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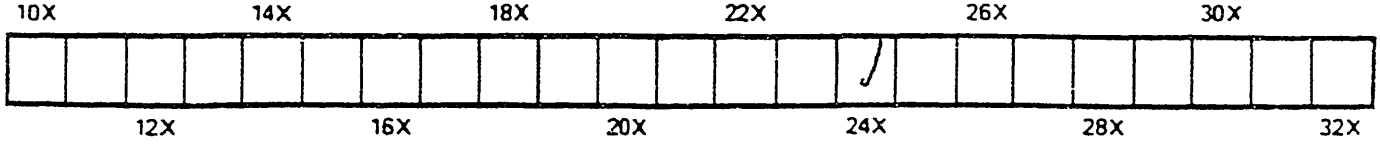

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CLIVE WESTON'S WEDDING ANNIVERSARY.

BY MRS. LEPROHON.

(Concluded.)

CHAPTER VI.

"HOW does Mrs. Weston feel to-day?" enquired Captain Dacre, as he seated himself on a low ottoman beside her.

"Like the weather—out of sorts; but what brings Captain Dacre out this shockingly wet morning?"

"What brings him out in all seasons and at all times to Weston Villa?" questioned the new-comer in a low, earnest tone.

"To kill time, I suppose," rejoined Virginia, barely disguising a yawn. "I would go out myself this morning in the rain if I thought doing so would answer such a purpose."

"Can Mrs. Weston make no better guess than that?" The speaker's tone was low and hurried, unlike his usual languid accents; but Virginia in perfect unconsciousness replied:

"Ah yes, how stupid I am! Of course, Captain Dacre, I know and appreciate the motive that brings you to us so often."

"Are you certain that you really know it, Mrs. Weston?" he eagerly, yet hesitatingly, asked.

"Long since, Captain Dacre. I am a more shrewd observer than you seem to give me credit for being. Since the first evening we were introduced I have suspected it, and would indeed have been disappointed had it been otherwise. Few women possess the beauty and fascination of Miss Maberly."

"Miss Maberly!" he ejaculated, in a tone the strangeness of which caused her to raise her eyes quickly to his face. Something in the expression she saw there brought a tide of crimson to cheek and forehead, and a strange light into her eyes, but she coldly, calmly rejoined:

"Who else could it be? For months

past you have hung around her, followed her everywhere, surrounded her with the most lover-like attentions—"

"It is you; you, Virginia Weston, whose steps I have followed, whose smiles I have sought," he interrupted with passionate abruptness, surprised for the moment out of his usual perfect self-command. "You, the first woman I have ever really loved, and for whose lightest smile I would barter all hopes in earth and heaven!"

The strange light in Mrs. Weston's eyes deepened and defined itself more clearly. It was a blaze of overwhelming indignation, and in a voice low, but vibrating with scorn, she said:

"Is this your return for the hospitality, the kindness that has ever been shown to you under this roof? What has led you to venture on such an insulting avowal?"

"Your own conduct, Mrs. Weston," he retorted, stung beyond all self-control by the scornful repulse he had just received. "When a married woman, who is rarely seen with her husband, tolerates, encourages the constant visits and escort of another man, what is that man to think?"

The young wife fairly quivered with anger. "Ah! I understand now, Captain Dacre, how some of my sex have at times so utterly demeaned themselves as to have struck the caitiffs who ventured on insulting them."

"Your words wound more deeply than blows from your hand could possibly do," he grimly replied.

"Silence, sir! Even whilst scorning myself for stooping to explain or defend my conduct, I will tell what you cannot but know yourself, that I have always looked on you as a suitor of Miss Maberly, and supposed your visits and attentions were directed to her."

"Thank you for the poor compliment you pay to my taste and judgment. If ever I should marry, which is more than doubtful, I will seek a mate of a different stamp to the free, fast, husband-hunting class of young ladies to which Miss Maberly belongs. Stop, Mrs. Weston, do not interrupt me with a defence of your friend, nor upbraid me with duplicity. I have but flirted with a flirt, as great an adept at the pastime as myself. And now, let me ask you, have you not noticed that I sought Miss Maberly's society merely when I could not obtain yours; that I addressed myself to her ear only when you were otherwise engaged or unwilling to listen to me?"

"I noticed nothing of the sort, or if I did I attributed it entirely to the courtesy you supposed due to the mistress of the house. I thought the mere fact of my bearing another man's name should have been guard sufficient against an insulting mistake such as you have just made."

"Can you blame me for forgetting a fact of which you yourself seemed so often and so utterly oblivious?" retorted Dacre, forgetful of courtesy, civility, every better feeling, in his terrible disappointment and deep humiliation.

"Day after day have I visited here, scarcely ever seeing the husband of whose claims you are now so jealously watchful, without hearing his name even mentioned by yourself or friend, till he almost seemed to me a sort of mythical being. Then when you chanced to be together, a few words of indifferent politeness, a careless smile, far less bright than those which you vouchsafed my unworthy self, were the only tokens of affection you ever gave him. To a keen, close observer, what was to be inferred from all this?"

"Thank you, Captain Dacre, you are determined on making me drink to the last drop that bitter cup of humiliation which my own folly has earned for me. Well, a portion of that unutterable contempt I so freely bestowed on you at the commencement of our interview, I now transfer to myself. Are you satisfied, Captain Dacre? I will go still farther, and acknowledge that I feel utterly degraded in my own eyes, humbled to

the very dust. Now, I have only to add, leave this house, never to enter it again, and never address to me another word. I forgive you for the terrible insult you have put on me, the greatest that could be offered to a woman, whether wife of peer or peasant, in consideration of the valuable lesson given at the same time."

The young man rose to his feet, and turned full on her the usually listless face that strong emotion had rendered colourless as marble.

"Mrs. Weston, I have made a woful mistake and bitterly regret it. To ask your forgiveness would be useless. But if I possessed such a wife, I would not neglect her as Clive Weston does," and without parting word or look he strode down the stairs and left the house.

After the door had closed on him, Virginia still sat there, stunned, bewildered by the interview through which she had just passed. Oh, how abased, degraded she felt, how she loathed the vain folly that had exposed her to such bitter humiliation, and longed with a sick longing for the support of that strong, upright nature which was hers by right, but to which she had no longer courage to appeal.

Would that she had a friend wise and trustworthy to whom she could turn for counsel, in whose sympathy she could confide. Not once did Miss Maberly rise before her in such a light. Instinct told her that Letty was the last to be taken into her confidence, especially on the present subject. But even while she was revolving this conclusion the door opened and the subject of her thoughts entered, looking unusually pale and harassed.

"Did you get the flowers, Letty?" enquired the young wife, endeavouring to assume an air of unconcern.

"Yes, though not without some difficulty; but was not Dacre here? I met him in Sherbrooke street, just as I was returning home, and stopped the carriage to tell him something about our coming ball. Judge of my annoyance and surprise when he abruptly said he would not be present. On my pressing him for a reason, he answered, crossly as a savage: 'Let Mrs. Weston tell you that,' and then, without even saying good-bye, started off. Now, Virginia, please explain what he meant."

"He should have done so himself, if he really desired such a thing. Captain Dacre's words and actions are really beyond my powers of explanation at times."

"Oh! Virginia, I will not be put off in this manner. I insist on your telling me all that passed between you and Henry Dacre this morning."

"You speak rather authoritatively, Letty. Suppose I should refuse compliance."

"But you have no right to do such a thing. I love this man, and will not that give me a claim, at least in your estimation, to know all that you can tell me about him?"

"Well, we quarrelled, and parted in mutual anger."

"But what about?"

"You are too exacting, Letty. I have said all I mean to say on the subject, so pray let us leave it."

"Some absurd love nonsense, I suppose," rejoined Miss Maberly, instinctively divining the truth, or at least a considerable portion of it. "I do not see why married women should permit such scenes."

"Retract that, Letty, at once! Love or temper is urging you too far, and there are things I will not bear even from you."

"I do retract it, and everything else that you wish, if you will only tell me when you intend making it up again with him."

"I cannot even tell you when I will see him again. In informing you he was not coming on Thursday evening, he gave you more information about his future movements than he did to myself."

"Virginia, once again bear in mind, I entreat you, that I love Harry Dacre deeply,

and for my sake, for our tried friendship's sake, promise you will write a line to recall him."

The speaker's pallid cheek and lips, her unsteady voice, betrayed how sincere and earnest was this appeal.

"It grieves me deeply, Letty, to refuse you anything you desire so greatly, but it is impossible for me to comply."

"Be it so! What are my worldly hopes and prospects, my peace and happiness, to others? But you may yet change your mind, and generously resolve to do a little more in behalf of that friendship of whose existence you have yourself more than once assured me," with which words she abruptly left the room.

What Virginia Weston felt at that moment it would not have been easy to describe. One by one her friends seemed falling off from her, whilst her isolation and loneliness of heart grew deeper. It was unbearable, and she must make an effort to see or speak to her husband. Quickly she pulled the bell.

"Did Mr. Weston say whether he would be home to dinner?"

"No, ma'am. He came in a short while ago, hurried like, and asked if you were in. I told him yes, though Miss Maberly was out, and that Captain Dacre was in the drawing-room, so he went out again. Excuse me, ma'am, but I found master looking very ill."

"I am sorry to hear it. Remember I am out to all callers," and Virginia with apparent calmness ascended to her room, locked it, and then gave way to the tumultuous and painful emotions surging within her breast.

Seek her husband now, after his finding her *tête-à-tête* with the one man whose company he had ever asked her to shun! Seek her husband, and for what? To tell him of that odious insult, the ignominy of which was reflected more deeply perhaps on him than on herself, and which he might seek to avenge according to the world's sinful, terrible code of honour. Ah, no, she felt now that she must rather avoid him, lest he should read the hateful secret in her face.

How her cheeks burned as she recalled that galling interview! How she deplored the folly that had led to such a result! Heavily the day dragged on. Her head was throbbing with pain—her lips were parched and feverish.

A tap at the door, and her maid entered to announce that dinner was served.

"Is Mr. Weston in?"

"No, ma'am."

"Bring me up a cup of tea here, for I will not go down to-night; my head is aching."

After watching the leaden sky and rain-drowned landscape till darkness blotted them them from sight, she threw herself on the bed, partly dressed. Hour after hour passed, but no moment of slumber visited her burning eyelids. Motionless she lay there, unconsciously listening and longing for her husband's return. She kept her vigil in vain. Two o'clock, three o'clock, struck, and still he had not come. Then a feeling of deep indignation suddenly awoke within her. Was it right of any husband thus to spend his nights from home—to treat a young wife with such open indifference and neglect? Whatever her faults might be this was not the way to induce her to amend them; nor, was it paying her the common courtesy due to her as bearer of his name and mistress of his houshold.

Away then with all half-formed plans of amendment, or self-upbraidings over the past! Since he would go his way, she would go hers; and if it were not a happy, it would at least be a gay and brilliant one. With such thoughts she at length fell asleep.

Dawn was breaking through rain and mist, when Weston, pale and haggard, entered the room. He paused a moment beside his sleeping wife, and sorrowfully looked down on that sweet, girlish face, so beautiful in its calm repose. Even though the remembrance of her indifference to himself—

of her persistent friendship for the gay military cavalier who so closely hung around her, rose at that moment to his recollection, no expression of anger darkened his face, and with the murmured words: "Poor Virginia!" he passed into his dressing-room.

CHAPTER VII.

BREAKFAST was long over when Virginia awoke, and after a purposely protracted toilet, and the pretence of a morning meal, descended to the sitting-room in a supremely defiant mood.

The two friends looked at each other, and each noted the traces a sleepless night had left impressed on brow and look, but they quietly interchanged some words on the weather, and Miss Maberly, who generally contrived to retain wit in her anger, led the conversation to the coming entertainment. It was decided that it must be a brilliant affair.

During dinner, for which the master of the house arrived at the latest possible moment, the subject of the intended ball was for the first time mentioned to him. An expression of sharp pain passed across his features, but he made no remark.

"Remember, Mr. Weston, to keep yourself disengaged for the occasion."

"Why, who would miss me, Miss Letty?"

"Mrs. Grundy, to begin with, and she would insist on a formal explanation as to why you were not present at the ball of the season, when given in your own house."

"Then I fear Mrs. Grundy will have occasion to talk, for I cannot possibly be present."

"Why not, Clive?" sharply asked his young wife, her ears yet tingling with Captain Dacre's comments on the rarity of her husband's presence at her social gatherings.

"Because I cannot. Important business calls me to Quebec to-morrow, and I fear I shall not be able to get back in time."

"But, Clive, I beg, I insist on your making your appearance. You have no idea how much your absence would mortify me."

"Had I known of your project a little earlier, as well as of your special wish that I should be present, I would have endeavoured to gratify you—to do so now is impossible."

Virginia, seeing in this answer only a blunt refusal, and an implied rebuke to her tardiness in informing him of her plans, made no reply, and pettishly played with her fork.

"'Tis a clear case of Ledger *versus* Wife," playfully remarked Miss Maberly.

"In which the former wins for the latter's sake," was Weston's grave rejoinder.

"Do you leave very soon, Mr. Weston?"

"In a couple of hours, to be back, if possible, for Thursday night; but I must see to the trifling preparations I have to make," and he courteously withdrew.

Miss Letty soon after begged to be excused as she had letters to write, and she also withdrew.

"Always repulsed or baffled by him, and before Letty too!" murmured the wife, biting her lips. "I so rarely ask a favour, I thought he would have granted me this one. Well, I will try to do without him on this occasion, as I have done on so many others."

The eventful night came, and Mrs. Weston's mansion, gay with lights, flowers, and garlands, was thronged with the fairest and gayest of Montreal society. Very beautiful looked the hostess and her inseparable friend, dressed alike in clouds of silver-spotted azure tulle; but a restless light shone in the eyes, a feverish flush burned on the cheeks of both.

That morning Miss Maberly had written a brief, familiarly worded note to Captain Dacre, urging him to come in the evening, or at least to call and explain to her the cause of his absence during the last two days.

The answer came just as Letty was placing a trembling spray of blue hyacinths in

her hair, the final addition to a charming toilet. It was written in the third person, and was as cold and ceremonious as the most exacting prude could have desired. Captain Dacre could not come to Weston Villa; could not give his reasons for not coming; and hinted that, if given, they would not concern Miss Maberly.

Talk of the heroism of martyrs at the stake, the martyrs of fashion often give proofs of equal fortitude, and Letty Maberly went forth from her room that night, her heart almost breaking, though smiles from first to last wreathed her lip.

As for Virginia she was ever recalling or hearing in fancy the scathing words of Henry Dacre, and asking herself if others were misjudging her as he had done. But she possessed the art of concealing her anxieties beneath a gay exterior, and no guest present that night suspected how hollow that gaiety was.

A little before midnight, when the revel was at its height, the master of the house, tired and travel-worn, entered the hall by a door leading from the garden. He stood a moment at a side entrance, concealed in shadow, and looked in at the gay scene. Over the costly decorations, the wealthy and distinguished guests, his glance carelessly wandered, till it fell on his wife, who stood amid a circle of admirers, as brilliant in beauty and joyous in spirits as he had ever yet seen her.

"Fool that I was, to fancy for a moment she could miss me!" he bitterly thought. "No, my presence would more likely prove unwelcome."

Unnoticed he left the house and hurried to the narrow street in which James Reeves, his chief clerk, lived. It was in the small, primly furnished parlour of the latter that the two—surrounded by papers and accounts—passed the remaining hours of that night during which the ball went on so merrily at Weston Villa.

Virginia, though awake, was still lying listlessly on her pillow, when a gentle tap at her door was followed by Miss Maberly's entrance.

"How are you, Virginia, love, this morning?"

"Very tired. But you are unusually early, Letty."

"Because I have much to do, dearest. Last night's post brought me a letter from home enjoining my return without delay."

"You are not serious, Letty, surely," and Mrs. Weston quickly raised herself from her pillow. "You will not leave me thus, with only a few hours' notice?"

"What can it matter to Mrs. Clive Weston whether poor Letty Maberly goes or stays?"

"Much, everything! Why I shall feel lost without you. I have grown so much into the habit of consulting your opinion, that I do not think I shall be equal to choosing a ribbon or giving a kettle-drum alone."

"If I have been so useful to you, Virginia, was it fair to refuse me the trifling favour I asked of you a few days ago? Surely you might have written a conciliatory line to Henry Dacre when so much depended on it."

The mention of that name, so hateful to her, froze all other feelings in Virginia's breast, and she coldly replied:

"To such a step I never could consent. Why not write yourself? You have no weighty reason such as I have to prevent your doing so. A letter from me under existing circumstances would not have the same influence that one from you would have."

"Ah, Virginia, men may well sneer at feminine friendships? Could two more devoted friends have been found in the city than we have been for months past, and yet at the first test, how that vaunted friendship melts into air. It cannot ensure even the granting of a trifling request."

"Trifling, Letty! Have I not told you that Captain Dacre deeply offended, indeed,

insulted me. Nothing could induce me to speak—much less to write to him!"

"In that case discussion is idle. But I must leave you, Virginia, to superintend packing. I start by boat this afternoon."

"But, Letty, you have accepted Mrs. Markland's invitation for her great ball, which comes off to-night."

"I shall not miss it, nor will Mrs. Markland miss me, so good-bye for the present," and she left the room, carelessly humming a new waltz.

"So much for friendship!" thought Virginia bitterly, divining with justice that the injunction to return home pleaded by Miss Maberly was merely a pretext. "They all seem to be giving me up, so I will try if I cannot do without them, and lead the old merry life by myself."

Nothing, however, like a merry look rested on her face that morning.

The conversation between Letty and herself at lunch was confined to general topics, till towards the close, when Miss Maberly asked, with a faintly sarcastic inflexion in her voice: "If Prince Invisible had put in his appearance yet."

"Mr. Weston arrived last night, but at too late an hour to join us in the drawing-room."

"It must be allowed, Virginia, that you and Clive are essentially a fashionable couple. I do not think even in Paris that you could be outdone. You, as a wife, also deserve credit for a wonderful amount of patience."

Virginia's smooth brow betrayed in no manner how deeply this thrust had mortified her. "Do you forget that your beau-ideal of a husband was one who would devote himself steadily to money-making, leaving his wife to spend the results of his labours?"

"True, but do you not think that Mr. Weston is almost too perfect in his line?"

"I am satisfied with him, so my friends must also endeavour to be so."

After this passage-at-arms conversation flagged, and when Letty withdrew to complete her preparations for departure, her hostess, instead of accompanying her, took up a book and seated herself in a deep easy chair, with Carlo on her lap, after giving orders that the carriage should be ready at four o'clock for Miss Maberly.

With the evident intention of avoiding a lengthy leave-taking, that young lady came down, shawled and veiled, at the latest possible moment.

Despite the little differences between her guest and herself during the last few days, Mrs. Weston's eyes filled with tears as she bade her farewell, but Miss Maberly, with the lightest possible touch of her lips on her friend's cheek, and a careless "Adieu, Virginia! My parting regards to Mr. Weston," passed over the threshold of the house which had been a home to her in every sense of the word for months past.

Resuming her book, Virginia said: "She cares nothing for me—why should I grieve for her?" but she did not find it easy to carry out the philosophical intention. Though she had in a measure taken her husband's part when Miss Maberly had alluded to him, the remarks of that young lady had left a sting.

What right had Clive to expose her thus to sneering remarks?

Virginia did not belong to that class of women who seem to rather like being looked on as martyr wives, and her irritation against her husband for exposing her even in the smallest degree to such a thing, was extreme. Suddenly her pet Carlo trotted up and nestled in the folds of her dress.

"My only friend!" she murmured, catching the dog up and pressing her cheek against its silken head. Very lovely she looked in the plain though rich morning dress she still wore, a softened, sad expression on her pure, colourless face. Silently watching her from the open door-way, a look of yearning love on his handsome though care-worn face, stood Clive Weston. When Carlo's playful bark revealed his presence,

she carelessly looked up and expressed her satisfaction that he had arrived safely.

"How did the ball come off?" he asked.

"Brilliantly, though you did not honour it with your presence."

"I could not do otherwise. But are you alone?"

"Quite. I am not dressed to receive callers, and Miss Maberly left for home this afternoon."

Some weeks ago this piece of intelligence would have rejoiced her listener's heart, but it seemed to matter very little to him now.

"She left somewhat suddenly, did she not?"

"Yes, owing to a letter from home enjoining her return."

"I fear, Virginia, you will be quite lonely without her."

"Oh, one gets accustomed to everything, Mr. Weston, even to a husband's absence both night and day!"

The young man looked at her with an expression of sorrowful perplexity. Was this a serious reproach, or was it only one of the pettish sallies so common to her when out of humour?

"Why, Virginia, Miss Maberly, and indeed yourself, generally contrived to make me feel in the way when I happened to be much with you."

"Then if Miss Maberly was the cause of your self-inflicted banishment, she is gone now, and I am quite alone. Will you accompany me to Mrs. Markland's to-night?"

A troubled expression flashed across Weston's face, and in a low husky voice he answered:

"Impossible! Business of a serious nature will keep me at the office to-night."

"Just as I had expected. Believe me, Clive, any other answer would have surprised me."

"Listen, Virginia. I am expecting a letter the importance of which no word could exaggerate. Shall I confide in you—tell you all?"

Had not the young wife been so much absorbed in her own grievances, so thoroughly out of humour, she could not but have perceived the speaker's agitation; but it escaped her, and she coldly rejoined:

"Please spare me ledger and counting-house details. The simple answer that you cannot come is sufficient. But dinner, I see, is served!"

The meal was so dull—conversation so difficult—that Virginia caught herself recalling more than once with regret the light small talk with which Letty enlivened their meals. Clive, however, did not linger long. A servant entered to say that Mr. Weston was wanted down at the office as soon as he could make it convenient.

The young man turned very pale, and hurriedly saying "Good bye, Virginia," left the room. That night Mrs. Weston was unusually careful over her attire, and the result proved satisfactory even to herself.

The carriage came round, and after taking a last glance in the mirror at the radiant image it reflected, she turned to go. As she did so a strange feeling came over her, a sort of vague, shuddering dislike to leaving home. She leaned against her dressing table. What could it mean?

"What is it, ma'am? Do you feel ill?" asked Cranston. "Perhaps you're nervous."

"Well, as we do not know what to call it, we'll suppose it is that," and the young beauty stood for a time twisting her glittering bracelet with an absent look. Suddenly she raised her head, and smiling at her own fancies and her maid's solemn face, ran lightly down the stairs.

CHAPTER VIII.

MRS. Markland's ball fully equalled in brilliancy the one at Weston Villa. The same people, the same dazzling toilets, elaborately spread supper table, and the same crashing quadrille band.

Virginia, though followed and admired, as she always was, soon wearied of the scene. The remembrance of the interview with Captain Dacre recurred more than once to her mind, filling her with uneasy fears lest she should again render herself worthy of such strictures. Flushed and tired from a galop, she sought the dressing-room with the intention of securing a short interval of rest; but remembering that she could not feel safe from interruption there, she threw an opera cloak over her shoulders and passed out on a small balcony overlooking the gardens, closing the door behind her. Though October, the night was as pleasant as in summer, and as she adjusted herself on a seat, she resolved to remain there some time and enjoy the calm beauty of the night, so refreshing a contrast to the ball room she had just left. Suddenly the odour of cigars rising up almost at her feet warned her that gentlemen were near, and at the same moment the voice of a Mr. Colford Stone, with whom she had danced two or three times during the evening, became plainly audible, for he was apparently standing under the shadow of the balcony as he pronounced the words:

"Yes, Clive Weston's wife is decidedly the belle to-night."

"Now I should move out of this," said Virginia to herself, "but I will not. I have chosen a pleasant, secluded nook for myself, and they have no business to stand under it chattering nonsense. Besides, they will begin to abuse me presently, and I shall thus be sufficiently punished."

Her presentiments were destined to be painfully and promptly realized.

"Poor butterfly," continued the speaker, "her wings will soon be clipped."

"How—what do you mean?"

"Well, I do not mind telling you, Macdonald, what the whole world will know to-morrow. Poor Weston is ruined. His paper was refused this afternoon at the banks. For some time past he has been losing ground. The failure of Darrell & Co., followed by that of some other firm in the townships, gave him the first push down hill. Other misfortunes followed, and matters became worse and worse. Grown desperate, he staked his remaining all in a large flour speculation. News came this afternoon that flour had fallen, and his ruin is complete,"

"Poor fellow," interposed the other speaker, "I am truly sorry for him. He has always shown himself a thorough gentleman."

"Ah! Macdonald, his marriage was a sad mistake. I prophesied on his wedding day, as I saw the bridal party drive off, that the anniversary of the day would not find him as happy as he seemed then. My prophesy was only too correct."

"For my part," resumed the other, "I cannot help feeling sorry for the poor butterfly too. What will she do in the storm?"

"Hang like a mill-stone round his neck, or perhaps run off with that intolerable coxcomb, Dacre, with whom she has been flirting for months past."

"Come, Stone, you are hard on her. He is paying attention to that matchless flirt, Miss Maberly."

"Nothing of the sort. Has he not declared a dozen times that he would never marry in Canada, and sneered, like the puppy that he is, when quizzed about Miss Letty. I've watched them often, and noticed that he only danced with her when he could not get her friend."

"But Mrs. Weston brought her husband a large fortune—what has become of it?"

"Swamped, every cent. She would not allow her guardians to have a penny settled on herself."

"Well, you must at least give her credit for a generous spirit."

"Tush! mere obstinacy. Did so, probably, to spite her guardian. Weston made a gallant fight of it. Norris, who lives opposite, says that he and his clerk, Reeve,

have been up for nights past, and they have it down there that Clive hasn't eaten for three days, though he puts such a calm front on it."

"Why didn't he try to retrench a little. They gave a ball at his place only last night, that must have cost a good round sum of money."

"The fact is, he has been embarrassed only quite lately. His wife, too, might not have liked it. They can live for a time on the price of her diamonds. I noticed them to-night, and was calculating what they would bring."

"Stone, you are hard—hard as your name!"

"And you, old fellow, are too soft. I admire and respect, as much as any man can do, a woman worthy of the old God-given name of help-mate, but I despise the whole tribe of selfish, ribbon-bedecked puppets who have no aim beyond that of being considered fashionables: who dress, flirt, dance, whilst husbands and fathers toil for them, and never cherish for these same toilers one sentiment of gratitude or love in the depths of their barren hearts. Just like that vain wife of poor Weston's, who is starring it here to-night, whilst he is eating his heart out in despair at home, thinking perhaps of running away from her for ever, as I would do in his place, or it may be of cutting his own throat."

"Say what you will, cynic that you are, I maintain that there is good in many of those you condemn wholesale, and circumstances would develop that good.

"Have it so! We shall soon see what good lies dormant in Mrs. Clive Weston."

"That we shall, my friend, and I would be willing to take a heavy bet on the result, for she possesses a mind capable of great things."

"'Tis not mind and intellect that are wanting. I tell you it is heart. Still I'll hope against hope; but let us go back for another waltz."

Truly had she heard enough, that pale, breathless woman who sat listening there—a great horror looking out of the distended violet eyes. When the voices of the speakers ceased she tremblingly rose and passed into the dressing-room, which was empty with the exception of a maid in attendance. "Call Mrs. Weston's carriage?" It soon came round, and Virginia sprang into it, pronouncing in a low, agitated tone, the one word "Home."

CHAPTER IX.

WE must now go back to Clive Weston. It wanted a half hour to midnight when he let himself in with his latch key, and ascended at once to the small smoking-room at the back of the house. His step was not more rapid than usual, the hand that opened the intricate lock was perfectly steady, but there was that in his ghastly face, compressed ashen lips and glittering eyes, that would have appalled any one who crossed his path. It was that saddest, most terrible of all expressions looking out from a human face — utter despair. Locking the door inside, he lit the gas and then sat down for a few moments. Suddenly he rose, took from a drawer a pistol, loaded it, and then laid it on the table. A knock at the door was followed by the voice of his man-servant asking if his services were wanted.

Schooling his voice to its usual calmness, he told the man he might go to bed, and then enquired if Mrs. Weston was out.

Yes, she had gone to Mrs. Markland's.

Well, he must wait a little later. He wanted no crowd of curious, horrified servants hurrying in to assist at the end of the tragedy. After a while he said, as if seeking to re-assure himself:

"I have no alternative left. Bankrupt in fortune, pride, affection—to live would be impossible! Ah, creditors I could face, for my course though unfortunate has been honourable; but the wife I have beggared,

the delicate child of luxury whom I have robbed. My darling, who, despite counsel of friend and guardian, insisted on placing her all in my hands; how have I fulfilled the trust? How venial now seem the acts of pettish waywardr ess that at times incensed me so deeply, beside the great wrong I have done her! Shall I write a few farewell words, and ask forgiveness?"

He drew the writing desk near him and wrote a few lines. Then a strange longing to look for the last time on her features stole over him. She would not be home for hours yet, and the portrait he desired to see hung in her dressing-room. He bent his steps thither. How calm, how home-like everything looked. A bright fire burned in the grate. Drawn up before the latter was Virginia's low easy chair, a handkerchief, yet redolent of her favourite perfume, lying on the back of it. Her dressing gown and tiny quilted satin slippers were on the sofa.

Above the mantel-piece, in the full light of the lamp, was the portrait he had come to see. He threw himself in the chair, first pressing his lips to the place where her head had so often rested, and studied the picture with eager eyes.

Busily memory retraced the past. His joy on that wedding day of which this was the mournful anniversary—their early wedded love—then the cloud that had come between them, growing denser day by day, till it had finally estranged, and almost separated them.

In that retrospect he took on himself the chief part of the blame. Yes, he thought more than once, he should have bowed his pride, and coaxed her out of her wayward moods, instead of intrenching himself as he had done in cold reserve. He should not have left her night after night alone without explaining the cause of his absence. Ah, if he were only allowed to live that year over again, how differently he would act! Then insensibly a dream stole over him of another sort of life, in which, though comparatively poor, and struggling against adverse circumstances, they might yet be happy, living only for each other. Oh, how he would toil for her night and day.

Suddenly the falling of the glowing coals on which he had been dreamily gazing, recalled him with a start from that picture to the reality, and springing to his feet he whispered:

"If I wish to retain courage I must leave this spot at once."

He retraced his steps to the room he had left. Fireless, dark and dreary, he felt it was better suited to him than the pleasant chamber below.

He had taken up the pistol and was examining it, when again a noise fell on his ear, and the voice and footsteps of one of the servants sounded in the passage, close to his door. Would the household never retire to rest! For the first time he chafed at the easy domestic discipline of Weston Villa.

Crossing his arms on the table he bowed his head upon them, while horror seemed to settle as a pall around him. Thoughts that would not be driven away rose upon his memory, of that pleasant, far off homestead, with its old oaks and trim green lawns, in the English valley where he was born, and of the parents that slept the sleep of the just in the vault of the village church. Recollections too crowded upon him of the joys of boyhood, the dreams of youth, the noble purposes and hopes of manhood, and as he thought that all this was to end in a bankrupt suicide's grave, a groan burst from his lips.

There was a rustle near him, and looking up with a start, he beheld his wife in her festal dress at his side, more lovely too than he had ever seen her look, though her face was pale as marble, and her large eyes full of tears. Whilst he stared at her in silent bewilderment, her arm stole softly round his neck, and sinking on her knees she whispered:

"Oh, Clive, dear Clive, forgive me, and take me to your heart again!"

Surely despair had unsettled his mind, and this must be a phantasm of his overtasked brain he told himself, even though her head lay on his shoulder, and he felt her warm tears wetting his cheek, her heart throbbing next his own.

"Clive, will you not speak and say that you pardon me, as I hope God will? Ah, I promise to be a different wife to what I have been!"

Yes, he felt now it was reality, and clasped her to his breast with a grasp strong almost as that of death itself. A long moment of rapture, rapture that seemed to repay him for the agony of the last few days, and then flashed across him the remembrance of her engulphed fortune—of their common ruin.

"Too late! too late! Virginia, you know nothing of the truth."

"Yes, my husband, I know all, but even if my fortune and yours are both lost, are we not still rich in each other's recovered love? Even though your affection for me is not what it once was, I will strive to win it back."

"Child, child," he whispered, "this happiness is almost too much to bear. Let me kneel with you whilst your pure lips implore that pardon I dare not ask myself for my sinful life, and thank my Maker for the undeserved mercy he has just shown me."

After thrusting into a table drawer the letter he had written, and the pistol, evidence of his sinful madness, which fortunately had remained unnoticed amid the papers and pamphlets surrounding it, Clive drew Virginia from the room whispering:

"Come with me dearest. You are too lightly dressed for this cold room."

Together they descended to the pleasant dressing room, where bright fire and lights still gleamed as if awaiting their coming.

"Sit down here, Clive, in my own chair, and rest your poor head, whilst I don dressing gown and slippers for once without Cranston's aid."

Willingly he obeyed; for his over-wrought brain was giddy, and bewildered with the powerful emotions of the last few hours. After a few moments his wife came suddenly up to him, and in a low tone asked:

"Is it true that you have not eaten, Clive, for four days?"

"Indeed I have been so busy, that I never noticed whether I did or not."

"Wait then, and I will get you something; but on second thoughts you must come with me, for I am afraid to venture down stairs alone at this hour."

"Then, dear Virginia, I will not leave this chair and fire, besides, seriously, I must have dined, for I do not feel at all hungry."

Opening a closet she took out a plate of biscuit, which she placed on the rosewood stand beside his chair, and which he greedily devoured.

"No more!" he smilingly said, as she took up the empty plate with some vague idea of refilling it. "You know how cautiously food should always be administered to shipwrecked mariners. Come now and tell me, like the perfect wife you promise to be, how and when you learned all you know?"

"Willingly, Clive, on one condition! You must promise not to get angry with any one."

"Agreed! I feel so happy now, I verily believe a man might horsewhip me without fear of retaliation."

Seated on a stool at his feet, her head resting on his arm, but her face averted so that he might not see the tears that often gathered, or the crimson that more than once mounted to her cheek, she recounted the conversation that she had overheard that night on the balcony.

"Ah, Clive, how completely my eyes were opened then to my own faults, my worthlessness, whilst I was filled at the same time

with a vague fear of some calamity, more terrible than the loss of fortune or position. I hurried home, promising Heaven during that drive of agony, that if it would protect you from harm, I would be a better wife than I had been. Cranston, who was sitting up for me, opened the door, and my first inquiry was for you. You were in and had gone up stairs. Ah, God was very good to me! You had not left me for ever, as Colford Stone would have done, or—well, still worse! Up stairs I sped, though dreading that in your despair you might repulse me, or receive me with reproaches. Clive, dear, you were merciful to me, and Heaven has been very merciful to us both."

He bowed his head in assent, too much moved to speak, and tenderly laid his hand on his young wife's head, inwardly registering a vow that henceforth no act or word of hers should ever move him to anger or harshness. Then, after a pause of silent emotion, they went back step by step over the estrangement that had subsisted so long between them. The note he had written to her, the non-reception of which had caused so sad a misunderstanding, was spoken of, and its disappearance at once attributed by Virginia to her whilom friend.

"Pray let us talk no more of her, Clive, for I am beginning to feel uncharitable. Let us face instead the realities of our position. All this fine house and its belongings must be given up; then we must get a small cottage, or a couple of rooms in some quiet out-of-the way street; I will have to wear calico dresses, and sweep and dust, for, of course, we will not be able to keep more than one servant, or perhaps none at all. I assure you, Mr. Weston, I will be quite equal to the situation; only, how about the cookery? Oh, I have it! There is a book called "Cooking Made Easy," and—"

"If it is anything as vague as 'Spanish Made Easy;' or 'Italian without a Master,' I think it will be safer for us not to venture on giving dinner parties for some time to come," he interrupted, won to smiles despite the seriousness of his mood.

"Be serious now, Clive! For the first few weeks we will live on my diamonds—the remarks of that old cynic Stone, whosename I will bless through life for the lesson he gave me, suggested the idea: in the meantime you will look about for a clerkship, as the diamonds, I suppose, will not last long. Do you think, Clive darling, you will get one?"

