley says on this subject:—

'On each lobe of the leaf of the plant called "Venus Flytrap" (*Dionaea muscipula*) are three delicate filaments which stand out at right angles from the surface of the leaf. Touch one of them with the end of a fine human hair, and the lobes of the leaf instantly close, in virtue of an act of contraction of part of the substance; just as the body of a snail contracts into its shell when one of its horns is irritated. The after action of the snail is the result of the presence of a nervous system in that animal. Of course the similarity of the acts does not necessarily involve the conclusion that the mechanism by

which they are effected is the same, but it suggests a suspicion of their identity which needs careful testing.

. . . . And it must be allowed to be possible, that further research may reveal the existence of something comparable to a nervous system in plants.' Speaking of an organism called 'Heteromita,' he continues:—'There is no reason why Heteromita may not be a plant; and this conclusion would be very satisfactory, if it were not equally easy to show that there is really no reason why it should not be an animal.

. . . . The difference between plant and animal may be one of degree rather than of kind; and the problem whether in a given case an organism is an animal or a plant, may be essentially insoluble.'

Flowers are worthy our attention, if for no other reason than that they are beautiful. When Gladstone advises the British artist and workman to improve his knowledge that he may be able to take a first rank in the markets of the world, he is equally urgent in recommending a cultivation of the sense of Beauty, so that the human soul may not lack the food which is necessary for its development. 'I remember the time,' says Gladstone, 'when you were laughed at in the refined circles of our great metropolis, if you contended that the human being as such was musical; you were considered a fool, a dreamer, an enthusiast. People used to say in answer, "I can't tell one note from another; I don't care anything about music;" and my wont was to reply by saying, "If the nurse who carried you when you were three months old, had continued to carry you until you were forty years old, you would not be able to walk." If there be those,' continues Gladstone, 'who have absolutely no sense of music, they are analogous to those who are born blind and are entitled to sympathy as being excluded from one of the most charming enjoyments. I believe it is exactly the same in respect to the sense of Beauty.'

It was the pride, the aspiration of the Greeks, that everything should bear the stamp of Beauty. This idea was ever present with them, so that the love of the beautiful became to them an inheritance. They took great pleasure in horticultural pursuits, and flowers were considered indispensable at all their festivals. Floral decoration was a profession at Athens. Artists composed flower-groups, with a view to symbolize certain mythological ideas or beliefs.

In the several paths of industry that are opening to women, might not one be found in the cultivation of flowers, and in floral decoration? As I watched a gardener take up a pure white camellia, and some rich damask rose-buds, blending them with a few feathery fronds of ferns, I thought, what an exquisite occupation, and how eminently fitted for women! 'You seem to find in your plants a never-failing source of delight?' said one to the gardener. 'Yes,' was the reply, 'somehow the more I love them, the more I love God.'

Remembering how mysteriously and almost unconsciously we are influenced, it might be well for us to take a lesson from the Greeks, and aim at making our surroundings elevating and suggestive. To cultivate the beautiful, because it is beautiful, is reason enough. To him who would say, 'but the beautiful must first be practically useful,' I will quote a few words from an eminent German philosopher, when writing on the subject of genius:—'Genius produces no works of practical value. Music is composed, poetry conceived, pictures painted—a work of genius is never a thing to use. Uselessness is its title to honour. Works of genius exist for their own sake, or may be considered the very flower and bloom of destiny. This is why the enjoyment of art so uplifts our hearts. A temple is never a dwelling-place.' The same idea is prettily illustrated by Schiller, in his story of 'Pegasus, the winged horse of the Muses.' It is re-

lated that the horse was once sold by a needy poet, and being put to draw the plough, he became quite passive, spirit-broken and useless. It happened at length that a gallant young hero came by, and requested permission to mount the animal. No sooner had he done so, than Pegasus recovered his former spirit, raised himself with an air of pride, bounded off, and finally was seen to soar heaven-ward.

Prof. Huxley has described to us his Ideal University. What does he think about the cultivation of the æsthetic faculty?

'In an ideal university, a man should be able to obtain instruction in all forms of knowledge, and discipline in the use of all the methods by which knowledge is obtained. In such a university, the force of living example should fire the student with a noble ambition to emulate the learning of learned men, and to follow in the footsteps of the explorers of new fields of knowledge. And the very air he breathes should be charged with that enthusiasm for truth, that fanaticism of veracity, which is a greater possession than much learning; a nobler gift than the power of increasing knowledge; by so much greater and nobler than these, as the moral nature of man is greater than the intellectual—for veracity is the heart of morality. But the man who is all morality and intellect, although he may be good and even great, is, after all, only half a man. There is beauty in the moral world, and in the intellectual world; but there is also a beauty which is neither moral nor intellectual—the beauty of the world of art. There are men who are devoid of the power of seeing it, as there are men who are born deaf and blind, and the loss of those, as of these, is simply infinite. There are others in whom it is an overpowering passion; happy men, born with the productive, or, at low-

est, the appreciative, genius of the artist. But, in the mass of mankind, the æsthetic faculty, like the reasoning power and the moral sense, needs to be roused, directed, and cultivated; and I know not why the development of that side of his nature, through which man has access to a perennial spring of ennobling pleasure, should be omitted from any comprehensive scheme of university education.'

Finally, we love flowers for their associations. Why is the Heather so peculiarly beautiful to the Scotchman, but because it stirs his imagination to recall the land of his birth—'the land of the mountain and the flood.' Whatever of joy he knew there has, in his fancy, through the distance of space and time, 'orbed into a perfect star.' In Goethe's song of 'Mignon,' how tenderly the little girl recalls her fatherland, contrasting it with her new and strange surroundings: 'Kenn'st du das land wo die Zitronen blühn?' she asks. The mere odour of some old familiar plant—the sweet-briar, or wild rose of the wayside, has a wonderful power over the mind. It can turn back the leaves of memory, wipe off the dust of the years, and allow us to look again into the pages of the 'long ago.'

'Ah! Ro e so sweet, the sweetest of all flowers;
No sister hast thou to compare with thee;
The rich, the poor, the humble watch to see,
Thy early bloom, thou queen of summer bowers!
"Hush!" spake a pleading voice; "no blossom towers,
Supreme o'er all her sisters of the lea;
Associate are flowers, by you and me,
With Time or Place—from these derive their powers.
The yellow broom that decks my native shore,
And fragrant heather from the mountain's brow,
Forever must my truest favourites stand;
To me they're linked with all poetic lore,
And memory dwells with pride upon them now—
Loved emblems of a wild romantic land!'

WHEN MIDNIGHT HOLDS A SILENT REIGN.

BY GEORGE GERRARD, MONTREAL.

WHEN Midnight holds a silent reign,
And gentle murmurs of the west wind come,
With cooling fragrance o'er the summer lands,
And in a cloudless sky, the wandering Moon
Shines brightly forth, intensifying shadows,
Till the lonely firs or weird-like elms rise
In solid grandeur as the time-worn hills ;
And all alone, one sees the Planets roll
In brilliant light along the wide expanse,
And star on star with fainter gleam appears,
Till lost in depths immeasurably great :
Then, o'er the senses creeps a subtle power
That leads the high-born soul, in backward flight
Upon the course of life, to where Creative Energy,
From glorious wisdom formed, in loveliness exists—
The touch of contact with an immaterial world
Unbinds the fettered spirit, which becomes
Etherealized, inwoven with the mind of nature,
And lives apart from its corporeal frame—
The past, the future, all those wondrous laws,
That rule increasing systems with a sweet control,
Advance in swift array, as when Aurora's gleams
Through winter's night sweep down the northern skies,
And mighty love enthralles the raptured soul,
That essence of the Deity, wherein His virtues bloom,
Till soaring thought returns, and meditates on man,
His present state, the useless vanity that builds
With ceaseless toil on quick-sands of the world,
While foul disease through ages long hath filled,
With pain and grief Creation's wide domain,
That it doth inward groan, beneath hereditary sin—
Then, on this moment, round the human heart arise,
The yearnings for reform, a Sabbath of our race,
We long to hear eternal strains of music pour,
In sounding notes throughout a ransomed land,
We long to dwell where love in truth abides,
And feel entire accordance with the living God.

SIX DAYS OF RURAL FELICITY.

A SUMMER ID(LE)YL IN PROSE.

BY T. H. F.

CHAPTER VII.

WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN BUT FOR AN INTERRUPTION.

AT four o'clock the carriage was at the door to convey us to Mrs. Percival's. Helen laughed at the serious view I was disposed to take of the affair, and assured me that she knew Mrs. Percival and her daughters well enough to promise me a most kind reception. Exactly how I should acquit myself—whether by inculcating De Villefort as the cause, or making it appear that it was my mistake alone—still worried me considerably as I assisted Helen to alight, and accompanied her to the front door of Rosevale Cottage.

As we entered the parlour, a slight rustling in one corner was immediately followed by the appearance therefrom of Miss Percival and Mr. Briarton, evidently disturbed in the sweet seclusion of a lovers' tête-à-tête.

The former extended her hand to me with a merry smile, and a few pleasant words of welcome, and the latter again went through the same friendly performance with great cordiality.

'I hardly know what to say in apology, Miss Percival,' I began—and in truth I didn't—'for my unfortunate mistake of——'

'I beg you will say nothing Mr. Hastings,' she interrupted me with a charming smile; 'for no apology is

necessary, as we all think a good hearty laugh is the most fitting sequel to it.'

'You are really very kind indeed,' I said, 'to overlook my—my—' I hesitated, blushing painfully, and feeling greatly embarrassed.

'Your little pleasantries,' ejaculated Mr. Briarton, in his usual jerky way, and with a look of sly humour, as if he would be understood as including among those little pleasantries, one whose recollection was anything but pleasant to me.

Helen and Miss Percival now began chatting about matters of particular interest to themselves, when Mr. Briarton, with a sly wink at me, said :

'If the ladies will excuse us, Mr. Hastings, I have a friend in the next room to whom I should like to present you.'

The ladies graciously according to their permission to retire, I was conducted into a small apartment containing a book-case, writing-table, and two or three chairs, upon one of which, by an open window looking out upon a pretty garden, sat a young gentleman smoking.

'This is Mr. Percival's study,' remarked Mr. Briarton as we entered; 'and this, sir, is Mr. Percival's very particular friend, Mr. Charles Mortimer. Allow me to make you acquainted.'

That gentleman languidly rose, made me a slight bow, presented the tips of his fingers to me, and then fixed himself comfortably in his chair again.

'Mr. Mortimer has heard of you before, Mr. Hastings,' remarked Mr. Briarton with an air of sly humour; 'indeed I may say he has been made fully acquainted with a certain little episode in your life, and enjoyed it as much as the rest of us.'

I felt profoundly relieved to know that some one else had been kind enough to spare me the duty of enlightening him upon the subject; and not considering that any apology was due him, I merely observed; 'Ah! indeed;' in quite a disinterested way, as if the matter was not of the slightest importance to me.

'Oh! yaas; by Jove! the richest thing of the season; deucedly amusing,' observed Mr. Mortimer in a drawling tone; emitting at the same time a column of tobacco smoke from his mouth, and complacently watching it as it ascended in graceful wreaths to the ceiling.

'Yes,' I laughed, though a little nettled at his manner, 'especially so for the chief actor in the affair.'

'But I say, Briarton, by Jove!' said Mr. Mortimer in a languid tone, and regarding me with a somewhat amused look, as he complacently stroked his side whiskers and moustache; 'nobody who had ever seen us would mistake one of us for the other fellow, you know.'

'Well, now that I come to examine you closely and critically,' responded the person addressed, as if he were saying something exceedingly funny, 'I do perceive a trifling difference.'

'Yaas—ah! yaas! very good indeed, Briarton,' remarked his friend with a faint smile.

'Egad!' exclaimed the other, 'it wanted but one thing to raise the joke to what I may call the acme of the ridiculous, and that was your arrival before the departure of your other self.'

'My other self! Well, by Jove! that is capital,' remarked Mr. Mortimer in the same languid tone, and with another weak smile. 'But I say,

you know, it would be deuced hard to tell who would have been the most astonished I, to find myself already there, or our friend here that he had only just arrived. That's excellent—by Jove!'

'Capital!' exclaimed Mr. Briarton. 'It would have been the most fitting *dénouement* to the affair imaginable.' And he laughed heartily at the extreme funniness of the idea, Mr. Mortimer feebly partaking with him in the laugh.

No doubt, these gentlemen found the subject vastly entertaining. I certainly did not share the feeling. There was moreover, something about Mr. Mortimer's manner that was very disagreeable, if not absolutely offensive, to me.

'It reminds me of a little anecdote,' said the last named person, 'that I once heard about a fellow, who, wishing to make the acquaintance of a certain young lady, actually called at her house and saw her, and then apologizing under the pretence of having made a mistake, politely withdrew. Thought he was in the right house, you know, or that it was some other lady, or that he was somebody else, or something of that kind—dreadfully mixed up any how; true, 'pon honour. Deuced convenient way of making desirable acquaintances—by Jove!'

'I hope, sir,' I said, endeavouring to repress a feeling of anger, 'that you do not suppose I could be capable of such an act.'

'Ah, my dear fellow,' drawled Mr. Mortimer with an air of easy familiarity that increased, rather than mollified, the feeling with which I regarded him, 'no offence intended, 'pon honour; assure you. Only such things have happened; and what has happened once, may happen again, you know.'

He winked slyly at Mr. Briarton while speaking, and in a manner I imagined which seemed to imply that possibly the shoe might fit me, he thought, and if so, I was perfectly welcome to wear it.

'Mr. Mortimer,' I said, now thoroughly angry, and speaking with considerable warmth, 'allow me to assure you, sir, that did I ever think it necessary to personate anybody, you would be about the last one I should consider worthy of imitation.'

I spoke hastily, and regretted the words almost as quickly. 'Pardon me, sir,' I added. 'I wish to give no offence; but allow me to say that I considered your words somewhat equivocal, to say the least.'

'By Jove,' said Mr. Mortimer, with a little more animation than he had yet shown; 'but our friend is quite complimentary, eh! Briarton?—and a little irascible too I think—and upon sufficient provocation might be inclined to shoot at a fellow, you know, with missiles a little harder than corks, eh?'

'Sir,' I exclaimed, now angered beyond control, 'your language is highly offensive, and unwarrantable; and if it is your wish to pick a quarrel with me, I simply request you will have the propriety to defer it to some more fitting time and place.'

'Really, my dear fellow,' he replied in a tone of the most perfect nonchalance, 'you have a way of jumping at conclusions that quite takes one's breath away; you positively have.'

'Where no offence is intended, sir,' I said, thinking perhaps I had been a little too hasty, 'I assure you none will be taken. The subject, however, is not an agreeable one to me, as I perhaps alone fail to see, or rather to enjoy, the humorous side of it, and I will take it as a great favour if no further allusion is made to it.'

Mr. Briarton, thinking perhaps that he saw a storm brewing, now suggested, in his usual abrupt way, that we should drink a bottle of wine with him; probably, as the best means of allaying it.

'There is nothing like the rosy, as our friend Dick Swiveller, would say,' he observed, 'so well calculated to restore those sentiments of friendly

regard which should always obtain among gentlemen, when any little misunderstanding has arisen to—to—you take my meaning, gentlemen. John—in an elevated tone of voice—'bring a bottle of Madeira, will you.'

The command was addressed to some invisible person, but the sound of a doubtlessly familiar footstep in the entry just at that moment, was followed by the appearance of a servant's head through the partly open door.

'Mr Percival's "Peticular," sir?' he asked.

'Yes; and be particularly quick about it,' replied Mr. Briarton, possibly fearing that the emollient which he proposed to pour upon the troubled waters of discord might arrive too late for the purpose.

In a few minutes the bottle was brought, opened, and set before us, with three glasses. Mr. Briarton lit a cigar; Mr. Mortimer indulged himself with a fresh one; and I accepted a cigarette.

I found Mr. Percival's 'Peticular' Madeira particularly good, and I drank off several glasses with a particular relish. I was always strictly temperate; but I had been stung to the quick by Mr. Mortimer's words and manner, and I gulped down the wine to relieve the feeling of anger and resentment from which I still smarted. Had his manner been openly insulting, instead of covertly offensive, I felt I should have been hardly more angered by it.

The small room was becoming dense with the thick fumes of the tobacco, and this, with the large quantities of wine I had drunk, soon began to make me feel dizzy and confused.

Mr. Briarton had been chattering good humouredly; and Mr. Mortimer, lolling back easily in his chair, occasionally drawled forth some reply to him. He and I had exchanged no words over our glasses.

For the last fifteen or twenty minutes I must have been nearly uncon-

scious of all that was said, for I had been preoccupied with my own thoughts, which had insensibly become of the drowsiest nature. I made an effort to rouse myself—or I should have gone to sleep—and at the moment, I heard the words, though indistinctly and disconnected—‘highly aggravating—in the wrong—wounded—sad affair.’

It was Mr. Briarton’s voice I was sure, and I imagined he had been relating the history of some *affaire d’honneur* to his friend. Then followed the words, ‘I say, bad for Lawton, by Jove!’ and immediately after, in the same voice, I thought, ‘rather more dangerous than standing fire from a champagne bottle.’

Still harping upon that subject, in spite of my expressed displeasure. Flushed with the wine, and angered beyond all control, I seized my glass, and threw its half-emptied contents into Mr. Mortimer’s face. I rose, as I did so, fully prepared to act upon the defensive, should any hostile demonstration upon the part of that gentleman follow. At that very moment, however, one of the servants entered the room, and informed me that Miss Mowbray was ready to go. I told him I would come immediately, and without another word I left the room, probably before the two others had even time to recover from their astonishment at my abrupt act.

I joined Helen at the front door, and taking leave of Miss Percival—her mother and sister being from home—I walked with the former to the gate. Most likely from some misunderstanding as to the hour fixed upon for our return, the carriage had not arrived. As the distance was but short, and the weather delightful, we decided to walk back to Belmont; and many and fervent were the benedictions I silently invoked upon the head of John, the coachman, for his mistake.

The disorder in my manner and appearance could scarcely have escaped

Helen’s notice, but if so, she betrayed no consciousness of it. The fresh air, however, soon revived me, though I was still too much under the influence of the wine I had drunk to think calmly of the rash act I had committed, and of the possible consequences I had invited from the person to whom the affront had been offered; yet I still felt perfectly justified in what I had done.

It was one of those golden afternoons of the late summer when her departing glories are first beginning to don the more sober yet hardly less pleasing tints of the approaching autumn. Large masses of fleecy clouds floated dreamily across the deep, clear blue sky, high above us; while in the distance, over the tops of the dark forests, rose the Pyrenees, a grand background to the far perspective of the glowing landscape, already clothed with the purple and roseate hues of the early evening light.

It was not strange that under such influences I should soon have felt my tranquillity of mind restored, and my spirits revive; especially with Helen for a companion.

We turned into a narrow path that led by a somewhat circuitous course to the house, and which, part of the way, skirted closely upon the edge of a fragrant pine grove. And it was through an opening among the trees that I now caught a glimpse of one of the loveliest little arbours imaginable.

From the round and partly-open roof, rising to a point in the centre, and supported by several slender pillars, hung a thick net work of flowering vines, enclosing it upon all sides, and only parted in one place, to allow of a narrow entrance. The approach to this was by a short path, prettily bordered on each side by flowers and shrubs of rich colours and delicious fragrance; and by the narrow opening, at which it ended, stood, on either side of two low stone steps, a white marble statue, representing respectively a dryad and a fawn.

'What a charming spot!' I exclaimed, rapturously, pausing to gaze at it. 'This fully realizes all my ideas of what such a place should be.'

'Yes,' said Helen, 'and it has quite a romantic little history, too.'

Expressing a desire for a closer view, my wish was gratified by Helen's conducting me along the path, and into the arbour itself, where we seated ourselves.

'Quite a little paradise,' I exclaimed, delightfully. 'It should be called the Lovers' Retreat, or Cupid's Bower, or some other appropriate name.'

'You are quite poetical,' laughed Helen.

No doubt I was. The fumes of that wine were evidently still working in my brain, or I should never have ventured upon such a remark. In fact, that my thoughts and feelings must have been still highly coloured by the 'rosy,' was further made evident by my becoming dimly conscious of at that moment taking one of Helen's hands in my own, but of instantly letting it drop with a scared sort of feeling at my presumption; and I felt immensely relieved by her not manifesting the least consciousness of the act.

'You said, Helen,' I observed, 'that there was a romantic little history connected with this arbour; and if not a family secret, I should like very much to hear it.'

'I suppose it is somewhat of a family secret,' she replied, laughing, and with a slight blush, 'but as you are such an old friend, I imagine there would be no harm in my telling you.'

'Helen,' I said, with an actual approach to tenderness in my voice—yes, that wine was still surely playing sad havoc with my wits—'Am—am I nothing more than an old friend?'

Again I breathed freely, as she passed over my words unnoticed, and said:

'I should be happy to tell it to you, as you seem to take such an interest in the place.'

'You are very kind,' I replied. 'I should be delighted to hear it.'

'It was on this spot,' she said, 'at least so family tradition avers, that my father first saw the young lady, who afterwards became his wife; and in commemoration of the event, which was productive of so happy a result, he erected this little arbour. So your name of Cupid's Bower,' she added, with a laugh, 'was not so inappropriate after all.'

She glanced upwards as she spoke, and, following the direction of her eye, I perceived—what had before escaped my notice—the figure of a small cupid upon the top of the arbour, poised lightly on one foot, and taking aim, after the conventional manner, with his bow and arrow, at some invisible heart. The arrow was pointing—ominous coincidence—directly at my own breast.

'And it was here,' I observed, with a musing air, 'that the fatal shaft pierced his heart. I think I must change my seat,' I added, with a laugh, 'or the same fate may befall me.'

No; I could never have said that if I hadn't been in liquor, I'm sure.

'Do you think there is any danger?' said Helen, with a sly look at me out of the corner of her eye.

'You see where I am sitting, and which way he is pointing,' I replied, laughing, and blushing frightfully.

'If you are at all doubtful, I should certainly advise you to change your seat,' she observed, with a laugh.

But I didn't. Her advice was unheeded; and I still continued to sit within direct range of the dangerous missile.

'Do you think, after all, Helen,' I said, 'it would be so terrible a thing—I was conscious of trying to look very tender and meaningly as I spoke—if—if such a fate *should* befall me?'

There could be no doubt whatever about it now; I certainly *was* grossly intoxicated.

'I suppose you would be the best

judge of that yourself,' she replied. 'You know we can only form our opinion of a matter of this kind from personal experience—. But you won't let me finish my story.'

'Oh, pardon me,' I said; 'is there any more of it?'

'Perhaps you have heard enough already?' Helen laughed, with another sly glance at me.

'By no means,' I replied. 'Anything connected with this delightful little arbour cannot fail to be of the greatest interest to me. Especially one of its present'—I hesitated, blushed, looked extremely foolish—for Helen was regarding me with a partly amused and partly whimsical expression—and, after a moment, said—'I was going to say, especially one of its present'—

'Now, I know,' she interrupted, 'that you are going to pay me a compliment; and I dislike them of all things.'

'No, I am not,' I exclaimed, quite earnestly.

'Well, then,' she said, with a sly smile, "'especially one of its present"—you got that far; now for the rest.'

'Me, Helen,' I said, with a very serious expression, 'what I was going to say I do not consider a compliment. It was the truth.'

'Oh! then it was something uncomplimentary,' she said, with another laugh.

'No, I—I don't mean to say that,' I replied, laughing myself, but a little confused; 'what I *did* mean to say was, that I considered (with a desperate effort) one of its present occupants especially interesting.'

'Oh!' with a bewitching smile and blush from her.

'Yes, really!' with an air of triumph, and considerably more of a blush from me.

'Which one?' she presently asked, with an air of the most perfect naïveté.

'Which one?' I repeated—'why, Helen, it strikes me that—that it

would be highly ridiculous to—to speak of myself in—in such a way—don't you think so, really?'

'Well—I don't know,' she remarked, with a careless air.

'I do,' I said; 'and there being only one other occupant—why—why—Helen, the—the inference is—obvious. Don't you think so, really?'

Again she laughed and blushed, but said nothing. She evidently understood me now, and I felt happy.

But, just here, I should like to ask the intelligent reader whether he deems it necessary I should confess to him in plain language that I was again desperately and hopelessly in love? Probably he does not. But, should there by any possibility be such, so lacking in the faculty of perception, to whom this fact has not yet been made obvious, to him—for I would not offend with such a question any of my *fair* readers, whose natural intuition in such matters must, long before this, have enabled them to make this discovery—I would say, 'I was; desperately and hopelessly.' And, for the further information of my readers of both sexes, I will add—what, perhaps, they may not have expected—that, actuated by a bold and determined resolve, I had inveigled Helen into the arbour, determined to know my fate or, to use a truly heroic, but somewhat hackneyed expression, perish in the attempt.

Of the progress I had already made towards that end, they can judge for themselves. I, myself, was not inclined to entertain thereon the most encouraging and favourable opinion possible.

I had yielded, without a struggle or an effort, to the old passion, though this time with the feeling that uncertainty would be insupportable—that I must hear from Helen's own lips the word that was to make utter wreck of my hopes or realize the darling wish of a life-time.

'Helen,' I said, drawing a little nearer to her, 'you have told me that

—that it was upon this spot that your father asked the young lady to become his wife—who,' in a hesitating voice; and, after a slight pause, 'who—did afterwards become his wife—how, how pleasant that must have been.'

Now, why did I not add—what I intended to when I began, 'And here will I ask his daughter to become mine,' instead of substituting this most lame and impotent conclusion? But I felt I was coming dangerously near to the point, and my courage failed me.

'I didn't tell you anything of the kind,' said Helen, with a provoking laugh.

'You didn't?' I exclaimed, somewhat discomfited.

'No,' she replied; 'I said my father first saw upon this spot the young lady who afterwards became his wife.'

'Oh! then I misunderstood you,' I remarked. 'But don't you think it quite likely, Helen, that—that he did, though?'

'Did what?' she said, with an amused look, and with another sly glance at me.

'Why—why, pop the—ask the young lady, I mean,' I replied, blushing dreadfully, 'here in this charming little arbour; it would have been so appropriate a place, you know.'

'But you forget,' she said, with a smile, 'that this charming little arbour didn't exist at that time.'

'Oh! so I did,' I replied, with a confused laugh.

I should evidently have to try a tack; there seemed to be no plain sailing for me in this direction. I was not discouraged, however, but, in fact, all the more desperate and determined at the thought of the precious moments I was wasting.

'Helen,' I said, after a few minutes' pause, and in as firm a tone as I could command, and at the same time becoming conscious of again taking her hand, though with this important difference, that this time I held on to it

(I couldn't have fully digested that old Madeira yet). 'You told me that you would tell me this little bit of family history because you considered me so old a friend. Do—do you consider me no more than that?'

I spoke in a tone of quiet, but desperate resolve, for I was determined to get an answer to my question this time.

She blushed, hesitated a moment, and then said, with an air of the most charming naïveté.

'Why, what more would you have me to say!'

I must indeed have been astonishingly obtuse of comprehension, not to have construed this into a delicate invitation for me to declare exactly what I *did* mean. But just exactly what I *did* mean, was what I had not yet the courage to say. So, poor imbecile that I was, I again went beating about the bush, saying:

'But you know one can have more than one old friend.'

'Oh, can they?' remarked Helen, in the most innocent manner.

'Yes,' I continued, 'and then you know that—that I should not feel quite so proud of being taking into the family confidence, if I thought some one else—some other old friend—shared it with me, you know; that's all.' Oh, most lame and impotent conclusion again!

'But is it necessary to squeeze my hand so hard while you tell me that?' said Helen with a laugh, and blushing.

'I beg a thousand pardons,' I exclaimed, letting her hand drop, 'I did not mean to be so rude.'

'I think we had better be going,' she said, rising; 'it is getting late, and they will wonder at home what has become of us.'

'Helen,' I exclaimed, again taking her hand, and determined to bring matters to a crisis then and there, 'may I detain you a moment longer, I—'

At that instant a loud explosion, followed almost immediately by ano-

ther, close by the arbour, nearly startled us out of our senses. Helen uttered a slight scream; and dropping her hand, I turned quickly towards the entrance of the arbour, and perceived De Villefort standing at the further end of the little path. He carried a gun across one shoulder, while over the other was slung a game bag. Upon seeing me, he advanced towards us, and upon reaching the steps, exclaimed:

'A thousand pardons, Miss Mowbray, for taking so inopportune a time to discharge my barrels. I fear I have needlessly alarmed you.'

That he had discovered our presence in the arbour, and had intentionally treated us to this agreeable little surprise, I hadn't a doubt, and I felt exceedingly uncomfortable too at the possibility of his having heard far more than was intended for the ear of any third party.

Helen laughingly accepted his apologies, but betrayed I thought, a slight feeling of displeasure, both in her tone and look, while I regarded the odious Frenchman, for his most mal-à-propos interruption, with feelings of anything but a friendly nature. The slyly knowing look he cast upon me, I took not the slightest notice of, but to hide the embarrassment which I really did feel, I said, in a tone of polite irony, and as if the idea had just occurred to me:

'Oh! by the way, Monsieur de Villefort, allow me to take the present opportunity of thanking you for being the means of making me acquainted with two most charming young ladies. I am greatly in your debt.'

An expression, indicative of his total inability to comprehend what I meant, passed over his face. It was very cleverly assumed, but I was not to be deceived.

'It is useless to affect ignorance of the matter,' I continued, 'and I confess myself your victim; but under similar circumstances, I assure you, I would very willingly be so again.'

Not strictly true, perhaps; but I was determined he should not think that he had had the best of the joke.

'And I must congratulate you,' I added, 'upon the success of your last achievement as a practical joker; and I only regret that I cannot do so upon your endeavour to get me to sing.'

He regarded me with a perplexed look, shook his head with a half puzzled, half comical air, and shrugging his shoulders, very expressive of doubt upon the part of a Frenchman I have noticed, said:

'Really, Hastings, you must be a little more explicit, if you wish to afford me the least idea of what you mean.'

I deigned no reply to this, however, and without another word, followed Helen out of the arbour.

On the way home, he informed us that he had gone out for a rabbit or two, and had succeeded in bagging just one, which he held up for us to admire. Had the rabbit tightly and securely bagged him, I should have been much better pleased.

'Helen,' I said in a low tone, as we parted in the hall. 'I should like very much to hear the rest of that little story about the arbour, and—and don't you think that it would be quite the appropriate thing perhaps if—if you should finish it in—in the arbour?'

'Well; perhaps that would make it more interesting,' she replied.

My reveries, when alone in my chamber that night, were not wholly those of unalloyed pleasure. Had Helen understood me? I thought she must have; and yet had I spoken with sufficient clearness to render my meaning perfectly intelligible to her? *the* meaning, over and above what the words themselves conveyed; and had my manner—there is everything in chat—been sufficiently expressive? But did I not do discredit to her natural faculty of discernment by my doubt. A woman is quick to perceive when a man loves her, and had I not at least hinted enough to leave her no room

for misunderstanding me? And yet what kind of an opinion could she entertain of the courage and depth of affection of a lover, who could only hint at the state of his feeling? Anything but a complimentary one, I feared. Had it not been for De Villefort, I might have been spared, at least, all these harrassing doubts and fears. And yet—with very shame I confess it—I must admit that I did experience a sneaking sort of relief at the interruption. But the critical moment had only been deferred, and my suspense only the more prolonged; for I felt that the word must be said, which was to make me the happiest or the most miserable of human beings.

And again, had there been anything in Helen's words or manner, from which I might take encouragement to hope that she was favourably disposed to accept me as a suitor. At times I thought there had been. And yet is not the female heart naturally more or less capricious and coquettish? And was even Helen altogether free from these little weaknesses of her sex? She was but a woman; and does not every woman derive a secret pleasure from encouraging those little attentions and compliments, and in exciting that admiration, oftentimes from mere caprice, which are so gratifying to her vanity, and from which no woman, from her very nature, can be entirely free?

Another cause for disquietude would also at times obtrude itself upon me. I now greatly regretted my hasty action in resenting the insult which I conceived Mr. Mortimer had offered me; and I felt, had I not been heated with the wine, I should have had more control over myself. And I resolved that I would take the first opportunity of making him an ample apology, in the hope of thus amicably settling the matter.

With these disquieting thoughts I tormented my brain, until, far in the morning, I fell asleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HORSEBACK RIDE, ENDING NOT SO AGREEABLY AS BEGUN, FOLLOWED BY SOMETHING OF A STILL MORE UNPLEASANT NATURE.

'I WILL devote this morning,' I said to myself, upon awaking from a good night's rest, 'to the farm-yard, the dairy, and that rustic little bridge; and if I can prevail upon Helen to accompany me, why it will be so much the more enjoyable.'

The sun was already well up; so once again that little project for meeting him upon the upland lawn would have to be postponed. I was not sure though, that there was any lawn fit for the purpose within convenient distance of the house; and besides it was becoming a serious question with me whether that little part in my rural programme would not have to be altogether abandoned from an inability upon my part to wake early enough. Rising with the lark was a very pretty and poetic idea as expressed upon the page of fiction, or abstractly considered; but practically, far more difficult than going to bed with him.

I felt painfully embarrassed at meeting Helen at the breakfast table, as, under the circumstances, it would have been strange had I not. Her manner, however, was the same as usual, and neither by word nor look might I infer that she had not quite forgotten all about the affair that engrossed my every thought.

There was to be a horseback excursion, she informed me, to an observatory about a mile distant from the house, from which a magnificent view of the surrounding country was to be obtained, and she invited me to make one of the party.

I replied that I was sorry I should have to decline. I knew nothing about riding, and I feared my lack of experience might only prove a detriment to

the enjoyment of the others. She assured me, however, that it was the easiest thing in the world, and that when I got fairly into the spirit of it, I would find it the most exhilarating of pleasures. She promised me I should have a thoroughly easy and docile horse; one that I should be perfectly able to control.

'If you will promise to ride near me, Helen,' I said, laughing, 'to render me any aid I may require, should the animal prove fractious, or manifest a disposition to run away with me, I will go.'

So, with her promise that she would act as my escort, it was settled that I should make one of the grand cavalcade that was to set forth at ten o'clock.

Shortly after breakfast, as I was lounging about the hall, looking at the pictures, the suits of old armour, and the various huge pairs of antlers that adorned its walls, De Villefort came up to me and said, with a serious air:

'I come to say, old fellow, that should you need a friend, I beg you will have no hesitation, from any scruple of delicacy, in calling upon me.'

'What do you mean?' I said, rather puzzled at the obscurity of this speech.

'I met Briarton on my early walk this morning,' he replied, 'and he happened to make mention of the unfortunate little affair between you and Mortimer.'

'Well,' I observed, not at all enlightened by this explanation.

'I mean to say that I should be happy to act as your second,' said De Villefort.

'My second?'

'Why yes. Of course he will call you out.'

'Call me out?'

'Yes, yes; call you out, challenge you.'

'But I shall refuse to be called out,' I said, in a tone of firm determination. 'Besides I intend to settle

the matter amicably by making him a full apology.'

'I'm not sure that's possible,' said De Villefort, doubtfully. 'These army officers are dreadfully sensitive about their honour, and are terrible fellows at the duello. And certainly you will not refuse the satisfaction which one gentleman may demand of another, under a provocation of the kind.'

'Army officers?' I said, conscious that I was becoming of an ashy paleness, 'why they called him Mr. Mortimer.'

'Oh! that's his unofficial title; otherwise he is known as Lieutenant Mortimer. But it's nothing, old fellow, I've been in one or two scrapes of the kind myself. Turn well upon your left side—unless you're left-handed; then the action must be reversed; to your right I mean—take steady aim—one, two, three—or whatever signal may be agreed upon—fire—bang—and it's all over before you can say Jack Robinson.'

'Yes; and I may be over too,' I said, while I could not refrain from laughing at the rather humorous way in which he had presented the matter.

'I don't positively say he will challenge you,' said De Villefort; 'but should he, remember my services are at your call.'

With these words he passed on, leaving me a prey to the most distressing sensations. I had, in fact, decided to hurry immediately to Mrs. Percival's, and make the most humble of apologies in the hope of appeasing the wrath of the Lieutenant, and appeal to him to mitigate his thirst for my gore; and I was about to leave the hall for the purpose, when Helen, accompanied by Miss de Clerval and the silent young lady who had sat next to me at table, approached me, the former observing, with an enticing smile:—

'We are going to take a little stroll round to the stables to inspect our steeds, and should be very happy to have your escort.'

'With pleasure,' I replied, forgetting, at the sound of that voice and in that presence, all about my purpose of but a moment before, and, in fact, everything else.

I have no doubt,' I added, with a laugh, 'that De Villefort has been telling you what a splendid rider I am.'

'No, he hasn't; but we are sure of it without that,' remarked Mdlle. de Clerval, slyly. 'The fact is, Miss Beauvais and myself are both bent upon riding the same horse, and as neither of us, I am sorry to say, is in a sufficiently obliging mood to yield to the other, we have resolved to decide the matter by drawing lots. The long bit of paper takes the horse. You must hold the pieces, Mr. Hastings, and see it fairly decided.'

Taking upon myself this highly important and arduous duty, I accompanied them to the stables, where the momentous issue was decided in Miss Beauvais' favour, and duly acquiesced in by Miss de Clerval.

Upon descending from my room fully equipped for the expedition, I found most of the party, consisting of some ten or twelve ladies and gentlemen, already mounted, and De Villefort, who appeared to be acting as leader or captain of the company, getting them into line. One of the grooms led up the 'easy and docile' animal I was to ride, and he certainly looked quiet and meek enough for a child to handle. He was a very handsome horse, and peculiarly marked; being one of those piebald, sleek looking animals, with long flowing tail and mane, that one is accustomed to associate with the circus.

I put him through a few paces, and was delighted to find his movement as easy, and his back as soft, as a rocking chair and a feather bed combined; and I was particularly charmed with the quiet manner in which he stood, after I had taken my place in the line by Helen's side, and the stolid indifference that he manifested to all the

bustle, loud talking and prancing that were going on about him.

All being ready to start, De Villefort, who was at the head of the party with Miss de Clerval, drew forth a small bugle and sounded a short, sprightly air upon it—the signal, I took it to set out—which my horse no sooner heard than, pricking up his ears, he suddenly curvetted gracefully out of the line, and began to pirouette with a masterly skill and ease that drew forth the rapturous plaudits of the company, who no doubt thought it to be a little side *divertissement* got up for their especial entertainment.

In the frantic efforts I made to retain my seat, I dropped the reins and clutched the pommel of the saddle, at the same time losing both my hat and whip. A moment more I should have fallen off through sheer giddiness, had not Harry quickly dismounted and flown to my rescue.

'Confound the brute,' he exclaimed, seizing the bridle just in time to prevent my falling, but laughing in spite of himself, 'he always acts this way when he hears music, probably from the delusion that he is once more upon the scene of — De Villefort, stop that infernal tooting, will you,' he shouted to the exasperating individual who had begun another sprightly air upon his bugle, accompanied by cries of bravo, and loud clappings of hands upon the part of the others, and which were followed, on the part of my horse, by the most alarming indications of his purpose forthwith to respond to the encore.

'I will get off, if you please,' I said, with the determined tone and manner of a person who has formed a resolution from which he is not to be shaken.

'It is all right now, old fellow,' said Harry, in an encouraging tone, 'you'll have no more trouble, as I shall insist upon De Villefort's delivering up his bugle to me.'

But I persisted at first upon dismounting; and it was only after I had seen the offending cause of all this

commotion pass safely into Harry's custody, that I was finally prevailed upon to resume my place in the line at Helen's side.

I could not help joining Helen and the others in their hearty laughter, and said—

'I am afraid, Helen, you had a sinister motive in having this horse assigned to me.'

'Oh, no,' she replied, still laughing heartily, 'but I forgot to tell you that Pizarro once belonged to a circus company. Harry bought him about three years ago in Toulouse.'

'The fact speaks for itself,' I said, still laughing myself, 'and I wish with all my soul they had refused to part with him. This unfortunate propensity, I should think, would have rendered him a highly undesirable piece of property.' But Helen was certainly right; he was most delightfully easy, and as we went gaily along, I soon felt my confidence quite restored.

The observatory was located in the midst of a delightful park, upon the estate next to Harry's, and the prospect from the top, embracing within an immense extent of country the diversified charms of woodland, meadow, mountain, forest and stream, and all aglow with the warm effulgence of a summer's sun in a sky of soft, rich, unclouded, blue, was inexpressibly grand and beautiful.

'This literally fulfils one of my youthful wishes,' I exclaimed, excited to an unwonted degree of enthusiasm by the lovely prospect before me; 'which was that I might one day behold those charming landscapes of the south of France, so glowingly described in the "Mysteries of Udolpho." You remember, Helen, that book was my especial delight.'

She was leaning beside me over the low railing, and had been silently contemplating the scene before her.

'So it was mine,' she said, 'until I learned to laugh at its romantic sentiments and impossible incidents. But you know, Edward, you always were

of a romantic and poetic turn of mind, and,' with a sly look and laugh, 'I will do you the justice to say that I thought some of your little effusions really quite clever.'

'Why, I didn't know that you ever saw any of them,' I said, reddening, as an unpleasant recollection of De Villefort, in connection with one of those aforesaid little effusions forced itself upon me at the moment.

'Oh, yes,' she laughed, with a mischievous twinkling of the eye, to which my guilty suspicions were quick to attribute a particular meaning. And imagining that I detected in her look and manner an indication that she would not have the least hesitation in plaguing me about it, I said, rather hastily—

'The others are going, Helen; perhaps we had better follow them.'

For the first time a painful doubt was excited within me whether De Villefort might not, after all, have shown her that little piece of poetry which he professed to have found outside my door; and again my *amour propre* was hurt at the thought of how uncomplimentary an opinion she must have entertained of a lover who could scribble off his affections upon a bit of paper, but who had not the courage or manliness to avow them openly.

As several of the party now expressed their intention to continue their ride to Toulouse, to lunch there, and return towards evening, Helen and I decided to join them.

I—purposely—experienced some little difficulty in mounting, and when we at last started away, the others were some little distance in advance of us, which I took care should, from time to time, be imperceptibly increased.

'You are right, Helen,' I said, as we once more cantered gaily along, 'horseback riding certainly is delightful.'

'I thought you would like it,' she said, in a gratified tone.

'But how could I do otherwise,

Helen, with you for a companion?' I remarked, in as gallant a manner as I could assume.

'You are becoming quite complimentary,' she laughed, 'though, perhaps, you would have me believe you are only speaking the truth now.'

I laughed and blushed at this delicate allusion, and replied, 'I meant it, Helen;' and, charmed by the skill and graceful ease with which she rode and controlled her horse, I was emboldened to follow it up with another compliment.

'Diana Vernon could have been nothing to you, Helen,' I said; 'and I know you could far eclipse any equestrian performance of hers—even to hovering over the edge of a precipice; indeed,' I exclaimed, with an unwonted outburst of gallantry, 'you would even rob Diana herself of her laurels, and put her to the blush.'

'Now I know you are making fun of me,' she laughed. 'It is all very well to compare me with a being of flesh and blood like myself—for what one mortal has done, another, perhaps, may do—but when you bring in goddesses, who are quite another order of beings, you know, I shall begin to suspect that—'

She paused abruptly. It was caused by my suddenly sliding of my horse's back, and clutching him firmly by the head. When, alas! is happiness ever unalloyed? What rose is without its thorn? When is there no lurking devil at the bottom of the cup of pleasure?

Upon turning a sharp angle in the road, I had perceived an itinerant organ-grinder bearing directly down upon us, and, at the sight of this dreadful apparition, I instantly took the above precautionary measures, not knowing but what the sagacious brute might be thrown into spasms of delight, and commence a terpsichorean performance, at the mere sight of a musical instrument.

My fears, however, were not realized, Pizarro simply contenting him-

self with pricking up his ears and regarding it in a suspicious manner. But I allowed the man to get well beyond the reach of sight and sound before I remounted.

Helen burst into a hearty laugh, in which I joined, but not quite with equal zest, as I remarked, in an apprehensive tone:

'We shall be sure to come across one or more of these nuisances in Toulouse; and I heartily wish now I had taken some other horse.'

However, I soon forgot to feel worried in the exhilaration of the fresh air, the novelty of my position, and the delight of Helen's companionship. I had heard horseback riding spoken of as quite an intoxicating kind of pleasure, and I began to think it was really so.

'Helen,' I said, 'would not this be a favourable opportunity to finish your little story about the arbour?'

'I thought you wanted me to keep it for the arbour,' she replied.

'Yes—but—but I may have something to tell you then,' I said, in a meaning tone of voice.

'Ah! I should be delighted to hear it,' she replied.

'Would you, really, Helen?' I said, trying, in spite of my blushes, to regard her with a very tender and expressive look.

'Why shouldn't I?' she answered. 'I have no doubt you can tell a very interesting story.'

'It is far more interesting than any story could possibly be to me, Helen,' I said, in a tender tone; 'but are you quite—quite sure that you would like to hear it—that you would not be offended?'

'Why should I be; it is nothing very terrible, is it?'

'Terrible? oh! no, quite the opposite. That is—to me—but, of course, I don't know how—how it might affect you, Helen.'

Making love on horseback was certainly a novel experiment with me. I had found it sufficiently difficult with

both my feet planted securely upon *terra firma*, but now, no doubt, I was inspired by the stimulating effects of an exhilarating ride, the fresh breeze, and the charming scenery.

That the scenery was charming; that the sun shone brightly; that the skies were blue; that nature, in fact, was arrayed in her loveliest garb, and that the birds poured forth mellifluous music, I have no doubt; but the only scenery that I was capable of taking in was Helen's matchless form and peerless beauty, the former showing more exquisite than ever in her tight-fitting riding-habit; and the tones of her voice the only music of which I was conscious.

The old path around that bush ought to have been sufficiently well-trodden by this time, but apparently I didn't think so, for after a slight pause, I again said:

'But, do you really think, Helen—can you positively assure me that you would not be offended at what I—I—I might have to say?' throwing all the tender meaning I could command into the look that I fixed upon her.

She made no reply, but I was quite encouraged to see the blushes steal into her cheeks, and for the first time a slight appearance of modest constraint in her manner. She evidently had an inkling now of what I meant, and I felt quite elated at my success; for I must prepare her for it, as I could never in the world bring myself to take her wholly by surprise.

So absorbing indeed had been the theme that engrossed my thoughts, that I was hardly aware that we had already entered Toulouse, and were in fact within sight of the hotel at which we were to stop. My sense of hearing must also have been completely absorbed, inasmuch as I was totally unconscious that a hand organ at that very moment was giving forth the melodious strains of 'Hold the Fort,'—the odious tune had actually found its way into France—within a few feet

of me; surrounded by a concourse of men, women and children, whose delight was no doubt heightened by the fantastic performances of a monkey, arrayed in most outlandish garb. Nor was the fact indeed fully impressed upon my mind, until certain uneasy movements upon the part of Pizarro, made it obvious to me that it far better behooved me to hold the horse, and let the Fort go.

I made an instant effort to dismount, but so suddenly did the ill-starred beast begin his gyrations, that I feared I should sustain an injury by falling heavily to the ground. So I clung to the saddle, and shouted to the man to stop playing; but whether from not understanding English or from pure maliciousness, he still kept on, and I kept on—whirling round and round in the most distracting manner. Meanwhile the crowd rapidly increased, and the unbounded delight of the small boys burst all restraint, and found vent in vociferous cries, they taking us no doubt for the *want coureurs* of a travelling circus company, about to make its triumphant entry into the city.

Helen was of course powerless to render me any aid; and her loud exhortations of 'Whoa, Pizarro, whoa; that's a good horse, etc.,' tell unheeded upon the ears of the perverse brute. His old professional instigations were not to be overcome by any such endearing persuasions, for in the inspiring strains of the music, and the encouraging shouts and plaudits of the spectators, no doubt the old glories of the arena once more burst upon his dazzled vision.

But rescue was at hand. A sudden commotion among the spectators was followed by the descent of a couple of police officers upon the wretched offender, the capture of the monkey, and hustling of them off by one of the conservators of the public peace, amid the jeers and laughter of the crowd. The other now seized my horse, and with no gentle hands dragged me from his back, jabbering at me in the

most ferocious manner; faced me about unresistingly, for my brain was in such a whirl that I was perfectly passive in his grasp, and had advanced a few steps with me, doubtlessly intending to convey me to the nearest police station, when Harry, who had witnessed the latter part of these proceedings from the balcony of the hotel flew to my rescue.

After repeated explanations, and several angry altercations between him and the officer—for the obdurate man seemed strongly disinclined to release his prisoner—my deliverance was effected; and rejoicing in my timely escape from the clutches of this myrmidon of the law, though crestfallen and dispirited, I accompanied Harry to the hotel, whither Helen had already preceded us.

But my enjoyment for the day was entirely gone. In vain did Mons. Mallet and the others endeavour to rally me upon the masterly manner in which I had comported myself during the trying ordeal. In vain did Helen try to comfort me with the assurance that the experiences I had already acquired could not fail to make me the most accomplished of riders. Not their united efforts could avail to make me believe that a person clinging desperately to the back of a horse, which was describing a series of circles with the most bewildering rapidity; the pommel frantically clutched in both his hands, and his body bent so low upon the animal's neck, that his drawn up knees almost came in contact with his chin, while his hat, trodden out of shape, afforded a foot-ball for the playful beast's hoofs, could have presented other than the most pitiable of spectacles.

The sumptuous lunch to which we sat down was powerless to provoke my appetite; even the *pâté de foie gras*, my favourite delicacy, was revolting to me. The musée, the picture-gallery and the cathedral, into which we afterwards strolled, possessed for me not the slightest interest. The thought of

the ridiculous figure I must have presented in the eyes of Helen, was gall and wormwood to my soul. We naturally desire to appear at our best in the presence of those whose good opinion we esteem as the most priceless of earthly possessions; and my mortification at the humiliating exhibition, I had made of myself before her, *her*—the idol of my soul—had effectually destroyed all the pleasure I should have derived from what would otherwise have been a most enjoyable occasion.

I gladly accepted Harry's offer to exchange horses, upon our return, until we were safely out of the town; for how many more organ grinders might be lying in wait for me in the streets, or secreted in the dark recesses of unsuspected nooks or by-ways of the old town, it was impossible to foresee.

To be sure this beast had a disagreeable way of propelling himself sideways, with his head turned towards one side of the street, and his tail-pointing directly at the other; with moreover the distressing habit of suddenly throwing his head back, and then darting it forward, compelling simultaneous oscillations of my body—the result of my holding the reins with a tight, unrelaxing grip—and rendering imperative the most strenuous efforts to prevent myself from being laid out flat upon his back or shot over his ears into the street. And thus, bobbing backwards and forwards I rode, or rather sidled through the town, an object of derision to the *gamins*, and a source of infinite diversion to both men and women, who with wondering and smiling faces, or with irrepressible laughter, manifested their amusement at such extraordinary horsemanship. But even these annoyances I considered trifling in comparison with the antics of Pizarro.

Quite flushed and out of breath with such violent exercise, I was glad to stop when well out of the town, to wait for Harry. He and the others, ex-

cept De Villefort and Miss de Clerval, who had preceded us, had taken a more circuitous route through the town, and this caused a delay of some ten minutes. As Harry at last galloped towards me, my horse, possibly preferring a rider who had let him have his own way entirely to one who was probably accustomed to exert some restraint over his little playfulness, or from some other cause, suddenly started off with me along the road with fearful rapidity; and in a moment,

With slackened bit and hoof of speed,

I shot by De Villefort and Miss de Clerval like a whirlwind, leaving them my hat as a parting gift, which went spinning up off my head, and was doubtlessly wafted by the breezes to some undiscoverable spot—as it came back to me no more.

I was far calmer and more self-possessed—for I felt it was simply a matter of life or death with me—than I could ever have supposed it possible for me to be under the circumstances. Possibly my former painful experiences did enable me the better to cling to the horse's back during that terrible ride of two miles, which I think must have been accomplished in as many minutes, while the trees, houses, fences, and other wayside objects all seemed blended into one undistinguishable mass before my blurred vision.

The gate was fortunately open, and the horse turned safely into the avenue, which he traversed about half way to the house, when, turning suddenly off over the lawn in a more direct course to the stables, he threw me heavily to the ground. I fell with my left arm under me, and, from the pain and sudden relaxation of the terrible strain to which my nervous system had been subjected, I fainted dead away.

When I regained consciousness, Harry was supporting me in an upright position upon the ground, and he expressed the greatest relief upon ascertaining that I had sustained no

serious injury. My arm, though not broken, was considerably bruised, and, with his assistance, I was enabled to reach the house without much difficulty, though feeling somewhat weak and dizzy. His horse was flecked with foam from head to tail, for he had followed me as fast as Pizarro could bear him; but, as I had ridden one of his fleetest racers, he had soon been distanced.

I retired immediately to my room, where I was attended by a young surgeon from Paris, one of the guests, a slim, dapper little fellow, who applied some emollient to my arm, bandaged it, and advised me to remain quiet, though he pronounced the injury to be, fortunately, slight.

'Helen has been in dreadful suspense,' said Harry, 'and I had better hurry back and relieve her fears.'

'Do so—immediately,' I said, '—without a moment's delay. Blessings on her dear, considerate heart,' I added, mentally.

Her anxious solicitude for my safety did more to restore my spirits than anything else could have done.

Soon after the return of the others, De Villefort came into my room. 'Glad to know you escaped with only a scratch or two,' he said, in a congratulatory tone. '*Parbleu!* but I was a little astonished at the rather summary way in which you took leave of us. John Gilpin must hide his diminished head and yield the palm to you.'

'It is rather more than a scratch or two,' I replied, holding my arm up; 'but the doctor tells me the injury is slight, though I require a little rest.'

At this moment there was a tap on the door. Upon opening it, a servant handed me a note. 'For me?' I said, with some surprise, glancing at the superscription. I opened it, and read the following:

'ROSEVALE, August 21st, 1878.

'EDWARD HASTINGS, Esq.,

'SIR:—The unprovoked insult of-

ferred me by you yesterday afternoon leaves me but one line of conduct to pursue; namely:—to demand of you that satisfaction which one gentleman—and I trust I mistake not in regarding you as such—has a right to expect from another under a provocation of the kind. My friend, Major Ly-sander Augustus Herbert Melville Brown, will call upon you this evening to arrange all necessary preliminaries in respect to place and time of meeting.

‘Yours, etc.,

‘CHARLES MORTIMER, Lieut., R.A.’

I had forgotten all about the matter; and this disagreeable reminder again threw me into a state of the greatest disquietude.

‘Read it,’ I said, tremulously, handing the note to De Villefort; ‘your surmise was right. The hostile mis-sive has arrived.’

He ran his eye over it; shrugged his shoulders, folded the note up and handed it back to me, observing—in a manner which implied there was no help for it—

‘Well, old fellow, of course you are to consider my offer still good.’

‘R. A.; what does that mean?’ I said. Of course I knew, but my brain was still in such a whirl that the letters seemed to swim before my eyes.

‘Why, Royal Artillery, of course,’ replied De Villefort. ‘You see these fellows are so accustomed to dropping bat-tle that they think no more of ~~dropping~~ a duel than they do of playing a game of billiards. Major Brown, his second, is a desperate fellow, and rumour has it that he pinked his latest victim only a week or two ago, somewhere over in Belgium. It’s a comfort for you at least, old fellow, that you haven’t got to fight with him, for he has the reputation of being a dead shot.’

‘This affair must [proceed no further,’ I exclaimed in an agitated tone of voice, and rising abruptly. ‘I will

see Lieutenant Mortimer immediately, and make him the apology I had no right to defer so long.’

‘Time enough for that to-morrow, old fellow,’ said De Villefort. ‘Remember your arm and the doctor’s advice.’

‘My arm?’ I said. ‘What’s that to my head? Better have a bruise on the one than a bullet in the other.’

‘But I fear,’ said De Villefort in a somewhat doubtful and serious tone of voice, ‘whether an apology might not now come too late; even if the matter could be settled that way at all.’

‘All the more need for the greater haste now,’ I said determinedly; though I knew that I looked excessively pale, and spoke in a voice far from firm. ‘I have always entertained but one opinion of duelling, and have never hesitated to express it *boldly*. I consider a resort to the code of honour—as it is so *mis-called*—as a means of settlement for some real or imaginary grievance, as being highly *unreasonable* and *absurd*.’

‘From which I am to infer, I suppose,’ observed De Villefort, with an expressive grin, ‘that you will refuse to fight him.’

‘I cannot,’ I replied, ‘consistently or honourably (a marked emphasis upon the latter word), with my honest convictions upon the subject.’

De Villefort again grinned in a disagreeable kind of way, as if he thought it was something far more influential than my honest convictions that determined me to decline the wager of battle. I paid no attention, however, to his shrugs and grimaces, and what they evidently implied—though at another time I might have been induced to resent the imputation of cowardice—but said, ‘I will accept your offer, but only in the interests of peace. I shall feel greatly obliged to you if you will accompany me to Mrs. Percival’s.’

‘Certainly, old fellow,’ he replied, ‘whenever you choose. But remember, I can give you no positive en-

couragement for a peaceful solution of the affair.'

'Let us go—this moment,' I said; but I could not help adding, with a smile, 'If Mortimer insists upon fighting, why—perhaps you can take my place, and I doubt not I shall have a worthy representative. Or you and the major can fight it out between you. I believe there have been cases where the seconds have been substituted for the principals—and all in perfect accordance with the extreme reasonableness of the rules of the code of honour.'

'That will, of course, depend upon Mortimer,' he replied. 'Should be glad to get you out of the scrape, old fellow, if I could—but let me caution you against being too sanguine.'

We descended the stairs quietly and passed out unobserved. As we reached the gate at the end of the avenue, a carriage turned rapidly in. I shuddered as it passed, for it contained, I surmised, none other than the redoubtable major of many names, bent upon his mission of blood; and I rejoiced that I had effected a timely escape from his clutches.

I hurried De Villefort along with feverish impatience, paying little attention to the pain in my arm, and indifferent to the weakness from which I still suffered; and his assistance enabled me to reach the house with but little difficulty.

I inquired at the door for Lieutenant Mortimer, and we were shown into the small apartment at the end of the hall, where I had last left him. He and Mr. Briarton were the only two occupants of the room. The former was reclining comfortably back in his old seat by the window, the personification of indolent ease, and, as before, absorbed in the active occupation of complacently watching the wreaths of smoke that ascended from his languidly-parted lips; while the latter was seated opposite to him, also smoking, and reading aloud some sporting item, judging from the words I caught, from a copy of the *London Times*. He

dropped it, came forward, shook us cordially by the hand, and exclaimed, 'Quite an unexpected pleasure, gentlemen, I assure you,' and, glancing at my bandaged arm, he added, 'Not much hurt, Mr. Hastings, I trust. I saw you pass the house. Egad! a man doesn't see a sight like that every day of his life. We'll have to enter you for the Derby next year,' with a hearty laugh.

This was, no doubt, a very pleasant thing for him to say, but it failed to bring even a smile to my lips. I turned towards Mr. Mortimer, who had merely inclined his head at first, though rising and extending his fingers to De Villefort upon being introduced to him by Mr. Briarton, and said, without further ceremony,—

'I come, Lieutenant Mortimer, to offer you a full apology for my most unpardonable conduct of yesterday. I beg you to believe, sir, that had I not been totally irresponsible for my actions—from what cause it is, perhaps, needless for me to mention—I should never have so far forgotten myself as to be guilty of such rudeness.' I emphasized that last word to impress him with the idea that I at least was not disposed to regard it in any more serious light.

'I am painfully aware, sir,' I continued, 'that an apology at this late hour comes with a very bad grace; and I owe you yet another, for not taking an earlier opportunity of making it—but which I certainly should have done—had not an event over which I had no control (rather, I lie) unfortunately prevented me. I trust, sir, you will accept my apology in the spirit in which it is offered.'

As I stepped towards him with outstretched hand, hoping he might respond to my friendly overture, Mr. Briarton broke in, with a laugh, saying—

'And the best of the joke is, Mr. Hastings; it was I who made that little remark about the champagne bottle; so your aim was misdirected. I

should have been the victim of that little ebullition of — spirits.'

It was somewhat comforting to know that he at least was disposed to regard the matter as a joke; but my concern was not so much about the opinion he might entertain of it, as it was in respect as to how Mr. Mortimer might be inclined to view it.

'Then my act was totally unprovoked,' I said, blushing deeply; 'and this but aggravates it all the more; as it seems that my offence was only equalled by my stupidity.'

"Look not upon the wine when it is red"—as it truly maketh stupid—that is when too copiously imbibed,' observed Mr. Briarton; 'but as this was of some other colour, a sort of brown or yellow—why, perhaps it doesn't meet the present case.'

'By Jove, Briarton, that's excellent,' languidly drawled Mr. Mortimer, who seemed to have the highest appreciation of his friend's wit. 'There, I forgive you, old fellow,' he added, taking three of my fingers, and then letting them drop.

I felt immensely relieved; so much so that I could actually have embraced him. But I restrained so emotional a demonstration of my gratitude, though I said, with much feeling—

'You are really very kind, Lieutenant Mortimer; and I feel I hardly deserve it. Then I am to consider your—your challenge—withdrawn.'

I had been standing, but I now seated myself near De Villefort, who remarked—

'I congratulate you, old fellow, upon your friend's magnanimity.'

As the latter had made no reply to my question, and fearing he had misunderstood or not heard me, I again said—

'Then I am to consider your challenge withdrawn, Lieutenant Mortimer.'

I wished to have this point clearly settled, for I was in constant fear of the return of that sanguinary warrior,

Major Brown, and I dreaded his possible wrath at his disappointment upon finding that his victim had escaped him, and had even so far outraged all his ideas of honourable conduct as to have actually concluded a treaty of peace with his mortal foe.

'Challenge—eh—what?' said Mr. Mortimer, regarding me in an expressionless sort of a way.

'Your challenge,' I repeated; 'your note. I think I passed Major Brown on the way; though I am glad to say that, thanks to your kind forbearance, his errand will be a fruitless one.'

Mr. Mortimer shook his head in a helpless sort of way; emitted a dense cloud of smoke from his mouth; regarded me with a half-puzzled, half-comical expression, and said, with a bewildered kind of air—

'I say, Briarton—eh! but our friend is somewhat enigmatical. Though, perhaps, he will explain to what challenge, or to what note, he alludes; also why he dignifies me with a military title to which, unfortunately, I can lay no claim. Lieutenant Mortimer—that is good, by Jove!'

'Did you not write this note?' I said, greatly surprised; and, taking it from my pocket, I handed it to him.

Possibly, I thought, he might not have performed the manual part of it; and in his generous spirit of forgiveness he wished to pretend to no knowledge of it whatever.

'Never saw it before, 'pon honour,' he replied, returning the note to me.

'You didn't!'

'Never.'

A sudden suspicion flashed upon me. But I controlled my features and turning to Mr. Briarton, I said: 'Perhaps you can enlighten us.'

He took the note; read it, burst into a hearty laugh; glanced furtively at De Villefort (for a particular reason I took especial care to avoid his eye), and handed it back to me, observing with a partly amused and partly knowing look,

'All [I can say, is that some one has been guilty of forgery.'

'I don't know what to think of it,' I said, with a puzzled air. I knew well enough what to think of it, but I didn't intend that one of the present company should know it.

So I returned the note to my pocket, merely observing, 'it is certainly very queer.'

'I should say, Briarton,' drawled Mr. Mortimer, 'that our friend has been made the victim of a little joke; and I fancy that military fellow is a myth, eh. Major Gustavus Adolphus—ha!—ha! No—Alexander Augustus—Melville—what the deuce's the rest of his name—Melville Herbert Jones. Ha! ha! ha! Alexander Augustus Melville Herbert Jones. That is capital, by Jove!'

'No,' I said, laughing, 'allow me to correct you.'

I again took the note from my pocket, for I didn't dare trust my memory, and read,

'Major Lysander Augustus Herbert Melville *Brown*.'

'Oh! I knew it terminated in some such plebeian absurdity,' said Mr. Mortimer; 'Brown, Jones, or Robinson, I had forgotten which.'

'Why the deuce,' exclaimed De Villefort with a laugh, 'didn't he descend at once to the very depths of bathos and wind up with Smith?'

The words, 'Perhaps you know best,' trembled upon my lips, but I checked their utterance.

'Egad!' exclaimed Mr. Briarton, as if suddenly struck by a happy idea, 'but we must drink the major's health.'

Possibly somebody else's health had been drunk already, for upon the table stood a half-emptied bottle of Madeira, and two glasses. It was, however, undeniably evident that they had again been making free with Mr. Percival's 'Peticular.'