"Without difficulty!" and the bankrupt merchant faintly smiled, as he thought how many firms in the city would gladly secure his services, almost on his own terms.

"That is delightful, and I might teach playing and singing—though I do both execrably—to beginners. But now that I remember, poor old Aunt Ponton is expected home from day to day. She has been passing five or six months in Florida for her health, which is much better. Of course she will insist on our living with her and spoil all our plans. I think she will look on our bankruptcy as a blessing in disguise, if it procure her the advantage of having us in her own house so that she may pet and spoil me as of old."

What a relief to body and mind, that had been stretched on the rack for days past, it was to sit there and listen to that gay feminine talk rippling so pleasantly from Virginia's lips!

More than once he asked himself: "Was he not dreaming." The reality was so different to anything he had pictured. He had thought of her pale, crushed to the earth by humiliation and grief; or else loudly proclaiming her wrongs, but always turning from him in anger and scorn; and here she was sitting at his feet in love and trust more perfect than had ever yet reigned between them.

How different it would all have been if his Heavenly Father had not arrested his hand! When his wife's eyes were closed in peaceful sleep, he knelt in self-abasement, in passionate pleading with his Maker for pardon.

He had ever been a proud man, proud of his integrity, his intellect, and if his prayers had not been exactly in the Pharisee's strain, they had been wanting in the spirit that won forgiveness for the publican. Now his pride was laid low, the idol of self-love shattered, and Clive Weston was in every sense of the word a better man.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER their early breakfast Mr. Weston rose saying; "I must be off at once to the office, Virginia, and face my fate. Oh my darling!" and he drew her tenderly towards him, "what courage your example has imparted to me! Ruined, bankrupt, I yet go forth strong in hope and brave in heart. You will not give way to fretting, promise me, whilst I shall be away? I may not be able to get back till night."

"Fret, no indeed! I used to patronize that luxury when I had nothing else to do; now I have no time to indulge in it. Cranston and I will have a busy time of it overlooking and packing up my wardrobe."

Not daring to trust his voice, he pressed her to his heart and passed hurriedly out. Full of her new plans Virginia returned to her dressing-room, and began her day's work by carefully arranging her diamonds in their velvet lined cases. Whilst doing so she became aware for the first time that the diamond studded pendant of one of her eardrops was missing. More startled and grieved than she would have been by the loss of the whole set a day previous, she hastily examined her dressing bureau and the carpet, but it was not there. Remembering her visit to her husband's room the night before she bent her steps thither. Anxiously she examined floor, chairs, and table, without success. Perhaps she had dropped it in Mrs. Markland's rooms, or on the garden balcony. A messenger must be sent off at once to ascertain. Here her eye fell on the small drawer of the table, and she recollected with a gleam of hope that Mr. Weston, before leaving the apartment the night previous, had thrust some papers into it. Possibly the object of her search might have fallen among them. Hastily she drew the drawer out. No diamond met her gaze, but instead it fell on that small dark instrument of death, and on a paper containing a few lines addressed to herself in her husband's writing.

Instinctively she closed and locked the door, then, trembling in every limb, sank into the chair in which Clive had kept his terrible vigil, and read over, and re-read that almost illegible scrap of writing, unable for a time to fully comprehend its awful import. As it dawned at length fully upon her, she fell on her knees with a low agonized cry, incapable either of prayer or thought.

It was her turn now for utter self-abasement, for impassioned supplications to Heaven, for broken murmurs of gratitude.

Here in this very room, might Clive, her idolized husband have now been lying, cold, mute for ever, his memory a nameless horror, his ghastly corpse bearing traces of that terrible crime that would have closed for him all hope. And would it have been much better with her? Would she have deserved more mercy than himself? Made clear by that light which the near approach of death sheds on earthly actions, the course of her life stretched out before her: first, her pampered childhood and selfish girlhood, then the still more criminal page of her married life, with its heartless dissipation, its neglect of duties, and of the claims of the husband to whom she had vowed love.

Out of the agony of that first half hour arose, bright as the moon after a midnight storm, the thought that it was not yet too late. Blessed hopes that flooded her soul with gratitude, leaving in that heart which fashion had not yet perverted, seeds of future virtue and peace.

The voice of Cranston outside the locked door, informing her that the missing diamond had been found, failed to call Virginia from her self-communing, and it was long after that she at length, moved by her maid's pathetic entreaties that she would take some lunch, left the room, first putting the letter into her bosom.

Young Mrs. Weston's deathlike pallor, and the strong tokens of agitation so plainly visible on her face, though winning Cranston's unbounded pity, failed to excite her curiosity, for the household was now in full possession of the fact that their master was a bankrupt, the store-man having taken a private run up to the house for the express purpose of giving the information.

Regret was the general feeling that morning in business circles regarding Clive Weston's failure, and very few were found to cast a stone. One sour-visaged gentleman declared that Weston was an incomprehensible chap—looked as if he had gained a fortune instead of losing one—another opined that his ruin could not be as complete as was reported, or he would not look so calm all at once about it: the common feeling, however, was one of sympathy. The lamps were lit when he mounted the stone steps leading to his house, and met at the door his anxious young wife.

"What news, Clive dear?"

"Good. Indeed better than I had expected. The creditors give me time, so that if fortune prove favourable we may soon be all right again. In the meantime we can occupy this house till we have looked up other quarters. The servants may be discharged as soon as you find convenient, keeping Cranston of course with us."

"What delightful news! Come now to dinner, poor Clive? You must stand in need of it."

Soon Weston began to perceive that despite the strenuous efforts made by his wife to appear as cheerful as she had been in the morning, a change had come over her during his absence. Her words and smiles were less frequent, and at times an indefinable look clouded the brilliancy of her dark eyes.

"I fear, my darling," he said, as they sat before the fire in her dressing-room, Virginia on her favourite low seat near his feet, "I fear," and he tenderly stroked the glossy head resting on his arm, "that you are only beginning to realize all that you have lost."

Vainly Virginia protested that it was not so, that her hopes and courage were as high as ever.

"You cannot deceive me, my wife. I love you too well for that. Ah, there is a shadow in those eyes that was not there this morning."

There was a long pause, and then with pallid cheek and quivering lip she answered:

"Clive, my love, my husband! I had not at first intended telling you, but perhaps it is better I should, so that henceforth there may be no misunderstanding or secret between us. With no intention of prying into your private affairs, but seeking for a missing jewel, I opened your table drawer and found this. She displayed his short letter to herself, and then, for the first time since he had known her, gave way in his presence to a passionate burst of tears.

"Once again, Clive, say you forgive me," she sobbed, "for the unwifely heartlessness that helped to drive you to such despair?"

"Rather ask God to forgive me, Virginia, an error that a life-time will not be long enough to deplore. Ah, sweet wife!" and he gently folded her to his heart, "Seek not in your regrets over your own childish faults to make me lose sight of the burden of guilt that weighs so heavily on me. I do not regret that you have discovered it. Sooner or later I should probably have confided it to you. And now we have neither estrangement nor secret between us. May it be ever so!"

The following day the servants at Weston

Villa were paid off, with the exception of the faithful Cranston, whose services were retained. With her assistance Virginia entered on the task of packing her wardrobe, ornaments and jewels.

Callers were numerous, prompted chiefly by curiosity, but the young wife, who now felt that she had broken entirely with that gay world in which she had till lately played so conspicuous a part, returned answer through Cranston that she did not receive, and was soon left in peace.

According to Virginia's predictions, Miss Ponton on her arrival in Montreal hastened without delay to Weston Villa, and begged the happiness of carrying off her niece and husband at once to her own quiet home. No poignant regrets over Virginia's recent loss of position and fortune; no allusions to the feminine obstinacy that had placed her young relative's wealth entirely in another's hands; no doleful lamentations over Mr. Weston's misfortune or mismanagement disturbed the harmony of the meeting.

"Now for another subject, my love! Are you sure," and she laid her hand timidly and appealingly on her companion's arm, "that you and Mr. Weston are on good terms with each other?"

"Yes! Better even than in the first days of our married life."

"Oh what joyful news for me, my darling! Such unkind reports have been circulating that you and your husband were living in open discord—never seen together—that you and some Captain Dacre were flirting, and that you would end by running away with him altogether. I thought my old heart would break when all this was told me by an acquaintance in the cars. I hastened here to find in your affectionate mention of Clive the first refutation of the calumnies I had not courage to repeat to you till I was certain that they were false."

Before twenty-four hours had elapsed the young couple were installed in Miss Ponton's old-fashioned but comfortable residence some distance out of the city.

The falsehoods alluded to by Miss Ponton at her first interview with her niece, and refuted after a time by the evident attachment of young Mr. and Mrs. Weston, were traced directly to Miss Maberly, but neither Clive nor his wife took any notice of them beyond treating that young lady, when they met her, with distant civility. After a few more years of flirtation and husband-hunting, interspersed with bitter disappointments such as Captain Dacre had inflicted on her, she married a suitor whom she had already twice refused, and passed her existence in a struggle to keep up appearances.

Captain Dacre, wearying suddenly of Canadian life and climate, and more deeply wounded by the repulse he had received from Virginia than either she or any one else suspected, soon exchanged into another regiment, and left Canada without his departure exciting any serious regret, except in the bosom of Letty Maberly.

Clive Weston devoted himself with renewed energy and hope to business, and fortune soon smiled on him again. Five months after his bankruptcy, as he stood by the sofa on which Virginia lay, and tenderly looked down on the tiny nursling resting on her arm, he said, "My darling, even now I could place you in a comfortable home of your own, but I will not urge it if you prefer remaining here with good Aunt Ponton."

"Thank you, dear Clive, it would break her heart if we were to leave her, now especially, that she has this little love to pet and fondle. See he is waking! What lovely eyes! Clive, is not the measure of our happiness full?"

"Yes, even to overflowing, thanks to that Heavenly Father who hath been merciful to us beyond our deserts!" And Clive Weston and his young wife bowed their heads in mute gratitude to the Giver of all good.

THE END.

THE "OCEAN STAG."

BY CHARLES SANGSTER.

FAR away on the wide, wide ocean tide,
Far away on the tameless sea,
On its broad, broad breast, where the waves never rest
From their mad, joyous revelry,
Rides the stately bark o'er the billows dark,
Like the Spirit of Liberty.

Rideth all night, with a strange delight,
Like a creature of the foam,
Or a wild thing born of some sprite forlorn
In the cave of some monster Gnome,
That had leaped into life from the ocean strife,
With the boundless sea for its home.

So with plunge and dip speeds the gallant ship,
With her mariner hearts so strong,
Who defy the tide with disdainful pride,
With laughter, and tale, and song;
How she strains! how she bounds! like a stag which the hounds
Have followed in vain too long.

Higher, higher each swell! merry gale! it is well;
Still wilder the swift wind blows;
Let it rave, *let* it rave, with a ship so brave,
And a crew that no danger knows,
Though the storm-fiends wrack make the welkin crack,
Though the gale to a tempest grows.

Like a ghost from its shroud the moon looks from the cloud,
On forms that shall see her no more—
Broad, massive and great, rising up like a Fate,
The front of the iron-bound shore!
Like a bird in the snare the good ship struggles there,
For her wild, fearless journey is o'er.

These crashes! these shocks!—on the reefs! on the rocks!
Poised high o'er the jagged ledge!
Now each brave heart quakes, now the good ship shakes,
And parts on the awful edge,
Till timber and spar own the sudden jar,
And snap like a brittle sedge.

She struggles in vain! each effort—each strain,
Only crushes her like a shell,
And she lies all prone, with many a groan,
In the jaws of that yawning hell;
But no more she bounds, for the terrible hounds
Have followed the Stag too well!

How that frantic cry startles earth and sky,
As it springs o'er the stormy waves;
As it wails and sweeps o'er the angry deeps
Like a voice from the seamen's graves;
And the winds' dread moan on that sea coast lone
Is as when a maniac raves.

To the rock-bound shore roll the breakers' roar
And the elements' shrill halloo;
And over them all speeds the piercing call,
The scream of the wild sea-mew;
But the din has drowned the gurgling sound,
And the cries of the struggling crew.

Swiftly the wreck, like a stricken speck
On the dark and stormy main,
Strikes through the deep with a sudden sweep,
Like a pang through a tyrant's brain;
And wild bursts of fear smite the distant ear
With a harrowing sense of pain.

The last dread sound on that deep profound,
Where pitiless Fury raves,
Is a shriek of dole from some tortured soul
Passing down to the coral caves;
Mocked by the moan of the tempest lone,
And the howl of the smitten waves.

Each struggling form in that fearful storm,
As he gasps for a parting breath,
Feels a sudden throe, as some watery Woe
Swirls him down to the Ship of Death,
To the charnel spot where the dead men rot,
In the slime of the rocks beneath.

And so when the world from its place is hurled
Through a tempest of fiery spray,
Swept down the track of the flaming wrack,
Like a speck will it pass away:
And all ears will hear, o'er the crash severe,
The knell of the Judgment Day.

LORD ELGIN.

BESIDES the leaders of parties in England, and the holders of the English offices of State, there is another class of British statesmen whose sphere is the government of the Colonies and dependencies, who may be called Imperial statesmen while the others are national, and whose characteristic excellencies are of a very different kind from those developed in the conflicts of the House of Commons. Of this class Lord Elgin was a good type. He had to deal in turn with all the various elements of the empire, and the special problems connected with each of them, having been successively Governor of Jamaica, Governor-General of Canada, Envoy to China, and Viceroy of India; and in all these situations he displayed, under trying circumstances, some of the highest qualities of a British proconsul.

A life of him, therefore, is welcome; and the one before us, by Mr. Theodore Walrond, C.B., the Secretary of the Civil Service Commission, with a preface by Dean Stanley (whose wife is Lord Elgin's sister), is exceedingly well done. That it should be critical could hardly be expected; no biography of a person recently deceased, written by friendly hands, ever is; but it is agreeable in style, and eminently intelligent, moderate and judicious. It has also the inestimable advantage of being comprised in a single octavo volume.

James, Eighth Earl of Elgin, was a scion of an illustrious stock, for he was the representative of the great Norman house whose hero was Robert Bruce. From his father, of Elgin marble celebrity, he inherited, says his biographer, the genial and playful spirit which was useful to him in a diplomatic as well as in a social point of view. His mother, a daughter of Mr. Oswald, of Dunvillier, was admirably qualified, we are told, by her intellect and piety, to be the depository of the ardent thoughts and aspirations of his boyhood, and to her influence and that of his elder sister, Matilda, he is said to have probably owed a pliancy and fervour of sympathy unusual in "characters of so tough a fibre." That the fibre of his character was as tough as the powers of his mind were high, his biographer is confident, notwithstanding the prevailing impression that the weak point, if there was one, lay there.

The moral precocity of the boy must have been remarkable. In his tenth year he writes: "Be with me this week in my studies, my amusements, in everything. When at my lessons may I think only of them; playing when I play; when dressing may I be quick, and never put off time, and never amuse myself but in play hours. Oh! may I set a good example to my brothers. Let me not teach them anything that is bad, and may they not learn wickedness from seeing me. May I command my temper and passions, and give me a better heart, for their good." Moral precocity, like intellectual precocity, is generally dangerous, but Lord Elgin proved an exception to this rule.

Happily for him he was born a younger son, and only became heir to the title, by the death of his elder brother, when he was twenty-nine years old. To this, perhaps, is partly to be ascribed his industry at College. He took a first-class in classics at Oxford; and was one of a group of students including Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sidney Herbert, and Mr. Cardwell, whose success at the University, and subsequent dis-

tinction in public life, are a proof of the compatibility of high intellectual culture with first-rate practical powers. He had a great taste for philosophy, in which he was a disciple of Coleridge, whose mystical distinction between the "Reason" and the "Understanding" seems to have taken a strong hold of his mind. He entered at Lincoln's Inn, but did not study law. He, however, tempered his Coleridgian philosophy by other practical pursuits, the management of the family property and of county affairs in his father's absence, and the command of a troop of yeomanry. He presides at farmers' dinners, composes songs for them, and speaks at public meetings for church extension, at the same time that he is taking long meditative rides, writing sonnets for his sisters, and corresponding on metaphysics with his brother at Oxford.

In his twenty-third year he plunged into politics with a Tory pamphlet, and three years afterwards he stood for Fifeshire, but without success. In 1841, however, at the general election which ousted the Whigs and brought in Peel, he was returned for Southampton. On that occasion he made a profession of Conservatism, into which, under the wise leadership of Peel, Toryism had transmuted itself after the Reform Bill. His rising merits were recognized by a leader always sagacious (and it must be added, most generous) in enlisting youthful talent, and he was selected to second the amendment on the Address. In the course of his speech he reprobated the harsh terms which had been habitually applied to opponents of the Government, "In a day when all monopolies are denounced, I must be permitted to say that in my mind the monopoly which is the most intolerable and odious is the pretension to the monopoly of public virtue." If he really held that sentiment, it was well for him that he was speedily translated from the sphere of faction fights to that of Imperial administration.

At the early age of thirty he was sent to govern Jamaica, then in the midst of the difficulties incident to the early days of emancipation—the country so unprosperous, and everybody so desponding, that it was deemed offensive, and a kind of treason, to suggest that there was the slightest chance by any exertion of escaping utter ruin—a mass of emancipated blacks requiring to be provided with schools police, and all the apparatus of civilization—a landowner and planter oligarchy by no means inclined to meet the requirement—Quashee content with his yams, and as unwilling to work as any squire—the Baptists fighting with the clergy of the Established Church—the country flooded with inconvertible paper currency—and bitter ill-feeling against the Home Government arising from a long period of contention. Through all this the young governor seems to have steered with discretion. He saw that the one great object was to improve the labourer, and for this purpose he tried to encourage the application of mechanical inventions to agriculture, and the substitution of skilled for unskilled labour. The establishment of a "General Agricultural Society for the Island of Jamaica" was one of the measures in which he took most interest. He promoted education, industrial and general. He entered into the griefs of the planters, and did his best to infuse into their ulcerated minds a better spirit, and to make them instruments of their own salvation. He studied all the discordant forces round him, directed them as well as he could to the common good, and made himself a centre of hope and a bond of union to the downcast and divided population. The partial success of his endeavours seems to have inspired him with a confidence in the political future of the island, which events have sadly failed to justify. He "regards the local constitution as a *fait accompli*, and has no desire to remove a stone of the fabric." He "thinks a popular representative system is, perhaps, the best expedient that can be devised for blending into one harmonious whole a com-

munity composed of diverse races and colour," and his conviction is strengthened by what he has read about the coloured classes in Demerara and Trinidad. He forgets that the industrial and social condition of Demerara and Trinidad, where the population is dense and the negroes are consequently compelled to work for a living, is very different from that of Jamaica.

He was, however, very glad to get away from his Island—after four years service. Immediately on his return power changed hands, but the new Colonial Secretary, Lord Grey, had appreciated Lord Elgin's abilities, and offered him the Governor-Generalship of Canada. The offer was accepted with a deep sense of the responsibilities attached to the office. "To watch over the interests of those great offshoots of the British race which plant themselves in distant lands; to aid them in their efforts to extend the domain of civilization, and to fulfil that first behest of a benevolent Creator to His intelligent creatures—'subdue the earth'—to abet the generous endeavour to impart to those rising communities the full advantages of British laws, British institutions, and British freedom; to assist them in maintaining unimpaired, it may be in strengthening and confirming, those bonds of mutual affection which unite the parent and dependent States—these are duties not to be lightly undertaken, and which may well claim the exercise of all the faculties and energies of an earnest and independent mind."

On the eve of his departure for Canada, Lord Elgin married, as his second wife, Lady Mary Louise Lambton, daughter of the first Earl of Durham. The union was significant, for to realize Lord Durham's ideal of a Governor was the special aim of Lord Elgin. "The principles," says his biographer, "on which he undertook to conduct the affairs of the colony were, that he should identify himself with no party, but make himself a mediator and moderator between the influential of all parties; that he should have no Ministers who did not enjoy the confidence of the Assembly, or, in the last resort, of the people; and that he should not refuse his consent to any measure proposed by his Ministry, unless it were of an extreme party character, such as the Assembly or the people would be sure to disapprove." These, as his biographer remarks, were the principles on which he had already acted in Jamaica. Lord Elgin himself says: "I still adhere to my opinion that the real and effectual vindication of Lord Durham's memory and proceedings will be the success of a Governor-General of Canada who works out his views of government fairly." In fact, as the foot of the new Governor-General touched Canada, Personal Government departed and Responsible Government finally entered on the scene. It was one of the consequences of the change produced in the spirit of British government by the Reform Bill of 1832.

Lord Elgin's predecessors had been old men. He had the advantages both of physical and mental youth. On the night before the morning of his inauguration there was a tremendous snow storm, and the snow had drifted so much that it seemed doubtful whether a sleigh could go from Monklands to Montreal. But he declared that he had no notion of being deterred by weather, and got into a one-horse sleigh, with very small runners, which brought him safe to town. He was able to get through heavy work at a pinch, and make long and rapid journeys, whenever business or popularity required it. He went among the people, walked to church, attended public meetings, led the cheering, made friends everywhere by his geniality and his affable demeanour. Thanks to his early practice at the University Debating Society, where Gladstone, Sidney Herbert, Lowe and others had been formed at the same time with him, he was the best speaker in the Province, and, being an excellent French scholar, he was able to address the

French Canadians with perfect fluency in their own tongue. His heart opened to the fresh vigour of the young community which he had come to rule, and which must have struck him as a pleasant contrast to the decrepit planter society he had just left. "Our tour has been thus far prosperous in all respects except weather, which has been by no means favourable. I attended a great agricultural meeting at Hamilton last week, and had an opportunity of expressing my sentiments at a dinner in presence of six or seven hundred substantial Upper Canada yeomen—a body of men not easily to be matched. It is, indeed, a glorious country, and after passing, as I have done within the last fortnight, from the citadel of Quebec to the Falls of Niagara, rubbing shoulders the whole way with its free and perfectly independent inhabitants, one begins to doubt whether it be possible to acquire a sufficient knowledge of man or nature, or to obtain an insight into the future of nations without visiting America." His eye marked the golden prospects opened by the application of agricultural science, for the first time in history, to the productiveness of a virgin soil. "When the nations of Europe were young, science was in its infancy, the art of civil government was imperfectly understood, property was inadequately protected, the labourer knew not who would reap what he had sown, and the teeming earth yielded her produce grudgingly to the solicitations of an ill-directed and desultory cultivation. It was not till long and painful experience had taught the nations the superiority of the arts of peace over those of war; it was not until the pressure of numbers upon the means of subsistence had been sorely felt, that the ingenuity of man was taxed to provide substitutes for those ineffective and wasteful methods under which the fertility of the virgin soil had been well nigh exhausted. But with you it is far otherwise. Canada springs at once from the cradle into the full possession of the privileges of manhood. Canada, with the bloom of youth yet upon her cheek, and with youth's elasticity in her tread, has the advantage of all the experience of age. She may avail herself not only of the capital accumulated in older countries, but also of those treasures of knowledge which have been gathered up by the labour and research of earnest and thoughtful men throughout a series of generations."

All this however failed to conjure the storm which, at the critical moment of final transition from Personal to Parliamentary Government, was gathering on the political horizon, and the fury of which was increased by discontent arising from the commercial distress incident to the first adoption of Free Trade as the commercial policy of the Empire. The Tory Ministry, the construction of which by Lord Metcalfe had been the last measure of Personal Government, fell. The Baldwin-Lafontaine Ministry succeeded to power, and brought in the Rebellion Losses Bill. It is easy to show that the bill was the logical sequence of previous legislation in regard to Upper Canada, and to prove its necessity by the arguments which led Sir Robert Peel to give it his cordial support in the British House of Commons. But the fact remains incontestable that the measure wore an ugly appearance of compensating rebels, and that it was a sore blow and discouragement to the loyalists, already smarting under their ejection from the power which they had held so long, and further embittered by the commercial losses inflicted by Imperial legislation. To this extent at all events we must qualify Lord Elgin's assertion that, "if ever rebellion stood upon a rickety pretence, it was the Canadian Tory Rebellion of 1849." To Lord Elgin, ruling on the principle of Responsible Government, no course was open but to assent to the bill; he rightly judged that, by reserving it for the consideration of the Home Government, a step recommended by some of those about him, he would only be throwing

on Her Majesty's Ministers a responsibility which ought to rest on his own shoulders. The riots at Montreal, the burning of the Parliament House, the attacks, which were not far from proving fatal, on the person of the Governor-General, are a mournfully familiar page of Canadian history. Lord Elgin incurred the imputation of want of nerve by not dealing more vigorously with the rioters. The Home Government could not understand his abstention from using the forces at his command for the re-establishment of order. The Americans could still less understand why he did not shoot the insurgents down. But his secretary, Major Campbell, writes: "Throughout the whole of this most trying time Lord Elgin remained perfectly calm and cool; never for a moment losing his self-possession, nor failing to exercise that clear foresight and sound judgment for which he was so remarkable. It came to the knowledge of his Ministers that if he went to the city again his life would be in great danger; and they advised that a commission should issue to appoint a Deputy Governor for the purpose of proroguing Parliament. He was urged by irresponsible advisers to make use of the military force at his command to protect his person in an official visit to the city, but he declined to do so, and thus avoided what these infatuated rioters seemed determined to bring on, the shedding of blood. 'I am prepared,' he said, 'to bear any amount of obloquy that may be cast upon me, but if I can possibly prevent it, no stain of blood shall rest upon my name.'" We may proudly contrast this humane resolution of a British ruler, notwithstanding the greatest provocation, with the swiftness to shed the blood of the people generally manifested by French rulers in case of disturbances, and mistaken by them for rigour, when in fact it is a mixture of cruelty and weakness. But the example set by Lord Elgin will be misleading, if it is forgotten that the mass of peaceable citizens have a right to look to the Government for the firm maintenance of the law. Nor did the mild policy of the Governor-General wholly prevent the shedding of blood.

He accuses the Tory party of "doing what they can by menace, intimidation and appeals to passion, to drive him to a *coup d'etat*. Petitions in favour of a dissolution of Parliament were sent in by the Tories, addressed not to the Assembly but to the Governor-General personally, with the object, it is alleged, of producing a collision between him and the Legislature. He received these petitions with courtesy but avoided any expression of his opinion, thus preserving his constitutional position. "If I had dissolved Parliament I might have produced a rebellion; but most assuredly I should not have produced a change of Ministry. The leaders know that as well as I do, and were it possible to play tricks in such grave concerns, it would have been easy to throw them into utter confusion by merely calling upon them to form a Government. They were aware, however, that I could not, for the sake of discomfiting them, hazard so desperate a policy; so they have played out their game of faction and violence without fear of consequences." We have already intimated the extent to which we should qualify these severe words.

To test the confidence of the Home Government in him Lord Elgin tendered his resignation, but was cordially confirmed in his office.

With reference to the unsuccessful negotiaitons for French support which preceded the fall of the Tory Government, Lord Elgin comments upon the absence of any questions of principle or public policy to divide parties, and the personal and selfish character which the negotiations consequently assumed. In the same strain his biographer complains that "parties formed themselves, not on broad issues of principle, but with reference to petty local and personal interests, and that when they sought the support of a more widespread sentiment they fell back on those

antipathies of race which it was the main object of every wise Governor to extinguish." In a country where all the great political controversies which agitate the old world are settled, and where, everybody being pretty well fed, there are no serious grievances, how can there be great questions to divide parties? Where are such questions to be found? Are we to make them? When will political critics, British and Canadian, see that this is a new world, with a new state of society, and that the special traditions of British public life are not applicable here?

Lord Elgin discerned that the only broad issue subsisting was that of race, and he remarks that "the problem of how to govern United Canada would be solved if the French would split into a Liberal and a Conservative party and join the Upper Canada parties which bear corresponding names." "The great difficulty," he continues, "has hitherto been that the Conservative Government has meant a Government of Upper Canadians, which is intolerable to the French, and a Radical Government, a Government of French, which is no less hateful to the British. No doubt the party titles are misnomers, for the Radical party comprises the political section most averse to progress of any kind in the country. Nevertheless so it has been hitherto. The national element will be merged in the political if the split to which I refer were accomplished." A reaction against clerical ascendency seems the only chance of its accomplishment, and that unfortunately runs into annexation.

It was Lord Elgin's strong conviction that the loyalty of the French might be secured by a policy of conciliation and confidence; and his great aim in dealing with the French question was to take the wind out of the sails of "Guy Fawkes' Papineau, who, actuated by the most malignant passions, irritated vanity, disappointed ambition and national hatred, which unmerited favour had only served to exasperate, was waving a lighted torch among those combustibles." He rejoices in the repeal of the part of the Act of Union imposing restrictions on the use of the French language, and declares himself deeply convinced of the impolicy of all attempts to denationalize the French. "Generally speaking they produce the opposite effect from that intended, causing the flame of national prejudice to burn more fiercely. But suppose them to be successful, what would be the result? You may perhaps *Americanize*, but depend upon it, by methods of this description you will never *Anglicize* the inhabitants of the Province. Let them feel, on the other hand, that their religion their habits, their prepossessions, their prejudices if you will, are more considered and respected here than in other portions of this vast continent, and who will venture to say that the last hand which waves the British flag on American ground may not be that of a French Canadian?" The last words are a slightly modified version of the well known saying of Sir Etienne Taché; and taken literally they would imply that the loyalty of the French to the British flag is more trustworthy than that of the British.

When in India, Lord Elgin was led to compare the sources of Lord Canning's popularity among the Hindoos, with those of his own popularity among the French Canadians. In each case, he says, the sentiments arose less from what the ruler had done for the subject race, than from the denunciations of his humane policy by members of the dominant race, among whom he particularly specifies "his Scotch friends." It may be doubted whether the Canadians will feel flattered by the parallel, or by the comparison which Lord Elgin, in another passage of his journal, draws between "our dear old Canadian *habitans*," and the mild and priest-ridden natives of the Philippines.

The Irish question as well as the French question was in an inflamed condition. It seems to us, however, that the mind of the Governor-General was rather unduly impressed by stories of Irish armies 700,000

or 800,000 strong, to be commanded by an American General lately returned from Mexico, and of 50,000 Irish ready to march into Canada from the States at a minute's notice. A meeting at Montreal, that was to have overturned the British Empire, was dispersed by a timely thunder shower. The chief agitator was an American citizen, and Lord Elgin says: "I am of opinion that proceedings of this description on the part of a citizen of another country are not to be tolerated; and although there is an indisposition in certain quarters to drive things to an extremity, I think I shall succeed in having him arrested, unless he takes himself off speedily."

A great addition had been made to the Irish difficulty, and to the difficulties of government generally at the outset of Lord Elgin's administration, by the fearful tide of starving and plague-stricken immigrants poured upon our shores by the Irish famine of 1847. It fell to the lot of the Governor-General, on this occasion, to press on the attention of the Home Government—what it it was by no means quick in perceiving—the heaviness of the burden cast on Canada, and her just claims at all events to reimbursement of the expenses she had incurred. A good deal of argument seems to have been required to disabuse the Colonial Secretary of the impression that Canada was necessarily the gainer by the inroad of 100,000 destitute, sick and suffering people, whose course through the eastern portion of our country was strewn with dead, while the survivors were for some time an intolerable burden to the west. The Governor-General bears emphatic testimony to the exertions made by the colonists, and the forbearance and good feeling shown by them under the trial.

The main root of political discontent, in Lord Elgin's opinion, was commercial depression, and the infallible remedy for the political discontent, and the danger attendant on it, was the restoration of prosperity. He held the commercial evils under which Canada was at that time labouring, to be directly chargeable on Imperial legislation. Peel's Free Trade measure of 1846 had driven the whole of the produce down New York channels, robbing Canada of her canal dues, ruining at once mill-owners, forwarders, and merchants, making property unsaleable, and reducing the Government to the payment of its officers in debentures. "What makes it more serious is, that all the prosperity of which Canada is thus robbed is transplanted to the other side of the lines, as if to make Canadians feel more bitterly how much kinder England is to the children who desert her than to those who remain faithful. For I care not whether you be a Protectionist or a Free Trader, it is the inconsistency of Imperial legislation, and not the adoption of one policy rather than another, which is the bane of the Colonies. I believe that the conviction that they would be better off if they were annexed, is almost universal among the commercial classes at present, and the peaceful condition of the Provinces under all the circumstances of the time, is, I must confess, often a matter of great astonishment to myself." If the lot of the colonist in commercial respects continued to present an unfavourable contrast to that of the people on the other side of the line, Lord Elgin felt that the inevitable result must be a tendency to annexation. Perhaps, he a little underrated the countervailing action of the moral forces. The strength of the national sentiment among Canadians he could not estimate, for it had not then come into existence.

His wish was not to return to Protection, but to obtain Reciprocity of Trade with the United States, to which he attached what our experience since the suspension of Reciprocity has proved to be an exaggerated importance. To negotiate the Reciprocity Treaty he went himself to Washington. It was his first essay in diplomacy, but he had all the qualifications of manner and address

for diplomatic success, and his biographer is no doubt right in ascribing to him the prosperous issue of the negotiation. The removal of restrictions on navigation, by the repeal of the Navigation Laws, was another object which Lord Elgin laboured to effect, as essential to the revival of Canadian commerce: though he thereby brought down upon himself the wrath of the party at home led by Lord George Bentinck and Mr. Disraeli.

Lord Elgin's principle was to let the Colony have its own way in every thing not morally objectionable, or contrary to Imperial interests. In this spirit he acquiesced in the secularization of the Clergy Reserves, though his own religious and political sentiments pointed towards a distribution of the fund among the clergy of all denominations. With reference to the discussion of the question in the Imperial Parliament, he observes: "Almost the greatest evil which results from the delegation to the Imperial Parliament of the duty of legislating on Colonial questions of this class, is the scope which the system affords to exaggeration and mystification. Parties do not meet in fair conflict on their own ground, where they can soon gain a knowledge of their relative strength, and learn to respect each other accordingly; they shroud themselves in mystery, and rely for victory on their success in out-doing each other in hard swearing. Many men, partly from good nature and partly from political motives, will sign a petition, spiced and peppered to tickle the palate of the House of Lords, who will not move a yard or sacrifice a shilling on behalf of the object petitioned for. I much fear that it will be found that there is much division of opinion among members of the laity of the church with respect to the propriety of maintaining the Clergy Reserves; and that, even as regards a certain section of the clergy, owing to dissatisfaction with the distribution of the fund, and with the condition of dependence in which missionaries are kept, there is greater lukewarmness on the subject than the fervent representations you have received would lead you to imagine."

It was not merely from deference to the principle of self-government that Lord Elgin, though himself a member of a hereditary Upper House, acquiesced in the proposal to make the Upper Chamber in Canada elective. It was his own conviction that a second Legislative body, returned by the same constituency as the House of Assembly, under some difference with respect to time and mode of election, would be a greater check on ill-considered legislation than the Council nominated by the Crown. To the Conservatives at home the measure seemed a disastrous step towards pure democracy, and Lord Derby uttered an eloquent wail over the final destruction of the dream which he had fondly cherished of a constitutional monarchy under a viceroy or a member of the Royal family in Canada. We have returned to the nominative Upper Chamber, but its restoration has hardly revived Lord Derby's dream.

The increase of the number of legislators was another Parliamentary Reform to which Lord Elgin attached great importance. "With so small a body as eighty members, the parties are nearly balanced, and individual votes become too precious, which leads to mischief. I have not experienced this evil to any great extent, since I have had a liberal administration, which has always been strong in the Assembly; but with my first administration I felt it severely." He does not seem to have considered the other side of the case—the unfitness of a very large body for real deliberation, and the necessity, in order to prevent it from becoming a mob, of an increased stringency of party organization.