At Mr. Briarton's order, a fresh bottle was opened by John, whose face betrayed a rather anxious expression I thought, at the somewhat free

use they were making of his master's particular Madeira; as he laboured no doubt, under an increased sense of responsibility to protect his master's property during his absence.

'There are only two bottles left, sir,' he said, in a slightly deprecatory tone as he set the glasses down.

'All the better,' observed Mr. Briarton. 'It's scarcity will enhance its value, and impart an additional relish.'

But the old servant plainly evinced by his looks that he hardly appreciated the force of this argument, and casting a wistful glance at the two bottles, left the room.

Mr. Briarton seemed to make himself perfectly at home; though where he was when not at Mrs. Percival's; whence he came and whither he went, if he ever did go, I never knew.

'No wine for me; if you please,' I said, blushing at the painful reminder it suggested. 'If you will come with me, I will pay my respects to the ladies.'

'The ladies are in Toulouse; and will not return until late,' said Mr. Briarton. 'Mortimer and I have been keeping bachelor's hall to-day, Mr. Hastings. I am sorry you did not come in time to dine with us, gentlemen; for deprived of the presence that graces, and the conversation that enlivens and refines the pleasures of the festive board, we would, in our lonely state of grandeur, have gladly welcomed the additional pleasure and honour of your company.'

We both made our acknowledgments of this kind and complimentary speech, and expressed our regrets that that happiness had been denied us.

'We had roast duck for dinner, Mr. Hastings,' observed Mr. Briarton with a sly look at me.

'Ah, indeed,' I said, blushing; 'then I am especially sorry, as I am particularly fond of it—that is when I don't have to carve,' I added, with a laugh.

Mr. Briarton was one of those well-meaning, but thoroughly tactless per-

sons, who are addicted to the habit of making the most mal-à-propos remarks upon the most inopportune occasions ; no doubt with the very best intentions, but frequently producing an effect the very opposite to what they indicated. I understood his personal peculiarities by this time, however, and did not allow anything that he might say to annoy me in the least. He simply aimed to be funny, as he conceived it ; and intending nothing more, I was perfectly willing he should amuse himself in so harmless a way, even if it were at my expense.

'You must drink your friend the major—what's his name's health,' he said, setting a glass before me. 'Besides, this is an exceptional occasion, and a cause for rejoicing, that a late misunderstanding, which, but for the noble forbearance of—a gentleman whom I am now doubly proud to call my friend—might have led to deplorable results, has been so amicably settled. Mr. Hastings, your apology does you credit, sir, and you, Mr. Mortimer, your generous forgiveness, and acceptance of that apology, manifest your great magnanimity of soul, sir. Yes ; Mr. Hastings, you must do honour to the occasion, if only in two glasses.'

Inasmuch as he had put it in that light, my sense of obligation compelled me to suffer my glass to be filled.

'But first, I must propose the ladies,' said Mr. Briarton ; which toast was duly drunk.

'Possibly,' observed De Villefort with a meaning grin, 'Mr. Hastings, may desire to honour one particular lady.'

'Oh, no,' I replied carelessly, and laughing, though blushing dreadfully. 'I will make no invidious distinctions. The ladies in general, if you please. Miss Percival is well, I trust,' I added hastily, addressing Mr. Briarton.

'Quite so, thank you,' he replied, 'Miss Mowbray is, I hope?'

'I hope so,' I said, again blushing painfully ; yes, I—I believe she is quite well.'

I caught De Villefort's eye, and there was mischief in it ; I had seen that expression before and I knew what it foreboded. So I rose hastily to my feet, and said :

'I shall have to bid you good evening, gentlemen ; my arm is beginning to pain me considerably, and prudence as well as my doctor's advice, dictates that I had better have rest. You needn't accompany me, De Villefort,' I added, 'I can walk very well alone.'

He rose, however, and expressed his intention of returning with me.

I again shook Mr. Mortimer's fingers ; again expressed my sense of his kindness, and bidding good evening, withdrew with De Villefort from the house ; though not before Mr. Briarton had cordially shaken hands with him and myself, and lastly with Mr. Mortimer ; for it was an occasion he declared upon which he must do himself the honour to congratulate that gentleman upon his noble forbearance and great magnanimity of soul ; and he would no doubt have ended by shaking hands with him himself, had so happy an idea only suggested itself to him.

'De Villefort,' I said as we parted upon our return at the foot of the stairs, 'I am not going to be angry with you (the first allusion I had made to the matter), as it serves me right for being such an unmitigated—donkey ; and I give you full permission to make a big fool of me the next time—if you can ; that's all.'

'Why, whatever do you mean, old fellow,' he said, with a tone and look of well-feigned astonishment.

'Oh ! Nonsense !' I exclaimed. 'Good night.'

(*To be continued.*)

IN MEMORIAM.

JAMES ABRAM GARFIELD.

BY ESPERANCE.

THE day is over, and the strife ;
Our hearts are starless as the night,
Too darkened to discern the right
In short'ning such a noble life.

God comfort, for He only can !
The wife who mourns her dearest one,
The mother weeping for her son,
And us who mourn the friend and man.

One thought alone brings purest balm :
The storm of pain, the billows' roll,
Served but to speed his willing soul
More swiftly on to Heaven's calm.

Unselfish love would hail his gain,
But we are selfish ; and our love
So fraught it cannot rise above
Our own poor personal loss and pain.

He wears the crown ; we bear the cross,
Made heavier by this bitter pain,
For some *must* lose when others gain,
And unto us has fall'n the loss.

But this is finite, as must be
All earthly sorrow, earthly bliss ;
His gain is infinite as is
The circle of Eternity.

Oh that our hearts the height could reach
Of perfect union with God's will !
We shall not lack for sorrow till
This lesson is no more to teach.

We are as children—needing school,
And wise but loving discipline,
Our poor rebellious hearts to win
To true submission unto rule.

God bring us quickly to the home
 Where union shall replace control,
 Where, nor in body or in soul,
 We shall have will or power to roam.

And since this sorrow *has* been sent,
 Teach us to recognise the need,
 And e'en whilst our affections bleed
 To own it loving chastisement.

THE TABOO OF STRONG DRINK.

BY F. BLAKE CROFTON.

PATERNAL legislation, said Ma-caulay, is meddling legislation. The individual is the creature of his Creator, not of the community. It is He (the materialist may read 'It') that has given us the power and responsibility of choosing between right and wrong, and vengeance is His if we misuse the gift. Society, having no fatherly privileges over its members, has the right to make laws or enact penalties against them only in self-defence. Some writers, it is true, have maintained that society derives this right over its members from the general, though tacit, surrender of their private rights by individuals. But such surrender, at most, is partial, not absolute. Few individuals could be servile enough to abdicate their rights to worship, to dress, to earn their livelihoods, to diet or amuse themselves, according to their consciences and tastes, so far as their choice does not unduly infringe upon the rights of others. The individual delegates, or would delegate, to the community the right to protect his person and

property from his neighbour: he does not, and would not, delegate the right to protect them against himself. In fact he resents benevolent almost, if not quite, as much as malevolent meddling: '*invitum qui servat idem facit occidenti.*'

Society, then, may properly legislate against violence and fraud, may tax its members for the needful expenses of government, may defend us vigorously against each other. But to protect grown-up and sane people against themselves *by statute*, even against the habits or opinions their neighbours may think most destructive to body and soul, is to usurp the paternal rights and to assume the paternal duties of our Maker.

'But,' it is sometimes urged, 'if society possesses the right to restrict sales by license laws, it must also possess the right to restrict sales by prohibitory laws.' License laws are *not* justifiable as repressive measures, nor is the right of license a paternal right of the people. It rests solely on society's privilege of self-maintenance

and self-defence. 'The community, by its representatives,' as the writer has observed elsewhere, 'may, and often does, exercise control over any industry whose products are liable to adulteration or abuse. It properly requires a certain standard of skill and respectability from men who dispense deadly drugs; it may properly insist that anybody selling intoxicants shall have been proved guilty of no misdemeanor, and shall not be so notorious for legal immorality as to be unable to find a few respectable citizens to recommend him for a license.' Moreover, it is an axiom of political economy that a heavier share of taxation should fall on the luxuries and comforts than upon the necessities of life. Americans, at least, do not fret at paying liberally for their pleasures. As a means, therefore, of raising a revenue, as well as of checking adulteration and of preventing the sale of liquors to children or 'habitual drunkards,' a system of license and control is desirable and necessary. But to admit the justice of license as a *repressive measure* would involve the admission that a crowned despot or a despotic majority possessed any moral power over those questionable habits of an individual which do not encroach directly on his neighbour's rights. And it is clear that the justice of prohibition, the object of which is simply repressive, can follow only from the justice of licensing as a means of repression.

To prevent our sinning against ourselves is the task of religion, education and persuasion. Pastors, parents, teachers, moralists, and all who mould public opinion, seem to me to condemn themselves in the aggregate when they appeal to the legislature to reduce intemperance in food, drink, dress, or amusement. And where the vice is being lessened by working upon public opinion (as intemperance in drink *has* been in the Anglo-Saxon world), why supersede an effective method by a less proved and more widely doubted one? Nobody has done such magni-

ficient work for temperance as Father Matthew, or, perhaps, as John B. Gough; and both of these worked only by suasion, the suasion of entreaty, of scorn, of organization, of example.

It is true that a person drifting into excess is likely to prove a nuisance, or to do a wrong to his neighbour. Therefore the law properly intervenes to deter—and, were it sternly administered, would more frequently deter—intemperance from going so far as disorderly drunkenness, extravagance from leading to theft, speculation from resulting in forgery, sensuality from culminating in outrage, ill-temper from producing manslaughter. There are also indirect evils to society arising from every vice, even before it becomes a crime. But the indirect claims of society are endless and complex. In legislating, it is generally wiser to leave them out of consideration, like the indirect claims in the *Alabama* arbitration, as being too difficult to adjudicate upon. Ten commandments rigidly enforced are better than a thousand broken with impunity.

The will, unexercised and undisciplined, loses its mastery over impulse. There is a story of a man who had not seen a woman for twenty years, and embraced the first woman he saw. Could a series of severe statutes, enforced with the sternness of Cromwell or the French Committee of Public Safety, remove all opportunities of indulging inordinate appetites, it would also impair the power of resisting temptations. People, freed from the terror of the law, would be apt to yield to each new seduction, like children emancipated from an over-strict school.

If it be proper to abrogate the civil rights of a class for the supposed benefit of that class (their families and descendants), then religious persecution is the duty of dominant sects. Its object is even more benevolent than that of sincere prohibitionists: persecution aims at forcing men to consult

their eternal welfare, prohibition at making them consult their temporal welfare. So much stronger is the case for religious persecution that for ages the larger portion of mankind steadily believed, if it does not still believe, in its propriety; while the advocates of penal statutes aimed at dress, diet, or drink have only seldom and transiently formed a majority in any civilized nation. Were the opinions of majorities infallible, identical and unchanging, an Inquisition and a compulsory abstinence act, sustained by majorities would be proper and desirable. They would then foster true religion and temperance, and there would be no danger of retributive table-turning. But, as things are, to justify the suppression of the heterodox by the orthodox is to justify also the suppression of the orthodox by the heterodox; for in ethics, as in religion, his own doxy is orthodoxy to every man. In Russia, says Mr. Kaufmann, in the *Leisure Hour*, 'teetotallers were flogged at one time into drinking, clergymen were ordered to preach against them in the pulpits, and publications denouncing the immorality of the liquor trade were confiscated.'

But our Scott Act, it has been objected, is not analogous to religious persecutions, for, while tabooing the retail sale of stimulants, it allows their importation, manufacture and consumption. This only *modifies* its inquisitorial nature, leaving it still subversive of the rights and comfort of travellers and other consumers. Even if it only restricted the liberties of the retailers ('drunkard-makers,' as temperance orators are fond of calling them), it would still be analogous to the Five Mile and Conventicle Acts, by which the dominant church, respecting the right of poor dissenters to their noxious beliefs, only shut up their meeting-houses and fined and imprisoned the promoters and disseminators of heresy.

Assuming for a moment that to command abstinence by law is *not* a

usurpation of authority on the part of a community, or, being a usurpation, that it is defensible as being the sole, or most available, means of dealing with intemperance, a great objection to such legislation remains in the immeasurable danger of the *precedent*. The first effects of the wholesale butcheries which occurred in his youth, as Sallust makes Cæsar observe, were beneficent. Men whose unpopularity was deserved, and who were in some instances monsters of iniquity, were chosen as the earliest victims and executed, without the pretence of a trial, amid the exultation of the unthinking crowd. But these suppressions of civil rights soon drifted into reigns of terror. So, if the arbitrary destruction of the bugbear, Insobriety, (were it possible) would at first overbalance the loss of comfort and freedom of moderate drinkers, yet the precedent would justify a like taboo of luxuries that at present are less widely execrated than 'rum.' In course of time the pet indulgences might be attacked of many who now are eager to impose 'the will of the people' upon stubborn minorities or sleepy majorities.

For, the principle once admitted that the baneful abuse of a thing justifies the prohibition, or even the arbitrary restriction of its use, there are other things besides alcohol whose use should be prohibited or arbitrarily restricted. Explosives produce numberless evils. Witness the conflagrations from fire-works, the homicides and accidents resulting from fire-arms, the murderous explosions of gas, kerosene, dynamite and giant-powder, which furnish the newspapers with so many items. If the usefulness of gunpowder in waging legitimate warfare against human enemies and noxious beasts is generally conceded, so is the medicinal usefulness of stimulants. Yet, at present, though persons who murder with firearms are properly punishable by law, and though the taboo of fire-works in the streets is

reasonably urged by some, no noisy enthusiasts want to prohibit the private use of explosives, or to fine and imprison dealers in gunpowder. But may not new prohibitionists, with new allies, seek new fields of conquest? Or are temperate consumers of wine and beer less entitled than sportsmen to the rights of free men?

The products called into existence by female vanity also involve, in the aggregate, deplorable evils, direct and indirect. How these compare in extent with the evils resulting from strong drink one can only guess, for both are incalculable. Laces, silks and satins (not to mention jewellery) divert an amount of labour and capital that could produce a ten-fold bulk of serviceable fabrics, or, if applied to raising and distributing cereals, could sensibly lessen the want and misery of mankind. Cosmetics, as well as more substantial portions of some ladies' toilets, deceive and spread deceit. The rivalry of wives in dress and jewels often leads husbands to gambling, drunkenness and fraud. The love of finery is a fertile cause of prostitution. Some women take injurious drugs internally to soften their complexions or to brighten their eyes; some women torture their feet with tight or high-heeled boots; some women destroy their health, and their children's, by tight lacing. Yet I trust the day may be far off when a *statute*, enforced by domestic spies, will prescribe a healthy and cheap uniform for our women and forbid the sale of silks, or satins, or jewels, or cosmetics.

There are evils and excess connected with eating candies, playing cards, dancing, attending theatres, and races. At present we employ coercion only to mitigate or remove abuse in these things, without interfering with their use. But if the prohibitory idea gains ground, some States may strive to sweep such pastimes out of existence, or at least to restrict their evils by simply restricting their practice. To lessen the number of malefactors

in a nation by decimating the whole population is a simple, if not highly intelligent, plan. If pushed far enough it is bound to be effective, for there are peace and sinlessness in a solitude. This summary method is not often applied to persons nowadays; but there are those who would apply it to things—who to prevent one guilty indulgence would interdict a hundred innocent indulgences. Perhaps some Puritanical counties would promptly forbid every amusement mentioned in this paragraph, if counties enjoyed 'local option' in these things.

Sad consequences, again, arise from the unguarded association of the sexes. Like liquor, love is a direct cause of vice and an indirect cause of crime. Dishonour, extravagance, want, the breaking-up of homes, jealousy, drunkenness, hatred, suicide and murder, often result from letting young men and women grow too intimate. Yet no one is urging the *legal* restriction of the *têtes-à-têtes* of bachelors and maidens. Here the legislator is not intruding on the domains of parents, of mentors, of Mrs. Grundy. Flirtations, it is felt, are not to be meddled with by statute on account of the impure and ungoverned passions of a few. But in another generation there may have been a 'revival' of propriety; modesty (sham or real) may be the virtue of the day; the hosts of coercive abstainers may have been disbanded, and noble armies of coercive prudes may be in the field.

But is legal prohibition *effective in lessening intemperance?*

The statistical answer to this question I must leave to persons better qualified to deal with conflicting figures. I would, however, diffidently submit a few propositions for their consideration: (1) In prohibitory States compilers of statistics are usually pronounced prohibitionists. (2) *Less arrests for drunkenness do not argue less drunkenness; for prohibitionists are loath to enforce penalties against drunkards, professing to believe them*

irresponsible for their excess, and only equally culpable with temperate drinkers of stimulants. (3) An apparent decrease in the volume of liquors consumed in a prohibitory state may be due only to an increase in the furtive manufacture and importation of spirits. (4) A real decrease may be effected, not in consequence of a repressive law, but in spite of it; for there seems to be a general though flickering diminution of hard drinking in England and America, owing to the social proscription of intemperate drinkers among the upper classes and self-respecting people of all classes. According to varying newspaper statements, the cost of the liquors consumed in England in 1880 was from \$10,000,000 to \$30,000,000 less than the cost of those consumed in 1879. (5) Again, a real decrease in the consumption does not prove a decrease in the abuse of alcohol. Under prohibition, the illicit trade falls largely into the hands of men who have no character, capital or license to lose, and is conducted without any restriction but secrecy. Besides, consumers, chafing under a law by which they do not feel morally bound, sometimes drink in a rebellious and defiant spirit that is conducive to excess. (6) Prohibition enlarges the proportion which the spirituous liquors bear to the malt liquors consumed: the former are less bulky and easier to smuggle in, to hide away, and to hawk about—for I am told that the Scott Act has in some places created a new industry for enterprising tramps who ply a lively trade with the inexpensive outfit of a bottle of spirits and a glass.

Moreover, to prove that prohibition lessened drunkenness would by no means be to prove that it conduces to the *moral or material welfare of a State*. A little extra temperance might be too dearly bought. Falsehood, fraud and hypocrisy seem to attend a prohibitory movement as regularly as pestilence follows famine. Driven by law or intolerant public sentiment to

hide or lie about one act that he thinks innocent, a man is likely to become under-handed and deceitful in other things also. While it lowers the self-respect of the class which it forces to drink with bolted doors, a prohibitory movement exalts the self-righteousness of another class. Such a crusade is apt to focus the whole virtuous indignation of its promoters upon one sin of their neighbour, pleasantly blinding them to sundry sins of their own. Some propagandists of the cause seek to advance it by misrepresentations, on the ground, presumably, that the end justifies the means. 'Legal suasion' is a euphemism invented by them to impose upon persons too dull to notice its incoherency; 'The Canada Temperance Act' is another of their question-begging names. They call any one who differs from them a champion of drunkards or something equivalent. They garble and misinterpret secular and religious writings. They claim to possess all the virtue and the public spirit. They overrate their numbers to overawe timid people. For example, in Colchester County, Nova Scotia, immediately after the election, somebody telegraphed to a Halifax daily that 'all the clergy (in the county town) worked and voted for the Act'—a grossly exaggerated statement. *Most* of the clergy did, and certain of them actually stood outside the polling-places. The canvass of the *soi-disant* temperance party had been pretty thorough; and several private vehicles were given up to carrying voters to the polls. On the other side there was, as usual, no organization whatever. The result was an overwhelming majority for the Act, of those who voted—about three-fifths of the registered voters, however, staying away from the polls. A semi-religious local paper in its next issue inferred that most of the anti-prohibitionists had voted, and that most of the prohibitionists had not; and that a larger vote would have shown a 'proportionately larger' majority. The

fair inference of course is that a 'proportionately' (if not positively) larger part of the non-voting three-fifths belonged to the uncanvassed than to the canvassed party.

This presumption is supported by a tabular statement now before me, which enumerates the counties that have already voted on the adoption of the Act, giving the number of votes cast for and against it, together with the number of registered voters, in each county. From this table, it appears that in the Maritime Provinces, where, with few exceptions, only a small portion of the registered voters went to the polls, the Act was adopted in every case, commonly by a majority of over ten to one. On the other hand, in the Ontario and Quebec counties which have voted on the Act at the present writing—Lambton, Halton, Wentworth, Hamilton, Stanstead—pretty large votes were polled, with the result that the prohibitionists were defeated in three, and won by slim majorities in two. In Hamilton, where a brisk agitation sent the *largest proportion* of voters to the polls, the anti-prohibitionists beat their opponents by over eleven hundred votes.

Another evil of prohibition—and an evil that threatens the very existence of society—is that it saps the sanctity and majesty of law. A compulsory Temperance Act either is or is not properly enforced. If it is not, the demoralizing spectacle is displayed of a law defied with impunity. If it is, conviction under it does not involve the social outlawry or loss of caste that conviction for an undisputed crime happily continues to involve in most parts of our continent. 'A law,' says Mayne, 'is a law *imposing a duty*,' etc. 'Municipal law,' according to Blackstone, 'is a rule of civil conduct commanding *what is right* and forbidding *what is wrong*.' In the opinion of at least a large minority, sometimes of an inert majority, a Prohibitory Act lacks this essential element of commanding *a duty*, and therefore posses-

ses no sanction but that of force. The breaker of such a law is, in the eyes of a large and intelligent percentage of his fellow-citizens, acting, rashly perhaps, but not immorally.

Wholesale political frauds at recent elections in Maine, as well as the alarming figures published by Judge Goddard over his own signature in the *Portland Daily Press*, seem to prove that thirty years of prohibition have not improved the *general* morality there. This is Judge Goddard's table of State Prison convicts in Maine in the last year of license, and in the last year of prohibition:—

	1851	1880	Per c. of increase.
Murders	4	21	425
Manslaughters	1	5	400
Murderous assaults ..	3	7	153
Arson, etc.	4	9	105
Rape	1	9	800
Attempts to rape....	1	6	500
Felonious assaults ...	0	4	
Robbery	0	4	
Piracy	0	2	
Total of high crimes..	14	67	379
Other felonies.....	73	200	
Total of State Prison Convicts	87	267	207

Other prohibition years may contrast less unfavourably with other ante-prohibition years; but I have seen no figures adduced that neutralize the lesson of this table, even if part of the increase in high crimes be attributable to the growth of population and to the abolition of capital punishment in the State a few years ago. Commenting on the portentous figures given above, the judge says: 'If multiplication of crime, and especially murder and other desperate offences, the rapid increase of divorce and the spread of insanity and suicide, do not indicate a decline in the morals and civilization of a State, the lessons of history are more than useless. I do not forget that

'The bringer of unwelcome news
Hath but a losing office.'

but the principal figures are not mine.

They are published by sworn officers of our State, and nothing can be gained by their denial or suppression.' A correspondent of a local paper, from whom I copy the judge's figures, constructs this dilemma out of them: 'Either the Maine Liquor Law has trebled the sale of liquor, or rum is not the cause of so much crime as temperance fanatics lay to its charge.'

A report made last year to the Massachusetts Legislature, says the same correspondent, states 'that rum crimes increased to an alarming extent while the Prohibitory Law was in force, and that since the enactment of the License Law the number of these crimes has steadily decreased.' This statement is supported by figures, and seems to verify by results the opinion stated before, that repressive laws are more likely to diminish the use than the abuse of stimulants.

To these grave charges preferred against prohibition, may be added that it fosters hatred and malice among neighbours and connections, and, where it is enforced, begets and employs an odious class of spies and informers. It is vain for extremists to claim that these informers are no less needful and no more despicable than those who inform against crimes of violence or fraud, which are unanimously voted to be subversive of society. Public opinion grades and always will grade informers, as do the pupils in good schools, who approve the boy that exposes a thieving school-fellow, but 'Boycott' the boy who 'peaches' upon the breaker of an arbitrary rule. And arbitrary rules are more reasonably objected to by adults than by children, who must be trained (and protected against themselves) on a paternal system.

Within the last year or two many and diverse opinions upon alcohol as a therapeutic agent have been expressed by experts in magazines and reviews. It is, however, unnecessary to sum up the evidence here. The efficacy or inefficacy of alcohol in sustaining or

restoring health would be a vital topic for a writer who argued for or against the desirability of total abstinence. But the question under discussion in these pages is whether abstinence from intoxicants or abstinence from intoxication, could, would, or should be furthered by *prohibitory statutes*.

It is, however, germane to my subject to touch upon the teaching of the Bible in regard to the use and abuse of stimulants, for many people still believe in enforcing by law, so far as they may think practicable, 'Christian morals in a Christian state.' Besides, *if* the Saviour and the Apostles drank stimulants, to forbid the use of these would seem like a reflection upon the founders of Christianity. I cannot myself understand how any intelligent reader of the Bible can deny that it both denounces the abuse and allows the use of exhilarating drinks.

'Give strong drink unto him that is ready to perish, and wine unto those that be of heavy hearts. Let him drink and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more.' Prov. xxxi. 6-7. 'And thou shalt bestow that money for whatsoever thy soul lusteth after, for oxen, or for sheep, or for wine, or for strong drink, or for whatsoever thy soul desireth.' Deut. xiv. 26. 'Drink no longer water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine often infirmities.' I Tim. v. 23. These passages distinctly permit, two of them recommend, drinking stimulants under certain conditions. And 'wine that maketh glad the heart of man' is enumerated (Ps. civ. 15) among the great and beneficent works of God. 'But for one such text there are scores warning us against immoderate drinking.' Of course there are: no one supposes that sacred writers thought the use of wine meritorious or necessary to salvation. Even if it were, it would be a virtue that most men would practise spontaneously, without any exhortation or encouragement. But excess in drinking is a terrible vice, and a vice to which in-

inclination allures many ; and therefore a vice needing frequent denunciations, warnings and entreaties.

Jesus certainly drank wine. 'To meet this fatal blow to the total abstinence system,' says Chancellor Crosby, 'in the minds of those who take the Bible for their guide, the advocates of the cause have invented a theory that is magnificent in its daring. It is no less than the division of the word "wine" by a Solomonian sword', so that the good and the bad shall each have a piece of it. Whenever wine is spoken of in praise, or used by our Lord and his Apostles, then it is unfermented wine. And if you ask these sages why they so divide the wine—on what ground they base this theory—they bravely answer that our Lord could not have drunk intoxicating wine, and God's word never could have praised such, and *therefore* their theory.

* * * Why deacons should not be given to *much* wine ; why the Corinthian communicants should become *drunken* ; why the Apostles at Pentecost should have been accused of wine-drinking as the cause of their strange utterances—all such trifling questions they utterly disdain to notice in the magnificent sweep of their assertion. It is a small thing with them that the Apostles never hint at two kinds of wine, a good unfermented wine and a bad fermented one, when it would have been so very easy for our Lord or for Paul to have said, "Drink only the unfermented wine."

Is it comprehensible, is it creditable, that Jesus, if he thought it wrong to use stimulating wine, should not by one explanatory word have prevented his servants, his ministers, his martyrs, during all these centuries, from drinking stimulating wines *in remembrance of Him*, and in fancied obedience to His injunction ?

Intolerant abstainers do not like the omission of a commandment against strong drink in the Decalogue. It is giving ten sins the precedence over the sin which they have appointed the

king of sins. It is putting, at all events, ten commandments before their own First and Great Commandment. To account for it, a Nova Scotian divine asserted before a large meeting that drunkenness was unknown in the time of Moses ! And he afterwards traced the dispersion of the Jews to strong drink !

'When I believe Christ drank intoxicating wine, I shall cease to believe in His divine mission,' said another speaker in the same Province ; and the same irreverent sentiment has been expressed in other words and in other places. It is hard to believe that the unbelief thus threatened is only contingent. If total abstinence is the test of a divine mission, why not believe in Mohammed or in Buddha, each of whom was a prohibitionist ?

Last winter the *New York Herald*, which sent a member of its staff to interview a number of well-known divines and Biblical scholars, found that they unanimously endorsed the views of Dr. Crosby—himself a distinguished Greek scholar—as to the intoxicating nature of the Bible wines. Among the gentlemen interviewed were Rev. Dr. Potter, of Grace Church ; Rev. Professors Oliver and Buel of the Episcopal Seminary, N. Y. ; Rev. Dr. Shedd and President Hitchcock, of the Union Theological Seminary. The last-named gentleman had travelled extensively in the East. 'All our best scholars and missionaries residing in Syria,' said he, 'as, for instance, Rev. Eli Smith, of Beirut ; Dr. Vandyck, Dr. T. Laurie, and others, are unanimous on this point—that the Bible wines were fermented. It has been said that the Jews do not use fermented wines ; but Eli Smith, in 1835, found they did so, as the result of a personal visit to the chief rabbi of the Spanish Jews at Hebron. * * * Dr. Vandyck, who had then been for more than a quarter of a century in Syria, and who is probably more intimately acquainted with the customs of the people than any other foreigner

living, says: "There is not, and so far as I can find out never was, in Syria anything like what has been called unfermented wine."

The pronounced attitude of Dr. Howard Crosby, as a foe to coercion and its sophistries, must have been the result of abnormal moral courage. Chancellor of a University, ranking among the highest of his contemporaries as a speaker, a scholar, a divine, a Christian, what present gain had he to hope for? He has experienced what he probably expected—misrepresentation of his words and motives, abuse from 'temperance' platforms, denunciation from rural pulpits, the dropping away of biassed friends. But his bold stand has already done much good and will do more. It is hurrying on the day when the intemperance of the grand reaction against intemperance shall have exhausted itself; when the clap-trap and shams and usurpations and intolerance of the coercionists shall no longer disquiet the community; and when all real friends of temperance shall work harmoniously to minimize drunkenness by proper means.

'And what are these means?' Though the aim of this article is to criticize rather than to suggest, to expose what the writer believes a false system rather than to formulate a true system, yet it may be expedient, even here, to make a rapid answer to so very probable an inquiry. The warnings, the prayers, the example of kinsfolk and friends; education, religion, literature, lectures, everything that goes to from a healthy public opinion; contempt, and social outlawry for excess. Legislation, too, should aid (within its rightful domains) by enacting some system of forfeitable license and punishing adulterators of liquors, drunken men, and those who knowingly sell to drunken men, to youths, or to 'habitual drunkards.' What places a man in the last class would of course be defined by the statute restricting his civil rights. Probably such a statute could only be

made effective in small towns and villages; but there, supported by the consensus of respectable people, its penalties could be much more easily enforced than the indiscriminating penalties of the Scott Act.

The open hostility of such men as Dr. Crosby and Dr. Almon is also forcing the propagandists of prohibition to abandon the *argumentum ad ignorantiam* that worked so well in rural districts—that their party comprises all the virtue and respectability and brains on the continent. My own experience and inquiries in Canada and the United States convince me that a vast majority of intelligent people in both countries have always been averse to compulsory temperance, though nearly all of them remain inactive from want of boldness or of zeal. It is a significant fact that a Prohibitory Act has never been passed, except to be repealed (as in Boston), in any centre of culture and intelligence. Indeed, I might go further and say, that most of the best and brightest men in Christendom have used and do use intoxicating drinks. Such an opinion, of course, can only be formed by generalizing from a limited number of instances, which however are far too many to enumerate. I cannot recall half a dozen names of the first or second rank in our literature who were total abstainers. Shakespeare himself, as Horace observed of Homer, 'may fairly be inferred to have liked wine from his praises of it.' The great bulk of the Episcopal and Catholic clergy everywhere drink in moderation. So do most clergymen of other denominations in continental Europe; and so they did in past generations in Anglo-Saxon states also, if they do not do so still.

The passing of a Prohibitory Act does not even prove that most of the populace believe in it. Even the immense majorities recorded in favour of the Scott Act in the Maritime Provinces by no means demonstrates the larger part of the electors there to be

in favour of prohibition. A small, but organized and energetic, minority succeeded in putting down all signs of dissatisfaction with their tyranny during the French Revolution. It is hardly an hyperbole to say that the 'temperance' propaganda has organized a little reign of terror in these provinces. Opposition is crushed down, not by the guillotine, but by slander and by threats of losing custom or political support or status in one's church or community. The word prohibition is rarely used; but ignorant people are told that to object to a 'temperance' Act is to fight against God. The manhood and independence of too many yield to a continuous pressure. Men sign the preliminary petition and perhaps vote for the Act, who speak against it to trusted friends. Men, with the smell of liquor on their breath, speak out in favour of the Act, feeling that it will not practically *inconvenience* them (for they have already learned to do their drinking furtively), and that it is not worth while to contend for a principle! In all the Maritime counties which have adopted the Act, nevertheless, less than twenty-nine per cent. of the registered voters voted in its favour. Even if none of those who formed this percentage voted in performance of involuntary promises, it is far from certain that the unpollled voters include enough coercionists to make up, in all, fifty per cent. of the tax-payers. 'To say that they (an organized minority) defeated the others,' remarked Senator Almon, 'is to say that soldiers will beat militia.'

The intellectual and material triumphs of England in the Elizabethan era, before the introduction of tea and coffee, the long ascendancy of the Anglo-Saxon race, the decadence and degradation of the Turks, and other historical phenomena, seem to prove that other vices may sap manhood and morals and prosperity more fatally than intemperance, and that intemper-

ance is generally confined to a small part of the population of drinking countries.

From the comparative rareness of intoxication in France, Italy, Spain and Germany, we may infer that to allow the free use of mild stimulants and foster a healthy contempt for excess, would be more effective in furthering temperance, than to palliate drunkenness and try to stamp out *moda*, to drinking. The Almon amendment recognises this. Its mover has proposed to exempt malt liquors and light wines from the provisions of the Scott Act. In his speech he invited union, which prohibitionists repel, 'in endeavouring to put down drunkenness.' His amendment is, perhaps, as fair and wise a compromise as could be made in the present state of public feeling. It will come before the House at the next session of Parliament, when it is to be hoped that our representatives will face their responsibilities and settle this vexed question, considering their political future more than their political present, and the true interests of the country more than either.

'If your Alliance,' said the Archbishop of Toronto last winter, in reply to a communication from the Dominion Temperance Alliance, 'put forth all its energies to combat the illicit selling of liquor, you would do far more good, and I would be with you heart and soul. You are like the physicians who pretend to cure ugly sores by covering them with plasters, but these sores are there, and they will break out in other places. Work to discourage in every possible way the hard liquor business, and to put the smallest tax on beer and light wines, so that our Canada may be like France and Italy, with very few drunkards. We must legislate for society as we find it, and unfortunately we must not legislate for the greater good, but for the least evil.'

OMAN OF GLENALVON.

A TALE.

BY THOMAS H. FARNHAM.

HOW sweetly shines the moon afar
 On Lomon's waves of silvery light ;
 How beauteous beams the evening star,
 'Midst all the radiant orbs of night !

And oft has Cynthia, pure and bright,
 On Manfred's towers of ivied stone—
 Chaste goddess of the starry night—
 In melancholy glory shone.

And oft at midnight's silent hour,
 'Neath dark Glenalvon's sombre shade,
 Hath viewed her chiefs of martial power,
 In gleaming casques and mail arrayed.

But moons on moons have rolled away,
 And circling years on years, since last
 Her warrior chiefs, in grim array,
 Forth from her walls to battle passed.

Glenalvon's but a shapeless pile,
 And nought of former pomp remains,
 O'er ruined wall, and arch, and aisle,
 Wild nature's desolation reigns.

No sound arises on the breeze ;
 Save when at times the night gust shrill
 Raves fiercely through the forest trees,
 There all is silent, all is still.

But who was last of Manfred's race,
 What name on yonder stone is read,
 Where time's decay will soon efface
 The few short lines that mourn the dead ?

That tomb contains a hero's dust ;
 Though 'twas not here the chieftain died ;
 Pierced by a dagger's fatal thrust,
 He fell upon the mountain side.

And Manfred loved his darling child ;
 Well worthy he a father's care,
 For Oman's soul was soft and mild,
 And gracious was his mien, and fair.

By those mild eyes ! angelic hue,
 Which caught their tint from Heaven
 above ;
 By that soft, pensive gaze you knew
 His every thought partook of love.

While mild was Oman's mien and air,
 And soft his pensive eye and bright,
 His brother Osric's flowing hair
 Partook the sabler hue of night.

And dark his eye, in it there shone
 The lightning of a fiery soul ;
 And by his restive glance 'twas known
 His spirit ill could brook control.

Slender and graceful was his form,
 And noble his commanding brow,
 Yet fiercer than the rising storm,
 When marred by passion's fiery glow.

From morn till evening's shades prevail,
 Fearless they clomb the mountain's side,
 Or roved through Granta's dusky vale,
 Or gaily stemmed the surging tide.

And both were brave, they oft had tried
 Their might amid the battle's strife,
 Where thickest flowed the crimson tide
 From those who gave it with their life.

And Manfred's breast was wont to swell,
 With all a loving father's joy,
 As oft his eye would fondly dwell
 With pride upon each darling boy.

And Oman's breast had early felt
 The kindling of the flame divine,
 For he in days of youth had knelt
 A votary at love's holy shrine.

The chieftain Ulric's gentle child !
 Was she who claimed his bosom's care,
 And long his heart had been beguiled
 By Mona, fairest of the fair.

Soft was her gaze, no wild gazelle
 E'er had an eye more darkly bright ;
 And oft on hers would Oman's dwell,
 With all a lover's fond delight.

Throughout the livelong hours of day,
 They oft, with her dear hand in his,
 Through many a flowery vale would stray,
 In silent eloquence of bliss.

And oft by Esk's soft flowing stream
He roved at eve with Ulric's child,
And there beneath the moon's pale beam,
Was many an hour with love beguiled.

And oft upon the rising gale,
Or to the evening's gentle breeze,
They spread aloft the snow white sail,
And danced in gladness o'er the seas.

And now arrives the longed for hour,
When he shall claim his beauteous bride ;
And chiefs of high renown and power,
Throng to the fête from far and wide.

Ulric's halls are sparkling bright,
For warriors brave, and maidens fair,
'To hail our hero's nuptial night,
With mirth and music mingle there.

How sweetly sounds the soft refrain,
The clear notes of the dulcet song ;
How softly swells the choral strain,
Borne gently on the air along.

The guests have come, the lamps are bright,
Yet what can Oman's footsteps stay ?
'Tis strange upon his bridal night,
The chieftain should so long delay.

And Manfred's brow with care's o'ercast,
And sadly anxious seems his eye,
For hour on hour now hath passed,
'Mid mirth and revel quickly by.

And oft doth Mona's bosom heave,
And oft her eye lets fall a tear ;
Can she her lover false believe.
Else how account his absence here ?

And all around is gathering gloom,
From wonder to alarm it grew,
'Tis strange what can detain the groom,
From mouth to mouth the whisper flew.

'We wandered forth at early morn'
Said Osric, 'on our steeds to chase
The fallow deer, with hound and horn,
But soon I wearied in the race,

'And homeward turned, while Oman still,
With horse and hound pursued his way,
And on my ear his bugle shrill,
With shout and bark soon died away.

'Tis all I know.' 'Let search be made,'
Cried Manfred, 'o'er the hills around,
Through every vale and mountain glade,
Nor cease until my child be found,

'Tis misery in suspense to dwell,
Far better, far, the worst to know,
Whether my boy's alive and well,
Or if in death he lieth low.'

The revel ceased, the feast is o'er,
Each to his barb doth quick repair,
Where all was joy and mirth before,
Now all is wild confusion there.

Through the long hours of that sad night,
On swiftest steeds they each explore
Each vale and glen, and mountain height,
And where the billows ceaseless roar.

Again, upon the following day,
The search for Oman is begun ;
Exploring many a devious way,
From early morn till set of sun.

But not upon the mountain green,
Nor yet upon the pebbly shore,
Was there the slightest vestige seen,
To tell that Oman had passed o'er.

Days, weeks, and months have quickly
flown,
And fruitless is their search, and vain,
His fate none heard, 'tis only known
He came not from that hour again.

And woe old Manfred's breast assails,
Nought can afford the least relief,
His hapless lot the chief bewails,
By day and night in hopeless grief.

'Oh ! grant !' exclaimed the frantic sire
'That Oman yet may bless my sight,
Thou God of heaven ! ere I expire,
And sink to shades of endless night !'

And Mona on her knees oft falls,
And breathes to God a patient prayer,
And frantic, oft on heaven she calls,
In agony of wild despair.

Whate'er the chieftain did betide,
Nor o'er the sea, nor from the plain,
Nor down the mountain's craggy side,
Came Oman from that hour again.

A tedious year hath now gone by,
And yet from Oman came no word,
And Manfred still will heave the sigh,
Whene'er that magic name is heard.

And what of Osric ? he alone
Of all it seemed did not repine ;
At least his sorrow was not shewn,
If such he felt, by outward sign.

Perchance 'twas love that filled his breast,
And claimed his bosom's every care ;
For Mona youth and grace possessed,
And her sweet face was wondrous fair.

Yes, soon with words of burning love,
The chieftain knelt at Mona's feet ;
Who callous to such charms could prove,
Or who resist a face so sweet ?

And maiden's grief is quickly past,
And soon those streaming eyes are dry,
And once loved memories, should they last,
Are soon recalled with scarce a sigh.

And soon that heart, wherein once reigned
A love whose memory should be dear—
Yes, soon that treacherous heart was gained,
For Mona lent a willing ear.

And Osric to his father went,
And prayed upon his bended knee,
That he would give him his consent,
That she his wedded wife might be.

If one year more, the sire replied,
Should pass and Oman still come not,
That then should Mona be his bride,
And he would bless their happy lot.

How tediously the weeks went past,
How slowly rolled the moons away,
Until the year was o'er at last,
And came the long-expected day.

Fair and as rosy as the morn,
What more could Mona's charms en-
hance ?

What beautiful smiles her lip adorn,
Her eyes look love in every glance.

And well may Osric gaze with pride
On her of all these charms possessed ;
Well may he deem, with such a bride,
His future lot is surely blessed.

And Uric's halls are sparkling bright,
And warriors brave and maidens fair,
To hail the chieftain's nuptial night,
With mirth and music mingle there.

How sweetly sounds the soft refrain,
The clear notes of the dulcet song,
How softly swells the choral strain,
Borne gently on the air along !

But there is one amidst the throng
Of warriors brave and maidens fair,
Who glides with noise-less step along ;
Of lofty form and haughty air.

The tight-drawn casque his face conceals
From those who would his features scan,
And nought in garb or mien reveals
The bearing of that sombre man.

His graceful plume of crimson dye,
Waves proudly on the midnight air ;
On him is fixed each wondering eye,
For none can tell how came he there.

Still is each voice, and hushed each song ;
The pibroch plays its merriest strain,
While moves with measured step along,
In stately pomp the bridal train.

And now before the altar stands
Osric with Mona by his side ;
And now the priest hath clasped their
hands,
And soon will they be groom and bride.

And Mona's eyes have sought the ground,
While the low veil her blushes hid ;
When, through the silence reigning round,
These words resounded, ' I forbid !'

It might perhaps have been the tone
Of that strange voice, perchance a look,
Which Manfred long before had known,
That from his cheeks the colour took.

And his whole frame with terror shook,
And gave his face an air so dread,
That its wild aspect then partook
Less of the living than the dead.

' And who art thou, that thou dost dare
Thus to intrude thy presence here ;
And why dost thou this mystery wear,
Is it thy humour, or from fear ?'

So Osric spoke, and as he said,
Quick from its sheath his sword he drew,
And on the stranger tall and dread,
A look of deadly fury threw.

Slowly the stranger's casque was raised,
What sight the shuddering crowd appals ?
And Manfred but a moment gazed,
Then senseless to the floor he falls.

Fierce flashed his eye, but no reply
Was heard from out his lips to come,
While silence reigned and all remained,
With fear and consternation dumb.

* * *

And wild was the glare of Osric's stare,
And livid the hue of his ghastly face,
Thick comes his breath while the dews of
death
Adown his cheeks each other chase.

' I claim this maid,' the stranger said,
' As absent Oman's lawful bride,
And her I'll bear to the chieftain where,
He awaits her on the mountain side.

' Through the long still night, by the pale
moon's light,
With him she'll chase the bounding deer,
Or glide on the stream, where the bright
stars gleam,
With naught but the glow-worm near.

' And when through the sky the black clouds
fly,
And flash on flash does quick pursue,
On a coal black steed of the swiftest speed,
With him she shall lead the phantom
crew.

'Forno mortal wight will she wed to-night,
No lover of human mould,
But one who hath lain, in cold blood slain,
On the mountain dank and cold.

'For one of the dead, I trow she'll wed—
Eternal shall be the band—
To his grave who went, thereunto sent,
By a brother's red right hand.'

High towered his plume 'mid the deepening
gloom,
And tall his form terrific grew ;
His arms around the maiden he wound,
And faded like mist upon the view.

And Manfred's eyes have closed in death,
And soon will Osric breathe his last,
Glazed is his eye, with every breath,
His vital tide is ebbing fast.

Yes, low the gasping murderer lies,
By that dark guilty thought oppressed,
Which the soft light of Mona's eyes
Had raised within his envious breast.

'Twas passing strange how that mild gaze,
Wherein such wondrous love did dwell,
Should such conflicting passions raise,
And urge him to that deed of hell.

And who the stranger was, or where
He fled that night, or whence he came,
There's none can tell, though some declare
That Oman's form was much the same.

And others say that late that night,
A stranger chief was seen to ride
A coal-black steed in furious flight,
Full down the mountain's craggy side ;

And just before the break of day,
As waning Cynthia's light gave o'er,

Back to the hills he sped his way,
With flight as hurried as before.

And some affirm that, furthermore,
In his embrace full tightly clasped,
The stranger chief a maiden bore,
As he swept by them like the blast.

* * * *

Such is the tale, 'twas all they knew,
But years long after there was found,
Where the dark shade trees thickest grew,
A skeleton beneath the ground.

And there in that sequestered dell,
They reared a stone to mark the place,
Where years before the victim fell,
The pride of Manfred's warrior race.

The melancholy Queen of Night
Is rising from the watery main,
And in her courts bejewelled bright
Will soon assert her silent reign.

And as she slowly climbs the skies,
And gleams in Lomond's silvery wave,
She sweetly smiles where Oman lies,
And frowns upon a murderer's grave.

Far from the land that gave him birth,
And not beneath his native sky,
His clay returns to kindred earth,
His last remains unhonoured lie.

In some deserted spot he sleeps,
Horrid with shades of deepest gloom,
Where the dread deadly night-shade weeps
Its poisoned tears upon his tomb.

For him no storied urn there stands,
No bard his virtues shall extol,
For kindred blood hath stained his hands,
The curse of Cain is on his soul.

CANADIAN COLONIALISM AND SIR FRANCIS HINCKS.

BY WILLIAM NORRIS.

THE last generation of English colonists in Canada has almost passed away. One by one they are taking their places 'in the silent chambers.' There was nothing remarkable about them; they were generally of the earth earthy. A few of them, like

Howe and Draper, had some imagination but nothing approaching to genius. The height of the ambition of the best of them was reached when they received a smile from the Colonial Under-Secretary in Downing Street, or an invitation to dinner

from an English nobleman when they paid their periodical visit to Canosa. Nothing else could be expected. The environment is the great modeller of men as well as of animals, and what good could come out of a small provincial colony or the province of a colony?

There is no Canadian history previous to 1867, and very little since worth reading. Previous to that date, if there was any one among the colonists worthy of respect he was made so by the animating principle of British national life. Since the decay of that principle, nothing, as yet, has been found as a substitute. Canadian national sentiment is despised, and the consequence is that the descendants of the old colonists have lost in manliness and moral courage.

Amid this rather barren condition, however, there are some redeeming circumstances. All the old stock is not quite gone. An old veteran here and there survives, still animated by British pluck, and ready as ever to break a feeble lance in defence of the old superstitions. They are generally of the John Sandfield Macdonald type—hard, narrow and practical. They never ‘saw any visions or dreamed dreams,’ and would probably laugh heartily at any one who did. Here, in Canada, they affect British citizenship, and talk about ‘our army’ at the Cape, or about what ‘our fellows’ in Afghanistan have done. In the old time they were keeping country stores in backwood villages, but now they sport a coat-of-arms and talk about going ‘home.’ The politicians of this class came to Canada in the old Pre-responsible Government times, became patriots and Liberals, edited Liberal newspapers, talked ‘treason,’ as the ‘Family Compact’ called it; became members of Parliament and great men in the land. But, alas, they worked that others might enjoy power. The Rolphs, Mackenzies, Ryersons, Gourlays and Browns sowed the seed, and the Tories have been enjoying the har-

vests for the last twenty-five years. Every one of them was hide-bound. They got into a rut, and were unable to get out of it. Other men would march with the times, but not they. Other men might ‘betray them’ and go in for progress and popular measures, but they would faithfully stick to their ignorance and their ‘principles,’ and be statesmen of the purest and best kind. Political principles and statesmen in a country governed by an Under-Secretary in Downing Street!!!

But there was one among the lot not quite so obtuse as the rest. He knew the value of a colony. After the necessary amount of agitation and ‘treason’ in the *Examiner*, and upon being called rebel and revolutionist, Francis Hincks was elected for a western constituency, and soon became one of the heads of the Canadian Government. In this position he had considerable influence in the giving out of the contract for the construction of the Grand Trunk Railway. Peto, Betts & Co., the great English contractors, obtained large contracts on the Grand Trunk, and Francis Hincks became Governor of the Leeward Islands. From this position he was promoted to a similar one from which he was summarily and permanently removed for arbitrary and tyrannical conduct in dismissing the Chief-Justice. As some compensation for the loss of his Governorship, he was awarded a salary of six hundred pounds a year and a title, and, receiving this pension, he became a Minister in Canada, where delicate questions were being settled between the two Governments, and this man, who was called rebel and revolutionist, and hounded down by the ‘Family Compact’ as everything that was bad, is now in Canada threatening Canadians and accusing them of attempts at revolution when they speak of the future of their country.

Having now cleared the way a little, let us see what argument is in

the paper in the CANADIAN MONTHLY for October, which professes to be an answer to the articles of the writer in the numbers for June and August. In the latter papers the writer brings some grave charges against the Canadian Colonial system. It is asserted in them that we are governed by laws and treaties in the making of which we have neither hand, act nor representation; that by our position we are liable to great risks and dangers without any compensating advantage; that all the laws passed in this country by our own Parliament are liable to *veto* in a foreign country, three thousand miles away, by subordinate officials, who have no knowledge of the circumstances under which they are passed, and that this political condition has prevented the material flow of emigration to Canada from Europe, and has reduced the Canadian people to a political grade one remove from that of the coolie. Now what answer is given by Sir Francis Hincks to these charges? None at all. We are treated to a discussion of a very unimportant personage, 'Mr. William Norris,' and his opinions in 1875 and now, and a dissertation on knight-hood. What has Mr. William Norris and his opinions to do with the truth or falsity of the above charges? If they were at all relevant topics, any one who will take the trouble to read the pamphlet published by the writer in 1875, under the title of 'The Canadian Question,' will see that the opinions he held then are perfectly consistent with those he holds now. The writer then advocated the independence of Canada, under the protection of England. He does so still; not alone for the safety of the infant State, but as a means of satisfying those Canadians who will have some kind of British connection. Sir Francis ridicules the idea of England extending such protection to Canada, but gives no reason why she should not, except that the writer has used some expressions which, in his opinion,

are derogatory to England. This is to be wondered at, seeing that Sir Francis has made such a careful study of the pamphlet in question. It is there specifically set out that the extending of such a protectorate is not a matter of liking at all, but one of necessity. If such a protectorate were not extended to an independent Canada there would be some danger of absorption by the United States. If the United States is now an over-match for England in commerce, as admitted by Mr. Gladstone, what would the States be with Canada united to them?

One would imagine, from what colonialists say, that this view of protection is a new one: it is old and common in Europe. The allied nations made Greece independent, and guaranteed that independence. England, alone, guarantees the independence of Belgium. Egypt is under the protection of England and France, and, at the late Treaty of Berlin, England guaranteed the independence of Turkey. Again, Bulgaria's independence is guaranteed by Russia. The latest instance of the kind, however, is the most pertinent to the present argument. Sir Francis says that England would not guarantee the independence of Canada because some of her inhabitants may be hostile to her. But how is it that she has taken the Transvaal under her protection, and guaranteed its independence, under a President? There is no danger of Canadians coming into armed collision with Englishmen and beating them, as the Boers did; yet surely if she guarantees the independence of a Republic of Dutch Boers she would also guarantee the existence of a Canadian Republic.

But the critic's memory is also defective. He forgets that Sir John A. Macdonald received his chief titles after the Washington surrender, and although this treaty shows the evils of colonialism even more than the Ashburton and that respecting the Oregon boundary, inasmuch as to regain the confidence of the people, lost by the

treaty, he had to demoralize and debauch them with vast sums of money, witness the Pacific Railway Scandal, yet Sir Francis has not a word to say of it.

One word more and we shall be done with the ancient knight. The writer never said that Canadians were 'young, foolish and enthusiastic.' The expression is we *may* be young, foolish and enthusiastic, alluding to the well-known charge of the *Globe*, uttered continually by that barren, soulless journal, and which has got so commonplace as not to require the usual quotation marks. As to Sir Francis' opinions on knighthood in Canada, the writer is glad to see that he leans to the Canadian side. No one in Canada should be prevented from accepting such, but every man placed in a position of trust by the Canadian people should be prevented from receiving titles. In the smallest matter within the cognizance of the Court of Chancery no one in a position of trust can receive the slightest favour from one of the beneficiaries. Hence, we want an independence of Government Act, if we cannot get Independence, which is the only sure remedy. No member of the Canadian Government or Parliament should be permitted to accept titles from the English Government. If any member must have these things, then let him give up his position, and after accepting them he should be ineligible ever after. No matter how much we may love and admire England, there is no disguising the fact that the interests of the two countries in some things are entirely inimical, and when they clash Canada should have disinterested persons to guard her affairs.

One will seek in vain through the paper of Sir Francis for any answer to, or any remedy for, the evils which colonialism inflicts on Canada. Only one tenth generally of the British immigration comes to Canada that goes to the United States, while of foreign immigration we get none. For the hun-

dreth time we are again assured by Sir John Macdonald that there is an awakening as to Canada in England. It is the same old story, but people are not deluded by it this time. They know water cannot be made to run up hill. The British people, unfortunately, know too well what monarchical institutions and landlordism are, to come to a colony. The Parliament itself know too well the difference between Canada and the United States to force immigrants to come here. There was a clause in the Irish Land Act to assist emigrants to Canada, but it was struck out by the unanimous consent of the House. At present, and for a while longer, we can do without immigrants, but when the magnificent crisis that is now being worked up in Manitoba comes to a head it will be different. Twelve speculators are going into the North-West where one actual settler goes. The immigration from the old Provinces is almost exhausted, and when the crowd who have invested their money there find no one to occupy their lands, the cause of Canadian independence will receive a more respectful hearing. Population must be had, and some change made. Nearly 300,000,000 of square miles of national body and one pound of national soul is too much of a contrast. Provincialism and colonialism are things of the past. They cannot exist in the face of such an immense territory, and the Canadian Pacific Railway. This work alone must necessitate some change, and when we see hundreds of miles of it constructed through unbroken solitudes, the Syndicate and the Canadian people will awaken from their present hallucination. It will then be seen that loyalty to a foreign power is disloyalty to Canada, and that the men who carry the brand of that power in the shape of a title must be traitors to their own country.

The great argument of colonists is that, according to population, we are now making progress equal to that of

the United States. The colonists are great at the logical mistake called begging the question. If a Canadian asserts that independence will prevent absorption into the United States, they immediately state that independence is sure to lead to annexation, without seeing that is the very question in issue. If a Canadian asserts that colonialism prevents immigration, the colonist immediately answers that according to population we are making good progress, without seeing that the number of the population is the question in issue. In the last decade, the United States increased thirty per cent. in population; Canada increased only seventeen per cent. In view of this fact, what is the use of talking of progress, but to blind the people. If Canada were independent we should obtain thousands of Americans to settle in our North-West. They never will give up citizenship to become colonists any more than will old country people. Saying we make progress according to population is like what the Irishman said of his pig, 'We are very large for our size.'

The reason of our inferiority may be expressed in a line. The difference between us and the Americans is that no one but an American can be chief magistrate of the United States, while any one but a Canadian can be chief magistrate of Canada. Will this condition be allowed much longer? It is hard to think that it will. Ten years ago eighty-three per cent. of the people were Canadian born. It is reasonable to think that the same proportion, if not greater, exists still. The present Tory Government left out of the census tables Canadian nationality, with a view, inferentially, of preventing the population from being known; but the spirit of 'Canada First' can never be suppressed. It appears more manifest every day. Canadian independence is now openly advocated by two daily newspapers in Montreal, two in Toronto, one in London, one in St. Catharines, one in St. John's, New Bruns-

wick, and a great proportion of the Liberal press is favourable to it. In view of these facts it will soon become a question whether Mr. Blake will be truly representing his party unless he gives expression to the opinions of the young men belonging to it. If he does not, another organization is in prospect. Toryism and colonialism are marshalling their forces. The Liberal editors on the colonist papers are being replaced by reactionary Tories. The great stay of the Tory party, the Orange Order, is being convened, and reactionary measures and an ultra-Tory departure are being discussed.

If the love of a foreign throne and its sure product, flunkeyism—Queen worshippers is what we are contemptuously called by an English newspaper—can animate men, is the love of country, of freedom, of liberty, of human happiness, no motive power? The great stream of English freedom, dammed back for five years by Jingoism, has broken loose and overflowed its banks. Society in England is moved as it has not been for centuries. The whole north, under Cowen, is being organized into Republican Societies. Ireland is achieving some measure of freedom under Parnell. Scotland is awake to her landlordism and her abuses. The Republicans of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, are recognised political bodie'. France, glorious France, the mother of Quebec, has once more dragged off the bloody bandages from her wounds and is again leading and animating the nations in the path of freedom! In this awakening of the peoples, is this land of Canada, in the actual presence of fifty millions of freemen, to bow her humiliated head and sink into the lap of colonialism and servitude. Lately, in the most public place in Toronto, in the presence of thousands, a gifted patriotic Canadian repeatedly assured us that the youth of this country would not submit to it. He added that he knew them, that he heard

their cries, that every man of them was sound to the core.

If Mr. Blake, then, will not accept the signs, it behooves others to think of the necessities of the country. As to the so-called National Policy and the Syndicate, they are at 'most only doubtful questions. The first has given us over \$4,000,000 of a surplus this year, while the latter is opening up plains which will some time provide homes for millions of human beings. There is no political principle involved in these measures; they are questions of the plainest expediency. One might as well assert that political principles are involved in the raising of the hotel licenses or the construction of a sewer in a city. We can afford to let these questions wait, and if they be wrong the people will soon find it out. As to colonialism, it is a present crying, debasing evil, that

represses the energies, destroys the manhood, and mortifies the *amour propre* of every Canadian.

It can be met, like other evils, only by organization. The Federal League in England, and the Land League in Ireland, have effected great things. Why should not a Canadian National League be organized? There should be a parent organization in Toronto and a branch in connection with it, in every town in Ontario—the object, the advocacy of Canadian independence by all constitutional and peaceable means. Some of the most eminent of Britain's statesmen have more than once acknowledged the perfect legality of this object. So also have the leading journals and periodicals, and in this case Canadians would be untrue to themselves and to their country if they did not endeavour by the means indicated at once to attain it.

AN AUTUMN SONG.

BY 'GOWAN LEA,' MONTREAL.

COLD blows the wind and drearily,
 From out the lowering West;
 Low wail the leaves and wearily,
 As if they longed for rest.

Upon my heart they seem to fall
 And stay its joyful tone,
 Awaking there a plaintive call—
 The echo of their own.

O forest leaves, from yonder trees]
 You're borne on languid wing,
 Nor hear within the wandering breeze,
 One whisper of the Spring:

While far beyond the sky's dark cloud,
 I know the stars shine clear,
 And that beneath the Autumn shroud
 Awaits the future year.

THE POSITION OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC.

BY D. B. DINGMAN, LISTOWEL, ONT.

THE lamentable demise of President Garfield again revives the *questio vexata* of many generations, namely, the wisdom of republican theories of government. Cicero has told us that a commonwealth ought to be immortal and forever renew its youth. The present state of affairs in the United States scarcely indicates the fulfilment of this ideal. Twice already in its brief history has the hand of the assassin deprived it of its chief magistrate, and on both occasions have the frenzy of a discontented populace and the insatiable desire of the rabble for place, been the active and prompting cause. The inherent elements of purely democratic institutions foster such outbreaks, while it appears on its face to extend to all grades and classes the uniform right of citizenship. The guidance of the government is entrusted, it is true, to the choice of the majority, but in Mr. Garfield's and Mr. Lincoln's deaths, is not the result now sufficiently palpable? In the choice of a Presidential head no one is so unreasonable as to deny that the poor have under the existing Constitution a right equally with the rich to the free exercise of the franchise, and it is not from the poor element that disaster to democratic institutions arises. The inequalities of life endured by the poor are marvels to human society. Infinitely more dangerous in every view of the matter is the interposition of the *ignorant mass* in American democracy. The poor may be, and often are, of the most intelligent class, but the immense wave of the ignorant vote is always suffi-

ciently attractive to combinations like the Tammany Ring, to make it dangerous to the welfare of the State. This element, necessarily, from the paucity of educational institutions in new countries, preponderates sufficiently to carry the balance of power in a Presidential contest. The blind ignorance of this portion of the electorate is invariably preyed upon by the trimmers, carpet-baggers, and rings of political swindlers in order to strengthen their positions and bring influence in favour of their particular project of State villainy. By these means the mob and their allies either practically control the helm of strictly democratic institutions or destroy their efficiency. This I take to be largely the present position of the neighbouring republic. Mr. Garfield was selected by a no uncertain majority, but that majority, as in nearly every instance, was largely made up of the hungry wolves ravenously inclined to devour the State, and supporting their head with no other object. Had Mr. Hancock been elected, the result would have been precisely the same. The *modus operandi* of selecting their chief ruler engenders this disease in the commonwealth. The huge mass of intelligent franchise abetted through their ignorance the efforts of the spoliators. Many combined their ignorance with an inherent knavery, and in turn expected their reward after the victory. Of this latter class the miserable Guiteau proved the most dangerous. Had Mr. Garfield chosen to follow in the popular path of chosen democratic leaders, he prob-

ably would not have been sacrificed on the shrine of his own noble endeavours. Like Pompey in Roman annals, Mr. Garfield pursued an even and honourable course, but while eschewing the gerrymandering so peculiar to the functions of his high office did so by forfeiting his life. The fomentations of nefarious trickery and jobbing culminated in the spirit of his assassin. He hung out a banner with the golden letters, 'no State corruption' emblazoned thereon, and fell defending his standard—a martyr to honesty, and a brilliant exception to the host of ranting political demagogues of his country.

The ultimate fate of a Republic is certain, although perchance it may be deferred by a purely physical cause. In case England now should adopt a democratic form of government, it is more than probable that the effect would be the same, although reasonably the crash would the sooner come from the fact of its denser population. Now the United States boasts of boundless areas of fertile and unoccupied lands, and while such is the case the great mass of the poor and labouring classes are drawn apart, and hunger and famine are comparatively unheard of; but when the population becomes as dense as in England and France, then indeed will the real crisis have arrived and the test be applied to democratic rule. This period must necessarily come in the history of the adjoining republic, and then wages will be low, and the fluctuations similar to that of thickly-populated countries, and thousands of artisans out of work will clamour for assistance. The clamour will increase to a ferocity as their distress becomes keener. The distress on the brows of labourers will engender mutiny, and a Tiberius Gracchus will undoubtedly arise to fan the agitation, and show the malcontents that it is a monstrous thing that one man should have his thousands while the other has not half a dinner. Should a Presidential contest come on during

such a season, can there be any rational doubt as to what kind of representatives a hungry and penniless labourer would cast his vote for? Plunder then must inevitably follow, and the undreamt-of distress and spoliation will produce an era of adversity so dire and ruinous that prosperity will be prevented from returning. In the records of ancient Rome, in the span of a few brief years, we have on the one side knowledge of Sylla's attempt, by enlisting the patrician sympathy, and, on the other hand, of the efforts of Marius, allied with the plebeian wing, to govern on Republican principles; but each was soon cast aside, and ruin and disaster continued. The principle of government, defective in itself, cannot be successfully carried out, no matter how popular, temporarily, the ruling party may be. But, on the other hand, what is the condition of a country passing through a crisis under monarchical government? England has passed successfully through many such periods of distress. We know that there is the usual amount of John Bull grumbling, and sometimes a little rioting and fighting, among the working classes. But the sufferers are not the ruling power of the state, and it matters but little: any agitation soon dies out from the mere helplessness of their position. The Parnell movement of this year in Ireland illustrates the ground taken. The governing power is there in the hands of a highly-educated body, whose interests are identified with the perfect security of property. The mutinous or discontented are restrained without force, but yet firmly. The hard times at length pass over, and the well-to-do are not robbed and plundered to satisfy the cravings of the indigent and lazy. The nation's resources again flow freely, and work is obtainable by all, until at length prosperity and tranquillity follow.