Lord Elgin was strongly in favour of making religion the groundwork of education. Considering this principle to be duly recognized by the Canadian system, he regarded the system with great satisfaction as "having enabled Upper Canada to place itself in the

van among the nations in the great and important work of providing an efficient system of general education for the whole community." His keen interest in the question is evinced by a sketch which he gave in an official despatch embodying an account of the plan in its religious aspect by its leading organizer, Dr. Ryerson. His biographer points to the contrast between what had been done in the Colony twenty years ago and the present state of the question in the mother country, and observes that it may call to mind Lord Elgin's remarks as to the rapid growth which ensues when the seeds that fall from ancient experience are dropped into a virgin soil. In the case of the mother country, however, there is an obvious connection between the existence of an Established Church, claiming the education of the people, and the tangled state of the Education question; and equally obvious is the connection between the solution of the Church question and the solution of the Education question here.

The advocates of religious education will read with pleasure the Governor General's eloquent words, which were spoken at the opening of the Normal School.

"And now let me ask this intelligent audience, who have so kindly listened to me up to this moment—let me ask them to consider in all seriousness and earnestness what that great work really is. I do not think that I shall be chargeable with exaggeration when I affirm that it is *the* work of our day and generation; that it is *the* problem in our modern society which is most difficult of solution; that it is the ground upon which earnest and zealous men, unhappily too often and in too many countries, meet not to co-operate but to wrangle; while the poor and the ignorant multitudes around them are starving and perishing for lack of knowledge. Well, then, how has Upper Canada addressed herself to the execution of this great work? How has she sought to solve this problem, to overcome this difficulty? Sir, I understand from your statements—and I come to the same conclusion from my own investigation and observation—that it is the principle of our common school system that its foundation is laid deep in the firm rock of our common Christianity. I understand, sir, that while the varying views and opinions of a mixed religious society are scrupulously respected, while every semblance of dictation is carefully avoided, it is desired, it is earnestly recommended, it is confidently expected and hoped, that every child who attends our common schools shall learn there that he is a being who has an interest in eternity as well as in time; that he has a Father towards whom he stands in a closer and more affecting and more endearing relationship than to any earthly father, and this Father is in heaven; that he has a hope far transcending every earthly hope—a hope full of immortality—the hope, namely, that that Father's kingdom may come; that he has a duty which—like the sun in our celestial system—stands in the centre of his moral obligations, shedding upon them a hallowing light which they in their turn reflect and absorb—the duty of striving to prove by his life and conversation the sincerity of his prayer that that Father's will may be done upon earth as it is done in heaven. I understand, sir, that upon the broad and solid platform which is raised upon that good foundation, we invite the ministers of religion of all denominations—the *de facto* spiritual guides of the people of the country—to take their stand along with us; that so far from hampering or impeding them in the exercise of their sacred functions, we ask, and we beg them, to take the children—the lambs of the flock which are committed to their care—aside, and to lead them to those pastures and streams where they will find, as they believe, the food of life and the waters of consolation."

A tender feeling of what was due to subject races was a noble part of Lord Elgin's character as a colonial governor. He expresses this towards the Indians, and advocates a system of drafting their most promising youth into civilization through industrial schools. He seems, however, far from sanguine as to their future. "Unless there be some reasonable ground for the hope that they will be eventually absorbed in the general population of the country, the Canadian rule is probably destined in the long run to prove as disastrous to them as that of the United States." If it is as disastrous to the Indians, however, it will not be so disastrous to us. We escape the guilt, and the moral consequences to our own character, of the extermination of those unhappy tribes which the Americans are carrying on. There will be no skeleton of a murdered man beneath the hearthstone of the Canadian nation.

On the question of colonial defence, Lord

Elgin's opinion may be said to have been against the sudden withdrawal of the troops, but in favour of a gradual reduction. His views on the question were a good deal influenced by his pervading fear of movements in favour of annexation. "In this respect the position of Canada is peculiar. When you say to any other colony 'England declines to be any longer at the expense of protecting you, you at once reveal to it the extent of its dependence and the value of Imperial support. But it is not so here. Withdraw your protection from Canada, and she has it in her power to obtain the security against aggression enjoyed by Michigan or Maine ; about as good security, I must allow, as any which is to be obtained at the present time." He was at the same time of opinion that the system of relieving the colonists altogether from self-defence was injurious. "It checks the growth of national and manly morals : men seldom think any thing worth preserving for which they are never asked to make a sacrifice." And subsequently we find him protesting against the intention of the Government to send to Canada a large body of troops which had returned from the Crimea, on the double ground that the measure would complicate the relations of Canada with the United States, and arrest her progress in self-dependence.

Lord Elgin assiduously cultivated good relations with the people of the United States. Personally he was successful in winning their regard. Besides the grace of his manner, his excellence as a speaker made an impression on them, which is curiously depicted in a reminiscence by the Mayor of Buffalo of the banquet given at Toronto to a large party of Buffalonians and other guests from the States. "Never," said the Mayor, "shall I forget the admiration elicited by Lord Elgin's beautiful speech on that occasion. Upon the American visitors (who, it must be confessed, do not look for the highest order of intellect in the appointees of the Crown) the effect was amusing. A sterling Yankee friend, while the Governor was speaking, sat by my side, who occasionally gave vent to his feelings as the speech progressed, each sentence increasing in beauty and eloquence, by such approving exclamations as "He's a glorious fellow!" "He ought to be on our side of the line ! we would make him mayor of our city !" As some new burst of eloquence breaks from the speaker's lips, my worthy friend exclaims, "How magnificently he talks ! Yes, by George, we'd make him Governor—Governor of the State !" As the noble Earl by some brilliant hit carries the assemblage with a full round of applause, "Ah !" cries my Yankee friend with a hearty slap on my shoulder, 'by Heaven, if he were on our side we 'd make him President ! Nothing less than President!' " It may be questioned whether, if Lord Elgin had really been on the other side of the line, he would have stood much chance against Horace Greeley ; and perhaps it may also be questioned whether he did not attach rather too great a value to these convivial demonstrations of friendship. The people of the United States, like other people, warm over wine ; but it does not follow that they will not present Indirect Claims in an insulting despatch the next morning. Shortly after the dinner for 3500 persons on Boston Common, with rhetorical fireworks, "expansive loyalty," and hearty cheers for the Queen, Lord Elgin has himself to describe the attitude of America during the Crimean war as "sullenly expectant." The Governor-General, however, not only sought the good-will of the Americans on obvious diplomatic and commercial grounds, but on another ground which, as stated by him, is rather startling. "It is of very great importance to me," he says, "to have the aid of a sound public opinion from without, to help me through my difficulties here ; and as I utterly despair of receiving any such assistance from England (I allude not to the Government but to the public, which never looks at us except when roused by fear ignorantly to condemn)

it is of incalculable importance that I should receive this support from America." These are ominous words.

The circumstances of his position forced upon Lord Elgin's mind the question what, under the system of Responsible Government, would be the functions of a Colonial Governor. Would he not become a *roi faineant*, a mere figure-head? By no means, replies Lord Elgin. "I believe on the contrary, that there is more room for the exercise of influence on the part of the Governor under my system than under any that ever was before devised; an influence, however, wholly moral—an influence of suasion, sympathy, and moderation, which softens the temper while it elevates the views of local politics." "As the Imperial Government and Parliament gradually withdraw from legislative interference, and from the exercise of patronage in Colonial affairs, the office of Governor tends to become, in the most emphatic sense of the term, the link which connects the mother country and the Colony, and his influence the means by which harmony of action between the local and Imperial authorities is to be preserved. It is not, however, in my humble judgment, by evincing an anxious desire to stretch to the utmost constitutional principles in his favour, but on the contrary, by the formal acceptance of the conditions of the Parliamentary system, that this influence can be most surely extended and confirmed. Placed by his position above the strife of parties—holding office by a tenure less precarious than the Ministers who surround him—having no political interest to serve but that of the community whose affairs he is appointed to administer—his opinion cannot fail, when all cause for suspicion and jealousy is removed, to have great weight in the Colonial councils, while he is set at liberty to constitute himself in an especial manner the patron of those larger and higher interests—such interests, for example, as those of education, and of moral and material progress in all its branches—which, unlike the contests of party, unite instead of dividing the members of the body politic."

Excellently expressed, as usual. But is the time never to come when the native rulers of the country shall themselves "have no political interest to serve but that of the community whose affairs they are appointed to administer?" Are they never to be competent, and sufficiently patriotic themselves, to care for the "larger and higher interests, such as those of education, and of moral and material progress in all its branches?" Are those interests to be always consigned to the guardianship of a serene arbitrator from the other side of the Atlantic, while Canadian statesmen continue to be ignominiously devoted to "petty local and personal interests," and to wallow in what Lord Elgin elsewhere calls "the dirt and confusion of local factions." Are the elect of the Canadian people never to be gentlemen capable of conducting their own political contests temperately and decently without the perpetual tutorship of a British grandee? Such seems to have been the opinion of Lord Elgin. He assumed that the functions of a Governor-General, as described by himself in the words just quoted, were not only useful but eternal. He took at once to task all who spoke of the state of dependency as one of provisional pupilage, out of which the Colony must pass before it could attain maturity. "You must renounce the habit of telling the Colonies that the Colonial is a provisional existence. You must allow them to believe that, without severing the bonds which unite them to Great Britain, they may attain the degree of perfection, and of social and political development, to which organized communities of free men have a right to aspire." But perfect development surely, in the case of a nation as well as in that of a man, carries with it the power of self-guidance, whereas the general language of Lord Elgin, and perhaps still more palpably that of his able biographer, distinctly implies that Can-

ada is, and will always remain, in character a child, needing the constant intervention of British wisdom, in the person of a Governor-General, to keep her in the right course. And yet, all the time, both Lord Elgin and his biographer are perpetually complaining that British wisdom on the subject of the Colonies is ignorance and folly—such ignorance and such folly that Lord Elgin is driven to seek for the support of a more intelligent opinion in the United States.

In Lord Elgin's time there was what there happily is not now, a strong movement in favour of annexation, and this evidently coloured all his perceptions. "If you take your stand on the hypothesis that the Colonial existence is one with which the colonists ought to rest satisfied, then, I think, you are entitled to denounce, without reserve or measure, those who propose, for some secondary object, to substitute the Stars and Stripes for the Union Jack. But if, on the contrary, you assume that it is a provisional state, which admits of but a stunted and partial growth, and out of which all communities ought in the course of nature to strive to pass, how can you refuse to permit your Colonies here, when they have arrived at the proper stage in their existence, to place themselves in a condition which is at once most favourable to their security and to their perfect national development? What reasons can you assign for the refusal, except such as are founded on selfishness, and are therefore morally worthless? If you say that your great lubberly boy is too big for the nursery, and that you have no other room for him in your house, how can you decline to allow him to lodge with his elder brother over the way, when the attempt to keep up an establishment for himself would seriously embarrass him?" It is needless to observe that, at the the present day Canadians, with scarcely an exception, would deny that annexation to the United States was the condition most favourable to our security; and still more, that it was the condition most favourable to our national development. Lord Elgin, though not a party man, seems to have been a Peelite in his exclusive addiction to the "three courses." In the case of Canada, which he was considering, there were four—the nursery; another room in the house; a lodging with our elder brethren, (as Lord Elgin is pleased to call our distant and rather uncongenial cousins on the other side of the line); and a house of our own. The last course may not be desirable or feasible, but in an exhaustive discussion of the case it was at least as well worth considering as annexation. However little we may be prepared to change our present condition, professions of hopeless and interminable feebleness are not likely to strengthen our position in any quarter, whether British or foreign.

The bonds formed by commercial protection, and the disposal of local offices being severed, Lord Elgin thought it very desirable that the prerogative of the Crown, as the fountain of honour, should be used to bind the Empire to the throne. But he held that two principles should be observed in the distribution of Imperial honours among colonists. First, they should appear to emanate directly from the Crown, not from the local executives; and, secondly, be conferred as much as possible on men no longer actively engaged in political life. It may be doubted whether the first principle could be observed in the case of a Colony any more than in that of the mother country, consistently with constitutional government. As to the second, it has not been regarded at all.

What Lord Elgin calls "the Canadian Tory Rebellion of 1849" being at an end, the halcyon days of his administration began. He made a progress, attended only by one aide-de-camp and a servant, through the most strongly British districts, and was cordially received by all except a few Orangemen and a few old members of the Family Compact. His biographer, however, complains that his enemies of the latter class were able, by their social position, and their influence or opin-

ion at home, to do some injury to his reputation.

He left our shores in a blaze of the oratorical pyrotechnics in which he was a consummate artist. His pictures of Canadian scenery in these parting addresses are eminently graceful. In his farewell to Montreal he says: "I shall remember those early months of my residence here, when I learnt in this beautiful neighbourhood to appreciate the charms of a bright Canadian winter day, and to take delight in the cheerful music of your sleigh bells. I still remember one glorious afternoon—an afternoon in April—when looking down from the hill at Monklands, on my return from transacting business in your city, I beheld that the vast plain stretching out before me, which I had always seen clothed in the white garb of winter, had assumed on a sudden, and as if by enchantment, the livery of spring; while your noble St. Lawrence, bursting through his icy fetters, had begun to sparkle in the sunshine, and to murmur his vernal hymn of thanksgiving to the bounteous Giver of light and heat." In his farewell to Quebec he says "For the last time I welcome you as my guests to this charming residence, which I have been in the habit of calling my home. I did not, I will frankly confess it, know what it would cost me to break this habit until the period of my departure approached; and I began to feel that the great interests which have long engrossed my attention and thoughts were passing out of my hands. I had a hint of what my feelings really were upon this point—a pretty broad hint, too—one lovely morning in June last, when I returned to Quebec after my temporary absence in England, and landed in the cove below Spencerwood (because it was Sunday, and I did not want to make a disturbance in the town) and when with the greetings of the old people in the coves, who put their heads out of the windows as I passed along, and cried 'Welcome home again!' still ringing in my ears, I mounted the hill and drove through the avenue to the house-door. I saw the dropping trees on the lawn, with every one of which I was so familiar, clothed in the tenderest green of spring, and the river beyond, calm and transparent as a mirror, and the ships fixed and motionless as statues on its surface, and the whole landscape bathed in a flood of that bright Canadian sun, which so seldom pierces our murky atmosphere on the other side of the Atlantic. I began to think that persons were to be envied who were not forced by the necessities of their position to quit these engrossing interests and lovely scenes for the purpose of proceeding to distant lands, but who were able to remain among them until they pass to that quiet corner of the Garden of Mount Hermon which juts into the river, and commands a view of the city, the shipping, Point Levi, the Island of Orleans, and the range of Laurentines; so that through the dim watches of the tranquil night which precedes the dawning of the eternal day, the majestic citadel of Quebec, with its noble train of satellite hills, may seem to rest forever on the sight, and the low murmur of the waters of the St. Lawrence, with the hum of busy life on their surface, fall ceaselessly on the ear."

In his Quebec speech Lord Elgin refers to his successor, Sir Edmund Head, as "a gentleman of the highest character, the greatest ability, and the most varied accomplishments and attainments." Sir Edmund was Lord Elgin's equal in academical distinction at Oxford, his senior in standing, and had examined him for a fellowship at Merton.

Two years of rest at home, and then Lord Elgin was sent to China.

(To be concluded in our next.)

RETROSPECT.

BY WILL. HENRY GANE.

Only a year ago!
So short and yet so long!
Its memory soft as the summer wind,
Or a wave of the angels' song.
Only a year ago,—
And yet what changes have been!
How many stars have been lost to view,
And how many ushered in?

A head of golden hair—
An eye supremely blue—
A good, and noble, and brave heart,
And Christianlike and true;
That was a year ago!
To-day,—ashes and dust!
It tells us how much the heart will bear—
How much it can and must.

And thus we might be hanging
Sweet pictures in memory's hall;
And let a flood of sunbeams
Over our idols fall—
Just as we did a year ago!
Where are they all to-day?—
Ask of the wave, as it thunders by,
What it did with yesterday's spray.

INGERSOLL, ONT.

ITALIAN VIGNETTES.

QUIET HOURS IN ROME DURING THE VATICAN COUNCIL.

OUR room in the Albergo Minerva is very fresh and modern-looking. There is nothing in it like anything that Agrippina could ever have set eyes upon except the tripods that hold our basins. Quite an unbeliever's room it is, too, with none of those saints or crucifixes on the wall to which our eyes had become so accustomed in the South. It is the deference of Rome to the unbelieving foreigner, I was saying to myself, when, lo! my wandering eyes espied a cross. It was made by sticking a large black-headed pin in the paper of the wall with a smaller one transversely. It was touching to think that some poor traveller had been driven to this expedient before he could say his prayers.

We were not out of our beds when "Mariannina" came floating up to our window from the court with guitar accompaniment. We had heard it first from the merry wild voices of the Ischiani, and it seemed a greeting.

When will the delusion vanish that some new and strange sensation ought to be felt on waking in Rome for the first time? Whatever one may know about the belittling influence of the modern city, it is the idea of the Rome of antiquity that at a distance is always uppermost in the mind, and to which everything is bound to conform itself. The man who cried Ro-ma—, as we approached the Seven-hilled City, seemed absurd, because he had not a sonorous voice Nevertheless all looked very grey, chilly and uninspiring.

We were leaving the breakfast-room when a waiter, who had been looking wistfully at us for a long time, seized the opportunity of doing some little service, and "might he ask the Signorine if they did not remember him in Ischia?" "Ah yes, Pietro, at the *Grande Sentinella!* And how came he here? was he getting on well?" "Not well; he had been nine months in Rome, and had been ill of rheumatism; it was damp and so dull. Ah, Signora, *Roma è morta.*" And the poor fellow seemed quite happy at having the privilege of unburdening himself. "Rome is dead." Pietro had not lent brightness to the dull morning. Fitful sunlight was still alternating with showers when we took a carriage and started on our first drive about Rome.

I had not expected much of modern Rome and yet I was disappointed. It is less grand and gloomy than I had imagined. I was surprised to find the houses low and dingy. The narrowness and unattractiveness of the streets did not surprise me. Even the renowned Corso would be a second-rate street in Naples. The people in the streets are a motley and not a striking crowd. I cannot fix upon any distinguishing feature. I look in vain for the handsome, proud, wicked Roman, as well as for the fine physical development which is seen further south. Everybody is commonplace.

I was not in a mood for seeing ruins. We drove on, giving little direction, through the streets without sidewalks, which have been so often described, and through the mean-looking Piazza di Spragua, unredeemed from the commonplace except by its single fountain, round which the water-bearers were gathered with their jars, and its uplook to the Pincian over that magnificent flight of

steps where the models in sheepskin and goatskin, with scrolls upon their heads, are knitting or dozing as they wait to be hired. Where beside we went I know not, but I know that we came upon the Pantheon.

Nineteen hundred years, wanting two, have swept over it. Yet as one looks on it one says of it, as was said of Moses, its natural strength is not abated. It stands there closely built round with modern Rome. Everything about it seems worthy only to be its scaffolding; and the heedless crowds around seem as the poor-spirited Israelites in presence of the great soul of Moses.

By and by our eyes fell, here and there, upon fragments of another Rome. We began to perceive a city within the city, the dimensions of which, as it took hold upon the imagination, swelled out far beyond the compass of that by which it was contained. There are some pillars standing while their fellows are fallen; there is a portico with crumbling entablature. Here is a column firm upon its base, and engraved with names that have lived on earth twice the life of Methusaleh; there is a Titanic wall with something in stucco built against it. Never shall I forget the impression of coming upon some of these vestiges, these ancestral bones of antiquity, contrasting so strangely with their surroundings. Those few slender pillars—three, three, eight—standing in a dusty, neglected, untrimmed place—as startling to the eyes as the apparition of the twin gods when they brought the great news to Rome—was the Roman Forum. I had not asked to see it. I had come upon it and it had taken me captive. What was there of it? And yet what could be more effective? The artist is no artist who gives to a distant ship more than a touch of mast and sail.

We had courage now to say, "To the Colosseum," and in five minutes the pile lay before us, in the valley, where it ought to be. It would affect the imagination far less if it stood upon a hill. How foolish to think that the Colosseum would not assert its hold over the imagination without our having previously stored and prepared the mind. It seizes upon us by force, like fear.

We had not intended to leave our carriage, and felt the less inclined to do so when we saw through one of the great archways that the arena was thronged with people. But on second thoughts we did, and found that they were going the round of the *Via Croce*. Priests and monks in frightful brown masks, carrying incense and flaring tapers, and chanting dolefully, were leading a procession of all classes, rich and poor, high ecclesiastics and brethren of the mendicant orders, with beggars in rags, from station to station, at each of which is the representation of a scene in our Lord's Passion.

A lady dressed in black and surrounded by companions, carried a large cross, almost beyond her strength, and all, as they knelt before the successive shrines, joined in a sort of wailing chorus. It was not a religious—I can hardly call it a solemn—feeling that came over me. It was a weird feeling blended with the idea of the seventy thousand Christian martyrs whose blood had soaked the sands of this arena. At the third station we fell into the irregular procession, and listened to the chant. From one of the masks came with marvellous rapidity, in a doleful voice,—"*Pater noster, Ave Maria, Gloria, Miserere Nostri, Domine, Miserere Nostri.*" Then all took up the strain again—

Stabat mater dolorosa
Juxta crucem lacrymosa
Dum pendebat filius.

And as they moved on—

Quæ mœrebat et dolebat.

At the sixth station is a picture of Santa Veronica wiping the sweat from the brow of the Redeemer. The handkerchief which she used, and which the Catholic Church holds, retained the impression of the Savi-

our's face, is one of the relics shown in St. Peter's during the Holy Week.

We did not follow far, but stood at a distance contemplating the strange sight—the dark, immeasurable ruin—the throng moving to the doleful chant, and ever and anon dropping on their knees before the shrines—while the clouds in the unsettled sky, by turns gathering and dispersing, added to the effect of the scene. High up among the vaultings, dwarfed to pigmies, were a few strangers who had come to see the Colosseum, and who looked down from the seats where myriads of eyes once feasted on the sight of martyrs perishing in the fangs of the wild beasts. Above them the birds, which made their nests in the loose stones, held an airy revel, undisturbed by the presence of the visitors or by the chanting below, which went on deepening at length into what we supposed to be the Litany of the Passion.

Some ladies, who like ourselves, had been witnesses of the scene, were more curious, and observed that the brown friars' habit and hempen cord, were not worn over a penitential hair-shirt, and that the hideous mask did not cover the rough shaven face of a mendicant brother. One or two of the wearers were engaged in a by-play during the ceremony, during which the mask was partly twitched aside, and the loose sleeve falling back revealed dainty linen beneath. We were told that the service was imposed as a penance at the confessional on young noblemen and others of the higher ranks.

Signor Cipriani, a Roman artist, went with us to the Colosseum, and at our request made a rapid sketch from one of the lofty terraces overlooking the Appian way. What luxury for an artist's hand to follow his eye over this mosaic of histories! The purple Campagna was soon dashed in upon the horizon and immersed in its purple the spectral forms of the things that have been.

The eye cannot reach the horizon here in any direction without travelling over ruins, here standing up airily and wasting in the wind, there crumbling in masses. Not one structure has the sharp lines of life, unless it be the Arch of Constantine, seen close by in downward prospective, which stands nearly perfect—though Clement the Eighth filched one of the *giallo antico* pillars for his own purposes.

The Porta Appia of the Aurelian wall, and the triumphal Arch of Drusus, lead the eye towards the tomb of the Scipios on our left, and in the picture are the ancient Porta Ostiensis, the most picturesque of the entrances to Rome, the slope of the Aventine, green and beautiful, though bare now of its temples, with the Circus Maximus at its foot and the Palatine Hill, the home of the Cæsars, Romulus, the Sabines, Nero, St. Paul, Totila, Belisarius—where is one to begin or end among the names recalled by my ten-inch picture? I see the power of the kings, the splendour of the emperors, the reign of art, the triumph of war, the triumph of martyrdom—glory and superstition—the pride, the fall.

The brush revels in the warm brown tint of Roman ruins, the richest possible in the foreground, and becoming transparent in the ethereal light of distance. April casts her green around it like dimpled arms around the neck of old age.

In the midst of our study we were surprised by a thunder-storm. The murky cloud, the thunder and lightning seemed to claim the giant ruins as their own. The desolate corridors, the yawning arches, the unpeopled arena, the grass-grown fragments of ruin, invited the revelry of the storm. Currents of wind loaded with vapour swept through the spaces, darkness descended from the brooding clouds, the rain poured in torrents and gushed gurgling in a black flood from the immense drain in front of the grand entrance as though it came boiling from Tartarus. Then it fell more softly: the green grass of the arena seemed to grow

greener, and Spring shone forth in her beauty over the dismantled seats of the spectators of gladiatorial shows in the Flavian Amphitheatre.

We were like a ship's company—the few tourists who were there, the little band of zouaves, the porter, the Greek selling Roman pearls, and the poor dwarf, whose withered legs could not lift him from the ground, and who sat upon the damp earth like a speck among the gigantic pillars that once bore up the mighty awning overhead.

As I walked among the arches waiting for a carriage, I noticed what I had not seen before. On one of the piers was a cross, inlaid, and under it the following inscription: "On kissing the cross one gains an indulgence for one year and forty days." On our return home, I had a talk with the pretty and piquant little Signora G. about the kissing of the cross. She explained that the Pope had blessed the *legno*, thereby giving it efficacy, and that to one who had kissed the cross, all sins committed in the time specified were forgiven, unless they were mortal sins! The conversation that ensued about the distinction between mortal and other sins, was sadly interrupted by the noisy and imperious demonstrations of one little Ernesto; but ended, by what process of reasoning I cannot tell, by assuring me that my misgivings had no foundation whatever. "And how are you sure that the kissing of the cross will procure pardon?" "Oh, because, as I said, the Pope has blessed it, and he is not an ordinary man; besides, it is found in the holy writings." On my inquiring what holy writings she meant, she replied: "Oh, the writings of St. Bridget and St. Paul, and several others"—*diversi altri.*

The Pope has his foot upon the Palatine Hill, having bought back a portion of it from the Emperor of Russia. But he comes not to build like his predecessors, the kings or emperors, but only to excavate, and look at the excavations. This part of the hill is little frequented by tourists. If you tell your driver to go to the Palatine, you will be taken to the portion in possession of the Emperor Napoleon, and will get no hint of anything else to be seen. Say *Palazzo di Cæsare del Papa*, and you will be driven to the Vatican or the Quirinal, unless you can set the horses' heads for yourself. There is far more of masonry and marble in Napoleon's part certainly, but it is all swept, all under watch and ward, can be seen regularly on Thursday, and leaves your imagination as little at home as a bird that flies in at a window. The fragments of beauty are set up in a museum, where they are placed with French taste, to heighten effects. Everything is laid bare to the sun. Nero is made to get up out of his grave to be looked at, and Domitian is forced to point out the window at which he caught the flies.

When we had once found out the sunny southern slope of the house of Augustus, it became our haunt. In our first visit, we were accompanied by an antiquarian fresh from the discussions of the British Archæological Society, whose delegates had just gone over this ground. He guided us to the wall of Romulus—which we thought Remus need not have laughed at, for it has come down to us a substantial stone wall—crossed over his *Roma Qvadrata*, and came to the house of Augustus, the most exquisite of all these remains. Here our antiquarian friend leaned on his staff and began, with as much earnestness as if he were proving the title to his own possessions, to demonstrate that this *is* the house which Cæsar Augustus built. Indeed, it was in a way his own possession, for he told us that he often spent days in the balmy air of this southern slope, when his delicate lungs could not bear the wind on the other side of the Palatine. Then we decended into substructions, passed through a beautiful vista of arches, and reached the penetralia of the Roman Antiquarian Society, where their plan of the Palatine was spread out. We picked up precious fragments, not

to be obtained in other parts of the hill; then up to the sun again. We saw how each emperor in turn built something to please, till, when Septimius Severus came, he found no place left for him, and so had to build off a terrace for the foundation of his palace, with its seven stories of arcades, looking towards the Appian way. On the site of the Baths of Caligula we noted the huge conduit that supplied them, pointing to its fellow across the valley, and marked how these aqueducts were built, with an angle in every mile to prevent the too rapid flow of the water from yonder mountains; in the dim distance beyond the plain, we saw the abode of the Vestals. We saw finally, in the clear morning air, the Palatine, standing up as if meant to support the abode of Empire, overlooking the Forum and commanding the Capitoline, which rises up from the midst of the populace towards the Campus Martius, while the other hills stand in an amphitheatre round.

In subsequent visits, as we made our way to our favourite spots, among shrubs and arches, embossed with roots and slender remnants of wall. We used to pass the excavation going on at the foot of the hill, and see from day to day a little more of the unique *stadium* that is being brought to light—of the pillars which surrounded its colonnade, the marble trough carried round the course with water to cool the heated athletes, the marble-faced stairs leading down to the arena. The curving wall of the Exedra, from which the emperor and his court looked down upon the games, still stands on the edge of the hill, and probably was the hint which led to the search for the scene of a spectacle below.

The *stadium* lies at a depth of full twenty feet under the dust of later ruins, and is now being reached only at its two extremities, while the rubbish removed is being heaped upon other parts to bury them more hopelessly. That their remains should have been buried so deep that they now seem to stand in cellars or wells is not strange, for accumulation of dust is an ordinance of this world. But it is strange to think of the time when the first obliterating layers settled down from the dense cloud raised by the hoofs of havoc—of the time when first these wrecks were cared for no more than broken potsherds—of the time when soul ebbed away from the Roman.

How long is the hill of the Cæsars to remain untenanted? Will it always be sacrilege to build upon it? What would the world bear to see standing here? Who would have the hardihood to set himself to be gazed upon against a back-ground peopled with such shades? We may leave that to Italy. She has grown very tender of the past. This people that has so long danced upon the grave of Honour, has returned to earnestness, and is returning to truth. In whatever form it may be, the rich seed buried in this hill may again spring up and bear blossoms of glory, exceeding the glory of former days. But a truce to these thoughts. At present this spot—this high place of beautiful desolation—is ours. It is the spot in all Rome in which the traveller can be at peace, untroubled by the world, unmolested by beggars and guides, in which he may spend the livelong day like the birds that build in the ruins, and go over or round it, and gaze upon the historic remains that spread beyond until he has to close his dazzled eyes in order to restore his vision of the past. Then opening them, he is as it were in a dream, on finding himself among the shattered walls, with the breeze blowing on him, seeing the crimson poppies lifting their frills out of the spring greenness in the palaces, hearing the voices of children playing about like birds or butterflies in the house of Nero.

The voices of those pretty little Roman patricians are like the notes of a bird. Nowhere have I heard Italian spoken so musically—not even in Tuscany.

But we have to take our farewell look. The Alban hills are blue in the distance and

a tinge of violet hangs in the atmosphere, through which shine streaks of mingled green and gold, over miles and miles of Campagna. We see the aqueducts stalking over the plain, the Appian way, with the tombs along it, the road by which St. Paul went to his martyrdom. The terrible would overwhelm the tender in this world, if it were not viewed in the light of God's great uncomprehended providence. But then the awful and beautiful blending together, melt the soul in pathetic happiness. This place is sweet to me as a child's grave.

A Cardinal in his flowing black cloak, with scarlet lining fluttering to the breeze, and broad-brimmed hat of scarlet plush, stands poising himself on a Cæsar's threshold, and looking down to the half buried remains which his companion is pointing out to him. As we linger, he disappears. The children also are gone, and we too depart, leaving two Roman soldiers lying on their elbows on the grass, and keeping the gate of the Cæsars.

Yesterday was bright; to-day there is a leaden sky, and as I look up among the strange, balconied, terraced, chimnied, belfried, turreted roofs on which this sky closes down, it is like lead upon my spirit. It is a strange sort of depression. Blackbirds—crows or ravens, I know not which—flit across my field of vision, and, in my boding mood, I could fancy myself an ancient Roman, watching their flight for an omen.

But there is fascination in this roof region, tenanted by birds, and servant girls drawing up water out of the deep courts, over air-lines of rope, and pulling and calling to each other—Ma-ri-a-a, Vir-gil-ia-a with musical cadence. By the door of a roof studio, an elderly gentleman on canvass, who startled me at first, looks endlessly down to my window. A bit of Monte Pincio, with its foliage, hangs like a bright green cloud in the sky, and in the belfries of La Trinita Dei Monti the sparrows seem, by their twittering, to be calling each other to vespers.

But I cannot put off this weight of the leaden sky. Is it what I was warned of—that I should get melancholy in Rome?

Just as the sun was setting, a yellow light shot across the walls and towers before the window where we sat at dinner. We hastened to our chamber—to our western window. The twilight was falling fast, but across the western sky there was a bar of light on the horizon. The ghosts of Cæsar and his armies passed over the distant hills, and above St. Peter's and the Vatican gathered the long train of Popes and Martyrs, fading with the ashy whiteness of the dome, as it disappeared in the darkening sky.

A SUMMER IN ISCHIA.

OUR excursion to-day took us over the mountain road towards Forio. We were accompanied as usual by the Saints or their namesakes—Girolamo, our bright-eyed donkey boy, with his brown curls, white teeth and merry smile, a curious edition of St. Jerome—and Filippo, who tells us that he is named from San Filippo Neri, "Servitore," doffing his cap.

In a ride like this in Ischia, one of the most striking things is the sudden opening of a distance, by which you are caught away to another realm, spectral in its faint distinctness, and differing from the nearer view in its lights, as the past differs from the present—as poetry differs from prose. The mountains of Gaeta were distinctly seen, pointing out the position of the fortress whch, within the last few years, has been the asylum of Pius the Ninth and his dear son Francis the Second, alias Bomba; and from which the latter was driven, by General Cialdini, to take refuge with his patron in the Holy City. From the time of Ulysses, Gaeta has had great histories of wars, sieges, triumphs and disasters. It has had peaceful

histories too. Its climate, the breezes that cool its summer, the peculiar luxuriance of its southern vegetation, made it a favourite resort of men of letters and taste. There Cicero gathered about him congenial spirits in his Formian villa. The bright beach on which they used to walk, of course we could not see. But the neighbouring mountains lifted their heads in the serene distance over. The same serene distance had passed over those classic and medæval memories. But the guns of ten years ago still flash and thunder.

Aha! when Gaeta's taken, what then?
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport,
Of the fire-balls of death crushing souls out of men,
When the guns of Cavalli with final retort,
Have cut the game short?

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee;
When your flag takes all Heaven for its white, green and red;
When yor have your country from mountain to sea,
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head;
And *I* have my dead?

As we wound round the mountain sides, with vine terraces above and below, the view was entrancing. The whole coast was in sight, from Sorrento to Mola, where is the tomb of Cicero; plains, curves of the shore, Posilipo, where Virgil wrote; Nisida once the property of Lucullus, and whither Brutus retired after the assassination of Cæsar, Pozzuoli, the Puteoli of the Acts of the Apostles; the bay and castle of Baia; and beyond the Phlegræan and Elysian fields of classic mythology, which seemed to sleep under a veil as of the immemorial years. On a ledge, with the sea almost at our feet, we faced about towards Vesuvius, on whose summit lay the smoke cloud, with an unusually ominous look. Near us were the ruins of two palaces, which had been thrown down by earthquakes. I asked a man in whose black hair silver lines were beginning to appear, if he was not afraid? With a look, perfectly expressive of child-like faith, he answered, "Eccelenza, No"; and being asked why, he said "Ecco, Signora, there is a prophecy by San Giuseppe Della Croce, whose church is in Ischia, and whose body is at Naples, that Ischia shall never again be destroyed by volcanoes or earthquakes."