Mr. Arthur now assumes the governing reins in the American Republic, and it may safely be conjectured

that his path in the Presidential journey will not be a particularly rosy one. Dark whisperings as to his supposed connection with the carpet baggers and rings have already too freely found voice. The public mind, or at least a portion of it, for a time, may, perhaps, look suspiciously towards him, but he should be judged upon his certain acts, and not upon the

vapourings of suspicion. Mr. Froude, speaking of the assaults of the public press on great men, says: 'The disposition to believe evil of men who have risen a few degrees above their contemporaries is a feature of human nature as common as it is base.' Let the hope then be, that Mr. Arthur will govern wisely and well.

A U T U M N .

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS, CHATHAM, N. B.

I N the southward sky
 The late swallows fly,
 The low red willows
 In the river quiver ;
 From the birches nigh
 Russet leaves sail by,
 The tawny billows
 In the chill wind shiver ;
 The birch-burrs burst,
 And the nuts down patter,
 The red squirrels chatter
 O'er the wealth dispersed.

Yon carmine glare,
 A gem's despair,
 Is the Fall attire
 Of the maples flaming ;
 In the keen late air
 There's an impulse rare,
 Acting like fire,
 A desire past naming ;
 But the crisp mists rise,
 And my heart falls a-sighing—
 Sighing, sighing,
 That the sweet time dies.

REMINISCENCES OF A CANADIAN PIONEER.

AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

BY SAMUEL THOMPSON, TORONTO.

(IV.)

CHAPTER XXV.

A CONFIRMED TORY.

MY good friend and host, Henry Cooke Todd, was one of the most uncompromising Tories I ever met with. He might have sat for the portrait of Mr. Grimwig, in 'Oliver Twist.' Like that celebrated old gentleman, 'his bark was aye waur than his bite.' He would pour out a torrent of scorn and sarcasm upon some luckless object of his indignation, public or private; and, having exhausted the full vials of his wrath, would end with some kind act toward, perhaps, the very person he had been anathematizing, and subside into an amiable mood of compassion for the weaknesses of erring mankind generally.

He was a graduate of the University of Oxford, and afterwards had charge of a large private school in one of the English counties. Having inherited and acquired a moderate competency, he retired into private life; but later on he lost by the failure of companies wherein his savings had been invested. He then commenced business as a bookseller, did not succeed, and finally decided, at the persuasion of his wife's brother, Mr. William P. Patrick, of Toronto, to emigrate to Canada. Having first satisfied himself of the prudence of

the step, by a tour in the United States and Canada, he sent for his family, who arrived here in 1833.

His two sons, Alfred and Alpheus, got the full benefit of their father's classical attainments, and were kept closely to their studies. At an early age, their uncle Patrick took charge of their interests, and placed them about him in the Legislative Assembly, where I recollect to have seen one or both of them, in the capacity of pages, on the floor of the House. From that lowly position, step by step, they worked their way, as we have seen, to the very summit of their respective departments.

Mr. Todd was also an accomplished amateur artist, and drew exquisitely. An etching of the interior of Winchester Cathedral, by him, I have never seen surpassed.

He was fond of retirement and of antiquarian reading, and, while engaged in some learned philological investigation, would shut himself up in his peculiar sanctum and remain invisible for days, even to his own family.

Between the years 1833 and 1840, Mr. Todd published a book, entitled 'Notes on Canada and the United States,' and I cannot better illustrate his peculiar habits of thought, and mode of expressing them, than by quoting two or three brief passages from that work, and from 'Addenda'

which I printed for him myself, in 1840 :—

‘As an acidulated mixture with the purest element will embitter its sweetness, so vice and impurity imported to any country must corrupt and debase it. To this hour, when plunderers no longer feel secure in the scenes of their misdeeds, or culprits would evade the strong arm of the law, to what country do they escape? America—for here, if not positively welcomed (?), they are at least safe. If it be asked, did not ancient Rome do the same thing? I answer, slightly so, whilst yet an infant, but never in any shape afterwards; but America, by still receiving, and with open arms, the vicious and the vile from all corners of the earth, does so in her full growth. As she therefore plants, so must she also reap.

*** ‘I wonder Master Jonathan didn’t change the bald eagle for a turkey, in this his new coinage; the former not being a native of the soil, whilst the latter one is, besides being, in many respects, a better featherer of the two; but upon reflection, I feel inclined to abandon my surprise, and approve his election for its consistency; since every ornithologist well knows that the first-mentioned bird has a bad moral character; is notorious for living dishonestly, and by the use of his wits; at all times poor, an errant coward, and the filthiest of his race.

*** ‘The Episcopal clergy in this country [United States] were originally supported by an annual contribution of tobacco, each male, so tithable, paying 40lbs.; the regular clergy of the then thinly-settled state of Virginia receiving 16,000 lbs. yearly as salary. In Canada they are maintained by an assignment of lands from the Crown, which, moreover, extends its assistance to ministers of other denominations; so that the people are not called upon to contribute for that or any similar purpose; and yet, such is the deplorable abandonment to error, and obstinate perversion of fact, amongst the low or radical party here—a small one, it is true, but not on that account less censurable—that this very thing which should ensure their gratitude is a never-ending theme for their vituperation and abuse; proving to demonstration, that no government on earth, or any concession whatever, can long satisfy or please them.

*** ‘Notwithstanding the foregoing remarks, my own connexions were non-conforming; and for awhile before entering upon life, I was myself an attendant in their public assemblies; and even now, which I admit to show the extent of my toleration, though sceptics may call it the force of habit, I am oftener to be found in

one than in my own parish church; still, I say, allow them the full exercise of their faith (which, until they got it, was all they professed to want) distinct from political power—as much as you please of the former, but not an atom of the latter! and why?—regard for the peace and happiness of others, with their own as well; since history tells us, that they know not how to halt at anything short of supremacy, which is not pure religion, but an impure domination.

*** ‘The mention of periodicals reminds me, that newspapers, on the arrival of a stranger, are about the first things he takes up; but on perusing them, he must exercise his utmost judgment and penetration; for of all the fabrications, clothed too in the coarsest language, that ever came under my observation, many papers here, for low scurrility and vilifying the authorities, certainly surpass any I ever met with. It is to be regretted that men without principle, and others void of character, should be permitted thus to abuse the public ear. * * The misguided individuals in the late disturbance, on being questioned upon the subject, unreservedly admitted, that until reading Mackenzie’s flagitious and slanderous newspaper, they were happy, contented, and loyal subjects.’

When the seat of Government was removed to Kingston, Mr. Todd’s family accompanied it thither; but he remained in Toronto, to look after his property, which was considerable, and died here at the age of 77.

CHAPTER XXVI.

NEWSPAPER EXPERIENCES.

EARLY in the year 1839, I obtained an engagement as manager of the *Palladium*, a newspaper issued by C. Forbes Fothergill, on the plan of the New York *Albion*. The printing office, situated on the corner of York and Boulton Streets, was very small, and I found it a mass of little better than *pi*, with an old hand-press of the Columbian pattern. To bring this office into something like presentable order, to train a rough lot of lads to their business, and to supply an occasional original article, occupied

me during great part of that year. Mr. Fothergill was a man of talent, a scholar, and a gentleman; but so entirely given up to the study of natural history and the practice of taxidermy that his newspaper received but scant attention, and his personal appearance and the cleanliness of his surroundings still less. He had been King's Printer under the Family Compact régime, and was dismissed for some imprudent criticism upon the policy of the Government. His family sometimes suffered from the want of common necessities, while the money which should have fed them went to pay for some rare bird or strange fish. This could not last long. The *Palladium* died a natural death, and I had to seek elsewhere for employment.

Amongst the visitors at Mr. Todd's house was John F. Rogers, an Englishman, who, in conjunction with George H. Hackstaff, published the *Toronto Herald*, a weekly journal of very humble pretensions. Mr. Hackstaff was from the United States, and found himself regarded with great distrust, in consequence of the Navy Island and Prescottt invasions. He therefore offered to sell me his interest in the newspaper and printing office for a few dollars. I accepted the offer, and thus became a member of the Fourth Estate, with all the dignities, immunities, and profits attaching thereto. From that time until the year 1859, I continued in the same profession, publishing successively the *Herald*, *Patriot*, *News of the Week*, *Atlas*, and *Daily Colonist* newspapers. I mention them all now, to save wearisome details hereafter.

I have a very lively recollection of the first job which I printed in my new office. It was on the Sunday on which St. James's Cathedral was burnt, owing to some negligence about the stoves. Our office was two doors north of the burnt edifice, on Church Street, where the Mechanics' Institute now stands; and I was hurriedly required to print a small placard, an-

nouncing that divine service would be held that afternoon at the City Hall, where I had then recently drilled as a volunteer in the City Guard.

The *Herald* was the organ, and Mr. Rogers an active member, of the Orange body in Toronto. I had no previous knowledge of the peculiar features of Orangeism, and it took me some months to acquire an insight into the ways of thinking and acting of the order. I busied myself chiefly in the practical work of the office, such as type-setting and press-work, and took no part in editorials, except to write an occasional paragraph or musical notice.

The first book I undertook to print, and the first law book published in Canada, was my young friend Alpheus Todd's 'Parliamentary Law,' a volume of — pages, which was a creditable achievement for an office which could boast but two or three hundred dollars worth of type in all. With this book is connected an anecdote which I cannot refrain from relating; and I know that the person alluded to will forgive the trespass.

I had removed my office to a small frame building on Church street, next door south of Clinkenbroomer's, watch-maker, at the corner of King Street. One day, there entered the office a youth of fourteen or fifteen, forlorn-looking, and poorly clad. He had in his hand a roll of manuscript, very much soiled and dog's-eared, which he held out sheepishly, and asked me to look at. I did so, expecting to find verses intended for publication. They were indeed poems, extending to thirty or forty pages, perhaps more, deficient both in grammar and spelling, and not very legible where clean.

Interested in the lad, I inquired where he came from, what he could do, and what he wanted. It appeared that he was the son of one of the messengers of the English House of Commons; that his father had placed him at a trade which he disliked; that he had escaped to Canada, hired himself

as apprentice to a cobbler in Toronto, and a second time left his work in disgust, because his master wanted him to mend shoes, and he wanted to write poetry. The poor lad begged me, with tears in his eyes, to give him a trial as an apprentice to the printing business. I had known a similar case in London, where a fellow-apprentice of my own was taken in as an office-boy, acquired a little education, became printer's devil, and ended by becoming King's Printer in Australia, as I have since heard.

Well, I told the lad—his name was Archie—that I would try him. I was just then perplexed with the problem of making and using composition rollers in the cold winter of Canada, and in a wooden office where it was impossible to keep anything from freezing. So I resolved to use a composition ball for my book-work above-named, printing four duodecimo pages at one impression, and perfecting them—or printing the obverse, as medallists say—with other four. Archie was tall and strong. I gave him a regular drilling in the use of the ball, and after some days' practice, found I could trust him as beater at the press. Robinson Crusoe's man Friday was not a more willing, faithful, conscientious slave than was my Archie. Never absent, never grumbling, never idle, but very fond of a tough argument, he plodded on with his presswork, studied hard at grammar and the dictionary, acquired knowledge with facility, and retained it tenaciously. He remained with me many years, became foreman in the University Printing Office of Henry Rowsell; and left there after a long term to enter Dr. Rolph's Medical School at Yorkville, for which he had qualified himself to become a matriculant. His next step in life was to study Spanish, and start for Mexico to practise his new profession amongst the semi-savages of that volcanic Republic. There he accumulated some money; spoke his mind too

freely; was once arrested and ordered to be shot, by General Escobedo, for meddling in political feuds, and only escaped with life by a hair's-breadth. Not relishing Mexican ideas of freedom, he returned to Toronto, and practised his profession here for some years, becoming a well-known public character.

That poor truant boy is now known as Dr. Archibald A. Riddel, ex-Alderman, and still City Coroner of Toronto.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE burning of St. James's Cathedral in 1839, marks another phase of my Toronto life, which is associated with many pleasant and some sorrowful memories. The services of the Church of England were, for some months after that event, conducted in the old City Hall. The choir was an amateur one, led by Mr. J. D. Humphreys, whose reputation as an accomplished musician must be familiar to my readers. Of that choir I became a member, and continued one until my removal to Carlton in 1853. During those fourteen years I was concerned in almost every musical movement in Toronto, wrote musical notices, and even composed some music to my own poetry. An amateur glee club, of which Mr. E. L. Cull, of the Canada Company's office, and myself are probably the only survivors, used occasionally to meet and amuse ourselves with singing glees and quartettes on Christmas and New Year's Eve, opposite the houses of our several friends. It was then the custom to invite our party indoors, to be sumptuously entertained with the good things provided for the purpose.

Thus the time passed away after the rebellion, and during the period of Sir George Arthur's stay in Canada, without the occurrence of any public event in which I was personally concerned. Lord Durham came; made his cele-

brated Report ; and went home again. Then followed Lord Sydenham, to whom I propose to pay some attention, as with him commenced my first experience of Canadian party politics.

Mackenzie's rebellion had convinced me of the necessity of taking and holding firm ground in defence of monarchical institutions, as opposed to republicanism. It is well known that nearly all Old Country Whigs, when transplanted to Canada, become staunch Tories. So most moderate Reformers from the British Isles are classed here as Liberal Conservatives. Even English Chartists are transformed into Canadian Anti-Republicans.

I had been neither Chartist nor ultra-Radical, but simply a quiet Reformer, disposed to venerate, but not blindly to idolize, old institutions, and by no means to pull down an ancient fabric without knowing what kind of structure was to be erected in its place. Thus it followed, as a matter of course, that I should gravitate towards the Conservative side of Canadian party politics, in which I found so many of the solid, respectable, well-to-do citizens of Toronto had ranged themselves.

I never became a convert to Orangeism. My partner, Rogers, tried hard to convince me of the absolute necessity of maintaining the Order for the defence of Protestantism. I thought, for my part, that in Canada West, as in England, the boot was rather on the other leg ; that Roman Catholics had more to apprehend from a collision, than Protestants ; and that peaceable citizens, when disturbed by belligerent rumours for which no reasonable cause could be assigned, might justly cry with Mercutio, ' A plague o' both your houses.'

CHAPTER XXVIII.

LORD SYDENHAM'S MISSION.

I HAVE frequently remarked that, although in England any person

may pass a life-time without becoming acquainted with his next-door neighbour, he can hardly fall into conversation with a fellow-countryman in Canada, without finding some latent link of relationship or propinquity between them. Thus, in the case of Mr. C. Poulett Thomson, I trace more than one circumstance connecting that great man with my humble self. He was a member—the active member—of the firm of Thomson, Bonar & Co., Russia Merchants, Cannon Street, London, at the same time that my brother-in-law, William Tatchell, of the firm of Tatchell & Clarke, carried on the same business of Russia Merchants, in Upper Thames Street. There were occasional transactions between them ; and my brother Thomas, who was chief accountant in the Thames Street house, has told me that the firm of Thomson, Bonar & Co. was looked upon in the trade with a good deal of distrust, for certain sharp practices to which they were addicted.

Again, Sir John Rae Reid, of the East India Company, had been the Tory member of Parliament for Dover. On his retirement, Mr. Poulett Thomson started as Reform candidate for the same city. I knew the former slightly as a neighbour of my mother's, at Ewell, in Surrey, and felt some interest in the Dover election in consequence. It was in the old borough-mongering times, and the newspapers on both sides rang with accounts of the immense sums that were expended in this little Dover contest, in which Mr. Thomson, aided by his party, literally bought every inch of his way, and succeeded in obtaining his first seat in the House of Commons, at a cost, as his brother states, of £3,000 sterling. In the matter of corruption, there was probably little difference between the rival candidates.

The Right Hon. Charles Poulett Thomson, it was understood in England, always had the dirty work of the Melbourne Ministry to do ; and it was probably his usefulness in that capa-

city that recommended him for the task of uniting the two Canadas, in accordance with that report of Lord Durham, which his lordship himself disavowed.* That Mr. Thomson did his work well, cannot be denied. He was, in fact, the Castlereagh of Cana-

* On reference to Sir F. B. Head's 'Emigrant,' pp. 376-8, the reader will find the following letters:—

'1. From the Hon. Sir A. N. MacNab.

'LEGISLATIVE ASSEMBLY,
'Montreal, 28th March, 1846.

'MY DEAR SIR FRANCIS,

'I have no hesitation in putting on paper the conversation which took place between Lord Durham and myself, on the subject of the Union. He asked me if I was in favour of the Union; I said, "No;" he replied, "If you are a friend to your country, oppose it to the death."

'I am, &c.,

'(Signed) ALLAN N. MACNAB.

'Sir F. B. Head, Bart.'

'2. From W. E. Jervis Esq.

'TORONTO, March 12th, 1846.

'DEAR SIR ALLAN,

'In answer to the inquiry contained in your letter of the 2nd inst., I beg leave to state, that, in the year 1838, I was in Quebec, and had a long conversation with the Earl of Durham upon the subject of an Union of the Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada—a measure which I had understood his Lordship intended to propose.

'I was much gratified by his Lordship then, in the most unqualified terms, declaring his strong disapprobation of such a measure, as tending, in his opinion, to the injury of this Province; and he advised me, as a friend to Upper Canada, to use all the influence I might possess in opposition to it.

'His Lordship declared that, in his opinion, no statesman could propose so injurious a project, and authorized me to assure my friends in Upper Canada, that he was decidedly averse to the measure.

'I have a perfect recollection of having had a similar enquiry made of me, by the private secretary of Sir George Arthur, and that I made a written reply to the communication. I have no copy of the letter which I sent upon that occasion, but the substance must have been similar to that I now send you.

'I remain, &c.

'(Signed) W. E. JERVIS.

'Sir Allan MacNab.'

'3. From the Hon. Justice Haygerman.

'31 ST. JAMES'S STREET,
'LONDON, 12th July, 1846.

'MY DEAR SIR FRANCIS,

'It is well known to many persons that the

dian Union. What were the exact means employed by him in Montreal and Toronto is not known, but the results were visible enough. Government officials coerced, sometimes through the agency of their wives, sometimes by direct threats of dismissal; the Legislature overawed by the presence and interference of His Excellency's secretaries and aides-de-camp; votes sought and obtained by appeals to the personal interest of members of Parliament. These and such-like were the dignified processes by which the Union of the Canadas was effected, in spite of the unwillingness of at least one of the parties to that ceremony.

His Excellency did not even condescend to veil his contempt for his tools. When a newly nominated Cabinet Minister waited upon the great man with humility, to thank him for

late Lord Durham, up to the time of his departure from Canada, expressed himself strongly opposed to the Union of the then two Provinces. I accompanied Sir George Arthur on a visit to Lord Durham, late in the autumn, and a very few days only before he threw up his Government and embarked for this country. In a conversation I had with him, he spoke of the Union as the selfish scheme of a few merchants of Montreal—*that no statesman would advise the measure—and that it was absurd to suppose that Upper and Lower Canada could ever exist in harmony as one Province.*

'In returning to Toronto with Sir George Arthur, he told me that Lord Durham had expressed to him similar opinions, and had at considerable length detailed to him reasons and arguments which existed against a measure which he considered would be destructive of the legitimate authority of the British Government, and in which opinion Sir George declared he fully coincided.

'I am, Sir,

'(Signed) C. A. HAGERMAN.

'Sir F. B. Head, Bart.'

'4. From the Earl of Durham.

'QUEBEC, Oct. 2nd, 1838.

'DEAR SIR,

'I thank you kindly for your account of the meeting [in Montreal], which was the first I received. I fully expected the "outbreak" about the Union of the two Provinces:—IT IS A PET MONTREAL PROJECT, BEGINNING AND ENDING IN MONTREAL SELFISHNESS.

'Yours, truly,

'(Signed) DURHAM.'

an honour for which he felt his education did not qualify him, the reported answer was—'Oh, I think you are all pretty much alike here.'

In Toronto, anything like opposition to His Excellency's policy was sought to be silenced by the threat of depriving the city of its tenure of the Seat of Government. The offices of the principal city journals, the *Patriot* and *Courier*, were besieged by anxious subscribers, entreating that nothing should appear at all distasteful to His Excellency, and 'old Tom Dalton,' of the former paper, got mercilessly roasted for reducing his usual surly growl to a very gentle roar indeed. Therefore it happened, that our little sheet, the *Herald*, became the only mouth-piece of Toronto dissentients; and was well supplied with satires and criticisms upon the politic manœuvres of Government House. We used to issue on New Year's Day a sheet of doggerel verses, styled, 'The News Boy's Address to his Patrons,' which gave me an opportunity, of which I did not fail to avail myself, of telling His Excellency some wholesome truths in not very complimentary phrase. It is but justice to him to say, that he enjoyed the fun, such as it was, as much as anybody, and sent a servant in livery to our office, for extra copies to be placed on his drawing-room tables for the amusement of New Year's callers, to whom he read them himself. I am sorry that I cannot now treat my readers to extracts from those sheets, which may some centuries hence be unearthed by future Canadian antiquaries, as rare and priceless historical documents.

Whether the course he pursued be thought creditable or the reverse, there is no doubt that Lord Sydenham did Canada immense service by the measures enacted under his dictation. The Union of the Provinces, Municipal Councils, Educational Institutions, sound Financial arrangements, and other minor matters, are benefits which cannot be ignored. But all these ques-

tions were carried in a high-handed, arbitrary manner, and some of them by downright compulsion. To connect in any way with his name the credit of bestowing upon the united provinces 'Responsible Government' upon the British model, is a gross absurdity.

In the Memoirs of his lordship, by his brother, Mr. G. Poulett Scrope, page 236, I find the following plain statements:—

'On the subject of "Responsible Government," which question was again dragged into discussion by Mr. Baldwin, with a view of putting the sincerity of the Government to the test, he [Lord S.] introduced and carried unanimously a series of resolutions in opposition to those proposed by Mr. Baldwin, distinctly recognising the irresponsibility of the Governor to any but the Imperial authorities, and placing the doctrine on the sound and rational basis which he had ever maintained.'

What that 'sound and rational basis' was, is conclusively shown in an extract from one of his own private letters, given on page 143 of the same work:—

'I am not a bit afraid of the Responsible Government cry. I have already done much to put it down in its inadmissible sense; namely, the demand that the Council shall be responsible to the Assembly, and that the Governor shall take their advice and be bound by it. . . . And I have not met with any one who has not at once admitted the absurdity of claiming to put the Council over the head of the Governor. . . . I have told the people plainly that, as I cannot get rid of my responsibility to the Home Government, I will place no responsibility on the Council; that they are a *council* for the Governor to consult, but no more. . . . Either the Governor is the Sovereign or the Minister. If the first, he may have ministers, but he cannot be responsible to the Government at home, and all Colonial Government becomes impossible. He must, therefore, be the minister, in which case he cannot be under the control of men in the Colony. . . . I have let them know, and feel, that I will yield to neither of them [the rival Canadian parties]—that I will take the moderate from both sides—reject the extremes—and govern as I think right, and not as they fancy.'

It is only just that the truth should

be clearly established on this question. Responsible Government was not an issue between Canadian Reformers and Tories in any sense; but exclusively between the Colonies and the statesmen of the Mother Country. On several occasions prior to Mackenzie's Rebellion, Tory majorities had affirmed the principle; and Ogle R. Gowan, an influential Orangeman, had published a pamphlet in its favour. Yet some recent historians of Canada have fallen into the foolish habit of claiming for the Reform party all the good legislation of the past forty years, until they seem really to believe the figment themselves.

I am surprised that writers who condemn Sir F. B. Head for acting as his own Prime Minister, in strict accordance with his instructions, can see nothing to find fault with in Lord Sydenham's doing the very same thing in an infinitely more arbitrary and offensive manner. Where Sir Francis persuaded, Lord Sydenham coerced, bribed and derided.

Lower Canada was never consulted as to her own destiny. Because a fraction of her people chose to strike for independence, peaceable French Canadians were treated bodily as a conquered race, with the undisguised object of swamping their nationality and language, and overriding their feelings and wishes. It is said that the result has justified the means. But what casuistry is this! What sort of friend to Responsible Government must he be, who employs force to back his argument? To inculcate the voluntary principle at the point of the bayonet, is a peculiarly Hibernian process, to say the least.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TORIES OF THE REBELLION TIMES.

HAVING, I hope, sufficiently exposed the misrepresentations

of party writers, who have persistently made it their business to calumniate the Loyalists of 1837-8, I now proceed to the pleasanter task of recording the good deeds of some of those Loyalists, with whom I was brought into personal contact. I begin with—

ALDERMAN GEORGE T. DENISON, SEN.

No Toronto citizen of '37 can fail to recal the bluff, hale, strongly-built figure of George Taylor Denison, of Bellevue, the very embodiment of the English country squire of the times of Addison and Goldsmith. Resolute to enforce obedience, generous to the poor, just and fair as a magistrate, hospitable to strangers and friends, a sound and consistent Church man, a brave soldier and a loyal subject, it seemed almost an anachronism to meet with him anywhere else than at his own birth-place of Dover Court, within sight of the Goodwin Sands, in the old-fashioned County of Essex, in England.

He was the son of John Denison, of Hedon, Yorkshire, and was born in 1783. He came with his father to Canada in 1792, and to Toronto in 1796. Here he married the only daughter of Captain Richard Lippincott, a noted U. E. Loyalist, who had fought through the Civil War in the revolted Colonies now forming the United States. In the war of 1812, Mr. Denison served as Ensign in the York Volunteers, and was frequently employed on special service. He was the officer who, with sixty men, cut out the present line of the Dundas Road, from the Garrison Common to Lambton Mills, which was necessary to enable communication between York and the Mills to be carried on without interruption from the hostile fleet on the Lake. During the attack on York, in the following year, he was commissioned to destroy our vessels in the Bay, to save them from falling into the enemy's hands. With some he succeeded, but on one frigate the captain refused to obey the order, and

while the point was in dispute, the enemy settled the question by capturing the ship, in consequence of which Mr. Denison was held as a prisoner for several months, until exchanged.

Of his services and escapes during the war many amusing stories are told. He was once sent with a very large sum in army bills—some \$100,000—to pay the force then on the Niagara River. To avoid suspicion, the money was concealed in his saddle-bags, and he wore civilian's clothing. His destination was the village of St. David's. Within a mile or two of the place, he became aware of a cavalry soldier galloping furiously towards him, who, on coming up, asked if he was the officer with the money, and said he must ride back as fast as possible; the Yankees had driven the British out of St. David's, and parties of their cavalry were spreading over the country. Presently another dragoon came in sight, riding at speed and pursued by several of the enemy's horsemen. Ensign Denison turned at once, and, after an exciting chase for many miles, succeeded in distancing his foes and escaping with his valuable charge.

On another occasion, he had under his orders a number of boats employed in bringing army munitions from Kingston to York. Somewhere near Port Hope, while creeping along shore to avoid the United States vessels cruising in the Lake, he observed several of them bearing down in his direction. Immediately he ran his boats up a small stream, destroying a bridge across its mouth to open a passage, and hid them so effectually that the enemy's fleet passed by without suspecting their presence.

About the year 1821, Captain Denison formed the design to purchase the farm west of the city, now known as the Rusholme property. The owner lived at Niagara. A friend who knew of his intention, told him one summer's morning, while he was looking at some goods in a store, that he would

not get the land, as another man had left that morning for Niagara, in Oates's sloop, to gain the start of him. The day being unusually fine, Mr. Denison noticed that the sloop was still in sight, becalmed a mile or two off Gibraltar Point. Home he went, put up some money for the purchase, mounted his horse, and set out for Niagara round the head of the Lake, travelling all day and through the night, and arriving shortly after daybreak. There he saw the sloop in the river, endeavouring with the morning breeze to make the landing. To rouse up the intending vendor, to close the bargain, and get a receipt for the money, was soon accomplished; and when the gentleman who had hoped to forestall him came on the scene, he was wofully chop fallen to find himself distanced in the race.

From the close of the war until the year 1837, Mr. Denison was occupied, like other men of his position, with his duties as a magistrate, the cultivation of his farm, and the rearing of his family. In 1822, he organized the cavalry corps now known as the Governor-General's Body-Guard. When the Rebellion broke out, he took up arms again in defence of the Crown, and on the day of the march up Yonge Street, was intrusted with the command of the Old Fort. At about noon, a body of men was seen approaching. Eagerly and anxiously the defenders waited, expecting every moment an onset, and determined to meet it like men. The suspense lasted some minutes, when suddenly the Major exclaimed, 'Why, surely that's my brother Tom!' And so it was. The party consisted of a number of good loyalists, headed by Thomas Denison of Weston, hastening to the aid of the Government against Mackenzie and his adherents. Of course, the gates were soon thrown open, and, with hearty cheers on both sides, the new-comers entered the Fort.

For six months Major Denison con-

tinued in active service with his cavalry, and in the summer of 1838, was promoted to command the battalion of West York Militia. His eldest son, the late Richard L. Denison, succeeded to the command of the cavalry corps, which was kept on service for six months in the winter of 1838-9.

Mr. Denison was elected an alderman of Toronto in the year 1834, and served in the same capacity up to the end of 1843.

That he was quite independent of the 'Family Compact,' or of any other official clique, is shown by the fact, that on Mackenzie's second expulsion from the House of Assembly in 1832, Alderman Denison voted for his reelection for the County of York.

Our old friend died in 1853, leaving four sons, viz. : Richard L. Denison, of Dover Court, named above; the late George Taylor Denison, of Rusholme; Robert B. Denison, of Bellevue, now Deputy-Adjutant-General for this district; Charles L. Denison, of Brockton; and also one daughter, living. Among his grandchildren are Colonel George T. Denison, commanding the Governor-General's Body Guard, and Police Magistrate; Major F. C. Denison, of the same corps; and Lieutenant John Denison, R. N. The late Colonel R. L. Denison, of Dover Court, left eight sons and one daughter. The whole number of the Canadian descendants of John Denison, of Hedon, now living, is over one hundred.

ALDERMAN ALEXANDER DIXON.

Few persons engaged in trade have done more for their compatriots, in a quiet, unostentatious way, than the subject of this sketch. Actively employed in the management of his business as a saddler and harness maker, Mr. Dixon yet found time to lay in a solid foundation of standard literature, and even of theological lore, which qualified him to mix in intellectual society of a high order. He also possessed great readiness of speech, a

genial, good-natured countenance and manner, and a fund of drollery and comic wit, which, added to a strong Irish accent, made him a special favourite in the City Council, as well as at public dinners, and on social festive occasions. I had the pleasure of an intimate acquaintance with him from 1838 until his death, and can speak with confidence of his feelings and principles.

The family records show that Alexander Dixon was born at Carlow, Ireland, in 1792; that he was early placed as an apprentice to a saddler in Longford, where he commenced business on his own account. He then transferred his establishment to Dublin, where he remained until his departure for America.

About the year 1832, Mr. Dixon came to York on his way to Mount Vernon, in the State of Ohio, where he had been informed there was an Episcopal College, and a settlement of Episcopalians on the College territory. In order to satisfy himself of the truth of these statements, he travelled thither alone, leaving his family in the then town of York. Disappointed in the result of his visit, he returned here, and had almost made up his mind to go back to Dublin, but abandoned the intention in consequence of the urgent arguments of the Hon. John Henry Dunn, Receiver-General,* who persuaded him to remain. His first step was to secure a lease of the lot of land on King Street, where the Messrs. Nordheimer's music warehouse now stands. He built there two frame shops, which were considered marvels of architecture at that day, and continued to occupy one of them until Wellington Buildings, between Church and Toronto Streets, were erected by himself and other enterprising tradesmen. Merchants of all ranks lived over their shops in those days, and very

* Father of the lamented Lieut.-Col. A. R. Dunn, who won the Victoria Cross at Balaklava, and died, as is believed, by the accidental discharge of a gun in Abyssinia.

handsome residences these buildings made.

In 1834, Mr. Dixon was elected alderman for St. Lawrence Ward, which position he continued to hold, against all assailants, up to the end of 1850. He was also a justice of the peace, and did good service in that capacity. In the City Council no man was more useful and industrious in all good works, and none exercised greater influence over its deliberations.

When the troubles of 1837 began, Alderman Dixon threw all his energies into the cause of loyalty, and took so active a part in support of Sir F. B. Head's policy, that his advice was on most occasions sought by the Lieutenant-Governor, and frequently acted upon. This continued throughout the rule of Sir George Arthur, and until the arrival of the Right Hon. C. Poulett Thomson, who cared little for the opinions of other men, however well qualified to advise and inform. Mr. Dixon was too independent and too incorruptible a patriot for that accomplished politician.

Few men in Toronto have done more for the beautifying of our city. The Adelaide Buildings, on King Street, were long the handsomest, as they were the best built, of their class. His house, at the corner of Jarvis and Gerrard Streets, set an example for our finest private residences. The St. Lawrence Hall, which is considered by visitors a great ornament to the city, was erected from plans suggested by him. And among religious edifices, Trinity Church and St. James's Cathedral are indebted to him, the former mainly and the latter in part, for their complete adaptation in style and convenience, to the services of the Church to which he belonged and which he highly venerated. To Trinity Church, especially, which was finished and opened for Divine Service on February 14, 1844, he gave himself up with the most unflagging zeal and watchfulness, examining the plans in the minutest details, supervising the work

as it progressed, almost counting the bricks and measuring the stonework, with the eye of a father watching his infant's first footsteps. In fact, he was popularly styled 'the Father and Founder of Trinity Church,' a designation which was justly recognised by Bishop Strachan in his dedication sermon.*

As a friend, I had something to say respecting most of his building plans, and fully sympathized with the objects he had in view; one of the fruits of my appreciation was the following poem, which, although of little merit in itself, is perhaps worth preserving as a record of honourable deeds and well-employed talents:—

THE POOR MAN'S CHURCH.

Wake, harp of Zion, silent long,
Nor voiceless and unheard be thou,
While meekest theme of sacred song
Awaits thy chorded numbers now!

Too seldom, 'mid the sounds of strife
That rudely ring unwelcome here,
Thy music soothes this fever'd life
With breathings from a holier sphere.

The warrior, wading deep in crime,
Desertless, lives in poet's lays;
The statesman wants not stirring rhyme
To cheer the chequer'd part he plays:

And Zion's harp, to whom alone
Soft-echoing, higher themes belong,
Oh lend thy sweet ærial tone—
'Tis meek-eyed Virtue claims the song.

Beyond the limits of the town
A summer's ramble, may be seen
A scattered suburb, newly grown,
Rude huts, and ruder fields between.

Life's luxuries abound not there,
Labour and hardship share the spot;
Hope wrestles hard with frowning care,
And lesser wants are heeded not.

Religion was neglected too—
'Twas far to town—the poor are proud—
They could not boast a garb as new,
And shunn'd to join the well-drest crowd.

* The Building Committee of Trinity Church comprised, besides Alderman Dixon, Messrs. William Gooderham, Enoch Turner, and Joseph Shuter.

No country church adorned the scene,
 In modest beauty smiling fair,
 Of mein so peaceful and serene,
 The poor man feels his home is there.

Oh England ! with thy village chimes,
 Thy church-wed hamlets, scattered wide,
 The emigrant to other climes
 Remembers thee with grateful pride ;

And owns that once at home again,
 With fonder love his heart would bless
 Each humble, lowly, halowed fane
 That sanctifies thy loveliness.

But here, alas ! the heart was wrung
 To see so wan, so drear a waste—
 Life's thorns and briars rankly sprung,
 And peace and love, its flowers, displaced.

And weary seasons pass'd away,
 As time's fast-ebbing tide roll'd by,
 To thousands rose no Sabbath-day,
 They lived—to suffer—sin—and die !

Then men of Christian spirit came,
 They saw the mournful scene with grief,
 To such it e'er hath been the same
 To know distress and give relief.

They told the tale, nor vainly told—
 They won assistance far and wide ;
 His heart were dull indeed and cold,
 Who such petitioner denied.

They chose a slightly-rising hill
 That bordered closely on the road,
 And workmen brought of care and skill,
 And wains with many a cumbrous load.

With holy prayer and chanted hymn
 The task was sped upon its way ;
 And hearts beat high and eyes were dim
 To see so glad a sight that day.

And slowly as the work ascends,
 In just proportions, strong and fair,
 How watchfully its early friends
 With zealous ardour linger near.

'Tis finished now—a Gothic pile,
 —Brave handiwork of faith and love—
 In England's ancient hallowed style,
 That pointeth aye, like hope, above :

With stately tower and turret high,
 And quaint-arch'd door, and buttress'd
 wall,
 And window stain'd of various dye,
 And antique moulding over all.

And hark ! the Sabbath-going bell !
 A solemn tale it peals abroad—
 To all around its echoes tell
 ' This building is the 'house of God !'

Say, Churchman ! doth no still, small voice
 Within you whisper—' while 'tis day
 Go bid the desert place rejoice !
 Your Saviour's high behest obey :

' Say not, your pow'rs are scant and weak,
 What hath been done, may be anew ;
 He addeth strength to all who seek
 To serve Him with affection true.'

Alderman Dixon was not only a thorough-going and free-handed Churchman, but was very popular with the ministers and pastors of other religious denominations. The heads of the Methodist Church, and even the higher Roman Catholic clergy of Toronto, frequently sought his advice and assistance to smooth down asperities and reconcile feuds. He was every man's friend, and had no enemies of whom I ever heard. He wrote with facility, and argued with skill and readiness. His memory was exceedingly retentive ; he knew and could repeat page after page from Dryden's ' Virgil ' and Pope's ' Homer.' Any allusion to them would draw from him forty or fifty lines in connection with its subject. Mickle's ' Lusiad ' he knew equally well, and was fond of reciting its most beautiful descriptions of scenery and places in South Africa and India. He was an enthusiastic book-collector, and left an extensive and valuable library, now in the possession of his eldest son, Canon Dixon, of Guelph.

With the Orange body, Alderman Dixon exercised considerable influence, which he always exerted in favour of a Christian regard for the rights and feelings of those who differed from them. On one occasion, and only one, I remember his suffering some indignity at their hands. He and others had exerted themselves to induce the Orangemen to waive their annual procession, and had succeeded

so far as the city lodges were concerned. But the country lodges would not forego their cherished rights, and on 'the 12th'—I forget the year—entered Toronto from the west in imposing numbers. At the request of the other magistrates, Alderman Dixon and, I think, the late Mayor Gurnett, met the procession opposite Osgoode Hall, and remonstrated with the leaders for disregarding the wishes of the City Council and the example of their city brethren. His eloquence, however, was of no avail. He and his colleague were rudely thrust aside, and Mr. Dixon was thrown down, but suffered no other damage than a soiled coat.

As president of the St. Patrick's Society, he did much to preserve unanimity in that body, which then embraced Irishmen of all creeds among its members. His speeches at its annual dinners were greatly admired for their ability and liberality; and it was a favourite theme of his, that the three nationalities—Irish, Scotch and English—together formed an invincible combination; while if unhappily separated, they might have to succumb to inferior races. He concluded his argument on one occasion by quoting Scott's striking lines on the Battle of Waterloo:—

'Yes—Agincourt may be forgot,
And Cressy be an unknown spot,
And Blenheim's name be new:
But still in glory and in song,
For many an age remembered long,
Shall live the towers of Hougoumont
And Field of Waterloo.'

The peals of applause and rapture with which these patriotic sentiments were received, will not easily be forgotten by his hearers.

Nor were his literary acquirements limited to such subjects. The works of Jeremy Taylor and his contemporaries, he was familiar with; and was

a great authority in Irish history and antiquities; enquiries often came to him from persons in the United States and elsewhere, respecting disputed and doubtful questions, which he was generally competent to solve.

Mr. Dixon was long an active member of the committee of the Church Society; and the first delegate of St. James's Church to the Provincial Synod. In these and all other good works, he was untiring and disinterested.

I was often much amused to notice that he seemed to have less patience with his own poorer fellow countrymen than with those of other nationalities. If an Irishman came to him to ask for pecuniary assistance, he would say—mimicking the man's brogue—'Arrah now, ye spalpeen, why don't ye work? No man need be idle here. There's a saw and sawhorse in the yard beyant, and plenty of wood to saw. Let me see what ye can do between this and noon, and I'll pay ye for it; but I'll give nothing to idlers—mind ye that!' Turning to me he would say, 'I am ashamed of my countrymen. They expect everything to be done for them, and do nothing for themselves.' My answer was, 'It might hardly be safe, Mr. Dixon, for me to say the same thing in your presence.' At which he laughed merrily.

Mr. Dixon died in the year 1855, leaving a large family of sons and daughters, of whom several have acquired distinction in various ways. His eldest son I have mentioned above. William Dixon, his second son, was Dominion Emigration Agent in London, England, where he died in 1873. Another son, Major Fred. E. Dixon, is well known in connection with the 'Queen's Own' of Toronto.

(To be continued.)

IS CANADIAN LOYALTY A SENTIMENT OR A PRINCIPLE?

BY ALPHEUS TODD, C.M.G., LL.D., OTTAWA.

NOW and again this question is mooted, either in the press or in other public utterances, wherein the loyalty of the Canadian people to the person of the Sovereign, and the sincerity of their attachment to British institutions, may chance to be discussed. Certain writers have doubted the depth and reality of this feeling, alleging that it was ephemeral, and predicting that it would never stand the test of time, or of failing commercial prosperity. With men of this class, all principle is liable to be subordinated to pecuniary interests, and the preference for one form of government over another is apt to be regarded as mainly an affair of the pocket.

That some amongst us are open to such temptations is undeniable, to whatever cause it may be attributed. But these persons are not fair representatives of the genuine opinion of the country; they are not amongst the bone and sinew of our population. It may be worth while to consider this subject a little carefully, to ascertain whether there is any definite and reliable foundation from which our vaunted loyalty has sprung, and upon which it bids fair to remain secure.

Professor Seeley, in a recent lecture before the University of Cambridge, on the character of Bonaparte, impresses upon students the vast importance of the study of history, especially that of our own times, as affording the key to the solution of most of the political problems of the day. And he urges them to reflect whether 'the task of welding together into an inseparable union history and politics—

so that for the future all history shall end in politics, and all politics shall begin in history—be not the best and worthiest task to which they can devote their lives.'

These remarks, from one of the most profound thinkers and most learned teachers in England, are worthy of careful attention. They afford a clue to the inquiry which we propose to undertake in this paper.

The materials for our researches into the actual worth of Canadian loyalty, and its probable trustworthiness under trial, are abundant and accessible to all.

Within the past year, the venerable and respected ex-Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, Dr. Egerton Ryerson, published a history of the Loyalists of America, and their times, from 1620 to 1816. From this elaborate and painstaking work full particulars may be gathered concerning the first settlement of Upper Canada.

Shortly before the Independence of the United States was achieved, the whole of the territory now known as the Province of Ontario was a wilderness, inhabited only by wandering tribes of Indians. In Lower Canada there were a few thriving settlements of French Canadians; the other British-American colony of Nova Scotia possessed but a scanty population.

During the continuance of the struggle between the Imperial authority and the revolting American colonies, some devoted Loyalists sought refuge in Canada and Nova Scotia from the hardships to which they were exposed

in the old colonies because of their fidelity to the British Crown. But it was not until the close of the War of Independence, that any considerable number of political refugees were driven to this necessity. The circumstances which at last compelled so many to abandon their former homes are fully narrated by Dr. Ryerson, the accuracy of whose statements is confirmed by the fact that in every instance the particulars are either quoted from American historians, or corroborated by their admissions.

From Dr. Ryerson's careful investigations much can be learnt that will modify popular impressions regarding the events of this exciting period.

Although it is clear that from the outset separation from the Mother Country was the aim and determination of the leaders of the extreme party, yet the great bulk of the coionists were unwilling to break the tie of their allegiance. Until Independence was actually declared, the principal moiety of the community refused to contemplate the possibility of this result. But the leaders of the rebel party were resolute and too often unscrupulous. They coerced the simple farmers and labourers who opposed their schemes, and persecuted all who persevered in resisting them. For several months before, as well as after, the final issue of the struggle, the condition of the loyal adherents to British supremacy was humiliating and even perilous. They were subjected to every species of insult and contumely. They were liable at any moment to arrest and imprisonment, and to the seizure and confiscation of their property. For refusing to side with the rebel party, they were threatened with banishment, and even with death. Leading partizans of Congress vehemently advocated the 'wholesale hanging' of Loyalists. In 1776, the New York State Convention resolved, 'that any person being an adherent to the King of Great Britain, should be accounted guilty of treason and suffer death.'

Similar laws were enacted against Loyalists in other provinces, who continued to advocate the cause of the British Government. In South Carolina alone was there a humane and compassionate policy pursued towards the defeated Royalists.

Under these circumstances, their only safety was in flight. After the British troops evacuated Boston, upwards of a thousand citizens left the place. These men publicly declared that, 'if they thought the most abject submission would procure them peace, they never would have stirred.'

The laws in force against the Loyalists remained unrepealed until long after the peace, in 1783. It is true that Congress—pursuant to the Treaty of Peace, and in accordance with the practice of European nations in similar cases—recommended to the several States of the Union to encourage those who had been compelled to expatriate themselves to return, and to grant them compensation for the loss of their property. But this advice was ignored. On the contrary, some of the States evinced a disposition to proscribe rather than to indemnify, and even to enact further confiscations against the sufferers. The Royalists not unreasonably complained of these proceedings. It seemed to them most cruel and unjust that merely for supporting the government under which they were born, and to which they owed a natural allegiance, they should be doomed to suffer all the penalties of capital offenders.

It is, therefore, no matter for surprise, that but a small number of the Loyalists who fled the country at the outbreak, or during the progress, of the War of Independence, returned, when the conflict was over; and that, out of some thirty thousand persons who abandoned their possessions after the peace—and while the enactments against their lives and property were still in force—comparatively few either desired or were able to return, when the new government permitted them

to do so. For they had sacrificed their property and forsaken their homes, and had voluntarily chosen poverty and exile, rather than relinquish their cherished convictions, or participate in an act of rebellion which they abhorred.

At this eventful crisis, these staunch and noble-hearted refugees were kindly welcomed to British soil by the Imperial Government, and liberally treated in their new abode. The term U. E.—signifying United Empire Loyalists,—was affixed by the Crown, as ‘a mark of honour’ upon the families who adhered to the unity of the empire and joined the royal standard in America, before the treaty of separation in 1783; and a list of such persons was ordered to be made out and preserved amongst the archives of the State, so that these patriots might be individually discriminated from all future settlers. Free grants of land were given to the U. E. Loyalists, and further grants guaranteed to their children, when they should become of age.

The number of persons who, first and last, were entitled to the honourable appellation of U. E. Loyalist, cannot be exactly determined. It is known, however, that up to the close of the war some 13,000 souls, including many of the well-to-do class, had removed to Nova Scotia and to the Island of St John, afterwards called Prince Edward Island. By this influx, the population of Nova Scotia, then comprising the future Province of New Brunswick, was in one year more than doubled. About 10,000 made their way, with considerable difficulty, and encountering many hardships, to the western part of the Province of Quebec, which was subsequently set apart as Upper Canada, a province of which the U. E. Loyalists were the actual pioneers and founders, as before their arrival it was a wilderness. It is with their future that we are chiefly concerned in this brief essay.

These faithful men brought to their forest homes in the wilds of Upper Canada the same noble qualities of loyalty to their sovereign, of sterling integrity, and of reverence to God, for which many of them were previously remarkable. They reared their families in industry, simplicity, and frugality; and as occasion served, helped to build up this new province of the British Crown in conformity with the sound principles of law and order which had animated and distinguished their own lives. Their occupation, at first, was to clear the land, and cultivate the hitherto unbroken forest. Several touching narratives of the sufferings to which the early settlers were exposed at this period are given in Dr. Ryerson’s second volume, in the shape of personal reminiscences. But they soon triumphed over natural obstacles, and gradually converted the wilderness into a fertile and prosperous land; ‘planting with their hoes the germ of its future greatness.’

Many of the original band of U. E. Loyalists attained to a patriarchal age, and evinced a mental as well as a bodily vigour which eminently qualified them to fill useful and prominent positions in their adopted country. In the annals of Upper Canada, and of the Eastern Provinces, amongst the legislators, the magistrates, the clergymen, and those engaged in all the active and honourable pursuits of life, the names of U. E. Loyalists and their descendants—during the hundred years which have elapsed since their removal thither—have been and continue to be specially conspicuous.

In providing for their material wants, the U. E. Loyalist immigrants did not lose sight of the importance of continuing to cultivate a military spirit, so that they might be able, if necessary, to defend successfully the Empire for which they had already made so great a sacrifice. A considerable number of the refugees had borne arms, on the Royalist side, in the Revolutionary War. The gallant Scot-

tish soldiers who composed the New York Regiment under Sir John Johnson, when peace was proclaimed, accepted the offer of the British Government and settled on lands granted to them in Canada. These warriors were the pioneer settlers in the counties of Stormont and Dundas. They and their children, mostly Protestants, were reinforced within a few years, by an influx of Roman Catholic Highlanders, who chiefly took up their abode in the adjacent county of Glengarry. Together, these sturdy Scotchmen have proved themselves to be a valuable class of settlers, steadfast in retaining the language and customs of their forefathers, but no less devoted to the British Crown, and ready at any moment to risk life and property for their faith and fealty.

Within thirty years of their expatriation, events occurred which tested the willingness and capability of the British Canadians to fight in defence of their new homes and of the flag they loved so well. The War of 1812-15 broke out between England and the United States. Upper Canada was the principal battle-ground of this conflict. Meanwhile its population had increased to about one hundred thousand souls. The inhabitants eagerly responded to the call of the Government to organize and protect the frontiers of the Province from the assaults of the enemy. The story of their gallant and successful resistance of the invaders is too well known to need repetition. Suffice it to say that, with the help of a few hundred British troops, Upper Canada repelled the large armies of the Americans. Throughout the campaigns of this war, which lasted over three years, the forces of the United States were tenfold greater than the number of the Canadian soldiery. The Provincial militia, it need scarcely be said, was mainly composed of the sons of U. E. Loyalists, and their courage and endurance shewed that they were worthy scions of a noble race.

The spirit which animated the Canadian militia during the unequal conflict, is apparent in the Address of the Lieutenant-Governor, General Brock, to the Upper Canada Legislature, at the opening of the war, in 1812; and in the patriotic reply of the Assembly to his eloquent appeal. Brock concluded his speech in these stirring words:—'We are engaged in an awful and eventful contest. By unanimity and dispatch in our councils, and by vigour in our operations, we may teach the enemy this lesson, that a country defended by Free Men, enthusiastically devoted to the cause of their King and Constitution, cannot be conquered.' The answer of the Assembly was couched in the same vein of fervent loyalty and lofty patriotism. These admirable documents were widely circulated throughout the Province, and contributed materially to stimulate and strengthen the people to face with intrepidity the impending struggle.

In Lower Canada, a similar attachment to the Crown and Government of Great Britain was displayed. The French Canadian *habitans* vied with their Anglo-Saxon brethren in loyalty and deeds of valour. It was by the joint efforts of both nationalities that Canada was preserved to the Empire. This must never be forgotten, and the hearty co-operation of all Canadians in a common cause at this trying time will, it is to be hoped, be a pledge of enduring fraternity in the future. But our present purpose is to trace the fortunes of the U. E. Loyalists and their descendants in British America, and to note the influence of their conduct and character upon the present generation of Upper Canadians.

In less than a quarter of a century from the close of the American war, another occasion presented itself for proving the sincerity of the attachment of Upper Canada to the British Crown. Agitating political questions were rife in the Province. They beget a wide spread desire for a more

popular form of government. The Imperial authorities were slow to accede to the demands of the reform party. Ambitious and unscrupulous demagogues strove to excite, in the rural population, a spirit of discontent and disaffection towards Imperial control. By their persistent efforts an insurrectionary movement was provoked in certain parts of the Province, and encouraged by the majority in the Assembly. At this juncture, the Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Canada was Sir Francis Bond Head, a half-pay officer and a staunch Loyalist, though inexperienced in political warfare. With great boldness, but with an assured conviction that the mass of the people were sound in their allegiance, the Governor determined to send all the Imperial troops out of the Province, to aid in suppressing an outbreak of more serious proportions, which had taken place in Lower Canada. He resolved to trust wholly to the loyalty and good faith of the people in Upper Canada to sustain the Government. For this apparent rashness, Sir Francis was much blamed by many at the time. But the result proved that he understood the disposition of the people he had been deputed to govern better than his critics. Whilst denuding the province of every British soldier, the Governor spread abroad spirit-stirring proclamations and addresses, calling upon the Upper Canadians to rally and unite in support of their institutions and of the Crown, and by their own unaided efforts to put down this wicked and unnatural rebellion. His appeal was not in vain. From all parts of the Province volunteers hastened to Toronto, and very speedily this foolish and unwarrantable insurrection was extinguished. The policy of Sir Francis Head's proceedings for suppressing the rebellion was amply justified by the result, however hazardous it may have appeared at the moment. But it did not meet the approval of Her Majesty's Government. The Ministers then in office had

evinced a disposition to temporize with some of the men who were prominent in encouraging the revolt. Sir Francis Head's actions were of too decided a character to please his masters. Accordingly, soon after public tranquillity was restored, his Excellency was recalled. The Duke of Wellington, and other leaders of the Conservative party, warmly espoused his cause, but to no purpose. For his assumed rashness, and for refusing to be a party to attempts to conciliate the men who had secretly abetted the insurrection, Sir Francis was thenceforth made to suffer, by exclusion from any further employment in the service of the Crown. A narrative of his Administration, which he afterwards published, reveals many interesting particulars which would seem to afford ample ground for his justification. But apart from the personal question between Sir Francis Head and the Imperial Administration—as to whether he acted with becoming prudence in the execution of his delegated powers at this critical juncture—there can be no doubt as to the effect of his policy upon the people of Upper Canada. In summoning them at this crisis to rally round the old flag, and to prove the sincerity of their affection to the British Crown, he was not mistaken. The great bulk of the inhabitants heartily responded to the call. Not only was the rebellion speedily suppressed by Canadian volunteers, unaided by any Imperial soldiers, but at the next general election the disaffected party was reduced to political insignificance.

Thus far, it had been unmistakably shown that Upper Canadian loyalty was no mere passing sentiment, but a genuine and enduring principle, ready to find expression with renewed vitality and enthusiasm, whenever the necessity for its manifestation should arise.

From that period until the present, we have been happily free from the operation of disturbing influences re-

quiring the special display of patriotism in Upper Canada. And yet events have occurred which serve to indicate the unabated loyalty which animates the people. Irish discontent, culminating in Fenianism, has more than once threatened to ravage our fair Province with fire and sword, with the avowed intention of thereby compelling the Mother Country to yield the redress of Irish grievances. But our gallant volunteers were always on the alert, and these ridiculous attempts were frustrated without difficulty, and with very little loss of life. Repeatedly, since the grant of local self-government to Canada, her Parliament and people have spontaneously tendered the services of our brave militia to aid the Imperial troops in foreign warfare, or when conflicts were anticipated in Europe. These offers were dictated by devotion to the Crown and Empire, and were further proofs of the unselfish loyalty of Canadians. Annually, since 1875, the sum of 50,000 dollars has been granted by the Dominion Parliament for pensions to the surviving veterans of the War of 1812, in addition to large amounts yearly voted for pensions to the widows and orphans of militiamen who had lost their lives in defence of the country. This munificent liberality testifies to the high estimation in which Canada regards the efforts of those of her own children who fought to maintain our connection with England, and to uphold the national honour.

Meanwhile, it is gratifying to note, that the hostility and estrangement between Canadians and the citizens of the American Republic—natural at a time of separation and of internecine strife—has wholly died out, and is replaced by sentiments of mutual esteem and good-will. As was happily expressed by our excellent Governor-General, in his recent speech at Winnipeg, our people have learnt to recognise the fact 'that the interests of the Empire and of the United States may advance side by side without jealousy

or friction, and that the good of the one is interwoven with the welfare of the other.' We may not, indeed, admire or approve of the political institutions of our neighbours, but we have learnt to respect the American people, and account many of their enlightened efforts to promote the public welfare, and to purify and elevate society, as deserving not merely of praise but of imitation.

It is wholly foreign from my desire, in this essay, to criticize American political institutions, or to direct attention to what may seem defective therein further than may be absolutely necessary to the purpose in hand. But I cannot refrain from giving utterance to one or two thoughts on this subject, in order to vindicate, from my own point of view, the wisdom and foresight of our forefathers, when they deliberately preferred the loss of property and the perils incident to their flight into the wilderness, rather than forego the blessings of British supremacy and of monarchical rule. These observations will not, I trust, be deemed intentionally disrespectful towards our American cousins.

In severing their connection with England, the United States abandoned a political system wherein politics and religion were advisedly if not inseparably connected. This union, in the pithy words of Lord Eldon, was not designed 'for the purpose of making the Church political, but the State religious.' Christianity, in fact, is part and parcel of the British Constitution, and the entire framework of our polity is pervaded with the ennobling influences and restraints of religion.

The practical effect of the union between Church and State has been the preservation in Great Britain of a high standard of honour in the administration of public affairs, both foreign and domestic, which is specially observable in the relations of her government with other countries.

The United States have deliberately departed from this ancient and solid foundation. They claim that 'the people are the source of all political power.' They have left out of their Constitution any acknowledgment of the existence of a Supreme Being. They have prohibited not merely the establishment of religion in the land, but also any national preference of Christianity over Judaism, Mahomedanism, or infidelity. The American people are undoubtedly remarkable, in certain aspects, as a God-fearing community, yet they have always repudiated the idea of any necessary connection between religion and politics. Now-a-days, it is unhappily a prevalent idea that the exercise of no political rights should be affected by a man's repudiation of a belief in God. The painful scenes recently exhibited in the House of Commons, in the Bradlaugh case, are sufficient evidence of this. But the distinction to which I point, in comparing the English and American Constitutions, is apparent by the fact, that in the United States there is nothing to hinder the presence of an avowed atheist in Congress, whilst in England the proposal to admit Bradlaugh into Parliament is justly regarded as breaking down the barrier which has hitherto restrained those who openly discard belief in the existence of God, and in the divine obligation of an oath, from sharing in the councils of the nation.* Notwithstanding the time-serving spirit of the Government, who were afraid to take a decided stand on this question, the religious instincts of the people—more faithful

* It is true that the taking of an oath or an affirmation, by a member elect, is equally prescribed by American as by English law. But there is a material difference in the character of this obligation in the two countries. In England, the affirmation by a member elected to Parliament is essentially a religious act, as much so as taking the oath. The primary law enjoins an oath. But to meet the scruples of certain Christian denominations, who object to the use of an oath, at any time, they and they only are permitted, on such occa-

than their leaders to the true principles of the Constitution—have thus far prevailed to close the doors of parliament against an avowed infidel and blasphemer.

At the time of the separation of the American colonies from Great Britain, the expediency of a permanent alliance between religion and politics had not become an open question. The existence of this alliance was indisputable. It was wrought into the fabric of our national polity. Such a connection does not necessarily require the perpetual union between Church and State, or forbid different Christian denominations to exist, as in Canada, upon a footing of perfect equality. But it implies and involves the distinct responsibility of a Christian government to respect the revealed laws of God, to enforce the decorous observance of the Christian Sabbath, and generally to protect and uphold the institutions of Christianity. In these particulars Great Britain has been an example to all other nations.

On the other hand, we cannot be unmindful of the fact, that in the United States—notwithstanding the abundance of individual piety amongst the people—there is a grievous lack of the restraining influences of government to repress the abuses of free thought, in social and religious matters. Witness the liberty allowed in that country to the growth and establishment of Mormonism in the western territories, and to the reckless blasphemies of Ingersoll—both of them awful growths and developments of free thought, working incalculable mischief to multitudes—but wholly disregarded by the civil authorities. Such abominable and injurious outcomes of the right of pri-

sions, to make an affirmation instead. In the United States, the alternative use of an affirmation in lieu of an oath has no such origin. It is expressly permitted, by an article of the Constitution, to any person who for any reason, — as, for example, because, like Bradlaugh, he disbelieved in the existence of God,—might prefer to affirm, to do so; instead of taking the prescribed oath.

vate judgment could not assuredly have originated or have been permitted to take root in England, or in any of her colonies.

In cherishing her connection with the Parent State, Canada has retained the inestimable advantage of stable Christian government, which affords to individuals the utmost possible freedom consistent with wholesome restraints upon the excesses of democratic opinion or the license or profanity. So long as we continue to uphold institutions which confer upon our people such manifest benefits, we are politically safe. Crafty or thoughtless propagandists may strive to instil into credulous ears a preference for republicanism :—the supposed material gain we might derive from ‘ independence ’

or ‘ annexation ’ may be plausibly urged, by politicians who can see no difference in principle between a monarchy and a republic ;—but unless Canadians have forgotten the lessons of their past history, we need not fear for their future. If we have interpreted the history of Upper Canada aright, we may rest assured that Canadian loyalty is no mere transient emotion, liable to be affected by the fleeting changes of popular sentiment, but an enduring principle, powerful enough to enable us to withstand many vicissitudes before consenting to exchange our free institutions, protected by the British flag, and subject to the supremacy of British law, for any other form of government upon earth.

AU REVOIR.

BY W. T. H., MONTREAL.

THE wind came sighing in a fitful strain
 ‘ They shall not meet again !
 Rude blasts shall bear their peace away,
 And wintry storms draw near ;
 Clouds shall eclipse the coming day,
 And fill their hearts with fear.—
 They shall not meet again ! ’

And voices cried across the billowy main :
 ‘ They shall not meet again !
 They have their joy in shifting sands,
 And each encroaching wave,
 Like the fell grasp of fateful hands,
 Shall lay it in the grave.—
 They shall not meet again ! ’

Despair gave answer, like to one in pain :
 ' They shall not meet again !
 Her sweet voice is forever still,
 And quenched her speaking eye ;
 She sleeps beneath a mossy hill :
 O God ! that she should die.—
 They shall not meet again ! '

Then whispered Hope from her own sacred fane :
 ' Yes ! they shall meet again !
 Where storms of winter never come,
 Or cruel fate's alarms,
 Or icy Death ; but rest and home
 In the eternal arms :—
 Where love upsprings in each true heart
 Under a greener sod ;
 And hand from hand shall never part,
 Clasped at the throne of God ! '

ACROSS THE SEA ;

OR, THOUGHTS BY THE WAY.

BY I. R. ECKART, TORONTO.

III.

WHILE the remains of Cleopatra, the woman that infatuated and destroyed the noble Roman—Mark Antony—who, with his sword, quartered the world, are in the British Museum, his place of sepulture is unknown. Held captive by Cleopatra's blandishments, he dallied by her side while his enemy, Octavius, was gathering together his forces wherewith to strip him of the purple, and to avenge Octavia's wrongs. Roused, when too late, to a sense of his danger, he tried to beat back the storm about to burst upon him, and

at Actium paid for his tardiness and folly by his defeat. Towards the close of the action, Cleopatra, who was witnessing it, was suddenly seized with terror and turned her galley to the shore. Mark Antony, never before known to flee, followed, lost his cause, and, by falling on his sword, ended his misery and his life. He was a victim to that power, of which it has been sung—

' There's a power whose sway angel souls
 adore,
 And the lost obey, weeping evermore.'