Ten minutes ride from this, we plunged into a deep ravine to see the *mud baths*. We found people scooping from under a scalding pool the blue marl which is used in the potteries of the island—mentioned by Strabo—and which is also applied to broken limbs and wounds. The *custode* looked hard to see whether he could detect any limp in our gait, hoping that we had come to patronize his establishment. Further on we came to the famous sand baths. In a little perfectly close place, something like a Dutch oven, they make a shallow grave for you in the sand, where, covered all but your head, you are left to keep alive in the moist, suffocating mineral air. There are vapour-baths in the Stufæ of San Lorenzo. Close by are the baths of Santa Restituta, one of the forty different kinds of mineral water kept hot on this island, summer and winter, for the benefit of invalids. For thrice ten centuries these fires have been kept burning on the altar of Hygeia. "*Bellissima acqua dei bagni—Sono miraculosi.*"

A church and monastery, dedicated to the Saint, stand near. We went into the quiet church. A place of peace it should be, and a place of peace it is to one at least, for he lies dead, in a sort of coffin, the best the poor relatives could afford, deserted, as the custom is, for the monks to bury him, but clothed, composed and respectable. A few minutes after, when we passed the coffin again, the clothes had been torn off, and the head had fallen aside. Thus do these monks strip the dead—it is the custom. Peace to the poor corpse in the horrid pit to which they will bear it.

We mounted our donkeys again, under the eyes of a long line of priests and monks,

who leant over the balcony with listless air, and rode back to the shore. In a charming cove shut in by a headland, on the slope of which is a Saracenic tower—so it is called—the fishermen's boats were anchored or hauled up on the beach, and frisky, half clothed children were playing their antics among the rocks. Two lava ridges set their black feet in the sea, while the vine was beginning to wind some wreaths around their jagged fronts. The sand is hot a few inches below the surface, and when it is scooped out the hollow fills with warm water. I saw a mother wash her child in one of these improvised bath tubs, then stand in it herself and wash her shoeless feet, while the little cherub sat staring at us. *Molto pittoresque* it all was, with the classic simplicity of attire. And then evening fell over white houses and huts, and over the fortressed hill with its tall flag staff, and over the tower on the headland, in a spiritual body of gold, and the blue wavelets, with their white frills, came lisping to the shore. On a breakwater of rough stones below the watch-tower, where of old they looked out for the Moorish pirates, sat a man with his eyes fixed on the sea. We stopped for a sketch, and put him in. A group of peasants coming from work passed by, and stopped with Girolamo and his donkeys for a chat. "From what country were the *forestieri* and where did they live?" Our little knight-errant silenced the questions as became him. But they had heard our English tongue, and their impression was confirmed, for we heard them say:—"*Si, Francese,*"—"Yes, French." This being settled, they went their way, shouting to the man on the breakwater that he was going to be put into a picture. Nothing is more certain than that self-consciousness spoils even the poise of the body. The man drew himself up into a picturesque attitude in view of the honour, and his picturesqueness was gone.

Vespers were going on in a little wayside church, remarkable for nothing but miracles performed by the Virgin, and the wild beauty of its site. Inside was twilight, which the tapers only made more dim, and we could just see kneeling forms dotting the floor—a few poor people, our peasants on the road most likely among them—and waving what appeared palm branches in their hands, while music came out of the dimness, as though the evil power against which the Virgin warred, had left the spirits disturbed and wounded. Girolamo, who often acted as guide, and explained the hard words in the dialect, would have us see the sacred things; but we could not see, and I think he had a vague and troubled idea that we did not wish to see. It is not pleasant to have the children staring at you as an infidel, and to offend them "whose angels do always behold the face of my Father in Heaven."

Monte Rotaro is a cone rising out of the side of Epomeo. We have often looked over to it from the Grande Sentinella, whence we could clearly discern the slightly truncated crater form; and we had a desire to explore it.

The greater part of the journey we made on donkey-back, the steeper part on foot, with Donna Maddalena, who was the more pleased to be my companion, because it would enable her to visit the graves of her father and sister, who were buried in this crater, with the other victims of a pestilence.

It was pleasanter to leave my donkey and his Sicilian driver, much as the driver had pleased me by telling me all the way of the delights of his country, to which I looked forward as my winter quarters, and to go on with Maddalena alone. It seemed to her a pious and, perhaps, meritorious pilgrimage. Her lips were moving in prayer whenever she was not talking to me. I almost fancied I detected in her a shade of self condemnation, as though the souls of the departed were still suffering in purgatory through her neglect.

The rugged footpath by which we ascended lay through a wild rich growth of heather,

myrtle and arbutus. What a delight was the broad, silent mountain-side, in this green, sunny November! We reached the rim of the crater—a perfect cup—and our descent into it was through a still thicker growth of the same shrub, mingled with others of stronger nature, making an impassable thicket except as we kept the thread of a winding track. This thicket was a zone, below which was a green grassy void—a void save for the huge rocks which lay there whitened with lichens. Nothing was wanting but the volcanic fires. These have been extinct since the early part of the fourteenth century, when they were quelled by the uplifted hand of San Giuseppe della Croce, as Maddalena told me; but the huge fragments of rock lying there, tilted at all angles upon each other, and bearing in their angular shapes the marks of violence, made the power seem present that had lifted them on the breath of its fury. In descending we left the direct rays of the sun; the light grew sombre and the air chill; and when we reached the bottom a concave of blue sky closed like a watch crystal over the concave of green walls, shutting us up in one of the strangest and grandest of solitudes. It is a wonder that the anchorite yonder, who dwells half-way down towards the world, has not fixed his abode here. But, perhaps, he would have been forgotten.

We found the even, green sod that covered many sleepers. But the graves of father and sister were indistinguishable from those of strangers. Around, wildly scattered, were the monuments erected by nature to herself; and among them, strange to say, one erected by man to his fellow-man. On the broken side of a sarcophagus-like tomb, we read the name of Francis Moore, Esq., brother of Sir John Moore.

We returned to the sunshine, and as we came over the crater's rim I filled my hands with white blossomed myrtle and branches of the *soror pilosa*, hung with its clustered fruit, which is round and like a crab-apple in size, with a vermilion coat, piled, and most exquisite to look on. It would have been pleasant if we could have spread our wings upon the shoulder of the mountain, and dropped down through the air over the black lava course by which we descended. It was almost too steep to keep the saddle, and the lava was still utterly rough and indomitable, having in all these centuries gathered no vegetation. It ran a rigid line through the verdure of a soil so rich that it gives to herbs the growth of shrubs, and to shrubs the growth of trees.

Maddalena came in to-day more ready for tears than I ever saw her bright face before. "*Povera me!*"—and she drew out her lottery tickets for the last week, which were all blanks. "*La mia fortuna dorme*"—and looking over her shoulder to the crucifix on the walls, with her hands clasped—"*Benedetto Iddio*, I am punished. God punishes me. I am a very great sinner. Your consciences are white, mine is a little dark (*un poco scura.*) Pray to the Virgin for me that I may succeed. And, *Signora mia*, if you will tell me your dreams, I will play on them, and then I shall be sure to win." We looked over her tickets. In the last *giuoco* she had ventured a franc on Twelve, which stands for soldier (every number within certain limits standing for something, as a horse, blood, an accident), but all in vain, notwithstanding that a little company of soldiers were allowed to hold a festival in one of her nurseries, which ought to have brought good luck.

All our expostulations went for nothing. She quite understood that the Government which has so beneficently assumed the patronage of the lottery, plays no losing game. But the lottery is a passion with these people, man, woman and child, down to the very beggar. The Government is sure of its revenue from this source.

At the mention of the Government she

gave us her rather spicy views on politics, pinching the back of her hand and giving it a twist, to illustrate the cruel exactions of the rulers, to which she attributes the high price of bread and maccaroni. And worse than this, to the infidel Government are to be ascribed the disrespect of the Saints—the law allows the people now, if they like, to put Garibaldi before Giuseppe in their children's names—and many other wicked things which are going to ruin the country. We should have supposed from her harangue that she had read the pathetic irony of a prominent Papal journalist:—"Wherever in our Naples are the images of Mary will be placed those of the Goddess of Reason; where now are the Saints of the Calendar ecclesiastical will be the Saints of the Calendar of Ricciardi—Cola da Rienzi, Francesco Ferrucia, Arnoldo da Brescia, Masaniello, the brothers Bandiera, Garibaldi, and the two most glorious martyrs, Monti and Joquetti. On the silver bust of that ancient patron S. Gennaro, will be placed the well-shaped head of Pope Ricciardi. * * * * No more will they teach the precepts of the Catholic religion, but those of free thought. No more will they talk of Pius IX., but of Pope Ricciardi, and thus Italy will be happy, prosperous, tranquil, free, in the van of progress. Long live the free-thinkers—long live the Deputy Count Ricciardi!" But Maddalena had long bent her head over my journal one day, and on lifting it volunteered the confession that she could not read—advocate's daughter though she is. If she had been able, her bright intellect might have comprehended that the great movements of the world have sent a vibration to her shores—that prices have risen from the Western Prairies to the Nile—and that in this there may be a proof that the long stagnation is at an end, and that even this island feels the pulsation of the general life.

"*Cose dice Padre Giacomo*," she says. Ah, that is it! Her book is the Priest's mind, or so many pages of it as it pleases him to open. But Maddalena has been seized with the idea of giving her children some other book, and is having all her daughters taught to read. It grieves the heart of Padre Giacomo, who says, "My daughter, it is more pleasing to the Blessed Mary that you should be pious than that you should be learned." But the strong-minded Maddalena only repeats the *Stabat Mater* a few more times, and goes on having her children taught to read. One is too nervous to go to school, so she has a master for an hour a day to teach her at home, who gets *fifteen cents* a month as his pay.

Bravo, Maddalena! By this time she had forgotten her lottery. Her spirits rose again, and with a merry laugh she departed, wishing us, as she went, "*felicissima notte, buono sonno, buona salute*," which she hopes for in God and the Blessed Virgin.

We rose at four and, after a very simple toilet, went out in the fresh morning to the baths, at the Stabilimento Manzi.

We were received into an Oriental-looking court, all tinted with soft rose colour, the frieze resting on fluted marble pillars, and giving us a square of the soft morning sky. Others were waiting besides ourselves. Among them two pleasant pampered Signorine, having a shade of the characteristic self-consciousness so light that it was almost pretty. It is not the pert self-consciousness of an American girl, nor the haughty self-consciousness of an Englishwoman. It is something that grows out of a Turkish state of society, where one looks for no high accountability in woman. It is curious how foreigners read each other, fancying themselves all the while quite blank. We were, evidently, as interesting to the Signorine as they were to us.

A middle-aged servant waiting beside her mistress' door, and guarding her *biancheria* spread out there, was improving the time in saying her prayers with moving lips,

face slightly inclined skyward, and eyes half devotional and half observant.

In due time an obsequious attendant waited upon us in a little airy apartment tiled white and blue, with pure marble baths filled with water warmed and medicated in volcanic laboratories. The quaintness of our attendant, Theresa, the fame of the water, reaching back to the days of Pliny, and floating music, charmed away the hour. I began to form a lively idea of the times of the Roman Empire, when people of leisure enjoyed their three baths a day, and the luxurious Pompeian passed from the *tepidarium* and its perfumes, to lounge in the porticoes and listen to the recitations of the poets—a much more lively idea than I could form sitting among the dry reservoirs of the baths of Caracalla, with clouds of black wings dipping into the empty courts and floating away again into the blue ether.

Among these cool marbles, and under the unchanged sky of this "divinest climate," bathing is a luxury still, and it is marvellous that, with such monuments before them, and with such inducements, the descendants of those inveterate bathers so seldom revert to the habits of their ancestors. The modern Italian has the reputation, at least, of eschewing water. The nurse says she is not going to risk her life by bathing, as her English mistress requires, for the sake of anybody's child, and throws up the situation which gives her bread rather than submit to so cruel an exaction. Dr. S., an English physician, says, "It is reported that the Duke of Arpino takes a cold bath every morning," but adds, "I do not believe a word of it."

Philomena has got the notion that her *Inglese* subsist upon the airiest unsubstantials. The breakfast table was a paragon of freshness, with figs, plums, *persiche* and *persiche noci*, blushing among their leaves, the daintiest pats of butter kept cool under vine leaves, a glass of milk also under a vine leaf, and a corona of bread. All which we must pass by for the imperative half-hour's repose of which a lively Neapolitan had forewarned us. "The baths are magnificent, but then you must stay in blankets an hour afterwards." But with the fresh pillows that have been placed for you, and the fragrant airs straying in and out, one may have the most refreshing slumber of the twenty-four hours, or endless reveries, to which the unfamiliar sounds lend themselves till you are far away in some dreamland from which nothing brings you back but the want of your breakfast.

Ten a.m. There is no morning to-day. The sun holds all the open country with tyrannic power. But under the quiet green leaves we are sheltered from his sway, and here we sit in the messeria till the midday breeze shall come to do him battle and set his prisoners free. A very comfortable prison. The first ripe figs have declared themselves by a white cracking of the skin, whilst yonder the slender twigs of the pomegranate daintily suspend their solid globes, and two twin pomegranates seem to have conspired to test the strength of their parent stem before all the world, since the small scattering leaves hold no screen before them.

Here we read our morning lesson in the good old Book. Jotham's speech from the rock struck us in a new way among the trees out of which he constructed his parable—the fat olive, the sweet fig, the vine just about to yield the juice "which cheereth God and man," and the bramble, still possessed by the spirit of mischief—which reaches down from the walls as we pass to seize our veils and tear the hand that is put up to defend them.

The little Bertie, a quaint child of twelve, in the costume of the country, which makes no variation from girlhood to old age, placed seats for us, and sat on the ground near, to tell us the name, in her dialect, of anything we did not know; while Gennarino climbed the terraces in search of the *cicade* which

were filling the air with their chirrup. When he had captured one he brought it, with its accusation, that of spoiling the grapes—a false one, as we believe—and we captured *him* and made him bring us his book and read to us. We were surprised at the precision with which the little *contadino* articulated his words, bringing out every vowel and consonant: here was a hint of the training which preserves to the Italian language that refinement which lends grace to the very lips that utter it. A similar training is needed to save our English from its vowels being all converted into short *u*, and to redeem it from the bad effect of certain unfortunate sounds, the perpetual *sh* for instance, at which Italians laugh. I had not noticed this so much till I heard the two languages together from the platform. Indeed, I seemed never to have heard my own language, any more than one sees a clear pane of glass. English certainly needs to be very neatly uttered. Madame de Stael says that Italian, when heard, has a subtle meaning which the bare words would not convey. One cannot hear it fervidly spoken without agreeing with her. *Fratelli miei* means simply, my brethren; but as it falls upon the ear from the pulpit it is a strain of eloquence. The musical sound of the pronouns falling in with the delicacy of address in the third person makes a simple address like potent flattery.

But this Gennarino—that is dear little Gennaro—his parents are going to make a priest of him. This childish voice will intone mass before altars, and teach a new generation the mysteries of purgatory and penance! At present he is like other Italian children of ten years old and more—he screams when he is crossed, like a child of ten months, and screams on, though it may take him hours to gain his point, till he has worked himself up to alarming frenzy. We were quite frightened about him at first. The Italians think it cruelty to control their children by any severity. A well-governed little friend of ours at Naples is usually spoken to by his Italian acquaintances, with whom he is a great favourite, as *Caro Frederigo.*

Hark! There is a stir and a whisper among the leaves. They come, they come, the breezes! Forth we go, and the white sails under the lee of Procida look all alive, as if they were waiting the behests of the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, and the bright waters are sparkling with pleasure to bear them on some chivalrous errand to the Holy Land.

THE WARLOCK'S DEATH-BED.

BY THE LATE WILLIAM MAIN, WITH INTRODUCTION BY ALEXANDER M'LACHLAN.

THE physical features of Scotland, its dreary moors and morasses, its solitary tarns, wild mountains, and hoarse-roaring waterfalls, tended to imbue the minds of an illiterate but highly imaginative people with gloomy thoughts; and no wonder they peopled the waste with unearthly beings, and believed that they heard the voice of the demon, or Water Kelpie, rising above the roar of the torrent, and saw weird women, witches and warlocks, at their midnight revels on the blasted heath. The Mythology of Scotland has also, nearly in our own day, given birth to a literature of weird beauty. Save for it, a great part of Sir Walter Scott's poetry and prose could not have been written. From it James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, drew the greater part of his inspiration, as his Mountain Bard and Queen's Wake abundantly testify. His Bonny Kilmeny alone is sufficient to make the Scotch dialect classical; as a picture of female purity and loveliness it is unsurpassed. It is also to that Mythology that we are indebted for Burns' wondrous tale of Tam O'Shanter; and we might also include Shakspeare's tragedy of Macbeth.

Down almost to our own day every green knoll, every conical hill, and almost every strath and glen in Scotland, were peopled with fairies that at the "hour o' gloaming grey" came forth in the wake of their queen, mounted on cream-coloured horses that glittered with dewdrops, and all kept pace to the music of silver bells which dangled from their manes. We once said to a Scotch peasant who firmly believed in fairies, and who always kept a sharp lookout for them in suspicious places—"Now, Duncan, tell us truly, were you really ever in company with the fairies?" "That I was," said he, "and no farther gane than the last time I came ower the Mearns Moor by munelicht. I cam' by accident on a whole flock o' them. There they were! a' sittin' roun' a spring amang the fox-bells, drinkin' and singin' like mavises. I cam' on them a' at ance; I took them fairly by surprise; but they ne'er loot on, but pretended that they were expectin' me; and, losh man! how the wee chiels in their green coats crackit their thoums, and danced roun' about me, and sang and shouted

Hurrah! hurrah!
Come awa'
Laddy braw,
Join us a'
Ha, ha!
Dunkie man!"

But steam, wheels and electricity, have fairly frightened witches, warlocks, brownies, and fairies, from the land of the hill and the heather; in fact they have passed out of the actual prose world into the poetic region, and are now invested with a romantic interest which they were far from having in what some sentimental people call "the good old days," when their power for evil was believed in by high and low, and they were feared and dreaded accordingly. To show the power which the belief in witchcraft exercised over the minds of the Scottish peasantry, and the power which they ascribed to witches at no very remote period, we quote the following lines from Allan Ramsay's Gentle Shepherd, where Bauldy goes to consult old Mause, the supposed witch:

"*Mause.*—What fouk say of me, Bauldy, let me hear,
Keep naething up, ye naething hae to fear.

Bauldy.—Weel, since ye bid me, I shall tell ye a'
That ilk ane talks about ye, but a flaw
When last the wind made Claud a roofless barn ;
When last the burn bore down my mither's yarn ;
When Tibby kirn'd and there nae butter came,
And Brawney, elf-shot, never mair cam hame ;
When Betty Freetock's chuffy cheeked wean
To a fairy turned and cou'dna staun its lane ;
When Watty wander'd a' nicht thro' the shaw,
And tint himsel' amaist amang the snaw ;
When Mungo's mare stood still and swat wi' fricht,
When he brought east the howdy under nicht ;
When Bawsy shot to dead upon the green,
And Sara tint a snood was nae mair seen ;
You Suckey, gat the wyte o' a' fell out,
And ilka ane here dreads you round about.
And sae they may that mean to do ye skaith,
For me to wrang ye, I'll be very laith :
But when I neist mak' grots, I'll strive to please
You wi' a sirlot o' them mixed wi' pease."

We are only divided by some century and a half from the time when Maggie Lang—who was said to be the last witch in Scotland—was burnt on the Gallow-green of Paisley, when the Presbytery and Magistrates of the "guid town" offered up thanks to Almighty God for delivering them "frae the last o' the infernal gang" who had plagued them and their fathers for generations.

The warlock and the witch were man and wife, and were not of superhuman origin; they were merely human beings who, through poverty, spite, pride, or ambition, sold themselves to the Evil One in exchange for the power of rendering themselves invisible at pleasure to mortal eyes, and of assuming any shape, and transporting themselves to any place. They were anything but amiable beings, and had a savage pleasure in looking upon human misery. The warlock was not so often brought to the stake for his crimes as the witch, for he was very reserved; she might have more cunning, but he had the better art of holding his tongue, and keeping his own secrets, a virtue in which, like so many of the daughters of Eve, she was sadly deficient. Hence history shows that there were far more witches brought to the stake than warlocks. In short, the warlock very often died in his bed, but was invariably waited upon by the Evil One or some of his emissaries, who never failed to come at the last hour to claim the fulfilment of the bargain and bear him away to perdition. "As terrible as a warlock's death-bed" was a proverb in Scotland.

The following beautiful poem was written by the late William Main, of Glasgow; we had it from the author's lips nearly forty years ago. Mr. Main never published any of his writings, they were merely orally communicated to his friends and companions. He passed away while yet a young man, and all his writings died with him except a few fragments which may still linger in the recollection of some of his old friends, if any such survive. He is therefore wholly unknown to fame; and it would be a pity if such a poem as the following were lost or forgotten. We, therefore, to save it from oblivion, transcribe :

THE WARLOCK'S DEATH-BED.

Wha's that a glowrin' ayont my heid,
Wi' thae fiery wulcat een ?
Wha asks in a voice that mak's me fley'd
If my lang dead sark be clean ?
There's a haun' on my breast like a lump o' lead,
But it's no' the haun' o' a frien.'

It's a bonny nicht, and the three-quarter mune
Is sailing alang the sky ;
My kimmers are a' in the lift aboon
And swee on the licht-clouds by ;
They should hae been here wi' a waefu' croon,
And seen the auld Warlock die.

Wha's that wi' an eerie soun' at the door ?
It's the win' soughing mournfu' and licht—
It used to come wi' a joyfu' roar
When it wanted me out at nicht,
To gang awa doun to the wreck heaped shore;
And laugh at some drowning wicht.

It will often come to the Warlock's grave,
And o'er the heidstanes spring,
And through the blae nettles wi' anger rave
When it canna death's house ower-ding :
But sometime or ither the wa's maun wave,
And then I'll awa on its wing.

There's a wee bit spark in the gatherin' coal
That lies on the cauld hearthstane ;
There's a wee bit spark in the puir auld fule
That lies on this bed alane ;
The morn's the Sabbath, but gin the bells toll,
Baith o' the sparks will be gane.

I min' when I swirled o'er the wa's sae steep,
O' an auld castle doun by the sea,
When I drap't the big stanes wi' a powerfu' sweep
Doun in the dark saut bree ;
How the thundering noise that cam frae the deep
Made me laugh wi' a fearsome glee.

But a louder storm is now in my ear,
For death is at wark in my breast,
And riving my thochts wi' an awesome tear
Awa' frae their earthly rest,
And driving them doun a dark ocean o' fear,
But the laugh o' the Warlock has ceased.

I min when I was a bit thro' ither thing,
O' gaun to a fierce runnin' burn,
And sending a boat wi' a coup an' a spring
Awa' wi' its sails a' torn ;
And I clappit my hauns, and wi' joy did sing,
For I kent it would never return.

But now I am speeding adown the tide,
Which is baith rapid and black,
And the auld farrant spirit that's stauning beside,
Twirls his hauns wi' a joyfu' smack,
And says to himsel' in the heicht o' his pride
Will the Warlock ever come back ?

I min' when I was a bit thro' ither wean,
But I canna remember the word
I said, when I lay in my bed alane
When nane but my Maker heard ;
I strive to remember, but a' in vain,
It's like the lost sang o' the bird.

There's surely somebody lying ayont,
For I fin' a het, het breath,
And the claes hae a smell as if they were burnt,
But it's no' wi' the fever o' death ;
They'll soon be here wi' their dogs to hunt
The puir foolish Warlock's wraith.

I'll up an' awa' to the awmry neuk,
An' sit in my big arm-chair,
Whar aften I read the black words o' his beuk,
And learnt his accursed lair ;
And I'll dee, drawin' roun me my bare tatter'd cloak,
To keep out the het, het air.

EARLY PHASES OF BRITISH RULE IN CANADA.

BY FENNINGS TAYLOR.

BRITISH rule in Canada seems to have worn three aspects. The first and second phases are somewhat germane to one another, and will be treated of in this article.

From the conquest of Canada to the year 1835, the King's representatives were usually officers more or less distinguished, who united in their persons the civil government with the command of the troops. Such was the period of MILITARY RULE.

From 1835 to 1847 the representatives of the Sovereign were usually civilians, whose selection, it must be presumed, was made on considerations of personal fitness. For the most part the minds of the Governors thus chosen were somewhat hazy on certain questions that vexed the Colonies, and they were especially so on the Upper Canada problem of the relative responsibilities of the Governor to the Crown on one hand, and to the local legislature on the other. Having no instructions to guide them, they not unnaturally evaded what seemed to be a novel, a tangled, and a forbidding subject. Being Governors, they desired to govern, and they were willing to do so in what they considered a benevolent and fatherly way. Moreover, in some instances they made very fair efforts to do so, though it must be admitted that public opinion was divided, not only as to the measure of their success, but a

to the expediency of their succeeding. Such, then, was the period of PERSONAL GOVERNMENT.

From 1847 to the present time the constitutional question, which had theretofore been more warmly discussed than wisely interpreted, has, we believe, been permanently set at rest.

The early Governors of Upper and Lower Canada were chosen from a class which had served well, and whose rules of service were generally read with military exactness. They were soldiers rather than administrators, the jealous guardians of the prerogative, and the unquestioning defenders, of the rights of the Crown. It was their first duty to take care of the Royal properties, and their second to conciliate the people who dwelt upon them. They had not been required to trouble themselves about constitutional questions, nor had they studied very deeply the science of popular government. Their instructions had laid no such duties upon them, and, as they did not belong to a speculative and philosophic class, they took no pains to get an enlargement of those instructions. If they found themselves troubled with the projects of colonial reformers, or inconveniently pressed by the representatives of the people, they felt at liberty in the first instance to interpose their nominated councils, whether Legislative or Executive, as "buffers" to resist the disagreeable pressure. Such interventions were generally sufficient. If, however, they fell short of their purpose, then, it was very well known that, as the commanders of the forces, the Governors had soldiers under them, and it was generally believed that in any season of emergency they would be able and ready to handle them with effect. Such, then, was the phase of MILITARY RULE.

In the meanwhile the Provinces increased in wealth, intelligence and population. New interests arose which included the consideration of new questions, and the discharge of new duties. The season of colonial pupilage was passing away, and Canada was gradually acquiring an introduction to a higher and more influential position in the commonwealth of British Provinces. Apart from the fact that the Whigs had succeeded to power in England, it so chanced that the period was coeval with, and indeed was preceded by, several very important passages in the experience of the mother country. The value of agitation as a "fine art," and as a condition of success, received a great deal of attention. The tactics, for example, which helped to secure the passage of the Reform Bill, included some features of novelty which caused them to be studied by British subjects elsewhere than in the British Islands. Impulsive persons could not fail to observe that the license of speech had suddenly become enlarged, and that men seemed at liberty to express their discontent in the emphatic phrases of sedition. Words, which in earlier times would have sent him who uttered them to the block, were used without even making their author acquainted with the Tower. The policy of menace received the support of noble names, and "leagues" and "unions," avowedly formed to overawe authority, found apologists and defenders within the walls of Parliament. We all know the result. Obscure men, who probably fancied they were patriots, when they were actually rioters, were fatally undeceived on the scaffolds of Bristol, Nottingham and Derby. Political students should have learned from such examples to distinguish between moral and physical forces. But, alas! as we shall see presently, this lesson was forgotten or disregarded. All that seemed to be remembered was the process by which wrongs were got rid of and rights secured.

The two Provinces of Canada were at that time rich in the possession of real or imaginary grievances, which the politicians, of one party at least, were at once anxious to expose and to destroy. To this end every

atom of complaint was picked up; every scrap of offence was brought home; and every element of disquiet was gathered in. When such accumulations had separately been analyzed, indexed, and exaggerated, they represented a tempting aggregate for oratory on the part of those who, with florid rhetoric, could sketch a grievance or paint a wrong. Agitators of experience were needed on both sides of the Atlantic. They were found with little difficulty, and used with rare success.

The alleged wrongs of Lower Canada were expressed in a series of ninety-two resolutions; those of Upper Canada were preserved within the jaundiced covers of a "Grievance Report." Though differing in some respects, the two exhibits seemed to agree in their dislike of soldiers to represent the Sovereign. Their authors evidently had no relish for military rule, and, consequently, no liking for military Governors. The prejudices of such persons were apparently respected, if their aversions were not actually shared, by the Whigs who were then in office. The Radicals affected no concealment, and were outspoken in their opinions. Mr. Hume, for example, in writing to Mr. W. L. Mackenzie, of Toronto, about Sir Francis Head, remarked that "he had been selected as a civilian, as I hope it is now the determination to send civilians as Governors instead of military men as formerly."

In harmony with, and as a fitting way of introducing, the new features of Colonial policy, Lieut. General, the Earl of Aylmer was recalled from Lower Canada, to be succeeded in August, 1835, by Lord Gosford, and Major General Sir John Colborne was recalled from Upper Canada, to be succeeded in November of the same year by Sir Francis Bond Head. The separation of the military from the civil functions necessarily included the appointment of a commander of the troops. The Whigs availed themselves of the occasion to do a graceful, and, as it turned out, a wise act, for they requested Sir John Colborne to take the command of the forces in Canada. By doing so they secured the services of a soldier of great ability, and also of a gentleman who had some experience of civil government.

We learn from "Lord Broughton's Recollections of a Long Life," and from other sources of information, that King William the Fourth, at the time in question, and for reasons with which we are not acquainted, cherished sentiments of extreme aversion to the Whigs. Such sentiments were openly avowed and occasionally expressed in language that was more conspicuous for frankness than propriety. Whether the King approved of the substitution of civil for military rulers, or was suspicious of the policy which such change might bring about, we are not informed. All that we learn is that he availed himself of the occasion of a parting interview with the newly appointed Governors, to add some emphatic words of counsel, as well as of caution, which neither of them would be apt to forget. To Lord Gosford, who made a minute of what was spoken and gave it to Lord Melbourne, His Majesty said, "Mind what you are about in Canada! By —— I will never consent to alienate the Crown Lands, nor to make the Council elective. Mind me, my Lord, the Cabinet is not my Cabinet. They had better take care, or by —— I will have them impeached. You are a gentleman I believe. I have no fear of you, but take care of what you do." Happily for Sir Francis Head, the king had grown a little older, and a good deal calmer, when the time arrived for him to take leave. On parting with his representative, His Majesty used words, which were a fair reflection of a monarch's mind, and became memorable afterwards, for he said, "Remember Sir Francis, that Canada must neither be lost nor given away."

The Royal instructions issued to the Governor-General, Lord Gosford, and to the Lieut. Governor, Sir Francis Head, and the official counsels by which those instructions

were accompanied, were, we believe, almost identical. Those officers were alike recommended to avoid extreme men, to pursue a policy of conciliation, and build up, if they could, a moderate party whose negative and quiet qualities would prove acceptable to the Colony and very comforting to the Colonial office. But while the instructions were similar, the men who were to carry them out, and the people to whom they were to be applied, were by no means alike. The question of origin, and in a less degree of creed also, was Lord Gosford's difficulty. It was his duty to bring two races into accord, and make it possible for Englishmen and Frenchmen, Protestants and Catholics, to live together without jealousy, to work together without discord, and to find in the union of the present ample compensation for the estrangements of the past. Such a task should have been, and doubtless was, congenial to the mind of a large-hearted man, and though Lord Gosford did not succeed, there can be no doubt that he tried to deserve success. It has been said that his Lordship was not remarkable for great attainments or great experience, but unquestionably he possessed more than average ability, together with a genial disposition, ample fortune, hearty manners and hospitable tastes.—Moreover he received a large official income, which he spent with a free and open hand. He had an Irishman's faith in the advantage of "bringing people together." He appeared to think that estrangements could be overcome by judicious dining, and resentments cooled, if not quenched, by a generous application of well chosen wine. His cook and his cellars became the silent auxiliaries of his policy, and his kitchen, so to speak, was turned into a nursery of conciliation. Neither did he devolve on his staff the sole duty of inviting guests to Government House, for His Excellency by no means regulated his hospitalities by "cards of request." On the contrary, he would frequently ask people as he met them in his walks or saw them at their windows. He seemed to be chiefly concerned, not only to avoid dining alone, but to avoid having a vacant place at his table. The dinner conditions dear to the heart of old Tusser were, we are inclined to think, by no means absent from the mind of Lord Gosford:

> "Ask me not to dine
> Where the host is stiff, and the guests are fine,
> Where wine is hot and the plates are cold,
> The mutton young, and the spinsters old."

His was a genial and kindly nature, and the reception and dining rooms of the Governor's house at Quebec were fitting places for its frequent and convenient display. Such gatherings, however, had no permanent result. He might multiply his wines, but he could not mix the people who drank them, and thus it may be said, that while on the one hand his hospitality, like his hope, never failed, so on the other, his policy, like his government, never succeeded.

Sir Francis Head, though somewhat of a philosopher, and a good deal of a knight errant, was also a man of culture, energy and courage. He wrote, as he rode, with ease and grace. As an officer of engineers he had seen service in the Peninsula, and was, we believe, present at Waterloo. It is probable that a long period of peace and slow promotion encouraged the formation of new tastes, for in the year 1828, with the rank of Major, Sir Francis retired on half-pay. Being known to possess certain qualities favourable to such a duty, he was invited by interested persons to inspect and report on some of the silver mines of South America. His "Rough Notes of a Gallop across the Pampas," and climbing the Andes, is one of those agreeable narratives which showed the author to be a keen observer as well as a bold horseman. Possibly his adventures on that occasion were not without their effect on the minds of some who, nine years later, found a reason for his appointment to the Government of Upper Canada in the

fact that he was not going "to America" for the first time.

In his "Narrative," Sir Francis gives an amusing description of the manner of his appointment, accompanied with a confession of perplexity as to the reasons which may have given rise to it. Nor did his amazement abate when he arrived at the seat of his government, for, never having voted at an election in his life, or thought very seriously on political subjects, he was somewhat disconcerted to find himself placarded on the walls of Toronto as a "Tried Reformer."

The experiment of substituting civil for military Governors was now being fairly made, and Lord Gosford and Sir Francis Head, were its accredited exponents. They each went heartily to work, though in different ways, to carry out the conciliatory instructions with which they had been charged. Their difficulties, however, commenced very early, for almost at the outset of their careers, they were called on to deal with unprovided cases, and possibly to discuss prohibited subjects. Thus their instructions were not elastic enough for the occasion, and thus they failed to satisfy the sections which the Home Government at all events appeared sincerely desirous to appease. The prime grievance of the French Canadians consisted in a nominated Legislative Council, and Lord Gosford was positively enjoined not for a moment to entertain the notion of an elective one. The prime grievance of the Upper Canadians was the absence of an Executive Council, responsible to Parliament. Such a condition was foreign to all the traditions of the Colonial office. It was also unintelligible to Sir Francis Head, who asserted that it was inconsistent with his responsibility to his Sovereign, and wholly incompatible with a condition of Colonial dependence. The issue in both Provinces was fairly raised, and failure in both cases logically followed. Neither Governor could accomplish what he had hoped to effect, and both had to accept the alternative, and fall back on a system of personal government. Lord Gosford adopted a course of soothing treatment, and followed it too, when it was quite obvious that no emollient within his reach was equal to the work of allaying the irritation. Sir Francis Head attempted to do the like, but having been baulked at the start, and a good deal baited afterwards, he threw conciliation to the winds, and by a vigorous course of open resistance and individual rasping, beat the malcontents at the polls, and secured what he termed the triumph of "loyalty and British connection," but what was, in fact, the triumph of Personal Government. Such a victory was unexpected, and thoroughly maddened the defeated party, and such madness brought great scandals on the name it bore. Many persons, calling themselves Reformers, forfeited their claim to the title as they lost little time in becoming secret conspirators, and eventually open rebels against English rule in Canada. We may remember what took place. Violent language seemed to generate violent acts, and those who were masters of the former were without skill to control the latter. They had said more than they meant, but were powerless to restrain the effect of their words. Insurrection followed, and the agonies of Bristol, Nottingham and Derby were repeated, and for the like reason, in several towns of the two Canadas.

The excitement in England was greater than it need have been when viewed by the light of those communications which had been made to the Colonial Office. The utter failure of Lord Gosford's policy in Lower Canada was known, together with the avowed sympathy of the dissatisfied sections of the two Provinces. People possibly began to suspect that the way in which the Colonial Office ruled the outlying Provinces of the Crown was rather whimsical than wise—rather dilettante than resolute. Under the old system of military rule, when force was united with virtue, the colo-

nial possession was at all events secure, even though the colonial peace was occasionally broken. The new system of Personal Government included the separation of force from virtue. The former appeared to be isolated and detached, while the latter was expected to stand alone, to work alone, and to win or lose alone. The new policy had broken down. Personal Government apparently had failed. The affections of the people had not been won, and the possessions themselves were in the way of being lost. Lord Gosford had views, and Sir Francis Head had views, and Sir John Colborne had views. Probably those of the latter were wisest, for he at all events would have met menace with discipline, and have blocked force with force. In the crisis of affairs the Home authorities determined that Personal Government in Canada should, for the time being at least, be made more strictly personal. In one Province the constitution was actually suspended: in the other it was virtually to be overawed by the shadow of a great name, and by the presence of a High Commissioner with Sovereign powers. To find a nobleman for such an imposing service was not a matter of much difficulty. The eyes of all turned in one direction, for the Earl of Durham seemed to have been chosen by the public even before he was gazetted by the Crown.

There were some reasons, apart from his popular fitness, why such a choice should be made. The Earl was a man of unstained honour, large means, great influence and acknowledged ability. He had done a good deal for his party at home and something for his country abroad. The fact had been acknowledged by his countrymen, and had it been otherwise he would have confessed it to himself, for he carried about him a somewhat embarrassing amount of vanity as well as a laudable degree of pride. It may be remembered, by those who are old enough to recollect the gossip of the period, that Lord Durham was said to have had more than ordinary claims to the friendly regard of royalty. In the days of her girlhood the Princess Victoria and the Duchess of Kent honoured the Earl and Countess of Durham with a good deal of consideration, and in return were said to have received much kindness from them. If such were the case, it might probably have occurred to a statesman of Lord Melbourne's acuteness that such services would be remembered, and that if they were so, the effect might be to attract to Lord Durham much of the influence which, in the opinion of Lord Melbourne, should more properly be exercised by the First Minister of the Crown.

Lord Durham had lately returned from Russia, where his success as the British Ambassador was only equalled by the magnificence of his Embassy. The press quizzed him a little for his display, but the people liked him all the more for having made it. Altogether Lord Durham's presence at Court might have proved a source of embarrassment to a Cabinet of which he was not a member. Lord Melbourne, besides being a statesman of high mark, was a politician of singular astuteness, and hence he may fairly have been excused for thinking it wiser to occupy Lord Durham with important duties abroad, than, by leaving him actually unemployed, to give him the chance of occupying himself with competitive duties at home. Be this as it may, when the news of the rebellion in Canada arrived in the British Islands, Lord Durham was invited to accept, and did accept, the important office of High Commissioner and Governor-General of British North America. This great trust included, to use his lordship's own words, so far as Lower Canada was concerned, the exercise of "Legislative and Executive power."

A despotism, if it only be a paternal one, in the estimation of some persons, is the very best form of government. Unfortunately, however, it must be admitted that while a people under such circumstances

might be quite sure of the despotism, they could not with equal confidence count on the paternity. Now Personal Government, as represented by the Earl of Durham, was actually, and perhaps necessarily, despotic; "Legislative and Executive power" was concentrated in his own person. He was burdened, we again quote his own words, with "the awful responsibility of power freed from constitutional restraints;" and yet it must be admitted, that while conscious of the responsibility, he did not escape the mistake of exercising it in an "awful way." The power conferred by his commission may have absolved him from the restraints of the law of Lower Canada, but it did not, we apprehend, relieve him of obligation to the law of England. Thus it was that his offence against the latter provoked the most bitter, and perhaps the most acrimonious, discussions that were ever heard in the British Parliament. Lord Melbourne had little reason to be thankful to the High Commissioner whose acts had occasioned those discussions: for they not only imperilled, but well nigh brought about the overthrow of, the Whig administration. Much, however, as they annoyed Lord Melbourne, they more seriously distressed Lord Durham. Indeed they seemed to drive him beside himself. He lost his self-control, and consequently did what no officer of the Crown can be excused for doing. Having, as he was required, proclaimed the disallowance of his own ordinance, he took the occasion publicly to answer the authority he was bound officially to obey. When he had made his petulant deliverance, he turned the government over to Sir John Colborne, and, without the shadow of authority from his Sovereign or her advisers, went on board the *Inconstant* frigate and directed her commander to sail to England. What his reflections may have been on the voyage may only be conjectured—they were never disclosed. What the opinions of his Sovereign and her advisers were, must be gathered from the fact that, on his arrival at Plymouth, in the month of December, 1838, he landed in silence and without the customary salute; in the presence of what he must felt to have been the frown of the court and the black looks of the country. The Emperor Nicholas, who knew Lord Durham, is reported to have said: "If one of my officers had behaved as he had done he would have been tried for his life on his return." Ill health, as well as wounded pride, may have had something to do in bringing about an act of insubordination which, as far as we know, stands alone in the Colonial History of England. His humiliation was his punishment; and it seems to have been greater than he was able to bear, for he died five days after the Act was passed which embodied a portion of his counsels, and which reunited the provinces of Lower and Upper Canada.

Lord Durham was succeeded by the Right Honourable Charles Poulett Thomson, whose appointment, it may be remembered, gave rise to a series of severe criticisms in the Tory press of England, while it occasioned gloomy forebodings in the minds of an influential section of the people of Canada. The official party at Toronto, which at that time was exclusive and bureaucratic, instinctively felt that it would be "dished" by the power of a Governor who was not only "a Whig and something more," but who was especially charged with the duty of bringing about an union of the two provinces. The merchants of Lower Canada were generally interested in the lumber trade, and were consequently prepared to show little favour to a statesman who had advocated Baltic as against Canadian interests, and had actually recommended the abolition of those discriminating duties by which the latter had been protected and encouraged. Thus it was that the odour of a good name did not precede him to Canada any more than it supported him in England. Criticism was violent in expression, and authori-

ty was strongly importuned "not to send one to govern who has had no experience of government;" "who is corrupt and indolent;" "frail in health and feeble in purpose;" "whose despatch box, if carried in one hand, must be balanced by a medicine chest in the other;" who moreover keeps bad political company, for he acknowledges as an honourable friend and a parliamentary ally a member of the House of Commons who had actually counselled the Canadians to "shake off the baneful domination of the mother country."

Such were the comments of a certain portion of the English press, and they were as difficult to answer as to bear. Ill nature, like other ills, is frequently contagious. It had spread to Canada, and was found to be very active when His Excellency arrived. The hostility of the French Canadians was looked for and had been provided against. The opposition of other sections would chiefly be local or official. The inhabitants of Toronto had caught the distemper to which we have referred, and appeared to think that a fit of the sulks and a display of bad manners would become them on the occasion when the new Governor-General visited their city for the first time. There were few to meet, and, with the exception of His Excellency Sir George Arthur, there were scarcely any official people to welcome him. The Corporation thought it seemly in their address to express an anticipatory censure on his general policy, and a particular condemnation of the especial measure the passage of which had prompted him to accept the office of Governor-General. Toronto generally became ungracious and showed its teeth. The two Houses of the Legislature, in their latest session, had by resolution condemned the proposed union, and now municipal and official efforts were made to exaggerate difficulties, multiply obstructions, and make everything look as discouraging as possible. Lord Sydenham, however, brushed such cobwebs aside, and went to work as one who knew how to make and win his game.

It is mentioned of Lord Sydenham, in the memoir written by his brother, that he was a child of singular beauty, so much so that King George the Third, in the course of one of his Weymouth walks, not only observed and kissed him as he lay in his nurse's arms, but begged his Prime Minister, the younger Pitt, to follow his example. "Pretty child, Pitt, pretty child. Kiss him, Pitt, kiss him." And Pitt did as he was bid, and probably with some awkardness, as very little of his busy life was passed in such pleasantries. Poets inform us, and of course they ought to know, that "a kiss may colour a life." What influence the kiss of Pitt exercised on the life of the "pretty child" can only be conjectured by a writer of prose; nevertheless conjecture is sometimes excusable. No comparison between the stately grandeur of the greatest English statesman, and the quiet ease of a minister who was useful rather than great, can possibly be made. Nevertheless there were traits in the character of "the pilot that weathered the storm," that were by no means absent from the character of the Governor who re-united the two Canadas. He, like Pitt, was imperious when occasion required, and his will was indomitable. No fear could intimidate, and no resistance could dismay him. Such qualities may have been inherited or acquired, but who shall say that they derived no stamina from the kiss of Pitt?

Lord Sydenham had difficulties in Lower Canada as easy to apprehend as they were hard to deal with. But in considering them he was relieved by the fact that the constitution was suspended, and the responsibility of dealing with them would be shared by a special council of his own choosing. In Upper Canada the case was otherwise, for the constitution remained intact. He had therefore not only to deal with a Legislature, but with one that had committed itself by solemn resolves to opinions hostile to his

own. Nothing daunted, however, he looked his Upper Canada difficulties fairly in the face, studied their character, appraised their value, and made his plans. He was certainly aided by an exceedingly well-chosen staff—gentlemen who were not only loyally attached to him, but who knew how to assume the diplomatic attitude; to mingle in society with their fingers on their lips but with their eyes and ears open.*

Personal Government necessarily included direct personal influence, and Lord Sydenham shewed that he was thoroughly aware of the way in which such influence could most conveniently be exerted. He rented Beverly House, at Toronto, and at once saw that the means by which a graceful hospitality had theretofore been exercised were quite inadequate to his larger views. Thereupon he built a new kitchen, and furnished it elaborately to meet the conditions of a fastidious cook, as well as the expectations of a fastidious master. Personal Government was to be baronial as well as diplomatic. It was to assume every kind of social attraction, and every description of festive charm. Lord Sydenham had the art to influence and the gift to persuade, and it was therefore necessary that he should provide the occasions where these twin powers might conveniently be exercised. The members of the House of Assembly represented the greater difficulty, for his power to force the Legislative Council by creating new peers placed that body beyond the reach of serious anxiety. At length all obstacles were overcome. Complete success attended his efforts, and we incline to think that a good cook and a good cellar had much to do with the results.. On returning to Beverly House, the late Sir John Robinson is reported musingly to have said, that among the most active and influential agents in carrying the Union Bill through the Upper Canada Legislature was the new kitchen and the sagacious uses to which it had been applied.

Lord Sydenham was a keen observer, and had studied human nature with a good deal of attention. Probably his residence in early life at St. Petersburg had aided such studies, for Russians of the higher class have the credit of excelling in this branch of education. His letters show how accurately he appreciated American character, and with what judgment he had gauged the strength and purity of American institutions. He distrusted both, for in his estimation they were little better than shams. It might have been for the welfare of the Empire if English statesmen had studied American subjects more closely, for then they would in all probability have escaped some of the errors into which they have fallen. Whig and Free Trader though he was, nevertheless Lord Sydenham caught the spirit of colonial enthusiasm which generally takes possession of the minds of Englishmen who

* Since this article went to press, Major Campbell, C.B., of St. Hilaire, in the Province of Quebec, who might properly have been regarded as the Chief of Lord Sydenham's Staff, has suddenly departed this life. His loss will be mourned by many, for there were few who knew him who did not prize his acquaintance, and by those with whom acquaintance had ripened into friendship, his death will be felt as a personal calamity. As a staff officer he was singularly efficient. He was affable and wary; genial and sagacious, always courteous and never *brusque*. He was not a mere chatterer, and hence he rarely committed the mistake of "talking unadvisedly with his lips." He was an agreeable companion, but the charm of his conversation was never disfigured with blots of indiscretion and plague spots of impropriety. He was a clear minded man, made few mistakes, and was never called on to explain ambiguous conduct, or to apologize for unseemly words. He had enjoyed the advantage of seeing distant countries, and of living amongst strange peoples, and such experiences were not lost on him. He was not only an accomplished staff officer, but he was a Christian gentleman in the best sense. He was neither an ascetic nor a bigot, for religion with him was the offspring of gentleness and charity. While he reverently cherished his own convictions, he was studiously careful to respect the convictions of other people. He was a conscientious Churchman of the Anglican School, but in the largest sense he was Catholic. He neither thought or spoke evil of those who differed with him. His quiet life was a wayside sermon, and all the more telling because it represented religion in practice—religion adorned with humility and sanctified with charity. It might be well had we more like him, and it might be better were we on many subjects more generally influenced by his example.

visit Canada. Had the kiss of Pitt anything to do with his desire to acquire and maintain "ships, colonies and commerce?" Perhaps it had, for his Lordship would have declared war with the United States rather than have surrendered one inch of the North-Eastern boundary, which Lord Ashburton ill-advisedly "capitulated" away. Though his character was somewhat crossed with contradiction, Lord Sydenham was one of those statesmen of the grand old type whom no menace could appal, and no threat could intimidate. There was something of the elder as well as the younger Pitt in his nature, and if it entered with the kiss of the latter, we only regret that the old king did not exercise his prerogative more frequently, and make his favourite minister inoculate a larger number of pretty children of that generation with some gleams of his genius, the greater portion of his principles, and with every grain of his patriotism.

Though tenacious of power, and a true exponent of Personal Government, Lord Sydenham was the first representative of his Sovereign who could see his way to the introduction of Responsible Government into Canada. It is true that the principle was only enunciated; it was not developed in his day. Moreover he was not inclined to let it loose without some reservation and some qualification. Nevertheless it was initiated with his approval, and cannot be separated from that part of the history of Canada with which his name is associated.

He failed to conciliate the French-speaking inhabitants of Lower Canada, but success in that direction was scarcely to have been looked for then. Time, "the healer," had a part to play before love, "the teacher," could overcome grief or exorcise hate. Lower Canada, like a mourner by a newly-made grave, was in no condition to receive comfort. Sorrow was too recent and too acute. It may have been kind and charitable to leave such an one alone for awhile. At all events Lord Sydenham did so, and it would avail little at this day to discuss whether such a course were wise or the reverse. All that need be said is that he did much towards laying the foundation of our constitutional system, and those who have succeeded him have only built on what he accepted as the political corner stone. Without seeming to be indifferent to the actual considerations of politics and government, his thoughts chiefly inclined towards practical administration, such as municipal institutions; popular education; religious equality, sound systems of finance and banking; public improvements; and a general development of the resources of a country whose natural wealth he was unable to exaggerate. These, and such as these, were the points of his administration which he sought to carry out, and which he did carry out to an extent that no one of his predecessors had been able to approach. The end came, and came too soon. He opened the first session of the Parliament of re-united Canada, and died on the day on which it closed. "The broad ribbon of the Bath," which the Queen had conferred on him for his services, was never worn. Peradventure it is laid away somewhere among precious treasures, but it is unspotted with the tears of wife or child, for he died unmarried. The vault in the church of Kingston received into its solitude the mortal remains of "The first and last Baron Sydenham."

The new rule of appointing civilians for Governors was not departed from by the administration which succeeded the Whigs. Sir Robert Peel, however, did not choose a representative of the Queen in Canada from either House of Parliament. He looked into the diplomatic corps, and found in the person of Sir Charles Bagot exactly whom he wanted. Sir Charles was a singularly handsome and high-bred man, who, in the course of his services, had represented the Court of St. James at Washington, and he had done so to the satisfaction of both na-

nations. His duties probably included display as well as address, for his vice-regal staff was a large one, and it was popularly attractive, amongst other reasons, because the uniform worn by the military officers was the regulation uniform of the staff of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Canada appeared to receive what Canadians like, consideration and promotion. The women of Canada are not unlike the women of Ireland, whom Lever describes, "they admire the infantry, love the cavalry, and doat on the staff." As a community we are by no means free from the influence of sentiment, and this influence is very commonly promoted by a reasonable display of vice-regal glare and dazzle. It is, we think, a mistake to suppose that Canadians have any special liking for republican simplicity in their rulers. On the contrary, they prefer the externals of majesty in those who represent their Sovereign. If the English people have little taste for "Gig" bishops, the Canadians have less for what we suppose is the American equivalent, viz., "Buggy" governors.

There was a singular charm in the manner of Sir Charles Bagot. It arose partly from the social advantages to which he was born, but chiefly, as we venture to think, from the training he had acquired in the school of diplomacy. He had the faculty of finding out what one knew, and he had the patience to put up with a communication of such knowledge. The habit was a graceful one, and probably arose from his practice as a diplomatist: a class which we have been told is instructed to learn as much, and tell as little, as possible.

Sir Charles Bagot's character was straightforward, and his administration won golden opinions from all classes. Unfortunately his rule was of short duration, for he died at Kingston after a residence in Canada of only fourteen months. His charms of manner were shared by his family, for those who are old enough to remember Lady Mary Bagot and her daughters will not be apt to forget how bright and attractive it was possible to make an evening party, even at so small a capital as the little town of Kingston

Sir Charles Bagot was succeeded by Lord Metcalfe, the latest and the best example of Personal Government, for, unlike Lord Durham, his administration was paternal without being despotic. His example was full of instruction. We saw the highest duty cheerfully performed in the presence of excruciating agony patiently endured. Suffering and cheerfulness were inseparable companions, for the continual presence of disease, together with the near approach of death, seemed to make no impression on his resolve to do what he believed to be his duty to the last.

Lord Metcalfe's character as a politician appeared to have two dissimilar sides. Judged by his writings English Radicals might claim him as their own, and so far as his opinions related to public questions in the United Kingdom the claim should be allowed. Nevertheless the Liberals of Canada found him more Conservative than his Tory predecessor, Sir Charles Bagot. Their cause was seriously thrust backwards by the interpretation which he put on the constitutional relationship of the Governor to his advisers and to Parliament. The old tangle of Sir Francis Head's day was revived and in an aggravated form. "The duties of the Crown could not be put into commission." "Responsible Government could not mean the transfer of the rights of the Sovereign to a body of gentlemen who were not directly responsible to the Sovereign." "The power to appoint the Queen's servants in a British colony devolved on the Queen's representative." "The patronage of the Crown was a matter of prerogative of which the Governor could not divest himself." It was a trust which he held directly from the Queen, and which he could not delegate to others. Lord Metcalfe was quite willing to take the advice of his Ministers when he required it, but he was by no means bound to

seek it when he did not want it. It was a matter of option and not of duty, on the necessity of which he alone was the competent judge. Opinions such as these placed an impassable barrier between himself and his Ministers. Only one course was open to them, of which, with the exception of Mr. Secretary Daly, they took the earliest advantage. They resigned their offices, and, with their party, went into opposition.

A dissolution of Parliament took place, and the issue raised for the last time was Personal Government against Responsible Government. Lord Metcalfe's character was a tower of strength to those who supported the former view. His integrity, his benevolence, and his charity, for he never "turned his back on any poor man," or withheld his contribution from any good object, were infinitely serviceable to him, and provoked a degree of support which could scarcely have been looked for. Besides, Responsible Government as it is now interpreted, had scarcely been accepted by the Tory party. Many thought with "Tiger" Dunlop, that it really was "a trap set by knaves to catch fools." Whatever it was it had resulted in their exclusion from power, and in the substitution of men whose allies to a great extent had sympathized with, if they had not supported, acts of rebellion against the Queen's authority in Canada. The loyalty cry was raised with more than usual effect, while the alleged disaffection of the Liberals was described in language of inexcusable exaggeration. Anger and violence marked the elections. The name of the Governor General was used in a manner neither to be excused nor repeated, for the labours of those who had sought to build up constitutional government in Canada appeared to be thoroughly lost. The temporary result was a slight, and, as it turned out, a short lived triumph for Personal Government, but his Excellency's advisers had a trying time of it, as we have little doubt Mr. Chief Justice Draper could inform us if he would favour the public with an extract of his recollections.

Lord Metcalfe was only able to open and to close the first session of the new Parliament. The concluding words of his last speech were very touching, and, under the circumstances, equally pathetic. "May you enjoy," said his Lordship, "all the rights and privileges of a free people, and experience the prosperity, contentment and happiness which are naturally derived from unfettered industry, prudent enterprize, good fellowship and brotherly love. And now, gentlemen, with the heartfelt wish that you may be partakers in these blessings, I will say farewell until we meet again."

That meeting, however, was not to take place. The hand of death was too visibly laid upon him. He was obliged to ask Her Majesty's permission to resign his trust and return to his native land. He arrived in time to see once more the grand old oaks of Berkshire and to lay down his brave life in the place he had loved so well.

Thus died the "First and last Lord Metcalfe," and thus ended what we have termed PERSONAL GOVERNMENT in Canada.

BETRAYED.

Alone she stands
With folded hands,
Her blue eyes watching each wave retreat;
With no thought of fear.
For the billows near;
While the tiny wavelets ripple clear
O'er the pebbles to kiss her feet.

Her eyes oft follow
The wheeling swallow
Darting and circling above the water;
While the hair, so brown,
Floats idly down
O'er the sun-burnt neck and sea-stained gown
Of the fisherman's happy daughter.

* * * * * * *

Again she stands
With tight clasped hands,
Gazing out on each boisterous wave;
And the swallows fly
Unheeded by;
Nothing is seen by that wild blue eye;
But a shroud for her shame,—the grave.

One look to Heaven
For mercy, given;
One look to the white cot on the shore;
And the waves caress
With tenderness,
What a lover left when love grew less—
And the burden of life is o'er.

The white foam lifts
In gentle rifts,
And sprinkles itself like snow above her;
But the soul has flown
To the far Unknown;
While the restless night winds sadly moan
O'er her love for a faithless lover.

VOX TRISTIS.

THE ROSES.

(*From the Swedish.*)

ANTON V. ETZEL.

IN the far distant North, where, during the mild summer nights, the sun seems to forget to sink to rest, there lived on a high mountain a very old man. His long beard and snow-white hair were of wondrous beauty, and his clear blue eyes were bright and radiant. He was well known and dearly loved by old and young, and as the oldest dwellers in that part of the country remembered having seen him in their childhood exactly as he appeared now, all were firmly convinced that there was something marvellous about him.

Round about his little cottage bloomed plants the like of which were to be seen nowhere else in this region, and consequently he was styled by many "the old kitchen gardener." He was frequently absent on long journeys, and ever, on his return, all the trees, shrubs and flowers in the surrounding country would bloom with renewed beauty and fragrance.

"I should not be at all surprised," said a youth thoughtfully, "if he was a holy gardener whom God has sent to discover where, in this world, those flowers bloom which are hereafter to be transplanted into Paradise."

The old man, though apparently possessed of nothing, was the benefactor of the whole country-side. He was the physician of the sick, he played the violin for the dances of the young folks on the village green, and related pretty fairy tales and legends to the eager children.

Thus approached the beautiful leafy midsummer day. The sun stood like a golden shield on the outskirts of the forest. The evening and morning, these two sisters so dissimilar, bowed their glowing crimson cheeks and clasped hands as they met in a quiet, loving embrace. The people had ascended the mountain in order to see the sun, at this season visible all night long. The old man had received many visitors. He stood at his cottage door and appeared glorified in the gorgeous sunlight.

A stranger approached him.

"Do you dwell up here, my father?" he inquired, and presently they entered into an animated conversation.

But the children of the surrounding villages crowded round the old man, eagerly watching their opportunity to engage his attention. Presently he greeted the gay country people most courteously, and prayed them to be seated on the soft lichen. Then he looked round the little circle.

"How are your little blue flowers getting on, Annie?" he gently asked a young girl.

She blushed and looked down. "They have closed their pretty petals and their leaves are withering," she answered, turning pale; "but, just as I was leaving home a few were beginning to unfold their leaves again."

"Tell me the reason of this," said the old man. "You know, my father," pursued the young girl, "that the wonderful flowers which you gave me, unlike other flowers, do not close their petals at sundown, or even on the approach of rain, or cold and stormy weather, but only at such times as the sun of love is overcast, or when one is in a bad humour."

"Yes, indeed, I know that," said the old man, smiling.

"Well, I was unkind towards my brother," continued the girl ingenuously; "we had quarrelled, and confidence no longer reigned between us. Then I became aware that a sort of hoar-frost had fallen upon the leaves of my little blue flowers. But this morning I passionately reproached my mother with having allowed the bouquet, which Eric brought me yesterday during my absence from home, to wither by neglecting to put it in water. My mother's feelings were greatly hurt, and she looked very sad. I went to the window, and behold, I saw that all the blue flowers had closed their leaves. When I began to weep, however, and heartily to repent my behaviour, they commenced slowly to unfold again."

"The root is fresh and healthy," said the old man, "but pay attention to the tender, sensitive leaves; they do not speak a great deal."

The old man now observed that little Eva looked dejected, and that her eyes were red with weeping. "What grieves you, my child?" he inquired tenderly. "Oh!" answered the little one, and began to sob afresh, "I had a little hedge outside the window, on which the red, white and blue convolvuli blossomed most beautifully! Now they are all dead! Lisa poured a bucket of hot water over them. I would not weep so bitterly for them now if they would only go to God, but I asked the pastor and he says no."

And Eva burst out weeping again.

"Listen to me, little one," said the old man, lifting her on his knees, "the flowers have their own heaven, and do you know where it is?"

"No," answered Eva, and looked up wistfully.

"Well, then, listen," continued the old man; "the spirits of the pretty blue forget-me-nots go into the clear eyes of good girls; those of the beautiful, white virgin lilies dwell upon their pure brows, and the spirits of the crimson roses glow upon their cheeks."

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed Eva, "and when these girls die and become angels, the little flower spirits follow them to paradise. Is it not so?"

"Yes, indeed, it is so. God sent you a liitle sister a short time ago—look at her and see if the spirits of your flowers have not wandered to her."

Eva smiled. "Surely, she has clear blue eyes and a little rosy mouth," she said, joyously.

The old man arose. "Dear friends," he said, and a peculiar smile hovered on his lips, "you all look so serene and happy now, how will you all appear forty years hence? When that period of time shall have elapsed, I will visit you again and ask you whither the roses of your cheeks have fled. I am well aware that to a certain extent the advancing years must rob the cheeks of their lovely tints, but yet a very great deal depends upon yourselves. In some way you must strive to protect your roses against Time and his encroaching power."

Although not fully comprehending his actual meaning, they stretched forth their hands and bade him, as well as the stranger, a kind and hearty farewell.

Many, many years passed away, and it was once again the evening of a midsummer day.

In a beautiful little house in the country sat a happy woman. 'Tis true time had already sown some silvery threads among the masses of her wavy hair, and robbed her delicate cheek of some of its rosy tints. Her eyes, too, no longer sparkled with the fire of youth, but they shone with a look of peace and calm content. By the dimple in her cheek, called forth by her serene and cheerful smile, the little Eva of former times is recognized.

There was a knock at the door, and the old man from the mountain entered. He was all unchanged, he had the same awe-inspir-

ing figure. Eva arose, and with a joyful exclamation hastened towards him.

"The peace of God be with you!" said the old man, "I come, according to promise, to ask you where the roses of your cheeks are to be found."

Eva did not mention the dreary nights of work and watching which had destroyed their bloom, but exclaimed in a gladsome tone of voice: "Look here!" and raised the curtain of a cradle in which slumbered a lovely rosy child; "and there," pointing to a little crib in which a beautiful red-cheeked boy lay sleeping peacefully,—"And here," exclaimed the sonorous voice of a vigorous man, who entered at that moment and put his arm fondly around her waist; "the bloom of health on my cheeks cost poor Eva many a night's weary watching and anxiety."

"I am content," said the old man, preparing to depart.

"Will you not stay with us?" asked both husband and wife.

"I must travel still far to-night," answered the old man, and went his way.

He came to the town and walked towards a large, handsome stone house He mounted the steps and knocked at the door, which was at once opened for him.

There sat the stranger by his lamp, stooping over a book. He was pale and emaciated, his brow was furrowed and his hair grey, but in his eyes there was a pure and holy light.

"Do you remember our conversation on the mountain? Where are the roses of your cheeks?"

"Here," answered the scholar, and opened his book, "here they lie. Here I have laid down the blossoms of my joys and the fruits of my experience. I only trust that men will make use of them."

The old man smiled and gave him his hand. He wandered farther and knocked at another door. It was opened. There sat a solitary, pale and attenuated figure. He started and looked up suspiciously.

"Where are the roses of your cheeks?" queried the old man, solemnly.

"The years have robbed me of them," he whispered and shuddered.

"No! you have sacrificed them to a contemptible idol, to your golden calf!" said the old man sternly; "the cold gold has destroyed them, and you sit here alone, unhappy, and with an utter void in your heart. Amend your ways, perhaps they will then bloom anew, though perhaps they will only grow again out of your grave."

He departed, and the miser locked his door carefully, in spite of which he could not sleep the whole night.

The old man knocked at another door. Here sat a lady at her toilet. She was attired for a party, and had carefully selected *everything that could enhance her beauty*, but it, alas! belonged to the past.

"Where are the roses of your cheeks?" inquired the old man.

"It is asserted that I possess them still," replied she, pale with vexation and annoyance at his rudeness.

"You have sacrificed them to vanity, and strewn their withered leaves on the floors of ball-rooms. You have won not even a single noble grain of seed out of them! There remains to you not even the fragrance of their memory, for your joys were blank and empty. Your rouge does not deceive me, do not deceive yourself—seek something better. Farewell."

A door stood open, and from the room proceeded a loud and boisterous laugh. The old man looked in. There sat a man with crimson cheeks, a goblet by his side; he was singing, but his voice trembled, and his eyes were gazing into vacancy.

"Where are the roses of your cheeks?" resounded through the room.

"They have been transformed into peonies," answered the drunkard, stammering, and filled his goblet again. "I drowned the roses in wine, they were too pale and worthless."

The old man went sorrowfully from thence; a friendly light seemed now to beckon invitingly. He entered. There sat a small but select company, some were young, some older, but they were all grouped around a pale noble-looking woman, who was reading to them her notes and reminiscences; therein lay the roses of her youth; their fragrance seemed to linger over the little circle, for the eyes of all were beaming.

The old man nodded quietly, and walked away unperceived.

He came to the cottage of a labourer. The latter lay in a deep sleep. He had strewn the blossoms of his cheeks along with the sweat of his labour and amid prayers into the ground, and they had borne ears of corn, and fruit for his children. A pleasant dream refreshed his sleep and blessed his rest.

The old man passed on and came to a house of mourning. In an illuminated and decorated room lay a dead man in his coffin. His was a noble face, glorified with a peaceful smile. The flowers on and around the coffin were wet with tears.

"Where are these roses?" asked the old gardener, in a gentle voice.

"They bloomed anew on the formerly pale cheeks in the homes of want and destitution," answered a mild voice, and a young girl robed in mourning rose from her knees. "They bloom in heaven, and live in the memory of love."

The old man bowed reverently his hoary head, and returned slowly to his home on the mountain.

HONOUR.

All things that make life sweet to man were mine,
All things that make death bitter—gold and lands,
Youth, health and beauty—these, with loving bands
Of, friends around my heart conspired to twine
Their strong allurements; and my sense was fine
And keen, and to the full felt hope and fear,
Delight and anguish; yet I grasped the spear,
And when the trumpet thrilled along our line
Unwavering met the steel and foremost fell.
Another took the mansion of my pride,
Another made her whom I loved his bride,
And where I dwelt, careless of me, they dwell,
While I lie mouldering on the bloody plain
Tombless—and keep my honour free from stain.

SURENA.

"CHEEK."

BY W. GEO. BEERS, MONTREAL.

THERE are writers and speakers in the United States, so anxious to *improve* our mother-tongue, that they would fain include in the Munroe doctrine the Americanization of the speech of Shakspere. This taint of Democratic irreverence has as yet but faintly affected general usage; but there have been peculiar phrases coined across the lines, which fit themselves so well to the lips and instincts of men as to gain almost immediate currency, and became woven into our best literature. At first they may have the ring and reputation of slang, but gradually lose their inelegancy, and gravitate into "the pure well of English undefiled." Every country, particularly with the civilization of this continent, must necessarily add words to its language, and there are indigenous phrases used generally by our most cultivated men in America, which are perfectly in place here, though unclassical in the literature of Great Britain.

It is bliss to be ignorant of the pedigree of many of the words we use, as it is bliss to some noble families to be oblivious of their ancestry beyond one generation, or as we are content to drink water without a microscopical examination. Among words whose origin might possibly be traced back to an unenviable period, but which have become fairly adopted as American additions to the English tongue, I have selected the one heading this paper, as expressive of a very prevailing infirmity in the atmosphere of America.

Borrowing from the license now monopolized by poets—and which has contributed immensely to encourage poor poetry, I will venture to class this "cheek" among the mental disorders of the present day; one which, like Diptheria and some contagious affections, is a modern complaint, unknown to Celsus, and, like shop-lifting and drunkenness, deserves to be dubbed as a genuine disease, and dignified with a Greek derivation. Brain diseases are getting more common—not because we have more or better brains than our forefathers, but because we work them harder and more spasmodically, and get less fresh air; and there are social and political circumstances to-day exciting mental extravagances that had no existence in eras gone by.

A sarcastic Italian once observed, that possibly a sufficiently powerful microscope might be made to reveal the globules of nobility in the human blood; but we need nothing so extraordinary to detect the "disease germs" of "cheek" in the human mind and character. We take the child. There is no instance of intelligent innocence as perfect as that of the genuine, natural boy, excepting, of course, the genuine natural girl. Real children have a native frankness that can never be mistaken for "cheek." They are always innocents, even in spontaneous sport or premeditated mischief. They are neither the street-waif with orphan heart and neglected soul, nor the species of young parties who ape the false show and the artificial manners of their seniors; who put on airs, and grow into their teens with an affected disrelish for marbles and ragdolls. They have hearts beating for play, not for moping, and take to childish games as instinctively as goslings take to water. You may meet clusters of such children anywhere, of parentage rich and poor, but all rich in content, mingling and manufacturing mud-pies together, without a thought

of formality or a blemish of pride. But let harsh orthodox precepts of propriety be constantly dinned in their ears; let noise be proscribed in nurseries, and parlours made sacred against the intrusion of the sunshine of home and the sunshine of heaven; let the children be taught to frame pretty responses, and to show off their talkativeness and training; let them be flattered to their faces, and given a good deal their own way, and you may safely trust to their instinct and human nature to develop the quick growth of cheek.

There are few more offensive specimens of inordinate "cheek" among young people, than those outrages on boyhood who missed their due share of thrashing in their tender years; who aspire to be better dressed than their companions; and whose chief good, like the cinnamon tree, is confined to their bark; who know the art of matching a glove to a coat long before they know how to spell; who give up manly field-sports to be, as they think, more manly in learning to smoke; who fondly imagine stray twigs of hair below the lobe of the ear to be incipient whiskers, and the tender down which has been on the upper lip since the hour of their birth, to be preternatural moustaches; who would be in a perpetual blush in church, and wear a look of the deepest degradation if they knew that they had on pants bagged at the knees; whose friendship is won when you don a new suit of clothes, but lost when time makes it threadbare, and who think less of a stain in the character than a crease in a shirt.

There can be no mistake made in distinguishing cheek from that self-confidence which forms one of the finest master-traits in the character of the Anglo-Saxon race. There are circumstances of favour or fortune in the life of individuals, as in the geographical position and history of nations, which tend to develop a quiet consciousness of power. But no one would put in the same category the confidence of Palmerston, guiding the helm of State, and the conceit of Sancho Panza ruling a kingdom; the consciousness of Nelson, when a middy, that he would one day have a despatch to himself, and the fixed opinion of coxswain Harry that he ought to have command of the fleet; the faith in himself and his men of Sir Colin Campbell, when he received the Russian cavalry with British infantry in line instead of in column—and beat them;—and the sanguine conviction of the Fenians that they could take Canada; the belief of D'Israeli, that the House of Commons would one day listen to him, and the belief of that quintessence of cheek, George F. Train, that he will be the next President of the United States.

I do not pretend to defend great men from the imputation of cheek. History and Biography are full of familiar instances of their weakness in this respect; yet it is more the exception than the rule. Cicero's constant cry was "Praise me!" Epicurus, writing to a minister of state, declared: "If you desire glory, nothing can bestow it more than the letters I write to you." Buffon, speaking of great geniuses, said there were not more than five—"Newton, Bacon, Leibnitz, Montesquieu, and *myself*."