And, then, of course, this Queen of

Beauty sought to cast her fascinations about the conqueror, and to entangle Octavius in her toils; as ready to smile upon him, as she had been to smile upon Antony. She had the reward of all traitors. Spurned by Octavius, and driven to despair, she preferred to die rather than grace his triumph by being led—the Queen of Egypt—through the streets of Rome, amid the derisive shouts of the people, and herself held to her bosom an asp that stung her to death. There has always been ‘a woman in the case’ from the time when Eve tempted Adam with the apple and caused his banishment from the Garden of Eden. Still, it must certainly be said that, having enjoyed the apple, his plea of justification was very mean. ‘The woman that thou gavest me, &c., &c.’ A story was told, not long ago, of a man, high in authority, being undone by the wicked wit of a woman. At a banquet in Constantinople was present a woman of great gifts who, from the stage, had been charming the people of America with her histrionic talents. There, too, was the ambassador of the Great German Empire—Baron Magnus—who had been paying court to this Queen of the Drama. Conscious of her power and anxious to shew it, she suddenly asked him to drink a toast of her giving. Courtier-like, he assented and, as he stood, glass in hand, to do her bidding, with triumph in her eyes, this daughter of France called upon the German Ambassador to drink ‘à la France entière.’ Hapless man, suddenly conscious of the impropriety and danger of such an act he, for a moment, irresolute stood, as if pleading to her to recall her words. Woman of the world as she was, she well knew how fatal the consequences to him must be; but, bent on her triumph, she was pitiless and insisted. He, poor fool—fascinated and infatuated—drank the fatal draught. Imagine the astonishment of the guests at the banquet—the Ambassador of the German Empire—the representa-

tive of the Kaiser—drinking to the toast ‘La France entière.’ A French-woman’s revenge. Like some men I wot of, willing to sacrifice a friend, to make a jest. The wrath of the stern Kaiser was soon made known. The Baron, doubtless, a man of mark, was quickly recalled, stripped of his honours, and thus publicly disgraced. Had he not distinguished himself in some way, it is not probable that he would have been the representative of the proudest Empire of the world. By the idle, wicked words of a woman, his life was for ever blasted, and he who, perhaps, at one time was considered an able man, was laughed at as a fool. His career broken, his reason gone, he is now a miserable wreck of humanity; and his days, that might have been useful, are spent in babbling folly; while she goes on her conquering way. So the story goes.

But, if there are women that have destroyed, there are women that have saved. Only we hear of the evil—not of the good. We, horrid men, are doubtless monsters, but, both in badness, and in goodness, women surpass us:—

‘For men at most differ
As Heaven and earth;
But Women—*worst and best*
As Heaven and Hell.’

With all their faults, we love them still, and not a few join in Byron’s wish who, if he were pretty bad, like most of us—occasionally,—was never hypocritical:—

‘I love the sex and sometimes would reverse
The tyrant’s wish “that mankind only had
One neck, which he with one fell stroke
might pierce;”
My wish is quite as wide but not so bad,
And much more tender on the whole than
fiere;
It being (not now but only when a lad),
That womankind had but one rosy mouth
To kiss them *all* at once, from North to
South.’

How the splendour of Byron’s genius was dimmed by the follies of his life, but indeed hard measure was meted out to him by the ‘Unco Guid,’ who ignored the admonition:—

'Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin' wrang,
To step aside is human.'

Byron was rather the opposite of the lover with regard to whom a friend, urging his suit with a maiden fair, asked the question—

'But what do you think of the lad, my love,
Tell me all that is in your heart,'
'I think,' she said, 'he is *dreadful good*;
But he isn't *the least bit smart*.'

A most enjoyable morning had we at the Doré Gallery. The few visitors present seemed awed into stillness by the greatness of the artist's conception and the sacredness of the subjects so vividly portrayed. Though destitute of any knowledge of art, I was fairly spell-bound before the painting, 'Christ Leaving the Prætorium.' Here before me was almost a living representation of the scene that had so closely preceded the suffering, for our miserable sakes by our Saviour on the Cross,—suffering so great that, notwithstanding His love and desire to save us from deserved punishment, the human part of this God-Man shrank shuddering back, appalled for an instant, as his lips gave utterance to the pitiful prayer, 'O, my Father, *if it be possible*, let this cup pass from me,' but, instantly, the Divine Nature asserted itself, as He quickly added, 'nevertheless, *not* as I will, but as Thou wilt.' Here were the figures of the men that had played such important part in the condemnation. Cai-phas, one of the Chief Priests, who had preferred to save the robber Barrabas rather than Him who had made the blind to see, and brought the dead to life. Herod, by whose order all the children in Bethlehem, from two years and under, were slain, so that the voice of mothers was heard wailing through the land, 'weeping for their children, because they were not.' There, too, was well-intentioned but weak of purpose Pilate, who tried to save Him, but seeing that he could prevail nothing, took water and washed his hands before the multitude, say-

ing, 'I am innocent of the blood of this just person. See ye to it.' And then we are told, answered all the people, who, notwithstanding the manifestations of the Divine Power of the Man standing meekly before them, dared the wrath of the Most High, exclaiming, 'His blood be upon us and upon our children.'

How any one can hesitate to believe is indeed a marvel, for how strictly the Scriptures have been fulfilled. Driven from Jerusalem, have not the descendants of this people ever since been persecuted and despised by all nations of the earth. The sins of the fathers have indeed been visited upon the children, and the defiant invocation of the Jews assembled that day has been answered to the letter. *His blood has indeed been on them and their children.* Such were the thoughts called up by the sight of this wonderful creation of Doré; and, after spending considerable time at the Gallery, I went away, more impressed than I had ever been with a sense of the reality of the sufferings of Him who had died to save sinners. This production of the skilled hand of the artist could not but stamp upon the mind of the observer an ineffacable impression of the depth of contumely, insult and degradation that was heaped by the chosen people of God upon His Son that He had sent to save them. From the jeering look upon some of the faces, one could well imagine the mocking shout that, during His agony, rent the air, of 'Hail King of the Jews!' At the great Day of Wrath, those, whose tongues were so ready to deride, will be bowed with shame, fear and trembling:—

'Day of Wrath, O, Day of Blaming,
In red ashes earth fades flaming,
David's Sybils truth proclaiming,
O, dread time of heart-quake looming,
When the Judge shall come in glooming,
Unto all to deal stern dooming,
'Frumpet hurling sound of wonder
Through the tombs the whole world under,
Drives all fore the throne with thunder.
Death shall swoon and nature sicken,
When from dust mankind shall quicken,
God to answer, *conscience-stricken*.'

This painting so rivetted our attention as to rob the two others in the room—notable of themselves,—‘The Dream of Pilate’s Wife’ and ‘The Soldiers of the Cross,’—of that which they deserved. And here I would desire to erase a false impression that may have been given by a paragraph in the last number of the MONTHLY, in which, after alluding to the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth, in which people were murdered and persecuted in the name of religion—Protestants by Catholics and Catholics by Protestants—the following appeared: ‘For my part, it does appear to me that at the dread day, it will matter little whether, on earth, we called ourselves Protestant or Catholic.’ In the manuscript followed two or three sentences in which I endeavoured to explain the sense in which that statement was made; but which were dropped from the printed page. I would most certainly not intentionally write a word that would seem to indicate sympathy with the spirit of indifference as to religious matters that now so much prevails, and that too often leads to positive infidelity. The bald statement here alluded to might be considered as indicating such views. My desire was to say a word against the spirit of intolerance too often displayed by members of the two great divisions of Christians, who, though they differ in important and significant points, and as to form and ritual, still worship the same God and look for salvation to the same Saviour. There are Protestants and Catholics who, like the Pharisees of old, thank God that they are not as other men, and are illiberal enough to think that those who differ from them must be lost. It seems to me that a broader view will be taken. I remember when, years ago, meeting a prominent Irishman in this city, some allusion was made to religious matters. Good nature and good will to all men beaming from every lineament of his countenance, I thought, now here’s a man of large views.

Sadly was I disappointed. Turning to him I said, ‘Surely, you don’t believe that, because I am a Protestant, I will go to H—ades.’ This good-natured man, overflowing, apparently with love for humanity, quickly and hotly answered, ‘No, I don’t *think* so—I’m *sure* of it!’ Himself a Warden of a Reformatory, he evidently did not believe in the Reformation. Well, for his sake, I hope that my views will turn out to be the correct ones.

Turning from land to water, the collision of the *Bywell Castle* and the *Princess Alice*, was at the time in everybody’s mouth. Six hundred people had, almost in the twinkling of an eye, been called upon to render up their lives. Ah, what a world of anguish such a death must mean. A few moments before the collision with jests on their lips and, perchance, wickedness in their hearts. A few moments later, struggling in the dark waters, wives calling to their husbands to save them—sisters crying to their brothers for help—help which only in a few cases could be rendered. Desperate were the efforts made for life, but unavailing as desperate. A story is told of a husband getting astride a small log, his wife with hands clasped around his neck clinging to him; so they floated for a long time, praying for help which came not. Chilled by the water, and half fainting with terror, in the course of time his wife became exhausted and, exclaiming, ‘Oh, George, I cannot hold on any longer,’ slid backwards into the dark waters and was seen no more. Another man and his wife were picked up two miles from where the accident took place. It was said that the majority of the victims had but little chance for life. Several large sewers of the city emptied themselves into the river in the vicinity of the accident, and the unhappy wretches were literally poisoned almost as soon as they touched the water.

Curious to see what kind of vessel the *Princess Alice* was, I went down

the Thames a few days afterwards in a similar craft. It happened to be a Saturday, and, when we started, the little craft had as many passengers as it could well carry. She appeared to me to go with great speed, darting about here and there among the larger craft like a minnow among big fish. Near the gangway I noticed a small boy with an eager, anxious look on his face, who continually kept shouting, 'back her,' 'stop her,' 'ease her.' He kept vociferating in such a way that at last I asked my companion why he was allowed to make such a noise; his voice being more shrill than pleasant. My friend answered, 'look above him,' and, doing so, I saw a man who turned out to be the captain, directing our way by motions with his hand, the meaning of which was being conveyed to the engineer by the cries of the obnoxious boy. This appeared to me to be a primitive method of signalling, hardly worthy of our English brethren. Why not adopt the 'Colonial' system of bells, and have the captain's orders indicated by himself to the engineer, instead of through this youthful medium. Supposing that, through fatigue, the lad became inattentive or misinterpreted the captain's signal, the result might be the running of the steamer into some other craft, and the sending of every body on board to Davy Jones' locker.

However, happily, nothing of the sort occurred on this occasion, and we steamed merrily along. At the first stopping place, we took on board a number of people, who, in our already overcrowded state, did not add much to our comfort. Standing room was all that any man could well ask, so I surrendered my seat to an unhappy woman, who, on pleasure bent, had brought two of her children with her for a Saturday's outing. With a little one in her arms and holding another by the hand, she certainly did not look as if she was enjoying her holiday. I could not help thinking that had she

been doing so, she would have excelled even Mark Tapley himself in his capacity for 'being jolly under creditable circumstances.' Owing to her heavy load, the vessel now commenced to roll. Still the captain put in at the next landing place for an addition to the number of his passengers.

My friend remarked, 'this is a pretty risky business, I wish I was on shore. Can you swim?' I answered in the negative, but that I was prepared to take my chances. I was too much interested in the scene to be at all alarmed. Not so, however, a fellow passenger close behind me, who, in the most energetic way, kept vociferating, 'I say, captain, you can't take on any more, draw the gangway.' Some women commenced to cry, much to the discomfiture of their male companions, who, as best they could, tried to comfort them. The energetic man, however, continued his loud-voiced remonstrances, and at last, worked up to a pitch of frenzy, yelled, terror mingled with indignation in his tones. 'I say, captain, draw the gangway, Remember the *Princess Alice*,' the recent disaster being evidently uppermost in his mind. At this moment, a policeman forced his way through the crowd on the dock and peremptorily ordered the captain to move on, which was immediately done. The little steamer 'wobbled' on its way with its panic stricken cargo of nearly six hundred souls. Not sorry were we when we reached the next stopping place, which happened to be Greenwich, where my friend and myself landed, wondering not a little that the English people should be content with so wretched a craft, such as we had just quitted. At the 'Ship' we solaced ourselves with a right good dinner, and returned by rail to town.

Being anxious to witness one of the great races of England, I determined to see the 'St. Leger' run. Leaving the *Alexandra* at about nine p. m., I found myself at three the following morning, in company with two forlorn

Englishmen, wandering about the streets of Doncaster, looking for a place to lay our weary heads. The hotels, such as they are, were crowded, and we finally found shelter in a private house, where we were glad to get a sofa for a bed. We were early on the ground. What a crowd and what a Babel! The Prince of Wales was there with his friends. Hale and hearty he looked, but somewhat stout for a man of his years. The 'George' nose and prominent eyes were unmistakable, and the heavy German features lit up, now and then, evidencing a sense of humour and fun. The grounds were covered with thousands—on foot, in vehicles, and on horseback. The Derby and this race have been so often described that I will say nothing further of it than that it afforded me all the pleasure I had anticipated; which was not a little. My two fellow wanderers volunteered to give me the straight tip, and advised me to back 'Childeric,' which I did. The inevitable accompanying alloy in the pleasure of that day, was in the fact of seeing two horses suddenly emerge from the ruck towards the finish, the foremost of which was greeted by the crowd with frantic and triumphant cries of 'Childeric,' 'Childeric.' Visions of a win of a pretty big pile of sovereigns filled my imagination for a moment as I, too, cheered the horse, on whom I had placed my money, as he came gamely along looking all over a winner. But, alas, another horse was seen to suddenly collar 'Childeric' when only a few strides from the winning post, and in the last two, to our dismay, in some incomprehensible way, was lifted by her jockey so as to get her head in front. *Sic transit.* The backers of 'Childeric' were dumb, and a mighty shout went up—'Jannette wins.' I had an excellent opportunity of seeing everything to advantage. On the course I came across two Toronto men, Mr. Walter Boswell and Dr. Andrew

Smith. I was very glad to see faces I knew, if we met only to be parted. 'Where did you come from? What are you backing? I'll see you again.' The crowd separated us, and we met not again. Returning to London that night, I was shown by a guard into an empty carriage. A few seconds after, I was followed by two men, who, though well dressed, had a look I did not at all like. I had seated myself at a window opposite the door at which I got in. One of the two seated himself directly in front of me, and, as the train moved off, officiously asked, 'Would you like the window put down, sir?' Knowing that, strange to say, such civility is not a characteristic of the better class of English people, I answered in a way to put a stop to further advances on his part. However, nothing daunted, he continued, 'Been lucky to-day, sir?' I replied abruptly, and coiling myself up in the corner, tried to let him see that I was disinclined for conversation. Tired out with want of rest the night before, and the excitement through the day, I fell asleep, but awoke in time to see that my would-be acquaintance was extending his hand in the direction of my pocket. He did not notice that I was awake, and I took in the surroundings at a glance. Two to one, and the two who were without doubt pickpockets, and probably armed, were not desirable odds, especially in an English railway carriage, where you are locked in and shut off from all communication with the other passengers. I had noticed that there appeared to be no communication cord running through the carriage. The other pickpocket had got quite close to his friend. A delightful situation. I simply folded my arms across my pockets and, pretending to awake suddenly, asked how far we were from London. Quick as a flash he drew back his hand and answered with readiness that we were due at twelve o'clock. I then chatted with them about the race, saying that it was the

first English one I had ever seen. They expressed much surprise. I told them that I was from America, and, placing my hand in my breast pocket, quietly said, 'By the way, the Americans all carry revolvers. Have you ever seen one?'

They replied that they had not. I answered that it was the finest weapon in the world, and that with one, half a dozen people could be shot in a few seconds. They got out at the next station. At the station further on, two others of the same fraternity got in, whom I got rid of in a similar way. I concluded that travelling alone at night after a race day was certainly an unenjoyable, if not a dangerous, proceeding on the part of an unsophisticated colonist. What was there to prevent these men from chloroforming or stabbing me, and, after robbing, departing?

We visited some of the theatres, and twice saw our old friend Sothern in his great character of 'Dundreary.' It may be said that Sothern and Lord Dundreary vanished from the stage together, for it is not likely that any one will ever successfully copy his portrayal of that character, so laughter-provoking through its silliness and extravagant absurdities, given such point to by his peculiar utterance and manner, typical of the heavy swell—the fool of the family, whose affectations cover him with ridicule, though one cannot help observing a grain of sense glimmering here and there through a mass of witless idiocies. It takes a clever man to make an interesting fool. The fool, *par excellence*, of olden courts was no fool at all, as many a courtier was made to feel when writhing under the lash of his wit. We will miss Lord Dundreary and never see his like again—the ridiculous skip and the feigned serious voice with which he propounded some problematical question of what he considered tremendous moment. We will never again be anxiously asked the question, 'If you had a brother, would

he like cheese?' nor hear him, after pensively puzzling over a question for many moments, in his turn, 'give it up?' explaining, with a bewildered shake of his head, that it was 'what no fellow could understand.' He was so 'utterly utter' in his absurdities as to compel the head of the most serious family to let his grim visage relax for a moment into a smile; and I have even seen a stern Presbyterian give way to a not-to-be-restrained laugh.

It seemed to me that, 'no fellow could understand' why the majority of the buildings provided for the production of the drama were so small. One would imagine that more extensive accommodation would be required for the population of a great city like London with its four millions.

Incidentally I noticed the other day that some American clergymen who were seeing the sights away from home, had made a protest against the admission of a class of 'unfortunates' to certain theatres and other public places in Paris, to which they lent their countenance by their presence. Just for once they went to places, when abroad, that at home they advise their parishioners to shun. Horrified to find themselves seated beside sinners, their indignation broke out into this merciless protest. They would deny these poor outcasts all amusements—treat them like lepers and, if they had the power, deepen the gloom of their wretched lives (and is not their punishment hard to bear), by denying their right to share with them the light of God's sun. They would drive them into utter darkness, refuse them the means of intellectual enjoyment—no matter how slight—and thus win them back to a better life; and while He, whose ministers they profess to be, took Mary Magdalene by the hand, such men would, in holy horror, pass by on the other side. Certainly, men should seek to protect their families from evil associations; but we would hardly expect the minis-

ters of Him who came to save sinners to be the first to turn their backs upon the fallen, and to try to shut every door against them. It is humiliatingly contemptible in its Pharisaism.

My Quebec friends suddenly left for the Continent. I promised to join them at Paris in a day or two and accordingly soon found myself crossing 'the silver streak.' The steamer was much overcrowded. The weather was dull, and it was dark and stormy. We soon felt the effect of the chopping sea of the channel and I looked about for a seat to which I could comfortably hold on. I discovered a bench opposite the gangway, close to the cabin wall, at one end of which was seated an apparently tall man, of good presence and with a remarkably long grey moustache. Along the bench appeared, from the irregular surface, to be small pieces of luggage covered by a shawl. Seeing no reason why one man should occupy so much space, I quietly sat down about the middle of the bench. It seemed to me that it was remarkably soft and yielding. In a moment, the tall stranger sprang to his feet and, with quivering moustache and blazing eyes,

angrily exclaimed 'Sir, that's my niece.' I looked along the bench, and at the other end, saw a lady's upturned face. Too astonished (at the indignity of being 'sat upon'), to speak, her dark eyes flashed her indignation and her horror. *Horribile dictu!* I quickly realized that, in the darkness, I had calmly sat down upon the recumbent form of a 'ladye faire.' Quickly I turned to the indignant uncle and explained that I had supposed that the shawl covered 'somebody's luggage.' He answered that the lady was an invalid niece of his, that he was taking across for change of air, and whom, being very weak, he had placed in a recumbent position on the bench. I expressed the regret that I sincerely felt to the lady, and her uncle, hat in hand, assured me that he felt satisfied that the painful occurrence was entirely owing to an unfortunate mistake. We became good friends on the way across and united in hearty abuse of the wretched accommodation afforded travellers who, on business or on pleasure bent, had to cross the Channel.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE DEAD PRESIDENT.

OUR last number had passed from under our hands before the grim Conqueror, with the odds tremendously in his favour, had ended the play of life and death which for eighty days had drawn all eyes to the bedside of the stricken President, and, in spite of a nation's prayers and a world's solicitude, had closed a tragedy which will live long in the hearts of millions. Elsewhere in the present number the

mournful event, which well lends itself to treatment by the elegiac muse, receives a fitting, sympathetic tribute. But here, also, we may be permitted to hang the garland of a few prose-words upon the tomb of a true man, who, seeking neither honour nor place, but in the path of duty called unexpectedly to the highest seat in the nation, won both imperishably. The universality and spontaneity of the

grief which the death of President Garfield has called forth, has only been equalled by its intensity, an intensity which the minute detail of each day's record of progress or relapse from the period when the miscreant's bullet sped its way into the sufferer's side, did much to call forth. But there was more than this to quicken the sympathy and to deepen the sorrow of the millions on both sides the Atlantic, who daily scanned the bulletins for tidings of the President's condition, and who were at least to learn that the struggle was over, and that the surgeons' skill and the tending hand of love could do no more. There was more even than the spectacle of pain resolutely endured, of heroic fortitude and Christian resignation. There was the knowledge that the chosen of a great nation had fallen a martyr to the disease which has long been preying upon its vitals, and who, strong in a patriot's strength, had given his life to cleanse it of its foulness. Nor was the sacrifice that of a mere politician, actuated by the motives of his kind, and looking no higher than the downfall of a clique opposed to him. The man and the work were far other than this. Death, no doubt, brings its idolatries, and the press has probably spoken extravagant words of Garfield. But this is true of *in* man, that in him were embodied the worthiest qualities of human nature. Few indeed have come to the Presidential office better fitted, morally and intellectually, to preside over the nation. His whole career as a public man testifies to this. But of the elements that were great in him, none shine so conspicuously as his honesty and his courage. Eighteen years of public life left no stain upon him, while his loyalty to duty, and his fearlessness in pursuit of it, whether as soldier, schoolmaster or statesman, are noble incentives to his countrymen.

His sense of honour was ever acute, and he frowned upon boss-rule as if it were the plague. Had he lived, what work, we ask ourselves, would he not have done! How he would have repressed machine politics, and what a crusade he would have led against the spoils system! But, alas, this was not to be, and the chance that was the nation's has, for the present, passed by. Yet do we hope that whatever is good in the nation has received a new impulse from his life and death. Those who believe in the deep, strong current of the Divine influence in human affairs will feel that certainly there was a design in the sacrifice he was called upon to make. An event which so impressed itself upon all, hushing the clamour of faction, and quelling, we trust not merely momentarily, much of turbulence and wrong, was surely fraught with some lasting, beneficent purpose. The surge of moral emotion throughout two continents, which bespoke reverence for exalted worth and keenest sympathy with the misfortune that had laid him low, must surely issue in some good, at least to the people of his own nation. Whatever the lesson is to bring forth, we will hope the best from the change in the national administration. President Arthur has said that, 'all the noble aspirations of my lamented predecessor which found expression in his life . . . will be garnered in the hearts of the people; and it will be my earnest endeavour to profit, and to see that the nation shall profit, by his example and experience.' In this the new Chief Magistrate will best commend himself to universal approval, and most effectually impress the lesson which the tragic death of President Garfield is peculiarly fitted at the present time to teach to the American people.

ROUND THE TABLE

GUESTS OF THE ROUND TABLE
ON THE INSPIRATION QUES-
TION.

COMMENT NO. I.

IT seems to me that the author of 'The Rational View of the Bible'* occupies the extreme left position with regard to the origin of the books that constitute the Old Testament literature. The traditionalists who occupy the extreme right hold that Moses was the author of the Pentateuch; that the succeeding books were written by writers as nearly as possible contemporaneous with the times and events treated in the respective books; and that the Old Testament Canon was formed by Ezra, and a body of Elders first called into existence by him, known in Jewish tradition as 'the Great Synagogue.' This view is given by Josephus, and evidently embodies the current tradition of the Jews as far back as his day. Kuenen may be taken as the representative of the Rationalists who occupy the extreme left position. He throws aside Jewish tradition altogether, on the ground, not only that evidence produced a thousand years after the events occurred to which it refers is no evidence at all, but also that the only way to ascertain the truth on the subject is to look into the books themselves and there find out the literary and historical circumstances in which they grew up. The data may be scanty, but they are the only data we have, and they are to be construed in accordance with those principles of development that the mental and religious history of every other people illustrate. To him there is no more of the supernatural in Jewish history than in any other history, ancient or modern. The accounts of miracles are wholly mythical. The Hebrew prophets were

statesmen or popular leaders. Predictions were always uttered after the event. The Hebrews developed from barbarism to civilization, as other nations have developed; from crude religious notions and a low state of morality to monotheism and the lofty moral code expressed in the writings of the prophets; from the simple nature worship that characterized all the nations round about them to the elaborate ceremonial of the Levitical ritual formulated subsequently to Ezra.

A middle position is occupied by a school of which Robertson Smith is the best known exponent. As he agrees with the Rationalists that the books of the Old Testament must be interpreted by the same critical principles which we apply to all other ancient books, and that the highest evidence in regard to their authorship, dates, and the circumstances in which they were written, is what can be found by interrogating the books themselves, some people have hastily assumed that his position is the same as Kuenen's. On the contrary, he and his friends maintain that his method is the only one that modern scholars can acknowledge, and that he takes the only ground on which the destructive criticism of Kuenen can be met. Accepting, not only with Kuenen, but, as he claims, with the vast and increasing majority of Biblical critics, the new views with regard to the composition and growth of Hebrew literature and the late formation of the Canon, he finds in that literature itself much that the philosophical principles of the Rationalists make them unwilling, and, we may say, unable, to see. He believes thoroughly in the supernatural guidance of the Hebrew Church, in the miracles recorded in its records, in the inspiration of the prophets, and contends that the critic who does not acknowledge the peculiar relation of the Jewish people to God throws away the only key that can unlock all the difficulties which the facts of the case present. Whether his position be tenable or not, it is simply dis-

* *A Rational View of the Bible*: a course of Lectures, by Rev. Newton M. Mann, Rochester, N. Y. Toronto: Rose-Belford Publishing Co., 1881.

honest to class him with Kuenen. He fearlessly accepts the critical principles of the Rationalists, and considers that he applies them more rigorously than they do; while in his dogmatic interpretation he is at one with the extreme right.

A THEOLOGICAL TEACHER.

COMMENT NO. II.

But surely Dr. Robertson Smith makes to criticism concessions fatal to Faith? Like others, who have thought that half measures of revolution could be made final, he is but giving an impulse to a destructive process which will not leave one stone standing on another in the Christian Temple. Such men are the Girondists of Theological Destructiveness; the future of the movement they have inaugurated belongs to logicians who have the courage of *their* opinions. Half a century ago Dr. Arnold led the first, timid, semi-orthodox Broad Church advance. His most gifted son denies Immortality and a Personal God! Such speculations as this of Dr. Robertson Smith and the German 'theologians,' of whose voices his is the echo, are dangerous, not because it matters in the least whether Deuteronomy was written by Moses or Jeremiah, but because the suggestion of doubt to the popular mind replaces an unreasoning faith by an equally unreasoning disbelief. And, after all, are the arguments of the German criticism so very cogent? As, according to the legend, the Prophet Isaiah was sawn in two, so the German critic divides the prophet into two distinct Isaiahs, an earlier and a later: he deals with the College of the Apostles just as Mr. Crooks does with that of Upper Canada. And on what evidence? 'All the evidence we have!' in the case of the prophet, the occurrence of predictions which those who disbelieve in the supernatural gift of prophecy assume at once on the face of it to be a proof that the portion of Isaiah containing the predictions was written *after* the event 'predicted.' But to those who believe in prophecy as a distinctive feature of revelation, this reasoning is of no value. So on the meagre foundation of a passage in one of Paul's letters, in which he mentions one solitary instance of disagreement with Peter, a theory of two parties, a Pauline and a Petrine, is built up! In reading Ewald's great book on Israel, I

was astonished at the way in which that eminent Hebraist shifts and transposes everything—so many Psalms by David, sixteen, I think: this and that fragment possibly by Moses, if such a person ever existed; and all this on his own unsupported authority, without any argument which even a Hebrew expert could appreciate.

It seems to me possible to suggest a modest but useful working theory in dealing with the question of the authorship of books of such vast antiquity, respecting which it is admitted, both by 'extreme right' and 'extreme left,' that nothing that can be called *evidence* is within our reach: it seems to me we cannot do better than acquiesce in the general belief as it has come down to us, not on 'the authority of the Church,' but, as we trust, and are very generally right in trusting, popular tradition as to places or events. And in the East, conservative in all things, the popular account of the authorship of a sacred book would be doubly likely to be the true one. The question of authorship need be no trouble to a Christian; it is one he can safely pass by. Its discussion, when so little evidence exists, is a mere barren logomachy, whose only result can be to unsettle men's minds, and lead those who get the habit of this second-hand scepticism to conclude, that if the books were not written by the alleged authors, the books themselves are of no authority.

CLERICAL CONTRIBUTOR.

COMMENT NO. III.

These questions can not be ignored. It is not only a crime, but a mistake, to teach false history; and it is no longer possible for the clergy to pass by these topics. They are not now confined to the dry tomes of theologians. They form a part of popular literature, and the laity, if they find their spiritual guides silent respecting questions which concern the truth or falsehood of what is taught in every Sunday-school, will draw their own conclusions. If a liberal clergy will not teach the Christian side of modern criticism, the field is open to Bradlaugh and Ingersoll, who are not afraid to face the consequences of *their* system all round, and who certainly have no 'reserves' or 'mysteries.'

'Clerical Contributor' is sincere, I believe, in thinking his policy of holding aloof from 'dangerous' issues the safest

for popular faith. But, in the first place, such questions as the authorship of the 'Books of Moses' do not stand alone; they form part of the discussions which are 'in the air' of the present age—questions which the religious thought *must* face, where it is not the cant of a paid profession or the stupidity of a fanaticism like that which on Sundays in summer makes the Toronto Queen's Park re-echo with the screech of its blasphemous doggerel. Outside these two classes, all men who think at all on the subject of religion in our day are irresistibly impelled to ask questions which the clergy do not seem to care about attempting to answer. In total opposition to 'Clerical Contributor,' I would have the clergy deal openly and fairly with all such matters as the authorship and inspiration of the Bible, with the question of the Future Life, with the question of a literal or figurative Second Advent. In order to do so, those of the Episcopal and Methodist Churches at least must first learn a little about the reasoning of their opponents. Narrowing influences must be supplemented by reading some of the books which form factors in the thoughts of all educated men. To face these matters fairly would by no means necessarily lead to conclusions hostile to faith. Few thinking men who do so face them fail to find that, all the better for the casting down of unrealities and half-beliefs, 'the things that cannot be shaken do remain.' Belief in the unknowable God does not vanish with Paley's notion of a magnified watchmaker; nor do the consolations of the Book of Books seem further from us when we believe that they are the human utterance of men and women like ourselves, not of an inspiration forced through their lips as we force a tune through organ pipes: Faith in Responsibility and Hope in the Future may be ours when we have ceased to picture that Supreme Tribunal of Conscience before God, as a mere mediæval pageant of Thrones and Books and Trumpets. Let the clergy do as educated laymen do. Let them meet the difficulties of these perplexing questions fairly. Let them acknowledge fully what they cannot prove to be no matter of hard dogma; and let them point to the grounds of *Hope* that remain to *Faith*, to the difficulties which beset the path of those who dogmatically deny, as well as the difficulties of those who dogmatically affirm. There is abundant room for a new and telling

class of sermons for those who would take this line honestly and fully. Of the three sermons I have heard lately, one was on 'the type presented by Melchizedek,' the other two had not the faintest connection with any moral or intellectual teaching, or anything that could help to make life better or brighter. Now, in the opinion of most of the *laity*, Melchizedek is becoming just a little uninteresting. Might not a change of subject be good? I cordially agree with what is said by 'A Theological Teacher' as to 'A Rational View of the Bible.' In the first place, the book is a mere English *précis* of the German Kuenen; in the second, the author is animated by a spirit of partisan hatred against Christianity and the Old Testament, which makes him, in my judgment, unfair. The Hebrews of the exodus could not have been the brutal savages he represents them, after such long contact with the civilization of Egypt. Perhaps 'A Theological Teacher' will communicate with us further on this interesting subject. He was but too brief.

A LAYMAN.

COMMENT NO. IV.

It is impossible for the workers of society to go into the niceties of Biblical criticism. None but a few men of exceptional leisure, and still more exceptional scholarship, can even attempt to weigh the evidence adduced by such books as 'Supernatural Religion' and its opponents as to the age and authorship of such books as the Fourth Gospel. Therefore it would be a gain to the intelligent religious aspirations of that large class which has little leisure and less scholarship could we be assured of some broad doctrine as to the nature and use of the Sacred Books, one on which the mere question whether John wrote the Evangel or the Vision current under his name would become a matter of no practical religious importance. Suppose that broader doctrine were to teach that all good gifts come from on High, all enlightenment from the Father of Light. The teaching of the most Human of the Gospels, the glowing imagery of the one great poem which comes to us from primitive Christianity, owe their religious value to *themselves*, not to their date or authorship; still less to the talismanic sanctity with which ecclesias-

tical tradition has invested them. 'But,' orthodoxy may reply, 'on this view of inspiration, you put Shakespeare or Shelley on a level with St. John.' By no means; the inspiration of Shakespeare or of Shelley was for a secular mission; that of John for a religious one. Both had their mission: 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' The Bible was meant to be *the religious Book of the world*; it is and will be so, and it lives in a sphere which sceptical criticism cannot reach. Only two things can weaken men's trust in its right use. Dishonest avoidance of criticism which every one knows to be irrefragable, the ostrich policy of hiding head and brains in the sand, and a theory of inspiration inherited from times when the European intellect was but half awake, and fatally bound up with scholastic notions which every student of every school now rejects.