When great men err, there is surely some excuse for us. It can scarcely be considered egotism when one talks of himself disparagingly, and attempts to point a moral and illustrate a case from the follies of his own youth. Long before the eruption of my wisdom teeth, about the time of St. Valentine's Day, I awakened one morning to the conviction that the Muses had inspired me with the poetic spirit, and that I was the coming man: an experience common to most of us in our tender years. I had picked up the trick of jingle, and the art of measuring poetic feet, and had set my eyes in fine frenzies rolling over epics and odes, sonnets and lays, until I could turn the lowing of a cow into a pastoral, and the death of a pup into a monody.

A New York monthly had at that time a

large circulation in Canada, and I selected it as the harbinger of my fame, with a very confident feeling that it was going to be good for the monthly. Like a respected Montreal editor who, in relating his early literary efforts said: "I wrote for Blackwood, but my articles never appeared," I can say that I wrote for that New York monthly, but the only notice taken of my productions was among the "Answers to Correspondents," where I found the titles of my poems, with the polite and pithy "Declined with thanks." It was a long time before I could feel or say a good word for New York, but there was a grim grain of consolation to a boy in these "thanks," and I persisted in besieging various other journals at home and abroad, until at last one unfortunate editor inserted my masterpiece of pathos, which had been six times sent to other quarters, and as many times politely returned. Such are the vicissitudes of genius!

I remember this divine effusion was entitled "Dear to me," and began as follows:

> "Dear to me is the spot where I was born,
> Dear to me is the cot where I saw morn,
> Dear to me is the sky in blue arrayed
> Dear to me are the fields where once I strayed;"

and so on, as long as my arm. Now the genius in this effort was to me quite apparent. It was the fine scope given for bringing in everything in general, and anything in particular one wanted to say, comprising volumes in a single poem, and by the addition of an infinity of "Dear to me," line below line, leaving room for filling up the blanks as one's ideas of things "dear" became enlarged.

In the love of political life we find a strong incentive to cheek. There is something in the atmosphere of municipal and legislative halls which develops the bad parts of human nature, as some localities engender miasma. The patriotism loudly proclaimed on nomination day tames down after election; and in cases not a few, Sam Slick's interpretation of the Latin line may be well applied—"mori," the more I get, "pro patria," by the country, "dulce est," the sweeter it is. I do not know whether European Governments attract the fifth-rate men who so frequently rise to the surface in political matters in America; but if so, they are cheated of notoriety, unless in a prison, and a better interpretation of "liberty" than we possess soon closes their career. The rascality which succeeds in American politics, has become a by-word of the world, and is only an emanation of the most inordinate cheek, forcing itself into position by virtue of its consummate impudence. Democratic institutions are more prolific of this than any other. They equalize the political value and, to some extent, the social standing of men, without equalizing talent and education. Mere wealth is a first consideration, and the bar-room bully who can influence most votes, no matter whence they come, is a greater man in the eyes of an aspirant than the first gentleman in the land.

In the professions we find the highest development of cheek, because in them the individuality of a man is most marked. In the highest, that of Theology, we probably find the least; but with due respect to the Pulpit—and it ought to be open to criticism and better able to stand it than the Press—there is sometimes an element of cheek creeping up, which is not only absurd but dangerous in a profession concerned with the highest interests of the human race. A respectable young man mounts the rostrum before an audience who have no superstitious fear of his office. His profession is with him a matter of dollars and cents and decency; his piety is mechanical. His first aim is to remind the audience of his individuality; he dogmatizes on doctrines he little understands, and lays down the law with his tongue and fist as if the truth depended solely upon his opinions. The thoughts and desires of "I" seem to have more interest for himself, and more convincing force, in his own estimation, than the

thoughts and desires of St. Paul. I have in my mind, as I write, a certain young parson, and young parsons are no more free from error in their specialty than young doctors and lawyers in theirs. He has some talent, great physical energy, and a desire to do good; but his conceit impels him to thrust into prominence his own views, or the views of others as his own, thinking originality of expression to be genius as well as gospel, and a succession of light feats of emphasis and heavy ones of gesture the sure way to success. The personal pronoun "I" overshadows every doctrine, and crosses every thought; and he is not unlike the artist, Haydon, who took ten times more pains to persuade people he had painted certain pictures than he took to paint them. The views of old theologians he impatiently and impertinently denies, with something of the effect of a terrier yelping at the full moon. To be forcible he thinks he must be peculiar. He leaves his congregation musing more upon his manner than his matter, without a grain of good or a germ of thought to carry away.

In every church—except ours of course—for in churches like professions there is something rotten in all except our own—there are persons who constitute themselves sermon-critics, by grace of a work or two on theology they have read, and who are very fair examples of cheek. Looking around upon the audience during a sermon, one may pick out these sermon-cynics as easily as copper coin from silver. Knowing nods and sapient looks distinguish them, or shakes of disapproval, from the shoulders to the heels. Let the preacher misquote, and you know just the pews to look to for the sage and sarcastic grin; let him make a *lapsus linguæ* of any kind, and you know just who will ; how their quickness of perception. There are conceited and envious cynics in church as well as in literature, who, like the two critics that regularly dogged the writings of Racine and Pope as they appeared, pay the most devoted attention for no other purpose than to feed their self-complacency and nourish their spleen. "The defects of great men," says D'Israeli, "are the consolations of the dunces." These are the people who expect a preacher to dovetail the gospel with their views; to conform his tone of voice, his gestures, and his clerical and every-day dress to their ideal; to smother his political opinions, and subdue his love of recreation; to marry the woman they choose, or which is worse, not to marry the woman they do not choose; and to consider the purchase of his freedom of opinion and action a stipulated condition of his call.

The Press affords some characteristic illustrations of inordinate cheek; for newspaper men in this thinking age are too prone to believe that they are expected to be positive in matters beyond their ken, and to "say something" about every question, however abstruse; and are thus tempted to try their prentice pen in speculations beyond the bounds of even *their* intelligence. Hundreds of newspapers are mere rehashes of others, and, like a parenthesis, could be taken away and never be missed. In Pekin they occasionally behead editors who print false news, and the Pekin papers are very trustworthy. It is perhaps better that the loss of caste and the possibility of litigation should supersede this peremptory kind of punishment, else a large number of the "Fourth Estate" would need be hydra-headed.

Every profession has its men of cheek, whose chief delight is in expatiating on their own merits, and depreciating their confreres. They are just the same in theology, politics, law, medicine and dentistry. They owe their prominence much more to the force of their impudence than to any ability they possess. They "talk shop" at every opening; modesty is not in their nomenclature. As politicians they will lay claim to the origination of great national undertakings, on the strength of having referred to them in conversation, as other men probably did for

decades before them; and they live in a small atmosphere of their own, with the self-satisfied conviction that the prosperity of the country is due to their personal exertions. As lawyers they are ready to "hire out their words and anger" for any and every scheme where they may advertise their eloquence, and will even condescend to sacrifice fair prospects in their profession that they may be pilloried in the annals of their country. As physicians or dentists they arrogantly boast of their superior knowledge, and go to any extreme to obtain a practice. By dint of quack advertising, and, to speak truly, plain lying; by poking cards and circulars and pamphlets into every available and advantageous nook and corner; by the use of show-cases and barbarous signs, and by boasting of their superior facilities, peculiar methods, practice, and "previous residence in New York" (save the mark!) they contrive to gain what they would never have gained by honest means. They are not students or lovers of books; they have a mere smattering of their profession, yet assume to be inspired; they are perfect parasites where they fear, and slanderers where they dare. Jealousy is the fever of their existence, and the success of a faithful confrere is to them a sort of a personal insult. They have no professional *esprit de corps*; if they associate it is to fish for office or to find fault. The pleasantest paragraph they can read relating to a competitor is his obituary. An epidemic which carries off two or three, or a fire which burns out a dozen, restores their amiability, and puts them in the seventh heaven of delight. They cannot recognize cheek in themselves, but scent it out with a sort of instinct in any one else. Anything they do is "unusual;" they never admit having failed; and the idea of competitors being able to do what they have done is beyond the bounds of possibility. Indeed they will look you in the face with the stolidity of eye of an oyster, and assume a sort of monopoly of knowledge of their particular profession. Yet when you lay the scalpel of criticism to their pretensions, you expose their superficiality, and prove them to be cheek.

No educated talent is more commonly productive of cheek than fluency in speaking. One of the peculiar propensities of this intellectual age seems to be that of all classes for speaking in public. Men are no more generally fitted to become public speakers than authors and artists, yet how many thousands have wasted lives in fruitless efforts to be one or the other! There is an innate faith, no doubt, in some natures, which failure only strengthens and neglect only stimulates, impelling to persistence and often to success; but has not every scribbler who could persuade his words to rhyme, and every aspirant who could deface a foot of canvass with his emptiness, imagined the "divine afflatus" to have been specially vouchsafed to him? True, our first efforts must be immature, and first failures ought to be an incentive to perseverance, or the world will retrogade; but more than half the failures in every literary sphere have their origin in a disregard of the study of first principles, and of the faithful reiteration of lessons that may be dull, but which the finest genius cannot afford to contemn. In the matter of public speaking, it is so common to suppose that facility of expression should be the chief aim of those whose ambition it is to address an audience, or to utter their thoughts in print, that many come to regard the man who can say the most words in a breath, even if he has to gasp for very life at the end, and the writer who can spin out the longest yarn on any given subject, (such, for instance, as the *savant* mentioned by Moore in his Diary, who wrote several folio volumes on the "Digestion of a Flea") as the men who have mastered their subject and are amply qualified to teach. One who has a superabundance of cheek, and the accompanying contempt for his audience, may soon learn

to be fluent, though he may never learn to be wise.

It is a modern fanaticism to believe that it is an object in life to be fluent in public speech, and that in many circles, such as the numerous literary societies in the country, persons who have made no preparation whatever should be indiscriminately encouraged to stand up and "say something." Admitting that a man gains dignity and shows power who can stand on his feet and face an audience with his opinions, when his opinions are worth hearing, I think he is proportionately ridiculous if his opinions are worth nothing. This is not said to discourage our efforts to form opinions, and to express them as well as we can, but to discourage the idea that, because John Jones has overcome the usual impediments to public speech, he should jump up at every opportunity to express his views on any subject under the sun, particularly when he has not given it any previous reflection. The spontaneous opinion of Jones on a question concerning his everyday business, or concerning some special subject, is likely to be worth hearing at any time; but it is absurd to think that because his opinions on these points are sound, his ideas on any other are sound too. And if unsound, why encourage him to bore us by making us wade through a stream of words in hope of picking up an opinion on the way. The worst of mere fluency is just this—that it is sure to create in a man's mind the oppressive conceit that the sound of his voice is music to his listeners' ears, and that anything he says is worth hearing. You might as well transfer human brains to a cocoa-nut shell and expect them to reason, as place some educated men before an audience, and command them to speak; but every sane man has a special constitutional aptitude for a certain line of public usefulness, and to force him outside of this line, into a sphere which nature clearly designed he should not occupy, must either tend to dwarf his energies or to develop his cheek.

We cannot look with indifference upon the associative spirit, and the desire for mutual mental improvement now prevalent among the youth of Canada; but, in the debating societies, I venture to believe, there is a proneness to determine the wants of human nature from their own stand-point, and to exaggerate the advantages to be derived from encouraging indiscriminate talking. It is a serious question whether a youth is better for having overcome timidity before an audience, if he has not previously been incited to self-study and diligent preparation. It is a fact that, in many of these societies in Canada, as elsewhere, notwithstanding that appointments for debates are made two weeks beforehand, it is often the case that nearly every speech is prefaced with an apology for superficial preparation, or, perhaps, no preparation at all; and yet ready speakers will run on talking with more or less fluency and no depth for fifteen minutes or half-an-hour at a stretch. Would not one hour's faithful study of the subject at home, fill the mind fuller, and be better exercise, if read aloud as an essay in the quiet of one's own room?

This fluency, or rather flippancy, which degenerates into unbearable cheek, is a cardinal vice—perhaps a natural one—of debating societies, and, no doubt, is not of very recent origin, as Archbishop Whateley, in his Rhetoric, gives it as his opinion that they are generally more hurtful than beneficial, "because when the faculties are in an immature state, and their knowledge scanty, crude and imperfectly arranged, if they are prematurely hurried into a habit of fluent elocution, they are likely to retain through life a careless facility of pouring forth ill-digested thoughts in well-turned phrases, and an aversion to cautious reflection." "An early habit of empty fluency," continues Dr. W., "is adverse to a man's success as an orator." Dr. Blair, in his Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres, also condemns the custom of cultivating a readiness of speech

without a conscientious preparation. He also says that the habit of taking a side in a debate antagonistic to one's convictions cultivates flimsy, trivial discourse. I might quote from many other eminent authorities for testimony that we are perhaps disposed to over-estimate the usefulness of debating societies in connection with the cultivation of readiness of speech. I repeat, I would not wish to be understood as depreciating the principle of these organizations, or the many direct and indirect benefits to be derived from them; but let their members, zealous to improve their minds, take care to be well assured that they do not sometimes mistake self-complacency and fluency for progress and power, and that the object of mutual improvement does not degenerate into mutual admiration. The especial point I venture to enforce is this—that there is no practice in these societies in which a beginner cannot be better exercised and educated in the quiet of his own room.

There are traits in almost every character to admire and esteem; there are little hidden nooks of gentleness in the bosom of the boldest and worst of men. Cheek, like crime, is repulsive. Yet both are simply human nature. I do not ignore the merits and virtues that may live in the heart where cheek holds its most offensive reign; but I know that any of us would rather listen a day to an eulogy of our virtue than a moment to a censure of our vice. The truth about us is palatable, if, like some bitter pills, it is sugar-coated. The age is productive of mutual admiration, and to see one's name in print is a modern stimulus to benevolence. Men are getting scarce who

> "Do their good by stealth,
> And blush to find it fame."

To call the exhibition of cheek self-reliance and nobility of character, is to assume that cheek is the indispensable qualification for success in life. We know that without ability, without devotion, without character, it has at best a transient and unsatisfying career. Posterity has never enshrined cheek in the roll of honour, either in war, literature, politics, science, or commerce.

Each age and country must have its great men—not created by schools, nor to be annihilated by neglect or opposition, but who rise as the sun, not as a rocket. No gift of God is more providently bestowed than the gift of genius. Rough hands may be steering ploughs or hewing stone to-day, which may yet make the songs or the laws of a people; which may paint its landscapes, and force the world to admire the unparalleled genius of their conceptions; whose works may become household words in the hearts of a nation, and immortal in the history of their time. A man cannot force himself into genius if he was never endowed with it by nature. Can a parrot in half a century mimic itself into a crying child?

The hot rush for fame has an antidote in the hotter rush for wealth, but the true philosophy of life lies nearer Heaven, and far from both. "Then what consolation have we for our ambition?" This—that whether we are to be famed or not, cheek will never promote our aim or tend to genuine success. Individual application, faith, and honesty, will win their deserts and no more; and this is the secret of success for us. If we get not the fame or the wealth we desire, let us console ourselves with the sober reflection that neither have we got the misery we deserve, and if, while we cheerily do our best, without a whine or a boast, either fame or wealth should reward our struggle, will it not be all the more pleasant as a surprise?

POLITICAL STRUGGLES ON BOTH SIDES OF THE LINE.

THE Founders of the American constitution, while they broke away from the old world, were unable to clear their minds of its political superstitions; and among other things, they fancied that it was absolutely essential to have a single head of the State. They accordingly provided that every four years the nation should be torn in two, and all questions brought to a violent and dangerous issue by a Presidential election. To this error is due in some measure at least the Civil War; for the question of slavery might have smouldered on indefinitely had not the struggle for the Presidency caused it to burst into a flame. It is said that these elections give the people of all the States an interest in Federal politics, and preserve the unity of national feeling; but this is setting your house on fire to boil an egg.

As a struggle between Grant and Greeley, the present contest has no interest for any human being except the political adventurers who are scrambling, in the names of the candidates, for power and pelf. The best Americans are at a loss to choose between the two men, and are utterly ashamed of them both. Grant is not the political ogre that he is painted in the turgid harangues of Mr. Sumner: he has not conspired to overthrow the constitution and make himself absolute: nor has he exceeded the iniquities of the Roman Emperors and the nepotist Popes. But he is a failure, and worse than a failure, as a President. That he would show political genius there was no reason to expect. Even of genius for war, few successful generals have shown less. His one quality was ruthless tenacity in the use of the human material furnished him without stint by the unlimited wealth of the North. To wear out his enemy by sheer carnage, was, according to his own profession, his whole game. Probably there is nothing in military history more discreditable, either to the skill or to the humanity of a commander, than the butchery of Cold Harbour. But if Gen. Grant had not genius, it was believed that he had integrity and firmness of character: and it was hoped that, feeling himself in a special manner the elect of the nation, and sure of national support, he would resist the influence of the political hacks, and make a resolute stand against corruption. His very first act, however, was to perpetrate a singularly flagitious job in favour of his personal friend and supporter, Mr. Washburne, whom he allowed to seize the Secretaryship of State, hold it for a few days, exercise its patronage, and then go off as Ambassador to Paris. In his other appointments he did make an attempt to shake off the politicians; but from his ignorance of men the attempt proved abortive; he fell into the hands of the politicians again, and at last into the hands of the very worst of the tribe. Of the only two men of really high character about him, he allowed one to be driven from office for refusing to be a party to jobbery, and the other for resisting the levying of blackmail, for party purposes, on the clerks in the department. A man almost as infamous as Tweed was appointed to the Collectorship of the Port of New York, with the management of the party in the State; and the appointment was upheld by General Grant against the protests of all the best men of the party. Too much has been made of General Grant's nepotism, which, though pretty gross, does not seem to have been, in any particular instance, injurious to the public service. Too much has, also, been made of his reception of presents, in which he has, at

worst, shown a certain lack of delicacy, such as might be expected in a man of coarse moral fibre, capable of carrying on war by the system of "attrition," and of allowing his soldiers to rot by thousands in Southern prison camps, rather than consent to an exchange of prisoners by which his enemy would have received reinforcement. Nor is there any evidence for the assertion that his personal probity, which when he was at the head of the army was unimpeached, has failed since he has been at the head of the State, or that any of the plunder collected by his partisans has found its way into the pockets of their chief. But partly from the desire of retaining his office, or rather the White House, and preserving the patronage to his friends and relations; partly, and perhaps principally, from sheer helplessness and inability to control the evil men about him, he has acquiesced in a vast system of jobbery and corruption. Whatever is lowest, vilest, most destructive of public morality in party government, and in the management of party, has flourished and abounded under the Presidency of General Grant. In the North the state of things has been bad enough; but in the South corruption, supported by party bayonets, has ridden rampant, and there has been an orgy of misrule from Richmond to New Orleans. In the South, General Grant has also lent himself to sabre-sway, the love of which, whatever his violent opponents may say, is not in his character, and to which he has shown no tendency elsewhere. The movement in favour of civil service reform, earnestly supported by all true friends of the country, has been dallied with, baffled, and put off to a more convenient season. As to statesmanship, if little was expected of General Grant, he has shown less than that little. In politics he is simply a man out of his sphere, and without any of the power and versatility which sometimes enable men of genius promptly to adapt themselves to spheres different from their own. His messages have not been merely devoid of any kind of ability, however rough, however redolent of the camp; they have been tissues of absolute platitudes. The stupid insult which he levelled against Canada was probably dictated by intriguers at his elbow; but the economical lucubrations in which he serenely airs his ignorance of the first rudiments of the subject, must be regarded as entirely his own. With the reduction of the debt he has had as much to do as with the Precession of the Equinoxes; it went on just as well under his predecessor Johnson, "the greatest criminal of the age." His annexationist propensities, which, if any weight was to be attached to the boastings of his confidential friends, were at first very extensive in their range, have shrunk to the acquisition of St. Domingo, with regard to which he has displayed some of his old military obstinacy, but has been baffled by the good sense of the nation, which resisted the incorporation into a body politic, already too heterogeneous, of a horde of black barbarians, managed, as they inevitably would be, by carpet-baggers. In his eagerness to compass the annexation, he committed what was probably a breach of the constitution, though without any intention of usurpation. The strongest point in General Grant's record is the Treaty of Washington, which, however, was saved not by him and his advisers, but in spite of them. His manners are simple, modest, and suitable to the chief of a Republic; but his lack of statesmanship is redeemed by no personal dignity, his love of horses is rather too prominent, and the notorious incidents of his early life have left clinging to him, perhaps unjustly, the odour of habits which the moral sentiment of the people will not tolerate in the head of the nation. As the lesser of two evils he will receive the votes of a large number of worthy citizens: but otherwise it may be doubted whether there is a single honest, sensible and independent man, who sincerely desires the re-election of President Grant.

His defeat would have been certain had his opponent been Mr. Adams. But his opponent, thanks to the diabolical skill of the wirepullers, is not Mr. Adams, but Horace Greeley, a man whose nomination for the Presidency would have been regarded as an impossibility till it took place, and when it took place was at first hardly received as serious. Horace Greeley is the most grotesque and obtrusive specimen of "the self-made man." He appeals to the people in an old white coat, an old white hat, his pants tucked into his boots, and his neck-cloth tied under his ear, with manners to correspond. His origin is as availably popular as that of Abraham Lincoln. His savage protectionism is supposed to have arisen partly from a notion that, in his boyhood, the privations of his humble home were aggravated by free trade legislation. He affects the farmer and the rural sage; and the vast circulation of his journal in the country districts is due to his great command of the sort of wisdom and moral sentiment which suit the bucolic taste. It is just to add that when he is at his best he writes a good, racy, English style. He enjoys the reputation of being very crotchetty but very honest. That he is very crotchetty is certain. Every one of the long train of American chimeras, political, social, economical and sanitary, he has taken up in its turn; and it has been observed that he must not only ride his hobby-horse but ride it alone: when any one else gets up he immediately gets down. The question as to his honesty is more complicated. He would not steal: he is careless of money even to a foolish extent. No doubt he has genuine though unsteady sympathies and antipathies, and is so far superior to the mere political hack. But there is no more unscrupulous partizan, no more unscrupulous enemy; and in point of veracity his journal is by no means above its New York peers. In slandering England it perhaps bears away the palm. In New York State politics Mr. Greeley is connected with bad men; and the same bad men "*engineered*" his nomination at Cincinnati. Viewing his past course in the light of his present candidature, it is hard to believe that his coquettings with the South, and his signing of Jeff Davis' bail bond, were the simple results of his goodness of heart without any ulterior object; or that his flirtation with Fenianism arose from a disinterested sympathy with the Irish cause. His ardent advocacy of the single term principle is suggestive of a similar remark. In fact the finding after many days of the bread which he thus cast upon the waters is the most hopeful sign of his political sagacity. The confidence of his party he has never been able to obtain: often they have been on the brink of nominating him for office, but at the last moment they have always shrunk from doing it. His vanity is extreme and easily played upon by designing men. He would no doubt go into office a reformer; but the end which he had "rough hewn" would be "shaped" by the men who have him in their hands, and whose aim is not reform. As an administrator he is probably in no way superior to Grant, or superior to him only as eccentricity is superior to dulness: to Grant's power of blundering there is a limit fixed by his want of imagination, to Greeley's there would be none. There are those indeed who think that the Presidency would be as fatal to the rural sage of Chippaqua as it was to the hard-cider-drinking hero of Tippecanoe. Greeley's one really strong point is that he would be inclined by his humanity, as well as bound by his present connections, to "shake hands across the bloody chasm," and put an end to the military and carpet-bagging tyranny at the South. Other qualifications for the great and perilous trust for which he is a candidate, he has none.

The Greeleyite movement may be said to consist of four elements, in part connected with each other, in part merely concurrent, and indeed as strangely brought together as

any "fortuitous concourse of atoms" in political history.

In the first place there is a schism in the Republican party such as generally occurs when the victors, swollen in number by all the waiters on fortune, come to divide the spoils. Indignation against abuses is of course the pretext of the schismatics, but inadequate requital of their personal services is the real cause. The schism first openly broke out in the State of New York, where two sub-factions, one led by Senator Fenton, Greeley's not immaculate friend, and the other led by Senator Conkling, struggle for the local leadership of the party and the disposal of its local patronage with a fury at least as intense as that with which Republicans and Democrats struggle for the leadership and patronage of the nation. But it has spread to all parts of the Union. In Pennsylvania, the most corrupt State after New York, Simon Cameron and Col. Forney, lately twin pillars of the Grant Administration, seem, with their followings, to have fallen out over a prize of which it may be said that both are equally worthy. With this element of the movement rather than with any other, we must identify Mr. Sumner, though his grief is not disappointed cupidity, but mortified self-esteem. If his motives are less coarse than those of Fenton and Forney, his position is scarcely more respectable than theirs; for, with the malignant philanthropy characteristic of him, he was one of the main instigators of that cruel and tyrannical policy at the South which it is the best object of the Greeleyite movement to overthrow. That the nominee of the Baltimore Convention is the real champion of negrophilism is a belief too extravagant to be sincerely entertained even by the distorted fancy which engendered the Indirect Claims.

Secondly, there is a genuine movement in favour of administrative reform, principally among the best men of the Republican party, who were goaded to revolt by the hopeless jobbery and corruption of the Grant Administration. Foremost among these reformers, foremost perhaps among American statesmen, is Carl Schurz, the worthy representative of the German element, in which, since the commercial morality of the native American has so deeply infected his politics, seems to reside the best remaining hope of national redemption. The reform party went to Cincinnati probably to nominate Mr. Adams, Carl Schurz himself being ineligible as a foreigner by birth; but the Greeley Ring got the Convention into its hands. Schurz was so overwhelmed by the result that he forgot to perform the duty, which fell to him as President of the Convention, of reporting the nomination. Could the honest minority, which had been thus jockeyed, have repudiated the decision and nominated Mr. Adams, there would still have been a fair chance of success; but the vote of the Convention was regarded as binding. Carl Schurz has taken the stump for Greeley; with an aching heart no doubt; but he evidently regards Grant and his satellites with cordial detestation; and probably deems it best for the country to break up the present system at whatever cost. On the other hand the New York *Nation*, the editor of which was one of the Cincinnati Reformers, has reluctantly gone back to Grant.

Thirdly, there is a reaction against centralization. An increase of the powers of the Central Government was inevitable during the civil war; but the victorious party, or a large section of it, aims at perpetuating centralization in its own interest. The aspirations of the extreme unionists are disclosed in a book called "The Nation," which is understood to have found great favour with Mr. Sumner and others of that school. The author of this book preaches the divine right of the Nation as fanatically as any sycophant of the Stuarts ever preached the divine right of Kings, and in the name of his theory proposes, on highly transcendental grounds, but with very practical

objects, to extinguish State rights, cancel the authority of their guardian, the Supreme Court, and reduce everything beneath the absolute sway of the Government and Legislature of Washington. Nothing more subversive of true liberty, of independent self-development, and with them, of genuine progress, is to be found in the Leviathan of Hobbes. If the tone of the book, instinct with unctuous malignity and hypocritical ambition, is in any degree shared by the party to which the book is addressed, a reaction of sentiment may well be combined with the reaction of conviction. In combating such Unionism as this, the Democratic party is fighting for its ancient principles though with strange confederates at its side; for it was originally the party of State Right, on which Slavery afterwards fastened itself, and by its parasitic growth overshadowed and almost killed the standard tree. Jefferson, the founder of the Democratic party, was a declared enemy of Slavery, while he was the champion of State Right as well as an adherent of the sound doctrine that, under republican institutions, the least delegation of power is the best, and the greatest security for the integrity of the delegate is the immediate supervision of his constituents. Rid of slavery, the Democratic party is doing its "first works," far better works than those which it did as the subordinate ally of the slaveowning oligarchy of the South.

The fourth element, the most important, and the one which appeals most to the interests and sympathies of humanity at large, is a political insurrection of the South against the tyranny of Grant and his Carpet-baggers, as to the scandalous character of which there appears to be no room for doubt. The Carpet-baggers, vultures who descended upon the conquered nation in the wake of the victorious armies, have acted as the emissaries and satraps of the party installed at Washington, which has lent them the support of the Federal bayonets, while they have secured to the party the congressional votes of the Southern States. Their reign has been one of profligate corruption. The State debts and taxes have been increased to an astounding extent, partly to enrich the carpet-baggers and their satellites, partly to supply the means of political corruption.* While bayonets have formed the chief support of the system, a semblance of elective authority has been sought in the votes of the negroes, who are of course the merest tools in the hands of their crafty managers. Ignorant blacks and unworthy whites have been thrust into all the offices, even those of the judiciary. The bench of justice in the Supreme Court of South Carolina was occupied by a Carpet-bagger, a Negro, and a Jew. Political amnesty, though demanded by the general good sense of the people, was put off till it could be put off no longer, and was then conceded only in stinted measure. The South has, in short, not been ruled in the interest of the nation, with a view to reconcilement and the restoration of prosperity, but "run" in the interest of a party; and in the process a greater justification has been given to the Southerners for rebellion than ever was given to the Colonists by George III. How far the Ku-Klux outrages in the South would have warranted exceptional measures, such as those for which Whiteboyism and Fenianism have called in Ireland, it is difficult to say; that there has been outrage, and grave outrage, is undeniable; but the number and atrocity of the cases always increased when capital was needed at the North for a campaign. It is certain, however, that Ku-Klux outrage could in no way justify Carpet-bagging corruption and misrule; and equally certain that the feud between the whites and blacks, which gave birth to Ku-Kluxism, was not likely to be allayed by doing injustice to the whites. In fact the reconciliation of the races has probably been indefinitely delayed by thus making the lower race agents in the oppres-

* The State debt of Louisiana has been increased $45,000,000 in three years.

sion and humiliation of the higher. No excuse for this policy can be found in the circumstances of Secession. For the curse of Slavery, and the other curses attendant on it, including Secession and the Civil War, not the South alone was responsible, but the whole Union, which, for a political object common both to North and South, had made Slavery a part of the Constitution. The special growth and predominance of Slavery in the Southern part of the country was an accident of climate, not the crime of the Southern people. After the division of the Union into two nations, which had been so long foreseen and so repeatedly predicted, as a consequence of the social antagonism which slavery produced, the Northern nation conquered the Southern nation and forcibly re-annexed it, scarcely in accordance with the principle that government rests on the consent of the governed, but in strict accordance with the laws of war. Those laws also warranted in the case of the conquered South, as in the case of Alsace and Lorraine, military rule, till all resistance was completely quenched; but they did not warrant party tyranny such as the Carpet-baggers have carried on. General Grant's name is the symbol of conquest and of the conqueror's sway. This is his claim to the allegiance of the party which refuses to "shake hands across the bloody chasm." His campaign portraits are adorned with the titles of his victories over the South; a proof, by the way, that in its real character the war was international rather than civil, and that the position of the South is, in fact, that of a conquered nation; for Cromwell, when at the head of the whole nation, did not talk to his parliaments about Naseby, and Napoleon always strove to bury the memory of his participation in civil war. Greeley's record in this respect is chequered; he has had alternating fits of humanity and party violence. But there can be no doubt that if he is elected by Democratic votes, military and Carpet-bagging rule at the South will fall, and the Southerners would be insane if they failed as one man to support him against Grant; that is if they mean to act again with Northern parties, and to vote for Northern candidates at all. If we feel disposed to sympathize with the South in its effort to recover political liberty, Slavery need not stand in our way. It is dead and buried. Were the South to become independent and self-governed to-morrow, slavery would never be revived again.

What the result will be no one can at present pretend to say. As matters now stand, Greeley must have a majority on his side. That the split in the Republican party is large the course taken by the Springfield *Republican* and the Chicago *Tribune* is sufficient to prove; but we know this by more direct observation. The accession of the Chicago *Tribune* also indicates that the Free Trade Reformers of the West are satisfied with Greeley's promise of legislative neutrality on the Tariff question. The Democratic party has been greatly weakened by the effects of the civil war, which not only cut off its Southern wing, but divided the Northern wing and weakened it by desertion. Still it can bring a powerful contingent into the field, and the mass of the party seems to hold pretty well together in favour of the nominee of the Baltimore Convention; though there has been some bolting, owing a good deal to the conduct of the New York *World*, the cleverest and the most calamitous organ ever possessed by any political party, in labouring to render intolerably nauseous a nomination which it was evident, from the prompt adhesion of the South, would have to be swallowed after all. The Irish will vote for the name "Democratic," as in their mother country they used to vote or fight for "Two year old" and "Shanavest." Greeley will probably, through his journal, carry a good many of the farmers of the North, though some of them have never forgiven him for signing Jeff. Davis' bail-

bond. Of the whites at the South he would make a pretty clean sweep if their vote were free; and he will carry the great majority of them as it is. The blacks will probably adhere to the Carpet baggers and Grant, notwithstanding the siren strains of Mr. Sumner, which indeed are counteracted by the utterances of other leading friends of the negro, who also differed from Mr. Sumner on the question of St. Domingo. In the press Greeley is decidedly stronger than his rival; and it is singular, and rather ominous for Grant, that his principal organ is one conducted by a British Bohemian, formerly the correspondent of the London *Times* and an assailant of American institutions. On the other hand it is not easy to believe that a coalition, so suddenly formed and so heterogeneous—a coalition of ultra-Republicans and ultra-Democrats, of ex-slave-owners and Negrophilists, of Free Traders and Protectionists, of Civil Service Reformers and Irish legionaries of the New York Ring—a coalition of men whose hands were but yesterday on each other's throats, the echoes of whose mutual vituperation have hardly died away, the ink of whose mutual libels is scarcely dry—can stand the strain of a three months' campaign in face of an enemy assiduously labouring to break it up, and under the fatal necessity of carrying on a constant discussion, by which all its divergences and contrarieties will be kept constantly in view. The candidate himself is not exactly the man to ride four horses at a time: his public life hitherto has been a series of escapades, and his managers can scarcely guard against a continuance of the series by any precautionary measure less stringent than that of keeping him locked up during the campaign. His organ, too, to maintain its circulation and his income, must go on writing in a Republican sense and estranging Democratic allies; nor will his formal retirement from connection with it pending the election do much to relieve him practically from this inconvenience. Grant's party, though reduced in numbers, is homogenous and compact. He has throughout the Union a vast army of office-holders whose official lives are bound up with his, and who will fight for him with the unity of perfect discipline and with the energy of despair. His means of corruption and coercion, especially at the South, are immense, and probably have already triumphed in the North Carolina election. As the campaign goes on, and the Republican and Democratic banners are again seen facing each other in the field, many Republican deserters will probably straggle back to their old camp. Wall Street, the influence of which in politics has greatly increased of late, will be apt to shrink from an unsettlement, especially an unsettlement which would launch the ship on an unknown sea with Horace Greeley for commander. This feeling will probably be enhanced by the political maniacs of all kinds, who seem disposed to take the stump for Greeley and the "beneficent revolution." On the other hand some, as little addicted as Wall Street either to beneficence or revolutions, will seriously reflect on the danger of driving the South to extremity by the re-election of its hated oppressor. Mr. Gratz Brown was deemed a strong candidate for the Vice-Presidency; but it seems that he has been damaging the ticket by an offence against public manners. We advise our readers not to bet on the Presidential election; but if they do, we advise them to bet on Grant.

In any event let no false moral be drawn from this exhibition. It is not elective government that is in fault. If Mr. Adams, or any man equally worthy of national respect and confidence, could at this moment be presented to the suffrages of the American people, he would infallibly be elected. What prevents Mr. Adams, or any man like him, from being presented to the American people, is the machinery of party, which always has been, is, and always will

be, in the hands of men whose interests are widely different from those of the nation.

In the meantime we, in Canada, have had what nearly corresponds in our case to the Presidential election, being virtually the election of our Prime Minister, and entails no small measure of the same evils. Man paints himself as the creature of reason, and the lower animals as the creatures of habit. Perhaps, if the lower animals were the artists, the picture might not be so favourable to man. In the Middle Ages, when the King, not the Prime Minister or the Parliament, was the real ruler and lawgiver of the nation, a King of England summoned deputies from all the counties and boroughs of his dominion at once, by a general election, to grant him supplies and confer with him about the affairs of the nation. He might do so with impunity, since the government remained all the time undisturbed in his own person. But because he did so we, when all is changed, when the Prime Minister and the Parliament have become the real rulers, stick to the custom of general elections, instead of elections by instalments, and put up the government of the country periodically as the prize of a grand faction fight, inflicting on the community, by the process, a considerable portion of the moral evils of a civil war.

Not only so, but because in past ages, when accuracy in taking the votes was of little consequence, elections were held after a rough fashion by show of hands in the shire or borough court, we religiously retain, in addition to the modern polling, this old form of election, under the name of a nomination, to the great encouragement of rowdyism and the great detriment of public manners. Ingenious defences are always invented for every time-honoured absurdity; and in England it used to be said that the show of hands on the nomination day was the consolation of the unenfranchised masses; but we have no unenfranchised masses here.

So again with regard to the issuing of the writs and the appointment of the election days. It was quite safe to leave all this in the hands of a King who had no object in playing tricks. But it is not so safe to leave it in the hands of a party leader, who has an object in playing tricks, and who does it with a vengeance. The appointment of election days ought not to be left to the arbitrary discretion of an electioneering government: it ought to be regulated by law. It would be well if, at the same time, the redivision of election districts could be controlled by some general enactment or committed to some neutral tribunal, instead of being "gerrymandered" as it is by the party leader and the party majority of the day.

No national character, however strong, can withstand the maddening and degrading influences of these great faction fights. In election amenities, we may flatter ourselves that we have faithfully reproduced the Eatanswills of our father-land. Language has been bandied on all sides which, if we had read it in Dickens, would have seemed too broad a caricature; and the most infamous charges against personal character have been mingled with the utmost fury of political invective. We might easily cull, in proof of our statement, a whole bouquet of these flowers of electioneering rhetoric, if their beauty and fragrance would not be too overpowering. And let us say that, in looking for them we should not go to the country press, in which they are commonly supposed most to abound. It is comforting to see that the country press of Canada maintains a tone on the whole at least as high as that of its city rivals. If it can also maintain its independence of party tyranny, and its loyalty to those great interests of the community, which are the last things considered by party leaders and their devoted organs, it may prove itself, in the times that are coming, the political sheet anchor of the country.

A few months ago a new daily journal of

first class character made its appearance, with professions of a less narrow partisanship and a higher tone. In point of literary ability and general management, this journal has proved a great accession to our press. But in point of partisanship it runs in the old groove. It was folly to expect any thing else. Largeness of mind, comprehensiveness of view, justice and courtesy to opponents, would be treason to the party. And yet, even for the purposes of party, calmness and sobriety of language are more effective than unmeasured denunciation.

Unfortunately we did not confine ourselves to a wordy war. Other things occurred which made people cry out "what will they say of us in England?" It would be better perhaps, if we thought less of British opinion, which is not very intelligent so far as our affairs are concerned, and more of our own self-respect. No nation can be disgraced by the acts of individuals, unless it chooses to accept the disgrace. Nor was it necessary, in seeking precedents for that which no precedent could defend, to cross the Atlantic and ransack the archives of British history. There are treasures of that kind in abundance nearer home. "Political discussions at Springfield," says an American biographer, "were apt to run into heated, and sometimes unseemly, personal controversies. When Douglas and Stuart were candidates for Congress in 1838, they fought like tigers in Hovendon's grocery, over a floor that was drenched with slops, and gave up the struggle only when both were exhausted. Then, as a further entertainment to the populace, Mr. Stuart ordered out a barrel of whiskey."

It is commonly said, that as soon as the contest is over, public feeling calms down and all the bad effects pass away. This, unfortunately, is very far from being the case. Mean and malignant passions can no more be excited with impunity in the case of a nation than in that of a man. National character is lowered, public life is degraded, sectional animosities are inflamed, the love of our common country is impaired, sneaks and ruffians are encouraged, men of honour are deterred from going into public life.

The parting address of Mr. Harrison, of course, afforded a butt for the arrows of small wit. Yet amidst the torrent of electioneering trash it was perhaps the one thing worthy of a moment's remembrance. We shall find that it is necessary to make public life tolerable to sense and self-respect, or to pay for their exclusion.

It would hardly be fair to set down the lamentable occurrences at Quebec among the normal effects of a general election. They were an effect of the antagonism of race. But general elections stir up and bring to a head all the vicious humours of the body politic, of whatever kind they may be.

The recklessness of the public good, common to all party leaders at the moment of a party conflict, was displayed in a feature of this contest, which was noticed by a writer in these columns before, and which assumed an aggravated form as the contest went on—the attempt to make political capital out of an industrial war between employers and workmen. The unpatriotic character of the proceeding was specially marked by the fact that the industrial war in this instance had been set on foot by an emissary from a foreign country, with whom the trusted guardians of Canadian interests found themselves virtually combining. An amendment of the Law respecting Strikes was very necessary; but the electioneering policy to which we advert was quite a different thing from an amendment of the law. Workingmen are terribly mistaken if they fancy that the great cause of justice to labour can be advanced by connecting it with the manœuvres of electioneering factions. The result is that they make one party their sincere and lasting enemies, and the other their hollow and transient friends. When they have served the turn of the wire-puller they are contemptuously thrown aside.

Independently of the allegations of bribery which parties always hurl at each other, there seems real reason to fear that, under cover of the unreformed Election Law, a good deal of money has been spent, and that constituencies have been corrupted which were pure before. In truth, the effects of bribery at elections upon the character of our people, even upon that of very respectable classes, becomes a cause for serious alarm.

And this barbarous and senseless party war, with all its demoralizing consequences, is, we are told, the only mode in which political questions can ever be solved, or political progress carried on. It is destined to endure for ever, in spite of the growing influence of reason in human affairs generally, and the increasing ascendency of the scientific spirit, not only among the highly educated, but among all who are in any way reached by the ideas of the times. You must be a "doctrinaire" if you think otherwise. In England the other day, in a wrangle about the site of a barrack, all other terms of abuse, even "parallelepiped," having been exhausted, one of the combatants called the other "a doctrinaire." Is it doctrinairism to say that the proof of the pudding lies in the eating? Can the party system be final perfection when, according to the very writers and speakers who most vehemently support it, it has saddled the country with a government of jobbery and corruption?

It has been interesting to watch the efforts of each party to decide what its principles were, and embody them in an attractive name. On the Government side this was rather superfluous. The *Ins* always have a principle which everybody can understand, and which is sure to excite the enthusiasm of their friends. A name, however, may still be, if not necessary, at least convenient. "Tory" is discarded as unsavoury here, at the moment when, curiously enough, it is being revived by the party in the mother country, and put forward as the symbol of a highly strategical alliance between the aristocracy and the working men. Even "Conservative" seems to be too reactionary for the new world, unless qualified by the deodorizing prefix "Liberal." A "Liberal Conservative" who could realize the idea conveyed by his name, might boast that he was dancing on the very tightest and slenderest rope ever occupied by any political acrobat in history. The title finally adopted, however, was "The Party of Union and Progress." Union and Progress are comprehensive terms. Who are the parties to the union, and what are their ends? Is the progress over a surveyed or over an unsurveyed route? Sir James Brooke, in colonizing Borneo, encountered a piratical fleet manned by native Dyaks, and commanded by Malays. The Dyaks were simple, religious people, who collected heads as offerings to their gods; the Malays were astute adventurers, who collected booty for themselves. Union and progress of a certain kind were the result.

On the side of the Opposition the theory was promulgated, on the highest authority, that the political world is eternally divided between two antagonistic principles, that of Reform and that of Anti-Reform, like the two mundane principles of light and darkness in the Manichean philosophy, and that our political existence depends on the everlasting struggle of these principles for place. An almost Athanasian subtlety of intellect is required to discern this essential duality beneath the apparent unity of the Macdonald-Brown administration of 1864, especially as the leading Reformer in that administration advocated the appointment of a nominative Senate. We are the victims of the idols of our cave, and regard as necessary and universal a state of things which here is but the unreflecting imitation of the habits of the mother country, and in the mother country herself is of comparatively recent date, and the mere offspring of historical accident. It is not more certain that to-morrow's night will give place to the

succeeding day, than it is that, with the growth of popular intelligence, the party principle will give place to the national principle in government.

But the party system exists, and while it exists it will be absolutely essential to the purity of government and the preservation of real liberty that we should have a strong Opposition. In the last Dominion Parliament the Opposition was so weak, especially after its great defeat on the Treaty, that it was incompetent to perform its constitutional functions, and the Ministers were left practically without a check. They might have legislated the hat off your head if they had chosen, and they did choose to do some very objectionable, or at least some very questionable, things. That they intend to make any bad use of the powers which they voted themselves in regard to the Pacific Railway Contract, it would be unjust to insinuate, or even to suspect, before anything wrong has been done; but it may safely be said that a Government which has obtained possession of such powers needs to be watched and controlled in its proceedings, if ever a government did. Seldom, perhaps, has a more serious peril threatened the independence of any legislature, or the polical character of any nation.

The creation of votes for the unpeopled lands of Manitoba and Columbia, the refusal of the constitutional guarantees against the abuse of the secret service money and retention of the unreformed election law, were also undeniably questions of the most serious character, both in themselves and as indications of the tendency of the Government.

Looking at the matter from a national point of view, therefore, we must rejoice that the Opposition has gained strength. It might have gained more if it had inscribed definite issues, such as that of the Pacific Railway Contract, more clearly on its banners, talking less about general party creeds and party histories, and if it had not given the contest so much the air of a personal and vindictive conflict with the Prime Minister —an error of which he knows well how to take advantage in his appeal to the sympathies of the people. But it has gained, and the Government will no longer be uncontrolled in the exercise of power.

Those who look solely to the broad interests of the country will also rejoice at the election of some half dozen members belonging more or less to the class "Independent." Of course these members will not be able to act as if they were in a political vacuum; they will be obliged to fall more or less into party associations. But if they can preserve their independence of mind, and keep country above party in their allegiance, they may, in certain cases, render services which would entitle them to the gratitude of the country. Nor would they or any patriotic members of the legislature lack popular support in contending against the vices of government. The great advantage which we have over the people of the United States lies not so much in the superior purity of our Government as in the superior power of resistance to corrupt influences among the people. A Hampden is now scarcely possible in the United States, but a Hampden is still possible here. What we may think with regard to the special issues of the late election, we must own that the independent yeomanry of Canada have shown themselves worthy representatives of those old English yeomen who in former days were the sinews of British freedom; and we may feel assured that the cause of constitutional liberty here has a body of defenders who will not quail before any government, however great may be the means influence in its hands.

SELECTIONS.

MATHEWS—THE COMEDIAN.*

(From Julian Young's Diary.)

DURING Mathew's visit to us at the end of October, 1833, one of the sons of the nobleman (at whose gate, almost, we lived) dined with us; and having an acute sense of fun, and thoroughly appreciating our guest's wit and humour, and learning from us that the star of his genius always began to rise when that of ordinary mortals set (viz. at bed-time), he used every night after to drop in about eleven o'clock, for the pleasure of enjoying our visitor's incomparable society. These *Noctes Amportianæ*, delightful as they were, and temperately as they were conducted (for potations were not required by way of stimulus), were very trying to me; for, about a week after our little party had broken up, the late hours to which I had been exposed, and the excess of laughter in which I had indulged, told upon me, and I fell ill. The night before Mathews left Amport, he told us that he was going to Oxford the next day to give two or three entertainments; and he implored my wife and myself so urgently to accompany him, that, in compassion to his anticipated dejection, we consented. As we were only some twenty-five miles from Oxford, I undertook to drive him there in my phaeton. When the noble lord already alluded to found that my wife and myself were going to Oxford with Mathews, he begged permission to accompany us. As I had one vacant seat, I was only too glad to have so agreeable an addition to our party; and on the following morning we set off. From nine in the morning till six in the evening it poured with rain incessantly. Mathews sat in front with me; Mrs. Young and her noble companion behind. We started about twelve o'clock, and baited two hours on the road. Mathews besought me to get him into Oxford by six p.m., as he was engaged to meet a large party at the Rev. Mr. Rose's, of Lincoln College, at seven. It was a curious fact, and one so far justifying Mathews' theory of his invariable ill-luck, that, though Lord F. P—— had merely a dreadnought on, my wife her ordinary cloak, and I a common greatcoat, Mathews, who was enveloped in waterproof wraps in addition to a greatcoat and cloak, was the only one of the party who was soaked through and through. Fearing that, on his arrival, he might be hurried, and in order to save himself the trouble of unpacking his portmanteau in undue haste, he had taken the precaution of wrapping up the clothes he would require for dinner in two towels. Boundless, therefore, was his disgust on unpinning his packet, which had lain at our feet, protected, as we thought, alike from wind and rain by the thick leathern apron over our knees, to discover that his dress coat and kerseymere pantaloons were saturated with wet, and that the pattern of his sprigged velvet vest had been transferred to his shirt-front. When, therefore, he entered our sitting-room at the Star Hotel, and observed the table laid for dinner, the clean cloth, the neatly-folded napkins, the glittering glass, and the blazing fire, he could not help contrasting our cosy condition with his own draggled plight, and began to reflect gloomily on the length of time his clothes would take to dry, and on the several disadvantages under which he would have to make his rapid toilet; till at last he vowed that 'Mr. Rose might go to Jericho, and all the heads of houses be drowned in the Red Sea, before he would desert us.' It was in vain that we expostulated with him on the indecency of such behaviour; in vain we depicted the cruel disappointment he would inflict on a gentleman who had paid him the compliment of asking the Vice-Chancellor and other men of University distinction to meet him. In vain we appealed to his self-interest, telling him that he would, by his rudeness, estrange his friend, and convert a patron into an enemy. The more we urged him to consider what he owed to others, the more obstinately he vowed he would not

* From "A Memoir of Charles Mayne Young," Tragedian, with extracts from his Son's Journal. By Julian Charles Young, A.M. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and New York.

victimize himself for the sake of acquiring a reputation for good manners. Dine with us he would.

As we were enjoying, with keen relish, our salmon and cucumber, the waiter entered, and thus addressed the culprit:—'Please, Sir, here's a messenger from Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, to say that his dinner is waiting for you.' 'My kind compliments to Mr. Rose, of Lincoln,' was his rejoinder; 'I am sorry I cannot dine with him, as I am obliged to share the fortunes of three friends who have been nearly drowned. I dine with them. Tell him I have not a dry rag to cover my nakedness with, and that we are all four now steaming before the fire preparatory to going to bed to nurse.'

Every instant I sat in fear and trembling that we should either see the much-wronged gentleman *in propriâ personâ*, or have to receive a deputation from him, or else an angry note; but fortunately our threatening evening passed off without a storm; and as, after our meal, we drew together round the fire, and Mathews sipped his negus and lolled back in his armchair, his spirits rose, and 'Richard was himself again.'

He had an inveterate propensity to keep late hours; and was given to lie in bed till midday in consequence. If he were disturbed earlier, he would say he had been woke in the middle of the night. It was as good as a servant's place was worth if she called him before twelve o'clock. Knowing all this, it was greatly to the diversion of Lord F. P——, Mrs. Young, and myself, that, the morning after our arrival, one of the waiters told us there was a messenger from Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, waiting in the hall to see Mathews. We desired him to be shown up, and then, pointing to Mathews' bedroom, which was on the same floor with our sitting-room, and well within our view, we advised him to rap at his door and give him the note with which he was entrusted. In the spirit of mischief, and longing for a scene, we three ensconced ourselves behind our own door, impatient to witness the result. The messenger at first tapped humbly and hesitatingly. No answer. A second rap, and then a third, waxing louder each time. As the patience of the messenger was giving way, a strange figure, clad in a long night-shirt, with an extinguisher cotton nightcap on his head, and irrepressible fury in his visage, emerged from the room, and, with clenched fist, asked his visitor—'If he was weary of life?—if he desired to be ruthlessly murdered?' &c., &c. 'No, Sir.' 'Then how dare you disturb me at this unearthly hour?' (N.B. 9.30 a.m.) He then slammed the door violently to, in a state of wrath implacable, and bolted himself in. Once more the poor 'scout,' in undisguised trepidation, appealed to us for advice as to what he should do next, adding, that his master had enjoined him strictly, on on consideration, to return without an answer. Greedy of more fun still, we insisted on his attending, above everything, to his own master's instructions; and, disregarding Mathews' bluster, again to try his fortune, and not to leave it without receiving the answer required.

With evident misgiving he again crept up to the dreaded bedroom, and after a free and frequent application of his knuckles to the panels of the door, finding he received no reply, he took heart, and hallooed through the keyhole—'I 'umbly ax your pardon, Sir, but Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, says he *must* have an answer.' The hero of my tale, exasperated beyond all bounds by this persecution, once more appeared, in the same questionable attire as before, and, indifferent to the titters of the waiters and chambermaids who were flitting up and down the corridor, and unconscious that his friends were watching him, screamed out—'Confound Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, and all Mr. Rose, of Lincoln's, friends, and all Mr. Rose, of Lincoln's, messengers! Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, *must* have an answer, eh? Then let him get it by law. Does Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, think that I go to bed with a pen in my mouth, and ink in my ear, that I may be ready to answer, instantly, any note, Mr. Rose, of Lincoln, may choose to write to me?'

I forget whether we remained at Oxford more than two nights; but, having first ascertained that he made matters straight with Mr. Rose, we left with easy conscience. He did not return to Amport with us, but followed afterwards, in a day or two. After sleeping a night with us, he asked me if I would go with him to Salisbury on the morrow, where he was due for one night's entertainment. It was on our road across Salisbury Plain that the accident befell us which is told in Mrs. Mathews' memoirs of her husband. I never was more surprised than

at reading, in the *Morning Chronicle*, two or three days afterwards, the particulars of our adventure. It seems that Mr. Hill, the original from whom John Poole took his *Paul Pry*, was sitting with Mrs. Mathews in Great Russell Street, when a letter from her husband was put into her hand. She begged permission to read it, and as, in doing so, she could not suppress a few ejaculations of surprise, he begged he might hear it. She was quite willing to gratify him, and, at his request, gave him permission to take it home and show it to his wife. On that understanding he was allowed to take it; but, instead of taking it home, he took it to the printer of the paper with which he was connected, and inserted it in its columns. As many may never have read it, I shall presume to give my own version of the accident, which is much fuller in its details than the one given in Mrs. Mathews' Life of her husband.

Before he left our house, I had promised Mathews, who could not bear being alone, to drive him to Salisbury, and keep him company while there. The distance from Amport to Andover was five miles; from Andover to Salisbury, by the road, eighteen; but across the intervening Plain, fully three miles shorter. Now although, under the pilotage of Lord W. and Lord George P——, I had ridden that way two or three times, I had never driven it. To the rider nothing could be more delightful than the long unbroken surface of untrodden turf; though the tameness of the surrounding scenery, and the absence of landmarks to steer by, made the route rather a difficult one to find. Before starting, I had serious misgivings that the frequent intersection of deep waggon-ruts, of the existence of which I was quite aware, might put my charioteering powers to a severe test; but the prospect of a 'short cut' was a temptation not to be withstood. For the first two or three miles we got on capitally; but afterwards encountered such a succession of formidable inequalities in the ground, that Mathews got nervous, and my horses became excited. Out of consideration for his hip-joint, I advised him to alight and walk a few yards, till we had passed over the roughest part. This he was only too glad to do; while I, throwing the reins over the splashboard, went to the horses' heads, and, by voice and hand, endeavoured to coax them gently over the uneven ground. However, in descending a sharp dip in the ground, which was succeeded by a rise as sudden, the pole sprung up, hit me a violent blow under the chin, and sent me spinning to the ground. On recovering my footing, I saw my carriage jolting and bumping along at the rate of twenty miles an hour, rendering any hope of my overtaking it, for a long time to come, an apparent impossibility. In utter dismay, I appealed to my friend for advice, but found him all but paralysed, and incapable of giving it. 'Good heavens, Julian!' he cried out, 'in that bag of mine are, not merely all my clothes, but three hundred sovereigns in gold, the fruit of four "At Homes," and all that I have written of my Autobiography. Run! Run!'

It was easy for him to say 'Run,' but not so easy for me to do so; for, owing to the extraordinary velocity with which the panic-stricken animals had darted off, and the undulation o the land over which they had passed, they were lost to sight in no time.

The foremost difficulty which suggested itself to me was how, even if I recovered my carriage and horses, I was to find my disconsolate companion again; for, in consequence of the complete circumnavigation of the hill which the runaways had probably made, I knew I should find myself, before long, in a *terra incognita*. As Mathews could not walk, I pointed to some miserable furze bushes, and told him to lie down under them, and not to stir till he saw me again. He squatted down most submissively; while, in attestation of my good faith, and, at the same time, that I might run the easier, I disencumbered myself of my great coat, flung it to him, and left it in pawn till I should return and redeem it. Away I darted, and ran and ran till I could run no more: and I was about to fling myself on the grass to regain my wind, and rest awhile, when I beheld in the distance, four carriage-wheels in the air, and a pair of greys, detached from the vehicle, standing side by side, as if in one stall, trembling in every limb, sweating from every pore, and yet making no attempt to stir. I felt re-nerved at this sight, pursued my object, went up to my truant steeds, and captured them without any show of resistance on their part. They were thoroughly blown. They had been seen by a band of gipsies, encamped hard by, to charge a precipitous embankment which separated the Plain from the high road; but unable, from exhaustion, to surmount it, they thought better of it, turned

round, and, dashing down again into the valley, ran with such headlong fury against the stump of a blight d old pollard oak as to upset the phaeton, break the traces, snap the pole in twain, and scatter Mathews' precious treasures far and wide over the ground. My first anxiety was to rejoin their owner as quickly as possible; for it was then half-past three o'clock, and I knew that he had to reach Salisbury, dress, order and eat his dinner, and be on the stage by seven p.m. I went, therefore, up to the gipsies, described how the accident had occurred, told them of the dilemma in which I had left a lame gentleman a mile off, assured them that it was of the greatest importance that he should arrive in Salisbury by five o'clock, and begged them to spare somebody to lead one of the horses, while I rode the other in search of my friend.

Seeing that they had a tent pitched in sight, I told them, with a frankness that most people would have deemed imprudent, that the contents of the carpet-bag confided to their care were very precious to the proprietor, and that, if they would be kind enough to set up the carriage on its wheels, and protect my property, the instant I reached Salisbury I would return in a post-chaise with ropes to take the fractured phaeton in tow, and reward them handsomely for their trouble.

They undertook to carry out my wishes, while I, jumping on one of the horses (with all its traces and trappings, and breeching, and collar, and pad upon him), and followed by my esquire on foot with the other, galloped off to look for him who, I was certain, was for once anything but 'at home' wherever he might be.

In my feverish impatience to overtake my horses, I had forgotten to take notice of the ground I passed over; and as it was in a totally different direction from that I had been used to, it was no easy matter for me to retrace my route. However, whichever way I went, my gipsy aide-de-camp had orders to keep me well in sight. For some twenty minutes, which appeared an hour, I whooped and hallooed at the top of my voice, directing it north, south, east, and west; but neither received answer nor beheld sign of living creature. Turn which way I might, there was nothing before me but a wide expanse of dreary plain. The bray of a jackass, the bark of a watch-dog, the bleating of a stray sheep, even the quack of a duck, would have been as music in my ears. To contribute to my perplexity, the skies began to assume a leaden and lowering hue, and sleet and flakes of snow to fall. Our stipulated trysting-place, the furze bushes, could nowhere be seen for the projecting brow of table-land on which I was. They were at the base of the hill, and I was on the summit. As I sat bewildered on my horse, with my esquire behind me, I fancied I saw something stirring below me which resembled the fluttering of a corncrake's wings, though they certainly seemed unusually long and unsteady, and the wind appeared to have extraordinary power over them. I made for the object, and, as I did so, I found, to my ineffable relief, that it was no bird which I had seen, but a white silk handkerchief tied to a stick, and doing duty as a signal of distress. As I drew nearer to it, I saw my lost companion drop on his knees, and raise his hands to heaven in token of thanksgiving. No wonder. Had I not found him, he must have passed the livelong night in utter helplessness and solitude, and perhaps have fallen a victim to hunger, cold, and mental perturbation.

When we met, I found Mathews almost speechless from agitation. He threw his arms around me, and was so extravagantly and comically demonstrative, that, in spite of all my sympathy for him, I could not refrain from laughter. I feared he would be offended with me; but was delighted to ascertain from his published letter that my ill-timed mirth was attributed to an 'hysterical affection.' As soon as I could persuade him to hearken to me, I told him there was not a moment to be lost, that we had three or four miles to go before we could reach the high-road, and that manage we must, somehow or other, by hook or by crook, to get there in time to catch 'The Light Salisbury' coach, and reach his quarters at the White Hart by five p.m.

On my further telling him that he must get on the horse from which I had dismounted, and that I would lead it for him, he said, 'My dear fellow, I never, in the prime of life, bestrode a bare-backed horse; how then can I do so now, old and crippled as I am?' I said no more; but, making my gipsy follower stand at the horse's head, I went on all-fours by its side, and insisted on his stepping on my back, and holding by

the horse's mane, while I gradually raised myself up, so as to enable him to fling his leg over the animal. It was a weary and an anxious walk for both of us. However, as luck would have it, we had no sooner sighted the chalky road, than I saw my old acquaintance Matcham, driving 'The Light Salisbury' towards us. I gave both my horses to the gipsy to lead leisurely to Salisbury while I mounted on the outside the coach with my sorely harrassed friend. He was in a most devout frame of mind, thanking God loudly and earnestly for His merciful deliverance from a miserable death, when a Dissenting minister behind him, learning from the coachman who he was, thought it a good opportunity for 'improving the occasion,' and preached to him in such bad taste, and with such utter want of consideration for his feelings, that Mathews, humbled as he was, could not brook it, and told him his mind. 'Until you opened upon me, I never felt more piously disposed in my life; but your harsh and ill-timed diatribe has made me feel quite wickedly. Hold your canting tongue, or you'll find me dangerous, Mr. Mawworm.'

To finish my tale:—As soon as I had seen Mathews comfortably seated at his dinner, I called for a post-chaise, drove to the scene of action, and was rather mortified to find that the gipsy family had not touched the carriage, though I had begged them to set it up again upon its wheels. On remonstrating with them, they very civilly said, 'Why, you see, Sir, if, in moving it, anything had gone wrong with the carriage, owing to some injury you had not detected, or if anything were missing, you'd ha' been sure to suspect the poor gipsies: so, on second thoughts, we considered 'twould be better to leave it—as they leaves a dead body before a hinquest—without moving or touching anything.'

They then turned to with a will, in my presence,—put the carriage on its legs again, helped me to cord it on to the hinder part of the post-chaise, and thrust inside Mathews' carpet-bag and portmanteau, and a few articles for the night which I had put up for myself. I sprang into the chaise, wishing to get back and relieve Mathews' mind about his goods. I drew out my purse, and was going to take out money to give the gipsies, when one of them came up to me and said, 'Are you sure, Sir, that you have got everything belonging to you?' 'Yes, yes; thank you.' The man smiled, and, by way of answer, thrust into my hand my oilskin sponge-bag, which had fallen out of my hat-box, and which I had overlooked. 'Now, my good fellows,' said I, 'what shall I give you? You deserve something handsome, and you shall have it. Will a couple of sovereigns satisfy you?' 'No, Sir, no!' they all cried out. 'We won't have nothing. You've paid us enough! You've trusted us, gipsies as we are! You've left your property in our keeping, and never cast a suspicious glance at it, when you came back, to see if we had been tampering with it.'

I pressed them over and over again to reconsider their determination, and consider my feelings. 'Well, Sir, we will ask one favour of you. Tell your friends that, whatever your glass and crockery and brush-selling tramps may be, a *real* gipsy *can* be honest.'

Mathews was so struck with the conduct of these people, and so touched by it, that at the next Theatrical Fund dinner he took occasion to allude to it. It was a few days after our adventure that I received the following letter from him, from Exeter, where he was playing:

'Exeter, November 15, 1833.

'MY VERY DEAR J. C. Y.—What have I done? Did we not part friends? Did you not promise to write to me? Do you not imagine I am anxious to hear how our adventure ended? and how you were received at home? and if I am forgiven for having allured you from your fireside? Every morning at Weymouth I craned my neck after the postman, but no tidings. There must be some reason for this most cruel and unnatural conduct; and know it I will. I shall not repeat my proposal about justice and honour as to damage. *Verbum sat.* I am still stout upon the point.

'Pray write to me at Plymouth, if not to acknowledge this, yet to say you have received a quarter of mutton and a brace of pheasants, which will be sent from hence by the subscription Exeter coach to Woodward's, Andover, where the coach arrives on Monday morning at five o'clock. It will be franked all the way.

'I am happy to say Charles is arrived safely at home, in high health and spirits, delighted with his trip; lighter in heart and pocket than when he went. My pictures are all warehoused safe under the same roof (Bazaar) where they

were exhibited, which is a comfort to me.

'Weymouth was a poor business; but there were excellent reasons for it. The manager had a crammed, packed, forced house on Monday, and kept my performance on Wednesday a profound secret. An amateur performance for Saturday, for charity, was also hanging over my head. Dorchester, the same receipts as Salisbury. Here £60, the first night. Good box plan for to-night.

'I have now said my say, and more than you deserve. I hope you will be sensible of my benignity.

'The mutton I have sent because they rave about it here. Some call it Oakhampton, some Dartmoor. What's in a name? Kindest regards to dear Mrs. Young and to dear Wynny; and, with a true sincere appreciation of your affectionate attentions to me in calamity, believe me, ever gratefully and sincerely yours,

'C. MATHEWS.'

'Eleven o'clock p.m.—I've kept this open to say I had here, second night, £61 18s; and I suppose, with a presentiment that I might have some addition to my most extraordinary and adventurous life, I had to-night another miraculous escape—the second of the same nature. The drop that was taken up to discover my bed, was half raised, when the windlass broke, and the roller came down with a tremendous impetus, and must have killed me, had not the fall been broken by the top of the bed. It still struck me with such force as to stun me, and the fright made me so faint and sick that there was no expectation of my going through another act. Again have I been providentially preserved and again am I grateful to God. For what am I reserved? Oh, let me not think!'

On the first night of one of his 'At Homes,' when the theatre was packed to the very ceiling, and all his best friends and adherents were there to support him, I witnessed a singular instance of his sensibility to the opinion of others. At the end of the first part of the entertainment, Manners Sutton, the Speaker (afterwards Lord Canterbury), Theodore Hook, Gen. Phipps, and others, went behind the scenes to congratulate him and assure him that, as far as the piece had proceeded, it was an indubitable success. He accepted their compliments rather ungraciously. All they said to buoy him up only seemed the more to depress him. At first they could not make him out, till he explained himself by blurting out the truth. 'It is all very well, and very kind of you, who wish me success, to tell me the piece is going well: I know better. It ain't "going well" and it can't be "going well"—it must be hanging fire, or that man with the bald head, in the pit, in the front row, could not have been asleep the whole time I have been trying to amuse him!' 'Oh,' said the Speaker, 'perhaps he is drunk.' 'No, no! he ain't; I've tried hard to "lay that flattering unction to my soul," but it won't do. I've watched the fellow, and when he opens his eyes, which he does now and then, he looks as sober as a judge, and as severe as one; and then he deliberately closes them, as if he disliked the very sight of me. I tell you all the laughter and applause of the whole house—boxes, pit, and gallery put together—weigh not a feather with me while that "pump" remains dead to my efforts to arouse him.' The call bell rang; all his friends returned to their seats in front, and he to the stage. The second part opened with one of the rapid songs, in the composition of which James Smith, the author, excelled so much, and in the delivery of which no one ever equalled Mathews, except his son, who, in that respect, surpasses him. All the time he was singing it, as he paced from the right wing to the left, one saw his head jerking from side to side, as he moved either way, his eyes always directed to one spot, till, at the end of one of the stanzas, forgetful of the audience, and transported out of himself by the obstinate insensibility of the bald-pate, he fixed his eyes on him as if he were mesmerizing him, and, leaning over the lamps, in the very loudest key, shouted at him 'Bo!' The man, startled, woke up, and observing that the singer looked *at* him, sang *to* him, and never took his eyes off him, he became flattered by the personal notice, began to listen, and then to laugh—and laugh, at last, most heartily. From that instant, the actor's spirits rose, for he felt he had converted a stolid country bumpkin into an appreciative listener. After such a triumph, he went home satisfied that his entertainment had been a complete success.

This excessive sensibility to public opinion is not uncommon. The late Sir William Knighton told my uncle, George Young, that if

George the Fourth went to the play, which he rarely did, and heard *one* hiss, though it were drowned in general and tumultuous applause, he went home miserable, and would lie awake all night, thinking only of that one note of disapprobation.

Curran, again, was so notoriously susceptible to inattention or weariness on the part of his hearers, that, on more than one occasion, advocates engaged against him, perceiving his powerful invectives were damaging their client's cause, would pay some man in the court to go into a conspicuous part of it and yawn visibly and audibly. The prescription always succeeded. The eloquent spirit would droop its wing and forsake him; he would falter, forget the thread of his argument, and bring his peroration to an abrupt and unsatisfactory conclusion.

Mathews was one day riding down Highgate Hill from his cottage, to rehearsal, when he met a post-chariot crawling up, with my father and another gentleman in it, who happened to be the late Lord Dacre. Mathews, not knowing him by sight, or even by name, asked my father, as he saw he was going into the country, if he was going down to Cassiobury, to Lord Essex's (where, at that time, he was a constant visitor). 'No,' replied my father, 'I am on my way to "The *Hoo*."' '*Who?*' asked Mathews. 'I am going to stay a few days at Lord Dacre's,' was the answer. Mathews, imagining Young to be poking fun at him, by ennobling Bob Acres,* laughingly exclaimed, 'I have half a mind to go with you. Mind you give my kind regards to Sir Lucius O'Trigger, who is sure to be staying with him.' No man could have enjoyed the mistake more than the noble lord himself.

Mathews had such an inordinate love of drollery in every form that he would often engage very indifferent servants, if they had but originality to recommend them. I remember a gardener he had, a Lancashire man, who was a never failing fund of amusement. I was on the lawn at the cottage at Milfield Lane one day, when I overheard the following dialogue:

'I say,' said the master, patting a huge Newfoundland by his side, 'we shall have to put a muzzle on this brute. I am having so many complaints made about him from the neighbours, that I shall have to get rid of him. He worried Mrs. ——'s dog, I hear, the other day, and frightened two little children nearly to death.

'Well, I don't know aboot that; but if you wants to get rid on't, I know one as 'ud like to have un; for t'other day, as I was a-going by Muster Morris' labyratoury (laboratory), Duke St. Aubon's cam louping over t' edge, and he says, says he, "Who's dog be that?" So I says, says I, "'tis master's, Muster Mathews." "Would you sell un?" says he. "No," says I; "but I dussay master would let you have a poop." "Oh, no," says he; "Doochess has poops enough of her own!"'

'How,' asked Mathews, 'did you know it to be the Duke of St. Alban's?'

'*How did I know it? How did I know it?* Lor bless ye; any one might ha' knowed it was the duke. He had gotten a great gowd chain, wi' lots o' thingumbobs hanging to it, round his neck, and it run all the way into his waistcoat pocket.'

At one time he had a footman, whose boundless credulity principally recommended him to his notice. A title inspired him with awe, and having seen a nobleman, now and then, at his master's table, he took it for granted that he was familiar with half the peerage. The Duke of Sussex called one day to see the picture-gallery. On announcing His Royal Highness, Mathews fully expected that he would have gone off by spontaneous combustion; for he retreated backwards, puffed out his cheeks to their fullest powers of expansion, and then poised himself on one leg, like a bird, awaiting to see the effect produced on his master by the appearance of such a visitor. Knowing his weakness, Mathews used to tell all his intimates, whenever they called, to be sure to present themselves under some assumed title. Thus Charles Kemble always announced himself as the Persian ambassador; Fawcett called himself Sir Francis Burdett; my father was the Duke of Wellington.