Some sort of a New Reformation is inevitable as to this and kindred questions. Shall it come from the pulpit, from the press, or from the outside world which sympathises with neither?

A MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

REJOINER.

My brief notice of a rather insignificant book, has, I find, been made a text for various comments. In the course of the commenting, the original subject of review has dropped out of sight, and Robertson Smith—with the whole of what is called 'Biblical Introduction' and its bearing on Inspiration—has taken its place. These questions are altogether too large to be discussed in an off-hand way at a Round Table. At the very least they should be based on a full review of Robertson Smith's Lectures, and—as 'A Layman' desires to hear again from me—I may attempt this in a succeeding number of the CAN-

ADIAN MONTHLY. In the meantime, I may be permitted to sum up the symposium with a few words. 'A Layman' is right in saying that it is not only a crime but a blunder for the clergy to ignore these topics. They cannot be ignored. When the ostrich hides its head in the sand, its doom is sealed. 'A Man of the People' is also right in saying that, as it is impossible for the general run of men to examine into the niceties of Biblical Criticism, it is necessary to get some broad statement—intelligible to the tone of modern thought—with reference to the nature and use of the Bible, on which men can stand, nothing doubting. I have not made up my mind whether 'Clerical Contributor' is in earnest or not. In his second paragraph he suggests a strong argument in favour of the position of the traditionalists; but the first paragraph is simply amusing or amazing, according to the state of mind in which we happen to be. Speculation is 'dangerous,' because the suggestion of doubt to the popular mind replaces an unreasoning faith by an equally unreasoning disbelief.' We must then be content with an unreasoning faith. To get a reasonable faith is wholly out of the question, it seems. Speculation must be stopped, or at all events kept out of the Church. That is, let there be an infallible Church for the people, and let thinkers live without religion, only 'let them take off their hats when they pass a church!' *Roma locuta est.* Again, he calls men who begin to depart from the old paths 'the Girondists of Theological Destructiveness.' Does that mean that constitutional reform is the parent of revolution? That the Girondists begat the mountain, and that the Reign of Terror is to be laid at their door? He cannot mean that: but if he does not mean that, what does he mean?

A THEOLOGICAL TEACHER.

BOOK REVIEWS.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, Philosopher and Poet. By ALFRED H. GUERNSEY. New York: D. Appleton and Co. 1881.

THIS quasi-edition of Emerson is one of Appleton's new handy-volume series. The volume is certainly handy; and in this age, when everybody travels by rail and steamboat, and carries one or two cheap books that can be taken up for a few minutes when nothing else claims attention, and which may be stolen by fellow-passengers addicted to petty larceny, or lost amid the rush at a station without much regret, the series to which it belongs doubtless fills a place in our literary economy. To an author who dislikes to be judged by bits and scraps, as you would judge a house by seeing one of the stones of which it is built, such a series must be an additional jar to sensitive nerves, an additional black mark to be scored against the race of publishers. Formerly, it was considered that 'selections' were intended only for young ladies at fashionable boarding schools. Now, when Matthew Arnold gives us dainty editions of choice portions of Byron and Wordsworth, we need not wonder at a series compiled on the scissors-principle. The inevitable and ineradicable sin of such compilations is that they do not let the writer speak for himself. Worse, they often distort his thought, for part of the truth may be the greatest falsehood, as our wise old forefathers knew well when they enacted that in giving evidence the witness must speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. A reader, with the instinct of an artist, revolts against expurgated editions. The instinct of truthfulness revolts against an edition of professed tit-bits. Of course, the inevitable evil is aggravated, according as the editor or scissors-wielder fails to understand his author, sees with eagle-eye contraries that he considers contradictory, hears discords, but not the harmony in which they are reconciled, tears off limbs from different organisms, and

putting them side by side, loudly calls our attention to the fact that they are not alike, and on every occasion sits as supreme Jove high on a throne, and pronounces judgments with exasperating editorial infallibility.

From the volume on Emerson, some interesting details about his life may be learned, but little more. Often, his wise pregnant aphorisms, the outcome of profound philosophy, are misconstrued, and held up to moral reprobation. Thereby, the discerning reader is made very angry. The undiscerning reader is put on a wrong track, or confirmed in his Philistinism. For instance, the following paragraph is quoted from the Essay on 'Prudence':—

'PRUDENT COMPLIANCES.

'So neither should you put yourself in a false position with your contemporaries by indulging in a vein of hostility and bitterness. Though your views are in straight antagonism with theirs, assume an identity of sentiment, assume that you are saying precisely what all think, and in the flow of wit and love roll out your paradoxes in solid column, with not the infirmity of a doubt. So, at least, you get an adequate deliverance. Assume a consent, and it shall presently be granted, since really and underneath their external diversities all men are the same.'

Emerson, of course, is advocating the positive statement of truth as against the controversial. He would have us 'be more than conquerors.' Where it is at all possible, we should aim at converting instead of merely smashing those who differ from us; cut away the foundations of the hostile position instead of hammering it into hardness and invincibility. The more cannon-balls you pitch into earthworks, the more formidable you make the enemy's battery. Everyone who knows how barren controversy is, and how deteriorating its effects are on the characters of those who engage in it, must recognise the wisdom of the advice. As the Essayist puts it in a preceding paragraph—'If they set out to contend, Saint Paul will lie, and Saint John will hate.' For instance, let two men, each honestly desirous of advancing a good cause, try the different methods in addressing either an indivi-

dual or a crowd, an audience say of slave-owners and their sympathisers. The one addresses them as men. He knows their sentiments, but he keeps his knowledge to himself, suspecting that if he had been brought up with the same environment, his sentiments would probably be not unlike theirs, and his aim is not to denounce but to deliver them. Accordingly, he lays the foundations of his subtle argument in appeals to that which is best in man; perhaps throws his address into the form of a parable, like the great Teacher, whose teaching is the most perfect example of sweetness and light; enounces great moral principles to which the heart of humanity always responds; incidentally shows the curse of slavery, and that the curse falls on owner and trader as well as on slave; rouses their enthusiasm by dwelling on their fathers' fights for freedom; and gets them into a temper in which sacrifice is possible and almost easy. He receives a hearing, and is welcome to come again. Good seed is sown, and perhaps one or two resolve to forsake all and follow him. But the other calls this temporizing, and takes an apparently braver course. He is all righteous, and the godless crowd before him must be told in plain language what he thinks of them and their sin. So he gives it to them red-hot, and in five minutes they give him brickbats, or a coat of tar and feathers. Subsequently, they get their ablest ministers to write treatises to prove that slavery is a divine institution. Herein we may see the difference between wisdom and fanaticism, between authoritative statement and controversy.

One would imagine that there could be no mistaking Emerson's meaning, especially when the title of the essay is considered, and the context of the paragraph quoted. One would think that the philosopher who advises all men to speak to-day what they think, in words hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow—should they see cause to change their view—to speak the opposite in words equally hard, would be the last man to be charged with 'the basest and most unworthy prudence.' But here is the style in which his editor comments:—

'We have quoted this last paragraph only that we may express our utter dissent from it, except under the very widest limitations. Every day we are confronted with sentiments and opinions which we can not honestly assume to be identical with our own. Could Elijah honestly tell the priests of Baal that hi

God and theirs was the same? Could Luther blandly assure Eck and Tetzel that he agreed exactly, or in any degree even, with them in the matter of indulgences? Could Milton say to Salmasius that both of them were of one mind in regard to the great act of judgment executed by the people of England upon Charles the First? Could Emerson and Brigham Young—assuming that both were honest and sincere in their opinions—honestly and sincerely assure each other that there was no difference between them? Should I, who abhor assassination, assure a Nihilist that my views respecting the slaying of the Czar of Russia differed in nowise from his own? It may be, and often is, a matter of the highest and best wisdom to refrain from expressing one's sentiments, for there is a time to be silent and a time to speak. One is not bound of necessity to assail the dogma of the Real Presence when standing under the dome of St. Peter's, or to denounce Mohammed as a false prophet before the portals of the temple at Mecca. But, if a man will or must speak at all, only the basest and most unworthy prudence will sanction his speaking other than the truth. There are times and emergencies when the best and highest prudence must give way to something higher and better; times when this half virtue would be a whole crime. It was imprudent for John the Baptist to denounce Herod for having taken to himself his brother's wife; for Leonidas with his three hundred to hold the pass of Thermopylæ; for Luther to nail up his eighty-five theses on the doors of the Wittenberg Cathedral, and to go to Worms; for John Wesley to persist in open-air preaching; for Garrison to denounce slavery in Boston.'

*Was ever mortal so smothered under mighty names? Was there ever such a *douche* of indignant commonplaces more utterly beside the mark?*

When Mr. Guernsey takes the rôle of narrator instead of critic, he is more satisfactory. We learn that Emerson belongs to what has been styled the Boston Brahmin caste. 'For eight generations there had been no time when one or more of his forefathers, on the paternal or maternal side, was not a minister of the Gospel.' Ralph was one of four brothers, on all of whom the ancestral type was strongly impressed. At the age of fourteen years he entered Harvard, and graduated at seventeen. Fifty or sixty years ago, most of the students at the New England and Scottish Universities were boys. Now, they are men, and in the United States, in several universities, holidays are given at election times, to allow the students to go home and record their votes. In 1826, Emerson, at the age of 22, was 'approbated to preach by the Middlesex Association; and three years after, he was called to the pastorate of the Second Church (Unitarian) of Boston.

Referring our readers to the volume itself for details of his life and works, we confine ourselves to two points, which we touch upon for special reasons. First, the cause of his abandonment of the sacred office. The cause was simply a difference of opinion between him and

his congregation on a matter of ritual. To him the rite of the Lord's Supper had become an outworn garment, which the Church should decently lay aside. He doubted whether Jesus Himself ever intended that it should be a permanent institution, but he was quite prepared to take the position that, even if Jesus had contemplated making permanent a mode of commemorating His death agreeable to the Eastern mind, he would not adopt it, if on trial he found it foreign and unsuited to his feelings and ways of thinking. 'We,' he said, 'are not accustomed to express our thoughts or emotions by symbolical actions. And men find the bread and wine no aid to devotion; and to some it is a painful impediment. To eat bread is one thing; to love the principles of Christ, and resolve to obey them, is quite another.' From the Unitarian standpoint, his position was unassailable, but the congregation were not prepared for the innovation. Not a man would consent to make a change in the administration of the ordinance, and rather than continue administering it, he resigned his pastorate.

The story is instructive. Orthodox Churches are assailed, because they demand from their ministers subscription to articles, and the clamour waxes loudest when one who has departed from the creed or directory of worship is required to leave the Church. Heterodox, or so called 'Liberal,' Churches often assume that it is otherwise in their case, and that within them there are no penalties for free thought. Consequently, heterodoxy is to them synonymous with liberality, and orthodoxy with illiberality. Thus, a Church that rejected from its ministry one who had ceased to believe in future punishment would be considered narrow. But how long would a minister hold his position in an Universalist Church if he changed his views on the doctrine in question? Or, would an Unitarian Church be broad enough to allow its minister to preach Trinitarian doctrine? Emerson was in perfect sympathy with his congregation on every point but one of ritual, and that proved enough to sever the tie between them, and to shut him out from a career on which he had entered with the most brilliant prospects. His case makes it clear that subscription, actual or implied, exists in all Churches, because it is deemed essential to them as societies. The only question that re-

mains is as to degree, or the number of points that the subscription should cover, and the relative importance of those points. And the solution of this question is to be found in the right appreciation of the great object for which the Church exists. Some peculiar people delight in multiplying terms of communion, and unwillingly distinguish between essentials and accidentals. Others would seek to retain in the Church all who are loyal to its divine Head, and who are animated by His Spirit. Believing in the Spirit of life, they believe in the growth of the Church. That is, according to their ideal, the Church is an organism, not a mechanism; a divine institution, not a humanly organized club. Heterodox churches are of necessity narrow. A Christian Church is either broad, or false to its ideal.

I have time only to allude to another subject, which I had marked for reference. The storm that greeted the publication of Carlyle's 'Reminiscences' is still ringing in our ears. With his keen eyes, Carlyle dared to look into the men that society now considers its 'good form' to worship, and—according to wont—wrote down his impressions. The greatest men by all odds to whom he refers are Coleridge and Wordsworth. To these two, England owes much. But Carlyle saw their limitations. And, in turning to Emerson's interviews with them, I find that the opinions of the Concord and the Chelsea sage substantially agree. No one, however, fulminated against Emerson. Wherein then consists the sin of Carlyle? Is the explanation simply this, that men, who dared not cheep when he lived, take vengeance by insulting his ashes—in a word, that it is safer to kick a dead than a living lion?

Both Carlyle and Emerson were intended for the Christian ministry. Feeling that they could not walk in that path and be true to themselves, they forsook all, and—daring poverty, loneliness, misconception—followed the light within, which unless a man follow he soon becomes 'twice dead, plucked up by the roots.' Honour to both, is the heartfelt cry of one who is a Christian minister, because Christ is to him the only one who solves all problems, and gives meaning to life. The key that opens all locks must be the right key.

G. M. GRANT.

Poems of the Heart and Home. By MRS. J. C. YULE. Toronto: Bengough & Co., 1881.

This volume affords another illustration of what Mr. Bourinot has said in his work on 'Canadian Intellectual Development' as to the proof of increasing culture, shown by the frequent appearance of original works, marked by evident literary taste, from the pens of Canadian authors. The work before us is unambitious; but it bears the impress of a sweet and gentle nature, whose music is mostly in a minor key, and is at its best when simplest. The first lyric 'Yes, the weary earth shall brighten,' is what modern religious poetry rarely is, *unconscious*, and free from the falsetto notes of pietistic affectation. The lyrics treating on domestic subjects are to our mind the most natural and, therefore, the best. There is not much of the offensive adulation of great personages, in this volume, and what there is may be atoned for by a poem of so true a ring as the lines on Abraham Lincoln.

The religious poetry is addressed to a special class and is hardly to be judged by the canons of ordinary literary taste as are also the Prohibitionist verses. Of the former we prefer 'Sabbath Memories,' which has the advantage of a colouring of warm human feeling which gives life to the theology. But why will a lady gifted with true poetic feeling, insist on choosing hopelessly unpoetical subjects? Some of these poems have appeared in our columns, and we are glad to be able to say that this work as a whole entitles Mrs. Yule to a place among those whom Canada may rank as her true poets.

—
Three Months among the Moose. A Winter's Tale of the Northern Wilds of Canada. By A MILITARY CHAPLAIN. Montreal: John Lovell & Son; Toronto: Willing & Williamson.

Glad to notice every indication of the growth of Canadian literature, we took up this little volume with a prepossession in its favour; but the sparkling descriptions and the dash of the narrative soon showed that the author needed no favour at our hands. He is a delightful *raconteur*, with that spice of interest in himself, and his own thoughts,

adventures and belongings, that is more infectious in print than in real life. It sets the reader at his ease and makes him entertain a kindly fellow-feeling with the narrator. No one who commences the story of this holiday among the piny wildernesses of the Upper Ottawa will stop till he gets to the last page.

The author does not give his name. Having served as a military chaplain, he adopts that title, perhaps to disarm those critics of both sexes who look with suspicion on a clergyman should he be known to shoot, fish, smoke, or carry a flask 'for medicinal purposes.' Denouncing 'hunting parsons' without reservation, they might pardon some irregularities in men connected with the army, navy, or volunteers. Military chaplains could for the nonce be considered only semi-reverend. Not that our Nimrod has escaped scot-free, even on this ground. On his return from hunting the moose, he informs us that some of his clerical friends gave him but lukewarm greetings, and looked at his restored health as if dubious whether it were not a sign of the divine displeasure. 'They were not quite sure as to the orthodoxy of my late proceedings. One, in particular, railed at me in good set terms, for what he was pleased to call "the impropriety and scandalousness of leading such a life as I had been doing for the last three months; that I might have been much better employed than in roaming the forest, sleeping out in the snows, associating with Indians and other wild men," and much more to the same effect.' Having given the one point of view, we must give the other. The chaplain, instead of defending his conduct, simply carries the war into Africa:—'With my usual meekness, I said nothing, but like the Irishman's parrot, I thought all the more, and my thoughts ran somewhat in this wise: "My good brother, if you would only go and do as I have done, you would be a much better preacher than you are; and not only a healthier man but also a truer Christian. It would tend greatly towards cleansing out the atrabilliousness both of your body and mind, and give you broader, kindlier, and sounder views of your fellow-men, and of your duty both to God and the Church."—Between such disputants we do not pretend to interfere, especially as there seems to be a flavour of self-righteousness on both sides.

Professionalism aside, the chaplain's book may be heartily recommended for a winter evening, or a railway journey, or to sportsmen anywhere. We are taken away from civilization into the unknown land of our great backwoods, the home of lumbermen, Indians, beaver and moose. 'And what a land it is! The land of high mountains and deep valleys, of interminable forests and broad lakes. The mighty pines and hemlocks interlaced their branches over our heads as we followed the winding road. The great stillness, the weird silence, the sombre grandeur were almost oppressive, when suddenly we would burst out into the glad sunshine and the broad, glittering expanse of a beautiful lake.' To a man wearied with the routine of professional life and susceptible to the influences of the woods, the change is delightful. The bracing air is innocent and wholesome intoxication. He delights in every new scene and incident, like a boy out for a long holiday. The least detail becomes important. Where to sleep, how to camp, the condition of the supplies, are all questions of the gravest consideration. Special prominence is of course given to the *cuisine*; for, as on shipboard, there is little else to think about, and the whole environment makes hunger so overpowering a sensation that it demands for its gratification the entire energy of body and mind. There is none of the shame connected with eating that the philosopher feels. 'I can reason down or deny everything except this perpetual Belly; feed he must and will, and I cannot make him respectable,' cries Emerson. To the backwoodsman or hunter this is unintelligible. What so respectable as pork, biscuit, tea, tobacco, and—above all—moose mouffe! Our chaplain speaks of this dish, the immense upper lip and nostrils of the moose, with tremulous joy. Eating of it to repletion is not a sin against the body, and is followed by no 'uneasy heaviness.' 'One of the most toothsome and savoury of all the dishes within the range of the gastronomic art,' 'the crowning dish,' 'the grandest of all dishes,' he terms it, with an enthusiasm like that of Burns over the haggis. Who would not hunt and sup with such a Lucullus! It is pleasant to camp out with him, to hunt moose and see something of the trapper's life. In the meantime we must close our brief review with an extract describ-

ing the process of winter camp-making by the Indians, which gives a good idea of the author's lively, realistic style:—

'Old Seymo took the large axe and looked round for the proper trees to fell for fuel.

'Nick, with the small axe, went to a large cedar and cut from its side a slab about five feet long. "What in the world is he going to do with that?" I said to myself. But in a few minutes he had fashioned it into a most serviceable snow-shovel, and coming near to the spot where I was lying he began to dig into the snow, and send it flying in all directions. I soon began to understand what he was at. He was digging an immense grave at the bottom of which we were to sleep that night. It was about ten feet long and six feet wide, and as he dug down to the ground the walls on every side were about five feet high, which was the average depth of the snow at that time.

'The boy, in the meantime, was breaking off the soft tops and boughs of the cedar and young hemlocks, and carrying them in immense armfuls to the side of the excavation.

'The three so timed their work that in about an hour each one had finished his task.

'An immense pile of capital firewood lay ready at hand on the snow; and while Seymo was splitting the larger logs, Nick, by the aid of great rolls of birch bark, was building a grand fire at the bottom and end of our sepulchral-looking sleeping-place; and the boy was strewing the ground over a foot deep with the boughs and tops. The blankets were then thrown in, and spread over these, making a soft and comfortable bed.

'The sun was now long set, and the shadows of the great night were coming down upon us, but we were fairly housed, and cared not for darkness and cold.

'The fire sparkled and roared at our feet. A wall of snow rose more than four feet high on every side, and the boughs beneath exhaled a fragrant and balmy odour."

Let us leave him there, sleeping comfortably, with the thermometer fully twenty degrees below zero. Whoso desires to be assured that he awaked and shot his first moose, let him invest fifty cents in 'Three Months among the Moose.'

G. M. G.

LITERARY NOTES.

Mr. John Morley's 'Life of Cobden,' it is stated, is almost ready for publication.

Mr. Justin McCarthy, it seems, has been trying his hand on 'A History of the Four Georges.' The work is announced in England for early publication. It will be issued in four volumes.

An autobiography of Sir Archibald Alison, with reminiscences of Scott, Jeffrey, Cockburn, Wilson, Lockhart, Moore, Campbell, Southey, and others, is about to issue from the press of the Scotch publishing house, Messrs. Blackwood & Sons.

Mr. Darwin's new book, on 'The Formation of Vegetable Mould through the action of Worms, with Observations on their Habits,' has just been published by Mr. John Murray, of London. It will be reprinted at once by the Messrs. Appleton, of New York.

Mr. J. C. Dent, of Toronto, is proceeding rapidly with the publication of his national history, 'Canada, during the last Forty years.' Parts 1 to 8 are now ready. The book maintains its interest and asserts its claim to a high place in our national literature. The publisher is Mr. George Virtue.

An elaborate two-guinea 'Birthday Book,' with fifteen full-page water-colour drawings, reproduced in the highest style of chromo-lithography is to issue next month from what may be termed the Court publishing house of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., of London. The book is the product of H. R. H. the Princess Beatrice.

The erst war-correspondent, Dr. W. H. Russell, is about to issue a record of his ramble through part of the United States, Canada, and the Far West, in the spring and summer of this year, under the title of 'Hesperothen, Notes from the Western World.' Mr W. Fraser Rae's graphic letters to the *Times*, entitled 'Newfoundland to Manitoba,' have just appeared and will be found interesting reading.

Another of the 'Afternoon Tea' books, with original designs in colour printing, is about to issue for the approaching holiday trade. It is entitled 'The May Blossom; or, the Princess and her People.' A delightful and artistic contribution to the same class of holiday literature appears in 'The Cat's Cradle,' which, we premise, will be a great favourite this season. The latter is published by Mr. R. Worthington, New York, and by Messrs. Hunter, Rose & Co., Toronto.

The autumn announcements for the English book trade, issued by Messrs. Macmillan, embrace the following notable works: 'The English in Britain,' by Dr. J. R. Green; 'A Literary History of the Nineteenth Century,' by Mrs. Oliphant; 'Science and Culture and other Essays,' by Prof. Huxley; biographies of 'De Quincey,' by Prof. Masson, and 'Charles Lamb' by Rev. A. Ainger, in the 'English Men of Letters Series'; a volume of 'Lay Sermons' by Prof. Blackie; and a new work entitled 'Natural Religion,' by the author of 'Ecce Homo.'

A new era of cheap publishing, applied to important contemporary works, has just been inaugurated in England by the publication, by Messrs. Longman & Co., of a sixpenny edition, with illustrations, of Mrs. Brassey's 'Voyage of the *Sunbeam*,' and by an issue in five volumes, at the same price, of Sir Theodore Martin's 'Life of the Prince Consort.' Had this 'new departure' been taken earlier, the American book market might not have been lost to the British author, and the question of International Copyright would have found an easy solution.

At last Canadian literature and Canadian publishing enterprise are attracting the attention of the outside world. The *Times*, in a recent review of Mr. J. G. Bourinot's monograph on the 'Intellectual Development of the Canadian People,' makes the remark that 'altogether culture in Canada is in a hopeful condition.' Canadians should be thankful for this appreciative and spontaneous

acknowledgment. It is a pat on the back that our native writers and their work are slow to get at home. The work above referred to, we further notice, has recently been handsomely spoken of in the *London Field*. Mr. Justin McCarthy, Mr. W. D. Howells, and other

English and American *littérateurs*, have also expressed surprise at Canada's progress in culture set forth in sympathetic detail in Mr. Bourinot's interesting work. The book should be found in the library of every Canadian.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

IN MEMORIAM.—President Garfield's favourite poet was Tennyson, and the poem he loved best was 'In Memoriam.' The following familiar stanzas from this poem, which he quoted in an address on the death of Lincoln, and which were more than once applied to himself after his accession to the Presidency, have a new and melancholy interest and significance now. He was, indeed,—

As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;

Who makes by force his merit known,
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty State's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;

And, moving up from high to higher,
Becomes, on fortune's crowning slope,
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire.

Proper name for a horse-railroad conductor,—'Oscar.

Evolutionists may talk, but Adam was the prime evil man.

About the only force some people have is the force of habit.

There is an essential meanness in the wish to get the better of any one. The only competition worthy of a wise woman is with herself.

Which runs the faster, heat or cold? Heat, because you can catch cold.

A medical writer says children need more wraps than adults. They generally get more.

If a boy gets on the wrong 'track,' it shows that his father's 'switch' has not had a fair chance.

An umbrella is different from a man in that it is only good for something when it is used up.

Why is person that never lays a wager as bad as a regular gambler? Because he is *no better*.

The turning point of a man's career is when going down the street he sees a mad dog coming towards him.

When a man has no design but to speak the plain truth he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass.

You may be poor, you may be unknown, you may never reach your destination. Still you can shut the door.

A door plate wi' a man's name on iz a vary good thing, but a table plate wi' a man's dinner on it iz a deal better.

In the matter of dress, whether you be a man or woman, the more you approximate to uniformity of colour the better.

There are two ways of getting through this world. One way is to make the best of it, and the other is to make the worst of it. Those who take the latter course work hard for poor pay.

In Canada, when a man is seen staggering along the street under the influence of liquor, he is described as 'doing the outer edge.'

'Has your sister got a son or a daughter?' asked an Irishman of a friend. 'Upon my life,' was the reply, 'I don't know yet whether I'm an uncle or an aunt.'

The following was found in a memorandum book belonging to Burns: 'O Lord, be Thou with us; but if Thou be not with us, be not against us; but leave it between the redcoats and us!'

Says Dr. Buckley: 'Some Englishmen were ridiculing American pronunciation. A few minutes afterwards, an English lady said to me, "Igh 'eels 'urt the 'ips.'"—*Christian Advocate*.

This notice is found posted up in a Virginia blacksmith shop:—'Notis—De copartnership heretofore resisting betwixt me and Mose Skinner is hereby resolved. Dem what owe de firm will settle wid me, and dem what de firm owe will settle wid Mose.'

At a conflagration a worthy citizen gazes with stupefaction on the steam fire engines. 'Well, I never,' he says with deliberation. 'I never expected to see such criminal, senseless wastefulness. The idea of warming the water before throwing it on the flames.'

A wife who often stormed at her husband was sitting with him at the breakfast table, when suddenly, amid loud coughing, 'Dear me!' she exclaimed, 'a bit of pepper has got into my wind-pipe!' 'Hurricane pipe, you mean, my dear,' coolly rejoined her sarcastic spouse.

'I just went out to see a friend for a moment,' remarked Jones to his wife the other evening as he returned to his seat at the theatre. 'Indeed,' replied Mrs. Jones, with sarcastic surprise, 'I supposed from the odour of your breath that you had been out to see your worst enemy.' Jones winced.

It is vain for a Scotchman to think to conceal his nationality from another Scotchman. 'Ou, aye,' said a humble mechanic to a lady who asked him if the new minister did not speak very prettily. 'Ou, aye: ye wad think at the first that he cam' frae Oxford or Cambridge, but he hasna gaen on lang till ye see he comes frae Paisley.'

A bishop's wife was telling the story of Jonah to her child the other day in the West Country, 'Such a big fish swallowed him, my dear; such a big fish—it might even have swallowed your dear papa.' The child was eating grapes, and was of an inductive mind—'And would he spit out the skin, mamma?'

An extract from the letter of a recent emigrant:—'I'm working on de roads here at Saratogy, but I don't intend to do it long. Shure Mike Mulhooley, who left home three years ago come next Aister, has a rich young lady to drive him around the city wid a beautiful span, and he sitting up behind an' his airms foilded loike a foine gntleman entirely.'

A man came into an editor's room with a large roll of manuscript under his arm, and said, very politely, 'I have a trifle here about the beautiful sunset yesterday, which was dashed off by a friend of mine, which I would like inserted, if you have room.' 'Plenty of room. Just insert it yourself,' replied the editor, gently pushing the waste-paper basket toward him.

'More trouble in Ireland,' read Mrs. Partington. 'I wonder,' said the old lady, laying down her spectacles, and blandly regarding Ike, who was trying to tie a knot in the cat's tail, 'I wonder that Government doesn't incorporate that Parnell for life and send the ring-leaders into blandishment, and then there wouldn't be any more of these aquarium outrages.'

Well, well! wonder what will next be 'all the rage.' First we had spelling-bees, then the Beecher business, base-ball, the yellow fever, Tannerism, the go-as-you-please walking mania, Pinafore, Sara Bernhardt, and now people have come to reading the Bible, and lastly we have shot our worthy President. Truly this is a great country, and the people are a go-ahead people.'

CHINESE TEA SONG.—If the reader studies this attentively, he will see how easy it is to read Chinese:—

Ohc ometo th etc asho pwit hme,
Andb uya po undo f thebe st.
'T willpr oveam ostex cellentt ea,
Itsq ua lit yal lwi lla te st,
'Tiso nlyf oursh illi ngs apo und,
Soc omet othe teamu rtan dtry,
Nob etterc anel sewh erebefon ud,
Ort hata nyoth er needb uy.

—*London Punch*.

Farmer : ' Weel, sir, if he kent hoo faur I hao tae drive my watter frae ye wid beelieve me when I say that it widna paye me tae keep up man and horse and sell watter in Dumbarton, let alane mulk ; but if ye'll stop the case, sir, an' let yer hungry lawyers gae hame, I'll paye the fine—I canna but admit the chairge seein' that although we dinna deliberately pitt watter in oor mulk, we generally gee oor bines and coggies a wee bit sine w't.'

The following poem, the genuine effusion of a person in affliction, has lately been found in manuscript :—

Poor Jonathan Snow
 Away did goe,
 All on the ragen main,
 With other males
 All for to catch wales,
 & nere cum back agen.
 The winds bloo hi,
 The billers tost,
 All hands were lost,
 And he was one,
 A spritely lad
 Nigh 21.

A doctor and a Campbellite (Baptist) preacher riding along together in the outskirts of Missouri, not long ago, overtook a ragged urchin with a string of small fish which he had just caught in a creek close by. The preacher accosted the lad in a patronizing way—' My son, what do you call those fish ?' ' Campbellites,' promptly responded the boy. ' Why do you call them Campbellites ?' ' because they spoil so soon after I get them out of the water.'

An Aberdeen minister, when comparing the nature of the pastoral relation to that of the shepherd and his sheep, said, ' My brethren, suppose me to be the shepherd, and you to be the sheep, and Tammas Sangster, the precentor, to be the sheep dog.' Tammas, however, was not inclined to coincide in this comparison, and exclaimed, ' I'll be na man's sheep dog.' Said the minister, ' I am speaking mystically.' ' Na, na,' rejoined Tammas, ' I ken fine ye wisna speakin' mystically, ye wis speakin' maliciously, and jist to gar the folk lauch at me when we're oot aboot.'

WHERE ROBINS SING.

Where robins sing, the violets raise
 Fair faces in the woodland ways,
 The ferns stand waiting, and the sweet
 Wild lilies whisper, at our feet,
 Some legend of the summer days.

Seen faintly through the tangled maze
 Of trees, a rocky pathway strays ;
 Above are fields of sprouting wheat
 Where robins sing.

There knew we hours with joy replete ;
 Yet even o'er the dusty street
 There waves an arch of maple sprays
 Too rare to need my meed of praise—
 A cool and shadowy retreat
 Where robins sing.

JANE E. G. ROBERTS.

FREDERICTON, N. B.

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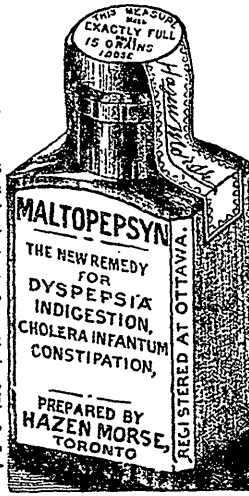
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WILLIAM GRAHAM, M.D.

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