This habit of jocular imposition once involved Mathews in an awkward scrape. He had no idea that there existed such a title as that of 'Ranelagh.' So that, when the veritable nobleman of that name called one day on horseback at the door, and sent up a message by the man-servant to say that "Lord Ranelagh would be

* Vide Sheridan's play of the *The Rivals*,

much obliged if Mr. Mathews would step down to him, as he could not dismount,' Mathews, convinced it was one of his chums under a feigned title, sent down word to say that Lord Ranelagh must be kind enough to put up his horse in the stables, and walk up, as he could not go out of doors, having a cold, and being particularly engaged at the time with Lord Vauxhall.

Lord Ranelagh could hardly believe his ears when he received this familiar, flippant and impertinent message. He rode off in a state of boiling indignation, and forthwith despatched a note to the offender, commenting severely on his impudence in daring to play upon his name. Of course, as soon as Mathews discovered his mistake, he wrote and explained it, and apologized for it amply.

Mathews had often told Charles Kemble of the great amusement his man-servant's peculiarities afforded him, but Kemble said he had never been able to discover anything in him but crass stupidity. 'Ah,' said Mathews, 'you can't conceive what a luxury it is to have a man under the same roof with you who will believe anything you will tell him, however impossible it may be.'

One warm summer's day, when Mathews had a dinner party at Highgate, and there were present, among others, Broderip, Theodore Hook, General Phipps, Manners Sutton (then Speaker of the House of Commons), and Charles Kemble, and dessert was laid out on the lawn, Mathews, without hinting his intention, rang the bell in the dining-room, and on its being answered, told the man to follow him to the stables whilst he gave the coachman certain directions in his presence. The instant Mathews reached the stable-door, he called out for the coachman (who he knew was not there) looked in, and, before the man-servant could overtake him, started back, and, in a voice of horror, cried out, 'Good heavens!' go back, go back—and tell Mr. Kemble that his horse has cut his throat!'

The simple goose, infected by his master's well-feigned panic, and never pausing to reflect on the absurdity of the thing, burst on to the lawn, and, with cheeks blanched with terror, roared out, Mr. Kemble, Sir, you're wanted directly.' Seeing Kemble in no hurry to move, he repeated his appeal with increased emphasis, 'For heaven's sake, Sir, come; your poor horse has cut his throat!'

From that time Kemble, the Persian ambassador, admitted fully that if his friend's servant was not funny himself, he could be the fruitful cause of fun to others.

After Mathews' death, and long after his *Life* had been published by his widow, she wrote to me to say that she was writing an article for one the magazines; that she was sure I must recollect anecdotes of her husband which, in the lapse of many years, had escaped her memory, and she should be grateful to me if I would put on paper anything I could recollect not contained in the *Life*. I complied with her wish; and she afterwards wrote and thanked me for what I had sent her, telling me it was printed and published. But, as I have never seen the periodical which contains it, I have no scruple in repeating the substance of my contribution, as, in so doing, I am plagiarizing from no one but myself.

Whenever Mathews brought out a new 'At Home,' he was sure to receive a summons to Windsor to produce it before George the Fourth. On one such occasion, after giving imitations of Lords Thurlow, Loughborough, Mansfield, and Sheridan, he concluded with the most celebrated one of all, that of John Philpot Curran. The felicity of his portraiture of the first four, the King readily admitted, nodding his head in recognition of their resemblance to their originals, and now and then laughing so heartily as to cause the actor to pronounce him the most intelligent auditor he had ever had He was, therefore, the more mortified after giving his *chef d'œuvre*, to notice the King throw himself back in his chair, and overhear him say to Lady Coningham' 'Very odd, I can't trace any resemblance to Curran at all.' He had scarcely uttered the words before he regretted it; for he perceived by the heightened complexion and depressed manner of the performer that his unfavourable stricture had been heard. As soon, therefore, as the entertainment was concluded, the King, with generous sympathy, went up to Mathews, shook him warmly by the hand, and, after presenting him with a watch, with his own portrait set in brilliants on the case, took him familiarly by the button, and thus addressed him:—'My dear Mathews, I fear you overheard a hasty remark I made to

Lady Coningham. I say, advisedly, "a hasty remark," because the version you give of Curran, all those who know him best declare to be quite perfect; and I ought, in justice to you, to confess that I never saw him but once, and therefore am hardly a fair judge of the merits of your impersonation. You see, I think it very possible that, never having been in my presence before, his manner under the circumstances may have been unnaturally constrained. You will, perhaps, think it odd that I, who in my earlier days lived much and intimately with the Whigs, should never have seen him but once. Yet so it was.

'I always had had a great curiosity to know a man so *renommé* for his wit and other social qualities; and, therefore, I asked my brother Frederick, "How I could best see Curran?" He smiled and said, "Not much difficulty about it. Your Royal Highness has but to send him a summons to dinner through your Chamberlain, and the thing is done." This hint was acted on, and he came; but on the whole he was taciturn, and *mal a son aise*.'

'Oh, Sir,' replied Mathews, 'the imitation I gave you of Curran was of Curran in his forensic manner, and not in his private capacity. Would your Majesty permit me to give you another imitation of him as he would appear at a dinner-table?' On receiving the King's sanction to do so, he threw himself with such *abandon* into the mind, manner, wit, and waggery, of his original, that the King was in ecstasies.

He then went up to Mathews, and resumed his chat. 'I was about to tell you, that after my brother's suggestion, I said to him, "You shall make up the party for me; only let the ingredients mix well together." I don't think, between ourselves, that he executed his commission very well; for he asked too many men of the same profession—each more or less jealous of the other. The consequence was, that the dinner was heavy. However, after the cloth was removed, I was determined to draw out the little ugly silent man I saw at the bottom of the table; and, with that object in view, I proposed the health of "The Bar." To my unspeakable annoyance, up sprang, in reply, Counsellor Ego.* He certainly made a very able speech, though one rather too redolent of self. He wound it up with some such words as these:—"In concluding, he could only say that, descended as he was from a long and illustrious line of ancestry, he felt himself additionally ennobled on the day he was admitted to the rank of Barrister." I was not going to be thwarted in my purpose; and, therefore, the next toast I proposed was "Success to the Irish Bar." Then up sprang our little sallow-faced friend, and by his wit and humour, and graceful elocution, made me laugh one minute and cry the next. He annihilated Erskine by the humility of his bearing; and closed his speech, I recollect, as follows:—"The noble Lord who has just sat down, distinguished as he is by his own personal merits, has told you, Sir, that though ennobled by his birth, he feels additionally so by his profession. Judge then, Sir, what must be my pride in a profession which has raised me, the son of a peasant, to the table of my Prince."'

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Mathews was once on a visit in Shropshire to Mr. Ormsby Gore. On the first morning after his arrival, when at breakfast, his entertainer expressed his regret at having to leave him to his own devices till dinner-time, as the assizes had begun, and he was summoned on the grand jury. 'If,' he added, 'you like to beat the home-covers, my gamekeeper and the dogs shall attend you; or, if you prefer it, as you are not much of a walker, you can accompany the ladies in their afternoon's drive.' 'Oh,' replied Mathews, 'if you wish to afford me a real treat, you will allow me to accompany you to Shrewsbury; for there is no place I am so fond of attending as a court of justice; and no place which affords a richer field for the study of character.' Mr. Gore declared he should be delighted to have his company, and would take care he should get well placed in the court, and have, moreover, a chair to sit down on. Mathews declined these considerate offers, saying that he much preferred mixing with the crowd, listening to their talk, jotting down in his commonplace-book anything he might see or overhear worth remembering, and watching the faces of the criminals and witnesses. When he had mingled for some time with the herd of idlers directly or indirectly interested in the proceedings of the court, he elbowed his way into the very centre of the hall,

* Viz., Lord Erskine, a brilliant advocate in the Law Courts, but a dead failure in the House of Commons.

just as the judge was taking his seat. He had not been there two minutes before the judge was seen making courteous signs to some one in the thick of the crowd—beckoning to him to come up, and occupy the vacant seat by his side. Mathews, though he perceived that the judge's eye looked, and his finger pointed, in his direction, felt assured that the summons could not be meant for him, as he had not the honour of knowing the great functionary; therefore he looked behind him, to notify to any more probable person that he might see that he was signalled to. The Judge (the excellent James Allen Parke), hopeless of making himself understood, scribbled on a small piece of paper these words, 'Judge Parke hopes Mr. Mathews will come and sit by him.' He then folded it up, put it into the notch of the long rod of one of the ushers, and ordered it to be delivered to its address. On opening it, Mathews told me he felt himself blush like a maiden at the compliment thus unexpectedly paid him. That he, a poor player, should be singled out for such distinction by one of the judges of the land, and one known to be of strict piety and blameless life, gave him more intense gratification than the notice of his sovereign. It was evident that he had been recognized under the most flattering conditions, not as Mathews the comedian, but as Mathews the *man*, and that, too, by an eminent legal dignitary who probably had never entered the walls of a theatre. Threading his way through an obsequious multitude, who were duly impressed with his importance by the notice taken of him, and then passing through a chamber full of country squires and neighbouring magnates, he mounted the judgment-seat, and humbly, yet proudly, took the place awarded to him. The Judge shook him cordially by the hand, as if he had been an old friend, put a list of the cases for trial before him, directed his special attention to one which, he said, would prove of painful and pathetic interest, and completed his civilities by placing a packet of sandwiches at his side. After the business of the day had terminated, Mathews, on his drive home, dilated at length on his enjoyment of his day, and grew wanton in commendation of the urbanity and condescension of Parke. Before dressing for dinner, he wrote to his wife an enthusiastic description of the honours conferred on him, telling her henceforth to mark the day in her almanack with a red letter.

Two or three years after this memorable visit to Shropshire, he went into Monmouthshire, to stay with his friend, Mr. Rolls. While he and his host were over their wine and walnuts, the latter, looking up at the ceiling, and trying to recall some incident which had escaped his memory, said, as if speaking to himself, 'Who was it? Who on earth was it that was here sometime ago, and was talking of you? I cannot think who it could have been. Oh, yes, I remember now. It was Judge Parke. Did not you and he meet somewhere or other? 'Ah,' said Mathews, 'I am proud to say we did! What a fascinating person he is. I think I never saw a man of such sterling benevolence and such captivating manners.' By this time Mr. Rolls had recalled the circumstances that had slipped his recollection: so that, when Mathews began to indulge in a glowing eulogium on Parke, he could not repress a smile. This his thin-skinned guest was not slow to perceive; and his withers began to wince. 'Pray,' said he, 'did the good Judge say anything about me, then, eh?' 'Well, returned Rolls, 'if you will not be offended, I will tell you the truth. When he was here, he said to me, "I think, Rolls, you are a friend of Mathews the actor—a man, I hear, with a dreadful propensity for taking people off. Conceive, then, my consternation, two years ago, at Shrewsbury, on seeing him directly in front of me, evidently with the intention of studying me, and showing me up! Well; what do you think I did? Knowing that I should not be able to attend to my notes while the fellow was there, I sent a civil message to him, and invited him to come and sit by me: and thus, I trust, propitiated him, so that he will *now* have too much good feeling, I should think, ever to introduce me into his gallery of Legal Portraits."

BOOK REVIEWS.

PRE-HISTORIC TIMES, as illustrated by ancient remains, and the Manners and Customs of Modern Savages, by Sir John Lubbock, Bart. Second Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1872.

Sir John Lubbock may justly claim to have written one of the standard text-books on Pre-Historic Archæology—the latest born of the sciences. His work treats of man from his first appearance in Europe to the historic period; and though there is much in the author's views which may reasonably be dissented from, still none can fail to be interested and instructed by the perusal of this now well-known treatise. We are presented here with the record of "times and events far more ancient than any which have as yet fallen within the province of the Archæologist." The record is, naturally, a fragmentary one, but it is far less disconnected than might be supposed. The new science of Pre-historic Archæology bridges over the great gap between geology and history, and it traces the career of man, from the time when he was contemporary with the extinct mammals of the Drift, to the later period when iron had been discovered, and the art of writing had been rendered possible. In some respects the materials of this science are more full and complete than those on which the generalizations of the geologist are founded, but they are very imperfect as compared with those which the student of history has at his disposal. The geologist has to base his reasonings upon the remains of the actual bodies of animals which have been preserved in a fossil condition, or upon such evidence of their past existence as may be derived from footprints and the like. These remains, however, are generally of such a nature as to allow of the most certain deductions being drawn from them, which cannot always be said of the remains of man. In the case of all the quadrupeds, save man alone, "we can, from their bones and teeth, form a definite idea of their habits and mode of life, while, in the present state of our knowledge, the skeleton of a savage could not always be distinguished from that of a philosopher. But, on the other hand, while other animals leave only bones and teeth behind them, the men of past ages are to be studied principally by their works; houses for the living, tombs for the dead, fortifications for defence, temples for worship, implements for use, and ornaments for decoration."

Sir John Lubbock accepts the now universally current classification of the pre-historic period into the four great "Ages:" the Early Stone period, or Palæolithic Age; the Later Stone period, or Neolithic Age; the Age of Bronze; and the Age of Iron. The Iron Age closes the pre-historic epoch, and opens the historic period. In it iron had been discovered, and this metal had superseded bronze, copper and stone in the manufacture of all implements requiring a cutting edge. In the Bronze Age, the art of smelting iron from its ores had not been discovered, and all arms and cutting implements were made of bronze, that is, of an alloy of copper and tin. Hesiod appears to have lived during the transition between the Ages of Bronze and Iron, and the Trojan war seems to have taken place about the same time; so that we are trenching here upon the verge of the Age of Iron—a period which commenced shortly after the siege of Troy, and is still in full force. In the later Stone Age, or Neolithic period, no metals seem to have been known to man, if we except gold, which occurs in a native state, and which even at this early stage seems to have been sometimes used for ornaments. The men of this period, therefore, like the Fuegians and Andamaners of the present day, were compelled to construct all their implements of stone, wood, or bone. The stone implements, however, are generally beautifully made, and have their edges carefully ground. All the quadrupeds also, of the Neolithic period, were referable to species now in existence, or to forms which may be regarded as the immediate progenitors of existing species. Lastly, in the Early Stone Age, or Palæolithic period, we meet with man in the most primitive condition as yet known to us. Palæolithic man not only knew no metal, but his knowledge of the art of working stone was of a most limited description. His implements are made of flint, merely chipped by a most laborious process out of a block, and their edges are never ground. Not only is this the case, but Palæolithic man inhabited Europe at a time when it was roamed over by the mammoth, the woolly-haired rhinoceros, the cave-bear, the cave-lion, the cave-hyæna, and other animals, either long since extinct or not now found in Europe. Finally, there is ample evidence that the physical geography and surface-configuration of Europe were extremely different during the Palæolithic period to what they are at present, whilst the climate must have greatly changed since that time.

The greater portion of Sir John Lubbock's work is occupied with a full exposition of the leading facts that are known at present as to the habits and mode of life of the men of the Palæolithic, Neolithic and Bronze Ages. We cannot attempt to condense any part of this, and we must content ourselves with saying that the whole of this wide subject is treated in a scientific spirit, and that the general reader will find here an admirable *resumé* of the more important facts which have been discovered as to the earlier races of men, both in Europe and in North America. We may also say that we do not discover here any undue desire to press the undoubted co-existence of man in Western Europe with various extinct mammals into the service of some of the very "advanced" views of which Sir John Lubbock has been such an ardent supporter.

In the twelfth chapter the author handles, briefly and succinctly, the complicated and much-vexed question of the antiquity of man. It is hardly necessary to say that the conclusion arrived at is essentially the same as that first prominently brought forward by Sir Charles Lyell. "Our belief," he says, "in the antiquity of man, rests not on any isolated calculations, but on the changes which have taken place since his appearance; changes in the geography, in the fauna, and in the climate of Europe. Valleys have been deepened, widened, and partially filled up again; caves, through which subterranean rivers once ran, are now left dry; even the configuration of the land has been materially altered, and Africa finally separated from Europe. Our climate has

greatly changed for the better, and with it our fauna has materially altered. In some cases, for instance in that of the Hippopotamus and African Elephant, we may probably look to the diminution of food and the presence of man as the main cause of their disappearance; the extinction of the Mammoth, the *Elephas antiquus*, and the *Rhinoceros tichorhinus*, may possibly be due to the same influences; but the retreat of the Rein-deer and Musk-ox are probably in great measure owing to the change of climate. These and similar facts, though they afford us no means of measurement, impress us with a vague and overpowering sense of antiquity. All geologists, indeed, are now prepared to admit that man has existed on our earth for a much longer period than was, until recently, supposed to have been the case." There is no doubt that almost all, if not all, modern geologists, are agreed in thus ascribing a high antiquity to the human race; but it is often overlooked to what an extent the evidence is beyond the appreciation of any but the practical geologist himself. It is often assumed that any man of ordinary intelligence and education can weigh the evidence on both sides in this question, and can thus arrive at a just opinion on the merits of the case; but this is only partially true. On the contrary, it requires a more or less profound acquaintance with the actual out-door work of geology to be able properly to estimate the value of the single fact that implements of human workmanship have been found in valley-gravels one hundred feet above the present level of the river by which these gravels were deposited. And, still more, it requires a very wide range of biological knowledge to truly appreciate the meaning of the fact that man existed in Western Europe along with the Mammoth, woolly Rhinoceros, and Hippopotamus.

The remainder of the work is occupied with a review of the customs and manners (when they can be said to have any) of modern savages. Those who are acquainted with the public utterances of Sir John Lubbock do not need to be told that he is an ardent upholder of the views of Mr. Darwin; and the bias caused by this is more or less observable throughout all the latter portion of this work. Sir John looks upon savagery as the primitive condition of the entire human race, and believes that the further you go back in time the more brutal and the less human is the man of the period. This may or may not be the case; but we cannot think that, in judging of this point, a fair interpretation is put by Sir John Lubbock, and the men of his school, upon the degraded and bestial habits of savages. They point triumphantly to the many respects in which savage man sinks below the level of the brute, and expend a great deal of ingenuity and labour in proving that no animal exhibits the cruelties and lusts of the lower races of mankind; and they then deduce from this the conclusion that man in his most degraded development approximates to the higher Mammals. The facts are unquestionable, but they seem to us to support an exactly opposite conclusion. It is precisely by his capacity for evil, and his contravention of the ordinary brute instincts, that man in his most savage condition is separated immeasurably from all the Mammals. If man were *merely* an animal, it would be almost a contradiction in terms to speak of him as "degraded," the capacity for degradation implying of necessity a capacity for elevation. If man could not rise, he certainly could not sink; and what we term the "degradation" of a savage man or race is clearly a departure from an ideal standard, which we do not expect the brutes to reach, and which they cannot be blamed for falling below. We may conclude this notice with one or two striking passages as to the conditions of savage existence, as these will probably present this subject in a light very different to that in which it has been popularly viewed. It has been very common for poets and sentimentalists to speak of the pleasures of savage life, and the happiness of "the free and noble savage," ignorant of evil, and thoughtless of the future. If any of our readers should be disposed to hold to this opinion, we recommend to their consideration the following passages from one who has made a careful study of savages in all parts of the world:—

"Throughout Australia, among some of the Brazilian tribes, in parts of Africa, and in various other countries, natural death is regarded as an impossibility. In the New Hebrides 'when a man feil ill, he knew that some sorcerer was burning his nilbish; and shell-trumpets, which could be heard for miles, were blown to signal to the sorcerers to stop and wait for the presents which would be sent next morning. Night after night, Mr. Turner used to hear the melancholy too-tooing of the shells, entreating the wizards to stop plaguing their victims.' Savages never know but what they may be placing themselves in the power of these terrible enemies; and it is not too much to say that the horrible dread of unknown evil hangs like a thick cloud over savage life and embitters every pleasure. The mental sufferings which they thus undergo, the horrible tortures which they thus inflict on themselves, and the crimes which they are led to commit, are melancholy in the extreme. . . . . The true savage is neither free nor noble; he is a slave to his own wants, his own passions; imperfectly protected from the weather, he suffers from the cold by night and the heat of the sun by day; ignorant of agriculture, living by the chase, and improvident in success, hunger always stares him in the face, and often drives him to the dreadful alternative of cannibalism or death. . . . . He is always suspicious, always in danger, always on the watch. He can depend on no one, and no one can depend on him. He expects nothing from his neighbour, and does unto others as he believes they would do unto him. Thus his life is one prolonged scene of selfishness and fear. Even in his religion, if he has any, he creates for himself a new source of terror, and peoples the world with invisible terrors." We must not forget, however, that there are savage races of whom these statements would not be true; whilst most would be prepared to admit that a high moral standard may, in theory at any rate, be reached by men extremely ignorant of the arts and sciences. In other words, a low state of civilization, in the ordinary sense of this term, is not theoretically incompatible with a high moral development; unless it be maintained that the innocence of ignorance is less perfect and praiseworthy than innocence which arises from knowledge.

FIFINE AT THE FAIR, and other Poems, by Robert Browning. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.

Fifine at the Fair is another charisteristic work of Mr. Browning. To the initiated we have no doubt

it is intensity of light: to the uninitiated it is almost total darkness. A Frenchman and his wife go to the fair at Pornic, and there see, among a troop of strolling players, the dancing-girl Fifine. She is an unmistakeable denizen of Bohemia, but the gentleman is morally and æsthetically smitten by her, and gives vent to his emotions. The wife of his bosom is hurt by his doing so. He explains, and then, as they walk away along the sands, launches into a dissertation on Bohemia, its value, its saving qualities, its relations to the respectable world, on morality, art, life, and things in general, of which we seldom see the drift and still more seldom the poetry.

The piece begins with some bright descriptive lines.

"Oh, trip and skip, Elvire! Link arm in arm with me:
Like husband and like wife together let us see
The tumbling troop arrayed, the strollers on their stage
Drawn up and under arms and ready to engage.

Now, who supposed the night would play us such a prank?
That what was raw and brown, rough pole and shaven plank,
Mere bit of boarding half by trestle propped, half tub
Would flaunt it forth as brisk as butterfly from grub.

This comes of sun and air, of autumn afternoon,
And Pornic and St. Gille whose feast affords the boon,—
This scaffold turned *parterre*, this flower-bed in full blow,
Bataleurs, baladines—we shall not miss the show.
They pace and promenade; they presently will dance:
What good were else i' the drum and fife? O pleasant land of France!"

The description of Fifine herself, with her Bohemian charms, is also as pretty and vivid as possible.

"This way, this way, Fifine!
Here; she shall make my thoughts be surer what they mean.
First let me read the signs portray you, past mistake,
The gipsy's foreign self, no swarth our sun could bake.
Yet where's the woolly trace degrades the wiry hair?
And note the Greek-nymph nose and—oh, my Hebrew pair
Of eye and eye—o'erarched by velvet of the mole—
That swim as in a sea, that dip, and rise and roll,
Spilling the light around! while either ear is cut
Thin as a dusk-leaved rose carved from a cocoa-nut.
And then her neck!—now grant you had the power to deck,
Just as your fancy pleased, the bistre-length of neck;
Could lay, to shine against its shade, a moonlike row
Of pearls, each round and white as bubble Cupids blow
Big out of mother's milk: what pearl moon would surpass
That string of mock turquoise, those almondines of glass
Where girlhood terminates? For with breast's birth commence
The boy-and page costume, till pink and impudence
End admirably all: complete, the creature trips
Our way now, brings sunshine upon her spangled hips.
As here she fronts us full, with pose half frank, half fierce!"

The bubble blown by Cupids out of mother's milk, is one of Mr. Browning's strange, forced figures, and to our minds disfigures the picture. But Fifine is the very spirit of the fair and of Bohemia. Assuming the fact that there is such a thing as a "compensating joy unknown and infinite," which "turns lawlessness to law, makes destitution wealth, vice virtue, and disease of soul and body health,"—she undoubtedly is the perfect type of it.

Beautiful, too, though marred by strangeness of language and obscure imagery, is the contrast called forth by Elvire's remonstrance between the transitory impression made by the superficial fascinations of the Bohemian and the enduring influence exerted by the never-fading image of the wife's beauty in the husband's heart. But then we run off into Browningian maze of versified metaphysics, and there wander through far the greater part of the poem.

"While, Oh, how all the more will love become intense
Hereafter, when to love means yearning to dispense
Each soul its own amount of gain through its own mode
Of practising with life, upon some soul which owed
Its treasure all diverse and yet in worth the same
To new worth a changed way! Things furnish your rose-flame,
Which turns up red, green, blue, nay, yellow, more than needs.
For me, I no wise doubt, why doubt a time succeeds
When each one may impart, and each receive, both share
The chemic secret, learn, where I lit force,—why, there,
You drew forth lambent pity; where I found only food
For self-indulgence, you still blew a spark at brood
I' the grayest ember, stopped not till self-sacrifice imbued
Heaven's face with flame? What joy when each may supplement
The other, changing each, as changed, till wholly blent
The old things shall be new, and what we both ignite
Fuse, lose the varicolor in achromatic white!
Exemplifying law apparent even now
In the eternal progress,—love's law which I avow.
And thus would formulate; each soul lives long, and works
For itself, by itself, because a loadstar lurks,
Another than itself,—in whatsoe'er the niche
Of mistiest heaven it hide, whoe'er the Glumdalclich
May grasp the Gulliver; or it, or he, or she,—
Theosutos e brotèios eper kekramene,—
(For fun's sake, where the phrase has fastened, leave it fixed!)
So soft it says—God, man, or both together mixed!)
This, guessed at through the flesh, by parts which prove the whole,
This constitutes the sense discernible by soul,
Elvire, by me."

The idea which the poet is here struggling to convey does not seem to be really a very new one. But

taking it for what it may be worth, is it improved by being forced into verse, and encumbered with all this strange imagery of chemical compositions and varicolors and achromatics? Is there anything essentially poetic in it? Would it not be much better if clearly expressed in prose? "Blew a spark at brood in the grayest ember"—what does this mean? And why is Glumdalclich brought in, except to make a rhyme? The Creek line we are willing to "leave fixed for fun's sake," if anybody can see any fun in it, and if this again is not brought in merely to meet the exigencies of verse. But we prefer to have it as Æschylus wrote it. The substitution of ἤπερ for ἤ seems to show that Mr. Browning knows very little of the Greek language, and that he cannot scan a common Greek Iambic line; in which case it is wiser to abstain from the needless introduction of Greek.

Fifine is followed by *Prince Hohenstiel Schwangau, Saviour of Society*. This is in fact a pamphlet in verse in defence of the ex-Emperor Napoleon, of whom Mr. Browning is, as Mrs. Browning was, a strong partisan. The Ex-Emperor is made to represent himself as a pre-eminently practical man, whose function it was to preserve order for a time and to save what was good in the social edifice from being recklessly pulled to pieces by reactionists on the one hand and dreamers on the other, leaving the regeneration of society to some inspired genius who might possibly arise in the future.

> Well, that's my mission, so I save the world,
> Figure as man o' the moment—in default
> Of somebody inspired to strike such change
> Into society,—from round to square,
> The ellipsis to the rhomboid,—how you please,
> As suits the size and shape o' the world he finds.
> But this I can,—and nobody my peer,—
> Do the best with the least change possible;
> Carry the incompleteness on a stage;
> Make what was crooked straight, and roughness smooth,
> And weakness strong: wherein if I succeed,
> It will not prove the worst achievement, sure,
> In the eye, at least, of one man,—one I look
> Nowise to catch in critic company;
> To wit the man inspired, the genius' self
> Destined to come and change things thoroughly.
> He, at least, finds his business simplified,
> Distinguishes the done from undone, reads
> Plainly what meant and did not mean this time
> We live in, and I work on, and transmit
> To each successor; he will operate
> On good hard substance—not mere shade and shine.
> Let all my critics born to idleness
> And impotency get their good and have
> Their hooting at the giver: I am deaf,
> Who find great good in this society,
> Great gain, the purchase of great labour—

And the ex-Emperor sums up his apology by saying:

> I rapped your tampering knuckles twenty years,
> Such was the task imposed me, such my end.

But this version of the character is the direct opposite of that given by the closest observers, and, we believe, of the truth. "Napoleon III," says the author of an excellent article on the Policy of the Second Empire, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, "was essentially a dreamer, a mind at once meditative and romantic, visibly inclined to Utopianism. It is characterististic of minds of this class to brood over certain ideas, to pursue visions more or less defined, and to return to them by roads more or less circuitous, while all the time this disposition does not, in the least degree, imply steadiness of purpose. Far from it, the aim of these visionaries generally remains vague and undetermined. Their dreams have always something unsettled in them; the vaster they are the less clearly are they defined, and those of Napoleon III, with his name and his fancied mission, could not fail to be of the vastest." Does the Mexican expedition, undertaken 'to restore the balance in favour of the Latin races in the new world correspond with Mr. Browning's view of the character of Napoleon III. or with that taken by the writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*? The main question, however, which we have to ask, is not whether the historical or political theory embodied in Mr. Browning's pamphlet is correct, but whether a pamphlet in verse is poetry or a work of art.

Hervé Riel, the short poem with which the volume concludes, is one of those semi-lyric, semi-dramatic pieces in which Mr. Browning's most unquestioned excellence lies; and it is all the more agreeable because the subject of it is healthy, not morbid like that of some of its most powerful compeers, such as the *Soliloquy in a Spanish Cloister* and *My Last Duchess*. In this line we fully recognise Mr. Browning's genius; much of his more purely intellectual poetry, of the kind of which *Sordello* is the type, we must own, affords us little instruction and still less pleasure. His special admirers will tell us that the fault lies in our own want of intellect. We do not attempt to deny the impeachment. We can partly appreciate some of the great poets of the abstruser kind: Æschylus, Dante and Goethe. Mr. Browning, in his more metaphysical moods we cannot appreciate, and we frankly own our incapacity without desiring to interfere with the enjoyment of our neighbours.

LITERARY NOTES.

It is not colonial vanity merely which makes Canadians anxious to secure fair treatment from the exponents of public opinion in England. We possess a vast extent of territory, capable of sustaining, in ease and comfort, all the surplus population of the British Isles. It is essential, therefore, to the progress of the Dominion that our resources should be fully appreciated by those who influence the Government and people at home. It is undeniable, however, that until within a comparatively recent period, the claims of Canada as a field for immigration have been strangely overlooked. That English journalists are unpatriotic enough to prefer that their countrymen should seek a home under an alien

flag, we do not believe; we only know that their influence has been cast in favour of Minnesota and Colorado instead of Ontario and Rupert's Land. It is impossible that this can long continue; the inducements offered by the North-West, as well as by the unsettled districts of Ontario, are immeasurably superior to any that can be urged on behalf of the Western States. Indications are not wanting that the tide is on the turn, and that it will soon set in strongly upon the shores of the Dominion. We may give one example. A recent number of the *Saturday Review* devotes no less than three articles to Canadian subjects. In the first, the English people are taken to task for listening to American speculators and directing emigrants to the States in preference to Canada. In the second, our militia system is made the subject of eulogy and a description given of the summer camps of instruction. The third is a review of Capt. Butler's "Lone Land," in which the writer gives a brief but glowing account of the great North-west. There seems no doubt that in a year or two Canadians will have no ground of complaint that their country is either misunderstood or neglected by the English people.

If we except one or two departments of literature in which the printing-press is allowed no respite, the publications of the month are neither numerous nor important. Mr. Thos. Clark, of Edinburgh, in a circular recently published, points with pardonable pride to 120 volumes of early Christian literature issued by his house. St. Augustine's works have been widely circulated, and he hopes shortly to complete St. Chrysostom. "Thoughts for the Times," by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, the well-known author of "Music and Morals," gives us some idea of the serious side of the author's character, as his former work did of his æsthetic and humorous feelings. "The Valiant Woman" is a translation of seventeen discourses by the Archbishop of Rheims, addressed to women, and intended as advice in all matters of daily life and conduct. It contains little or nothing of a polemical character, and may be advantageously consulted in all home matters, even to early rising. Dean Alford has left behind him what we presume was intended to form part of a new version of the Old Testament—the book of Genesis and part of Exodus revised, with references and an explanatory commentary. Dr. Vaughan, Master of the Temple, announces a new work—"The Two Temptations—the Temptation of Man and the Temptation of Christ." Mr. McColl, a minister of the Church of England, who threatens to resign should the use of Athanasian Creed be made optional, publishes a formal defence of the "damnatory clauses," in which we are treated to the astounding avowal that the author would rather see a people in possession of a true faith and given over to immorality, than in possession of false faith, or no faith at all, and living morally.

Scientific works are not produced in great numbers during the summer months; still there are a few which deserve mention. "The ancient stone implements, weapons, and ornaments of Great Britain," by Mr. Evans, author of a well-known book on "The Coins of Ancient Britain," is a valuable addition to British Archæology. "The Beginnings of Life," by Dr. Bastian, is intended to be a comprehensive account of the modes of origin and transformation of lower organisms. "The Fuel of the Sun," by Mr. Mattieu Williams, a Fellow of the Royal Astronomical Society, deserves attention as an elaborate exposition of a subject at present attracting general interest; Earle's "English Philology," and Morris's "Historical Development of the English Language," are two excellent works from the Clarendon Press, and may be safely commended to teachers and students. We observe that Dr. Porter's work on the "Human Intellect" has been reproduced in England; as we have had occasion to remark before, it is a very useful introduction to the study of Psychology from an historical point of view. "Work and Wages," by T. Brassey, M.P., comes opportunely at the present stage of the labour, question and is written by a gentleman of practical knowledge. Mr. Edwin James, erewhile Q.C., but for sometime an exile in New York, has published a shilling *brochure* on the Political Institutions of America and England. He threatened some year or two since to give the Americans a lecture, and it is contained, we presume, in the pamphlet referred to. With the exception of Tourists' guides there is little worthy of notice in Geography and Travels. "Over Volcanoes," by Mr. Kingsman, gives a very lively account of France and Spain in 1871—especially of the latter country. "Other Countries," by Major Bell, hurries us over Ceylon, India, China, Australia and America, after the modern style of travelling. The Major's observations are necessarily superficial, but they are perhaps as accurate as those in most books of the class; at all events, they are entertaining. A writer who describes the Vale of Cashmere, the Durbar of Umballah, the Australian bush, Chinese opium-smokers and Brigham Young's tabernacle and theatre at Salt Lake, whatever else he may be, can hardly be dull. In Art we only desire to call attention to two works, "The British Museum Photographs," a series of splendid reproductions of the antiquities, sold singly or in groups, and "Modern Etchings," a Portfolio set of the best specimens from the Art periodical of that name.

No one will grudge Sir Arthur Helps the honour of Knighthood; he has deserved it on many accounts, and we hope will wear it long. He has just published, with a graceful dedication to Her Majesty, "The Life and Labours of Mr. Brassey;" it has not yet reached us, but it is sure to be instructive as well as entertaining to the reader. "Planche's Recollections and Reflections" are sure to entertain a wide circle of readers. It is true his sympathies and aspirations are principally connected with the dramatic profession, still there is much to interest anybody in this autobiography. "Recollections of Society in France and England," by Lady Clementina Davies, is one of those "Society" books not generally to be commended. This one may perhaps be an exceptional one, because the writer (*née* Drummond, and sister of the Earl of Perth) writes piquantly and with feeling—for she is a thorough Jacobite. Beginning with Louis XVI. we have a torrent of great personages, royal, literary, and democratic, about whom much fresh and interesting gossip is communicated. Mr. C. Edmund Maurice announces a series of works on "English Popular Leaders,"—No. I. being Stephen Langton. The "Autobiography of John Milton" is an attempt to construct Milton's life from his works. On the whole Mr. Graham has succeeded, especially in the love-passages of the great poet's life.